

# DEVIL'S RIVER NEWS.

SONORA, SUTTON CO., TEXAS, SATURDAY, MARCH 6 1909.

NO '857

VOL 19

## SOME CALL US

The "NEW STORE," Probably because we always have the Newest Goods. We are also known as the "Store on the Corner" but all our Customers speak of us, because they KNOW, as

## THE "STORE OF QUALITY"

AMONG OUR NEWEST ARRIVALS ARE  
WHITE GOODS, GINGHAMS, MADRAS', CALICOS,  
LADIES AND MENS HOSIERY, TIES, ETC.

We Would Call YOUR Special ATTENTION to

OUR BLACK SILK TAFFETA,  
36 Inches wide and Indestructible.

If this silk splits inside of six months from wear  
We will Give You Another Dress Free.

# Sonora Mercantile Co.

### Devil's River News

PUBLISHED WEEKLY.

MIKE MURPHY, Proprietor.  
STEVE MURPHY, Publisher.

SUBSCRIPTION \$2 A YEAR IN ADVANCE

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

Advertising Medium of the  
Stockman's Paradise.

Sonora, Texas. March 6, 1909

### A BUDDING GENIUS.

Ambitions and Hard Work of the Boy  
Saint Gaudens.

Immediately on being apprenticed to Avet I applied for admission to the drawing school of the Cooper institute, and every evening after my return from work at 6 o'clock and a hasty tea I went down there, where my artistic education began.

I can recall there the kindly impression produced on me by Abram S. Hewitt as he glanced at me during some function. Father at that time was making shoes for the Cooper family, and I suppose that that is why he looked at me. The feeling of profound gratitude for the help which I have had from that institution abides with me to this day.

It was during the next two or three years that my first aspirations and ambitions made themselves felt. I became a terrific worker, toiling every night until 11 o'clock after the Cooper institute was over, in the conviction that in me another heaven born genius had been given to the world.

I can recall thinking in public conveyances that if the men standing on the platform around me could realize how great a genius was rubbing elbows with them in the quiet looking boy by their side they would be profoundly impressed. As a result, I was so exhausted by the confining work of cameo cutting by day and by drawing at night that in the morning I was literally dragged out of bed by mother, pushed over to the washstand, where I gave myself a cat's lick somehow or other, driven to the seat at the table, administered my breakfast, which consisted of sea and large quantities of the long French loaves of bread with butter, and tumbled downstairs, out into the street, where I awoke.—"Reminiscences of Augustus Saint Gaudens" in Century.

### The Old Constitution.

The Constitution originally carried forty-four guns. A particularly interesting history is connected with this ship. During the war with the Barbary powers in 1803 she was Commodore Preble's flagship in the Mediterranean and played a conspicuous part during the whole war. Lieutenant Wadsworth, who was blown up before Tripoli in the ill fated Intrepid, was one of the officers of the Constitution. In the course of the war with England in 1812 the English papers laughed at the Constitution and spoke of her as "a bundle of pine boards sailing under a bit of striped bunting." But when under Captain Hull she captured the English frigate Guerriere, a vessel of nearly equal force, the people who had before ridiculed her called her "one of the stanchest vessels afloat." A few months after this victory the Constitution, then commanded by Captain Bainbridge, compelled one of the finest frigates in the British navy, the Java, to strike its colors.

### Glass Polishing.

Glass grinding is effected by the use of emery powder of various degrees of fineness. But it has been shown that this grinding cannot be carried beyond a certain point, however fine a powder may be used. In fact, a continuation of it undoes the work and breaks the surface up again. The most finely ground plate, if largely magnified, is shown to be covered with tiny bits which no grinding will remove. The work is therefore continued with rouge carried on a pad of rosin, which gradually smooths down the elevations between the pits. Hydrofluoric acid gas corrodes glass very rapidly, but a weak solution of it melts away the roughened surface and leaves a fine polish underneath. This method is used where very fine adjustments of the surface are required—as, for instance, in lenses for telescopes and microscopes.

### The Color of Flames.

Many people have noticed with much interest the many tinted bars and bands that rise in the shape of "forked tongues" from the wood burning in a fire. These varied hues are the result of combustion from the different elements of the fuel. The light blue is from the hydrogen and the white from the carbon. The violet is from the manganese, the red from the magnesium and the yellow from the soda, which are constituent parts of the wood.

### WATERMARKS.

They Are Stamped in the Paper by Patterns of Wire.

The discovery of the watermark was the result of an accident, probably a thousand years ago. Parchment was then made of vegetable pulp, which was poured in a liquid state into a sieve. The water dripped out from below, and the thin layer of pulp that remained was pressed and dried. When dry it was found to bear upon it the marks of the fiber that composed the bottom of the sieve.

These fibers seem to have been twisted reeds, and the mark they left on the parchment took the form of wide lines running across and across diagonally. In those days the watermark was regarded as a blemish since the fiber was thick and coarse and the deep impression made on the paper proved a drawback in writing.

The quill of the scribe found many a yawning gap to cross on the surface of the manuscript—"switchback scripture" it has been termed. But when wire was substituted for fiber in the sieve, says a writer in the Denver Republican, the lines of the watermark grew thinner and less conspicuous.

The possibilities of the usefulness of the watermark became apparent by degrees. It was first found to be of service in preventing the forgery of books and manuscripts. Many a bogus copy of a rare work has been detected because the counterfeit failed to take into account the watermarks of the original.

The watermark of many a precious manuscript in the world's museums is alike its glory and its safeguard. And in the sphere of bank notes and paper money everywhere the watermark is most useful in protecting the notes from imitation.

The term "watermark" is in reality a misnomer since the mark is actually produced by wire. Wire is fashioned into the desired pattern, figure or lettering. This is inserted beneath the sheet in the last stages of its manufacture and while the paper is still capable of receiving the impression, and the wire device stamps itself into the sheet.

Ordinary note paper held up to the light reveals hundreds of parallel lines running up and down, betraying the fact that the paper was made on a wire foundation. To this the paper owes its smoothness and its even texture.

### SLIPS OF THE TONGUE.

Even the Dignified English Butler Can Go Astray at Times.

A little story which has just found its way across the Atlantic from an English country house tells of the recent slip made by a new and nervous butler in serving his master, a duke, at the luncheon table. Quiet, respectful and assiduous, he proffered a dish with the insinuating query:

"Cold grace, your grouse?"

The slip is so obviously a natural one that doubtless the tale is true. Thus far it is also unchallenged as new, although probably by the time it has made the full round of the press somebody will discover that in its original form it was an Athenian "chestnut" in the days of Socrates.

An anecdote which at least belongs to the same family used to be laughed over in early Victorian drawing rooms.

Among the royalties, great and little, who came to London for the young queen's coronation there was a certain small, dried up, gray haired, bright eyed, brisk little old reigning prince of a tiny principality. He was faraway cousin to an Irish duke, whose estates in Ireland he visited before returning. For his entertainment a village celebration was arranged, with games and dances, and especially Irish jigs and clog dances.

The gay old prince was delighted. He came himself of a race famous for its dancing. He still possessed a good eye, a quick ear and a light foot. That same evening in the great hall of the castle, to the whistling of his host's son, he endeavored to emulate some of the feats he had seen.

The duke's solemn English butler was present, and his horror at such unroyal antics was reflected in his eyes. The prince perceived it and, shooting a sudden forefinger at him, demanded imperiously: "Eh! Tell me, then, what you think of my dancing!"

Discreet and dignified, but flurried inwardly, the butler's manner was perfect, but his tongue betrayed him. He answered:

"Your royal spryness is certainly 'igh."  
There was a shout of laughter, and the duke, with assumed anger, cried sternly: "What! Do you dare to insinuate that the prince is elevated—that his vivacity is due to any other good spirits than his own?"

Before such an accusation the poor butler's last remnant of composure vanished, and, turning wildly, with clasped hands, from his highness to his grace, he protested earnestly:

"No, I never, sir, your royal grace; no, I never, sir, your grace!"—Youth's Companion.

### The Chinese.

The Chinese invented printing, they invented gunpowder, they invented the mariner's compass.

The farmers of China were the first to hatch eggs by means of incubators, and the fishermen of China were the first to hatch fish spawn artificially. Artesian wells are of Chinese origin.

The penal code of China is thousands of years old, and thousands of years old is the Chinese civil service examination that western civilization has at last adopted.

When George Washington's ancestors wandered in the wet, cold woods of Britain, their naked and shivering chests painted blue, the Chinaman, dressed in splendid silks, lounged in a palace, on a chair of carved teakwood and marble, reading philosophy and drinking from cups of painted porcelain tea of exquisite flavor.

### Left Till Called For.

When Wilkinson went to his office one day last week he felt calm and contented. He hadn't any need to worry about his wife's loneliness any more, for he had bought a capital watchdog for her.

But, alas, when he arrived home his wife met him with the deplorable news that the dog had gone.

"Eh!" said Wilkinson. "Did he break the chain, then?"

"No," she replied, "but a great, ugly looking tramp came here and acted so impudently that I let the dog loose. But instead of tearing the tramp to pieces the nasty dog went off with him."

"Great Scott!" said Wilkinson. "That must have been the tramp I bought him from!"—London Express.

### A Peculiar Couple.

Conversation had turned to the subject of two men, utterly dissimilar, who nevertheless roomed together. One of these men was generally conceded to be a "freak." His name was John.

"John and Jim are certainly a queer pair," opined somebody.

"John and anybody are a queer pair," opined somebody else.  
Poor John!—Exchange.

### A DIAMOND STORY.

The Way a Russian Princess Disposes of Her Jewels.

A few years ago Ludwig Nissen, a well known wholesale dealer of the Maiden lane district, was in the office of a diamond merchant in London when a stranger came in and offered an unusually beautiful stone for sale. The Englishman did not care to buy. But Nissen thought he saw a bargain. But he was not willing to buy until he learned who owned the stone and where it had come from. The man said he represented a friend, a woman, who did not care to have her name disclosed. The American was firm. If he could not learn the owner's name he would not buy. The stranger said he would see the woman and talk the matter over with her.

The next day he came back and took Mr. Nissen to the woman's home. She lived in a handsome apartment in one of the most fashionable quarters of the city. It turned out that she was a Russian princess who, with her husband and her daughter, had been driven from Russia for having taken part in a nihilist movement. Of all their large property they had saved only their jewels. She opened a little safe and showed the American one of the finest collections of diamonds he had ever seen. They were worth \$200,000 or \$300,000.

"We sell them a few at a time," she explained, "just enough of them each year to give us a living. Perhaps you will wonder why we don't sell them all and live on the interest of the money? But my husband has the gambler's spirit. The money would not last a year. So we part from them piecemeal. I estimate that there are enough of them to keep us twenty years, and I don't expect to live longer than that."

One of those diamonds forms the centerpiece of one of the most valuable necklaces in New York. A few others are sent to this country every year. In the "diamond horse-shoe" at the opera there is never a night when there are not some of the jewels of the exiled princess on view.—New York Tribune.

### Time, Not Space.

Mrs. Frink was a trusting soul and rarely questioned the opinions of others about matters concerning which they were supposed to be informed. One day she came home with a new pair of shoes under her arm. "Got them at Bride's," she explained, "and they're the best I ever bought you."

"What is so very good about them?" inquired her son, for whom the shoes were intended.

"Why, the salesman said that you could walk farther in them than in any others without getting tired, and I said that you couldn't walk very far just now on account of your knee, you know, and he said that he meant farther for the same distance. So I bought them, and here they are. Save the string, please."

She did not notice the smile on her son's face as he undid the package, and he was spared the trouble of explaining.—Youth's Companion.

### Buttermilk a Life Saver.

A French medical man advises people to drink buttermilk for long life. He says that the lactic acid dissolves every sort of earthy deposit in the blood vessels, keeping the veins and arteries so supple and free running that there can be no clogging up, and hence there is no deposit of chalky matter around the joints or of poisonous waste in the muscles. It is the stiffening and hardening of the blood vessels which bring on old age. Buttermilk is likely to postpone it ten or twenty years if freely drunk. A quart a day should be the minimum, the maximum according to taste and opportunity.

### The Disturbing Telephone.

"The telephone has destroyed all the privacy of society," said the society girl. "It breaks in on everything. Nothing is sacred to it. You may be saying your prayers, the telephone. Or in the midst of your bath. The telephone. Or doing up your back hair or, worse of all, a delightful man may be making love to you, when k-ling, k-ling, k-ling! The telephone breaks off the thread of his theme and he fails to resume it."—New York Press.

### The Nature of the Beast.

Mrs. Gunson was entertaining a visitor when Nora appeared at the door of the drawing room.

"Please, mum, will yez tell me what yez want done wid th' oyster shells yez left from lunch?" she inquired.

"I want them thrown away, of course," replied Mrs. Gunson.

"Yis, mum. But Oi didn't know where to throw them," replied Nora. "Do they be ashes or jarbridge?"—Judge.

## CHAS. SCHREINER.

### BANKER

(UNINCORPORATED)

### AND COMMISSION MERCHANT

### KERRVILLE, TEXAS.

A General Banking Business Transacted. Solicits

Accounts of Merchants and Stockmen.

## THE FAVORITE SALOON

IS NOT effected by the passage of the  
PURE FOOD LAW, Our Liquors are all

GOOD. Some Special Brands for Family  
AND MEDICINAL PURPOSES.

ICE COLD BEER AND MINERAL  
WATERS ALWAYS ON HAND.

Theo. Savell, Proprietor.

## THE Rock Front

BARTON & SAVELL, PROPRIETORS.

Cold Beer and Soft Drinks

Pure Wines and Liquors

Choice Cigars, Etc.

PHONE ORDERS TO 97 WILL RECEIVE  
PROMPT ATTENTION. YOUR TRADE  
COURTEOUSLY APPRECIATED

J. G. BARTON. AND THEO. SAVELL.

JEFF SMITH,

WILL SMITH.

## SMITH BROTHERS,

PROPRIETORS OF

## Red Front Feed and Livery Stable.

Good Teams and Vehicles for hire. Careful Attention

To Your Wants. Large Barns, Good Stalls, Lots of  
Room. The only Wagon Yard in Town.

## Hay, Oats, Corn and Bran for Sale.

R. H. MARTIN.

C. B. WARDLAW.

## Martin & Wardlaw,

THE LAND AND LIVE STOCK COMMISSION MEN,

SONORA, TEXAS.

Are offering for sale a number of ranches, and have on  
their list Cows, Stock Cattle, Steers of all ages, Sheep  
and Goats.

In fact if you want to buy or sell anything in the "Paradise"  
give us a call or write us.



## San Antonio Brewing Ass'n.

Try Our Famous TEXAS PRIDE Bottled

Beer. For sale in all Saloons.

Devil's River News

Published Weekly. MIKE MURPHY, Proprietor. STEVE MURPHY, Publisher. Subscription \$2 a year in advance. Entered at the Postoffice at Sonora, as second-class matter. Advertising Medium of the Stockman's Paradise. Sonora, Texas. March 6, 1909

Stock News.

Hides and furs bought by E. F. Vander Stucken Co. We will buy your hides and furs E. F. Vander Stucken Co.

The highest price paid for hides and furs at E. F. Vander Stucken Co.

Bring your hides and furs to us we will pay highest price for them E. F. Vander Stucken Co.

W. L. Aldwell sold for E. R. Jackson of Sonora, to Boston parties, 14000 pounds of Mohair at 25 and 27 cents per pound.

Stride saddles for girls and ladies made to order, \$25 to \$35 at Kirkland's. 57-11.

Russell, Bevans & Blocker had 27 head of cows on the Fort Worth market on March 2nd, which averaged 917 pounds and sold for \$3.85

When you need either saddles or harness, come in and have it made just to suit you. 57-11 D. H. Kirkland.

W. L. Aldwell sold for E. R. Jackson of Sonora to Thompson & Co., of Coleman, 425 head of 4-year-old steers, no cut, at \$31 per head. This is the highest price paid this season.

I handle the famous McObesney Spurs and Bits, famous in every cattle country. I can please you in my line. D. H. Kirkland.

Cope & Co., of Sonora sold to J. E. Mills of Schleicher county, the Alpine Telephone Exchange for \$13 000. The system includes the local at Alpine, Marfa, Marathon, Fort Stockton. There are 192 the local at Alpine.

Kirkland the Sonora saddle employs men who have made greater saddles; uses the same quality of California leather; the same trees and makes just what you want at home. Order your saddle from Kirkland.

The News has a few blanks on which cattlemen may make application for Government Black Leg Vaccin.

HEREFORD BULL.

I will sell at a bargain one coming three year-old bull raised by Lee Bros., of San Angelo. I bought this bull recently for my own use but have changed my plans. Come quick if you want him. D. T. YAWS, 57-11 Mayer, Texas.

Dear Sir: Enclosed please find p. o. order in payment of account for advertising goats for me. Would have sent this sooner, but over looked the matter.

You may be interested to know that I disposed of the stock through the medium of the ad. to a gentleman in a remote corner of Coleman county.

Will let you hear from me again, when there is anything doing, and in the meantime, wishing you abundant success, I am, Yours very truly, Geo. L. Abbott, Live Stock Commission Agent.

Some recent sales made by Geo. L. Abbott and Sid Martin of San Angelo are as follows: For C. L. Blandin of Val Verde county, 1000 3 and 4 year-old steers at \$26 to Brown & Cunningham of Caney, Kans; for Hayden & Rucker of Sherwood, ranch and live stock to Slaughter & Blackstone of Olathe.

This deal includes lease interest in 50,000 acres of University land and 5,000 acres of patented land in Irion and Crockett counties, 3,500 well graded cattle, horses, mules, etc., at private terms or about \$100,000

W. S. Thompson and J. E. King South of Coleman county, prominent cattlemen, were in Sonora this week

BUYERS AT THE YAWS SALE

The auction sale of Hereford cattle put on at Menardville by D. T. Yaws of Mayer, notice of which appeared in the News last week, resulted as follows:

R. H. Spiller of Menard, cow, Alice, \$10.

Max Russell of Menard, cow, Beatrice, \$80.

W. Ben Ellis of Menard, cow, Clarissa, \$50

W. W. Treadwell of Menardville cow, Camilla B., \$30.

O. P. Treadwell, of McKavett cow, Cora, \$40.

E. L. Martin, of Sutton county cow, Corine, \$65

O. P. Treadwell Fort McKavett, cow, Daisy, \$40.

H. Taylor, Sutton county, cow, Estelle, \$55.

E. L. Martin, Sutton county, cow, Elizabeth, \$65.

W. W. Treadwell, of Menard, cow, Evelyn, \$50.

E. L. Martin of Sutton county, cow, Flora, \$65.

Sterling Baker, Owenville, cow, Gwendolyn, \$40.

Will Chastain, of Menardville, cow, Happy, \$35.

E. L. Mears, Menard county, cow, Hattie Hill, \$65.

E. L. Mears, of Menard county, cow, Helen, \$70.

W. Treadwell, of Menard county cow, Lady Alice, \$35

Max Russell of Menard, cow, Lady Clare, \$75.

O. P. Treadwell, Fort McKavett cow, Lady Spot, \$40.

Henry Taylor, Mayer, cow, Laurel, \$65

E. L. Martin, of Sutton county, cow, Lily, \$65.

E. L. Martin, of Sutton county, cow, Louise, \$65

Max Russell, of Menard, cow, Maggie B., \$55

Mrs. C. O. Yaws, Mayer, cow, Margarette, \$100

C. O. Yaws, Mayer, cow, Matilda, \$40

E. L. Martin, of Sutton county, cow, Rachel, \$65

Max Russell, of Menard, cow, Sante, \$40

O. P. Treadwell, of McKavett, cow, Sunbeam, \$10

E. L. Martin, of Sutton county, cow, Tiny, \$65

W. W. Treadwell, Menardville, cow, Verona \$65

Russell & Bevans, Menardville, bull, Brick, \$25

Jim Chadwick, Sutton county, bull, C. C. Jr, \$40

Ed L. Mears, Menard, bull, Carly Lad, \$85

A. H. Murchison, Menard, bull, Dick, \$50

E. L. Martin, Sutton, bull, Gus, \$45

W. Striegler, McKavett, bull, Gold Dust, \$50

Max Russell, Menard, bull, Ira, \$75

A. H. Murchison, Menard, bull, Jake, \$50

E. L. Martin, Sutton, bull, Joe, \$45

R. H. Spiller, Menard, bull, Maple Leaf, \$170

C. C. Yaws, Mayer, bull, Peter Smith, \$100

E. L. Ellis, Menard, bull, Pony, \$50

W. Striegler, McKavett, bull, Valentine, \$75

Ed L. Mears, of Menard, bull, Yaws, \$45

Besides the sale of catalogued stuff Mr. Yaws sold four coming yearling heifers to Portis Bevans at \$33 per head

Ship your "broom tail mares" to France where they make automobiles and eat horses, but bred your good mares to the best horses you can read about in the News' advertising columns.

WRESTLING MATCH Tuesday Night IN SONORA Jim O'Brien VS Big Boy Baxter Admission 50c.

Jim Craig a progressive stock man of the Rudd neighborhood in Schleicher county, was in Sonora Tuesday

R. H. Martin, tax assessor and member of the commission firm of Martin & Wardlaw left for San Antonio Friday on a visit to his brother James Martin, who has been sick for some time

WE ARE THE LEADERS.

Sometimes it may seem we are late in going to market, but seasons vary throughout the United States, and we are early on the Eastern market. Our MR. E. F. VANDER STUCKEN, with 18 years practical knowledge of the wants of the People of the Sonora Country is buying and shipping to Sonora the

VERY NEWEST, PERMANENT, DESIGNS OF FASHIONABLE FABRICS FOR SUMMER.

Our stock had been sold out until nothing but staple goods remained and this necessitates our purchase of an

Entire New Stock of Dry Goods, Dress Goods, Clothing, Etc.

This condition enables us to buy in large lots and at correspondingly lower prices. This price feature is of interest to you and places us in the lead of all competition. The new goods are beginning to arrive and it will pay you to await the opening of this, the finest line of goods ever bought for the trade of the Sonora Country.

E. F. Vander Stucken Co.

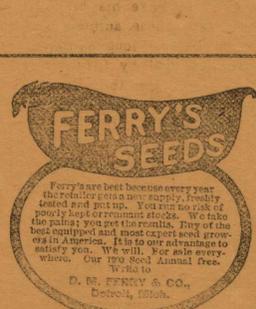
LOVERS of good health should prevent sickness instead of letting themselves get sick and then try to cure it. So long as you keep your liver, bowels and stomach in a healthy and active condition you won't get sick. Ballard's Herbs relieves constipation, inactive liver and all stomach and bowel troubles. Sold by J. Lawenthal.

Ship your "broom tail mares" to France where they make automobiles and eat horses, but bred your good mares to the best horses you can read about in the News' advertising columns.

WRESTLING MATCH Tuesday Night IN SONORA Jim O'Brien VS Big Boy Baxter Admission 50c.

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.

DAILY AUTOMOBILE BETWEEN San Angelo and Big Springs Team Stage in Connection Between San Angelo and Sterling City. Tom & Will Savell, Prop'rs.



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.

The Thrice-a-Week World. THE GREATEST NEWSPAPER OF ITS TYPE.

IT ALWAYS TELLS THE NEWS AS IT IS PROMPTLY AND FULLY. Read in every English Speaking Country.

It has invariably been the great effort of the Thrice-a-Week edition of the New York World to publish the news impartially in order that it may be an accurate reporter of what has happened. It tells the truth, irrespective of party, and for that reason it has achieved a position with the public unique among papers of its class.

If you want the news as it really is, subscribe to the Thrice-a-Week edition of the New York World, which comes to you every other day except Sunday, and is thus practically a daily at the price of a weekly.

The Thrice-a-Week World's regular subscription price is only \$1.00 per year, and this pays for 156 papers. We offer this unequalled newspaper and the DEVIL'S RIVER NEWS together for one year for \$2.50. The regular subscription price of the two papers is \$3.00.

Come right into town and buy a home; make Sonora your headquarters. There is no better town on or off the map.

If you should have a cold, a few doses of Kennedy's Laxative Cough Syrup will act very promptly. Children especially like Kennedy's Laxative Cough Syrup, it tastes so good, nearly like maple sugar. It is sold by the Allison Pharmacy.

The survey for the Orient railroad is through Sonora on a seventh grade and Sonora is bound to get it—if we put up, and that's what we always do. Sonora is noted for that spirit of progress.

THE HAND OF FATE.

A Badly Written Figure 5 the Cause of a Man's Death.

"Something happened in front of my house very recently that set me to thinking," said a New York man of business the other day.

"I rent and occupy a home on Eighth street. The front yard is inclosed by an iron fence with an iron gate which had been broken and not yet repaired.

"Going home to lunch one day I was surprised to find a workman engaged in repairing the gate. As I had not notified the owner, I was somewhat surprised at his unwonted zeal in making unsolicited repairs. I asked the workman who sent him to do the work, and he replied: "Mr. Brown, who owns the house."

"But," said I, "he doesn't own it. It is owned by Mr. Smith, and I rent it of him."

"Oh, no," said he, "Mr. Brown owns the house. He owns a lot of houses, and I do all his iron work. Here is a postal he sent me telling me to go and repair a broken iron gate at—Eighth street. There can't be any mistake."

"I examined the card carefully. The number of the house was the same as mine, and at first glance the street appeared to be Eighth street, but upon closer scrutiny I saw that it was Fifth street.

"I explained the matter to the workman, but as he had half completed the job I told him to go ahead and finish it and I would pay him. He did so and went away.

"In the course of his work he had been obliged to take up some of the bricks in the walk, and when he re-laid them there was half a brick left over and not needed. This he had tossed into the street.

"That evening two boys came racing down the street on bicycles. They were moving at a rapid rate. Simultaneously the clergyman of a nearby church started to cross the street.

"When he was halfway across and in front of my house he saw the boys bearing down upon him like a whirlwind. He did what any person of good judgment and strong nerve would do. He stopped and waited for them to pass.

"As they approached they divided, one going a little to the right and the other a little to the left. Just as they were directly opposite him the bicycle of one of the boys struck the piece of brick the workman had tossed into the street, and the boy was thrown upon the clergyman with such force as to knock the latter down. His skull was fractured, and he was dead before he could be removed to his home.

"As I have said, the affair set me to thinking. Here was a man brought to an untimely death because some other man whom he had never seen and of whom he had never heard in writing the figure '5' made it look like the figure '8.' And I wondered if there might not be somewhere in the world some unknown one who held my fate in his hands and who even then with a stroke of his pen might not be signing my death warrant.

"It made me feel creepy for several days."—New York Sun.

They Still Name the Cook.

A queer custom, which prevails at no other court than that of Great Britain, is the announcement at the beginning of each course at a dinner of the name of the cook who has prepared the dishes served. The origin of this custom dates back to the reign of King George II., who made a great favorite of one of his cooks promoting him to the rank of chief over the heads of all his seniors.

This, of course, created great jealousy, and every effort was made to oust him from royal favor by rendering him responsible for the failures which were laid upon the king's table. Greatly incensed thereby and fearing to lose his post, he complained to the king in person, who immediately gave orders that henceforth whenever a dish was placed before him the name of the cook responsible for its success or failure should be announced in an audible tone.

Accuracy.

The literal quality of the Chinese mind is well illustrated by a story in the Travel Magazine. An American visiting in Hongkong desired to buy some souvenir spoons and with that purpose in mind entered a jeweler's store.

The selection made, he wrote upon a piece of paper the inscription, "Hongkong, 1906," to have the same engraved on the bowl. As he started to leave the store the Chinaman called him back and asked for a deposit.

The gentleman gave him 75 cents, making a note of the fact on the paper on which he had written the inscription.

When he called for the spoon the next day it was inscribed in the bowl, "Hongkong, 1906, paid 75 cents."

Good for the Blues

Is your appetite on vacation your energy absent? Anything else out of "Whack"? If so, you had better take something and take it now. Simmons' Sarsaparilla is the King of Tonics. It will make you eat all you want to pay for. Try it and hear yourself laugh again.

THE VOICE IN THE DARK.

A Memory of Pickett's Brigade and a Night Attack.

Some years after the civil war a gathering of veterans of both sides was exchanging reminiscences at a banquet given by the board of trade of New York, writes Mrs. La Salle Corbell Pickett in Lippincott's. The presiding officer was Colonel J. J. Phillips of the Ninth Virginia regiment, Pickett's division. He was speaking of night attacks and recalled one in particular, not because of its startling horrors, but because of a peculiar circumstance, almost resulting in the compulsory disobedience of orders—the obeying, as it were, of a higher command than that of earth.

"The point of attack had been carefully selected," said Colonel Phillips, "the awaited dark night had arrived, and my command was to fire when General Pickett should signal the order.

"There was that dread, indescribable stillness, that weird, ominous silence, that always settles over everything before a fight. You felt that nowhere in the universe was there any voice or motion.

"Suddenly the awesome silence was broken by the sound of a deep, full voice rolling over the black void like the billows of a great sea, directly in line with our guns. It was singing the old hymn, 'Jesus, Lover of My Soul.'

"I have heard that grand old music many times in circumstances which intensified its impressiveness, but never had it seemed so solemn as when it broke the stillness in which we waited for the order to fire. Just as it was given there rang through the night the words: "Cover my defenseless head With the shadow of thy wing.

"Ready! Aim! Fire to the left, boys!" I said.

"The guns were shifted, the volley that blazed out swerved aside, and that defenseless head was 'covered' with the shadow of his wing."

A Federal veteran who had been listening looked up suddenly and said: "I remember that night, colonel, and that midnight attack which carried off so many of my comrades. I was the singer."

There was a second of silence. Then "Jesus, Lover of My Soul," rang across that banquet board as on that black night in 1864 it had rung across the lines at Bermuda Hundred.

Rossini's Resting Place.

For years Rossini's body rested in Pere Lachaise, and then city of Florence asked that it might be transferred to the Church of the Holy Cross in that city, where the bodies of Galilei, Michelangelo, Machiavelli, Alfieri and other great Italians are entombed. Consent was received from the municipality, but the master's widow, Dona Olympia, would consent to the translation only on condition that when her time came her body might be placed next to that of her husband. This request was bluntly denied, for the reason that only Italians "who had achieved greatness" could rest there. In 1878 the widow died and before her death consented in writing to the removal of her husband's body to Florence, provided her body be placed in the grave from which his would be taken in Pere Lachaise, and after a long time for consideration this was done.

Yearning For Light.

"When it comes to consuming gas in large quantities blind people can beat their seeing brethren all hollow," said an inspector of the gas company. "I know two families where both husband and wife are blind. Every jet is turned on full tilt in their homes at night and is kept going at that rate clear up to 12 o'clock. Light and darkness are all the same to the afflicted ones, but they insist upon illumination brilliant enough for a reception. And that partiality for light is not a whim peculiar to those two couples. Most blind people feel that way. They demand the light, and in all private homes and institutions where the blind are cared for the gas bills vouch for the strange fancy."—Exchange.

Mary's Wedding.

A Maryland man recently married off his fourth daughter, the ceremonies touching whose wedding were given much attention by the "society editors" of the country papers in that region.

A week or two after the wedding a friend who had been north for some time met the father, to whom he made some jocular reference in regard to the recent "event." "I see by one paper," said he, "that Mary's wedding 'well nigh beggared description.'"

"Well," said the old man, "I don't know about that, but I do know it well nigh beggared me!"—Lippincott's.

A Neighbor of Yours

As well as yourself is liable at any time to have rheumatism. We're all liable to have cuts or burns, bruises or scalds, crick in the back, neck or side—some kind of an ache or pain. Then heed this advice and tell your neighbors—Ballard's Snow Liniment relieves all aches and pains, and heals all wounds. Sold by J. Lewenthal.

WHAT ABOUT THAT \$2.00?

E. R. JACKSON, W. L. ALDWELL, E. F. VANDERSTUCKEN,  
 President. Cashier. Vice President.  
**THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK**  
 SONORA, TEXAS.  
 CAPITAL AND SURPLUS: \$25,000.00.  
 We have never changed our motto: Give us Your Business and we  
 Will Make You Feel at Home.

## "The Doctor says"

And then he does write and if you will bring his writings to us we will decipher it for you and give you exactly what it calls for at the lowest cost, guaranteeing purity and freshness of the drugs, care and skill in compounding, and no delay whatever in the service. Of course we sell scores of other things besides prescriptions.

**ALLISON'S PHARMACY,**  
 Sonora, Texas.

## 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.

## ECONOMICAL WARMTH

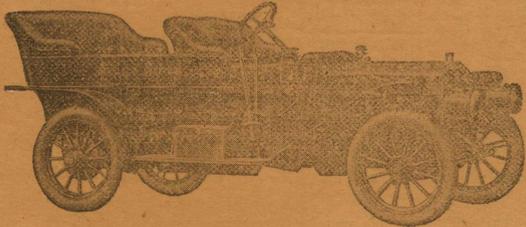
Is a question to be considered in all countries but particularly in this where the temperature varies so much between suns

## A WILSON HEATER

costs more but is better, safer, cleaner and more economical.

"The Store of Quality" on the Corner, also sells Magic Darling Range, Darling Cook and Eclipse box stoves, etc.

## SONORA MECANTILE CO.



The Mitchell Automobile  
 THE CAR YOU OUGHT TO HAVE AT THE PRICE YOU OUGHT TO PAY.  
 For Complete Information and Demonstration See

**FAMBROUCH & BOHANNAN, Agents,**  
 Garage and Repair Shop, Sonora, Tex.

### Devil's River News.

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

Advertising Medium of the  
 Stockman's Paradise.

SUBSCRIPTION \$2 A YEAR IN ADVANCE

Entered at the Postoffice at Sonora  
 second-class matter.

"Words spoken are light as air;  
 Words printed are always there."

SONORA, TEXAS. - March 6, 1909.

Dock Word was in Sonora Tuesday from his ranch on the Sutton and Crockett county line. He reports that the rain missed their Sutton county ranch but landed all right in Crockett county.

G. G. Earwood the goat man was in from his ranch Wednesday for supplies. He reports good rain down his way.

Lee Merck and sister Miss Annie visited their sister Miss Sue who is teaching school in the Fort Terrett neighborhood, this week.

Henry Carmichael of San Antonio, was in Sonora Tuesday on his way to Sanderson. Mr. Carmichael is representing the Park Laboratory Co., of New York.

**CORNELL & WARDLAW**  
 Attorneys-at-Law,  
 SONORA, - TEX.

Will practice in all the State Courts

**FISHER G. JONES,**  
 Attorney at Law,  
 SONORA, TEXAS.

Civil law only.

**DR. F. H. WHITE,**  
 Physician & Surgeon,  
 OFFICE IN JACKSON BUILDING.  
 SONORA, - TEXAS.

Residence phone 62.  
 Office phone 77.

**DR. W. G. JARNAGIN,**  
 RESIDENT DENTIST,  
 Sonora, Texas.  
 All work guaranteed.

**D. H. KIRKLAND,**  
 Saddle and Harness Maker,  
 REPAIRING A SPECIALTY.  
 In the Cope building.  
 SONORA, TEX.

### Do Not Suffer

No use suffering from Itching Pills when one box of Hunt's Care is absolutely guaranteed to cure any case. One application will convince you of its merits.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Will Lacey on Tuesday March 2, 1909, a girl.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. G. Curtis Allison on Tuesday March 2, 1909, a boy.

W. F. Decker of San Angelo, is visiting his son Henry Decker this week.

DeWitt's Little Early Risers are small Pills, easy, gentle and certain, and are sold by the Allison Pharmacy.

J. E. Mills will move his family to Alpine May 1st and take charge of the Telephone system.

Attorneys James Cornell and L. J. Wardlaw were in San Angelo this week on professional business.

C. B. Wardlaw of the commission firm of Martin & Wardlaw made a business visit to Ballinger this week.

DeWitt's Carbolyzed Witch Hazel salve penetrates the skin and heals quickly. It is especially good for piles. It is sold by the Allison Pharmacy.

Charlie Caruthers manager of the Vander Stucken ranch in Edwards county, was in Sonora Friday for supplies.

R. F. Halbert and G. W. Stephenson returned from San Angelo Wednesday where they had been on business connected with the Wool and Mohair Association.

W. W. Williamson whose ranch is in the northeastern part of Sutton county, was in Sonora Monday with a load of hogs for Cooper & Javel. He reports a good rain in that part of the country.

### What's the Use?

Aches, Pains, Burns, Cuts, Sprains and all other similar afflictions are always instantly relieved; often entirely cured by an application of that unequalled remedy, Hunt's Lightning Oil. Don't suffer. Don't delay. What's the use?

Joe Ben Blakeney was in Sonora Tuesday from his ranch 16 miles east of Sonora and reports a good rain at his place and a better one on the Claude Stites ranch. These rains will help out the lambing and make things easier for the boys as this is their first experience in the sheep business.

DeWitt's Kidney and Bladder Pills are unequalled for weak kidneys, backache, inflammation of the bladder and all urinary disorders. They are antiseptic. Sold by the Allison Pharmacy.

Now as the days are beginning to get long, get in the habit of shopping early and then when the hot days come the tired clerks and business people will have an opportunity of enjoying this delightful climate.

Kodol for Dyspepsia and Indigestion will digest any kind of food in any combination at any and all times. Keep your stomach well by taking Kodol now and then. Sold by the Allison Pharmacy.

Dock Simmons was in from his ranch 8 miles northwest of Sonora Thursday and reports the bringing in of a new well at his headquarters ranch. John Hurst the well-driller went 327 feet to get it and under test it has held steady at 15 gallons per minute.

In order to have good, healthy, perfect digestion keep your stomach well by taking Kodol for Dyspepsia and Indigestion occasionally—just when you need it. Pleasant to take. Sold by the Allison Pharmacy.

The following young people attended the dance at Eldorado last Friday night and report a most enjoyable time: Misses Willie Crouch, Pearl Owens, Ada Morris, Minnie Word and Myrtle Morris, Meers, Will Nuguess, Jeff Smith, Ed Robbins, Carl Hayes and Herman Moor. The music was furnished by a band of three pieces from San Angelo.

Sonora is in a class by itself as an inland town. Representatives of commercial concerns make Sonora and no other town off the railroad in this part of the State.

### A Swollen Jaw

is not pretty nor pleasant. Whether it's caused by neuralgia, toothache or accident. Ballard's Snow Linctament will reduce the swelling and relieve the pain. The great and sure cure for rheumatism, cuts, burns, bruises, scalds—any and all aches and pains. Sold by J. Lewenthal.

The Home Mission Society of the Methodist church, will give a box supper on the Court House grounds Monday evening March 29.

R. W. Davis was in Sonora Thursday from his ranch 2 miles north of town. He had a good rain Saturday night that extended to the Fred Millard ranch north. This rain covered a large territory east and west.

### No Need of Scratching

Other afflictions may be more painful, but none more annoying than many forms of itching trouble. The quickest and most reliable remedy for itching diseases of any character is Hunt's Care. One application relieves—one box guaranteed to cure.

E. F. Vander Stucken, president and general manager of the E. F. Vander Stucken Company, returned Sunday from a business visit to St. Louis and other Eastern markets. Mr. Vander Stucken is pleased with his trip and struck the market just right for good values.

## MILLINERY

### OPENING.

I will announce the date of our

### MILLINERY OPENING

next week. Watch for the date and don't buy before you see our styles and get our prices.

Mrs. B. F. Mogford.

March 29th, is the first day of District Court and the Ladies of the Methodist church will give a box supper on the Court House grounds that evening. Everybody invited to participate.

C. D. Stokes of the firm of Stokes Bros. & Co, merchants and bankers of Lampasas, was in Sonora this week. Mr. Stokes represents Eastern manufacturers and is probably the largest buyer of wool and Mohair in Texas. He took samples of the Mohair stored with E. F. Vander Stucken Co., and visited several of the goat ranches of the Sonora Country. Mr. Stokes says the "market" is waiting on Congress and that, while he believes some other parts of the State grow just as good Mohair there is no part and no state that grows better Mohair than the Sonora Country.

### Notice to Cattlemen.

Those who wish their brands looked after at Brady and Angelo also at other shipping points and the markets, are invited to become members of the Cattle Raisers Association.

Nearly as can be estimated, from 50 to 100 strays pass through at Brady each spring in brands not on our books. These we are forbidden to cut. So, it would certainly be to the interest of every cattleman to have his brands in our books. These animals come in when hair is long and generally unobserved by the shipper till discovered by the inspector, and as a rule the shipper would gladly turn such animals over to the inspector.

On receipt of postal card directed to me at Brady proper blanks will be at once forwarded to any one wishing membership.

Very respectfully,  
 JOHN R. BANISTER,  
 556 Brady, Texas.

**WANTED**—From owners only. Some small ranches to trade for farms in Central Texas.

F. M. LONG,  
 Goldswate, Texas.

The rain fall in Sonora for the year 1908, was just three points more than 22 inches. This is the lowest total in six years in the Sonora Country with the exception of 1904 when the rainfall was 21 1/2 inches.

### Rain Dots.

Clyde Mills returned Monday from Sanderson in his auto and reports good rain all the way from Sanderson to the W. A. Glascock ranch 20 miles south of Sonora.

J. J. Ford returned Wednesday from San Antonio. He came via Uvalde, Barkedale and Rock Springs. Mr. Ford reports good rains at Uvalde and west but not east. From Uvalde to this side of Rock Springs the rain was good all the way.

The south and southwest part of Sutton county has had good rains, also the southern part of Crockett, all of Val Verde and a big part of Edwards counties. Some of the ranches bordering that we have heard from where the rains were good are: R. A. Williamson, O. B. Hudspeh, Buggett & Paine and others including part of the Friend ranch in Crockett; D. K. McMullan, C. G. Robson, J. V. Tarney, Lee Drisdale, Robert Anderson and the Taylors this side of Beaver Lake, the G. W. Whitehead & Sons ranch in Val Verde county as well as the E. F. and Alfred Vander Stucken ranch and others in that neighborhood. W. A. Miers, W. T. O. Holman, D. B. Cusenberry, E. M. Kirkland, W. E. Dunbar and the lower Joe Wyatt ranch. The Southeast Sonora country we have not heard from but understand that the rains there were scattering. On the East the Allison, McKnight, Reiley, Owenville and Copperas and the Middle Valley countries had good rains and they extended to the W. W. Williamson ranch in Northeast Sutton. On the North it was a hop skip and a jump with mostly a skip. The R. W. Davis 2 miles north of town had a flood and from there to the west they had good rains, including the Sol Mayer ranch headquarters and to within 3 miles of Eldorado or a wet line on the north of Sutton county. While not as general as wished for, the sample tasted good and possibly before this notice appears in print, the whole country will be under water. By the 17th of Ireland all will be better.

### RACE SUICIDE

is not nearly the means to increase in population that deaths among infants are. Eight out of ten of these deaths are directly or indirectly caused by bowel troubles. McGee's Baby Balm cures diarrhoea, dysentery, scur stomach and all infant ailments of this nature. Just the thing for teething babies. Price 25c and 50c per bottle. Sold by J. Lewenthal.

Henry Diebitch the sheepman who ranches 10 miles northwest of Sonora was in town Wednesday for supplies.

If it is a saddle you want, give me your order and I will have it made in my shop by hand.  
 57-1f. D. H. Kirkland.

Mr. and Mrs. S. J. Wallace of Clifton, Texas, arrived in Sonora this week on a visit to their daughters Mesdames J. W. Mayfield, Ed. Grimland, Warren Keesee and G. Curtis Allison.

Meanees or Sullivan trees used in Kirkland's saddles. What you want we make. See Kirkland the Saddler. 57-1f.

Mrs. J. L. Davis was not able to leave last week because of the illness of some of the children, but Miss Myrtle Davis left Friday for Mineral Wells to be with her father. Mrs. Davis will join them as soon as possible. Mr. Davis is much better.

### Letter to E. R. Jackson.

Sonora, Texas.  
 Dear Sir: A bank messenger lost a small coin. He set his bag down and looked for it. Found it, but somebody else had run off with his bag.

A man who is going to paint had better look-out for his gallons. Devos is the least-gallon paint.

It's gallons that cost; it isn't the price of a gallon. With one paint, 10 gallons is plenty; another, 11 or 12 or 13 and so on to 22 gallons; and every gallon has to be paid for and painted—\$2 to \$4 a day for painting paint stuffed out with some sort of whitewash. The less the price of a gallon, the more the gallons.

Back messengers better look-out for their bags and not stop to hunt for small coins; and property-owners better look-out for the gallons that make the expense, and not for the price which has nothing to do with it.

Yours truly  
 F. W. DEVOS & CO.  
 P. O. Box 100, Sonora, Texas.

## WIRE

Let us figure with you on all kinds of wire. Wolf, Hog, Sheep or Goat proof wire fencing. Have just sold one car of Special Wolf Proof woven wire fencing to T. B. Adams and B. M. Halbert of Sonora.

## E. F. VANDERSTUCKEN CO.

CLYDE WINDROW,  
 PRACTICAL TINNER,

TANKS, TROUGH, AND ALL KIND OF TIN WORK.  
 ESTIMATES FURNISHED. TERMS CASH.

## COMMERCIAL HOTEL

Mrs. J. C. McDonald, Proprietress.

Best accommodations, Rates Reasonable.  
 HEADQUARTERS FOR COMMERCIAL MEN.  
 Drummer's Samlra Rooms.

SONORA, TEXAS.

## THE DECKER HOTEL

D. G. HOWTON, Proprietor,

Offers the Resident and Traveling Public, First class Clean, Comfortable and Courteous Accommodations at Reasonable Rates.

Your Patronage Solicited.

## Short Order House

OPEN ALL DAY. BEST SERVICE.  
 OYSTERS AND FISH IN SEASON.

J. W. CRAFT, - Proprietor.

Savell Building, Main Street, Sonora.

## SONORA & SAN ANGELO

Mail, Express and Passenger Line,

Clendennen & Robbins, Proprietors.

AUTOMOBILE OR STAGE SERVICE

AUTOMOBILE—Leaves Sonora daily, except Sunday, at 7 o'clock a. m., arrives at San Angelo the same evening. Leaves San Angelo at 7 o'clock a. m. and arrives in Sonora in the evening.

Automobile Fare \$3 one way. Round Trip \$10.

STAGE leaves Sonora Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 7 o'clock a. m. arriving in San Angelo that night.

Leaves San Angelo Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday at 7 o'clock a. m. arriving in Sonora that night.

STAGE FARE, \$4.00. ROUND TRIP, \$7.00

MRS. J. C. McDONALD, AGENT.

KENNETH TALIAFERRO,  
 The Tailor.

NEW SAMPLES JUST RECEIVED. LEAVE YOUR  
 ORDERS. CLEANING AND REPAIRING.

Shop in the Old Bank Building.

## SAM MERCK

Blacksmith and Machinist.

(THE OLD POTTER SHOP)

ALL KINDS OF IRON AND WOOD WORK, BOILERS REFLUED,  
 GASOLINE ENGINE, WINDMILL REPAIRS DONE ON SHORT  
 NOTICE. GOOD WORK REASONABLE CHARGES.

## LAUNDRY

Mrs. Mary L. Reed, Pro.

Washing called for and delivered. Orders left at the Commercial Hotel will receive prompt attention.

First-Class Work Guaranteed.

Laundry at the old Alley place.

Mens Work a Specialty. Family Washings Solicited.

FOR  
**GOOD WOOD**

PHONE 96

### 5000 POSTS WANTED.

We want 5000 cedar fence posts, 6 1/2 feet long. None but good ones will be bought.

E. F. Vander Stucken Co.

# The Mystery of The Yellow Room

By GASTON LEROUX

Copyright, 1908, by Brantano's

"I admire you for your silence," said Roulettable, "but if Mlle. Stangerson knew of your danger she would release you from your oath. She would urge you to tell all she has confided to you. She would be here to defend you."

"M. Darzac made no movement nor uttered a word. He looked at Roulettable sadly.

"However," said the young reporter, "since mademoiselle is not here I must do it myself. But, believe me, M. Darzac, the only means to save Mlle. Stangerson and restore her to her reason is to secure your acquittal."

"What is this secret motive that compels Mlle. Stangerson to hide her knowledge from her father?" asked the president.

"That, monsieur, I do not know," said Roulettable. "It is no business of mine."

The president, turning to M. Darzac, endeavored to induce him to tell what he knew.

"Do you still refuse, monsieur, to tell us how you employed your time during the attempts on the life of Mlle. Stangerson?"

"I cannot tell you anything, monsieur."

The president turned to Roulettable as if appealing for an explanation.

"We must assume, M. President, that M. Robert Darzac's business are closely connected with Mlle. Stangerson's secret and that M. Darzac feels himself in honor bound to remain silent. It may be that Larsen, who since his three attempts has had everything in training to cast suspicion on M. Darzac, had fixed on just those occasions for a meeting with M. Darzac at a spot most compromising. Larsen is cunning enough to have done that."

The president seemed partly convinced; but, still curious, he asked:

"But what is this secret of Mlle. Stangerson?"

"That I cannot tell you," said Roulettable. "I think, however, you know enough now to acquit M. Robert Darzac, unless Larsen should return, and I don't think he will," he added, with a laugh.

"One question more," said the president. "Admitting your explanation, we know that Larsen wished to turn suspicion on M. Robert Darzac, but why should he throw suspicion on Daddy Jacques also?"

"There comes in the professional detective, monsieur, who proves himself an unrivaled of mysteries, by annihilating the very proofs he had accumulated. He's a very cunning man, and a similar trick had often enabled him to turn suspicion from himself. He proved the innocence of one before accusing the other. You can easily believe, monsieur, that so complicated a scheme as this must have been long and carefully thought out in advance by Larsen. He found the opportunity to rob Daddy Jacques of a pair of old boots and a castoff Basque cap, which the servant had tied up in a handkerchief with the intention of carrying them to a friend, a charcoal burner on the road to Epinay. When the crime was discovered Daddy Jacques had immediately recognized these objects as his. They were extremely compromising, which explains his distress at the time when we spoke to him about them. Larsen confessed it all to me."

**CHAPTER XXVII.**

**The Mystery of Mademoiselle Stangerson.**

**D**URING the days that followed I had several opportunities to question Roulettable as to his reason for his voyage to America, but I obtained no more precise answers than he had given me on the evening of the adjournment of the trial, when we were on the train for Paris. One day, however, on my still pressing him, he said:

"Can't you understand that I had to know Larsen's true personality?"

"No doubt," I said, "but why did you go to America to find that out?"

He set smoking his pipe and made no further reply. I began to see that I was touching on the secret that concerned Mlle. Stangerson. Roulettable evidently had found it necessary to go to America to find out what the mysterious tie was that bound her to Larsen by so strange and terrible a bond. In America he had learned who Larsen was and had obtained information which closed his mouth. He had been to Philadelphia.

And now what was this mystery which held Mlle. Stangerson and M. Robert Darzac in so inexplicable a silence? After so many years and the publicity given the case by a curious and shameless press, now that M. Stangerson knows all and has forgiven him, all may be told. In every phase of this remarkable story Mlle. Stangerson had always been the sufferer.

The beginning dates from the time when, as a young girl, she was living with her father in Philadelphia, and succeeded by his will, grace and benevolent attention in gaining her affection. He was said to be rich and had asked her of her father. M. Stangerson, on making inquiries as to M. Jean Roussel, found that the man was a swindler and an adventurer. Jean Roussel was but another of the many names under which the notorious Ballmeyer, a fugitive from France, tried to hide himself. M. Stangerson did not know of his identity with Ballmeyer. He learned that the man was simply undesirable for his daughter. He not only refused to give his consent to the marriage, but dealt him admission into the house. Mathilde Stangerson, however, had fallen in love. To her Jean Roussel was everything that her love painted him. She was indignant at her father's attitude and did not conceal her feelings. Her father sent her to stay with an aunt in Cincinnati. There she was joined by Jean Roussel and, in spite of the reverence she felt for her father, ran away with him to get married.

They went to Louisville and lived there for some time. One morning, however, a knock came at the door of the house in which they were, and the police entered to arrest Jean Roussel. It

**CHAPTER XXVII.**

**In Which It Is Proved That One Does Not Always Think of Everything.**

**G**REAT excitement prevailed when Roulettable had finished. The courtroom became agitated with the murmurings of suppressed applause. Maitre Henri Robert called for an adjournment of the trial and was supported in his motion by the public prosecutor himself. The case was adjourned. The next day M. Robert Darzac was released on bail, while Daddy Jacques received the immediate benefit of "a no cause for action." Search was everywhere made for Frederic Larsen, but in vain. M. Darzac finally escaped the awful calamity which at one time had threatened him. After a visit to Mlle. Stangerson he was led to hope that she might by careful nursing one day recover her reason.

Roulettable and I left Versailles together, after having called at the Dog That smokes. In the train I put a number of questions to him.

"My friend," I said, "I am still in the dark as to your reason for going to America. When you left the Glander you had found out, if I rightly understand, all about Frederic Larsen. You had discovered the exact way he had attempted the murder?"

"Quite so. And you," he said, turning the conversation, "did you suspect nothing?"

"I don't see how I could have suspected anything. You took great pains to conceal your thoughts from me. Had you already suspected Larsen when you sent for me to bring the revolvers?"

"Yes! I had come to that conclusion through the incident of the 'inexplicable gallery.' Larsen's return to Mlle. Stangerson's room, however, had not then been cleared up by the eyeglasses. My suspicions were the outcome of my reasoning only, and the idea of Larsen being the murderer seemed so extraordinary that I resolved to wait for actual evidence before venturing to act. Nevertheless the suspicion worried me, and I sometimes spoke to the detective in a way that ought to have opened your eyes. I spoke disparagingly of his methods. But until I found my suspicion of him in the light of an absurd hypothesis only, you can imagine my elation after I had explained Larsen's movements. I remember well rushing into my room

like a madman and crying to you; I'll get the better of the great Fred! I'll get the better of him in a way that will make a sensation!"

"But one important point escaped us both. It was one which ought to have opened our eyes to Larsen. Do you remember the bamboo cane? I was surprised to find Larsen had no use of that evidence against Robert Darzac. Had it not been purchased by a man whose description tallied exactly with that of Darzac? Well, just before I saw him off at the train after the recess during the trial I asked him why he hadn't used the cane evidence. He told me he had never had any intention of doing so; that our discovery of it in the little inn at Epinay had much embarrassed him. If you will remember, he told us then that the cane had been given him in London. Why did we not immediately say to ourselves: 'Fred is lying; he could not have had this cane in London; he was not in London; he bought it in Paris?' Then you found out on inquiry at Cassette's that the cane had been bought by a person dressed very like Robert Darzac, though, as we learned later from Darzac himself, it was not he who had made the purchase. Couple this with the fact we already knew from the letter at the post restant that there was actually a man in Paris who was passing as Robert Darzac. Why did we not immediately fix on Fred himself?"

"Of course his position was against us, but when we saw the evident eagerness on his part to find convicting evidence against Darzac—may, even the passion he displayed in his pursuit of the man—the lie about the cane should have had a new meaning for us. If you ask why Larsen bought the cane if he had no intention of manufacturing evidence against Darzac by means of it, the answer is quite simple. He had been wounded in the hand by Mlle. Stangerson, so that the cane was useful to enable him to close his hand in carrying it. You remember I noticed that he always carried it."

"All these details come back to my mind when I had once fixed on Larsen as the criminal. But they were too late then to be of any use to me. On the evening when he pretended to be drugged I looked at his hand and saw a thin silk bandage covering the signs of a slight healing wound. Had we taken a quicker initiative at the time Larsen told us that he about the cane, I am certain he would have gone off to avoid suspicion. All the same, we worried Larsen, or Ballmeyer, without our knowing it."

"But," I interrupted, "if Larsen had no intention of using the cane as evidence against Darzac, why had he made himself up to look like the man when he went in to buy it?"

"He had not specially 'made up' as Darzac to buy the cane; he had come straight to Cassette's immediately after he had attacked Mlle. Stangerson."

**CHAPTER XXVIII.**

**The Mystery of Mademoiselle Stangerson.**

**D**URING the days that followed I had several opportunities to question Roulettable as to his reason for his voyage to America, but I obtained no more precise answers than he had given me on the evening of the adjournment of the trial, when we were on the train for Paris. One day, however, on my still pressing him, he said:

"Can't you understand that I had to know Larsen's true personality?"

"No doubt," I said, "but why did you go to America to find that out?"

He set smoking his pipe and made no further reply. I began to see that I was touching on the secret that concerned Mlle. Stangerson. Roulettable evidently had found it necessary to go to America to find out what the mysterious tie was that bound her to Larsen by so strange and terrible a bond. In America he had learned who Larsen was and had obtained information which closed his mouth. He had been to Philadelphia.

And now what was this mystery which held Mlle. Stangerson and M. Robert Darzac in so inexplicable a silence? After so many years and the publicity given the case by a curious and shameless press, now that M. Stangerson knows all and has forgiven him, all may be told. In every phase of this remarkable story Mlle. Stangerson had always been the sufferer.

The beginning dates from the time when, as a young girl, she was living with her father in Philadelphia, and succeeded by his will, grace and benevolent attention in gaining her affection. He was said to be rich and had asked her of her father. M. Stangerson, on making inquiries as to M. Jean Roussel, found that the man was a swindler and an adventurer. Jean Roussel was but another of the many names under which the notorious Ballmeyer, a fugitive from France, tried to hide himself. M. Stangerson did not know of his identity with Ballmeyer. He learned that the man was simply undesirable for his daughter. He not only refused to give his consent to the marriage, but dealt him admission into the house. Mathilde Stangerson, however, had fallen in love. To her Jean Roussel was everything that her love painted him. She was indignant at her father's attitude and did not conceal her feelings. Her father sent her to stay with an aunt in Cincinnati. There she was joined by Jean Roussel and, in spite of the reverence she felt for her father, ran away with him to get married.

They went to Louisville and lived there for some time. One morning, however, a knock came at the door of the house in which they were, and the police entered to arrest Jean Roussel. It

was then that Mathilde Stangerson, or Roussel, learned that her husband was no other than the notorious Ballmeyer!

The young woman in her despair tried to commit suicide. She fell in this, and was forced to rejoin her aunt at Cincinnati. The old lady was overjoyed to see her again. She had been anxiously searching for her and had not dared to tell M. Stangerson of her disappearance. Mathilde swore her to secrecy, so that her father should not know she had been away. A month later Mlle. Stangerson returned to her father, repentant, her heart dead with her love, hoping only one thing—that she would never again see her husband, the horrible Ballmeyer. A report was spread a few weeks later that he was dead, and she now determined to atone for her disobedience by a life of labor and devotion for her father. And she kept her word.

All this she had confessed to Robert Darzac, and, believing Ballmeyer dead, had given herself to the joy of a union with him. But fate had resuscitated Jean Roussel, the Ballmeyer of her youth. He had taken steps to let her know that he would never allow her to marry Darzac—that he still loved her.

Mlle. Stangerson never for one moment hesitated to confide in M. Darzac. She showed him the letter in which Jean Roussel asked her to recall the first hours of their union in their beautiful and charming Louisville home. "The presbytery has lost nothing of its charm nor the garden its brightness," he had written. The scoundrel pretended to be rich and claimed the right of taking her back to Louisville. She had told Darzac that if her father should know of her dishonor she would kill herself. M. Darzac had sworn to silence her persecutor, even if he had to kill him. He was outwitted and would have succumbed had it not been for the genius of Roulettable.

Mlle. Stangerson was herself helpless in the hands of such a villain. She had tried to kill him when he had first threatened and then attacked her in the yellow room. She had, unfortunately, failed and felt herself condemned to be forever at the mercy of this unscrupulous wretch who was continually demanding her presence at clandestine interviews. When he sent her the letter through the postoffice asking her to meet him she had refused. The result of her refusal was the tragedy of the yellow room. But the second time he wrote asking for a meeting, the letter reaching her in her sick chamber, she had avoided him by sleeping with her women. In that letter the scoundrel had warned her that, since she was too ill to come to him, he would come to her and that he would be in her chamber at a particular hour, and in that case she had everything to fear from Ballmeyer, she had left her chamber on that night. It was then that the incident of the "inexplicable gallery" occurred.

The third time she had determined to keep the appointment. He asked for it in the letter he had written in her own room on the night of the incident in the gallery, which he left on her desk. In that letter he threatened to burn her father's papers if she did not meet him. It was to rescue these papers that she made up her mind to do him. She did not for one moment doubt that the wretch would carry out his threat if she persisted in avoiding him, and in that case the labors of her father's lifetime would be forever lost. Since the meeting was thus inevitable she resolved to see her husband and appeal to his better nature. It was for this interview that she had prepared herself on the night the keeper was killed. They did meet, and what passed between them may be imagined. He insisted that she renounce Darzac. She, on her part, affirmed her love for him. He stabbed her in his anger, determined to convict Darzac of the crime. As Larsen he could do it and had so managed things that Darzac could never explain how he had employed the time of his absence from the chateau. Ballmeyer's precautions were most cunningly taken.

Larsen had threatened Darzac as he had threatened Mathilde—with the same weapon and the same threats. He wrote Darzac urgent letters declaring himself ready to deliver up the letter that had passed between him and his wife and to leave them forever if he would pay him his price. He asked Darzac to meet him for the purpose of arranging the matter, appointing the time when Larsen would be with Mlle. Stangerson. When Darzac went to Epinay, expecting to find Ballmeyer, or Larsen, there, he was met by an accomplice of Larsen's and kept waiting until such time as the "coincidence" could be established.

It was all done with Machiavellian cunning, but Ballmeyer had reckoned without Joseph Roulettable.

Now that the mystery of the yellow room has been cleared up this is not the time to tell of Roulettable's adventures in America. Knowing the young reporter as we do, we can understand with what accuracy he had traced step by step the story of Mathilde Stangerson and Jean Roussel. At Philadelphia he had quickly informed himself as to Arthur William Rance. There he learned of Rance's act of devotion and the reward he thought himself entitled to for it. A rumor of his marriage with Mlle. Stangerson had once found its way into the drawing rooms of Philadelphia. He also learned of Rance's continued attentions to her and his importunities for her hand. He had taken to drink, he had said, to drown his grief at his unrequited love. It was now he understood why Roulettable had shown so marked a coolness of demeanor toward Rance when they met in the "casseres" room on the day of the trial.

The strange Roussel-Stangerson mystery had now been laid bare. Who

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E. F. SAWYER.

And yet the whole of this mystery has not been revealed. Mlle. Stangerson had a child by her husband, a son. The infant was born in the old aunt's house. No one knew of it, so well had the aunt managed to conceal the event.

What became of that son? That is another story, which so far I am not permitted to relate.

THE END.

## A HARLEM TRAGEDY

By O. HENRY.

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**H**ARLEM.

Mrs. Fink had dropped into Mrs. Cassidy's flat, one night below.

"Ain't it a beauty?" said Mrs. Cassidy. She turned her face proudly for her friend Mrs. Fink to see. One eye was nearly closed, with a great greenish purple bruise around it. Her lip was cut and bleeding a little, and there were red finger marks on each side of her neck.

"My husband wouldn't ever think of doing that to me," said Mrs. Fink, concealing her envy.

"I wouldn't have a man," declared Mrs. Cassidy, "that didn't beat me up at least once a week. Shows he thinks something of you. Say, but that last dose Jack gave me wasn't no homeopathic one. I can see stars yet. But he'll be the sweetest man in town for the rest of the week to make up for it. This eye is good for theater tickets and a silk shirt waist for the very best."

"I should hope," said Mrs. Fink, assuming complacency, "that Mr. Fink is too much of a gentleman ever to raise his hand against me."

"Oh, go on, Maggie!" said Mrs. Cassidy, laughing and applying witty hazel. "You're only jealous. Your old man is too frapped and slow to ever give you a punch. He just sits down and practices physical culture with a newspaper when he comes home. Now, ain't that the truth?"

"Mr. Fink certainly peruses of the papers when he comes home," acknowledged Mrs. Fink, with a toss of her head, "but he certainly don't ever make no Steve O'Donnell out of me just to amuse himself—that's a sure thing."

Mrs. Cassidy laughed the contented laugh of the guarded and happy matron. With the air of Cornelia exhibiting her jewels she drew down the collar of her kimono and revealed an other treasured bruise, maroon colored, edged with olive and orange, a bruise now nearly well, but still to memory dear.

Mrs. Fink capitulated to the fervent light in her eye softened to envious admiration. She and Mrs. Cassidy had been chums in the downtown paper box factory before they had married, one year before. Now she and her man occupied the flat above Mame and her man. Therefore she could not put on airs with Mame.

"Don't it hurt when he soaks you?" asked Mrs. Fink curiously.

"Hurt?" Mrs. Cassidy gave a soprano scream of delight. "Well, say, did you ever have a brick house fall on you? Well, that's just the way it feels—just like when they're digging you out of the ruins. Jack's got a left that spells two mathees and a new pair of Oxfords—and his right! Well, it takes a trip to Coney and six pairs of openwork, silk lisle threads to make that good."

"But what does he beat you for?" inquired Mrs. Fink, with wide open eyes.

"Silly!" said Mrs. Cassidy indulgently. "Why, because he's full. It's generally on Saturday nights."

"But what cause do you give him?" persisted the seeker after knowledge.

"Why, didn't I marry him? Jack comes in tanked up, and I'm here, ain't I? Who else has he got a right to beat? I'd just like to catch him once beating anybody else! Sometimes it's because supper ain't ready, and sometimes it's because it is. Jack ain't particular about causes. He just luses till he remembers he's married, and then he makes for home and does me up. Saturday nights I just move the furniture with sharp corners out of the way, so I won't cut my head when he gets his work in. He's got a left swing that jars you. Sometimes I take the count in the first round, but when I feel like having a good time during the week or want some new rags I come up again for more punishment. That's what I done last night. Jack knows I've been wanting a black silk waist for a month, and I didn't think just one black eye would bring it. Tell you what, Mag, I'll bet you the ice cream he brings it tonight."

Mrs. Fink was thinking deeply.

"My Mart," she said, "never hit me a lick in his life. It's just like you said, Mame; he comes in grouchy and ain't got a word to say. He never

takes me out anywhere. He's a chaff warmer at home for fair. He buys me things, but he looks so glum about it that I never appreciate 'em."

Mrs. Cassidy slipped an arm around her chum.

"You poor thing!" she said. "But everybody can't have a husband like Jack. Marriage wouldn't be no failure if they was all like him. These discontented wives you hear about—what they need is a man to come home and kick their slats in once a week and then make it up in kisses and chocolate creams. That'd give 'em some interest in life. What I want is a frasterful man that slugs you when he's jagged and hugs you when he ain't jagged. Preserve me from the man that ain't got the sand to do neither!"

Mrs. Fink sighed.

The hallways were suddenly filled with sound. The door flew open at the knock of Mr. Cassidy. His arms were occupied with bundles. Mame flew and hung about his neck. Her sound eye sparkled with the love light that shines in the eye of the Maori maid when she recovers consciousness in the hut of the wooer who has stunned and dragged her there.

"Hello, old girl!" shouted Mr. Cassidy. He shed his bundles and lifted her off her feet in a mighty hug. "I got tickets for Barnum & Bailey's, and if you'll bust the string of one of them bundles I guess you'll find that silk waist. Why, good evening, Mrs. Fink! I didn't see you at first. How's old Mart coming along?"

"He's very well, Mrs. Cassidy, thanks," said Mrs. Fink. "I must be going along up now. Mart'll be home for supper soon. I'll bring you down that pattern you wanted tomorrow, Mame."

Mrs. Fink went up to her flat and had a little cry. It was a meaningless cry, the kind of cry that only a woman knows about, a cry from no particular cause, altogether an absurd cry—the most transient and the most hopeless in the repertoire of grief. Why had Martin never thrashed her? He was as big and strong as Jack Cassidy. Did he not care for her at all? He never quarreled. He came home and lounged about, silent, glum, idle. He was a fairly good provider, but he ignored the spikes of life.

Mrs. Fink's ship of dreams was becalmed. Her captain ranged between plum dum and his hammock. If only she would shiver his tubers or stamp his foot on the quarter deck now and then! And she had thought to sail so merrily, touching at ports in the Delectable Isles! But now, to vary the figure, she was ready to throw up the sponge, tired out, without a scratch to show for all those tame rounds with her sparring partner. For one moment she almost hated Mame—Mame, with her cuts and bruises, her saline of presents and kisses, her stormy voyage with her fighting, brutal, loving mate.

Mr. Fink came home at 7. He was permitted to watch the door of domesticity. Beyond the portals of his cozy home he cared not to roam, to roam. He was the man who had caught the street car, the anaconda that had swallowed its prey, the tree that lay as it had fallen.

"Like the supper, Mart?" asked Mrs. Fink, who had driven over it.

"M-m-m-yeep," grunted Mr. Fink.

After supper he gathered his newspapers to read. He sat in his stockinged feet.

Arise, some new Dante, and sing me the befitting corner of perdition for the man who sited in the house in his stockinged feet! Sisters of patience who by reason of ties or duty have endured it in silk, yarn, cotton, lisle thread or woolen—does not the new canto belong?

The next day was Labor day. The occupations of Mr. Cassidy and Mr. Fink ceased for one passage of the sun. Labor, triumphant, would parade and otherwise disport itself.

Mrs. Fink took Mrs. Cassidy's pattern down early. Mame had on her new silk waist. Even her damaged eye managed to emit a holiday gleam. Jack was fruitfully penitent, and there was a hilarious scheme for the day afoot, with parks and picnics and flicseners in it.

A rising, indignant jealousy seized Mrs. Fink as she returned to her flat above. Oh, happy Mame, with her bruises and her quick following balm! But was Mame to have a monopoly of happiness? Surely Martin Fink was as good a man as Jack Cassidy. Was his wife to go always unbelabored and uncaressed? A sudden, brilliant, breathless idea came to Mrs. Fink. She would show Mame that there were husbands as able to use their fists and perhaps to be as tender afterward as any Jack.

The holiday promised to be a nominal one with the Finks. Mrs. Fink had the stationary washbuds in the kitchen filled with a two weeks' wash that had been soaking overnight. Mr. Fink sat in his stockinged feet reading a newspaper. Thus Labor day presaged to speed.

Jealousy surged high in Mrs. Fink's heart, and higher still surged an audacious resolve. If her man would not strike her—if he would not so far prove his manhood, his prerogative and his interest in conjugal affairs, he must be prompted to his duty.

Mr. Fink lit his pipe and peacefully rubbed an ankle with a stockinged toe. He reposed in the state of matrimony like a lump of unbleached suet in a pudding. This was his level Elysium—to sit at ease vicariously girdling the world in print amid the wifely splashing of suds and the agreeable smells of breakfast dishes departed and dinner ones to come. Many ideas were far from his mind, but the furthest one was the thought of beating his wife.

Mrs. Fink turned on the hot water and set the washboards in the suds. Up from the flat below came the gay laugh of Mrs. Cassidy. It sounded like a taunt, a flaunting of her own hap-

press in the face of the unslugged bride above. Now was Mrs. Fink's time.

Suddenly she turned like a fury upon the man reading.

"You lazy loafer!" she cried. "Must I work my arms off washing and toiling for the ugly likes of you? Are you a man, or are you a kitchen hound?"

Mr. Fink dropped his paper, motionless from surprise. She feared that he would not strike—that the provocation had been insufficient. She leaped at him and struck him fiercely in the face with her clinched hand. In that instant she felt a thrill of love for him such as she had not felt for many a day. Rise up, Martin Fink, and come into your kingdom! Oh, she must feel the weight of his hand now just to show that he cared—just to show that he cared!

Mr. Fink sprang to his feet. Maggie caught him again on the jaw with the weight of her other hand. She closed her eyes in that fearful, blissful moment before his blow should come. She whispered his name to herself. She leaned to the expected shock, hungry for it.

In the flat below Mr. Cassidy, with a shamed and contrite face, was powdering Mame's eye in preparation for their junket. From the flat above came the sound of a woman's voice, high raised, a bumping, a stumbling and a shuffling, a chair overturned—unmistakable sounds of domestic conflict.

"Mart and Mag scrapping?" postulated Mr. Cassidy. "Didn't know they ever indulged. Shall I trot up and see if they need a sponge holder?"

One of Mrs. Cassidy's eyes sparkled like a diamond. The other twinkled at least like paste.

"Oh, oh," she said softly and without apparent meaning, in the feminine ejaculatory manner, "I wonder if—I wonder if—wait, Jack, till I go up and see."

Up the stairs she sped. As her foot struck the hallway above out from the kitchen door of her flat wildly founced Mrs. Fink.

"Oh, Maggie," cried Mrs. Cassidy in a delighted whisper, "did he? Oh, did he?"

Mrs. Fink ran and laid her face upon her chum's shoulder and sobbed hopelessly.

Mrs. Cassidy took Maggie's face between her hands and lifted it gently. Tear stained it was, flushing and paling, but its velvety, pink and white, becomingly freckled surface was unscratched, unbruised, unmarred by the recent fist of Mr. Fink.

"Tell me, Maggie," pleaded Mame, "or I'll go in there and find out. What was it? Did he hurt you? What did he do?"

Mrs. Fink's face went down again despairingly on the bosom of her friend.

"For Gawd's sake, don't open that door, Mame," she sobbed. "And don't ever tell nobody—keep it under your hat. He—he never touched me, and he's—oh, Gawd—he's washin' the clothes—he's washin' the clothes!"

**Tobacco Smoke.**  
The body is a factory of poisons, says a big pathologist. These poisons are constantly being poured out at the rate of eight pounds a day. One-third of all these poisonous excreta passes through the lungs in the form of steam or vapor. The lungs within their comparatively small compass contain a folded surface of about 1,800 square feet, in area equal to the floor of a room forty feet square. It is through this surface that the oxygen is drawn into the body and the poisonous carbon dioxide thrown off. Smoke in reality is nothing more or less than a cloud of fine carbon dust—soot. And when this dust comes into contact with the surface of the lungs it forms a thin coating which obstructs the entrance of oxygen laden air as well as the exit of the poisonous outbreathings. The smoker or he who inhales smoke either directly or by sitting in a smoke laden atmosphere is both starved and poisoned—starved for oxygen, the most important of all the foods, and poisoned by his own excreted waste.—Chicago Tribune.

**The Source.**  
A rising little boy of yours seems to be nervous. Does he inherit it from you? Henpeck—I guess so. He certainly did not get it from his mother, for she's got more nerve than even.

**A Circus Horse in Battle.**  
Colonel Charles Marshall, who was aid-de-camp to General Robert E. Lee and who went through the battles of the war with his chief told the following amusing story of his experience with a new horse: His old horse had been shot from under him in the fight of the previous day, and he had taken possession of an animal that seemed to suit the work. In the battle a few hours later he was riding across a field in which there were numerous stumps.

Suddenly the performance opened. The guns roared, and the air was filled with smoke and noise. Before Colonel Marshall knew what was happening the horse had his four feet on one of the stumps and was gayly dancing in a circle. In the meantime the firing was increasing, and the situation was anything but comfortable. But the horse kept on as if he were enjoying it.

"It was not until afterward," said Colonel Marshall, "that I found the horse had belonged to a circus and had been trained to do this act amid the firing of cannon."

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Parties knowing themselves indebted to me will do me the favor to settle at once. Otherwise their accounts will be placed in the hands of an attorney for collection.  
N. B.—No one but myself or member of my family is authorized to collect or receipt for money due me.  
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10-11. Sonora, Texas.

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10-11. Sonora, Texas.

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

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W. A. Glasscock of Sonora is owner of the Hagelstein cattle and anyone knowing the whereabouts of any of these cattle will confer a favor by notifying  
W. A. GLASSCOCK,  
16 f Sonora, Texas.

When you go to San Angelo call on Eddie Maier, at the Favorite Saloon, he will treat you O. K.  
72-1f