

# DEVIL'S RIVER NEWS.

VOL 19

SONORA, SUTTON CO., TEXAS, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 4, 1909.

NO 982

The Store on the Corner

**SONORA MERCANTILE COMPANY,**  
SONORA, TEXAS.

The Store Of Quality

**SELZ**  
Shoes the Best for Men and BOYS

**NEW FALL GOODS ARE ARRIVING**

And we desire to assure you that for fashion, quality and price this stock of Fall and Winter goods will please our most careful customers. Our stock of dry goods contains everything necessary for early fall and the school session.

**CALL ON US**

**Carson's**  
California GLOVES the Best on Earth

The Store Of Quality

**SONORA MERCANTILE COMPANY,**  
SONORA, TEXAS.

The Store on the Corner

## 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. - Sept. 4, 1909.

### Appropriate.

It was at a concert held in the village schoolhouse. In the chair was a local merchant who, though a good business man, was not much of a scholar. He intimated that the next song would be "Ora Pro Nobis."

The singer made a terrible mess of it, and consequently it was a relief to the audience when she had finished the last verse. The chairman did not know the meaning of "Ora Pro Nobis," so he applied to the man sitting next to him. He also did not know that it meant "pray for us." But, not wishing to admit such a thing, he said: "Oh, it means 'we thank you.'"

There was a great burst of laughter from the audience when the chairman, as the lady was leaving the platform, rose to his feet and said: "Miss Smith, 'ora pro nobis.'" London Answers.

### His Farewell.

A sergeant who was very short was drilling a squad of recruits, among whom was an Irishman who was very tall. The sergeant had several times spoken to him about not carrying his head erect. At last in desperation the sergeant went up to him and, reaching up, placed his head in the desired position.

Says Pat, "Is this where I have to keep my head all the time?" "Certainly it is!" replied the sergeant.

"Then, begorra, sergeant," says Pat, "I'll have to say 'Goodbye' to you, for I'll never see you any more!"—London Tit-Bits.

### The Alphabets.

The alphabets of different nations vary in the number of their letters. Arabic has 28 letters, Armenian 35, Coptic 32, Dutch, German and English 26, French 25, Georgian (Transcaucasian) 39, Greek 24, Hebrew 22, Italian 21, Latin 23, Persian (Parsic or Zend) 45, Russian 33, Sanskrit 49, Slavonic 40, Spanish 27 and Syriac 22. The Chinese have no alphabet, but they have 20,000 syllabic signs—their phonetic alphabet.

## EXTRAVAGANCE IN DRESS.

The Costly Raiment in Vogue in the Eighteenth Century.

We hear much about modern extravagance on the part of the rich, in the matter of wearing apparel especially. One might suppose that the utmost expenditure of a wealthy man or woman for a single suit in the eighteenth century was no more than \$100 at the most and that these suits served year after year.

Nothing of the kind. In 1720 Mlle. de Tournon was married in Paris. The wedding was an elegant but not a phenomenal one as those days went. Her court gown was of white velvet, elaborately embroidered, and cost \$800—nearly \$4,000 of our money. This gown could be worn but a few times, and the chemicals now used for cleaning and refreshing fine fabrics had not yet been discovered. She had several other gowns at prices varying from \$150 to \$400, and her aunt gave her \$700 for "fans, bags and garters."

Mme. de Verre, who is not by any means a prominent person in history, had 500 dozen cambric handkerchiefs and other things to correspond, and this cambric, hand woven, had no cotton intermixture.

And the men were as extravagant as the women. Such a suit as was required by the guest at a fashionable wedding cost \$600, and he needed three of them. The most inexpensive kind of black suit cost \$25 or \$30, half a dozen hats at \$1 apiece were none too many, and a gentleman ordinarily must possess silk stockings, woolen stockings and leather stockings and five or six different kinds of boots, these being made necessary by the prevailing style of knee breeches. A man of fashion could get along with six summer and six winter suits at \$100 apiece, which does not include the gold and silver buttons and the lace. And besides all this the barber and wigmaker cost his lordship several pounds a year. He might or might not wear jewels, but diamond rings, pins, jeweled sword hilts, snuffboxes, knee buckles and shoe buckles were not uncommon. And as for lace, men as well as women wore any amount of that.

The fact is that wealth is much more evenly distributed today than it ever was before. One would have to go into semibarbarous countries, to find anybody living nowadays under the conditions which the peasants of Spain and France lived under when all this fine dressing and dining went on. Abundance of heat, light and hot and cold water are the luxuries of today; facile transportation, increased health and vigor, increased comfort of living. We spend our money on things instead of silk, velvet, lace, and it pays better.—Gas

## A FRIGHTFUL CONFLICT.

Battle With a Maniac on a Chimney 250 Feet High.

"Every time I see a tall chimney," said an Englishman, "I am reminded of a thrilling affair that happened when I was a lad in Bradford, England, my birthplace. A 250 foot chimney had just been completed, and two brickmasons only were left on the top to put the finishing touches on it. Both of them were big men. One of them, a fellow of gigantic strength, went suddenly insane just as the last bit of work was done on the chimney, and his companion looked on with horror while the maniac deliberately cut away the rope ladder leading from the top of the chimney to the ground.

"The maniac no sooner did this than he turned to his companion and calmly announced that he was going to throw him over the side of the chimney to the ground. They closed, and a terrific protracted struggle ensued. The workmen down below had seen the rope ladder when it struck the ground, and they knew at once that something was wrong with the two men at the top.

"They got away from the chimney at a sufficient distance to see what was going on up at the top, and they witnessed the frightful encounter between the two men. The maniac frequently by pure strength got his companion over to the very edge of the chimney. Every time he did this the sane man would muster up all of his force and push the madman back. The hand to hand battle went on for hours, while a company of firemen down below were endeavoring to shoot a line over the chimney by means of a rocket cannon. Finally the sane man got a certain hold on the madman and broke the latter's arm. Then the maniac lay quiet.

"After hours of aiming the firemen managed to get a line over the chimney, which the exhausted brickmason, almost 'all out' from his terrible struggle with the insane man, grabbed. Then he drew up the rope ladder, fastened it and came down to the ground, sinking into a semicomatose condition from which he did not emerge for days.

"Two firemen volunteered to go up the rope ladder after the maniac. They had nearly reached the top of the chimney when the insane man walked over to the edge, looked around quietly for a minute or so, paying no attention to the cries of his rescuers, and then dived headforemost to the ground. He was probably dead before he struck the ground, and he was picked up a shapeless mass."—Exchange.

WHAT ABOUT THAT \$2.00?

## THE TWO ROADS.

A Story For Those Who Are on the Threshold of Life.

It was New Year's night. An aged man was standing by the window. He mournfully raised his eyes toward the deep blue sky, where the stars were floating like white lilies on the surface of a clear, calm lake. Then he cast them on the earth, where few more helpless beings than himself were moving toward their inevitable goal—the tomb. Already he had passed sixty of the stages which lead to it, and he had brought from his journey nothing but errors and remorse. His health was destroyed, his mind unfurnished, his heart sorrowful and his old age devoid of comfort.

The days of his youth rose up in a vision before him, and he recalled the solemn moment when his father had placed him at the entrance of two roads, one leading into a peaceful, sunny land, covered with a fertile harvest and resounding with soft, sweet songs, while the other conducted the wanderer into a deep, dark cave, whence there was no issue, where poison flowed instead of water and where serpents hissed and crawled.

He looked toward the sky and cried out in his anguish: "O youth, return! O my father, place me once more at the crossway of life, that I may choose the better road!" But the days of his youth had passed away, and his parents were with the departed. He saw wandering lights float over dark marshes and then disappear. "Such," he said, "were the days of my wasted life!" He saw a star shoot from heaven and vanish in darkness athwart the churchyard. "Behold an emblem of myself!" he exclaimed. And the sharp arrows of unavailing remorse struck him to the heart.

Then he remembered his early companions, who had entered life with him, but who, having trod the paths of virtue and industry, were now happy and honored on this New Year's night. The clock in the high church tower struck, and the sound, falling on his ear, recalled the many tokens of the love of his parents for him, the prayers they had offered up in his behalf. Overwhelmed with shame and grief, he dared no longer look toward that heaven where they dwelt. His darkened eyes dropped tears, and, with one despairing effort, he cried aloud: "Come back, my early days! Come back!"

And his youth did return, for all this had been but a dream, visiting his slumbers on New Year's night. He was still young; his errors only were no dream. He thanked God fervently that time was still his own, that he had not yet entered the deep, dark cavern, but he was free to tread the road leading to the peaceful land where sunny harvests wave.

Ye who still linger on the threshold of life, doubting which path to choose, remember that when years shall be passed and your feet shall stumble on the dark mountain you will cry bitterly, but cry in vain: "O youth, return! Oh, give me back my early days!"—Jean Paul Richter.

### Chinese Legend of the Pleiades.

In China, according to a native legend, long before the Caucasians were born there were seven sisters who lived on the banks of the Yellow river. In order that they might attain the greatest glory in the world to come they vowed that they would never marry. But the parents, having very different ideas, betrothed the eldest to a highly desirable young man of their acquaintance. Obedience is one of the greatest virtues of the Chinese, so the girl was compelled to give her consent. She told her sisters that they would never see her again and promptly jumped into the Yellow river. After a short consultation they concluded to follow her. That night for the first time seven bright new stars were seen in the sky, and that is why only the Chinese really know how the Pleiades first came to be added to the number of stars.

### Translated Into English.

Every one has heard the story of the Englishman who was told when asking what was done with all the superfluous fruit grown in California, "We eat what we can, and what we can't we can."

The joke was told to another Englishman, who received it with rather a sickly smile and upon his return home gave his own version of it.

"Queer people, those Americans," he said, "peculiar sense of humor. They told me as one of their choice jokes that when asked what they did with their fruit that was left over they answered that they ate what they could and what they couldn't they could."

## TRAINED WITH A CANE.

His Scheme to Keep Himself From Forgetting His Umbrella.

There is a young gentleman whose business office is not far from the interior department who has furnished some amusement to his friends by appearing on promenade recently with a rather "dinky" little stick that he calls a cane. One peculiarity about it is that he seems to have a variety of such canes and holds on to them rather tenaciously whenever he goes into an office or any other place of business.

While all his friends wondered why he carried such a pygmy stick, no one cared to chaff him about it, but at last curiosity got the better of some of them, and one of the number, who was an old friend of the young man's family, was deputed to ask him the plain question:

"What do you carry such a cane for anyhow?"

Said an old gentleman, who thought he had a right to scold him: "Here you are disgusting your friends by coming forth every day or so with a little reed contraption that you call a cane. You're putting us all in mind of a negro minstrel on parade. If you must have a staff we will make you a present of one that won't detract from your dignity and will be useful if you must carry a cane."

The young man grinned. "I have been expecting to be called down by some of you," he remarked, "and I will just tell you the solid truth. The fact of it is I am just as much ashamed of it as you are. I am trying to feel that something is wrong unless I have a stick in my hand. I have lost six fine umbrellas in less than two years. When I go in anywhere, unless it is raining, and have an umbrella I always leave it. I am getting to feel now that I must hold a stick in my right hand. I am getting so now that I miss my cane after having lost a score or more of these little switches, and I will soon appear in public with a cane that was presented to me that will challenge everybody's admiration.

"It was an ordeal, but I have become about habituated to having something in my hand when I am walking, and I don't propose to lose any more umbrellas."—Washington Post.

### Newspapers as Makers of History.

When in 1887 I began a critical study of the history of the United States from 1850-60 I was struck with the paucity of material which would serve the purpose of an animated narrative. While considering my materials I was struck with a statement cited by Herbert Spencer as an illustration in his "Philosophy of Style." "A modern newspaper statement, though probably true if quoted in a book as testimony, would be laughed at, but the letter of a court gossip if written some centuries ago is thought good historical evidence." At about the same time I noticed that Motley used as one of his main authorities for the battle of St. Quentin the manuscript of an anonymous writer. From these two circumstances it was a logical reflection that some historians might make an exaggerated estimate of the value of manuscript material because it reposed in dusty archives and could be utilized only by severe labor and long patience and that, imbued with this idea, other historians for other periods might neglect the newspaper because of its ready accessibility.—James Ford Rhodes in Atlantic.

### A Diplomat's Inspiration.

"Why is it," she asked, "that when you are playing whist against papa you make so many blunders? You never seem to make misplays when he isn't in the game. Are you awed by him?"

"Well, not exactly that, Miss Rockingham," he answered. "You see, I found out some time ago that your father likes to win, and I want him to have a kindly feeling for me. I hope to—to have a favor to ask of him one of these days, and"

He hesitated. She looked up into his face, and then somehow his arms got around her, and she whispered:

"Oh, Edward, how did you ever guess that you had any reason to hope?"—Exchange.

### The Climate of China.

The summers in north China are dry and hot. Then come a short period of torrential rains and then a long, dry fall and winter. Frost will come about the middle of October, and the last of November the river will freeze up, to stay closed until the middle of February, though often until a month later. There is almost no snow during the entire winter—two or three little flurries, but never enough to cover the ground. The cold is comparatively steady.

**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 of  
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.

R. H. MARTIN.

C. S. HOLCOMB.

**Martin & Holcomb,**

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.

CLYDE WINDROW,

PRACTICAL TINNER,

TANKS, TROUGH, AND ALL KIND OF TIN WORK.

ESTIMATES FURNISHED, TERMS CASH.

KENNETH TALIAFERRO,  
The Tailor.

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

Shop in the Old Bank Building.

**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 in 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 CORNER DRUG STORE.

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MIKE MURPHY, Proprietor,  
STEVE MURPHY, Publisher.

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as second-class matter.

Advertising Medium of the  
Stockman's Paradise.

Sonora, Texas. - Sept. 4, 1909.

## SONORA SETS EXAMPLE ALONG EXCELLENT LINES

Thriving Municipality People by  
Typical, Open-Hearted West  
Texans Who Know How to  
Hustle—Show How Prohibition  
Election Can be Carried  
off Without Fuss or Disturbance—  
Whole Devil's River  
Country Prospering.

(By Jas. B. Harris, Staff Cor.)

The thriving town of Sonora county seat of Sutton County and capital of the Devil's River country has just set an excellent example to the entire country, one worthy of emulation in every detail. This town has just emerged from a prohibition campaign, one that was earnestly contested by both sides. Notwithstanding the vigorous campaign waged by the prohibitionists headed by that able speaker and worker, Jess P. Sewell, and the strong efforts put forth by the Antis, headed by the Hon. Mr. Linden, one of the states strongest platform speakers on this question the whole matter passed off with out that undue heat so characteristic of similar elections elsewhere. Not a quarrel was indulged, not a drinking man was observed, and the day of the election was quiet to a marked degree, although many were in town, and the vote polled was unusually heavy. While the Antis were favored by the vote of 101 to 57, still they indulged in no pyrotechnics, and it is equally certain that if the Pros had won they would have been just as considerate, which shows more than any mere words could show, the high toned quality of Sonora's splendid citizenship. Differing in opinions often, but always a unit in the onward course of real progress and substantial development.

In every way Sonora ranks among the first towns of Southwest Texas, except in population. Her business is immense, and the Vander Stucken store, and the Mercantile company, would reflect credit on a city of 25,000. Two hotels furnish accommodations to the public, and very acceptable is their service. The Decker is conducted by D. G. Howton, who is well and favorably known to many of those who have been in West Texas.

Murphy Brothers, Mike and Steve, publishers and owners of the Devil's River News than which this great section boasts no more earnest an advocate. These gentlemen also raise some fine horses, both standard bred and French coach. They will have a few yearlings on exhibit at the fair, very likely. The Sonora Sun edited by Mr. Woodruff, and is very popular with the public as a newsy periodical. Sonora contains 1400 population, good schools and churches and the best of people.—San Angelo Daily Standard.

### Attend to Your Liver.

No organ in the human body can give as many different kinds of trouble as the liver when it is not right. Simon's Liver Purifier makes it right and keeps it so.

Born on Tuesday Aug 31 1909 to Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Chaik a girl.

Dr. A. J. Smith returned Thursday from San Antonio where he had been on professional business.

James Cornell, the lawyer, will leave on Sunday for Alpine on professional business.

### Night Off Bald Mountain.

On a lonely night Alex Benton of Fort Edward, N. Y., climbed Bald Mountain to the home of a neighbor, tortured by Asthma, bent on curing him with Dr. King's New Discovery, that had cured himself of asthma. This wonderful medicine soon relieved and quickly cured his neighbor. Later it cured his wife of a severe lung trouble. Millions believe it the greatest Throat and Lung cure on Earth. Coughs, Colds, Croup, Hemorrhages and Sore Lungs are surely cured by it. Best for Hay Fever, Grip and Whooping Cough. 50c and \$1.00 Trial bottle free. Guaranteed by Nathan's Pharmacy.

## The Local Paper.

In an address before a body of retailers recently Wesley A. Stanger, editor of the Office Outfitter, Chicago, said of the value of the local newspaper:

The local newspaper is the greatest thing the retailer has if he will use it right, but a large proportion are too prone to believe that the editor will take care of their interests whether they look after his or not. This is wrong if merchants as a class would only take advantage of the opportunities that the local newspapers afford they would reap rewards far beyond their fondest dreams.

While self preservation is the first law of nature, editors of local papers have a habit of letting self interests go to the limit when it comes to a question of serving a community. For this they are entitled to recognition, which they rarely receive.

No doubt the retailers have encouraged them as far as sentiment goes. They have undoubtedly said that they approved the editor's methods and called him a "good boy" but in how many cases have they fallen short in the real encouragement that comes? How often have they neglected to use his columns, thinking that they were clever in it! In failing to patronize him they have often killed the goose that laid the golden egg.

You must get behind the local editor and push for all that you are worth. He gives you \$2 back for every dollar you invest with him. He furnishes for you at his own expense one of the biggest assets you possess—the medium through which to let the people know what you have to sell. Within recent years the mail order proposition has been somewhat bothersome. The editors of the country papers have done more than all other influences combined to win your business back into normal channels and to reconvert the farmer to the logical belief in home rating. Do not let it be said in your community that you have let your editor's work go unappreciated. Use his paper. Make him prosperous and yourself rich in doing it. If you have foolish ideas about the nonproductiveness of newspaper advertising, throw them off and try it out. One try will prove nothing, but the constant use of the paper in an intelligent manner will produce results.

The best friend the business man in the world has, next to his wife, is the local newspaper, and if he doesn't get full value for this friendship it is his fault, not the editor's. The average newspaper has done more to upbuild his own town and the retailers in it than all other influences combined, and it also follows that as an almost unbroken rule he is the least appreciated person in his community.

### Not "Just as Good"—It's the Best.

One box of Hunt's Cure is un-failingly, unqualifiedly and absolutely guaranteed to cure any form of skin disease. It is particularly active in promptly relieving and permanently curing all forms of itching known.

Eczema, Tetter, Ringworm and all similar troubles are relieved by one application; cured by one box.

Sam McKee was in from his ranch Friday trading.

Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Nicks of Eldorado, were visiting in Sonora Tuesday.

Jim Morris was up from the D. K. McMullan ranch Tuesday trading.

Mr. and Mrs. Theo. Savell and children spent a few days on the Peacock & Savell ranch this week.

Mortie and Coat Lambeth left on Friday for Canton, Van Zandt county on a visit to their old home. The boys will make the trip on horses.

H. Sharp was in Sonora Wednesday from his ranch in Edwards county. Mr. Sharp has sold every thing but his home in Sonora.

A Burglar in Town.

His name is "bad cough." He doesn't care for gold or silver but he will steal your health away. It appears in your house arrest him at once with Ballard's Horebound Syrup, it may mean consumption if you don't. A cure for all coughs, colds and chest troubles. Price 25c, 50c and \$1.00 per bottle. Sold by all druggists.

# NOTICE!

## To Sonora Friends and People of Sutton Co.:

We have purchased the business of the Wylie Hardware Co., and are receiving new stock of

**Eclipse Windmills  
Fairbanks-Morse Engines  
Pipe, Casing, Rod, Cylinders,  
Hardware Fencing Etc.**

SAM GROWTHER  
GUY TOWNSEND  
ARTHUR MARTIN  
CHAS. CHAMBERLAIN

We Solicit Your Trade  
Your Orders Will Have  
Careful and Prompt Attention

# Crowther Hardware Co.

M. V. Season was up from his ranch Friday for supplies.

School books for sale at Nathan's Pharmacy.

Claude Stites was in from his ranch in the Middle Valley country Friday trading.

W. McComb and family were in Sonora this week visiting relatives and trading.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Nathan moved into the Dr. White residence in East Sonora this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Joe Bridge left for Marathon this week with the expectation of making their home in that country.

R. F. Halbert left on Monday for Brownwood on a visit to his family.

Marvin Alley of Owenville was in Sonora Thursday and reports good rains in most of the country east of Sonora.

Mrs. Geo. M. McDonald expects to leave on Sunday for Marathon on a visit to her parents Mr. and Mrs. Ed Decie.

Mr. and Mrs. Morton Balch of Marathon were in Sonora the past week visiting relatives. They come principally to see Marcus.

Prof. and Mrs. Hickman arrived from Del Rio Sunday and are residing in the Aug. Meckel place in East Sonora.

Ralf Trainer son of Mr. and Mrs. Geo. J. Trainer is assisting Postmaster P. Hurst.

Claud Keene who has been assisting Postmaster Hurst left for San Angelo Monday to attend school.

Irve Ellis of Menardville and daughter Miss Alton and Mr. and Mrs. Irve Ellis Jr. of San Angelo were visiting relatives and friends in Sonora this week.

Irve Ellis and son "Bud" were in Sonora this week receiving steers and incidentally taking their friends riding in their new auto a White Steamer.

Dock Simmons and son Arthur were in town this week getting the town house in order for the family for the school season. Fred Simmons will return to the A. & M. about the 18th.

Justice of the Peace D. B. Woodruff, County Attorney Fisher G. Jones and J. C. Wilson left Friday morning on a fishing trip to Dolan Springs on Devil's River.

Mr. and Mrs. Cart Mayfield of Juno, Mrs. J. W. Mayfield and Mrs. C. J. Lewis of Sonora made a short visit to relatives in San Angelo this week. The trip was made in Cart Mayfield's auto.

Splendid rains have fallen in many parts of the Sonora country this week, but the down pour has not been general. Only light showers at Sonora about 13 inch in all.

W. A. Glascock came home from Oklahoma Friday last. Mr. Glascock reports that his cattle have done well and the prices have been satisfactory up to the present. As evidence that he had good stuff some shipments of "through" steers averaged 1040

The San Angelo Daily Standard reports the sale by Callan & Co. of Menard county to E. F. Tillman and associates, presumably Frisco R. R. people, 46,000 acres at \$7.50 per acre. The land being in the eastern part of Menard county. This purchase together with the Burbank ranch sale causes the Standard to predict the building of the Frisco southwest to Del Rio.

Should the Standard's forecast be correct the towns of Menardville, Fort McKavett and Sonora would be on line or rather in the way of the project and would help to the limit of their ability. There is no denying the proposition, Sonora is ready and anxious for a railroad and the people of the country are a unit.

A Hurry Up Call

Quick! Mr. Druggist—Quick!—A box of Bucklen's Arnica Salve—Here's a quarter—For the love of Moses, hurry! Baby's burned himself, terribly—Johnnie cut his foot with the axe—Mamie's scalded—Pa can't walk from piles—Billie has boils—and my corns ache. She got it and soon cured all the family. It's the greatest healer on earth. Sold by Nathan's Pharmacy.

Auto Supply Co. Changes Hands

The Angelo Auto Supply Co., composed of Roy Smith and Clarence Webb, changed hands Tuesday afternoon, J. E. Robbins & Co., becoming the owners.

Mr. Robbins was formerly with the Concho Mill and Grain Co., and is well known in this city. The business will be carried on in the same manner as before and more stock will be added to that already on hand.

Mr. Robbins has a silent partner in with him, who is now in Dallas purchasing supplies and all Buick Auto accessories.—San Angelo Daily Standard.

Joe Ross and De Wallace were in Sonora Thursday trading.

G. A. Kellia was in from his ranch Thursday trading.

D. H. Kirkland the saddler returned from a business trip to Eldorado Monday.

E. A. Hall of Eldorado, was in Sonora several days this week on the lookout for steers.

Tom Pauley of Coleman was in Sonora Monday. Mr. Pauley is selling bucks for F. Beck of Coleman.

Miss Bertha Henderson of Ber-ton, who has been visiting her sister Mrs. J. H. Luckie for the past few weeks left for her home last week.

Now is the time to see Windrow the Tinner about your stove pipes and flues. Don't wait for the rush but attend to it right away.

J. R. Hamilton and son Hal of San Angelo, were in Sonora Sunday on their way to their ranch in Val Verde county.

C. A. McKnight representatives of the Chicago Flexible Shaft Co., manufacturers of the "Little Wonder" sheep shearing machine, was in Sonora this week soliciting orders for his house. Mack is the right man in the right place.

### Gambling.

your life against 25 cents is just exactly what you are doing if you neglect a cough or cold on the chest instead of treating it with Ballard's Horehound Syrup. A 25 cent bottle of this splendid remedy will cure an ordinary cough, heal the lungs and act as a tonic for your entire system. Sold by all druggists.

### Officers Buy Polo Ponies.

"There seems to be an idea that the growing use of the automobile is affecting the price of horses," said R. S. Herring of Devine, a large raiser of horses, "but it will surprise many to know that horses of all kinds are just as scarce as ever they have been and the price, instead of decreasing, is steadily advancing. This is especially true of the fine stock, which are hard to get, and command even higher prices than in the past. The demand for polo ponies is so strong they command all the way from \$200 to \$500 apiece, and in the North the 'ewells' are willing to give almost any price for good ones. The Western horse seems the best adapted for this purpose, and there has of late developed a demand in this line which will expand to a business of large proportions."

"I don't think, either, that the makers of autos are going to have all the market to themselves. I have just sold a carload of horses and a few good saddlers to officers at the Army Post and if I had them on hand there would be little difficulty in selling another carload. Let me tell you that no machine is going to replace the horse. He has been too long the companion of man and has been for ages our tried and true friend to which dust, mud, hills and villages are all one. There is some satisfaction to a man of spirit in having life under his control, something that he can play his will against, and that has power to resist, whose character he can train and cultivate and bring under his will. There is little satisfaction to many in driving something, no matter how fine a machine, which is without real life and which requires neither the will or the strength of a man to guide and control."—San Antonio Express.

## FOR SALE

65 to 75

Head of Cattle

Grade Durhams

20 1s & 2s steers

in bunch

Get Busy! Come

Quick. Apply at

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## ORGANIC EVOLUTION.

How Nature Changes Her Plans to Meet New Conditions.

In the course of organic evolution very many strange and quaint developments present themselves from time to time, not only in the history of a race or genus, but within the narrow compass of the life of a single individual member of such race or genus. Nature changes her plans, in fact, to meet contingencies that occur unexpectedly. Probably few who have any acquaintance with marine fish have failed to notice something strange about the appearance of what are called flatfish, known as the flounder family (or in zoology as pleuronectidae), embracing the turbot, plaice, brill, sole, halibut, flounder, dab, etc. The conformation of the head and of the anterior portion of the body in the adult stage is characterized by a strained and unsymmetrical appearance. In this respect the flatfish differ from all other members of their zoological class.

The question naturally suggests itself why this particular genus should be so different from all other fish, which, as a rule, are remarkable for their symmetrical and graceful appearance. And the answer is very simple. The flatfish, instead of swimming in an upright or vertical position, like all other fish, has for some reason or another taken to the unnatural habit of swimming on its side. It may be on either side—right or left. This enables it to take up what appears to be the lazy position of lying flat on the bottom of the sea, where it can move about freely in search of such food as small marine animals, mollusks, worms, etc. The young fish swims erect in the ordinary manner for some time, but it early shows a tendency to become lopsided and gradually falls over on one side, usually the left, but not invariably so by any means.

The eye on the under side, just so soon as the tendency is shown to fall over on that side, commences gradually to move round to the other or uppermost side and finally takes its place beside the other eye. This process is strangely brought about through the twisting of a portion of the bones of the head, which gives the latter a decidedly deformed and unnatural appearance. The ventral fins become useless and degenerate. Unpaired fins are developed, the undulatory motion of which enables the fish to swim with ease and even rapidly in the new and horizontal position assumed.—Harper's Weekly.

### An Essay on Habit.

A schoolmaster once said to his pupils that to the boy who would make the best piece of composition in five minutes on "How to Overcome Habit" he would give a prize. When the five minutes had expired a lad of nine years stood up and said: "Well, sir, habit is hard to overcome. If you take off the first letter, it does not change 'bit.' If you take off another, you still have a 'bit' left. If you take off still another, the whole of 'it' remains. If you take off another, it is not totally used up, all of which goes to show that if you want to get rid of habit you must throw it off altogether." Result, he won it.

### Should Know Her Name.

Some time ago an accident happened to a little girl's doll, Barbara, which consequently had to be sent to a shop where wounded dolls receive attention. Later on the little one called at the shop and asked if her doll was mended.

"I think so," the young man behind the counter said, fumbling over a pile of dolls on a shelf, "but I am afraid I can't tell which one it is in all this lot."

"Oh, you should find her easily enough," the little one confidently answered. "Her name's Barbara."

### The Star Chamber.

The "star chamber" was so called from the place in which the court was held in one of the rooms of the king's palace in Westminster. Upon the ceilings were stars, hence the camera stellata or chamber of stars. It was of very ancient origin and had excessive powers, but could not pronounce the death penalty. It was abolished by act of parliament in 1641 during the reign of Charles I., but this unfortunate monarch was sentenced to be beheaded from this same "star chamber."—London Queen.

### The Secret of Strength.

A kindly elderly bald gentleman was telling some lads the story of Samson. "He was strong," said the speaker in summing up, "became weak and then regained his strength, which enabled him to destroy his enemies. Now, boys, if I had an enemy what would you advise me to do?" A little boy considered the secret of that great ancient strength, and his hand went up. "Get a bottle of hair restorer," he exclaimed.—London Chronicle.

### Go With A Rush.

The demand for that wonderful Stomach, Liver and Kidney Pills, Dr. King's New Life Pills, is astounding, say they never saw the like. It is because they never fail to cure Sour Stomach, Constipation, Biliousness, Sick Headache, Chills, and all the 25c. at Nathan's Pharmacy.

## Hoppity Hop.

Are you just barely getting around by the aid of crutches or a cane? Unless you have lost a limb or have a deformity—if your trouble is rheumatism, lumbago, sprain, stiff joints, or anything like nature use E. Hard's Snow Liniment and in no time you can throw away your crutches and be as well as anyone. Price 25c, 50c and \$1.00. Sold by all druggists.

## Will Fight New Regulations.

From the Kansas City Drovers' Telegram: Texas cattlemen are getting nervous about the proposed regulation governing the prohibition of movement of Southern cattle into the Osage pastures next spring. C. W. Brown, a well known cattleman, who has several thousand cattle in the Osage country this season, states that the new rules are bound to cause a hardship on Texas stockmen if enforced as now planned.

"We want it distinctly understood," says Mr. Brown, "that we are as heartily in favor of ridding the country of ticks as any other set of cattlemen in Oklahoma or any place else. We have been working along this line for years, and have accomplished good results. But we do think that too much legislation will overdo this matter, and cause hardship. We have the federal quarantine laws and they are very strong. But this drastic measure which Oklahoma proposes will ruin us. We ship our cattle to that state in the spring of the year. At that time they are thin and weak, and unable to go through any such ordeal as two dipping in a few days. There is not a cattleman in the country but knows very well what the results would be in such an operation as this."

"The Osage country is known as a grazing district. And most of it will always remain such, as it is too rough to farm. It is a desirable place for Texas cattlemen to ship to in the spring and pasture until their cattle are fit to market. But if we are shut out by reason of the enforcement of what we regard as an arbitrary law, it will greatly cripple the cattle business. For several years there have been shipping from Texas to the Osage country approximately 200,000 head of cattle each spring. Any person familiar with the situation can readily see what disaster this new law would bring if that number of cattle were shut out. We can not get into Kansas, and the other parts of Oklahoma are largely agricultural districts, with few large pastures available for outside cattle."

"Some one may inquire what we are going to do about it. Well, we are already doing. We are organizing and will go before the authorities of Oklahoma and make a most vigorous protest against the enforcement of this law. The state cattlemen's association of Oklahoma is behind it, as well as the cattlemen of Texas. We are not going about looking for trouble and want peace wherever we can get it. But our interests and what we have at stake and we will use every effort to get relief from what we regard as an outrageous law."

## To Be Happy.

you must have good health. You can't have good health if your liver is not doing its duty—slow but sure poisoning is going on all the time under such circumstances. Ballard's Herbine makes a perfectly healthy liver—keeps the stomach and bowels right and acts as a tonic for the entire system. Sold by all druggists.

John Rue was in from his ranch in Sutton county Thursday shaking hands with his numerous friends, and attending to business. —The Kicker is glad to note that the twin babies of Mr. and Mrs. L. M. Chesser, of Juno, who had been seriously ill here for several days, took a turn for the better the first of last week on Wednesday were able to be carried home. They had quite a siege of it and we are glad to know that they are now on the rapid road to recovery. —Dr. White returned Friday from a trip to Sonora where he had gone the day before. He said the prohibition election was a very quiet affair, and that the saloons over there had closed for a few days before the election to give the people a taste of a dry town. It seems they didn't like the sample, as the antis won by a vote of 101 to 57 —Ozona Kicker.

**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. - Sept. 4, 1909**

**TAMING A WILD HORSE.**

**This Broncho Buster Performed the  
Operation Very Gently.**

Even an outlaw broncho can appreciate that it pays well to curb his equine temper for a master that handles him gently and speaks kindly. In his book, "Reminiscences of a Ranchman," Mr. E. B. Bronson gives this instance of taming a horse known as "bad," a fighter every time he was saddled:

"It took a lot of time and patience and nearly wore me out, but finally I worked up the rope, hand over hand, until, dodging his strikes, I succeeded in slipping a half hitch over his nose, and then there was another long tussle before I could approach him."

"When at last I got within arm's length I began gingerly to rub his nose, scratch his head and pat his neck, and, wonder of wonders, he actually stood still in sheer astonishment to meet a puncher that neither yelled at, struck nor jerked him!"

"Presently I got a lump of sugar into his mouth and then a second. It tasted good, and the wicked eyes glared less balefully, the nervous ears drooped lazily, the resentful muscles relaxed, and old Bars stood quietly at ease."

"Then I softly slipped my bridle from the back of my belt, slowly approached it to his head, gently, very gently, pressed the tongue of the bit into the side of his mouth, and he received it with another lump of sugar, and a moment later I had the headstall over his ears."

"Once during the saddling he came out of his trance and fought me, but with patience and more patting and another lump of sugar he was again quieted till the saddling was finished."

"And when I led out old Bars, while the boys sat their horses at a little distance, swung myself into the saddle and quietly fastened my rope with the horn string a wild yell of approval rose from the boys."

**His Feelings While Falling.**  
The Swiss Alpine climber, Sigrist, who once fell from the top of Karpfstock, in Switzerland, described his sensations while falling as follows:

"The plunge, which was taken backward, was in no wise accompanied by the anxiety such as one has when one dreams of falling. I seemed to be borne in the most pleasant manner gently downward and had complete consciousness during the entire fall. Free from all pain or fear, I contemplated my position and the future of my family, which I knew was assured."

"I died. A sudden and complete explanation was accomplished with a rapidity which I had never before known. Of the losing of my breath, of which people talk, there was no suggestion, and only the heavy fall on to the snow covered ground caused me to lose suddenly and painlessly all consciousness. The bruising of my head and limbs on the rocks as I fell caused me no pain. In fact, I did not feel it. I cannot conceive of an easier, pleasanter death. The reawakening, however, brought with it entirely different and far less agreeable sensations."

**The Beautiful.**  
Every article of commerce for man's use should show the handiwork of the artist. The mission of art in the industries is to make the artisan artistic. Modern life is actually losing something of its bareness of aspect through both interior decorations of the things of use about the house and exterior beautification of the natural surroundings. Woodwork, ironwork, bronze work, weaving, basketry, pottery, printing, stamping, drawing, landscape gardening, architecture and public parks and the many other ways of beautifying the objects of utility to man are gradually making industrial life and its products attractive. A railway station, a factory, an advertisement, the dining table, are none the less useful for being aesthetic and far more pleasurable. From beauty in the industrial arts there thus irradiates a life influence that elevates.—Printing Art.

**Willing to Quit.**  
Some convicts were pulverizing stone at the time of the official visit, and the governor of the prison was inspecting the work.

After contemplating the proceedings a few minutes the governor remarked: "Here, my man, you are not pulverizing that stone fine enough. That sort of thing will never do."

The convict calmly rested his arms and said: "Guv'nor, I'm willing to be turned off and discharged if my work doesn't suit. I never had a job or the situation, but I can't be satisfied with it."—London Tit.

**THE TERRIBLE LOCUST.**

**South African Farmers Helpless While  
Crops Are Ruined.**

South Africa seems to be a paradise to the farmer until the locusts come. The farmer has been planting wheat for five months, beginning with March, and he looks for an enormously profitable harvest in the midsummer month of December. After plowing and dragging for six days he has put in a day or two sowing the wheat by hand and has kept repeating the process until hundreds of acres have been planted. There are fields of wheat in all stages, from the young green stalks to the yellowing heads of grain. It will be convenient to reap the crop in the successively ripening fields, just as it was convenient to plant it in installments. The farmer congratulates himself on a climate that makes this method possible. He figures that an investment of twenty-five bags of seed worth \$150 will return him 750 bags of grain worth \$3,750.

"Baas, die sprinkhaan kom" ("Master, the locusts are coming"), says his Kafir servant.

This is shattered the dream of opulence and success as the farmer drowns one hot, silent midsummer day in his iron roofed bungalow. On the horizon over the distant range of hills lies a long, faint cloud. It is a dust colored, narrow line, with a front perhaps seventy miles wide. It blurs the sharp outline of the hills in the African sunlight. This is a locust swarm as you see it first at a distance of thirty or forty miles. In an hour the line has become a light brown fog drifting rapidly toward you.

The farmer is helpless in face of the advancing ruin and desolation. He can only watch the approach of inevitable disaster. The landscape is gradually blurred by the great brown cloud that spreads and mounts higher in the sky. Trees and houses a few miles off become invisible. The cloud shifts, with patches of dark brown masses and gaps of gray or light brown where the locusts are not so thickly crowded. A constant change of shape and formation gives an appearance like dense smoke belching from a forest fire. A sound like the distant breakers of the ocean steals into the silence. It is the whir and roar of billions of wings beating the air.

The whir becomes louder. Near-by green fields are shaded by the appalling visitation. A few locusts fly past. There is a sudden increase of the sound to a roar as the army of insects falls on the land and their wings thrub like a colossal dynamo revolving at terrific speed. The bright sun is obscured, and the ground is in shadow. A building a few rods away cannot be seen. Millions of locusts settle down, while other millions continue their flight.

The ground is so packed with locusts that every square inch of earth is alive. Every blade of grass or wheat is attacked by as many insects as it will hold. A hundred locusts rush on one stalk, bend it to earth and consume it in less than a minute. Within ten minutes the farmer's grain is all gone. The locusts have eaten up the blades of grass, and have left only the leaf on the trees, and even then the locusts are eating the young roars of the locusts is heard and the unnumbered hosts continue their flight.

At last, when the plague has passed, nothing remains but a desert waste, naked of every green thing for hundreds of miles.—Grand Magazine.

**Jealousy Among Monkeys.**  
When a monkey gives way to jealousy it shows a degree of hatred for the animal that has innocently aroused its malice that makes it for the time a monster of cruelty. On a ship returning from one of her tours in tropical lands was a monkey which became a great friend of the stewardess. One day she fed another monkey, a pretty, gentle creature. This trifling attention enraged the other monkey, which coaxed the little thing to its side and then before the stewardess had time to realize that mischief was meant took it by the neck and flung it overboard. Of another monkey the same person tells that while preparing dinner for a grand party the cook was absent from the kitchen for a minute. No sooner had her back been turned than the monkey slipped a kitten of which it had always been jealous into the soup pot.

**Best Time to Fiddle.**  
Above the clanging of the engines Nero's fiddle squeaked its loudest.  
"Funny time to play the fiddle when Rome is burning," scoffed the fat senator.  
Nero chuckled.  
"Best time of all. I can't disturb the neighbors."  
And then the great man screeched forth the notes of "Ain't It a Shame, a Burning Shame?"—Chicago News.

**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.

**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.

W. F. SAWYER,  
Sonora, Texas.

**A STORY OF JENNY LIND.**

**Her Meeting With Prince Frederick  
William of Prussia.**

On a summer night Prince Frederick William of Prussia was returning with a few companions from a ramble near Rolandseck. Some one suggested a supper at the local inn. "All right," said the prince, "so long as you drop his royal highness and remember that my name is Fritz." On entering the inn the strains of a voice as of a siren held the young men in a thrall. Mine host professed not to know the singer's name. Once more the liquid notes thrilled out into the night. The student Fritz sprang from his seat. "It is Jenny Lind!" he cried. "It can only be Jenny Lind!"

He dashed into the adjoining room. It was Jenny Lind. The great songstress felt that she ought to be angry at the intrusion, but it is difficult to be angry on a summer's night at Rolandseck. The end of it was that she found herself at the piano singing national songs to a delighted audience of three unknown students.

"If I had a voice like the night-tingle of Sweden," said the student called Fritz, "I would sing the song of Blucher's hussars."

"Sing it to me," answered Jenny Lind. "I know that all German students can sing."  
Fritz was nothing loath. All the fervor of his patriotism rang out in the stirring refrain in which the warrior poet, Ernst Moritz Arndt, had given voice to the spirit of the wars of liberation.

"A song that carries one away with it!" said Jenny Lind. "I should like to try it."

Then the young prince again seated himself at the piano to teach the greatest singer of her time the song to the music of which he was to lead his troops to victory at Weissenburg and Worth. She was not long in learning it. "Like the roll of an organ and the clash of bells," says the chronicler, "the magnificent voice rang out over the whispering river." When her nervous fingers were taking leave Jenny Lind asked her teacher to tell her his name. At that moment the door was thrown open and a tall, white haired figure entered the room.

"Ernst Moritz Arndt," whispered the student in respectful welcome.  
"Yes, Ernst Moritz Arndt," he answered, "and if you, fair singer, ask that man's name I will answer for him. He is called his royal highness Prince Frederick William of Prussia."—London Saturday Review.

**Their Own Lookout.**  
There was an Irishman who after reaching America was full of homesick brag, in which nothing in America even approached things of a similar variety in Ireland. In speaking of the bees of the old soil he grew especially rosy and said:

"We are laze in that country is twice as big as in this, bedad. Indade, they're bigger than that—they're as big as the sheep ye have in this country!"  
"Bees as big as sheep?" said this incredulous listener. "Why, what kind of hives do they have to keep them in?"

"No bigger than the ones in this country," was the reply.  
"Then how do the bees get into the hives?" he was asked.  
"Well," replied the Irishman, "that's their own lookout!"—Exchange.

**The Picture and the Frame.**  
A well known artist used to tell a good story concerning his first academy picture. He was favored by many visitors to see it, his frame-maker among the number. This good fellow took his stand before the work and seemed buried in profound admiration.

"Well," said the painter, "what do you think of it, John?"  
"Think of it, sir? Why, it's perfect. You won't see one better, I know. Mr. — has got one just like it."  
"What!" said the amazed artist. "A picture just like that?"  
"Oh," replied the framemaker. "I wasn't talking about pictures. I was speaking of the frame. You may believe me, sir, it's the frames as gets 'em in, and that is just a beauty!"

**Wise Effie.**  
Both father and mother struggled valiantly to teach little Effie to repeat the letter "A." The child emphatically refused to pronounce the first letter of the alphabet, and after many vain efforts the father retired from the fight discouraged. The mother took the little girl on her lap and pleaded with her affectionately.

"Dearie, why won't you learn to say 'A'?" she asked.  
"Because, mamma," explained Effie, "des as soon as I say 'A' you an' papa will want me to say 'B.'"

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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.

W. F. SAWYER,  
Sonora, Texas.

**HONESTY IN CHINA.**

**You Can Trust a Native to Perform  
Whatever He Promises.**

"Chinese life or the phases of it that you see along the highroads of the northwest would appear to be a very simple, honest life, industrious, methodical, patient in poverty," writes Samuel Merwin in his book, "Drugging a Nation." "The men, even of the lowest classes, are courteous to a degree that would shame a Frenchman."

"I have seen two soldiers," writes Mr. Merwin, "who earned 10 or 20 cents a day greet my cook with such grace and charm of manner that I felt like a crude barbarian as I watched them."

"You soon learn in China that you can trust a Chinaman to carry through anything he agrees to do for you. When I reached Taiyuanfu I handed my interpreter a Chinese draft for \$200, Mexican, payable to bearer, and told him to go to the bank and bring back the money. I had known John a little over a week, yet any one who knows China will understand that I was running no appreciable risk, and the outcome justified my faith."

"The individual Chinaman is simply a part of a family, the family is part of a neighborhood, the neighborhood is part of a village or district, and so on."

"In all its relations with the central government the province is responsible for the affairs of its larger districts, these for the smaller districts, the smaller districts for the villages, the villages for the neighborhoods, the neighborhoods for the family, the family for the individual."

"If John had disappeared with my money after cashing the draft punishment would have been swift and severe. Very likely he would have lost his head. If the authorities had been unable to find John they would have punished his family. Punishment would surely have fallen upon somebody."

"The real effect of this system, continued as it has been through unnumbered centuries, has naturally been to develop a clear, keen sense of personal responsibility. For whatever may occur somebody is responsible. The family in order to protect itself trains its individuals to live up to their promises or else not to make promises. The neighborhood, well knowing that it will be held accountable for its units, watches them with a close eye."

"When a new family comes into a neighborhood the neighbors crowd about and ask questions which, in view of the facts, are not so impertinent as they might sound. Indeed, this sense of family and neighborhood accountability is so deeply rooted that it is not uncommon on the failure of a merchant to meet his obligations for his family and friends to step forward and help to settle his accounts. It is the only way in which they can clear themselves."

**French Stories.**  
The peculiar simplicity of the French peasant is illustrated by two incidents. A peasant went to his postoffice and offered for the mail a letter which was over the weight specified for a single stamp.

"This is too heavy," said the postmaster. "You will have to put another stamp on it."  
"Wh-wh-why," said the peasant, "with wide open eyes, 'w-w-will another stamp make it lighter?'"

Another peasant, presiding over the municipal council of his village, gave the assembly a lecture on the lack of necessity for any more road building.

"As for the roads which are now bad," he said, "it is of no use to repair them, for nobody travels over them, and as for those which are good, why do you do anything to them until they get bad?"

**Camels in Water.**  
Camels cannot swim. They are very buoyant, but ill balanced, and their heads go under water. They can, however, be taught to swim rivers with the aid of goatskins or jars fastened under their necks. During the Baluchistan expedition of 1898 the camels were lowered into the sea from the ships, and their drivers, plunging overboard, clambered on to the backs of their charges, causing the animals' heads to come up, and thus assisted they were successfully piloted ashore.—London Globe.

**Just as Good as She.**  
"John," said Mrs. Parvenu wearily, but with decision, "I must have a consultation of physicians."  
"But, Maria," he protested, "you have nothing but a cold in the head."  
"Can't help it," she answered. "When Mrs. Brown was sick last winter she had a consultation of physicians, and I guess we can afford anything that the Browns can."—Chicago Post.

**FRED BERGER,**  
The RED FRONT  
STABLE  
Robert Anderson, Prop.,  
HAY AND CRAIN.  
Your Patronage Solidified.  
Sonora, Texas.

**VEDDAS OF CEYLON.**

**Wild People Who Lead a Communal  
Life in Caves.**

Of the curious customs observed by the Veddas, or wild people of Ceylon, a traveler writes: "All the men came to meet us and led the way to the caves, which were completely hidden by a thicket. On the rocky platform in front of the cave the men all surrounded us, shouting to their women to come and see their 'white sister-in-law' or 'cousin.' Veddas have always been renowned for their truthfulness, and this reputation we are able to indorse."

"Each community has its own hunting ground and adheres strictly to its own game rights. Upon each hunting ground there are a number of caves and rock shelters, and the families of the community move from one to another throughout the year, as the presence of game, honey, yams or fish demands. The big caves are communal property; the smaller caves usually belong to single families. But even in the communal caves each family has its particular place, in which its members sleep, cook, eat and keep all their belongings."

"Each family respects the privacy of its neighbors' few feet of the cave floor as faithfully as if partition walls existed, only the children roam all over the cave at will. Food, however, seemed to be public property, for one woman would cook food and share it with every one present in the cave. This may probably be explained as follows: The communal caves are situated in common hunting ground. Therefore all the game, yams, guanoes or honey brought in from the common land is the property of the community, not of the man who procures it."

"I have stated that the smaller caves are usually private property. It would probably be more correct to say that Veddas possess private hunting grounds on which very frequently there are small caves, such caves being then the property of the owner of the land. When a man is living in his own cave in the midst of his own hunting ground the produce of the chase would naturally be his own, though shared with any one living with him. Women and children always fared as well as the men, and the former would be fed first in any time of scarcity. Indeed, the dainties were often saved for the children."—Chicago News.

**A Useless Implement.**  
It is not always safe to meddle with the unfamiliar. Mr. James Russell in "Reminiscences of Yarrow" gives the following story as illustrating the simplicity of the Scotch farmers of the vicinity:

A well to do tenant bought a barometer at a public sale. Soon after the minister asked him how he liked it.  
"Not at all," returned the honest farmer. "It's no' the thing."  
"In what way is it not the thing?"  
"Well," replied the worthy parson, more at home with sheep than science, "it was nae casting up sic weather as I wad have liked. So, thinking there was something wrang, I took it doon and examined it outside and in."

"At last I discovered a lang glass tube wi' a hole in the end o' it. Niver dooting that was the matter, I stopped up the hole. But if it did ill before it did naething at all after that!"

**The Way She Writes.**  
"My wife is unique," remarked a proud husband. "Unique, I said. That is the word. It fits her even if it is misused as a general rule. Well, I'll tell you what she does, and then you can judge for yourself if you ever heard of anything like it. She writes letters on ordinary note paper and follows the regular folds of the paper, and you can read her letters without puzzling for ten minutes trying to find what page comes next. Besides following the regular order of the pages, she numbers them to make sure. And I never knew her to underscore a single word. Now, then, did you ever hear of a woman like that?"—Chicago Inter Ocean.

**Indigo Blue Waters Run Deep.**  
The mean depth of the sea is from two to three miles.

This figure, however, is often passed, and soundings taken off the island of Guam, one of the Ladrones group in the Pacific, extended to 31,614 feet, or just about six miles, the greatest depth known. The land average is 2,300 feet, while the highest summits of the Himalayas are little more than 28,000 feet, which means that the sea bottom has depths greatly exceeding the elevation of the loftiest pinnacle above its surface. Seas of this profound depth, it may be added, are generally indigo blue in color.—London Answers.

**Chicken Fritters.**  
Sift a cupful of flour, melt a tablespoonful of butter in a small cupful of warm water and pour by degrees on the flour, salt to taste, beat well and add last the stiffly beaten white of one egg. Mince cold chicken, season with salt, paprika, a little chopped parsley and a tiny bit of onion. To a cupful of chicken add a small half cupful of thick white sauce. Mold into small balls, dip each in the batter and drop from the spoon into very hot fat. Drain on brown paper in the oven. Arrange on a napkin and garnish with lemon and parsley.—Circle Magazine.

**JOHN SWINEBURN**  
Rock Masch.  
ALL KINDS OF STONE AND  
CEMENT WORK DONE IN  
BEST STYLE.  
SONORA, TEXAS.

**THE SQUID'S HUES.**

**Why the Creature Is Able to Change  
Its Color.**

One of the most interesting of the discoveries of science is the secret of the means whereby certain animals change color. The most familiar and celebrated example in this line is the lizard called the chameleon, but there are many other creatures both on land and in the sea that possess a similar power.

Noteworthy among them is the common squid. If a specimen of this interesting kind of mollusk, fresh out of water, be laid on a table and watched, its hues will change so constantly that literal waves of color seem to be passing over it from moment to moment. That this happens in response to impulses conveyed through the nervous system of the animal is manifest, a mere tapping with a finger on the table causing a rush of the color waves described.

The secret lies in the fact that immediately beneath the skin of the squid is a sort of network of small channels, in which are frequent larger spaces occupied by pigment cells. These cells are under direct control of the nervous system, which causes them to contract or expand. When they contract the color disappears, which is what happens when the squid dies, for then it turns dead white, although its normal hue in life is reddish brown.

Even in death, however, the pigment cells beneath the skin of the squid may be distinguished by the eye as minute specks. In life these specks expand to the size of a big pinhead and run together, thus producing the brown tint. It is substantially the same phenomenon that is accountable for the rapid changes in color observed in the chameleon, in many fishes and in various other creatures—changes which are evidently for the purpose of disguise, enabling the animal to escape observation by assuming a likeness to its surroundings. Thus the common sole imitates with its coloration whatever kind of bottom it may be resting upon, whether pebbles, sand or what not.

The pigment cells referred to are called "chromatophores," and sometimes they contain two or more different kinds of pigments, some of which disappear, while others persist, the result being that, as in the case of the chameleon, a considerable range of colors may be displayed.—Saturday Evening Post.

**A Fair Exchange.**  
At a gathering of medical men one of the number was a noted practitioner who is almost as well known for his shabby attire as he is for his skill as a physician.

When the gathering was about to disperse the doctor in question could not find his hat. Instead, to his great surprise, he found a nice new glossy silk hat, which happened to fit him as though made to his order. When he got home he exhibited his headpiece with considerable pride.

The next day, however, a fellow doctor turned up to claim the hat.  
"Permit me, my dear doctor," said the second medico, "to apologize for my little trick, which grew out of the fact that yesterday you carried an umbrella, while I had none. It occurred to me that, while my new silk hat would be ruined by the rain, yours would not. Accordingly I took the liberty of leaving mine in place of yours. Many thanks."—Harper's Weekly.

**Not Like a Tax Receipt.**  
Accustomed to have the political boss of his ward provide him with a tax receipt, an organization follower went to the same boss with a demand for a favor. "Will you get me a marriage license?" he asked.  
"That I can't do," explained the politician, "because you have to appear in person when you get a marriage license." This answer to the political worker seemed evasive, and he demanded to know: "How is it that you can get me a tax receipt every time there is an election? The marriage license costs just the same." To this further inquiry the politician gave a long explanation, but it was not quite satisfactory to the humble worker in the cause of organization.—Philadelphia Record.

**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.



To call on us and  
test our  
Carstair's Invinible 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.**

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

**Hagelstein Cattle.**

W. A. Glascock 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,  
1614  
Sonora, Texas.

**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,  
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.

**60 YEARS' EXPERIENCE  
PATENTS**

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DESIGNS  
COPYRIGHTS & C.  
Anyone sending a sketch and description may quickly ascertain our opinion free whether his invention is probably patentable. Communications strictly confidential. HANDBOOK on Patents sent free. Oldest agency, of 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; four months, \$1. Sold by all newspapers.  
MUNN & Co. 381 Broadway, New York  
Branch Office, 65 F St., Washington, D. C.

FOR  
GOOD WOOD  
PHONE 96

E. E. JACKSON, W. L. ALDWELL, E. F. VANDERSTUCKEN,  
 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.

**NATHAN'S PHARMACY**  
 A. H. NATHAN, Proprietor.

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

**CORNER DRUG STORE**

We want to thank our friends  
 for the favors they have shown  
 us and assure them we will try  
 to merit a continuance of the  
 same.

**G. B. WARDLAW, CLARENCE GOSCH.**

**COMMERCIAL HOTEL,...**

Mrs. J. C. McDonald, Proprietress.

Best accommodations, Rates Reasonable.  
 HEADQUARTERS FOR COMMERCIAL MEN.

Drummer's Sample Rooms.

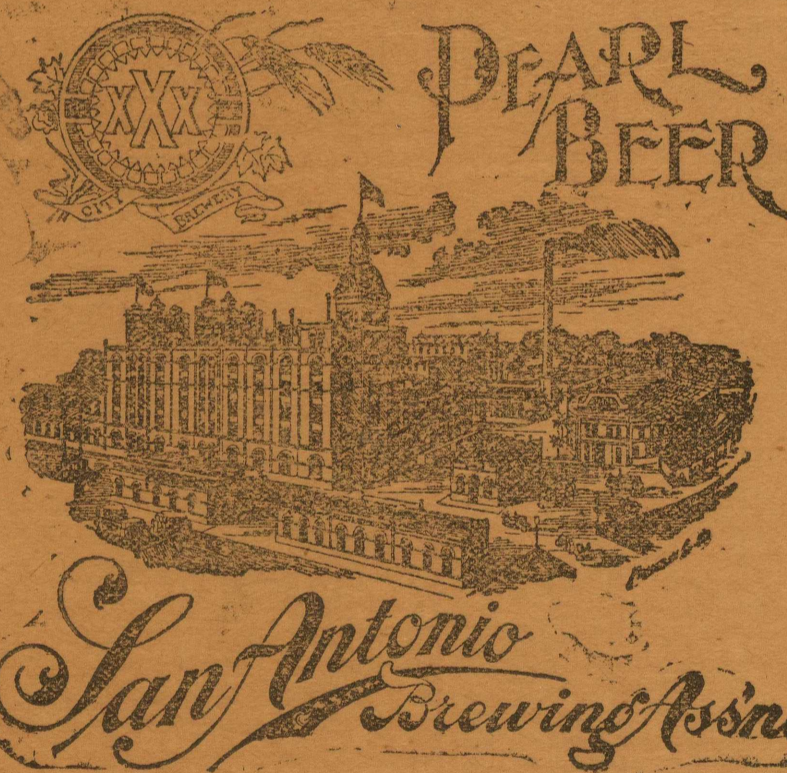
SONORA, TEXAS.

**JOHN HURST,**

**EXPERIENCED WELL DRILLER**

Quick, Reliable and Satisfactory  
 Contracts to go down 1000 feet or less.

Postoffice Address SONORA, TEXAS.



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

**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.

G. W. SOFGE.

FRED TRAINER

**SONORA RESTAURANT.**

MEALS AT ALL HOURS. SHORT ORDERS A  
 SPECIALTY. OYSTERS AND FISH IN SEASON.

SONORA,

TEXAS.

**A. D. LINDSEY.**

**Practical Machinist.**

Can put all kinds of engines in FIRST CLASS working  
 order. Work guaranteed. Shop at the Merck Black  
 Smith Shop.

SONORA,

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. Sept. 4, 1909

**D. J. Wyatt Entertained.**

D. J. Wyatt one of the few  
 handsome bachelor ranchmen of  
 the Sonora country entertained a  
 few friends at his ranch 8 miles  
 south of Sonora Sunday. The fat-  
 test kid had been barbecued for  
 the occasion and with the baked  
 yams was simply fine. The  
 guests were Mr. and Mrs. Max  
 Vander Stucken, Mrs. McDonald,  
 Mrs. Nathan, Misses Estell Mo-  
 Donald, Lucielle Grimland, Mary  
 Smith, Adela Maier, of Freder-  
 icksburg, Messes Ben Wyatt, Fred  
 Simmons, Gustave Meckel, Arthur  
 McDonald, Fred Grimland, Joseph  
 Vander Stucken.

**They Should.**

"My honest conviction, based  
 upon my own experience and that  
 of my friends, is that 'Hunt's  
 Cure' will cure a large per cent. of  
 skin troubles, especially of an itch-  
 ing variety, than any other reme-  
 dy. Certainly those afflicted with  
 any form of itch should try it."  
 J. O. Monroe,  
 Atchison, Kas.

Mrs. Sim White has had an ad-  
 dition built to her home this week  
 Al Purcell had the contract.

Mrs. R. E. Thomas after a  
 pleasant visit to relatives and  
 friends left for her home in Brack-  
 stville Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Clyde Mills left  
 for Silver Lake, in Kinney county  
 Saturday, where they expect to  
 make their home.

Mr. and Mrs. James Hagerlund  
 spent a few days this week visit-  
 ing Mr. and Mrs. C. S. Green and  
 Mr. and Mrs. Thos. Bond on their  
 ranches.

Ira L. Wheat and daughters  
 Misses Zona, Edna and Stella, left  
 for San Antonio Wednesday on a  
 visit. The trip was made in the  
 Wheat auto.

Miss Estelle McDonald and  
 brother Arthur will leave next  
 week for Austin to resume their  
 studies. The former to St. Mary's  
 Convent and the latter to St. Ed-  
 wards college.

J. W. Mayfield accompanied  
 Mrs. Lewis Mayfield and children  
 and Miss Emma Palmer to the  
 S. J. Palmer ranch in Edwards  
 county last Thursday, where the  
 ladies will visit for a few weeks.

Miss Dora Green of San Antonio  
 who has been visiting her uncle  
 and aunt Mr. and Mrs. C. S. Green  
 on the ranch during the summer  
 left for San Antonio Wednesday to  
 resume her studies at the Convent  
 of the Lady of the Lake.

**NOTICE.**

By authority of my position of  
 Administrator of the Estate of J.  
 Lewenthal, deceased, I hereby  
 give notice to all who are indebted  
 to the said estate, to pay such in-  
 debtedness to me. In the interest  
 of the estate, I desire prompt pay-  
 ment and to avoid the necessity of  
 placing said accounts in the hands  
 of attorneys for collection.

R. F. HALBERT,  
 Administrator of the estate of J.  
 Lewenthal, deceased.  
 Sonora, Texas, July 21, 1909.

A Grand Hop will given at the  
 Court House in Sonora on Sept.  
 17. Every body invited and  
 special San Angelo music will be  
 engaged for the occasion. The  
 hall will be brilliantly lighted and  
 the costumes of the ladies will  
 show to the best advantage. Re-  
 member the date September 17.  
 Make your date and get your dixe.

**The Road To Success.**

has many obstructions, but none  
 so desperate as poor health. Suc-  
 cess to-day demands health, but  
 Electric Bitters is the greatest  
 health builder the world has ever  
 known. It compels perfect action  
 of stomach, liver, kidneys, bowels,  
 purifies and enriches the blood,  
 and tones and invigorates the  
 whole system. Vigorous body  
 and keen brain follow their use.  
 You can't afford to slight Electric  
 bitters if weak, run-down or sickly.  
 Only 5c. Guaranteed by Nathan's  
 Pharmacy.

**The Change Agreeable.**

The moon light picnic which  
 had been arranged for Tuesday  
 night was on account of the cloudy  
 sky changed into a garden party  
 and home affair at Mr. and Mrs.  
 W. L. Aldwell's where dominoes,  
 cards, music and delicious refresh-  
 ments were enjoyed. Those pres-  
 ent were Mrs. E. S. Briant, Misses  
 Sophie Vander Stucken, Adela  
 Maier, Clara Allison, Myrtle  
 Cusenbary, Ada Morris, Marjory  
 and Ida Aldwell Messrs. Bart De-  
 Witt, Luther Thorp, Ben Wyatt,  
 Dutch Wardlaw, Clarence Gosch  
 and Roy Aldwell. The sky will  
 be clear again and then the picnic  
 may be had but the pleasure will  
 not exceed that of this evening.

**Best in Existence.**

"I sincerely believe, all things  
 considered, Hunt's Lightning Oil  
 is the most useful and valuable  
 household remedy in existence  
 For Cuts, Burns, Sprains and In-  
 sect Bites it has no equal so far as  
 my experience goes."  
 G. E. Huntington,  
 Eufaisa, Ala.

Miss Sophie Vander Stucken is  
 the guest of Mr. and Mrs. W. L.  
 Aldwell this week.

Al Haley of Del Rio was in  
 Sonora Monday shaking hands  
 with his old friends.

Miss Tora Smith will leave for  
 the J. N. Ross ranch where she  
 will again teach the Ross children

Miss Lucelle Grimland will  
 teach the D. Wallace children at  
 the ranch this session.

T. H. Corder and Wallace  
 Smith of Sanderson were in Sonora  
 Monday, on their way home from  
 a visit to Junction.

Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Ford and  
 daughter Miss Mamie, of San An-  
 tonio, were visitors in Sonora  
 this week.

G. W. Sofge and Fred Trainer  
 have taken charge of the Sonora  
 Restaurant and will run it in first  
 class order. Give them a trial.

Miss Lela Wyatt will leave  
 next week for the Arthur Stewart  
 ranch where she will teach this  
 session.

Sam Smith was in Sonora Wed-  
 nesday from the W. B. Smith  
 ranch 15 miles south of Sonora  
 and reports good rains down there  
 all week.

Miss Jessie Smith who taught  
 successfully last session at Owen-  
 ville, will teach at G. C. Earwoods  
 in Edwards county this year.

Miss Emma Marshall of Sher-  
 wood has been engaged to teach at  
 the W. F. Luckie ranch in the  
 Eastern part of Sutton county this  
 session.

R. Walter Davis and daughter  
 Miss Winnie, were in Sonora  
 Tuesday visiting and shopping  
 Miss Winnie had been the guest of  
 relatives for several days.

D. B. Cusenbary has been in  
 and out of town the past week  
 being busy with the delivery of  
 1000 cows to J. L. Sheen of Chris-  
 toval. The rumor has it that  
 these cows brought \$15 per head.

Chas. Caruthers, manager of the  
 E. F. and Alfred Vander Stucken  
 ranch was in town lately and re-  
 ports from the ranch state that its  
 raising every day down in that  
 country. Charlie is a "little man  
 in a big country."

W. E. Dunbar was in Sonora  
 Sunday from his ranch 12 miles  
 south of town. His intentions  
 and business were perfectly legiti-  
 mate, but the rain cloud finding  
 him not at home had to turn the  
 extra wetting on the Monroe  
 Kirkland range.

C. F. Adams is expecting to  
 leave shortly on a prospecting trip  
 to Old Mexico. Mr. Adams is  
 without doubt one of the best  
 judges of live stock in Texas and  
 should be decide to locate in  
 Mexico it would not be long before  
 he was heard from as a success.

W. J. Fields was in Sonora the  
 past week from his ranch east of  
 town. Mr. Fields who was in  
 Austin when his horse "Dick  
 Elliston" died, says that Henry  
 Exall and other horse experts say  
 that Dick Elliston was the finest  
 Standard Bred horse in Texas and  
 that when he (Will Fields) made  
 enquiries of these horsemen he  
 found that he had lost in the  
 death of Dick Elliston a horse  
 worth \$10,000 and the equal of  
 which had not been brought to  
 Texas. Mr. Fields has how-  
 ever many fine colts the off prings  
 of this great horse on his ranch  
 near Sonora.

**Stock News.**

R. H. Chalk sold 15 Delaine  
 rams to W. A. Holland at p. t.

Ira Glasscock bought 123 head  
 of stock cattle from Bud Budie at  
 p. t.

Mortie Lambeth sold to Chas.  
 Caruthers 100 common goats at  
 \$2.50 per head.

R. F. Halbert sold to J. H.  
 Luckie 1042 head of bearing  
 goats at \$2.25 per head.

J. L. Nugess of Sutton county  
 sold 75 yearling steers to Bub  
 Evans of Eldorado at \$17.

It is reported that J. A. Whitten  
 of Eldorado sold his 2 year old  
 steers at \$25.

H. Sharp of Edwards county  
 sold his six section ranch to Jno  
 D. Lowrey of Sonora for \$6,500.

H. Sharp sold his flock of An-  
 gora goats to Ira Glasscock at  
 \$2.25 per head.

R. H. Chalk sold out of his  
 Ramboulet rams 17 head to B. M.  
 Halbert, 10 to Mat Karnes and 5  
 to Giles Hill at \$20 per head.

H. L. Wade of Rock Springs  
 was in Sonora this week deliver-  
 ing 1000 2 year-old steers to Irve  
 Ellis. The price paid was \$22.60

W. L. Aldwell reports that E.  
 R. Jackson sold 15,000 pounds of  
 spring clip 6 months in hair in  
 Boston at 24 cents.

W. A. Miers Jr traded a 2 year  
 old bay mule, 15 bands high to  
 Will Word for 50 head of goats  
 This was "Bill Jr." trade straight

J. J. Ford of Sonora sold to J.  
 M. Powell, of San Angelo 225 two  
 and three-year-old steers that net-  
 ted Mr. Ford just \$90 less than  
 \$25 per head.

E. F. Vander Stucken and C. S.  
 Holcomb of Sonora, sold to E. A.  
 Nall of Eldorado, 50 head of one  
 year old steers, at \$16. Martin &  
 Holcomb made the trade.

R. H. Martin bought for I. A.  
 Word & Co. of Sonora, from E. F.  
 Vander Stucken and C. S. Hal-  
 comb 100 2 year old steers at \$22  
 Martin & Halcomb made the trade.

**FOR SALE.**

I have 6 Rabouillet Rams that  
 I paid \$15 for. Will take \$8.  
 WILL WORD,  
 Sonora, Texas.

**DAIRY BUSINESS FOR SALE**

The only MILK business in  
 Sonora is for sale with every  
 cow as the purchaser may need.  
 The business is a paying one  
 but I wish to engage in other  
 business. Apply to,  
 JAMES L. TARVER.

**Attention Goatmen.**

Will you need to buy bucks this  
 fall, I have 100 fine large well  
 woolled, ranged raised fellows,  
 from registered does, sired by  
 bucks that cost me from \$140.00 to  
 \$300.00 each. I am going to make  
 an introductory price on this  
 bunch and now is the time for you  
 to get in. I will sell you a good  
 buck for \$10.00. A better one for  
 \$15.00 A CRACKER JACK for  
 \$20.00. Satisfaction guaranteed.  
 E. E. STRICKLEN,  
 Juno,  
 Val Verde Co., Texas.

**RAMS FOR SALE.**

250 French Merino Rams for  
 sale. 1 to 4 year old. No scab.  
 Price \$5.00. Wool on.  
 Can be seen at my ranch.  
 THOMAS BOND,  
 Sonora, Texas.

**BUCKS.**

I have for sale 100 Native  
 Delaine-Merino Rams for  
 sale. One and two years  
 old. See them before  
 you buy.  
 T. D. WORD,  
 Ranch 25 miles West of Sonora.  
 Post office, Ozona, Texas.

Robert Cook bought from John  
 Rae 12 heifers at \$15, and 1 cow  
 from Albert Bailey at \$17.—Ozona  
 Kicker.

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

If you have not met Prof. Hick-  
 man do so on the first opportunity.  
 He is a capable man, broad be-  
 tween the eyes, progressive and  
 energetic and will be pleased to  
 make your acquaintance. Don't  
 wait to be introduced.

**A New Triumph in Dip Making**

DOUBLE STRENGTH, LOW COST,  
 LESS FREIGHT.



Absolutely free from any crude substance. Contains no tar  
 oil. Infalible in curative effect. No injury to sheep or wool.  
 Requires no addition besides water. No sediment. No stir-  
 ring. Mixes with cold water whether hard, brackish, alkali,  
 or salty.

**ITS USE PERMITTED IN OFFICIAL DIPPINGS FOR**

SHEEP SCAB. CURES MANGE AND LICE ON

CATTLE AND HOGS. MUCH CHEAPER

THAN TOBACCO AND CRUDE LIQUID DIPS

NO DEARER THAN LIME AND SULPHUR.

ONE gallon makes 120 gallons for Scab of official strength,  
 or 200 gallons for Ticks and Lice, etc.

One gallon can, \$1.75; Five gallon can \$8.50.

SOLE PROPRIETORS AND MANUFACTURERS,

WILLM. COOPER & NEPHEWS, 177 Illinois St., Chicago.

Sold by E. F. Vander Stucken Co., Sonora, Texas.

**FOR SALE**

100 Head of

**PURE BRED RAMBOUILLET RAMS,**

**BIG SMOKE BELLERS**

Raised by J. M. CORQUODALE, of  
 YGUNG COUNTY, TEXAS.

These Rams Will be in Sonora  
 Sept. 1st. See them before  
 Buying others.

**R. H. CHALK.**



CORNELL & WARDLAW

Attorneys-at-Law,

SONORA, TEX.

Will practice in all the State Courts

There is none just as good as

**DORN'S SCREW WORM**

**KILLER.** There is none just

like it.

E. F. Vander Stucken Co., and

Sonora Mercantile Co., have it.

**Employment Bureau.**

All kinds of labor contracted

Also Spanish Interpreting.

Charges reasonable.

Write, see or phone

TRAINER BROS.,

At the Bank Saloon.

**COATS FOR SALE.**

300 young nannies  
 25 muttons  
 75 kids.

For further particulars write or

see me at Sonora.

79 if J. B. BLAKENEY.

**Billies for Sale.**

Six well bred Billies for sale

cheap. From 2 to 4

AUGUST ME

79 if

**International Fair**

SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS

Nov. 6 to 17, 1909