

DEVIL'S RIVER NEWS.

VOL 20 SONORA, SUTTON CO., TEXAS, SATURDAY, JANUARY 15, 1910. NO 1001

BE COMFORTABLE.

There are many days of cold weather before the balmy breezes of Spring will justify you in changing the weight of your garments. Our business has been most satisfactory, but our lines of winter dry goods, clothing, underwear, etc., is complete in most departments. Let us fill your orders and we feel sure of making you one of our regular customers for the coming year. Quality and prices will please you at

The Sonora Mercantile Co.

Devil's River News

PUBLISHED WEEKLY.
MIKE MURPHY, Proprietor.
STEVE MURPHY, Business Manager.
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. Jan. 15, 1910

A Dusty Spot.

A school inspector, noted for his idiosyncrasies, happened to notice that a terrestrial globe in one of the class rooms was very dusty. This annoyed him, and, putting his finger on the globe, he cried out, "There's dust here an inch thick!" "It's thicker than that sir," calmly replied the new teacher. "What do you mean?" asked the inspector sharply. "Why," came the answer, "you've got your finger on the desert of Sahara."—London Daily News.

A Wild Blizzard Raging.

brings danger, suffering—often death—to thousands, who take colds, coughs and grippe—that terror of Winter and Spring. Its danger signals are "stuffed up" nostrils, lower part of nose sore, chills and fever, pain in back of head, and a throat-gripping cough. When Grip attacks, as you value your life, don't delay getting Dr. King's New Discovery. "One bottle cured me," writes A. L. Dunn, of Pine Valley, Miss., "after being laid up three weeks with Grip." For sore, lungs, Hemorrhages, Coughs, Colds, Whooping Coughs, Bronchitis, Asthma, its supreme. 50¢, \$1.00. Guaranteed by Nathan's Pharmacy.

R. M. Turner, a prominent stock farmer of Kimble county, was here last week transacting business in connection with the sale of his ranch. He has just sold his home place on the South Fork of the Llano, consisting of about 4500 acres to several parties living here who propose making a game preserve out of it. Mr. Turner is still going to make his home in Kimble county, and has just bought a section of land fronting on the North Fork of the Llano. He will continue raising fine hogs and horses. The freeze did very little damage in his section, the farmers and stockmen all welcomed it as a good thing and of great benefit for the coming season.—Texas Stockman and Farmer.

WHAT ABOUT THAT \$2,000?

We Like a Mule Because.

He is the most tireless worker on the farm.

He does more work.

He is always as good as cash in the bank.

He never falls through a hole in a bridge and generally keeps out of danger.

He is an excellent saddle animal if you know how to saddle him.

His feet stand hard roads better than those of a horse.

He is more intelligent than a horse.

He is never in love, but attends strictly to business all the time.

He is never sick but once, and then he dies. But whoever saw a dead mule since the war?

He never stops to fight flies as a horse does, because his hide is much tougher.

He is just as gentle as a horse if he has not been spoiled in breaking.

His age outs little figures in a sale. Nobody cares much now how old a mule is.

He will bring from \$10 to \$250 when he is full grown, if he is big and smooth and strong.—Colman's Rural World.

Trials of Winter.

Do not permit yourself to be a victim to a cold or cough. They lead to pneumonia, consumption and elsewhere. Beware, use Simmons' Cough Syrup. It cures coughs, heals lungs and will keep you right here to enjoy the beauties of spring.

The man in 1910 without a poll tax receipt will be likened to the "Ten Foolish Virgins" when he comes to the polls. He will find the gate shut and will be out in the dark. Then comes the wailing that something wasn't done exactly as he would have it, after that an application will be filed for membership in the whittlers' gang and ere long you will hear something rumbling about the prosperity of the country and finally the undertaker will haul away a box labeled "Hookworm." Better get up and come through.—Kansas Observer.

Old and True.

"For fifteen years I have constantly kept a supply of Hunt's Cure on hand to use in all cases of itching skin trouble. For Eczema, Ringworm and the like it is peerless. I regard it as an old friend and a true one."

Mrs. Eula Preslad, 50¢ per box. Greenfield, Tenn.

A Wretched Mistake

to endure the itching, painful distress of Piles. There's no need to. Listen: "I suffered much from Piles," writes Walter M. Smith, Silver City, N. C. "I got a box of Bucklen's Arnica Salve, and was soon cured." Burns, Bolls, Ulcers, Fester Sores, Eczema, Cuts, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, vanish before it. 25¢ at Nathan's Pharmacy.

The Chicago public schools are about to introduce in their system a course teaching humane treatment of animals. This is a move in the right direction. Much cruelty in the world comes from thoughtlessness, and children especially are given to ill-treating animals because they do not realize the pain which they inflict. The effect of such an educational course in humanity will prove more than useful along other lines—merely consideration for animals. The principles of kindness and justice instilled will bear fruit in higher standard of citizenship.

Saved at Death's Door.

The door of death seemed ready to open for Murray W. Ayers, of Transit Bridge N. Y., when his life was wonderfully saved. "I was in a dreadful condition," he writes, "my skin was almost yellow; eyes sunken; tongue coated; emaciated from losing 40 pounds, growing weaker daily. Virulent liver trouble pulling me down to death in spite of doctors. Then that matchless medicine, Electric Bitters, cured me. I regained the 40 pounds lost and now am well and strong." For all stomach, liver and kidney troubles they're supreme, 50¢ at Nathan's Pharmacy.

The uncultivated area of Texas exceeds the total area of the thirteen original colonies, excepting Georgia and North Carolina. The uncultivated area of Texas exceeds the total area of all the states bordering the Atlantic ocean from Maine to North Carolina, inclusive. The uncultivated area of Texas can support all the people in the United States, using as a basis of calculation, two acres of cultivated land per capita, which is the world's average. The total increase in real estate values in Texas approximates one million dollars per day.

Too Much Face.

You feel as if you had one face too many when you have Neuralgia Don't you? Save the face, you may need it, but get rid of the Neuralgia by applying Ballard's Snow Liniment. Finest thing in the world for rheumatism, neuralgia, burns, cuts, scalds, lame back and all pains. Sold by all druggists.

THE ARTERIES.

They Are Liable to Become Hardened in Old Age.

"A man is as old as his arteries," was said some time ago by a French physician, and the saying, like so many others of the phrase loving French, has a good deal of truth in it and not a little error.

There is many a man, old in years, but young in spirit, whose arteries are like pipstems. So brittle do they seem, indeed, that the physician hardly dares feel the pulse lest he crush the friable artery under his finger, yet these old people are active in mind and body and seem often much younger than men of but two-thirds their years.

Again, one meets elderly folk whose lives seem to flicker dangerously, like a candle flame in a draft, whose arteries are as soft and compressible as those of a child.

In general, however, the saying is true, and especially in premature old age it will usually be found that the arteries are hard, with fibrous thickening, if not already more or less calcified. Hardening of the blood vessels—arteriosclerosis is the accepted medical term—consists in a fibrous overgrowth of the walls of the arteries, usually following more or less degeneration of the normal tissues of the vessels. As to just how this comes about physicians are not entirely agreed. It is probable that the change occurs first in the very minute vessels, those that run through the walls of the larger vessels supplying them with blood for their nourishment. When these are hardened by the deposit of fibrous tissue they carry less blood and carry it more slowly, and so the nutrition of the walls of the larger vessels is reduced. This leads to softening, and then nature tries to repair the damage by the only new tissue at her hand—namely, fibrous tissue.

Later these fibrous and thickened walls of the larger arteries may be hardened still more by a deposit of lime salts from the blood.

The arteriosclerosis so common in old age is the result of "wear and tear." An elastic tube dilated by hydraulic pressure and then contracting 10,000 times a day will have done much work by the end of seventy years. In younger life arteriosclerosis is most commonly caused by intemperance—not in drinking only, but in eating, especially meat eating, without enough exercise to consume the excess of nutrient material. Overwork, worry and chronic poisoning, such as lead poisoning, are also factors.

The best thing for arteriosclerosis is not to get it, and the best way not to get it is to be moderate in everything. People growing old should be examined medically every six months, and then incipient arteriosclerosis may be detected and perhaps arrested by proper diet, drugs and regimen.—Youth's Companion.

Cause of Her Mirth.

A maid had just come over from Ireland, and a Brooklyn woman engaged her. A bell hung in the girl's room, and the morning after her arrival her mistress rang the bell to get her up. But the maid did not get up, though the bell rang and rang. Finally, therefore, the mistress herself rose, and, slipping on a dressing gown, she hastened to the new servant's room. There, wide awake, the maid lay, laughing at the top of her lungs.

"What on earth are you laughing at, Norah?" said the mistress.

"Faith, mum," Norah answered, "O'm laughin' at that bell. As sure as Oi live Oi haven't touched it, an'—jest see—it's waggin'!"—Putnam's.

When to Cut Flowers.

The best time to cut flowers is early in the morning, while the dew is upon them, or else during the evening. As soon as cut the stems should be placed in water, even if in a temporary way, if not convenient to arrange them at once in their proper positions.

When the flowers have to be packed early in the morning they must be cut extra early, or what is better, cut the previous evening and placed in water all night in a cool place which can be kept close. In this way they absorb all the water it is possible for them to do, being consequently fresher when unpacked.—Gardening Illustrated.

Clever Responses.

An American orator in endeavoring to respond to a toast frankly acknowledged his incapacity in this unique manner: "Ladies and gentlemen, I am the possessor of a gigantic intellect, but just at this moment I haven't got it about me."

Tallyrand got out of a similar difficulty by a successful ruse. In responding to his health being drunk he got up before the applause subsided, mumbled, but spoke nothing, made a bow and sat down, at which the applause redoubled.—London Tit-Bits.

WANTED TO MAKE HAY.

A Dominant Parish Clerk With Little Regard For the Dead.

Unfortunately a very young clergyman came to the parish, and then John, the parish clerk, did just, and only just, what he liked. A leading dissenter had died and his wife had named a day to the vicar for the funeral. One fine day in July the funeral procession duly arrived, and the vicar advanced in full canonicals to meet the corpse at the churchyard gate. To his amazement the widow advanced toward him in a perfect fury, shaking her fist in his face and shouting: "Do you call this religion? Where's the gravie? 'Tis shameful to a poor lone widow. Where's his gravie (grave). I tell you!"

The vicar then, for the first time, perceived that John, the clerk, was missing and that no grave had been prepared. Upon inquiry he was told that John was haying in the park. A messenger was dispatched to bring him, and shortly John appeared, limping along with a prong in his hand, his shirt sleeves rolled up to the elbow, his coat upon his arm and a large straw hat upon his head. He advanced with perfect composure, and when the vicar began to say, "This is very disgraceful, John," he replied:

"You bide a bit. I sees what it be. You let me talk to she. She knows me, and I knows she." Then, addressing the widow, he proceeded: "Now, I tell ye what it be. You listen to reason. Now we've had rain, rain, rain, and now we've got a fine day we must make our hay. Now your corpse he won't hurt. Comes a wet day, 'tain't no odds to you. You bring your umbrellas, but our hay 'd spile. Now, you take he home and listen to reason. Your old man he'd 'a' listened to reason. Hay's a thing as can only be made when 'tis fine. 'Tain't no odds to corpses whether 'tis wet or dry."

So completely was the woman convinced by the irresistible logic of John's argument that she was completely subdued, and if the vicar had not insisted upon some of the hay-makers being called in to dig the grave the funeral would have turned home again.—Cornhill Magazine.

Milk and Milking.

Many people believe that milk is ready made and stored in the udder of the cow, simply awaiting the milker. This impression is corrected by the statement of the well known scientist, John Burroughs, who says: "Most persons think that giving down or holding up the milk by the cow is a voluntary act. In fact, they fancy that the udder is a vessel filled with milk and that the cow releases or withholds it just as she chooses. But the udder is a manufactory. It is filled with blood from which the milk is manufactured while you milk. This process is controlled by the cow's nervous system. When she is excited or in any way disturbed, as by a stranger or by taking away her calf or any other cause, the process is arrested and the milk will not flow. The nervous energy goes elsewhere. The whole process is as involuntary as is digestion in man and is disturbed or arrested in about the same way."—Indiana Farmer.

George Washington No Sailor.

A Baltimore schoolteacher had encountered such a degree of ignorance and mental obtuseness on the part of one of her boys that she became disheartened. So it was with considerable sarcasm that she said to the youngster:

"I wonder if you could tell me whether George Washington was a soldier or a sailor?"

The kid grinned. "He was a soldier, all right," was the reply.

"How do you know?" asked the weary teacher.

"Because I seen a picture of him crossin' the Delaware," explained the boy. "Any sailor 'd know enough not to stand up in the boat."—Shipping Illustrated.

A Mysterious Visitor.

New Servant—Please, mum, there's a strange lady downstairs, and she didn't have no card. She took off her things, as if she intended to stay, and she looked around the room with her nose in the air, as if things wasn't good enough for her, and she rubbed the window to see if it was clean, and she peeped in the dark corners and then looked at the dust on her fingers and sniffed.

Mistress—I can't imagine who the creature can be. My husband's mother and sisters are away.—Exchange.

Teacher and Tommy.

Teacher—Tommy, can you tell me what shape the world is? Tommy—It is round. Teacher—How do you know it is round? Tommy—Because you told me yourself. Teacher—Yes, but my telling you the world is round doesn't make it round. How do I know it's round? Tommy—I suppose somebody told you.—Munsey's Magazine.

CHAS. SCHREINER.

BANKER

(UNINCORPORATED)

AND COMMISSION MERCHANT

KERRVILLE, TEXAS.

A General Banking Business Transacted. Solicitors Accounts of Merchants and Stockmen.

THE FAVORITE SALOON

IS NOT effected by the passage of the

PURE FOOD LAW. Our Liquors are all

GOOD. Some Special Brands for Family

AND MEDICINAL PURPOSES.

ICE COLD BEER AND MINERAL

WATERS ALWAYS ON HAND.

Theo. Savell, Proprietor.

THE Rock Front

BARTON & SAVELL, PROPRIETORS.

Cold Beer and Soft Drinks

Pure Wines and Liquors

Choice Cigars, Etc.

PHONE ORDERS TO 97 WILL RECEIVE

PROMPT ATTENTION. YOUR TRADE

COURTEOUSLY APPRECIATED

J. G. BARTON. AND THEO. SAVELL.

Now is the Time to Try



OUR NEW
Texas Pride
BRINGS HAPPINESS
to the ENTIRE FAMILY
SAN ANTONIO BREWING ASSN. SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS

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

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.

KENNETH TALIAFERRO,

The Tailor.

NEW SAMPLES JUST RECEIVED. LEAVE YOUR

ORDERS. CLEANING AND REPAIRING.

Shop in the Old Bank Building.

SAM MERCK,

Blacksmith and Machinist

(THE OLD POTTER SHOP.)

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

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SUBSCRIPTION \$2 A YEAR IN ADVANCE

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Advertising Medium of the Stockman's Paradise.

Sonora, Texas. Jan. 15, 1910

Coming Back to Devil's River.

Golconda, Nev.
 Jan 4 1910.
 Friend Steve Murphy,
 Sonora, Texas.

I can say
 That I am willing to pay,
 And start two dollars on its way.
 Hoping that it won't go astray.
 Hello Steve how are you and Mike?
 I received the first copy of the Devil's River News on the first day of Jan. 1910. Of all the new year greetings that I ever received in my life I have appreciated more than I did the Devil's River News, it made me think the more of the old days gone by.

Beg your pardon Steve, same to Mike that I did not write direct to you, but I supposed that you and Mike had taken a dislike and like a majority of the rest had gone further west. (As old Horrace Graely said to grow up with the country) I was talking to a man from Missouri one time about sensible people when he made the remark "that there was as smart people in Missouri as there was in any state in the Union but he said that they were all there yet." And now I think that the same will apply to the Lone Star State and especially to the Devil's River country. I have regretted the day and kicked myself a thousand times for ever leaving there, although I have worked for better wages three times over than I ever received there, but at the same time I have never been satisfied.

I am dividing my time now between herding sheep and prospecting. I have some very promising ground that I am working this winter but there has been so much bad weather I have not been able to do much work for two or three weeks.

Snow, did you say that it snowed on Devil's River, you ought to see this country, it has been covered with snow for two months and is still covered, with no prospects of a thaw soon.

I see that there is quite a number of the old timers still there, I see where they are sensible. Stay there boys there is no place like home. I expect to make a stake out of this mining property I have but whether I do or not you will see me back in the good old Devil's River country. Thanking you for sending me the News and my best wishes for Sonora and the Devil's River country. I am yours truly,
 J. D. Dancer,
 Golconda, Nev.

They Are All Pleased.

"By experience I have found your Hunt's Lightning Oil to be a great pain and sprain reliever. I am very much pleased with it."
 C. C. Cook,
 Haltersville, Texas.
 25c and 50c bottles.

McAllister Drops Dead.

While returning home for dinner, D. O. McAllister, 59 years old, of 825 Avenue B, dropped dead at the intersection of Fifth Street and Avenue E. Tuesday afternoon about 4:30 o'clock of heart failure. He had suffered from poor circulation and occasional attacks of heart trouble during the last several years.

Mr. McAllister was the principal of the conservatory of telegraphy in this city and has been teaching telegraphy and kindred subjects in San Antonio for twelve years. He was agent for the Sunset prior to coming to San Antonio. He was a native of Burlington, Iowa, but lived for many years in Kansas.

There survive the widow and two daughters in this city. The daughters are Misses Sadie and May McAllister. A son Max McAllister, resides in San Angelo—San Antonio Express.

D. O. McAllister was pastor of the Methodist church in Sonora in 1893 and prior to becoming a Methodist minister was station agent for the G. C. & S. F. at Ballinger. The News extends its sympathy to the family in their sorrow.

Every Mother

is or should be worried when the little ones have a cough or cold. It may lead to croup or pleurisy or pneumonia—then to something more serious. Ballard's Horehound Syrup will cure the trouble at once and prevent any complication. Sold by all druggists.

He took a little shell
 Unheeded, on the stand;
 He struck it and there fell
 A music from his hand.
 The little echo caught
 Before its breathing died.
 Was fashioned into thought,
 Deep, all-pervading, wide!
 And Nations heard and wept,
 And wept and heard and grew,
 Beneath the hand that swept
 The chords: God-loving, true.
 Peter J. Malone.

Doc Nelson is agent for the Vitas Ore remedy, manufactured by the Theo. Noel Co., Chicago. Parties wanting this remedy can get it by calling at his residence on lower Main street. 27 if.

MOHAIR GROWERS.

S. O. Baker, Silver City, N. M., secretary of the National Mohair Growers association, has just sent the following: At the meeting of the National Mohair Growers association November 8, a selling committee of three, consisting of Johnston Roberts, F. O. Landrum and myself, was appointed to investigate conditions in the east, select location for central warehouse and look after the marketing of the mohair. At the request of my fellow committeemen I have just spent thirty days in the east canvassing the situation, visiting some of the mills, and learning what I could of the present situation and future prospects of the mohair industry. I reported to the committee at Uvalde, Texas, on my return, and as a result we have selected Boston, that being the most advantageous location, and have secured the service of parties there to act as our bonded agents in handling the business at that end. This is what we have secured through these people: First, a specially equipped warehouse for sorting, grading and storing the mohair; second, expert graders to be employed to grade the mohair, so that every shipper will get full value for his different grades; third, all the money necessary to advance every shipper 75 per cent cash on a conservative market value when shipment is received at the warehouse with interest at 6 per cent; fourth, all mill credits guaranteed, settlements to be cash in ten days with the association. All to be done under contract and bond. What more do we need? The great cry has always been, "money for advances" When we started this movement last summer, we had hundreds of letters saying, "all you need is to get money to advance something to the shipper to carry him along and you can get all goat men to join." Now we have the money, so it is up to the goat men to join this association and protect their own interest. Why should any grower hesitate one moment. The 75 per cent advance will be about as much as he has been getting for his mohair, and will carry him until sales are made, and enable him to get a much better price for his product than in the past. From all I learn, I could see nothing but the brightest future for the mohair industry from the manufacturing side and a correspondingly bright future for the growers, if they will only cooperate in this work and protect their own interests the same as the mills do. The mills tell us they pay the top of the market. What is the market? Just what the mills think they care to pay and it is only a matter of business for them to buy just as cheap as they can. We would all do the same. And they will continue to do so until we establish an open market and invite competition and insist on a fair price. If I could talk to every goat man in the country for just ten minutes and tell them some things I learned that cannot be put in print, we would have them all members as fast as they could sign an application. The angora husbandry has reached a point where it is large enough to protect itself, but is the last of the industries to do so. Owing to the many new uses being found for mohair the demand will increase yearly, as the manufacturered products have become staples in trade. As an illustration of this, the making of automobile and carriage tops from mohair has reached a magnitude, never dreamed of a few months ago. Texas Stockman and Farmer.

Sonora is Prosperous.
 D. J. Wyatt, one of the captains of industry of Sonora, was here Monday and he was talking Sonora and the greatness thereof with but little hesitation.

"We are in fine shape down our way, and the people are all as happy as clams at low tide," he declares. "The cold weather hasn't yet gotten a single hump in the back of a single bovine that lasted twenty-four hours. The losses this winter will be delightfully light, and the very best season you ever saw is now in the ground."

Mr. Wyatt was one of the citizens of Sonora that entertained the Business Men of this city on the occasion of the trades excursion last fall.

"And we want the business men to come again," he said—Press-News.

The Meanest Man in Town is the one who always wears a frown, is cross and disagreeable, and is short and sharp in his answers. Nine cases out of ten it's not the poor fellow's fault, it's his liver and digestion that make him feel so miserable, he can't help being disagreeable. Are you in danger of getting into that condition? Then start at once taking Ballard's Horebina for your liver—the safe, sure and reliable vegetable regulator. Sold by all druggists.

No wonder Zelaya hated to "loosen up" on Nicaragua. To be cut off from the tidy little sum of \$40,000 a month in good American money is no joke. He seems to have had a hand in everything in the country out of which any money was to be made. The wily excoriator controlled everything from the monopolies on alcohol and tobacco to the street cleaning of his capital city. Nothing got away from him. Even the national finances did not escape his itching palm. For one thing he compelled the payment of custom dues thru compulsory purchase of Government bonds, which could only be obtained from him and which he sold at 50 per cent over par having bought them himself at 40 per cent under par—which was a rather neat little arrangement for him. It is unbelievable, almost the various ways in which Zelaya added to his pile. He and the commander of the penitentiary divided the profits of the convict labor the prisoners received nothing in compensation for their work and only 70 per cent of the salaries of the State officers were paid them Zelaya retaining 30 per cent as a commission. Oh he did a mighty soft thing of it did the President of Nicaragua—Ex.

Lumber may be bought from B. E. Bellows of Sonora at San Angelo prices and delivered where you want it. Have him give you prices. 93 8c.

Easter Sunday.

Easter Day will come on March 27 this year which is unusually early. An early Easter and an early spring are synonymous and equivalent to prosperous conditions for the live stock industry.

We will be prepared in ample time to supply your spring goods; but in the mean time we are disposing of all our cold weather wearables at reduced figures. Come and see them and get our prices.

The E. F. Vander Stucken Co.

Faith Home Election.

The annual election of the Faith Home Association was held Tuesday morning at the parish house of Christ church, when the entire official board, was re-elected with the exception of Mrs. W. W. Willson, whose absence from the city will make her unable to again assume the responsibilities of office. In her place Mrs. W. G. Muster was elected.

The officers are: Mrs. D. F. Weems, president; Mrs. M. E. Bryan, vice president at large; Mrs. Jonathan Lane, recording secretary; Mrs. W. G. Muster, corresponding secretary; Mrs. Frank A. Reichardt, treasurer.

In addition to these, there is a vice president representing each of the religious denominations of the city.—Houston Chronicle.

Caught in the Rain.

then a cold and a cough—let it run on—get pneumonia or consumption that's all. No matter how you get your cough don't neglect it—take Ballard's Horebina Syrup and you'll be over it in no time. The sure cure for coughs, colds, bronchitis and all pulmonary diseases in young and old. Sold by all druggists.

Making Life Safer.

Everyday life is being made more safe through the work of Dr. King's New Life Pills in Constipation, Biliousness, Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Liver troubles, Kidney Diseases and Bowel Disorders. They're easy, but sure, and perfectly build up the health. 25c at Nathan's Pharmacy.

T. P. Russell has sold his ranch.

consisting of 4000 acres just south east of town, to Mrs. Lee L. Russell for \$30,000.—Menardville Messenger.

F. C. Bates Jr. one of Schleich's most prominent sheepmen

was in our city several days this week and reports that his sheep are doing fine.

The new residence of Fred Millard is going up rapidly it is being built by John White, he will also start a new residence for T. K. Womack next week in the north east portion of town.—E. Dorado Success.

When you go to San Angelo

call on Eddie Maier, at the Favorite Saloon, he will treat you O. K. 72-4f

Grand Handicap WRESTLING MATCH

Prof. Smithson VS Local Six

To be selected from such able young men as Wylie Brooks, Curry Brooks, Tom Clements, Marion Stokes, Lem Johnson, Herman West, John Holman, Geo. Clements and others.

CATCH as CATCH CAN. Saturday Night. January 15,-10

A stranger in Milwaukee, saw an Irishman at work in the street

asked him what was the population of the town.

"Oh, about forty thousand," was the reply.

"Forty thousand! It must certainly have more than that," said the visitor.

"Well," said the Irishman, "it wud be about two hundred and seventy five thousand if ye were to count the Dutch."—Philadelphia Record.

Mrs. Sadie Dooley returned Friday from a pleasant visit with friends in Uvalde.

Prof. and Mrs. R. E. Thomas returned Friday evening from the Ellis ranch in Edwards county where they spent a part of the holidays.

Whit Ellis, a prominent ranchman of Edwards county, was in Brackett Sunday evening

He left Monday morning for San Antonio where he will receive special treatment for rheumatism.

Mr. G. O. Rose and Miss Annie H. Dooley were married on Christmas Eve. Rev. F. H. Hardin of Uvalde officiating. They will make Shrievport La. their home. The News-Mail extends congratulations.—Brackett News-Mail.

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is the one who always wears a frown, is cross and disagreeable, and is short and sharp in his answers. Nine cases out of ten it's not the poor fellow's fault, it's his liver and digestion that make him feel so miserable, he can't help being disagreeable. Are you in danger of getting into that condition? Then start at once taking Ballard's Horebina for your liver—the safe, sure and reliable vegetable regulator. Sold by all druggists.

Making Life Safer.

Everyday life is being made more safe through the work of Dr. King's New Life Pills in Constipation, Biliousness, Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Liver troubles, Kidney Diseases and Bowel Disorders. They're easy, but sure, and perfectly build up the health. 25c at Nathan's Pharmacy.

T. P. Russell has sold his ranch.

consisting of 4000 acres just south east of town, to Mrs. Lee L. Russell for \$30,000.—Menardville Messenger.

F. C. Bates Jr. one of Schleich's most prominent sheepmen

was in our city several days this week and reports that his sheep are doing fine.

The new residence of Fred Millard is going up rapidly it is being built by John White, he will also start a new residence for T. K. Womack next week in the north east portion of town.—E. Dorado Success.

When you go to San Angelo

call on Eddie Maier, at the Favorite Saloon, he will treat you O. K. 72-4f

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

The News rates for announcements are:
 Congressional Legislative and Judicial Districts \$5.
 County officers \$10.
 Precinct officers \$2.50.
 All announcements are payable in cash in advance.
 The DEVIL'S RIVER NEWS is authorized to announce:

CORNELL & WARDLAW

Attorneys-at-Law,
 SONORA. - TEX.

Will practice in all the State Courts

H. B. 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.



has an attraction for the Pugilist.

The fabulous prices offered by the "FIGHT PROMOTERS" are proving irresistible to the prize fighters.

We have some attractions that ought to prove irresistible to you.

It's our QUEEN RYE whiskey at \$4.50 per gallon and all kinds of wines and liquors at prices to suit.

Come and see us and be convinced.

TRAINER BROS. BANK SALOON

FOR GOOD WOOD

PHONE 96

NOTICE.

After January 1st, 1910, I will not do any credit business
D. H. KIRKLAND.

PAY YOUR POLL TAX AND BE A MAN

NOTICE.

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

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 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.



Anyone sending a sketch and description may quickly ascertain our opinion free of charge. Our invention is probably patentable. Communications strictly confidential. HANDBOOK on Patents sent free. Oldest agency for securing patents. Patents taken through Munn & Co. receive special notice, without charge, in the Scientific American.
 A handsomely illustrated weekly. Largest circulation of any scientific journal. Terms: \$3 a year; four months, \$1. Sold by all newsdealers.
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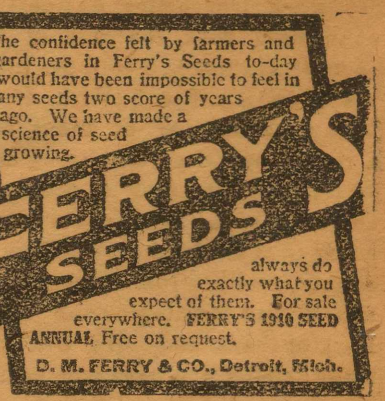
NOTICE.

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.



WOOD FOR SALE.

Any kind of wood,
 Phone, 18.
J. C. WILSON.
 Sonora, Texas.

E. R. JACKSON, W. L. ALDWELL, E. F. VANDERSTUCKEN,
 President, Cashier, Vice President.
THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK
 SONORA, TEXAS.
 CAPITAL AND SURPLUS: \$30,000.00.
 We have never changed our motto: Give us Your Business and we
 Will Make You Feel at Home.

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.

NATHAN'S PHARMACY

A. H. NATHAN, Proprietor.

When in Sonora make yourself at home among the pretty things which are constantly arriving:

JEWELRY, SILVERWARE, CUT GLASS and WATCHES.

If the day be cold he cordially invites you to have a **HOT CHOCOLATE** or **BOUILLON**. If it be a warm one, a **COLD SODA** is yours.

When ever you are ready to make a purchase call on him. He will save you money.

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.

SONORA RESTAURANT.

WALTER WYATT, Proprietor.

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

ALSO A NICE LINE OF CONFECTIONERY, CIGARS, ETC.

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. Jan. 15, 1910.

Bill Ogle was in from his ranch near Mayer Wednesday trading.

Henry Ory was in from the Juno country Wednesday trading.

Mrs. Jas Irvin was in from the ranch this week visiting friends.

Have B. F. Bellows of Sonora give you prices on lumber and you will buy from him. 93-81.

Giles Hill the stockman and farmer was in Sonora trading Tuesday.

Born on Saturday Jan. 8, 1910 to Mr. and Mrs. Howard Johnson a girl.

Born on Wednesday Jan. 12 1910 to Mr. and Mrs. Troy Owens, a girl.

You may run for office this year so see that all your friends pay their poll tax this month.

Mrs. Payne Rountree left on Saturday for her old home at Enham, Texas on a visit.

J. J. and E. I. Kuykendall the tank builders were in Sonora Saturday for supplies.

Aug Moos who ranches on the divide in Edwards county was in Sonora Tuesday trading.

Save \$2 by paying your road tax to J. E. Grimland, county treasurer, before February 1st.

E. A. McCoy who has leased the J. W. Reiley ranch was in Sonora Monday for supplies.

W. A. Mires was up from his ranch Tuesday delivering mules to J. C. Stribbling.

Mat Lee manager of the Sol Mayer ranch was trading in Sonora Tuesday.

Roseo Morris was in from the Sol Mayer ranch Tuesday for supplies.

Pay County Treasurer J. E. Grimland \$3 now and save \$2 on your road tax.

Mr. and Mrs. Ed Mayfield arrived home from their wedding tour Wednesday.

J. R. Brooks a well known stock man of Crockett county, was in Sonora Thursday attending to some business.

Ask B. F. Bellows of Sonora about lumber. He will deliver to you at San Angelo or in Sonora.

A gentleman telling his wife that another man had enbured about a lady friend's "transformation," the wife asked "Well, what did you say?" "Oh nothing, I just switched the subject."

S. E. Gilbert, Frank Turney, Holly Carson, and Joe Bradford returned from Brady Wednesday where they had been with 200 fat cows for H. P. Cooper.

The convenience of being able to buy a few planks of lumber in Sonora from B. F. Bellows is great. For 1910 the increased price 93-81.

Stock News.

Mat Lee sold to Pascol Odum 150 stock cattle at \$15.

Martin & Holcomb sold for Mat Lee 26 mules, yearlings and colts at private terms to J. C. Stribbling of Llano.

C. B. Tiedale was in from the McKnight ranch Monday and reports having bought 50 head of stock cattle from W. A. Thomason at \$15 per head.

Joe Wallace who was in Sonora more than a week ago, reported that Chas. Schreiner of Kerrville had sold his fall clip of wool at 20 1/4 cents.

Mat Karnes, a prominent Sonora country stockman who was in town during the holidays reported that Chas. Schreiner of Kerrville sold his fall clip of wool at 20 cents.

J. C. Shibbling, of Llano, was in Sonora this week trading. He bought and received mules from the following parties in and around Sonora. From R. F. Halbert 24 coming two's at \$6; From Geo. Meadows 12 two's at \$60; From Heavy Bridge 2 two's at \$50. He also bought yearlings from T. B. Adams 31 at p. t.; From J. T. Shurley 19, at \$46; G. W. Stephenson 31 at \$45; Thomson Bros 10 at \$45; Fred Millard 10 at \$45; W. A. Miers 12 at \$42.50.

C. T. Turney Sells 2,000 Head of High Grade Cattle.

Marfa, Tex., Jan. 11.—A herd of 2,000 head of high grade cattle has been purchased from C. T. Turney, of Los Cruces, by Brown, Bogel & Gohlke, of this place.

Wool Production During Past Year.

Secretary and Cashier W. E. Savers, of the Wool Growers' Central Storage Company, has just received an annual report of wool production in the United States for 1909, and it shows some interesting figures.

The total clip for 1909 was greater than ever before, amounting to 347,923,400 pounds. This is over 30,000,000 in excess of the figure for 1908. The total number of sheep in the United States in 1909 was 44,867,200, a million more than there were in 1908.

In Texas, 8,746,160 pounds of wool were produced, with 1,482,400 sheep, during the year just ended.—Standard

For Thirty Years.

"Inclosed find money order for one dollar, for which send me its worth in Simmons' Live Purifier, put up in tin boxes. I have been using the medicine for thirty years." Thos. H. Reilly, Jonesville, La.

No comments necessary. Price 25c per box.

Line Busy.

"No," drawled the mayor of the far western settlement, "the boys had some money tied up in that thar bankrupt telephone company an they just didn't like the way receiver was handling the business."

"Didn't, eh?" commented the tourist. "Well, what did they do about it?"

"Oh, they just hung up the receiver."—Chicago News.

Bob Gatlin of the Double Tanks country on Devil's River was in Sonora Monday.

John Ford returned from a visit to his family in San Antonio Saturday.

W. R. Clendennen was in from the John Robbins ranch Tuesday on business.

John Hurst the well driller was in town Monday for supplies. He is drilling for W. A. Miers.

W. A. Glasscock bought a White Steamer auto from I. W. Ellis this week.

Mrs. Tom Holland of Eldorado is visiting Mr. and Mrs. Will Hays this week.

Walter Wyatt bought the restaurant business from Geo. Sofge this week and intends running it in first class style.

Frank McGonagill arrived home Saturday from a prospecting trip to the El Paso country. He likes the country and expects to locate there soon. He met several Sonora people on his trip and they all seem to be doing well. His brother Alex and family are all well and doing fine.

Oysters and fish at the Sonora Restaurant.

WHY?

There is a vast difference between what some towns are doing and what has been done by others. The "others" or old towns developed the country made habitable and profitable for the promoters of the "New towns" with paved sidewalks, etc., to achieve success. But to the "old" is due the development of the West. Take for instance, Sonora, the money that has been spent in developing the country south of San Angelo if available for civic purposes, and was so used, would give us paved streets, trees, public parks, perfect sanitation, etc. Even as it is Sonora's not necessarily handicapped because most of the money expended has been well spent, and we are not burdened with taxation. Sonora has the best water works system in Texas, the best streets, and best sanitation of any inland town in Texas. Think about what may be accomplished with a raise of a few dollars well expended. Sonora has the public buildings; the finest school building in any Texas town (about PAID FOR); county buildings partly paid for, so that in a year or more taxation could be light for the other necessary improvements. It takes people to make towns; men may be successful in business and not be business men. Your home is here, your interests are near by, you would not be content and live elsewhere. Make an effort, put your shoulder to the wheel of progress, get up against the collar and land the railroad.

CONSIDER WHY you live in the Sonora country and are anxious to acquire more property in the Stockman's Paradise? The question is ambiguous, but is worth thinking about.

WHY do people who have lived in the Sonora country and sold out, want to return?

WHY is it said live stock bring better prices in the Sonora country than elsewhere?

WHY do the children when sent to other towns or cities to complete their education anxiously look forward to their return to Sonora?

WHY do the young people of the West want to be present when there is celebration in Sonora?

WHY when away from home you tell, and proudly, that you are from SONORA?

Well, there is no limit, except to your endurance, the WHY'S could be continued indefinitely and the answer is because Sonora and the Sonora country is settled by the best PEOPLE on earth. Note particularly, that we say: "Settled by the best people on earth." Now, then, are these, the best people on earth, to let the surfage wash ashore or with the tide lead on to fortune.

A Dog's Life.

The Dutchman addressing his dog said:

"You was only a dog but I wish I was you. Ven you go mit the bed in, you youst durn round three times and lay down, ven I go mit the bed in I have to lock up the place und vind de clock, and put de cat out und undres myself; und my wife yakes up and scolds me; den de baby cries, und I haf to valk him up und hown den maybe ven I shust go to sleep its time to shust up again. Ven you get up you getst stretch yourself and stretch a couple of times, und you vas up. I haf to light de fire, put on de kettle, schrap mit my wife already, und maybe get some breakfast. You play around all tay und haf plenty of fun. I haf to work all tay und haf plenty of trouble. Ven you die, I haf to go to bell yet."

Swing or pass'er by.

Jas. Cornell and L. J. Wardlaw the Sonora lawyers returned from a professional trip to San Angelo Tuesday.

Peter Robertson and Fred Napier were in Sonora Monday on their way home to Menardville from a hunting trip to Old Mexico.

Mr and Mrs. Joe Pincham arrived home Saturday from a visit to friends in Cuero. Joe says the country down that way is in very good shape.

Mrs. A. R. Cauthorn and daughters Ida and Stella and niece, Miss Virgie Justice of Snyder, Tex., who has been governess at the ranch for the past three months, were in Sonora Monday accompanied by Billy Cauthorn.

Swing or pass'er by.

MODEL "A" WINDMILLS

Have all the good points of other mills, and all the weak points eliminated. Therefore it is the

BEST STEEL WINDMILL ON EARTH.

Eclipse Windmills

Everybody knows them. There are IMITATIONS.

But all the makeshifts lack material and workmanship. Profit by other peoples experinees and insist on having only the genuine.

Crowther Hardware Co.

The Leaders.

San Angelo.

Sonora's Commercial Club.

The following is a list of the members of the "Sonora Commercial Club" that was organized on January 1. The organization has not been completed and it is expected many more progressive citizens will join. The membership fee is \$5 and it is hoped the organization will be able to accomplish much for the benefit of the entire country. See that your name is enrolled that the car of progress may start well oiled: W. L. Aldwell, B. F. Bellows, J. S. Allison, Aug Meckel, O. T. Word, W. A. Glasscock, L. J. Wardlaw, E. S. Briant, R. T. Baker, T. D. Newell, E. F. Vander Stucken, Will Whitehead, Geo. J. Trainer, A. H. Nathan, Gosch & Wardlaw, J. D. Lowrey, G. W. Morris, H. P. Cooper, R. H. Martin, L. L. Craddock, Theo Savell, Mike Murphy, R. H. Wardlaw, Fred Berger, J. J. North, W. E. Whitehead, Roy Aldwell, James Cornell, T. B. Adams S. G. Taylor, Jas. A. Cope, H. P. Allison, R. F. Halbert, G. W. Stephenson, B. M. Halbert.

Max Logan who has been looking after the Geo. Allison sheep for several months was in Sonora Tuesday.

Dock Simmons was in Sonora Wednesday delivering mules he recently sold to J. C. Stribbling, of Llano.

Jim Pharis ranch manager for John Ford, was in Sonora Saturday trading. Jim says every thing is all right on the ranch.

Mr. and Mrs. John Martin and children who have sold out in the Paradise and moved to Brady, left for their new home this week. Just a matter of business and only a few years until John and his estimable family will be at home again in the Sonora country. Mr. Martin likes the Brady country but knows his home is here among the people of the Stockman's Paradise.

Mr and Mrs. J. B. Blakeney have moved to San Angelo where Mr. Blakeney and Lee Woodward have bought the City Drug Store formerly owned by A. M. Nichols & Son. The business is on Chadbourne street and both Lee Wood ward, who formerly was a drug clerk in Sonora and Mr. Blakeney will receive a share of the "out of town business" of the Sonora country. The News hopes that Mr. and Mrs. Blakeney will be pleased with and successful in their new home.

Roy Hudepetu with his "make time" wagon was in Sonora Tuesday. Roy says that "Progressive Pat" Murphy of the Standard is responsible for his (Roy's) effusion—and that the report was elaborated. Roy says he was just "guying" San Angelo and at the same time making a bit for his home town (Sonora) Roy likes his new auto that makes the distance (less long) but at the same time has 400 3 and 4 year old steers for sale and his neighbour J. S. Pierce has 60 of the same ages for sale in the spring—or now if the prices suit.

Swing or pass'er by.

Printers Errors.

A certain great authority on Jerusalem was in the habit of contracting the name of the city in his manuscripts to "Jerus." In one of his books upon the subject he described the sensations which attended his approach to the famous city. After reaching the summit of a hill "the glorious panorama of Jerusalem," he wrote, "was spread before us." Owing to the usual contraction, the genial compositor rendered this "the glorious panorama of Jones was spread before us." A misprint which will always bear repetition is that concerned with the sailor's wife who wished it to be announced, "A sailor going to sea, his wife desires the prayers of the congregation." This got itself rendered into "A sailor going to see his wife desires the prayers of the congregation." Before we condemn the compositor who perpetrated this, however, we must bear in mind the possible nature of his own domestic relations. Another excellent one is that of the editor who wrote, "When Mrs. Jones lectured on 'Dress' she wore nothing that was remarkable." How the compositor came to the conclusion that this should read "When Mrs Jones lectured on 'Dress' she wore nothing—that was remarkable!" is a mystery.—P. T's London Weekly

Sugar Cured Pork.

This recipe has been used for years in Virginia and is thoroughly reliable:

To sugar cure hams and shoulders, for every eighty pounds of hams or shoulders use three ounces of saltpeter, seven ounces of brown sugar, one pint of fine salt. Mix all three thoroughly and rub on outside of meat same day it is butchered. Lay meat on inclined surface for twenty-four hours to drain, where it cannot freeze. Then rub two quarts of salt on the eighty pounds. Let it lay for fourteen days on inclined surface, so that melting brine will not stand on the meat.

Hang up and dry or smoke, then pack for the summer. A broad or swinging shelf in the cellar, with one end raised and a tub or bucket to catch the drip is the best place to keep the meat in the north; in this climate it will not freeze in the smokehouse. Perhaps as good a way as any to keep it over the summer is to put each piece in a flour sack, or a bag made for the purpose, and stuff all around the meat carefully with clean hay or straw, so that that the meat in no place touches the bag. This will keep any itquisitive fly from reaching the meat, and also supplies ventilation and prevents molding.

Sugar cured bacon can be prepared in the same way as hams and shoulders, by using about ninety pounds of side meat, cut in strips, for the same amount of saltpeter, sugar and salt. Bacon prepared in this way is superior to the expensive sugar cured breakfast bacon on the market.

Coat Lost.

Childs Navy-Blue coat lost Dec. 30, between the Rountree place and town. If any one finds it please return to.

Mrs. FRED TRAINER

Cure of the Colts Feet.

The relation between the direction of the colt's limbs and the form of his feet is so close as to make the care of the later a most important means of enhancing his usefulness in later years. In the first place the natural attitude of the limb determines in large part the form of the foot. But on the other hand the natural attitude of limb may become altered to conform to an unnatural condition of the foot resulting from neglect. Therefore if the natural attitude of the limb is correct, the natural form of the foot should be guarded in order to preserve the correct position of the leg. Furthermore, it is even possible, within certain limits, to so shape the colt's foot as to induce a correction of some defect in the position of the limbs which existed at birth. For example, the horse which stands too wide, nigger heeled, or splay footed as it is commonly called, will have the inner wall of his foot much shorter and more upright than the outer wall. The condition is probably due primarily to the position of the limbs, the foot at birth appearing normal.

If, however, the animal has been born with legs straight; but for some reason during the first few months of his life the outer wall of his foot had been allowed to become longer than the inner wall, this unnatural form of the foot would tend to bring about a too wide position of the limbs which were originally straight. Or if the feet of a too wide colt had been kept in proper form, they would have influenced the too wide limbs to assume a proper direction. Horses become un-sound of limb when the wear and tear is not equally distributed, but certain parts bear an undue amount. Equal distribution of weight bearing and other functional activities is possible only when the form of the foot and direction of the limb are correct. Any deviation from the proper standing position of whatever degree will cause a proportionate over taxing of certain parts with its resulting unsoundness in all probability.—Prof. Carl W. Gay.

Offers Cash to Spinners.

San Antonio, Tex., Jan. 5.—Doctor Charles F. Simmons, the builder and owner of the Artesian Belt Railroad, has offered to Gustav L. Hergert, of Chemnitz, Germany, twenty acres of land and a bonus of \$25,000 for the erection of a cotton mill of 500 spindles. He will also donate \$1,000 to be applied toward the sending of a Southwest Texas exhibit to the Berlin International Exposition, to be held next May.

Mr. Hergert is the representative of a number of Saxon cotton manufacturers who are contemplating the transfer of their mills to Texas or some other cotton-growing section, in order to get close to the raw material; the claim being made by them that the manipulation of the cotton supply by American and European brokers and high freight charges has forced the price of raw cotton to a point where even small dividends on the capital invested by cotton goods manufacturers are out of the question.

The Lure of the Mask

By HAROLD MAC GRATH

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CHAPTER XI.

ON the way up to Rome Hillard and his pupil had a second class compartment all to themselves. The train was a fast one, for the day of slow travel has passed in Italy, and the cry of speed is heard over the land.

There was a change of cars at Rome and a wait of two hours. After luncheon Merrilwe secretly bought two boxes of cigars to carry along. They were good cigars and cost him \$15. He covered them with some newspapers and at the station succeeded by some legerdemain in slipping them into one of his cases. Hillard would have lectured him on his extravagance, and this was a good way to avoid it. But some hours later he was going to be very sorry that he had not made a confidant of his guide.

As they were boarding the train they noticed two gentlemen getting into the forward compartment of the carriage. "Humph! Our friend with the scar," said Hillard. "We do not seem able to shake him."

"I'd like to shake him. He goes against the grain somehow," Merrilwe swung into the compartment. "I wonder why the Sandfords dropped him?"

"For some good reason. They are a liberal pair, and if our friend offended them it must have been something outside the pale of forgiveness. But I should like to know where old Giovanni is. I miss him."

"Poor devil!" said Merrilwe, with a sigh. "The train started."

"Monte Carlo? Gold, gold, little round pieces of gold?" Merrilwe rubbed his hands like a miser. "Hard to get and heavy to hold" quoted Hillard. "I suppose that you have a system already worked out."

"Of course. I shall win if I stick to it."

"Or if the money lasts. Bury your system, my boy. It will do you no good. Trust to luck only. Monte Carlo is the graveyard of systems."

"But maybe my system is the one. You can't tell till I have tried it."

Soon the train began to lift into the mountains, the beautiful Apennines. By the time they arrived in Genoa, late at night, both compared favorably with the coilers in the harbor of Naples.

Early the next morning the adventurers set out for Monte Carlo—more tunnels; a compartment filled with women and children. But the beauty of the Riviera was compensation.

Ventimiglia, or Ventimille, has a sinister sound in the ears of the traveler if perchance he be a man fond of his tobacco. The train drew in. A dozen steps more and one was virtually in France. But there is generally a slight hitch before one takes the aforesaid steps—the French customs. A porter popped his head into the window.

"Eight minutes for examination of luggage," he cried.

"Come, Dan," cried Hillard, "lively if we want good seats when we come out. We change trains."

After a short skirmish they located their belongings. They would have to be patient.

Among the inspectors at Ventimiglia is a small, wizened Frenchman with a face as cold and impassive as the sand blown from sphinx. He possesses, among other accomplishments, a nose peculiar for its shape than for its smell. He can "smell out" tobacco as a witch doctor in Zululand smells out a "devil." Fate directed this individual toward the Americans. Hillard knew him of old, and he never forgave a face, this wizened little man.

and shook his head. This one inspector is impervious to money or smooth speeches. He is the law personified. Inexorable.

Hillard strained his eyes, but saw neither Kitty nor the veiled lady again. Doubtless they were already on the train. Had Merrilwe been an old traveler he would have left him to get to Monte Carlo the best way he could, but Merrilwe was as helpless as a child, and he hadn't the heart to desert him, though he deserved to be deserted.

Ding-ding! went the bell. Where? went the whistle. The train for Monte Carlo was drawing out, and they were being left behind. Hillard swore and Merrilwe went white with impotent anger. If only he could hit something! The inspector smiled and went on with his deadly work. When he was certain that they could not possibly catch the train he handed the cigars to their owner and pointed to a sign the other side of the barricade.

"What shall I do now, Jack?" Merrilwe asked.

"I refuse to help you. Find out yourself."

So Merrilwe, hopeless and subdued, went into the room designated, saw the cigars taken out and weighed, took the bill and presented it with a hundred lire note at the little window in the office.

Procuring his change, he found Hillard sitting disconsolately on the barricade.

"I hope you are perfectly satisfied," said Hillard, with an amiability which wouldn't have passed muster anywhere.

"Oh, I'm satisfied," answered Merrilwe. He stuffed his pockets with cigars, slammed the boxes into the case and locked them up.

"I warned you about tobacco."

"I know it."

"You should have told me."

"I know that, too, but I didn't want you to lecture me."

"A lecture would have been better than waiting here in this barn for three hours."

"Three hours?" despondently.

"Oh, there's a restaurant, but it's not much better than this. It's bad-fles and greasy plates."

And by the time they had found the Ristorante Tornaghi—miserable and uninviting—they were laughing.

"Only I wish I knew where they were going," was Hillard's regret.

"They?" said Merrilwe.

"Yes. The woman with Kitty is the woman I'm going to find if I stay in Europe ten years. And when I find her I'm going to marry her."

"It is not curiosity," declared Kitty. "It is because I love you and because it makes me sad when I hear you laugh, when I see you beat your hands against the chair as you did just now."

La Signorina turned again in a passion which was as fierce as it was sudden.

"There is a man," she hissed, her eyes glaring. "But I loathe him. I hate him. I abhor him! And even if he did wicked to kill he would have been dead long ago. Enough! If you ever ask another question I will leave you."

"I am sorry," said Kitty. "He was false to you and broke your heart."

"No, Kitty, only my pride."

"It is a strange world," mused Kitty. "Let us turn to our affairs. I received a letter today."

"From home?" eagerly.

"I have no home, Kitty. The letter is from a friend in Naples. Mr. Hillard and Mr. Merrilwe, friends of yours, are in Italy."

Kitty could scarcely believe her ears. "Where are they? Where are they stopping?"

"That I do not know. But listen. They have started out to find you. When I tell you that Mr. Hillard is the gentleman I dined with that night before we sailed you will understand my reasons for wishing to avoid him. From this time on we must never appear on the streets without our veils. If by chance we meet them we must give no sign. It will be only for a little while. Your letter will come soon, and you may renew your acquaintance with these two gentlemen when you return home. It may be hard for you, but if you wish to stay with me you will must be a law unto you."

"Not to speak to them if we meet them?" urged Kitty in dismay. "But that is cruel of you. They are both gentlemen."

"I do not know Mr. Merrilwe, but I can say that Mr. Hillard is a gentleman. As for being cruel, I am not; only selfish."

"Are you not a queen who has run away from a kingdom?" asked Kitty bitterly. "One reads about them every day in the papers."

"My dear, you are free to choose one of two paths. I shall not urge you one way or the other, but you must choose now."

Several minutes passed. Kitty looked out to sea, and La Signorina closed her eyes. In her heart Kitty knew that she could no more leave this woman than she could fly. She was held by curiosity, by sentiment, by the romantic mystery.

"I have chosen," she said at length. "I shall stay with you."

"Thanks, Kitty. And now the affairs of the company. We have played three days and have lost steadily. Tonight will be the last chance. Win or lose, tomorrow we shall return to Venice. I do not like the idea of going to Monte Carlo at night. It is not exactly safe. But since beggars mustn't be choosers we must go. Again I warn you to speak to no one while I am playing and under no circumstances raise your veil. They have begun to notice us, but it will end tonight. I was mad to think that I could win. And, by the way, Kitty, we shall not go back to the Campo Formosa."

Kitty accepted this news brightly. If there was one place she hated it was the Campo.

"Now run and dress," advised La Signorina. "Let me dream a little more while the sun sets."

She knew men tolerably well. After thirty years she followed visions—they seek tangible things. No, they must never meet again. It would not be wise. Her heart, galled by disillusion, might not withstand much storming. And she had no wish to add this irretrievable folly to the original blunder. She was afraid.

"Nature has done this very prettily. Quite clever with her colors, don't you know," he drawled, plucking the down on his upper lip, for he was trying to raise a moustache, convinced that two wasted points of hair at each corner of his mouth would impress the hotel waiters and other fachinal-basework.

"Don't be a jackass!" Hillard was out of sorts.

"You agreed with me that I was one. Why not let me make a finished product?" good humoredly.

"Well," Merrilwe finally said, "you might as well let me have my letter of credit now."

"You will not set eyes upon it till we return to Genoa. That's final! I know you, my boy, and I know Monte Carlo. Even with your fifty, a watch and a ring I'm afraid to trust you out of sight."

"I can see that you will never forgive nor forget those bad cigars. Come on. We'll take a look at our Italian friend. He's a bad loser. I have seen him lose his temper too. It's my opinion that he's a desperate man."

"They usually are when they come to Monte Carlo."

So they walked round to the entrance to the gambling halls, where the lights, the crowds, the jewels, the sparkling eyes, the natural beauty and the beauty of enamel, the vague perfumes, the low murmur of voices, the soft rustle of silks, the music of ringing gold, all combine to produce a picture as beautiful as a mirage and as false. They joined the never ending procession which passes in and out of the swinging doors day after day, year after year.

"There's the chap with the scar. He is a handsome beggar," Hillard admitted. "I wonder what sort of blackleg he is. He's no ordinary one. I'm certain. I begin to recognize the face of the man with him. He's a distinguished diplomat."

The Italian played like an old hand, a number once in awhile, but making it a point to stake or the colors. Red began to repeat itself. He doubled and doubled. On the sixth consecutive turn he played the maximum of 12,000 francs and won. The diplomat touched him on the arm significantly, but the player shook his head. Ten minutes later he had won 40,000 francs. Again he refused to leave his chair.

"If he stays now," said Hillard, "he will lose it all. His friend is right."

"Forty thousand francs, \$8,000!" murmured Merrilwe sadly. Why couldn't he have luck like this? Hillard was a true prophet. There came a change in the smile of fortune. The game jumped from color to color, seldom repeating, with zero making itself conspicuous. The man with the scar played on, but he began to lose—small sums at first, then larger till finally he was down by his original stake. The scar grew livid. He waited five turns of the wheel, then placed his stake on the second dozen. He lost. He rose from his chair scowling. His eye chanced to meet Hillard's, and their glances held for a moment.

"Fool!" said Merrilwe in an undertone as the man strolled leisurely past them. "Eight thousand and not content to quit!"

Meanwhile the trolleys from Nice and Mentone had poured into Monte Carlo their usual burdens of pleasure seekers. On one of the cars from Nice there had arrived two women, both veiled and simply gowned. They seldom addressed each other and never spoke to any one else. Doubtless they were some sober married women out for a bric. Upon leaving the car they did not go into the casino, but directed their steps toward the terraces, for the hand was playing. They sat in the shadow of the statue of Massenet, and as by the rasp of a cricket broke in upon the music. When the music stopped they linked arms and sauntered up and down the wide sweep of stone, mutually interested in the crowds. Once as they passed behind a bunch the better to view the palaces of the prince they heard the voices of two men.

As they went on the women heard something about "those bad cigars." The men were Americans evidently. It was only an inconsequent incident, and a moment later both had forgotten it.

"At which table shall I make the stake, Kitty?"

"The center. There is always a crush there, and we shall not be noticed."

"I do not agree with you there. However, it shall be the center table. What would you do, Kitty, if I should break the bank?"

"I do not know. But listen. They have started out to find you. When I tell you that Mr. Hillard is the gentleman I dined with that night before we sailed you will understand my reasons for wishing to avoid him. From this time on we must never appear on the streets without our veils. If by chance we meet them we must give no sign. It will be only for a little while. Your letter will come soon, and you may renew your acquaintance with these two gentlemen when you return home. It may be hard for you, but if you wish to stay with me you will must be a law unto you."

"Not to speak to them if we meet them?" urged Kitty in dismay. "But that is cruel of you. They are both gentlemen."



A picture, beautiful, but false.

"Die of excitement!" truthfully. "You will live through this event then." With a light, careless laugh La Signorina pressed her way to the table.

She lost steadily from the start. She gave no sign, however, that her forces were in full retreat from the enemy. She played on, and the hand which placed the bets was steady. And when the gold was all gone she opened her empty hands expressively and shrugged. She was beaten.

Behind the chair of the banker, opposite, stood the Italian. The scowl still marred his forehead. When the woman in the veil spread out her hands he started. There was something familiar in that gesture. And then the woman saw him. For the briefest moment her form stiffened.

"Kitty," La Signorina whispered, "let us go out to the atrium. I am tired."

They left the hall leisurely and found a vacant table in the atrium.

"How cold your hands are!" exclaimed Kitty.

"Kitty, I am a fool, a fool! I have unwittingly put my head in the lion's mouth. If I had not reached this seat in time I should have fallen. I would willingly give all my rings if at this moment I could run across the hall and out into the open!"

"Merciful heaven! Why, what is the matter? What has happened?"

"I cannot explain to you."

"Was it some one you saw in there?"

"Silence, and sit perfectly still!"

A man in evening dress came out into the atrium, lighting a cigarette. At the sight of him both women were startled.

"It is Mr. Hillard, Mr. Merrilwe's friend!" Kitty would have risen, but the other's strong hand restrained her. "Kitty, remember your promise."

"Is he the man?"

"No, no! Only I have said that we must not meet him. It might do him incalculable harm. Harm! La Signorina repeated. "Do you understand?"

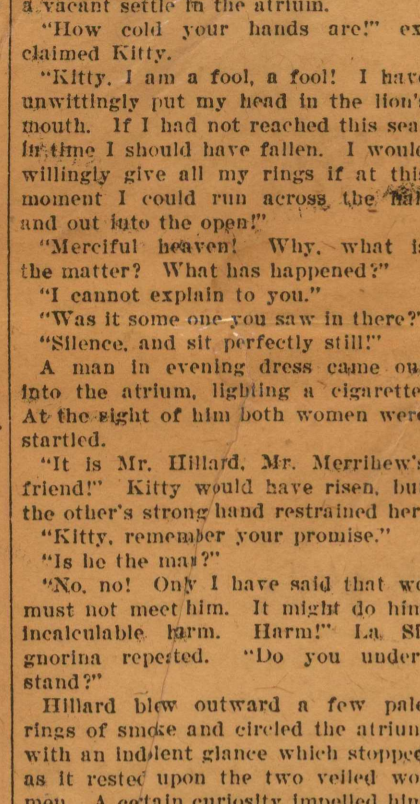
Hillard blew outward a few pale rings of smoke and circled the atrium with an indolent glance which stopped as it rested upon the two veiled women. A certain curiosity impelled him toward them, and he sank on the settle with perhaps half a dozen spans of the hand between. He observed the women frankly. Not a single whisp of hair escaped the veils, not a line of any feature could be traced, and yet the tint of flesh shone dimly behind the silken bands of crape. He nodded.

The veils did not move.

"Fortune favors the brave, but rarely the foolish."

There was no response, but the small shoe of the woman nearest began to beat the floor ever so lightly. Hillard was chagrined.

Thereupon he bowed and sought another seat. The women hurried to the lobby. He would have given them no further thought had not the Italian with the scar appeared, eyed the retreating figures doubtfully and then started after them. That he did not know them Hillard was reasonably certain. He assumed that the Italian saw a possible flirtation. He rose quickly and followed.



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La Signorina turned again in a passion fierce and sudden.

does not know you, but I am certain he does. He forgets himself sometimes in the way he bows to you."

Kitty paused, then asked: "Won't you tell me what the secret is?"

"How beautiful that white sail looks!"

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