

DEVIL'S RIVER NEWS.

VOL 20

SONORA, SUTTON CO., TEXAS, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 30, 1909.

NO 690

Quality & Prices

The reputation of the "Store on the Corner" as to Quality is well established and our reasonable Prices makes our customers doubly pleased
Note the following prices on staples:

Outings Light and Dark	10	cents
Lonsdale Domestic	12	1-2 cents
Hero Cotton Domestic	10	cents
Calico Light and Dark	7	cents
Red Seal Gingham	12	1-2 cents
Cotton Flannel	10 to 12	1-2 cents
Comforts from	\$1.25 to 5	dollars
Blankets from	85 cents to \$12	

Prices, quality and attention will make you a satisfied customer if you buy from the

Sonora Mercantile Co.

HIS FORETHOUGHT.

A Bit of Zeal That Was Not Appreciated by His Wife.

He was a very busy man, and, like all of his kind, he hated to waste time by unnecessary waiting. That was why in the midst of his correspondence along about 11 o'clock the other morning he paused and, turning to his secretary, requested him to ring up his residence on the phone.

"Jemmission," he said, "got my house on the wire and ask Mrs. Blank to come to the phone. Just tell them that I wish to speak to her."

The secretary made off, and in a few minutes the required connection was made.

"Is that you, Mary?" said Blank when he got to the phone.

"Yes," was the answer.

"Well, this is John," he said. "I have just rung you up to tell you that I have two tickets for the theater tonight. He and Mrs. Barker have been called suddenly out of town, and he thought we might like to use the tickets. How about it?"

"Fine!" replied Mrs. Blank. "I have nothing else to do."

"All right, my dear," continued Blank. "The curtain rises at half past 8."

"Yes; I know," said Mrs. Blank.

"I thought I'd let you know in time so that directly you have had your lunch you can begin to put your hat on," he went on. "Then we can get there before the middle of the first act. By-by, dear."

The only answer was an angry click at the other end of the wire, which seemed to indicate that another receiver was in trouble, but Mr. Blank only laughed as he returned to his work.—Lippincott's Magazine.

Cause For Thankgiving.

One fine summer night the whole village was disturbed in its slumbers by the deep tones of Nasreddin giving praise and thanks unto Allah. "What hath befallen thee, O Nasreddin," they inquired, "that at this hour of the night thou doth give praise and thanks until Allah?"

"As I lay half sleeping on my divan," replied the hodja, "I looked up and suddenly beheld a white thing flapping by this window. This must be a ghost or jinn or some other evil spirit sent by Sheitan to torment true believers, methought, so I seized my bow and drove an arrow

through it. I forthwith arose, and, behold, it was no jinn, but my own shirt which the arrow had transfixed. Wherefore do ye see me giving just praise.—T. P.'s London Weekly.

Faint Praise.

A little girl taking her first ocean trip was awakened from a sound sleep one morning when the steamer was close to a strip of coast where the mountains tower sheer from the water's edge to a height of thousands of feet, presenting a majestic aspect not to be equaled in many other places. The little girl's father, carrying her to the deck, pointed to the great line of mountains and asked her:

"Well, what do you think of that?" expecting, as was natural, that she would be quite overwhelmed at the sight.

Instead she just rubbed her sleepy eyes.

"They look," she muttered dubiously, "like hills."

Whereupon she went to sleep again.—New York Times.

The Salt in the Sea.

The saline elements of ocean water may be in part derived from geological formations which consisted largely of like matter, but it is generally considered that the saltiness of the sea is sufficiently accounted for by the deposition of soluble salts from the rivers. Salts of various kinds form part of the constituent ingredients of the earth's soil everywhere. They are washed out by springs and rivulets and carried to the sea by large streams, and as the evaporation which feeds the streams carries none of the dissolved matters back again the tendency is for the salts to accumulate in the sea. The principal saline ingredients found in ocean water are chloride of sodium, or common salt, and salts of magnesium and lime.

The Sovereign.

He was a smart junior, with a rising reputation for genius in the art of cross examination. Said he to witness, a garrulous but alert old lady:

"How much money had you in your pocket when you say it was picked?"

"Four shillings, two sixpences and a sovereign in gold," came the reply trippingly on the tongue.

"Did you ever see a sovereign in anything but gold?" was the next question.

"Yes; I saw the king in a carriage."—London Answers.

The Point of the Pin.

Mechanically the interviewer droned out his well worn questions "And how, Sir William, did you get your start in life?"

"I got my start in life, young man," said the pork merchant, "through picking up a pin in the street. I had been refused employment by a butcher, and on my way out I saw a pin. P—"

"Quite so!" chimed in the seasoned interviewer. "You picked it up, the butcher was impressed by your carefulness, called you back and took you into partnership. I know that pin so well!"

"Excuse me," broke in the pork vender, "but you proceed too fast. I saw the pin and picked it up—quite true. But I sold it for £100. It was a diamond pin."—London Mail.

The Job He Wanted.

"Dear Sir," said an applicant for a position to the secretary of the treasury, according to the Saturday Evening Post, "I am very anxious to obtain remunerative employment in the treasury department.

While my educational advantages do not qualify me for any of the higher places, I could fill one of the minor places to advantage, and I respectfully apply for the position of chief cuspidorian of the department."

The letter went to the assistant secretary for reply, and he wrote as follows:

"Dear Sir—I regret very much that nothing can be done for you. There is no such place as chief cuspidorian. You have coined the word, but I cannot coin the job."

Her Call.

The whole southland never claimed a sweeter, more lovable and gentle woman, but she could never be persuaded to use a phone. Lately the entire household was down with colds, and there was no one else able to call a physician in the night.

After ringing up "Central" the dear little woman became pant stricken and could not think of the word the household used when the wanted "Exchange." Hurriedly she put the receiver up and whispered into the astonished ear of the telephone girl the word:

"Hurrah!"—Lippincott's.

"The first day out was perfectly lovely," said the young lady just back from abroad. "The water was as smooth as glass, and it was simply gorgeous. But the second day was rough and—er—decidedly disgorgeous."—Everybody's.

ROCK SALT.

It Reveals to Us a Place Where Once a Sea Existed.

Salt under ground! It seems a strange thing at first to find salt among the rocks deep down in the earth. What does rock salt tell us? It reveals to us a place where once a sea existed. The water has since flowed away, leaving some salt behind. We know that ordinary salt exposed to the air soon gets damp and then becomes quite fluid, but rock salt away from air and sun keeps firm for ages.

Rock salt is found in various layers of the earth's crust. Some of the spaces of underground water are called "seas," but, in fact, large as they were, they often did not resemble the "seas" we have now, because they were much shallower. A few were fairly deep, however. Then, again, these ancient seas were sometimes so salty that no animal could live in them and only a few plants.

Such seas, in fact, were mostly "dead," and this accounts for the masses of salt deposited along their bottoms. But we find also signs of rough water in the numerous pebbles of the layer where the salt is found among hard red gravel and brown quartz.

Germany once had a tolerably deep sea, not very salt, and the bottom surface of it shows coral reefs. There are signs in it of great fishes armed with strong teeth, enabling them to crush the shellfish upon which they fed.

These swarmed below the sea in thousands. North England and the midlands have the Keuper beds, where the "seas" were always shallow and where we can trace the marks of raindrop filterings and sun cracks. The rock salt is often in a layer 100 feet thick. It is supposed that one part of these seas was separated from another part by a bar of sand, over which the waves toppled only now and then.

In the cutoff sea evaporation went on through the ages, and of course a deposit of salt was formed, while the occasional overflow from outside replaced the water which had evaporated. But really this is not known for certain. It is only clear rock salt that contains the minerals we find in our present sea water—bromine, iodine and magnesia.

Generally this salt is not mixed with fragments of a different substance, but is in columns of rough crystals. Now and then there is found a layer of rock salt, with one of coral and shells under it, succeeded by rock salt again, showing that for a time a change had taken place.

Upon the land near these shallow seas lived some singular animals, unlike those of our earth in the later centuries of its history. There were remarkable reptiles belonging to the frog or batrachian family. One of the species was the size of a small ox, with peculiar complicated teeth and feet which left prints on the earth so exactly like the impressions of the human hand that geologists gave it a Latin name, meaning "the beast with the hand." Another strange creature was a sort of lizard with a horny bill and feet resembling those of the duck. It had somewhat the appearance of a turtle, it is supposed. Then there were some warm blooded animals about the size of a rat, which had pouches in their cheeks and preyed upon small insects. — St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Mermaids and Mermen.

The dugong, a species of whale found abundantly in the waters of both the great oceans, but especially off the coast of Australia, in the Pacific, is believed to have furnished the slender basis upon which all mermaid and mermen stories have been founded. Its general length is from eight to twenty feet. It has a head much resembling that of the human species and breathes by means of lungs. It feeds upon submarine beds of seaweeds and when wounded makes a noise like a mad bull. Long hair in the female species and hair and beard in the male add to the human resemblance of the head and neck. The flesh of this species of whale is used for food and is said to have the flavor of bacon, mutton or beef, according to the parts of the body from which the meat is taken.

"Gone to the Devil."

"Gone to the devil" has nothing satanic in its history. It has been traced to a tavern in Fleet street, London, known by the sign of the "Devil and St. Dunstan." As it supplied good food and drink, it had a large clientele and was called the "Devil" for short. "Gone to the Devil," read a notice at many an office when the occupants went to dinner. Unhappily some went there too often and stayed too long, until at last when their patrons left them "Gone to the devil" became a synonym for the neglect or the loss of their business.

HE MADE HIS KICK.

The Man Who Had Long Ago Bought an Eight Day Clock.

"You don't remember, I reckon," said the sour faced man, putting his arms on the showcase, "that I bought a clock of you twenty-five years ago?"

"I certainly do not," answered the elderly jeweler, "but I'll take your word for it if you say you did."

"Well, I did. It was twenty-five years ago last Monday."

"Remember what you paid for it?"

"Yes. I paid you \$10."

"Ever had to get it repaired?"

"No."

"It's a pretty good clock, then, isn't it?"

"Oh, yes. The clock's all right, but I've found out something about it that you didn't tell me."

"So?"

"Yes. When I bought it I asked you how often I'd have to wind it. You said once a week."

"Well?"

"Well, I've just found out that it'll go eight days without winding."

"Certainly! Most clocks are eight day clocks. That's to allow for your forgetting to wind it sometimes."

"I never forgot to wind it, sir. Regularly every Monday morning for twenty-five years I've wound that clock. That makes fifty-two times a year. If I had known it would go eight days I would have wound it on the eighth day, and I would have had to wind it only forty-six times a year. It takes me about two minutes to wind it up. I've wasted twelve minutes every year on the thing. See! In twenty-five years I've put in 300 minutes, or five hours, the half of a man's working day, standing on a chair and winding up that blamed old clock when it didn't need winding!"

"Well," said the stupefied jeweler, "what do you want to do about it?"

"Nothing, sir. I only wanted you to know it, that's all. When you sell an eight day clock to a man you ought to tell him it's an eight day clock. Good day, sir!"

Straightening himself up and pulling his hat brim down in front, he turned on his heel and stalked out of the store with the air of a man with a grouch who had freed his mind.—Chicago Tribune.

How to Learn.

"The best way to study nature is to go right up to it."

"I suppose so."

"Oh, I know it. I was once disposed to doubt the industry of the ant, of which so much is said."

"And you learned better?"

"I did. I had a controversy with a naturalist over the question, and I thought I had him beaten until he gave me a demonstration."

"Took you out and showed you the ants at work, did he?"

"Well, not exactly that, but he took me along on one of his scientific expeditions and then maliciously pitched my tent over an ant hill. By the time I discovered what was happening the conviction was forced upon me that ants are really and truly industrious. They are small, but they made me move, and some of them went right along with us to the next camping place." —New York Times.

What's Your Pet Phrase?

Of course you have a pet phrase or expression. You are one of the few exceptions if you haven't. Very likely the very words with which this article begins—"of course"—are used by you at every turn, but you don't know it. You have a particular ejaculation which does duty in all circumstances. It may be a variation of "Great Scott!" such as "Great Scotland Yard!" or it may be "Good Grace church street!" which is a variation of "Good gracious!" You probably end most of your sentences with "you know" or "you see." Then you have a pet word which you bring in wherever you can. Perhaps it is "logical," and the number of times that word and its opposite—"illogical"—appear in your conversation is simply alarming. But you don't see it, you know.—London Answers.

Insects Have Thousands of Eyes.

The eyes of insects present several peculiarities. Often in the same individual we shall find two sets of eyes, the simple and the compound, these latter having a large number of minute hexagonal facets, each of which is in reality a cornea, and the marvel is that every single facet belongs to a distinct eye, with pupil, iris, lens, all complete. The number of these corneas varies very considerably. While the ant possesses fifty only, the ordinary housefly has 4,000, butterflies have no fewer than 17,000, and some beetles rejoice in as many as 25,000.—London Chronicle.

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.

SONORA RESTAURANT.

G. W. SOFFE, Proprietor.

MEALS AT ALL HOURS. SHORT ORDERS A SPECIALTY. OYSTERS AND FISH IN SEASON.
ALSO A NICE LINE OF GROCERIES.

SONORA,

TEXAS.

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 at San Angelo the same evening. Leaves San Angelo at 7 o'clock a. m. and arrives in Sonora in the evening.

Automobile Fare \$8 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, \$1.00. ROUND TRIP, \$7.00.

OFFICE AT CORNER DRUG STORE.

Keep the Boys on the Farm.

President Taft received a great ovation in Texas and was pleased for ten days the Biggest President was the guest of the Biggest State and evidently enjoyed every minute of his stay. However Mr. Taft, as an American citizen was impressed with the many towns and many, many acres of uncultivated. He was impressed to such an extent that on his return to the State he advised that he was encouraged to remain in Texas.

That living on the farm is attractive for the President Taft as an easterner did not size-up Texas as a whole because he did not know Texas is burdened, harassed and almost bankrupted, by the "absentee land lord" and land rental system which not only causes—by a compulsory replanting of the same crop—cotton—a barrenness of the land, but also sends the boys from the farms into the towns and well Texas is not, as yet affected by the White Slave Traffic. But Taft's view was correct—even a West Texan can see that there are thousands of acres that the plow has not disturbed. Within a few miles of Fort Worth, the Railroad Center of Texas, the lands are as they were when the cattle rustler and the maverick brander was not outlawed. The Plains country and the Pan Handle is in the same condition. The boys from the parental—rent farms of central and east Texas are promoters of town and country development agencies and are making a success of selling the same 640 acres to 29 prospectors and getting a commission each time but "30" will be reached and then "alls in" The man who buys "30" will be the limit and that may be near at hand. As I see it the people have gone crazy on town property. Towns are dependent on the resources of the country and an undeveloped country or a state under the rental system is a failure and the climax is sure to come. The only way to make a country prosperous is for the farmer to own the soil they cultivate and to cultivate it to suit themselves. Every acre of Sonora country land is productive and that is what makes Sonora permanent, but this condition is not applicable to the major portion of Texas. Let Texas be for Texas Tillers and Tillers.

Many Good—One Best. So many Oils and Liniments are advertised it is hard to decide which to buy. I tried a number before using Hunt's Lightning Oil. After using it once, however, I realized I had found the best there was, and it was useless to look further. It fits its "all off" No other liniment will hit the spot if Hunt's Lightning Oil fails. C. G. YOUNG, Okene, Okla. 25c and 50c bottles.

Good for 40 More Years. The Devil's River News celebrated its 20th anniversary last Monday. Twenty years form a long span in the period allotted to man and when rounded out into a full measure of usefulness there can be no regrets to follow in their wake. The Murphy brothers—Steve and Mike—have wrought well. They established the News in Sonora when Sutton county was a wilderness and Sonora was a town only in name and a new name at that. They were 70 miles away from the nearest railroad point—San Angelo—it was the day before telephone came into general use, but these "Exiles of Erin" always got the latest news, even if they had to make it, and those Devil's River ranchmen swear that the manufactured article was the best. But the News continued to grow. "It is now a power in the land, deservedly popular, and Mike and Steve are good for forty years to come—San Angelo Daily Standard.

It's a Hustler. Hunt's Lightning Oil is up and doing all the time. It cures your aches, pains, cuts, burns and bruises while you sleep. Rub a little on your misery and feel it disappear.

Stock News.

\$185,000 in ranch and stock trades at Sonora this week.

O. T. Word of Sonora sold to Berry Ketchum 1500 ewes, shorn, at \$4 per head.

The Martin and Souther trade amounts to about \$85,000. Mr. Martin taking about \$40,000 worth of Brady property in the trade.

R. A. Williamson of Crockett county sold to Childress & Clayton his stock of Durham cattle, about 800 head, at \$16 around and 15 bulls at \$50 each.

International Fair

SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS Nov. 6 to 17, 1909

C. B. Brotherton who has 600 head of ewes bought two months ago from Marshall Seitz was in Sonora Thursday trading. He sold his fall clip of wool delivered at Sonora to March Bros. of San Angelo for 20 cents per pound. Colley is satisfied with the price as the clip nets him 75 cents per head and hopes March Bros. will get 30 cents for it.

John Martin of Sonora sold his 12,340 acre ranch on the line of Sutton and Crockett county to W. L. Souther of Brady at \$4 per acre. There are two good wells, good house and other improvements. Mr. Martin also sold to same party 1400 head of stock cattle at \$16 per head. Also 3000 stock sheep \$5.50 for grown sheep and \$3 for lambs. Mr. Martin takes improved Brady property in trade.

Messrs. Frank and Oscar Appelt of Halleysville, Texas bought from Stanley Green of Sonora his ranch 10,240 acres 25 miles south of Sonora at \$4.75 per acre; 1200 head of stock cattle at \$15 with \$10 for calves; 160 head of stock horses at \$40; 1500 goats at \$2.50 per head. The sale amounts to between 75,000 and \$80,000. Mr. Green and family will move to San Antonio.

Billies for Sale.

Six well bred Billies for sale cheap. From 2 to 4 years old. AUGUST MECKEL, 79th Sonora, Texas.

FOR SALE.

300 head of stock cattle Herefords for sale, only a few calves. For further particulars see or write me at my ranch eight miles north of Rock Springs on the Sonora road. R. L. HATCH, Rock Springs, Tex.

FOR SALE

I want to sell 10 head of Durham Bulls. 5 Registered and 5 high grade. These Bulls were bought by R. A. Williamson of Crockett county, from Jas. F. Green of Abilene, breeder of best Durham cattle in Texas. They are 5 year-old and good enough for any man. Reason for selling, am going to quit Durham. ROY HUDSPETH.

FOR SALE

All of my stock horses, except Standard breeds. All increases from colts to four year old, sired by the following stallions: Juror Campbell, 2:15, pacing; and he by George Campbell, 2:17, pacing; Elbine, grandson of Old Electioneer; John P. Nasworthy, he by Parole, 2:16, trotting. All the above stock are nice smooth stock and will develop into fine drivers. All the above sired are Standard and registered. For further information address, R. A. Williamson, Ozona, Texas.

J. B. Murrah of San Angelo was a business visitor in Sonora Monday. He was down on a visit to his ranch in the June country and incidentally talked Page woven wire fence for which he is general agent.

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

Albany, Texas, Oct. 23—Webb & Hill today sold the splendid ranch property owned by Colonel Sam Lazarus to W. H. Driggers of Oklahoma. The sale embraces about fifty sections of land and about 2500 head of fine Hereford and Durham cattle, part of the land being bought by Mr. Driggers and the balance leased. The amount of the consideration was over \$150,000, and it was nearly all a cash proposition.

THE OLD RELIABLE

Is ready with an immense stock of new goods for

FALL AND WINTER DRESS GOODS, UNDERWEAR, HATS, SHOES, CLOTHING ETC., CARPETS, ART SQUARES, MATTINGS.

Ladies Tailor Made Garments To Order. See samples. Ladies Trimmed Hats to arrive.

Your wants supplied at

E. F. VANDER STUCKEN COMPANY.

No Others.

It is a class to itself. It has no rivals. It cures where others merely relieve. For aches, pains, stiff joints, cuts, burns, bites, etc., it is the quickest and surest remedy ever devised. We mean Hunt's Lightning Oil. 50c and 25c bottles.

Cattlemen Turn to Sheep Raising.

R. F. Halbert, one of the sheep kings of the Sonora district, is in the city hobnobbing with the wool magnates in regard to shipping that fleecy staple to this city for storage.

"The wool this year is going to be right up to date," he declared enthusiastically. "It is clean, almost free from dirt and grease, which is rather exceptional as regards wool. The sheep are in the best of conditions, owing to the excellent grass that we have down in Sutton county."

"I presume that Sutton county and around Sonora is the greatest sheep raising country of the world. In fact, it looks like I should imagine the plans of the Holy Land looked back in the days of Christ. Sheep graze on a hundred grassy hills, a sure tribute to the prosperity of a people and the everlasting integrity of a county."

"We haven't crowded the cattle man off the map down in our country yet; not by a jugful; for the cattle are there in almost greater numbers than the sheep."

"But it is a noticeable fact that the old-fashioned cowman is just naturally turning to the sheep industry for a means of heavy returns in a financial way. They are realizing the fact that there is great money in the sheep business if properly manipulated, and are coming down."

"For the major portion, the enmity between the cowmen and the sheepmen is dying down. They have realized how foolish it is. The only trouble that ever comes up now is the trespass worry, and as the law is pretty strict in regard to trespassing, that will likely subside in a short while."—San Angelo Daily Standard.

Its A Top Notch Doer.

Great deeds compel regard. The world crowns its doers. That's why the American people have crowned Dr. King's New Discovery the King of Throat and Lung remedies. Every atom is a health force. It kills germs, and coids and lagrippe vanish. It heals cough racked membranes coughing stops. Sore, inflamed bronchial tubes and lungs are cured and hemorrhages cease. Dr. Geo. More, Black Jack, N. C., writes "it cured me of lung trouble pronounced hopeless by all doctors." 50c, \$1.00. Trial bottle free. Guaranteed by Nathan's Pharmacy.

West Texas Development Congress.

The News acknowledges receipt of an invitation to attend the meeting at San Angelo on December 6 to be held for the purpose of organizing the West Texas Development Congress. The object of the Congress are briefly stated as follows:

- (1) The bringing of the west closer together in one general organization through which united efforts can be systematically directed, taking the place of individual action.
(2) The promotion of a still more friendly feeling on the part of north, east and south Texas for the west.
(3) The more speedy importation of farms and capital.
(4) The encouragement of railroad building throughout West Texas.
(5) The improvement of our educational conditions.
(6) The necessity of co-operation in making better roads and public highways in general. While those we have are perhaps the best nature has given any country, yet, by concerted, well directed effort, they could be improved. The committee requests the attendance of all people interested in the development of West Texas.

Letter to R. H. Martin.

Sonora, Texas. Dear Sir: New Orleans is one of the cities hard on paint; but, nevertheless, they paint lead-and-oil a good deal there.

A C Callier painted two houses last year for F Hindar; one lead and-oil and the other Devco. The first is already in bad condition; Devco is perfect.

M Augustin, New Orleans, has painted his house Devco three times in eighteen years. This shows that Devco is good for six years there.

In Florida, where lead and-oil wears only a year, we have no complaint of Devco and we know of its wearing ten years in several instances. We don't say it wears ten years; you know; there are such instances.

"No complaint" is enough to say till we have long time experience; they're coming. Meantime Devco is the paint that takes least gallons, makes least bill, and wears longest. So much we're sure of.

Yours truly F W DEVOE & CO. E. F. Vander Stucken Co., sells our paint.

NOTICE.

I forbid anybody laying or tearing down my fences or driving stock through my pastures without my consent. S. B. T. BAKER.

Frightful Fate Averted.

"I would have been a cripple for life, from a terrible cut on my knee cap," writes Frank Disberry, Minn. "without Bucklen's Arnica Salve, which soon cured me." In fallible for wounds, cuts and bruises, Old Sores, Boils, Skin Eruptions. World's best for Piles. 25c, at Nathan's Pharmacy.

Encouraging Words From Men Who Know.

The Devil's River News, conducted by Steve and Mike Murphy has reached the ripe young age of two score years, and with the arrival of the anniversary it is better than ever. Steve Murphy is cast in a mould of vast intellectuality. With the wit of his nativity ever at his tongue's end, he also has the softness of heart and the big ness of character that causes true Irishman to dominate and influence in the four quarters of the globe. As an instrument in the upbuilding of Sutton county, the News has been of incalculable value. As the medium through which the sorrows of life have flowed with mournful movements and the joys have been sung with glad some song, the News has played its part without ever being found wanting. Here's gladness that the two Murphys have seen their hope and dream become a thing of verile life; here's hoping that the future will deal them four aces in the game of life every time the cards are shuffled—and if this is done, the nerve of the sons of Old Erin will see that the results are commensurate with the value of the hands.—San Angelo Press News.

Hamlet.

had melancholy, probably caused by an inactive liver. A bad liver makes one cross and irritable, causes mental and physical depression and may result disastrously.

Ballard's Herbina is acknowledged to be the perfect liver regulator. If you're blue and out of sorts, get a bottle to day. A positive cure for bilious headache, Constipation, Chills and Fever and all liver complaints. Sold by all druggists.

A report was received that Will Johnson had been killed in a mine near Bisbee, Ariz, Thursday but on telegraphic connection being established it was learned that it was not Will Johnson, son of Mrs. Johnson, mother of Mrs. Pfister of Sonora who had been injured.

Miss Clara Allison lost a gold watch and fob between town and J. W. Mayfield residence Monday. Fob A A engraved on it. Finder please leave them at this office, W. J. FIELDS, Sonora, Texas.

Money Come Runches. to A A Chisholm, of Friendsville, N. Y., now. His reason is well worth reading: "For a long time I suffered from indigestion, torpid liver, constipation, nervousness, and general debility," he writes, "I couldn't sleep, had no appetite, nor ambition, grew weaker every day in spite of all medical treatment. Then used Electric Bitters. Twelve bottles restored all my old time health and vigor. Now I can attend to business every day. It's a wonderful medicine." Infalible for Stomach, Liver, Kidneys, Blood and Nerves. 50c, at Nathan's Pharmacy.

Sunday Picnic Party.

A Sunday picnic and exploration party to the Felton Cave was chaperoned last Sunday by Mr. and Mrs. A. F. Bellows. The drive is about 12 miles and no matter how often one visits the underground caverns, new beauties, come to view and the cave is always a revelation to the new ones and a pleasure to those who have been there before. As stated above Mr. and Mrs. Bart Bellows chaperoned the party which consisted of Misses Carrie and Sallie Karnes Jennie and Beatrice Brown, Ada and Ruth Morris, Lillie Maddox, Rose Stephenson, Emma Chalk and Messrs. Ben Wyatt, Wallace Keese, Eldie Pfister, Roy Smith, Isa and Leslie Adams. The dinner was fine, the weather lovely and all enjoyed themselves.

The Bod-Rock of Success. lies in a keen, clear brain, backed indomitable will and resistless energy. Such power comes from the splendid health that Dr. King's New Life Pills impart. They vitalize every organ and build up brain and body. J. A. Harmon, Lizmore, W. Va., writes: "They are the best pills I ever used" 25c at Nathan's Pharmacy.

Sent Panther to State Fair.

R. F. Halbert, of Sonora, some time ago while out hunting in the Devil's River country, killed a big panther. The animal was a monster and one of the largest of the species ever seen in West Texas. It was mounted and exhibited in San Angelo at the fair grounds during the fair and carnival.

Tuesday George Hagelstein sent the stuffed animal to Dallas. He advised the fair officials of what he had done. Here is what the Dallas News says of the big beast's expected arrival:

Superintendent McKamy was somewhat surprised yesterday to receive a letter from a San Angelo man, saying he had shipped a panther to Dallas and it would be delivered to the live stock department of the Fair. Mr. McKamy at once phoned to the Park Board and told them he expected in on one of the night trains an untamed panther from West Texas and wished to know the pleasure of the board in the matter. Mr. McKamy was directed to put the panther in a cage near the black bear and the wolves—San Angelo Daily Standard.

ATTENTION RANCHMEN! PAGE WOVEN WIRE FENCE

I have taken the agency for the PAGE WOVEN WIRE FENCE for all of South and West Texas. I can sell you woven fence any height from 18 to 72 inches, any weight, and give the best of terms 6, 12, or 18 months time at 7 per cent interest on good bankable notes.

The Best fence on Earth. Doubles the Strength of any other wire of the same size. Adjusts itself to uneven grounds. Stretches over bill and down in canyon the same as on level ground.

I will be glad to figure with any one wanting fence. J. B. MURRAH, Sonora, Texas. General Agent South and West Texas.

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.

On and after October 1, 1909, we the undersigned, will not do any more credit business only with those who pay their accounts on the first day of each month.

To those who know themselves to be indebted to us we take this means of asking them to pay their accounts at once. Our reasons for the above action, are, that we have to pay our bills every thirty days, and unless we pay, or have the goods to show, it places us in a very embarrassing position with those who credit us. Their motto is: "Pay us or show us that you still have our goods in stock." Thanking you for your patronage in the past and asking a continuance of same.

We are very truly yours THEO. SAVELL, BARTON & SAVELL, TRAINER BROS.

The RED FRONT STABLE HAY AND GRAIN.

Your Patronage Solicited.

FRED BERGER,

BOOT AND SHOE MAKER, REPAIRING NEATLY DONE.

CHARGES REASONABLE.

Sonora, Texas.



To call on us and test our

Carstairs' Invincible Rye and MARTIN'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.

JOHN SWINBURN

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

Employment Bureau. All kinds of labor contracted. Also Spanish Interpreting.

Charges reasonable. Write, see or phone

TRAINER BROS., At the Bank Saloon.

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

THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK

SONORA, TEXAS.

CAPITAL AND SURPLUS: \$95,000.00.

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.

Eastman Kodak Agency. Kodak Films Developed and Finished.
School Books and Stationery Supplies, Etc.

CORNER DRUG STORE

WARDLAW & GOSCH, Proprietors.

Drugs, Jewelry and Stationery. We appreciate your

Business and try to give you satisfactory service.

CLARENCE GOSCH, C. B. WARDLAW.

If you can not buy what you want at
home, send your orders to

COS-HART DRUGS

Everything in Drugs. Heart of
shopping district. In the busy block.

SAN ANGELO, TEXAS.

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. Oct. 30, 1909.

District Court Monday Nov. 1st.

Henry Diebitz was in from his
ranch Friday for supplies.

Coleman Whitfield arrived home
Friday from San Angelo.

Artie Baker was in from the
ranch Tuesday trading.

J. A. Allison was in from his
ranch in the Middle Valley
country Wednesday trading.

Mr. and Mrs. Carl Mayfield of
Juno were in Sonora this week
visiting and shopping.

Ed Martin a saddler from San
Angelo has accepted a position
with D. H. Kirkland.

Mr. and Mrs. E. M. Kirkland
were up from their ranch Tuesday
shopping and visiting.

Miss Meta Keller of Mason, is
the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Aug
Meckel on the ranch this week.

L. C. Halbert of Ralston, Okla.
was in Sonora this week wanting
to buy steers.

John Bryden the sheepman was
in from the ranch Monday for
supplies.

T. H. Hord who has a ranch in
the Sol Mayer pasture was in
Sonora Monday trading.

John Hurst the well driller was
in from the Whitehead ranch Tues-
day trading.

Mr. and Mrs. Berry Baker were
in from their ranch on the Llano
Tuesday the guest of Mr. and Mrs.
R. T. Baker.

Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Blakeney
were in from their ranch a few days
this week the guest of Mr. and
Mrs. J. S. Allison.

John Martin returned from
Brady Wednesday with his family
where they have been visiting for
a few weeks.

Miss Pearl Owens who has been
teaching at the Henry Diebitz
ranch was in Sonora Saturday and
Sunday the guest of her friend
Miss Ada Morris.

There are several dishes left
over from the Trades Barbecue.
Owners call at Vander Stockens
and get them.

C. F. Adams returned this week
from a business visit to Del Rio.
Mr. Adams says the railroad talk
is not so exciting in Del Rio as it
has been but they are still hopeful.

Dr. J. D. Fields of Austin, is in
Sonora on a visit to his son W. J.
Fields and also to look after busi-
ness matters pertaining to the
ranch and live stock interests.
Dr. Fields and son own 35 sections
of land adjoining Sonora on the
east.

A. L. Clayton of Sherman,
Texas arrived in Sonora last Fri-
day and will teach school at the
Strackbein school house. The
Professor left for the ranch Satur-
day accompanied by Mr. Strack-
bein.

O. T. Word one of Suttons' most
successful stockmen returned
Monday from his ranch in Brews-
ter county. Mr. Word reports
conditions as most favorable in the
Alpine country.

The Washington Bureau has
sent out a forecast predicting a dis-
turbance that will cause rain in
this country (the Central Valley) Saturday and Sunday to be fol-
lowed by a cold wave that will reach
this region about a week later.

The News extends its sympathy
to Mr. and Mrs. James R. Hamil-
ton and family of San Angelo in
the loss of their daughter Edith,
(Mrs. Blake Oauthorn). Deceas-
ed is survived by two children.

In this issue of the News ap-
pears the professional card of Dr.
T. K. Proctor, of San Angelo. Dr.
Proctor is well and favorably
known all over West Texas as one
of the ablest and most thoroughly
equipped Eye, Ear, Nose and
Throat Specialist. Always abreast
with the latest science affords. Dr.
Proctor has recently returned from
doing Post Graduate work in
Chicago and his old and new
patrons will find him better equip-
ped than ever. Office now in
Western National Bank building
San Angelo, Texas.

Sam Bell was in Sonora Sunday
with "John R" (Major's Parole)
the three-year-old standard bred
stallion belonging to R. A.
Williamson of the Twin Hill
ranch, enroute to San Angelo for
shipment to Abilene where he will
be trained on W. J. Fencott's farm.
"John R" has grown into a very
handsome and stylish fellow and
from his breeding should be fact-
or at least a producer of speed.
"John R" is a Parole of National
reputation and his mother Mardella
is as her name implies of the
noted DeLaur family.

Married.

At the residence of D. B. Wood-
ruff, Justice of the Peace, precinct
No. 1, Sutton county, on Thursday
October 28, 1909, Ben Lee and
Miss Tinnie Lindsey were united
in marriage. Judge Woodruff
officiating. Ben Lee the groom is
from Eden and the bride is a
daughter of Wm. Lindsey a well-
known blacksmith of Sonora. The
happy couple will make their
home in Eden and if they should
ever change their residence the
News hopes their life will be as in
the first days in Eden.

Cold Weather Advice.

To all is to beware of coughs and
colds on the chest; as neglected
they readily lead to pneumonia,
consumption or other pulmonary
troubles. Just as soon as the
cough appears treat it with Bal-
lard's Horehound Syrup the stand-
ard cure of America. Use as direct-
ed—perfectly harmless. A cure
and preventive for all diseases of
the lungs. Sold by all druggists.
Price 25c, 50c, and \$1.00 per bottle.

Mrs. Jas. Morris and children
were up from the D. K. McMullah
ranch near Juno Thursday visiting.

Clay Holland of Owensville,
was a visitor in Sonora several
days this week.

Theo. and Hub Herring of San Angelo
and O. P. Treadwell of Fort McKavett,
were in Sonora Friday enroute to the
Beaver Lake country on a two weeks
hunt.

Mr. and Mrs. Chris Wyatt were
in from their ranch in Owensville
neighborhood several days this
week visiting Mr. and Mrs. R. T.
Baker.

Geo. E. Wilcox of Douglass,
Ariz., a former resident and busi-
ness man of Sonora is here on his
annual visit. Mr. Wilcox says all
the Sonora people up in Arizona
are doing well and prospering.
Business, however, is not very
active at present owing to the lack
of interest in the copper mines.

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

H. B. Balch and son Marcos
made a business trip to Merizo
last week where they visited
Morton Balch. Marcos reports
the town location as beautiful and
the buildings substantial and
work plentiful.

E. S. Briant, general manager of the
Sonora Mercantile Co. made a business
trip to San Angelo this week in the
interest of his customers wool and mohair
clips. Mr. Briant was also met by re-
presentatives of eastern houses and
made purchases of winter and spring
goods for the Sonora Mercantile Co.

T. J. Stuart a prominent ranch-
man who resides 26 miles south
east of Sonora was kicked by a
horse Thursday evening. Mr.
Stuart was close to the horse and
was struck just above the heart.
Dr. C. D. Smith and H. R. Ward-
law left for the ranch home on a
call which gave the above state-
ment which also informed the doc-
tor that the accident had occurred
before sundown, or about 3 hours
before the call was sent for medi-
cal aid.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Morris enter-
tained at their home in Sonora
Saturday night a few young
people. The evening was pleas-
antly spent with a vocal selection
by Miss Chalk, instrumental
selections by Miss Ruth and a
reading by Miss Ada Morris.
They all had a big time. Those
present were Misses Pearl Owens,
Jennie and Beatrice Brown, Emma
Chalk, Ada and Ruth Morris,
Messrs. Jeff, Roy, and Fred
Smith and Will Word. The vocal
rendition by Miss Chalk was
especially enjoyable and every
one knows how Miss Ruth paws
the ivory. But the reading by
Miss Ada with her reference to
"Little Brother" capped the
climax.

John T. Cooper has disposed
himself of his possessions in the
Sonora country and shipped his
family to Phoenix, Ariz. where
they will make their home this
winter. John Cooper has few
equals as a trader and stockman
and the News knows he will make
a success in his new home. John
says he will attend the 4th of July
celebration in Sonora in 1911 and
will come here on the Orient train.
John backs his judgement on
horses and we hope his judgement
is as good on the railroad pros-
pects, however it would be a
pleasure to have some vitally in-
terested land owners back their
business judgement and come for-
ward at this time and say what
they will give for a railroad.

Findlater Hardware Co

Headquarters for

HARDWARE & WELL SUPPLIES.

General Agents for

Samson Windmills

The surest and most powerful water getters ever
manufactured, guaranteed to be stronger, more perfectly
self regulating and durable than any other.

Standard Windmills.

A direct stroke wood wheel on the same pattern as
the Leader, made in Ft. Worth, Texas, and now that the
factory has rectified its early mistakes and is turning out
good smooth work, with a full cypress wheel, the best on
the market.

Help Home Industry

Stover Gasoline Engines, Plain and Pumping. The
simplest, stoutest and best on the market.

Fuller & Johnson Farm Pump Engines, a perfect
wonder for shallow wells, and light farm work.

We manufacture Hudson Bottomless Stock & Storage
Tanks and carry the largest and most complete stock in
the west of pipe, casing and fittings. Genuine Cook Cyl-
inders, both Gun and Spool Valves, Baker Perfect barb
and cattle wire, American and Ellwood Fencing, Heat-
ers, Cook Stoves, Ranges and

General Hardware

If your home merchants are unable to fill your orders
send them to.

FINDLATER HARDWARE COMPANY,
SAN ANGELO, TEXAS.

J. H. Luckie was in from his
ranch Monday with a load of
mohair.

Sam McKee was in from his
ranch Monday with a load of
mohair.

Mat Karnes and son Dock were
in from the ranch this week and
reports the rain fine.

Dr. Murphy and Chas West
of Eldorado, were visitors in So-
nora Thursday.

Born on Wednesday Oct 20th,
1909, to Mr. and Mrs. Herman
Tiers a boy.

J. J. Ralston and F. V. Ford of
Rock Springs were in Sonora
Thursday.

Miss Jessie Smith who is teach-
ing school on the C. C. Earwood
ranch, was in Sonora several days
this week visiting.

Fish and Oyster supper at the
Decker Hotel on Tuesday Nov. 2,
for the benefit of the Methodist
Church.

Dr. Scott the dentist left for
Eldorado this week on professional
business. He expects to be away
about a month.

Bob Peacock was in from the
Peacock & Savell ranch Monday
on business. Bob says the rain
was all right.

Mr. and Mrs. Claude Stites were
in from their ranch in the Middle
Valley country, this week visit-
ing and shopping.

A pretty line of Xmas goods, com-
prising Jewelry, Cut Glass and many
other pretty things have arrived at
Nathans Pharmacy.

W. E. Dunbar was in Sonora
this week from his ranch 12 miles
south of town. Mr. Dunbar thinks
the winter this year will be more
favorable than last.

W. Bascom Smith who ranches
eighteen miles south of Sonora
was in town this week. Mr.
Smith reports cattle in good shape
and the prospects for a winter very
satisfactory.

Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Hodges
were up from the Whitehead
ranch several days this week visit-
ing and shopping. Mr. Hodges
is book keeper and general manag-
er of the G. W. Whitehead & Sons
large ranches in Val Verde county.

F. GLIED,
PHOTOGRAPHER,
FIRST CLASS WORK.
ALL PRICES
Sonora, Texas.

Notice to Trespassers.

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

W. F. SAWYER.

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.

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 tim-
ber, hauling wood or hunting hogs
without my permission, will be
prosecuted to the full extent of
the law.

A. F. CLARKSON,
Sonora, Texas.

DAIRY BUSINESS FOR SALE

The only MILK business in
Sonora is for sale with as many
cows as the purchaser may need.

The business is a paying one
but I wish to engage in other
business. Apply to,
JAMES L. TARVER.

Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Noguera
were in Sonora Thursday from the
ranch eight miles east of town.

DR. L. F. ROBICHAUX.

Late of San Antonio senior
member of the firm of Drs.
Robichaux & Wagoner who for six
years have had offices in the Hicks
Bldg will come to Sonora to make
his home where he will equip and
maintain an office equal in every
respect with those found in the
cities. The doctor is a graduate of
North Western University the
largest dental school in the world
and studied medicine at Chicago
University. He comes with not
only every advantage from an
educational stand point but has
been well recommended to many
of the leading citizens as a gentle-
man as well as an artist in his
line. One of his best references is
that his firm does an annual prac-
tice of over fifteen thousand
dollars.

The doctor sustained a break-
down in health that made this
change in location necessary, his
arrival will appear in this paper,
and he will guarantee satisfaction
to all those patronizing him.

Good Letter from Atlin.

San Angelo, Tex., Oct. 22, 09-
Mr. Mike Murphy.

"Dear Mike"—When I reached
home about a week ago I found
your card written from Mineral
Wells. So glad you remembered
me, regret I was away during the
Carnival at San Angelo, while you
were there as we could have had
a "time."

I will tell you about my trip on
Sept. 5, '09, I left for Lawton,
Okla., to see all my cousins
uncles, aunts and grand mother.
Also to go to school. But the cli-
mate proved too cold and I was
tortured again with rheumatism and
had to come home. While away
Uncle and I went to Orla, City to
the fair, while there I saw the
Real Buffalo Bill, rode the Sonora
Railway, visited Ringling Bros.
shows at Lawton, but never saw
any thing that was so attractive to
me as the Devil's River News and
never received that "Glad Hand"
till I reached San Angelo and saw
there some of the "Best people on
Earth" from Sonora. When I re-
ceived your letter from Mineral Wells to
the Home folks I was saying Ah
Me! And I want to address
them myself as the "Best people
on Earth." You find no such
people in Orla, I am going to
school and hope to finish this term
if my health permits me.

Claud has accepted a position
with C. B. Henderson, (already
got a raise in salary) Tell all his
friends when in San Angelo to call
on him. Will close, Claud joins
me in sending—to Steve and
Mike. As ever.

Your Friend,
Alvin G. Keene.
P. S: Every Sunday eve at 8
p. m. rain on shine you will find
the whole family at the Post Office
waiting for the Devil's River
News.

CORNELL & WARDLAW

Attorneys-at-Law,

SONORA, - TEX.

Will practice in all the State Courts

OSCAR HUFF, M. D.

OFFICE CORNER DRUG STORE.

Residence Commercial Hotel.

Sonora, Texas.

H. R. WARDLAW, M. D.

Practice of Medicine and Surgery,
(formerly house physician, John Sealy
Hospital) Galveston, Texas.

OFFICE CORNER DRUG STORE.

Night Commercial Hotel.

Sonora, Texas.

DR. T. K. PROCTOR.

SPECIALIST,

EYE, EAR, NOSE, AND THROAT.

Western National Bank Building

San Angelo, - Texas.

High School Girls.

The Sonora High School Girls
are playing Basket Ball this year
with much enthusiasm and are
getting ready to accept or chal-
lenge the neighboring towns for a
game.

The young ladies have two
clubs, The Blacks and The Reds.
This is designated by their cos-
tumes and in the contest Saturday
last the Blacks were represented
by Beatrice Brown, Sallie Karnea,
Ruth Morris, Ruby Bridge, Ray
Davis, Mary Smith, and Nellie
Smith with Ruth Morris center
and Beatrice Brown pitcher.

The Reds had for their team
Ethel Adams, Shelby Joy, Ethel
Cammel, Jewel Decker, Alice
Merck, Pearl Parkerson and
Maggie Pfeister, with Jewel
Decker, center and Ethel Adams,
pitcher. John Holman was score
keeper and the record was Blacks
13, Reds 4. Ruth Morris played
the best center and Ethel Adams
the best pitcher. The majority of
the Blacks played last year and as
soon as the Reds master the game
there will be something doing.

Never Worry.

About a cough—there's no need of
worry if you will treat it at its
first appearance with Ballard's
Horehound Syrup. It will stop
the cough at once and put your
lungs and throat back into per-
fectly healthy condition. Sold by
all druggists.

Roy Aldwell and Otto Strack-
bein left last week with Capt.
Parker, the Orient surveyor to
work with the corps on the survey.
The men are at present working in
the Christoval country trying to
get the survey above high water.
Roy Aldwell is a graduate of the
engineering department of the A.
& M. and the practical field work
will be of much value to him.

Slightly Colder With Snow.

When you see that kind of a
weather forecast you know that
rheumatism weather is at hand.
Get ready for it now by getting a
bottle of Ballard's Snow Liment.
Finest thing made for rheumatism,
chilblains, frost bite, sore and stiff
joints and muscles, all aches and
pains. Sold by all druggists, 25c,
50c, and \$1.00 a bottle.

Ed Wall was in Sonora Thurs-
day trading. He brought in some
mohair.

B. F. Bellows and son Bert the
tumber men and contractors re-
turned from a business trip to
Eldorado last Saturday.

R. H. Chalk, owner and man-
ager of "Chalk's Safety Valve" will
have his Safety Valve on Exhibi-
tion on main street during next
week. Ranchmen when in town
should see it.

Has to be Cited.

"Possibly there is something on
Earth that is a surer and quicker
cure for cuts, burns, sores, pains
and bruises than Hunt's Lightning
Oil. If so, I would like to be
cited. For twenty years I have
been unable to find anything bet-
ter myself." H. H. WARD,
Rayville, La.



Royal Baking Powder is the greatest of time and labor savers to the pastry cook. Economizes flour, butter and eggs and makes the food digestible and healthful.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER

Makes most healthful food
No alum—no lime phosphates
The only baking powder made from Royal Grape Cream of Tartar

The Lure of the Mask

By HAROLD MAC GRATH



Copyright, 1903, by the Bobbs-Merrill Co.

the policeman bit off the end, nodding with approval at such foresight. "Didn't get a peep at her face?" "Not a single feature. The light was behind her." "An' how was she dressed?" "In fog, for all I could see." "On the level now, didn't you know who she was?" The policeman gave Hillard a sly dig in the ribs with his club. "On my word!" "Some swell, mebbe." "Undoubtedly a lady. That's why it looks odd—why it brought me into the street. She sang in classic Italian. And, what's more, for the privilege of hearing that voice again I should not mind sitting on this cold curb till the milkman comes around in the morning." "That wouldn't be fer long," laughed the policeman, taking out his watch and holding it close to the end of his cigar. "Twenty minutes after I. Well, I must be gettin' back to me beat. Been to Italy?" "I was born there," patiently. "No! Why, you're no dago!" "Not so much as an eyelash. The story happened to drop the basket there, that's all." "Ha, I see! Well, Ameriky is good enough fer me an' mine," complacent-ly. "I dare say!" "An' if this stogy continues to be-bering we'll say no more about the van-ishing' laddy." The policeman strolled off, his suspicions in nowise removed. He knew many rich young bachelors like Hillard. If it wasn't a chorus lady it was a prima donna, which was not far from being the same thing. Hillard regained his room and leaned with his back to the radiator. He had an idea. It was rather green and salad, but as soon as his hands were warm he determined to put this idea into immediate use. The voice had stirred him deeply, stirred him with the longing to hear it again, to learn what extraordinary impulse had loosed the song.

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. - Oct. 30, 1903

MARRIAGE IN MOROCCO.
Negotiations by the Parents—Fortune Telling Made Easy.
Negotiations for the marriage of, say, Ali Mahmoud are now in progress. The parents are arranging the whole affair. Probably Ali will not see his future bride until after the ceremony. The wild, passionate stories of the east do not occur in Morocco. A Moor says that "a woman is like unto your shadow—run away from it and it will always follow you; run after it and you never catch it."

What humans are chiefly hunting for nowadays is inspiration in one form or another. This story cannot fail to give its reader inspiration, and therefore its value can hardly be overestimated. The magic of the love of man for woman, that, aroused simply by the sound of a voice, causes a young millionaire to cross oceans and traverse foreign lands to find his fate was never better pictured. The story is intensely romantic and alluringly mysterious. The insidious evils of unwise marriage with foreign "noblemen" are cleverly shown, and the familiar Italian brand of intrigue is laid bare. The author shows that the reward of patience and purity is happiness and that the wages of sin is death. He makes you laugh when he pictures the adventures of an American comic opera troupe stranded in foreign lands. He makes you thrill with the wanderlust when he describes La Bella Napoli and the vine covered slopes that rim the Mediterranean.

peculiar whimsical freak had sent her singing past his window at 1 o'clock of the morning? A grand opera singer returning home from a late supper? But he dismissed this opinion even as he advanced it. He knew something about grand opera singers. They attend late suppers, it is true, but they ride home in luxurious carriages and never risk their golden voices in this careless if romantic fashion. As for being a comic opera star, he refused to admit the possibility, and he relegated this well satisfied constellation to the darkness of limbo. He had heard a voice. A policeman came lumbering over to add or subtract his quota of interest in the affair. Hillard wisely stopped and waited for him. "I heard a woman singin'," the guardian of the law said roughly. "So did I." "Huh! See her?" "For a moment," Hillard admitted. "Well, we can't have none o' this in the streets. It's disorderly." "My friend," said Hillard, rather annoyed at the policeman's tone, "you don't think for an instant that I was directing this operetta?" "Think? Where's your hat?" Hillard ran his hand over his head. The policeman had him here. "I did not bring it out." "Too warm and summery, huh? It don't look good. I've been watchin' these parts for a liddy. They call her Liddy Lightfinger, an' she has some o' the gents done to a pulp when it comes to lettin' fools an' trinkets. Somebody fergits to lock the front door, an' she finds it out. Why did you come out without yer lid?" "Just forgot it, that's all." "Which way'd she go?" "You'll need a map and a searchlight. I started to run after her myself. I heard a voice from my window; I saw a woman; I made for the street; niente!" "Huh?" "Niente, nothing!" "Oh, I see—dago. Seems to me now that this woman was singin' Italy-an' too." They were nearing the light, and the policeman gazed intently at the hatless young man. "Why, it's Mr. Hillard! I'm surprised. Well, well! Some day I'll run in a bunch o' these chorus laddies, jes' fer a lesson. They git lively at the restaurants over on Broadway, an' thin they raise the dead with their singin', which often as not is anything but singin'. An' here it is after 1." "But this was not a chorus lady," replied Hillard, thoughtfully reaching

Great Works Accomplished Under the Most Adverse Circumstances.
Some of the world's most valued literary productions have been accomplished by their authors under circumstances of pain and hardship almost incredible.
Of the blind writers one immediately thinks of Milton and of our own Prescott, who, though not entirely blind, was almost so and performed prodigies in the way of historical composition while handicapped in a way calculated to dishearten the bravest.
Another great historian, John Richard Green, did his work in the midst of a hard battle against disease and pain. In 1869, when he was finally prostrated by the disease that had taken hold many years before, the doctors gave him no hope of living more than six months longer. Nevertheless Green set about the task of writing his "Short History of the English People," a task that he triumphantly carried to a conclusion notwithstanding racking pains.
We are assured on excellent authority that Elizabeth Barrett Browning wrote the greater number of her fine poems confined to a darkened room, to which, by reason of her infirmities, only her own family and most intimate friends could be admitted, while she was in great weakness and almost continuous pain.
Another brave struggle was that of the poet Heine. The last seven years of the German thinker's life were spent on what has been termed his "mattress grave" in such pain and suffering that he was obliged to consume doses of opium in quantity sufficient to have killed several men. Yet Heine not only endured all this with resignation and even cheerfulness, but managed to produce some of his most finished work, among which were "Last Poems and Thoughts" and his "Confessions."

Without any difficulty he ascertains the identity of the bridegroom and carefully studies his personal appearance. He then repairs to the residence of the bride on the day appointed. A Thursday is set apart for these seances. The prospective bride smears the left side of her face with khol and rouge and prepares a huge plate of couscous with her left hand. Then she pays successive visits throughout the city to seven baths, seven mills, seven bakeries and to the banks of seven streams to invite the genii to supper.
At midnight the females of the house assemble at the gate of the house and in total darkness go through the prescribed formula of welcome to the ghostly visitants. The couscous is already set out for the delectation of the supernatural guest. When a reasonable time has elapsed for the supposed genii to finish their meal all present ascend to the housetop.
Fires are lighted, marabout, with great solemnity, throws small pellets of various drugs upon them on behalf of the girl for whom the oracle is to be interrogated. By the various forms assumed by the flames and smoke the marabout then professes to describe the future husband of the girl. The ceremony concluded, he takes his departure with a substantial reward and a further enhancement of his reputation as a magician and holy man.
A few days later Zaida receives a present from her future father-in-law, and the contract of marriage is definitely arranged.
A deputation of the bridegroom's relations now come to fetch her, and the procession is formed to lead her to her new house.
Ali Mahmoud and Zaida eyed each other curiously, for it is the first time they have met. The long and tedious ceremonies and the six days of feasting over, they take up their quarters in his father's house until such time as he can afford to set up an establishment of his own. Zaida is relegated to the monotonous indoor life of the Mohammedan women. She is never allowed to leave the house. Like most of her class, she has very little culture. She can neither read nor write, while she is denied the solace of prayer from sheer ignorance of the prescribed. Her prime is passed in trivial household duties until such time as her husband can afford to buy a negress slave. Her amusements consist of futile embroidery and long hours at eventide spent on the terraces reserved for the women.—London Graphic.

CHAPTER I.
THE VOICE IN THE FOG.

OUT of the aromatic night out of the somber blurring January fog, came a voice lifted in song, a soprano, rich, full and round, young, yet matured, sweet and mysterious as a night bird's, haunting and elusive as the murmur of the sea in a shell—a lilt from "La Fille de Mme. Angot," a light opera long forgotten in New York. Hillard, genuinely astonished, lowered his pipe and listened. The voice rose and sank and soared again, drawing nearer and nearer. It was joyous and unrestrained, and there was youth in it, the touch of spring and the breath of flowers. The music was Leocq's—that is to say, French—but the tongue was of a country which Hillard knew to be the garden of the world. Presently he observed a shadow emerge from the yellow mist, to come within the circle of light, which, faint as it was, flamed in against the nothingness beyond the form of a woman. She walked directly under his window.

As the invisible comes suddenly out of the future to assume distinct proportions which either make or mar us, so did this unknown cantatrice come out of the fog that night and enter into Hillard's life, to readjust its ambitions, to divert its aimless course, to give impetus to it and a directness which hitherto it had not known. "Ah!" He leaned over the sill at a perilous angle, the bright coal of his pipe spilling comet-wise to the areaway below. He was only subconsciously of having spoken, but this syllable was sufficient to spoil the enchantment. The voice ceased abruptly, with an odd break. The singer looked up. Possibly her astonishment surpassed even that of her audience. For a few minutes she had forgotten that she was in New York; she had forgotten the pain in her heart; there had been only an irresistible longing to sing.

Though she raised her face, he could distinguish no feature, for the light was behind. However, he was a man who made up his mind quickly. Brunette or blond, beautiful or otherwise, it needed but a moment to find out. Even as this decision was made he was in the upper hall, taking the stairs two at a bound. He ran out into the night bareheaded. Up the street he saw a flying shadow. Mainly she had anticipated his impulse. She was gone. He cupped his ear with his hand in vain. There was nothing but fog and silence.

"Well, if this doesn't beat the Dutch!" he murmured. He laughed disappointedly. It did not matter that he was three and thirty. He still retained youth enough to feel chagrined at such a trivial defeat. Here had been something like a genuine adventure, and it had slipped like water through his clumsy fingers.

"Dence take the fog! But for that I'd have caught her." But reason promptly asked him what he should have done had he caught the singer. Yes, supposing he had, what excuse would he have had to offer? Who could she be? What into his vest for a cigar. "The lady had a singing voice." "Huh! They all think alike about that. But mebbe she wasn't bad at the business. Anyhow—" "It was rather out of time and place, eh?" helpfully. "That's about the size of it. This Liddy Lightfinger is a case. She has us all thinkin' on our nights off. Clever an' edjicated an' jabbers in half a dozen tongues. It's a thousand't the man who jugs her. But she don't sing; at least they ain't any report to that effect. Perhaps your laddy was jes' larkin' a bit. But it's got to be stopped." Hillard passed over the cigar, and



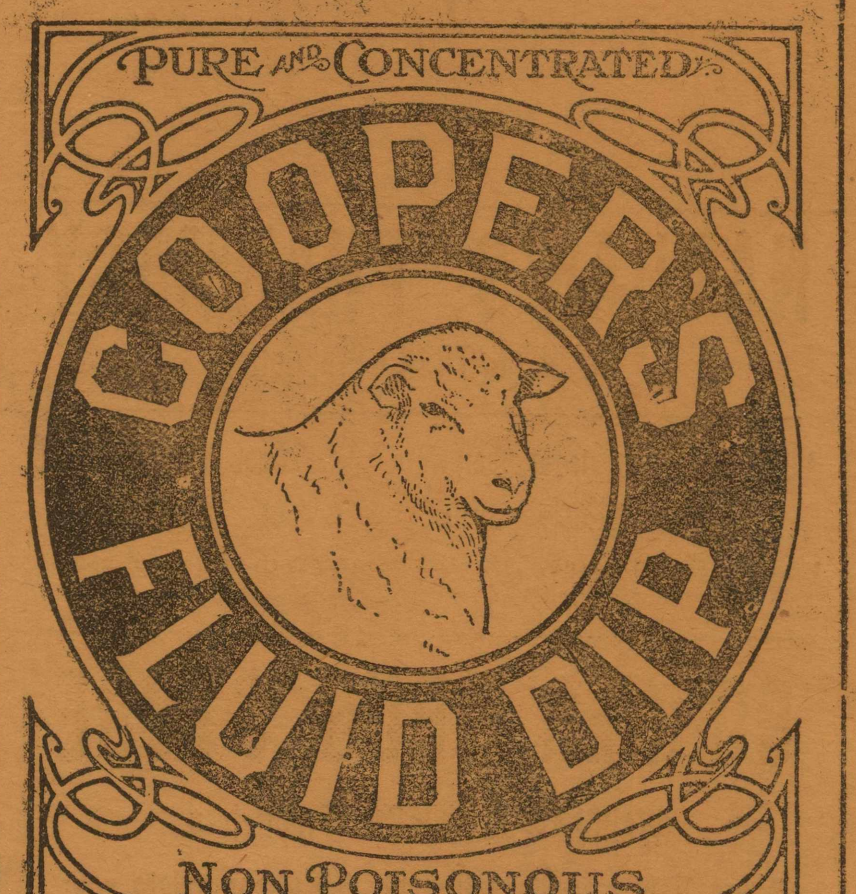
Out of the somber fog came a voice lifted in song.

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Never the winter came with its weary round of rain and fog and snow that his heart and mind did not fly over the tideless southern sea to the land of his birth if not of his blood—Sorrento, that jewel of the sun bathed cliffs! With a quick gesture of both hands—Latin, always Latin—he crossed the room to a small writing desk, turned on the lights and sat down. After several attempts he realized that the letter he had in mind was not the simplest to compose. There were a dozen futile efforts before he produced anything like satisfaction. Then he filled out a small check. A little later he stole downstairs, around the corner to the local branch of the postoffice and returned. It was only a blind throw, such as dicers sometimes make in the dark. But chance loves her true gamester, and to him she makes a faithful servant.
He picked up a novel. "I should be sorely tempted to call any other man a silly ass, Liddy Lightfinger—it would be a fine joke if my singer turned out to be that irregular person."
He fell to reading, but soon yawned. He shied the book into a corner, drew off his boots and cast them into the hall. A moment after his valet appeared, gathered up the boots and waited.
"I want nothing, Giovanni. I have only been around to the postoffice." "I heard the door open and close four times, signor." "It was I. If this fog does not change I shall want my riding breeches to-morrow morning." "It always rains here," Giovanni remarked.
"Not always. There are pleasant days in the spring and summer. It is because this is not Italy. The Hollander wonders how any reasonable being can dwell in a country where they do not drink gin. It's home, Giovanni. Rain peltis you from a different angle here. There is nothing more. You may go. It is 2 o'clock, and you are dead for sleep."
But Giovanni only bowed. He did not stir.
"It is seven years now, signor." "So it is—seven this coming April." "I am now an American citizen and may return to my good Italia without danger." "That depends. If you do not run across any official who recognizes you."
Giovanni spread his hands. "Official memory seldom lasts so long as seven years. The signor has crossed four times in this period." "I would gladly have taken you each time, as you know." "Oh, yes! But in two or three years the police do not forget. In seven it is different." "Ah!" Hillard was beginning to understand the trend of this conversation. "So, then, you wish to return?" "Yes, signor. I have saved a little money," modestly. "A little?" Hillard laughed. "For seven years you have received fifty American dollars every month, and out of it you do not spend as much copper centesimal. I am certain that you have 20,000 lire tucked away in your stocking—a fortune!" "I buy the blacking for the signor's boots," gravely.
Hillard saw the twinkle in the black eyes. "I have never," he said truthfully, "asked you to black my boots." "Penance, signor, penance for my sins, and I am not without gratitude. There was a time when I had rather cut off a hand than black a boot. But all that is changed. We of the Sabine hills are proud, as the signor knows. We are Romans out there. We despise the cities, and we do not hold our out palms for the traveler's pennies. I am a peasant, but always remember the blood of the Caesars. Who can say?"

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One of His Father's Ways.
Mr. Jefferson had not been altogether an exemplary husband and father, but he possessed certain engaging qualities which secured him many friends and made his death the cause of sincere mourning to his widow. "Mis' Jefferson, she's done broke up over Eb'nezer's bein' took off frim de pneumony," said one of the neighbors.
"She sutt'nly is," said another—"Eb'nezer" around de house all de time, she goes. Why, day befo' 'st'day I was thar helpin' her, an' she only stop cryin' once, an' dat was to spank little Eben for takin' n'lasses out'n de jug right into his noof when her back was turned.
"When she'd spanked him good an' set him down she says to me, 'He makes me tink ob his pa so much I c'ant bear it!' an' bas' right out cryin' ag'in."—Youth's Com-

It Broke Him.
A clever young woman, as resourceful as she was pretty, married a young man of rather gay habits. Yet from the start all went well. The husband soon became the village model of domesticity.
"Jim," said a girl friend to the bride, "no longer spends his evenings at the club, does he?"
"Oh, no," said the other, laughing. "I soon broke Jim of that."
"How did you do it?" asked the girl.
"Every night he went out," the matron explained, "I'd put two arm-chairs side by side before the parlor radiator, and then I'd hold a match to a cigar till the room got a faint odor of smoke."