

# DEVIL'S RIVER NEWS.

VOL 19

SONORA, SUTTON CO., TEXAS, SATURDAY, APRIL 24 1909.

NO. 964

## THE POLICY

OF THE

### THE "STORE OF QUALITY"

For this season is to carry nothing over, and to do this we mean to close out ALL BROKEN LINES WHILE SEASONABLE at Reduced Prices. We want the Ladies to Appreciate This Policy and to give an idea of our intention we place on sale

### REMNANTS OF SPRING GOODS AT ACTUAL COST

These Remanents are from some early purchases and include WAIST to FULL DRESS Lengths in

Lawns, Lustre, Mercerised Taffeta, Radium, Mohair, Batiste, Serge, Linons, Etc.

## Sonora Mercantile Co.

### Devil's River News.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY.

MIKE MURPHY, Proprietor.  
STEVE MURPHY, Publisher.

Advertising Medium of the  
Stockman's Paradise.

SUBSCRIPTION \$2 A YEAR IN ADVANCE

Entered at the Postoffice at Sonora  
second-class matter.

SONORA, TEXAS. - April 24, 1909.

#### Unjustly Blamed.

Making of the unreliability of circumstantial evidence, a lawyer said:

"Sanders McDowell, a coal heaver of Peebles, said angrily to his wife one night:

"Havers, Lisbeth, hoo many times am I to tell ye I wanna hae the children bringin' up coal in my top hat!"

"Hoot, Sanders, mon, be reasonable," said Lisbeth. "Ye've spoilt the shape o' the top hat wi' yer funny head a'ready, an', since ye're heavin' coal all day, wot can a little extra coal dust in the headpiece matter?"

"Woman, ye dinna grasp ma argyment," said Sanders. "I only wear that top hat in the evenin', an' if I'm out an' I tak' it off it leaves a black band around ma forehead. What's the rasoolt? Why, I'm accused on all sides o' washin' ma face wi' ma hat on!"—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

#### Bobby's Unfortunate Delay.

He was five years old. On this particular day mother had dressed him with unusual care and was very much displeased to have him come in with clothing dirty and torn.

She had so often told him he must take his own part in the boys' scraps—fight should the occasion demand it. This he would not do. And now she intended to punish him.

Bob became very indignant and said, "Well, mamma, I just told the boy I wasn't ready to fight, and when I got ready he was settin' on me."—Delineator.

#### Manly Little Fellow.

"Now, my manly little man," said Mr. Mildun, laying his hand kindly on the boy's shoulder, "you didn't drop that banana peel there on purpose to make me slip on it, did you?"

"Course not," replied the manly little man, wriggling away. "I put it there for yer nearsighted brother, who wouldn't 'a' dodged it."—Kansas City Times.

#### The Earth's Surface.

The surface of the earth can be compared to the top of a barrel of asphalt, hard and rigid through and through, seamed and cracked on the surface by the elements. For ten miles in a straight line below the surface the earth is probably dry and hard, of a rock substance. The pressure of this substance upon the heated center of the earth keeps it from getting hotter than it is, just as you can keep water from boiling by an appropriately sufficient pressure. The fact that there is steam in volcanic eruptions is the leakage of the interior pressure of heat in the earth. The character of matter in the center of the earth or its immediate environment must be something like pumice stone—spongy, porous, light—because when the earth's interior matter is melted in the high temperatures that are there it dissolves, and there is considerable water in it that escapes through volcanic craters in steam.—Professor Hallowell, Columbia University.

#### Sarcastic.

There is a certain Wilmington business man, of a rather waggish disposition, who contends that his wife has no imagination. At dinner one night he chanced to mention a tragic circumstance he had read in the evening paper on his way home. A passenger on a transatlantic steamer had fallen overboard in midocean, and he had never been seen again. "Was he drowned?" asked his wife. "Of course not," answered the impressive hubby, "but he sprained his ankle, I believe."—Argonaut.

#### Just Her Habit.

A widower was being married for the fourth time recently. During the ceremony one of the guests is surprised to hear violent sobs proceeding from a woman in a corner of the church.

"Who is that lady who is crying so bitterly?" he asks of the bystanders.

"Oh, it's only Martha, our cook," answers one of the bridegroom's children. "She always blubbers when papa gets married."—London Mail.

#### Ought to Be Thankful.

"Doctor," growled the patient, "it seems to me that \$500 is a big charge for that operation of mine. It didn't take you over half a minute."

"My dear sir," replied the famous specialist, "in learning to perform that operation in half a minute I have spoiled over eleven pecks of such eyes as yours."—Success Magazine.

#### ENGLAND'S SACRED BEAST.

Unwritten Law Against Shooting Even Men Eating Foxes.

"Down in the country the other day there was a village sensation in which I was called upon to adjudicate for the farmers assembled in the parlor of the only village inn," writes the London correspondent of Town and Country. "One of their number had shot a fox which had prowled about among the fowls for so many nights that fowl keeping was becoming a risky business.

"The ordinary farmer does not mind losing an occasional hen, but reynard is a greedy beast and kills for the mere pleasure of the thing, and the hunt does not always pay up promptly. So here was a fine point in sporting etiquette to be settled. The farmer had shot a fox. He did not deny it. In fact, he preferred to throw out his chest with pride, as if in defiance of all the unwritten laws of British sport.

"Now, custom from time immemorial has decreed that the fox shall be as safe from gun and trap as if he were sacred. He belongs to the hounds and must be allowed to roam through the covers and farmyards at will, devouring what may happen in his way. Custom, too, demands that the hunt shall pay the damages. The hunt generally pays, though in innumerable cases the secretary is well aware that he is being swindled.

"But this particular farmer said he had hunted for many years himself and had never made a claim for lost hens. A year or two ago, however, a fox had paid a nocturnal visit to his fowl yard and had played havoc with the feathered denizens. A night or two after it happened again. A third time the fox came around and made a most deplorable mess of a lot of fine Wyandottes and some expensive Buff Orpingtons.

"Then the farmer wrote to the hunt secretary and asked for damages. The reply was that the claim would be attended to shortly, and at Christmas the settlement came in the form of—a ham. Thereupon the farmer declared war on all foxes and killed them ruthlessly. And this was the point which puzzled the farmers on Saturday night.

"Jim Crawford shot a fox last year," said one of the men, "and no good has come to him since. It ain't lucky and it ain't sportsmanlike. Let 'em kill your hens. That's what they are there for, and if one hunt secretary is mean there are a hundred who are generous."

"There you have it. Sport is sport and its rules are adamant. It must, however, be put to the credit of British hunt clubs that they spend millions of pounds a year in England, Wales and Ireland for the upkeep of the sport.

"Think of the hunters that are bred and sold annually, the packs of hounds, the huntsmen, the stable people, the dozens of hangers on who make a living out of it! Without the hounds certain districts of England would be depopulated. Leicestershire and the midland counties would be almost impoverished if a law were suddenly put in force to make an end to the rich man's pastime. Country houses in nonhunting districts may be had almost for the price of a cottage in Leicestershire, whereas in the Quorn and Pychley country a country house is as expensive, if not more so, than a London mansion. Instead of diminishing, hunting has grown in popular favor."

#### Opportune.

It was just as the curtain was being rung up that kind hearted Mrs. Grey suddenly remembered the inquiry that she had intended to make about a sick neighbor. She leaned back and accosted Mrs. Bascom, who had just moved in next door to the sick friend.

"Can you tell me," she queried hastily, "how old Mrs. Davis is?"

A puzzled and reflective look stole over the face of Mrs. Bascom as she turned for a whispered consultation with a third lady, directly behind her.

Presently she bobbed back toward Mrs. Grey, her forehead puckered. "I really am not quite certain," she reported apologetically, "but I believe she is at least seventy-five."—Harper's Weekly.

#### A Great Change.

Several years ago Lord Clonmel brought to this country a string of race horses, and at the close of the season Phil Dwyer gave a banquet in his honor. Sheriff Tom Dunn of New York was called upon for a speech.

"Faith and this is the wonderful country!" said Dunn. "I was a poor Irish lad, and me dear old mother, God rest her soul, hardly had pennies enough to bring me over. And here I am tonight sitting cheek by jowl with Lord Clonmel himself! Why, me friends, back in the old Tipperary days I couldn't get near enough to his lordship to hit him with a shotgun!"—Everybody's.

#### SPANISH ETIQUETTE.

Politeness to Servants and Even the Street Beggars.

From what we saw and from what happened to us I made up a page of Spanish etiquette. It is probably not correct, but I offer it as the result of our experiences. Other people may have had different impressions. If you are of the female sex never wear a short skirt, a sailor or English walking hat unless you are willing to have people stare at you and sometimes call after you. If you have red hair dye it or be prepared to be saluted as "Rubia." Never bow to a man unless he lifts his hat first. If you are a man you may dress as an Englishman, an operatic tenor or a chorus singer from Carmen without exciting remark. Never wear glasses. If you are blind take a dog on a string. When you sit down at the table or arise always bow and say, "Buenas." This is imperative. You may jostle people without apology, but never speak to any one without saying "your grace," be he noble, friend or beggar. "Will your grace do me the favor to bring me my coffee at 9 o'clock tomorrow?" would strike an American bellboy with dismay. But it is the literal translation of the Spanish request. Never tell a beggar to clear out, but say that you have left your purse at home and that you will remember him tomorrow or gently murmur that God will reward him, whereat he will smile, thank you and depart.

These same beggars, who spring up on every side, seem to have a code of etiquette we could not fathom. After two or three days there were a few who begged only from me, two or three others who begged Jean. Eventually we were understood to be the patrons of certain beggars who out of a crowd of mendicants were the only ones to approach us who would take their dole with thanks or if we said "tomorrow" would smilingly back away at once.

A trip into Spain ought to mean more than sketches of life as we saw it in a single city. Yet it was our pleasure to linger on in Madrid, with the exception of three days spent in Toledo and the Escorial, for the whole of our two months' holiday, and to return direct to Paris without seeing any of the southern country, so beloved by other tourists. So can any one wonder that to us Spain means Madrid, the city of marvelous contrasts?—E. C. Allen in Outing.

#### It Was New to the Bishop.

At an unusually large dinner party, where the guest of honor was an English bishop, the butler, an elderly man, was obliged to bring in from a friend's house an inexperienced lad to help him in the dining room. The awkward helper annoyed the butler beyond endurance with questions as to his duties.

He continued interminably until the butler, worn out and nervous, said ironically:

"All you will need to do is to stand behind the bishop's chair, and whenever his lordship puts down his glass you must reach over and wipe his mouth with a napkin."

#### Grubworm Races.

An odd form of animal contest used to be practiced by office clerks in London some years ago. It was known as grub racing, and nearly every younger clerk had his stable of racers. These worms were bred in nuts or apples and carefully stabled between two walnut shells. They were selected by placing them in the center of a piece of paper, and the one that proved most adept in making a speedy bee line to the edge of the paper was matched against the pick of a rival stable. Some of the fastest could not be induced to travel in a straight line. In racing parlance, they bolted and were bad betting propositions. But when two came together that showed a disposition to run straight and true the betting on the result was lively enough to stir up the anti-gambling enthusiasts.—New York Tribune.

#### Too Suggestive.

The new patient had been put to bed by the nurse. Upon waking he inquired:

"Phwat did ye say the doctor's name was?"

"Dr. Kilpatrick," was the reply.

"Thot settles it," replied the sick man. "Thot doctor will not git a chance to operate on me!"

"Why not?" asked the nurse.

"He is a good doctor."

"Maybe so, but not for me. You see, my name is Patrick."—Ladies' Home Journal.

## 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.

J. A. COPE. CLYDE MILLS.

## J. A. COPE & CO., Land and Live Stock

Bought and sold on Commission. Oldest firm in Sonora.

We are Hustlers. Take you to see in our Auto.

Have Complete Lists of Ranches, Lands and Live Stock.

If You Have Something to Sell List it with US.

J. A. Cope & Co., Sonora, Tex.

CLYDE WINDROW,

PRACTICAL TINNER,

TANKS, TROUGH, AND ALL KIND OF TIN WORK.

ESTIMATES FURNISHED. TERMS CASH.

### 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.  
Office at the Court House.

### DR. W. G. JARNAGIN,

RESIDENT DENTIST,

Sonora, - Texas.  
All Work Guaranteed.

### DR. F. H. WHITE,

Physician & Surgeon,

OFFICE IN JACKSON BUILD-  
ING.  
SONORA, - TEXAS.

Residence phone 52.  
Office phone 77.

### D. H. KIRKLAND,

Saddle and Harness Maker,

REPAIRING A SPECIALTY

In the Cope building.

SONORA, TEXAS.

### Employment Bureau.

All kinds of labor contracted

Also Spanish Interpreting.

Charges reasonable.

Write, see or phone

TRAINER BROS.,

At the Bank Saloon.



SLIPS IN PRINT.

Typographical Blunders That Cause Smiles or Frowns.

When a leading London newspaper, in noticing the floating of a new commercial enterprise, spoke of the issuing of "100,000 snares at £1 each," a statement which, however true, was hardly intentional, the splendid fury of the promoters of that enterprise was fully balanced by the large satisfaction, not to say glee, of its enemies, and no one stopped to think that the innocent fact of the close juxtaposition in which the letters "h" and "n" stand to each other on the typewriter of today or a slip on the part of the typesetter in the composing room fully accounted for the "error."

A typographical error may be an evil thing. It is sometimes a very serious thing, but it never fails of being, from some point of view, funny to the last degree. The presence of the typewriter in the newspaper offices of today has done much to make easier the lives of the author, the editor and the compositor, but the typewriter, with all its advantages, has no automatic punctuating device, and the virtue of the comma is amply illustrated by the story of the Scotch divine, an extract from whose sermon as it appeared in a local paper reads:

"Only last Sabbath, my friends, a young woman died in this parish very suddenly while I was endeavoring to preach the word in a state of beastly intoxication."

And over a poem printed in a weekly appeared the startling comment:

"The following verses were written more than fifty years ago by a gentleman who has for fifteen years lain in his grave for his own amusement."

Unusual handwriting, however, has more to answer for than the vagaries of the typewriter. "The greater the author the greater the scrawler" is only too frequently true, and it is not always fair to put the blame for this sort of blunder on the shoulders of the compositor. Carlyle and Balzac were two whose copy few printers could read and none would handle for more than an hour at a time. Victor Hugo and Byron were impossibly bad penmen, and Sydney Smith is quoted as frankly saying:

"I must decline reading my own handwriting twenty-four hours after I have written it."—Washington Star.

The Lost H.

Sergeant Channell, who was in the habit of dropping his h's, and Sir Frederick Thesiger were once trying a case about a ship called the Helen. Every time the former mentioned the vessel he called it the Ellen. Every time the other counsel mentioned her they called her the Helen. At last the judge, with a quaint gravity, said: "Stop" (a favorite word of his). "Stop. What was the name of the ship? I have it on my notes the Ellen and the Helen. Which is it?" And the bar grinned.

"Oh, my lud," said Thesiger in his blindest and most fastidious manner, "the ship was christened the Helen, but she lost her 'h' in the chops of the channel."—London Spectator.

The Patient's Stratagem.

"You must drink hot water with your whisky," the doctor told his patient. "Otherwise you mustn't take it at all."

"But how shall I get the hot water?" the patient queried plaintively. "My wife won't let me have it for the whisky toddy."

"Tell her you want to shave," the doctor said and took his departure. The next day the doctor called and asked the wife how his patient was.

"He's gone raving mad," his wife replied. "He shaves every ten minutes."

An Apology Due and Forthcoming.

An illiterate young man once got a friend to write a letter for him to his sweetheart. The letter was rather prosaic for a love letter, and the lover felt that an apology was due to his sweetheart for its lack of tender nothings. It was added at his suggestion as follows:

"Please excuse the mildness of this here letter, as the chap wot's ritin it is a married man, and he says he can't bide any soft soapings. It allus gives him the spazams."—London Telegraph.

The Generous Scot.

An Edinburgh tourist arrived at King's Cross station one day, accompanied by his wife and daughters and an enormous quantity of luggage. One of the porters attended to the latter, taking about a quarter of an hour to convey it to the cab outside.

When he was done, the canny Scot produced his snuffbox and said: "Man, ye've been very obligein'. Wad ye tak' a pinch o' snuff?"—London Scraps.

Up Before The Bar.

N. H. Brown, an attorney, of Pittsfield, Vt., writes: "We have used Dr. King's New Life Pills for years and find them such a good family medicine we wouldn't be without them." For Chills, Constipation, Biliousness or Sick Headache they work wonders, 25c at Allison's Pharmacy.

WHAT ABOUT THAT \$2.00?

YOU'D BETTER HURRY

If you knew as the writer does what splendid values, what varied selections this store has ready for your inspection you would hurry.

TAILORED SUITS, SKIRTS, SHIRT

Waists, Trimmed Hats,

In style, value and usefulness just what you want.

Newest of the Fashion in New Silks

Jacquard, Crepe de Chine, China, Taffeta, Etc., in all colors, shades and designs.

Beautiful Dress Goods in Patterns

Nuns Veiling, 36 inches wide, in pale blue, pink, Lilac and white. Panamas in cream, brown and black. Wool skirt patterns, no two same shade.

Latest Washable Dress Fabrics

in all the newest goods, weaves, shades and colors They are so numerous and so pretty that you must see them. They include printed lawns, linon bordure, Persians in plain, stripes and bordered effects, Crepe Plisse, bordered batiste, Rep suitings, zephyrs, cotton serge, gingham and calicos.

LADIES COLLARS, RUSHINGS AND NOVELTIES.

Beyond a doubt this is the finest, largest and best stock of dry goods ever brought to Sonora for a seasons' trade. We can't tell you all we have

YOU MUST SEE THEM

E. F. Vander Stucken Co.

Biblical Lore As Expressed By A Base Ball Fan.

Eve stole first, and Adam stole second, St. Peter, he umpired the gam; Rebecca went to the well, with the pitcher. Ruth, in the field, won fame. Goliath was struck out by David, A fowl off of Abel by Cain. The Prodigal Son made a home run, And brother Noah gave out checks for rain.

Words to Freeze The Soul.

"Your son has consumption His case is hopeless." These appalling words were spoken to Geo. E. Blevens, a leading merchant of Springfield, N.C., by two expert doctors—one a lung specialist. Then was shown the wonderful power of Dr. King's New Discovery. "After three weeks use," writes Mr. Blevens, "he was as well as ever. I would not take all the money in the world for what it did for my boy." Infallible for Coughs and Colds, its safest, surest cure of desperate Lung diseases on earth. 50c and \$1.00 Guarantee satisfaction. Trial bottle free Allison's 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.

Actual Facts.

For upwards of fifteen years Hunt's Cure has been sold under a strict guarantee to cure any form of itching skin troubles known. No matter the name—less than one per cent. of the purchasers have requested their money back Why? It simply does the work.

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.

Don't Delay.

Save a possible serious spell of fever later on by cleansing your system now of its accumulation of impurities. Simmon's Sarsaparilla will do it. It makes fine blood, it appeites, great strength and grand ambition.

A HEROIC STRUGGLE.

The Fight For Life of the Crew of a Wrecked Whaler.

The story of the crew of a whaling vessel wrecked off Cape Parry in a drifting fog is given in Mr. A. H. Harrison's book, "In Search of a Polar Continent." The Alexander at the time was steaming at full speed, and when first it struck the crew, not seeing anything in front of them, thought they had collided with a piece of drifting ice. But on striking again the vessel immediately filled with water, so they hardly had time to rush to the boats, which they had great difficulty in lowering.

It was then that Captain Tilton nearly lost his life. He was the last man to leave the ship, and just as the boats were being pushed off he jumped from the vessel, but missed the stern of the boat and fell into the sea. Luckily, however, he managed to catch a rope that was thrown to him, but it was not without difficulty that he was pulled into the boat when he was dragged alongside.

The mist was so dense that they had no idea of their locality, but on reaching the shore they saw the rocky headland of Cape Parry looming over them, and then they knew that they had at least 400 miles to travel before regaining Herschel island, this, too, along a barren and deserted coast line in open boats and probably in a raging sea.

This wreck occurred on Aug. 16, yet on Aug. 26 they arrived at Herschel island, every one of them strong and well and no whit the worse for his adventure. They made the whole journey through rough seas and through gales of wind. Every stitch on their backs was constantly drenched.

Of supplies they carried only that scanty portion which a whaleboat always has on hand for an emergency. Nor are the emergencies contemplated of such duration.

Every now and then they had to put ashore to find fresh water and to snatch a few winks of sleep, and I can answer for it that putting ashore here is no easy matter, for there are many miles of coast line along which it is almost impossible to find a place for landing in a strong wind.

These men doggedly held on their course, crossing two large bays, Franklin bay and Liverpool bay, until at last they reached the Mackenzie delta, and, keeping well to seaward of this, they arrived in a storm which prevented ships from putting to sea.

They had made a fine, heroic effort. It had been a case of do or die with all of them, and they had carried on a desperate and unceasing struggle and had accomplished an average daily journey of forty miles in an open boat.

John, Thomas, Richard, Etc.

The popularity of John is believed to be due to the supposed suitability in baptism of the Baptist's name, just as Jordan was a name usually given to children who were baptized in water brought from Palestine by pilgrims or crusaders. The prevalence of William is due to William the Conqueror, that of Robert to sympathy with the misfortunes of his son. Thomas came in with the murder of the great archbishop. The crusading exploits of Richard I. made the name popular, while to the adventures of the paladins we owe Roland, Roger and Reginald. In the fourteenth century Charles, James and George are almost unknown. Charles only became popular after the execution of Charles I., and George came in with the Hanoverian dynasty.—London Notes and Queries.

A Feat of Swordsmanship.

Napoleon, it is said, one day met an old one armed soldier and asked him where he lost his arm. "Sire, at Austerlitz." "And were you not decorated?" "No, sire." "Then here is my own cross for you. I make you chevalier." "Your majesty makes me chevalier because I have lost one arm. What would your majesty have done had I lost both?" "Oh, in that case I should have made you officer of the Legion." Whereupon the soldier immediately drew his sword and cut off his other arm.

One Way He Could Help.

An eastern college graduate applied for work in a Michigan lumber camp. He was told to get busy on one end of a cross saw, the other end being in charge of an old and experienced lumberman. At first all went well, but at the end of the second day the young man's strength began to wane. Suddenly the old man stopped the saw and spat.

"Sonny," he said, not unkindly, "I don't mind yer ridin' on this saw, but if it's jest the same to you I wish you'd keep yer feet off the ground."—Everybody's.

1-4 Pound a Week

at least, is what a young baby ought to gain in weight. Does yours? If not there is something wrong with its digestion. Give it McGee's Baby Elixir and it will begin gaining at once. Cures stomach and bowel troubles, aids digestion, stops fretfulness, good for fretting babies. Price 25c and 50c Sold by J. Lewenthal.

School Trustees Election.

The State of Texas, County of Sutton,

To all to whom these presents shall come. Greeting:

This is to give notice that on the first Saturday in May, A. D., 1909, same being the first day of said month, an election will be held in Sonora Independent School District No. 1, for the purpose of electing four trustees for said district, to succeed the following retiring Trustees: R. Walter Davis, J. D. Lowrey, D. B. Cusenbary and P. H. Martin.

Such election shall be held in accordance with the State Law governing elections. The returns of such election shall be made to the Board of School Trustees of said District in the same manner as election returns are made under the State Law.

The polls shall be open and such election held at the Court House in Sonora, Sutton County, Texas, within said District, and shall be held by and under the supervision of Rev. C. T. Davis, with such assistants as he may lawfully select.

Done at Sonora, Texas, this the 12th day of April, A. D., 1909, as instructed by the Board of School Trustees of the Sonora Independent School District No. 1, passed at a meeting held in Sonora, Texas, on the 12th day of April, A. D., 1909.

R. Walter Davis, President, James Cornell, Secretary.

Tip McGee.

I have the best assurance that he is a

THOROUGHBRED

That he is a good one you can judge for yourself or ask those who have seen him. His service book is now open for the

Season at \$10.

With return privilege. A number of ranchmen had wanted to raise colts from this horse but at that time I expected to use him on my own mares and I wish those I promised will now book their mares. I do not want to offend anyone

PAYNE ROUNTREE,

at Sonora Mercantile Co.

\$4.00 FOR 2.75

For a short time only we will sell you the best Live Stock Weekly

THE BREEDER'S GAZETTE

add the News both for one year for \$2.75.

DAILY AUTOMOBLE BETWEEN San Angelo and Big Springs

Team Stage in Connection Between San Angelo and Sterling City.


Tom & Will Savell, Prop'rs.



**Devil's Silver News**  
 PUBLISHED WEEKLY.  
 MIKE MURPHY, Proprietor.  
 STEVE MURPHY, Publisher.  
 SUBSCRIPTION \$2 A YEAR IN ADVANCE  
 Entered at the Postoffice at Sonora,  
 second-class matter.  
 Advertising Medium of the  
 Stockman's Paradise  
 Sonora, Texas. April 24, 1909.

# HOW I KILLED MY FIRST INDIAN

BY BUFFALO BILL  
 FROM "TRUE TALES OF THE PLAINS"  
 COPYRIGHT, 1908, BY WILLIAM F. COOKE



## "TWENTY-THREE."

An Old Circus Term That Originated in a Gambling Game.

We had two shell games, a "cloth" and a "roll out" team. I don't have to explain the shell game, I guess. "Cloth" is an easy money dice game. The operator has before him a sheet of green felt, marked off into figured squares—eight to forty-eight. The player throws eight dice, and the dealer compares the sum of the spots he has thrown with the numbers on the cloth. Certain spaces are marked for prizes, five or six are marked "conditional," and one, No. 23, is marked "lose." The dealer keeps his stack of coins over the 23 space, so that it isn't noticed until the time to show it.

These spaces marked "conditional" are used in a great many gambling games, such as spindles. They are the most useful thing in the world for leading the greenhorn on, for when he throws "conditional" the dealer tells him that he is in great luck. He has thrown better than a winning number. He has only to double his bet and on the next throw he will get four times the indicated prize or, if he throws a blank number, the equivalent of his money. He is kept throwing "conditionals" until his whole pile is down—and then made to throw 23, the space which he failed to notice and which is marked "lose."

You may ask how the dealer makes the greenhorn throw just what he wants. Simplest thing in the world. The man is counted out. The table is crowded with boosters, all jostling and reaching for the box, eager to play. The assistant dealer grabs up the dice, adds them hurriedly, announces the number that he wants to announce and sweeps them back into the box. If the greenhorn kicks a booster reaches over next time the dice are counted, says, "My play," and musses them up. The player never knows what he has thrown. I don't need to say that "23," as slang, comes from this game. The circus used it for years before it was ever heard on Broadway. — Saturday Evening Post.

### Reminders.

Many are the methods to which busy men resort in order to remind them to write that letter, to buy those ribbons, to keep that appointment with Jackson. One ties a piece of tape around his walking stick, a second knots his handkerchief, a third puts his loose cash in an unaccustomed pocket.

A very successful plan is that of a shrewd man of business. A liberal dose of pepper or snuff spread over his handkerchief greets his olfactory nerves whenever he extracts it from his pocket. And then he exclaims, "That reminds me!"

Another effective method is to place your finger rings on your key ring. By this means you are not only reminded of that "something" by the absence of your rings from your finger, but every time you use your keys the fact is forced upon your attention.—London Mail.

### Both Went Bites.

A sportsman went out fishing on a highland loch, his companion being the estate keeper, Sandy McKay. The gentleman proved rather unsuccessful with his rod, and after persevering for a couple of hours he said:

"I think we may as well go home now, Sandy. The trout won't bite today."

When they went ashore the sportsman offered the keeper some sherry, which that functionary declined.

"I've got no whisky," said the gentleman. "What is your objection to a drop of sherry?"

"Well," replied Sandy, "if ye maun ken, it's the same objection as ye hae tae the trout the day—it winna bite."—Dundee Courier.

### The Lesser Evil.

There are other destructive forces in nature, and even earthquakes have rivals. This happened at the time of the trembler at Charleston, S. C., several years ago. A resident of the shaken city, while he felt that his duties required him to remain there to do what he might for the sufferers, sent his six-year-old son out of the danger and confusion to the youngster's grandfather in New York. Three days after the boy's arrival the Charleston man received this telegram from his father: "Send us your earthquake and take back your boy."

### He Had No Answer.

Sister (to elderly prodigal, who is much given to pawing his things)—What's this ticket on yer best coat, Sandy?

Sandy—That was the night I was at McPherson's ball. They tack yer coat from ye at the door and gie ye a ticket for't.

Sister—H'm! Aye, I see there's yin on yer trousers as well.—London Punch.

IN 1857 I was barely eleven when I shot my first Indian. He was a chief. I knew that from his headress. His name I never learned. Here is the story:

My parents, with their seven children, had moved from Iowa to Kansas three years earlier. My father had taken up a claim in Salt Creek valley and built a comfortable home. But he was not to enjoy the good days that seemed to be dawning for us.

Kansas just then was torn by the slavery feud, and in the bitter strife of the time my father, after making an antislavery speech at a nearby post trader's store, was mobbed and his life threatened.

On this occasion one of my father's irate auditors—a man, Charles Dunne by name—stabbed my loved parent in the side. At the time of the attack I stood unarmed over my wounded father's body and tried with childish strength to fight off his assailant; but, though he escaped with life in him from the place where he was assaulted, he subsequently succumbed to his injuries, and in the following spring he died. This calamity deprived my mother and our family of a worthy and esteemed head of the household, his death being an incident in the horrid internecine strife that eventuated in the tragedies of the civil war. I was then ten years old.

I could ride any horse alive. I had a knack of shooting straight, and I knew something about herding cattle. I thought these qualities might earn me a living. They did.

A firm of overland freighters—Russell, Majors & Waddell—were at Leavenworth. One of them, Mr. Majors, had been a friend of my father. I asked him for a job as "extra" on one of his wagon trains. The pay was \$40 a month—a fortune it seemed to me then. The work was the sort usually intrusted to a grown man, and it meant not only perpetual hustling, but a lot of danger as well, for the plains in those days were anything but free from Indians. This latter thought frightened even my brave mother.

Boylike, I was delighted at the idea. Mr. Majors said he would take me on as extra for one trip. If I did well I could have a regular job. I resolved to do miracles as an extra. The "train" was made up of twenty-five loaded wagons, each carrying 7,000 pounds, each drawn by six yoke of oxen and guided by a "bulwhacker," a driver with a long, loud cracking whip. Then there was a bunch of loose cattle. On this occasion the train was made up of only three wagons, and we were driving a large herd of beef cattle to Fort Kearny for the use of Colonel Albert Sydney Johnston and his command, who were on their way to Salt Lake to fight the Mormons. I was only one of several extras. Though we always set guard, no Indians had appeared.

One noon, however, when we stopped for dinner and were loafing about on the grass waiting for the pot to boil we heard a scathing volley of shots from a cove. Some bullets and a dozen or more arrows whistled into camp. Everybody had jumped up at the first shot. But three of our men tumbled over at once, as if they had been tripped up. Then a number of things happened almost too quickly to describe.

Two bands of Indians were galloping toward us. One band stampeded and ran off our cattle, while the other "rushed" us. Our men gave them a warm welcome and sent them back on the run. But the fight was not over. The "braves" only centered out of range. There they were joined by others. They outnumbered us eight or ten to one. We could not hope to stand against such a multitude. We bolted for the South Platte river with the savages at our heels and found shelter behind the steep banks. From there we opened fire again and drove the following Redskins once more out of range.

Frank McCarthy, our boss, said our one chance was to follow the Platte river to Fort Kearny, keeping out of sight under its banks. So the thirty-five mile march began through knee deep water and quicksand. Half a day we kept it up. I was dead tired, but it was no time for rest or complaining. Just the same, by nightfall my short legs wouldn't keep up with the procession. I dropped back, little by little, still plodding on as fast as my aching feet could move. We thought we had given the Indians the slip, but I still lagged my short, heavy ride. It was a muzzled loading "Mississippi Jaeger" and carried a slug and two buckshot to each charge.

The moon had risen, and I was trying to catch up with the rest. Suddenly, in front of me and at the top of the high bank, I saw against the moon the head and high war bonnet of an Indian chief. He was bent double. The men ahead could not see him, but he had his gun leveled at them. I knew if he fired he could scarcely miss at that range. Some one of my friends must be killed. I had halted at sight of him, and he didn't see me. I had no time to think out the situation.

I brought up my rifle and took what aim I could in the deceptive moonlight. When my sights were just below the war bonnet's feathers I

pulled the trigger. The stillness of the river was split by a roar as the report echoed from bank to bank. Down tumbled the chief over the edge, rolling over and over like a shot rabbit till he landed plump in the water.

A yell from the band he had led, and a score of Indians swarmed up to the bank. But our men drove them back, and they gave up the attack as a bad job. At dawn we limped worn out into Fort Kearny. The soldiers there started on a wild goose chase for the Indians. They were never caught. The slashed, scalped bodies of our dead were found beside the wrecked, loaded wagons.

When I was thirteen my mother was building a hotel for the use of passing gold hunters, for this was late in 1859, when the gold fever swept America and all roads led to Pike's peak. Our Salt Creek valley home lay on one of the most traveled routes.

Hotel building and furnishing are not on the free list. So I wanted to help raise money for our Valley Grove House. With an older boy named Dave Phillips I planned a trapping trip. Winter was setting in when we started.

We bought an ox team and wagon to transport the traps, camp outfit and provisions and took a large supply of ammunition, besides extra rides. Our destination was the Republican river. It courses more than 150 miles from Leavenworth, but the country about it was reputed rich in beaver. I acted as scout on the journey, going ahead to pick out trails, locate camping grounds and look out for breakers. The information concerning the beaver proved correct. The game was indeed so plentiful that we concluded to pitch a permanent camp and see the winter out.

We chose a hollow in a side hill and enlarged it to the dimensions of a decent sized room.

We had seen no Indians on our trip out and were not concerned in that quarter, though we were too good plainsmen to relax our vigilance. There were other foes, as we discovered the first night in our new quarters.

We were aroused by a commotion in the corral where the oxen were confined, and, hurrying out with our rifles, we found a huge bear intent upon a feast of beef. The oxen were bellowing in terror, one of them dashing crazily about the inclosure and the other so badly hurt that it could not get up.

Phillips, who was in the lead, fired first, but succeeded only in wounding the bear. Pain was now added to the savagery of hunger, and the infuriated monster rushed upon Phillips. Dave leaped back, but his foot slipped on a bit of ice, and he went down with a thud, his rifle flying from his hand as he struck.

A bullet from my rifle entered the distended mouth of the onrushing bear and pierced the brain, and the huge mass fell lifeless almost across Dave's body. The ox had to be killed.

Dave's chance to square his account with me came a fortnight later. We

"Tell you what I think I'd better do," said he. "The nearest settlement is some eighty miles away, and I can get there and back in twenty days. Suppose I make the trip, get a team for your wagon and come back for you?"

The idea of being left alone and well nigh helpless struck dismay to my heart, but there was no help for it, and I assented. Dave put matters into shipshape, piled wood in our dug-out, cooked a quantity of food and put it where I could reach it without rising and fetched several days' supply of water. Mother, ever mindful of my education, had put some school-books in the wagon, and Dave placed these beside the food and water. When Phillips finally set out, driving the surviving ox before him, he left behind a very lonely and homesick boy.

During the first day of my confinement I felt too desolate to eat, much less to read. But as I grew accustomed to solitude I derived real pleasure from the companionship of books. Perhaps in all my life I never extracted so much benefit from study as during

that brief period of enforced idleness, when it was my sole means of making the dragging hours endurable.

A fortnight passed. And one day, weary with my studies, I fell asleep over my books. Some one touched my shoulder, and, looking up, I saw an Indian in war paint and feathers.

"How?" said I, with a show of friendliness, though I knew the brave was on the warpath.

Half a score of bucks followed at the heels of the first, squeezing into the little dugout until there was barely room for them to sit down.

With striking heart I saw them enter, but I plucked up spirit again when the last, a chief, pushed in, for in this warrior I recognized an Indian that I had once done a good turn.

Whatever Lo's faults, he never forgot a kindness any more than he forgets an injury. The chief, who went by the name of Rain-in-the-Face, at once recognized me and asked me why I was in that place. This chief was the father of the Rain-in-the-Face who in a later year killed General Custer at the memorable battle of the Little Big Horn. I displayed my bandages and related the mishap that had made them necessary and refreshed the chief's memory of a certain occasion when a blanket and provisions had drifted his way. Rain-in-the-Face replied, with proper gravity, that he and his chums were out after scalps and confessed to designs upon mine, but in consideration of auld lang syne he would spare the paleface boy.

Auld lang syne, however, did not spare the blankets and provisions, and the bedizened crew stripped the dugout almost bare of supplies, but I was thankful enough to see the back of the last of them.

Two days later a blizzard set in. I took an inventory and found that, economy considered, I had food for a week, but as the storm would surely delay Dave I put myself on half rations.

Three weeks were now gone, and I looked for Dave momentarily, but as night followed day and day grew into night again I was given over to keen anxiety. Had Phillips lost his way? Had he failed to locate the snow covered dugout? Had he perished in the storm? Had he fallen victim to the Indians?

The twenty-ninth day dawned. Starvation stalked into the dugout. The wood, too, was well nigh gone. But great as was my physical suffering my mental distress was greater. I sat before a handful of fire, shivering and hungry, wretched and despondent.

Hark! Was that my name? Choking with emotion, unable to articulate, I listened intently. Yes, it was my name and Dave's familiar voice, and with all my remaining energy I made an answering call.

My voice enabled Phillips to locate the dugout, and a passage was cleared through the snow. And when I saw the door open the tension on my nerves let go, and I wailed "like a girl."

"God bless you, Dave!" I cried as I clasped my friend around the neck.

"A bullet from my rifle entered the mouth of the bear."

ing that brief period of enforced idleness, when it was my sole means of making the dragging hours endurable.

A fortnight passed. And one day, weary with my studies, I fell asleep over my books. Some one touched my shoulder, and, looking up, I saw an Indian in war paint and feathers.

"How?" said I, with a show of friendliness, though I knew the brave was on the warpath.

Half a score of bucks followed at the heels of the first, squeezing into the little dugout until there was barely room for them to sit down.

With striking heart I saw them enter, but I plucked up spirit again when the last, a chief, pushed in, for in this warrior I recognized an Indian that I had once done a good turn.

Whatever Lo's faults, he never forgot a kindness any more than he forgets an injury. The chief, who went by the name of Rain-in-the-Face, at once recognized me and asked me why I was in that place. This chief was the father of the Rain-in-the-Face who in a later year killed General Custer at the memorable battle of the Little Big Horn. I displayed my bandages and related the mishap that had made them necessary and refreshed the chief's memory of a certain occasion when a blanket and provisions had drifted his way. Rain-in-the-Face replied, with proper gravity, that he and his chums were out after scalps and confessed to designs upon mine, but in consideration of auld lang syne he would spare the paleface boy.

Auld lang syne, however, did not spare the blankets and provisions, and the bedizened crew stripped the dugout almost bare of supplies, but I was thankful enough to see the back of the last of them.

Two days later a blizzard set in. I took an inventory and found that, economy considered, I had food for a week, but as the storm would surely delay Dave I put myself on half rations.

Three weeks were now gone, and I looked for Dave momentarily, but as night followed day and day grew into night again I was given over to keen anxiety. Had Phillips lost his way? Had he failed to locate the snow covered dugout? Had he perished in the storm? Had he fallen victim to the Indians?

The twenty-ninth day dawned. Starvation stalked into the dugout. The wood, too, was well nigh gone. But great as was my physical suffering my mental distress was greater. I sat before a handful of fire, shivering and hungry, wretched and despondent.

Hark! Was that my name? Choking with emotion, unable to articulate, I listened intently. Yes, it was my name and Dave's familiar voice, and with all my remaining energy I made an answering call.

My voice enabled Phillips to locate the dugout, and a passage was cleared through the snow. And when I saw the door open the tension on my nerves let go, and I wailed "like a girl."

"God bless you, Dave!" I cried as I clasped my friend around the neck.

"I saw against the moon the head of an Indian chief."

were chasing a bunch of elk when I fell and discovered that I could not rise.

"I'm afraid I have broken my leg," I said as Dave ran to me.

Phillips had once been a medical student, and he examined the leg with a professional eye. "You're right, Billy; the leg's broken," he reported.

Then he went to work to improvise splints and bind up my leg, and, this done, he took me on his back and bore me to the dugout. Here the leg was stripped and set in carefully prepared splints and the whole bound up securely. He made a pair of crutches for me.

Eminent Authorities Say that out-door exercise is needed by the American People. That's all very well, but, how can people with rheumatism follow that advice? The answer is very simple—use Ballard's Snow Liniment and the rheumatism will go; leaving you as spry as a colt. Gives quick and permanent relief from rheumatism, neuralgia, lame back and all pains. Sold by J. Lewenthal.

THE CIRCUS

It is necessary at all times to keep his muscles and joints supple. That is the reason that hundreds of them keep a bottle of Ballard's Snow Liniment always at hand. A sure cure for rheumatism, cuts, sprains, sore throat, lameness, contracted muscles, corns, bunions and all pains. Price 25c, 50c and \$1.00 per bottle. Sold by J. Lewenthal.



To call on us and test our

Carstairs' Invincible Rye and MART N'S BEST.

and other liquors. A cordial welcome is extended to you.

We have stocked heavily in all kinds of wines, whiskies, brandies and other liquors.

An order from you will be appreciated.

TRAINER BROS. BANK SALOON.

NOTICE. I forbid anybody laying or tearing down my fences or driving stock through my pastures without my consent.

Sply R. T. BAKER

NOTICE. 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.

DR. A. J. SMITH, 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, Sonora, Texas.

60 YEARS' EXPERIENCE PATENTS TRADE MARKS DESIGNS

Anyone sending a sketch and description may quickly ascertain our opinion free whether an invention is probably patentable. Communications strictly confidential. HANDBOOK on Patents sent free. Oldest agency for securing patents. Patents taken through Munn & Co. receive special notice, without charge, in the Scientific American.

A handsomely illustrated weekly. Largest circulation of any scientific journal. Terms \$3 a year in advance. Sold by all newsdealers. Munn & Co. 361 Broadway, New York Branch Office, 635 F St. Washington, D. C.

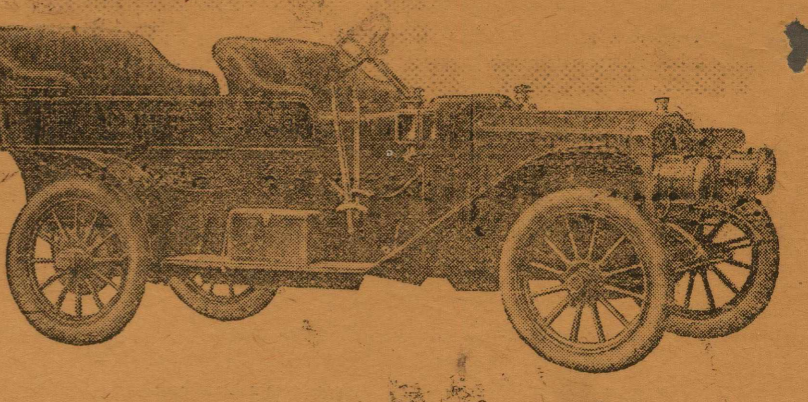
Hazelstein Cattle. W. A. Glasscock of Sonora is owner of the Hazelstein cattle and anyone knowing the whereabouts of any of these cattle will confer a favor by notifying

W. A. GLASSCOCK, 161f Sonora, Texas.

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

Notice to Trespassers. Notice is hereby given that all trespassers on my ranch, cutting timber, hauling wood, working stock, gathering pecans, hog hunting or hunting of any kind or fishing, without my permission will be prosecuted.

F. F. SAWYER, Sonora, Texas.



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

A. C. FAMBROUGH, Agent, Garage and Repair Shop, Sonora, Tex.

COMMERCIAL HOTEL,...

Mrs. J. C. McDonald, Proprietress. Best accommodations, Rates Reasonable. HEADQUARTERS FOR COMMERCIAL MEN. Drummer's Sample Rooms.

SONORA, TEXAS.

SONORA & SAN ANGELO Mail, Express and Passenger Line,

Allison & Wardlaw, 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 \$6 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. OFFICE AT ALLISON'S PHARMACY

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. POILERS REFLUED. GASOLINE ENGINE, WINDMILL REPAIRS DONE ON SHORT NOTICE. GOOD WORK REASONABLE CHARGES.

YOU ARE INVITED TO PATRONISE OUR ADVERTISERS

PEARL BEER

San Antonio Brewing Ass'n.

Try Our Famous TEXAS PRIDE Bottled Beer. For sale in all Saloons.

JOHN SWINBURN Rock Mason.

ALL KINDS OF STONE AND CEMENT WORK DONE IN FIRST CLASS STYLE. SONORA, TEXAS.

FRED BERGER, BOOT AND SHOE MAKER.

REPAIRING NEATLY DONE. CHARGES REASONABLE. Sonora, Texas.



E. R. JACKSON, W. L. ALDWELL, E. F. VANDER STUCKEN,  
President. Cashier. Vice President.

**THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK**  
SONORA, TEXAS.  
CAPITAL AND SURPLUS: \$85,000.00.

We have never changed our motto: Give us Your Business and we  
Will Make You Feel at Home.

TWO REGISTERED PHARMACISTS  
AT  
**ALLISON'S PHARMACY**  
ONE ALWAYS ON DUTY  
John S. Allison, Proprietor.

"Exclusive Druggists of Quality." We Want Your Business.  
Prescriptions Filled Day or Night.

**J. LEWENTHAL,**  
CHEMIST and DRUGGIST.

CONFUMERY, FANCY TOILET ARTICLES, PIPES, CIGARS, WINDOW  
GLASS, PAINTS, PUTTY, ETC. A CHOICE LINE OF  
**WATCHES, JEWELRY and SILVERWARE.**  
School Books and Stationery.

**Ranchmen Attention.**

We have several enquiries for Ranches of from 4 to 50  
Sections, both for purchase and lease, and if you have  
anything to offer along these lines, send us full particulars,  
as to location, price and terms, and we will make a sale  
for you.

**Geo. L. Abbott and Sid Martin,**  
Land, Loan and Live Stock Commission Agents,  
SAN ANGELO, TEXAS.

**Devil's River News.**  
PUBLISHED WEEKLY.  
MIKE MURPHY, Proprietor.  
STEVE MURPHY, Publisher.

Advertising Medium of the  
Stockman's Paradise.  
SUBSCRIPTION \$2 A YEAR IN ADVANCE

Entered at the Postoffice at Sonora  
second-class matter.

SONORA, TEXAS. April 21, 1909.

No one ever thinks that a boy  
may be tired.

A pup is as friendly as a candi-  
date two days before election.

It takes more than a corkscrew,  
now a days, to draw a customer's  
order.

For Kidney trouble, inflammation  
of the bladder, rheumatism,  
and rheumatic pains, get DeWitt's  
Kidney and Bladder Pills. They  
act promptly and are sure. Sold  
by the Allison Pharmacy.

"The man!" says a wise man  
"can make money without adver-  
tising, but no one else can."

The less a man has to do, the  
more he complains that he does  
not have time to accomplish that  
which is expected of him.

**The Entire Family.**  
Grand Pop used it for Rheuma-  
tism. Dad for Cuts, Sprains and  
Bruises. Mamy for Burns, Sores  
and Aches. Sis for Catarrh and  
Chillblains. I use it for every-  
thing, and it never disappoints any  
of us. It surely yanks any old  
pain out by the roots. Hunt's  
Lightning Oil is what I am telling  
you about.

Automobiles are like people; the  
cheap ones are noisy.

Carelessness causes more men  
trouble than laziness and wicked-  
ness combined.

Every picture of the devil in  
human form represents him as  
very tall, very slender, and ele-  
gantly dressed. The fat men need  
all the comfort they can get, and  
may find some in this.

**We Reiterate.**  
That for more than fifteen years  
Hunt's Cure has been working on  
the afflicted. Its mission is to  
cure skin troubles, particularly  
those of an itching character. Its  
success is not on account of adver-  
tising, but because it surely does  
the work. One box is guaranteed  
to cure any case.

School Trustees election Satur-  
day May 1.

DeWitt's Carbolyzed Witch Hazel  
salve is especially good for piles  
Sold by the Allison Pharmacy.

Read what the News' advertiser  
can do to help welcome Spring.

DeWitt's Little Early Risers,  
gentle, easy, pleasant, little liver  
pills. Sold by the Allison Phar-  
macy.

April showers will bring May  
flowers and all will be smiles again.

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

If you are fond of giving advice,  
be a doctor or a lawyer, and get  
paid for it.

Why is a pancake like the sun?  
"Because," said the man from  
Sweden, "it rises out of der yeast  
and it sets behind der vest"

Kodol for Dyspepsia and Indi-  
gestion taken occasionally will  
soon relieve you of the simple  
stomach ailments that you now  
have, but which may be more seri-  
ous later. Sold by the Allison  
Pharmacy.

When he marries, a man should  
close his past and sit on the lid.

May—The bride nearly fainted  
during the wedding and had to be  
supported by her father until it  
was over.

Jim—"Yes, and now I hear her  
father is supporting both of them"

Kodol gives the stomach a  
chance to regain its lost strength  
and health, and after a little while  
you need not take Kodol longer,  
but take it while you do need it  
and if it fails to benefit you your  
money will be refunded. Sold by  
the Allison Pharmacy.

The first ten years of a man's  
life, he is the sweetest thing on  
earth; the next ten, he is the most  
worthless; he next ten, he is petted  
the most; the next ten, he is the  
most useful; the next ten he begins  
to see his greatest troubles, and  
for the next ten years he is the  
most neglected creature in the  
world.

**A KNOCKER**  
is a man who can't do good in any  
person or thing. It's habit caused  
by a disordered liver. If you  
find that you are beginning to see  
things through blue spectacles,  
treat your liver to a good opening  
out process with Ballard's Her-  
bine. A sure cure for constipation,  
dyspepsia, indigestion, sick head-  
ache, biliousness, all liver, stomach  
and bowel troubles. Sold by J.  
Lewenthal.

**Stock News.**

Hides and furs bought by E. F.  
Vander Stucken Co.

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

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

Lice on goats retard their growth  
and thriftiness a most as much as  
scab on sheep or mange on cattle.  
Use Cooper's Fluid Dip to kill the  
lice on goats, scab on sheep or  
mange on cattle.

The News has a few blanks on  
which cattlemen may make appli-  
cation for Government Black Leg  
Vaccine.

**Ranch for lease, Cattle and  
horses for sale. For further  
particulars address,  
C. A. YOAS,  
Mayer, Texas.**

**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,  
Mayer, Texas,  
57 ft.

**Wanted Ranch Lands.**

From owners several tracts five  
to one hundred thousand acres.  
write fully giving full descriptions,  
prices, plat, terms in first letter.

Will also give bonuses for lands  
purchased from the State in any  
size tracts if cheap. Address,  
Room 209 Frost Building,  
934 San Antonio, Texas.

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

Dr. Beakley delivered to Ed  
Decie on April 1st, 304 steer year-  
lings on Matthews Bros.' contract  
at \$15 with a 10 per cent out-back.  
Mr. Decie taking the out-back at  
private figures.—Marathon Eagle.

A deal was made this week in  
which O. C. Roberts became owner  
of the P. H. McCormick 1360 acre  
ranch. The ranch is about 10 miles  
southeast of town and joins the O.  
C. Roberts ranch on the north.  
The price paid for the ranch was  
\$3800 cash consideration. This  
added to the already well equipped  
ranch of Mr. Roberts makes one of  
the most desirable ranches in the  
country.—Eldorado Success.

**125 Coats Lost.**

About April 6 or 7 I missed 125  
nead of goats from my flock and  
would be pleased to learn of their  
whereabouts. The yearling nan-  
nies are marked swallow fork the  
right; 1 and 2 year old muttons,  
crop and under slope the left; three  
year-old muttons: swallow-fork  
right, crop and under bit the left.  
These goats were ranging on the  
Millard ranch 12 miles north of  
Sonora. Address  
Frank McGonagill, Sonora.

**Money to Loan on Ranches**

WANTED:—To secure several  
large ranch loans, from \$25,000 and  
up that will run from 5 to 10 year-  
at from 6 to 8 per cent according  
to the plan selected.

Send full description of the se-  
curity that you have to offer and  
full information will be given by  
return mail.

W. L. COLEMAN,  
64-12 Georgetown, Texas.

Jim Tarver of Del Rio was in  
Sonora this week on business.

Mrs. J. Lewenthal is visiting  
friends in Ozona.

Mrs. W. G. Muster of Houston, is  
visiting her mother Mrs. E. A.  
Stephenson.

Miss June Tooke of Elgin, is  
visiting her friend Miss Zetha  
Decie.

It so often happens that by the  
time one is well off in this world  
he is well on towards the next.

W. C. Page who ranches in Ed-  
wards county, was in Sonora Thurs-  
day on business.

Mrs. James Brotherton of Juno,  
is in Sonora on a visit to her mo-  
ther Mrs. M. L. Martin and other  
relatives.

J. C. Johnson who is farming on  
the Ira Word place six miles south  
of town was in Sonora Thursday.  
Johnnie has about 30 acres in fine  
shape and is waiting for rain. He  
says he hasn't mortgaged his crop  
yet.

**Changes in Base Ball Rules.**

For the players and the umpires  
as well as those fans who wish to  
keep informed, the following chan-  
ges in playing rules, effective this  
year, will be of interest.

A substituted pitcher must pitch  
until the man at bat, when the  
pitcher takes his position, has  
either been put out or reaches first  
base.

"In case of interference with a  
fielder or batsman, the ball is not  
in play until the pitcher, standing  
in his position, holds it, and the  
umpire calls 'play.'"

"A batted ball that touches the  
person of the umpire or a player  
'while on or over fair ground' is a  
fair hit, and, conversely, a batted  
ball that touches the person of the  
umpire or of a player 'while on or  
over foul ground' is a foul hit."

"Hereafter in case of a player's  
ejection from the game by the  
umpire such player is out of both  
game and grounds. He must either  
go to the clubhouse or leave the  
grounds entirely, under penalty of  
forfeiture of the game by the um-  
pire."

"Hereafter any ground rule must  
be acceptable to the captain of the  
visiting team, and if objectionable  
to said visiting captain the umpire  
has the power to adopt or reject  
said ground rule or rules."

J. J. Kuykendall, the expert tank  
builder who is employed on the  
Whitehead ranch, was in Sonora  
this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Will Perry were  
in Sonora Wednesday from the  
Whitehead ranch. Will is getting  
strong and fat again.

Bent Binyon and crew are doing  
good work on the roads in this  
precinct. The cutting out of stump-  
and removal of loose rocks are a  
great saving on the wear of wagons  
and buggies.

Will Whitehead reports a light  
shower Tuesday at the ranch, but  
that the losses this year have not  
been excessive with them as they  
have had some early rains.

Mr. and Mrs. James Cornell left  
San Antonio, Monday to attend  
the Battle of Flowers and to meet  
friends and relatives. Mrs. Cor-  
nell may be absent for a month or  
more visiting in different parts of  
the State.

Mr. and Mrs. S. J. Wallace of  
Norse, who have been visiting  
their children, Mesdames J. W.  
Mayfield, W. B. Keese, J. E. Grim-  
land and G. Curtie Allison and son  
Joe Wallace for the past month,  
left for their home Wednesday.

The Sonora Country produces  
to perfection anything or any class  
in the horse line. If you want  
French or German Coach, Stand-  
ard or Thoroughbred, we have  
them here. Just wait till their  
owners describe them to you in  
the News. There is money in  
good horses.

Ten or twelve pistol shots were  
heard in Sonora at midnight Tues-  
day but there was no development  
until the next morning when a  
Mexican came for a doctor and  
notified Deputy Drennan. Investiga-  
tion disclosed the fact that Fran-  
cisco Ozuna had a bullet wound in  
the calf of his left leg and had lost  
a great amount of blood. Ozuna  
said he did not know who had shot  
him or why. The officer learned  
that some shearers from Uvalde  
had left for the E. R. Jackson ranch  
where they were going to shear  
sheep, shortly after the shots were  
fired. The officers went for the  
Mexicans and returned with three  
of them but nothing came of the  
investigation as nothing could be  
proven. The wounded man will  
be around again in a few days.

G. H. Cumberland has complet-  
ed the plans and drawings for the  
dam and causway to be built by  
the ditch owners and the county  
of Tom Green and located one  
half mile south of Christoval, across  
the South Concho river. This  
dam will be 260 feet long, with  
wings of 20 feet on each approach,  
making the entire length 300 feet.  
The causway and dam will be of  
concrete material. The drawings  
will be turned over today to Coun-  
ty Commissioner Saxon Keith, and  
bids will be advertised for the  
building of the structure in the  
immediate future.—San Angelo  
Standard.

**Swept Over Niagara.**  
This terrible calamity often hap-  
pens because a careless boatman  
ignores the river's warnings—grow-  
ing ripples and faster current—  
Nature's warnings are kind. That  
dull pain or ache in the back warns  
you the Kidneys need attention if  
you would escape fatal maladies  
Dropsy, Diabetes or Bright's dis-  
ease. Take Electric Bitters at  
once and see Backache fly and your  
best feelings return. "After long  
suffering from weak kidneys and  
lame back, one \$1.00 bottle wholly  
cured me." writes J. R. Blanken-  
ship, of Bul. Tenn. Only 50c. at  
Allison's Pharmacy.

FOR  
**GOOD WOOD**  
PHONE 96

**Letter to W. C. Drennan,**  
Sonora, Texas.

Dear Sir: Tell the owners: "I  
paint Devoo nothing else, unless  
you want me to paint something  
else; I'll paint whatever you like;  
it's your house, not mine; your  
job, not mine; it's mine, if I do it  
my way; it's yours, if I do it your  
way."

"It will cost you less, Devoo;  
less gallons to buy and brush out;  
less money for paint, less money  
for wages; a gallon put-on is about  
\$5; Devoo will cost less by a tenth  
to a half, according to what you  
compare it with; and wears better,  
how much better depends on what  
you compare it with—it may be a  
year, it may be ten."

"It is my business to know how  
to paint as well as to paint; and I  
do. You can see my jobs by the  
d-z-z-z."

That's straight talk. The man  
who can talk like that with a  
steady eye, will have plenty of  
business, good business too; and  
men will stand by him.

Yours truly  
F. W. DEVOO & CO  
P. S. E. F. Vander Stucken Co.,  
sells our paint.

J. A. Cau horn was in from the  
ranch this week and reported  
"just as dry as when I was here  
last."

M. V. Sessom was in Sonora  
Wednesday attending to some land  
business. M. V. is feeling good.  
he had a good rain Tuesday night.

Joe Berger returned from the J.  
P. Reiley ranch Monday where he  
had been building a two roomed  
house for that gentleman.

Kennedy's Laxative Cough Syrup  
is free from all opiates and it cures  
the cold by gentle moving the  
bowels. It is especially recom-  
mended for children, as it tastes  
nearly as good as maple sugar.  
We sell and recommend it, Allison  
Pharmacy.

Walter and Will Whitehead, E.  
F. Stringfellow, L. L. Bode, J. A.  
Martin and Mose McElligott were  
in Sonora Wednesday, from the  
Whitehead ranch.

Road contractor Wiley Adams  
has finished work on the San An-  
geles road and will wait until it  
rains before doing other contem-  
plated road improvements. He  
will return to the seven-mile hill  
after the rain and with a little  
dragging put that in first-class con-  
dition.

"I'd Rather Die, Doctor,  
than have my feet cut off," said  
M. L. Bingham, of Pricceville, Ill.,  
"but you'll die from gangrene  
(which had eaten away eight toes)  
if you don't," said all doctors  
Instead—he used Bucklen's Arnica  
Salve till wholly cured. Its cures  
of Eczema, Fever Sores, Boils, Burns  
and Piles astound the world. 25c  
at Allison's Pharmacy.

Mrs. C. D. Smith left for Tyler,  
Tuesday to visit her father, T. J.  
Caswell who was recently stricken  
with a stroke of paralysis. A dis-  
patch to the Dallas News however  
tells of Mr. Caswell's death and  
the News extends its sympathy to  
Mrs. Smith and family in their  
sorrow.

Will Word while following his  
hounds in a chase after some  
wolves that were near his sheep  
camp in the Joe Wyatt pasture on  
the evening of the 15th, had a  
narrow escape from death. He  
was encouraging the dogs in the  
chase until his horse slipped on a  
flat rock and fell "right now."  
Fell before Will could get his feet  
out of the styrap and in the fall  
caught Wills right leg under him.  
He held the horse down by the  
saddle horn until he got his foot  
out of the styrap. In the struggle  
both horse and boy were pretty  
badly bruised up but Will was in  
town Thursday. His dogs are  
named Taft, Harriman, Morgan  
and Stilwell and Will says they  
are "go getters and hold all they  
get."

**GUARANTEED STOCKINGS**  
FOR MAN, WOMAN OR CHILD  
The Best-Looking, Best-Fitting and Best-Fitting as well as Best-  
Wearing 25 cent Stockings made. They are sold four pairs in a box at  
ONE DOLLAR PER BOX,  
and will replace FREE any pair that wears to holes in heel or toe  
within four months from date of purchase. Let us show them to you—  
show you how to stop the drudgery of darning.

**E. F. VANDER STUCKEN CO.**

**THE WOOL GROWERS  
CENTRAL STORAGE COMPANY.**  
AUTHORIZED CAPITAL STOCK \$100,000.00.

A Bonded Public Warehouse Under the Laws  
Of the State of Texas.  
Principal Office and Warehouse,  
San Angelo, Texas.

**Liberal Advancement Made on  
Consignments of Wool and Mohair.**

GUARANTEED BONDED WAREHOUSE RECEIPTS,  
NEGOTIABLE AND TRANSFERABLE,  
ISSUED ON ALL CONSIGNMENTS STORED WITH US.

The membership of this organization is com-  
posed of more than 130 of the most responsible  
sheep and goat men of Western Texas. Before  
storing your wool, phone or write us for terms.  
Address all communications to  
W. B. SAYERS, Cashier,  
San Angelo, Texas.

**OFFICERS:**  
ROBERT MASSIE, President, Crockett County,  
Vice Presidents:  
Sam H. Hill, Schleicher County.  
S. E. Couch, Crockett County.  
Edward D. Miller, Pecos County.  
A. M. Hicks, Tom Green County.  
G. W. Stephenson, Sutton County.

**DIRECTORS.**  
Robert Massie, Crockett County  
S. E. Couch, Crockett County  
J. R. Brooks, Crockett County  
W. L. Beerner, Crockett County  
R. F. Halbert, Sutton County  
G. W. Stephenson, Sutton County  
Edward D. Miller, Pecos County  
Arthur G. Anderson, Pecos County  
R. C. Ferguson, Tom Green County  
A. M. Hicks, Tom Green County  
Sam H. Hill, Schleicher County  
Frank Spencer, Schleicher County  
A. E. Bailey, Reagan County.

**DIRECTORS AT LARGE.**  
O. C. Roberts, Schleicher County  
Alexander Mitchell, Terrell County  
W. R. Barton, Glasscock County  
C. N. Crawford, Sterling County

**W. B. SAYERS, Secretary and Cashier.**  
San Angelo, Texas. Office Landon Hotel.

**TWO TROTTERS**

---Very Highly Bred---  
**STANDARD BRED AND REGISTERED**  
WILL MAKE THE SEASON AT MY RANCH

Thirty miles Southwest of Sonora at Reasonable Charges.  
ELBINE is a grandson of Electioneer and was raised on the  
PALO ALTO farm in California and Listed when a two-  
year-old at \$5,000. He is now 15 years old but I never  
knew a better breeder. Service fee \$15 with return  
privilege. Pasturage 50 cents per month during season.

JOHN R. (MAJOR'S PAROLE) a three-year-old son of  
PAROLE, the youngest Champion Sire of Early Speed in the  
United States in 1906. That's enough. JOHN R.  
(MAJOR'S PAROLE) from his mother, MARDELLA, inherits  
the great DELMAR blood being sired by DELMAR the sire  
of MAJOR DELMAR and thus backed on both sides by  
great trotters JOHN R. (MAJOR'S PAROLE) is the equal in  
breeding with any horse in the State. He will make the  
season to a few select mares. Write for terms to

**R. A. WILLIAMSON, Ozona, Texas.**

**YOU CAN GET THEM FROM US!**

**Buster Brown's**



**GUARANTEED STOCKINGS**  
FOR MAN, WOMAN OR CHILD  
The Best-Looking, Best-Fitting and Best-Fitting as well as Best-  
Wearing 25 cent Stockings made. They are sold four pairs in a box at  
ONE DOLLAR PER BOX,  
and will replace FREE any pair that wears to holes in heel or toe  
within four months from date of purchase. Let us show them to you—  
show you how to stop the drudgery of darning.

**E. F. VANDER STUCKEN CO.**