

DEVIL'S RIVER NEWS.

VOL 21

SONORA, SUTTON CO., TEXAS, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 18, 1911.

NO. 1058

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Devil's River News

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OUTWITTING A SAVAGE.

An Incident of Indian Warfare in Massachusetts' Early Days.

One of the pioneer settlers of western Massachusetts was John Hawks. He and his daughter were the only members of his family who survived the massacre and sacking of Deerfield in 1703. The Journal of American History gives a description of Sheldon's historical collection on Deerfield describing the fight on Hatfield meadows, in which John Hawks took part.

One incident of the day, preserved by tradition, is given as a picture of Indian warfare. Soon after the Hadley men got ashore a Pocumtuck Indian discovered an old acquaintance behind a tree near him in the person of John Hawks and hailed him.

The recognition was mutual, and each, calling the other by name, dared him to come out from his cover and fight it out, meanwhile watching his chance for an advantage over his adversary.

The Pocumtuck knew that his chances were the best. At any moment he might expect some of the gathering Indians to appear in the rear or on the flank of Hawks' position, force him from his cover and give the Indian an opportunity to shoot or capture him. For this he could afford to wait.

In a short time these expectations seemed about to be realized. Hawks suddenly exposed his person and leveled his gun as if to repel an attack in another direction. Deceived by this feint, the Pocumtuck sprang from his tree to rush upon and capture his ex-friend as soon as his gun was discharged. Quick as thought Hawks wheeled and before the Indian could raise his gun or reach his cover gave him a fatal shot.

The whole transaction was over in a second or two. The reasoning of Hawks as to his peculiar exposure had been the same as that of his antagonist, and his ready wit suggested the scheme by which, trusting to steady nerve and quick eye, he might be saved.

Hawks was wounded later in the fight and "lay a wounded man twelve weeks."

CLOUD FORMATIONS.

Conditions Which Bring About the Great Variety in Shape.

A good idea of the correct reason for varying cloud shapes may be obtained by watching the steam from a railway engine under different conditions. As it issues from the funnel it is transparent water vapor. On a moist, cloudy day it will hang in thick, fleecy masses in the track of the train. In dry, bright weather it will rise in light, thin wreaths, which quickly disappear, and again when the engine is standing in a station the steam will collect in masses above it.

These are practically the conditions of cloud formation. The shapes vary according to height above the earth, to the temperature of the particular air current in which they are floating, to the force and direction of the wind at the various altitudes and also in some measure to the electrical condition of the atmosphere and the amount of dust in it.

As a rule, the higher the clouds the lighter they are and the more widely spread. The so called mares' tails and mackerel sky are good examples of this. Some of the former are over five miles high and are believed to be composed of minute particles of ice. The clouds in a mackerel sky are generally about three miles high.

The heavy cumulus clouds which so often look like vast mountain ranges are found only in the lower and moister layers of atmosphere. Their lower surfaces are from half to three-quarters of a mile above the earth, while their higher points may range from two to three miles in elevation. Still lower than these come the heavy, flat masses of nimbus or rain clouds, which are seldom more than half a mile above the earth.

A Curious Name Combination.

"What is in a name?" has been a question sufficiently unanswered to still remain a subject for discussion, but what is in two names should have a double interest. If you don't think so, take two names as well known as any in American history and look at them. They are the names of Lincoln and Hamlin. Of course there is nothing peculiar about them as they stand, but set them differently and observe the result. For an instance, place them thus wise:

HAM LIN
LIN COLN
Read up and down and then across. There is something in that, isn't there? Now, again:

ABRA-HAMLIN-COLN.
Can you find two other names of two other men whose official lives and names combine as these do?

The Stockmen's Convention will be held in San Antonio on March 21, 22 and 23.

The Origin of the Kiss.

Concerning the kiss and its origin opinions differ. Some wise men declare that the kissing habit is one of the remains of cannibalism and that its beginning was nothing more than the carnivorous impulse to bite. When primitive man gave a kiss he expressed an affection equal to his love for his foods. The kiss meant, "I love you well enough to eat you." It is certain that kissing was one of the most ancient customs. It was current among the ancient Jews and is well known among all orientals. Nor is it to disappear. Exalted by the dying act of more than one historical hero, sung by all the poets from Solomon onward, the kiss is here to stay. The world could not do without it.—Harper's Weekly.

Besse Canard.

Spring chickens were scarce, and they had killed the ancient gamecock for Sunday dinner.

"Ah," said the old farmer reverently, "this certainly was a game chicken. In fact, he was the bravest in two states."

The star boarder glared at the carcass of the deceased fowl.

"If I only had an ax," he mumbled.

"And what would you do with an ax?" demanded the farmer curiously.

"I'd assassinate the man that started that expression. 'The bravest are the tenderest.'"—Chicago News.

A Saving Grace.

Emerson says there is always time for courtesy. Pat, in the following anecdote, might respond that there was never time for anything else. Robert Boody Covelley tells the story in the "Annals of the Covelley Family."

In the rebellion a bombshell whizzed toward an Irishman's head. Pat dodged it with a low bow, and it went by, taking off the head of a man behind him.

"Faith," exclaimed Pat, "ye nivir knew a man to lose anything by bein' polite!"

Troubled For 15 Years.

by a cure defying stomach trouble that baffled doctors, and resisted all remedies he tried, John W. Modders, of Modderesville, Mich. seemed doomed. He had to sell his farm and give up work. His neighbors said, "he can't live much longer." "Whatever I ate distressed me," he wrote, "till I tried Electric Bitters, which worked such wonders for me that I can now eat things I could not take for years. Its surely a grand remedy for stomach trouble." Just as good for the liver and kidneys. Every bottle guaranteed. Only 50c at Nathans Pharmacy.

PARADOX OF WEAKNESS.

The Way a Crisis in a Young Man's Career Was Handled.

One dismal afternoon a bank president was surprised by a knock at the door of his private office. A young assistant cashier came in, whose people and belongings the president knew. The young fellow's face was pale, and his whole look was harassed and anxious. After a moment of nervous silence he blurted out: "I'm beginning to be afraid of myself. The change is tremendous from that small country bank, where things are so different. The responsibilities are too great; the opportunities to go astray are—greater still. I don't know what has got into me, but it's like a temptation at my elbow to—to go wrong, to try, just to see how easy it would be. And—I'm telling you."

The president had wheeled round upon him and was regarding him steadily. "You're leading your life too wholly and persistently along one line," he said quietly. "I'm neither afraid of you nor for you. Your mind and thoughts are too closely concentrated upon your work, and they need to be diffused over a wider area of interests in order to enable them to work well and with ease to yourself at just this particular juncture. But you must let me help you out. Report to me every evening, no matter how late. That will give you poise and tide you over the day, so that you need take but one day at a time and not keep looking into a far and fearful future. And—I'm going to enter you at the Country club—that's to be between you and me—and I want you to use it. You're getting yourself on your mind."

Wasn't he wise, this president, thus at a moment to recognize the paradox of weakness, the weakness that felt itself tempted, the strength that perceived the temptation and openly admitted it to self and another? And was he not doubly wise thus to turn it to account? He knew there was fine material in that young man, capacity and ability both, but he needed peculiar help at just this time of his life and work. That president's charities were many, his public spirit was unquestioned, and such opportunities for good as came in his way he seemed amply to fulfill. But he also knew that to stand face to face with a soul and aid it at its most need is a rare privilege, and he was making that privilege good. And he took no high ground. He did not seem to admit the full significance of the moment. He did not further shake the young man's will by implying that there was a great moral strain. No; he dwelt rather upon a painted cloth of physical and mental monotony in order to give the young fellow time to regain breath and grip and courage. Yes, it's a great thing to be able to use both for ourselves and for others the strength of our weakness and the weakness of our strength.—Harper's Weekly.

Cannibals.

One of the best gascanned attributes to Henry of Navarre is connected with the siege of Chartres. When the town surrendered it is said that a deputation came to the Porte St. Michel to present the keys to the victorious monarch, whereupon the chief echevin began to deliver an elaborate harangue, in which he proposed to prove that Chartres really belonged to his majesty both by divine and by civil law. "By canon law also," the king abruptly retorted, setting spurs to his horse. "Come; let us pass."

The Towers of Silence.

In Persia stand two towers called by the Parsees the "towers of silence." According to their religion, they never bury their dead, but have the body exposed on the top of one of these towers until the sun and the rain and the fowls of the air have cleaned the bones of all flesh. The bones are then collected and placed in the other tower. These Parsees, who are followers of Zoroaster and very devout, have almost disappeared as a people, there being only about 8,000 of them at the present time.

Pipe Smoking.

It seems very probable that there were smokers in England long before the introduction of tobacco, according to the London Chronicle. Pipes have been discovered imbedded in the mortar of churches built before Europe's first acquaintance with tobacco, and it seems only reasonable to suppose that the people of that day smoked herbs of some sort either medicinally or for pleasure. Colston was inhaled for asthma, though whether a pipe was used in the process remains a matter for conjecture.

POPULAR QUOTATIONS.

The Same Ideas Differently Expressed by Various Writers.

It has been said that there were originally only three jokes in the world—some say seven—and from these has sprung modern humor, so people long ago learned to expect nothing new under the sun and to agree with Pliny the elder, who before he perished in the Vesuvius eruption of A. D. 79 remarked:

"In comparing various authors with one another I have discovered that some of the gravest and latest writers have transcribed word for word from former works without making acknowledgments."

Some of these transcriptions make interesting comparisons. Longfellow wrote, "Art is long, and time is fleeting." Goethe put the sentiment into German thus:

Ach Gott, die Kunst ist lang,
Und kurz ist unser Leben!

Which Bayard Taylor translated almost literally:

Ah, God, but art is long,
And life, alas, is fleeting!

Chaucer had said, "The lyfe so short, the craft so long to lerne," but Hippocrates long before him had uttered the same thought.

Pope said:

Know thyself; presume not God to scan,
The proper study of mankind is man.

But Chaucer had said, "Full wise is he that can himselfen knowe." Cervantes put it, "Make it thy business to know thyself, which is the most difficult thing in the world." Diogenes Laertius said that Teles was the originator of the saying. Plutarch gives it to Plato, and it is found also in slightly variant form on the tongue of Pythagoras, Chilo, Cleobolus, Bias, Socrates. Juvenal took its origin from the human realm when he says it descended from heaven.

Carlyle wrote of "one life—a little gleam of time between two eternities." Marcus Aurelius had written, "Deem not life a thing of consequence, for look at the yawning void of the future and at that other limitless space, the past." The old Saxon Bede likened a man in his earthly life to a sparrow flying out of the dark night into the lighted banquet hall for a moment only and then out again into the black and unknown night.

"To err is human, to forgive divine" wrote Pope. Plutarch had put it, "For to err in opinion, though it be not the part of wise men, is at least human."

Tertullian in the second century wrote that "he who flees will fight again." Goldsmith puts it:

For he who fights and runs away,
May live to fight another day.

"To be prepared for war is one of the most effectual means of preserving the peace" is recognized as belonging to George Washington. Horace had said, "In peace, as a wise man, he should make suitable preparation for war," while Publius Syrus put it, "We should provide in peace what we need in war."—New York Sun.

Helping Out His Opponent.

Mr. Gladstone was once making one of his great speeches in the house when Lord Beaconsfield (then Mr. Disraeli) was leader of the opposition. Gladstone had worked himself up into a great state and referred to "the right honorable gentleman and his 'satellites.'" On this there were cries of "Order, order!" "Question!" etc., which so disconcerted the right honorable gentleman that he lost the thread of his discourse. He threw back his head and in vain tried to remember where he left off, when Mr. Disraeli leaned across the table and said quietly, "The last word was 'satellites.'"

He Meant the Bird.

A man once received as a present from a sea captain a fine specimen of the bird known as the laughing jackass. As he was carrying it home he met a brawny Irish navy, who stopped him.

"Phwat kind of bird is that, sorr?" asked the man.

"That's a laughing jackass," explained the owner genially.

The Irishman, thinking he was being made fun of, was equal to the occasion and responded, with a twinkle of the eye:

"It's not yerself; it's the bird I mane, sorr!"—London Spare Moments.

Where the Money Went.

Ascum—I saw your wife at the dance last night. She certainly did look magnificent. By the way, old man, you're rather thin, aren't you?

Muttley—I guess I am. You see, we went to housekeeping recently, and I arranged with my wife to give her a certain allowance each week to provide for the table and buy clothes for herself.—Catholic Standard and Times.

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the cost of handling is added. Let

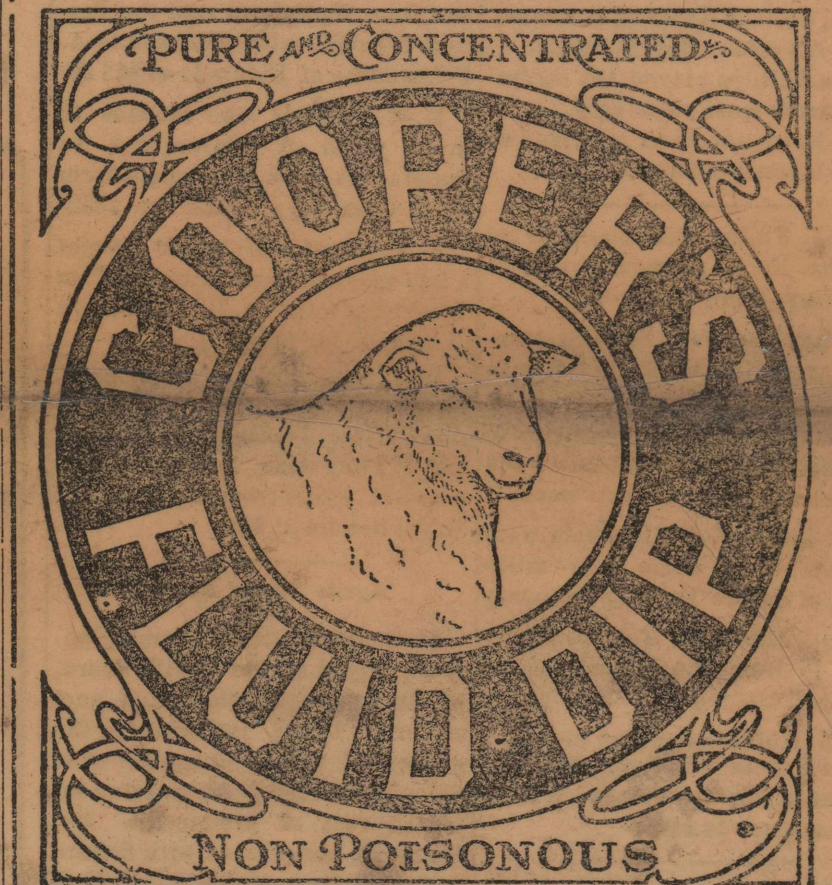
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A New Triumph in Dip Making

DOUBLE STRENGTH, LOW COST.
LESS FREIGHT.



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

ITS USE PERMITTED IN OFFICIAL DIPPINGS FOR

SHEEP SCAB. CURES MANGE AND LICE ON

CATTLE AND HOGS. MUCH CHEAPER

THAN LICEFAC AND CRUDE LIQUID DIP

NO DEARER THAN LIME AND SULPHUR.

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

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

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



ELECTRIC BITTERS THE BEST FOR BILIOUSNESS AND KIDNEYS.

Dr. King's New Life Pills The best in the world.

THE MINSTRELLY.

Sonora has indeed right to be proud of the young people of Sonora who appeared on the stage Tuesday night and of the management of Mrs. L. H. Rogers. The theatrical or minstrel was the occasion for showing much talent, beauty and manliness, grace and agility of 10 of Sonora's boys and girls. The entertainment consisted of some colored work, songs, dances, choruses, etc., that would have been a credit to a greater Sonora.

- Part I.
- 1. "Whitewash" was the opening chorus.
 - 2. "Roses brings dreams of you" Miss Ida Aldwell
 - 3. "Every body is a pickin on me" Marion Stokes
 - 4. "Because you are you" Miss Mary Smith
 - 5. "Everyone was meant for someone" Bart DeWitt
 - 6. "I won't be back till August" Lea Aldwell
 - 7. "Glow worm" Mrs. Barkney

- Part II
- 1. "Don't you think it's time to marry?" Miss Mary Smith and Lea Aldwell assisted by chorus
 - 2. "Google, Oogie, OO" Miss Ida Aldwell and Bart DeWitt assisted by chorus
 - 3. "Der Padder Land for mine" Misses Jewel Decker and Ruby Bridge
 - 4. "Life is a Seasaw" Miss Ruth Whitecotton and Roy Aldwell assisted by chorus
 - 5. "Hello Miss Lizzie Green" Miss Jessie Smith and Charlie Evans assisted by chorus

Those taking part in this excellent performance were Mrs. J. B. Blakeney, Mrs. G. M. McDonald, Misses Blossie Evans, Ida Aldwell, Jewel Decker, Ruth Whitecotton, Jessie Smith, Ruby Bridge, Mary Smith, Pearl Parkerson, Messrs Bart DeWitt, Lea Aldwell, Marion Stokes, Lem Johnson, Charlie Evans, Wallace Keese, Lea Adams, Louis Alvernon, Roy Aldwell. Miss Phillips played the accompaniments most pleasingly. We have not been informed as to the amount collected.

W. J. Fields Commissioner of Precinct No. 1, attended the Commissioners Court this week.

Luther Thorp the barber returned from a visit to his old home in Sherwood last Saturday.

Arthur Stuart Commissioner of Precinct No. 3, was attending the Commissioners Court this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Joe Pincham were in from their ranch four miles south of Sonora Tuesday shopping.

Bug Dunbar and Tom Sandherr were in from the Dunbar ranch Tuesday, trading.

S. E. Hollmig recently of Brady was in Sonora Tuesday. He is a brother-in-law to Quince Adams and has come to stay.

Chris Wyatt Commissioner of Precinct No. 4, was attending the Commissioners Court this week, and paid \$4 on his subscription to keep the poor News alive but added "Now because I have paid up don't you put my name in the paper."

The petition sent from Sonora to Governor Colquett asking him to approve the Wolf Bounty bill was probably the largest ever sent over an inland town telephone in Texas. As an illustration Sonora's was 175; Ozona's 60; San Angelo's 100. And Ozona's and Sonora's got off a day ahead of San Angelo's. That's going some.

Baell Halbert who was so energetic in his work for the Orient right-of-way into Sutton County, and who after getting his "hand in," went to Austin as a representative of the sheep and goat men in the interests of the Soap and Wolf Bounty bills, is yet in tune. He on Tuesday forwarded at the request of Senator C. E. Hudspeth, a petition to Governor O. B. Colquitt from 175 citizens of Sutton county, asking the Governor to sign the bill for the soap law as it had passed successfully both branches of the Legislature. The telegram was wired Governor Colquitt and the signed petition was sent by mail to Senator Hudspeth. The measure on the soap bounty law is understood to make provision for a State appropriation of \$150,000. Seventy-five per cent to be paid by the State and twenty five per cent by the counties in which the wolves or animals are caught. The News considers Mr. Halbert entitled to much credit for the work he has been doing recently in behalf of the people.

Orient Live Stock Agent.

H. H. Sparks, General Live Stock Agent of the K. C. M. & O. and Sonora railroad, was in Sonora several days this week. General Sparks says his road will do its share of the live stock business this season. He has orders for 400 cars at Mertzon and is receiving orders for cars at San Angelo. His road has put on 10 new freight engines and will be better prepared than last year to handle the business. He thinks, and naturally so, that some shipments will go to Menard this season, but says the volume of business for any of the roads will not be as large as last year because the stuff is not to be had. Mr. Sparks was the intermediate purchaser of the Will Wilson Percheron stallion that was received here Wednesday and of two Black Percherons for Whitehead Bros., of Sonora, that are now in San Angelo. These horses were bought from the famous White-water Falls Stock Farm at To-wanda, Kansas, and are natives. Mr. Sparks says he has orders to look out for about ten more and thinks he will go in the commission business.

Abe Mayer, manager of the Val Verde Land & Live Stock Company sold to H. P. Cooper & Co., of Sonora, 1,250 three and four year old steers at \$32.50.

E. R. Jackson of Sonora, sold to W. E. Vaebinder & Co., of Center Point, 900 head 3 and 4 year old steers at \$32 and \$37.

J. D. Fields & Co., of Sonora, sold to W. E. Vaebinder & Co., of Center Point, 500 steers 3s, 4s and 5s, at \$32.50 for threes and \$36 for 4s and 5s.

Russell & Martin of Sonora, bought 250 steers, 2s, 3s, 4s and 5s from Newt, Evette of Juno, at 23, 30, and \$34 for 4s and 5s.

C. B. Wardlaw, Chas Whitehead and Geo. Whitehead sold the Peacock & Savell cattle 480 head to A. F. Lueddecke of Eldorado at \$18.50.

E. W. McNitt who ranches 10 miles north of Ozona was in Sonora this week and bought from D. B. Cusenbary a Jack for \$350.

E. P. Sweat of Eldorado bought a two year old horse, sired by Tom Blackburn from D. B. Cusenbary of Sonora, for \$200.

Russell & Martin of Sonora, bought 100 two year old steers from Oscar Duagan of Juno, at \$22. They also bought 83 two year old steers from J. T. Evans Jr., of Sonora at \$24.

Agent Tariff Board.

D. C. Hanawalt, of Washington, D. C., Agent of the Tariff Board, was in Sonora, the sheep and goat center of Texas, interviewing the growers of wool and mohair as to the various conditions entering into the cost of production. Mr. Hanawalt was pleased with Sonora and the information obtained from our intelligent producers. The statistics are for the information of Congress and will be collected from all sources in order that the Senators and Congressmen may be enlightened and vote to make the United States Greater.

Clarence Gosch formerly one of the proprietors of the Corner Drug Store but now in business at San Saba, was in Sonora Thursday, on business.

W. B. Adams was in Sonora this week on business. Mr Adams has no complaints and congratulated us that "Sonora is still on the Map."

Oscar Savage who ranches on the McKavett road between Sonora and Mayer, was in town Tuesday trading.

John D. Ernest who ranches 12 miles north of town, was in Sonora this week looking at the REAL estate.

Presumably it has rained every where and in the Sonora country the drouth is a has been. The rainfall Friday and Friday night at Sonora measured 2.02 inches.

WANTED.

S. E. Hollmig a young man with a small family, wants position on ranch. Knows the business. Address him at Sonora.

Miss Edna Wheat is at Pecos City awaiting her baggage and from there will go to Deming N. Mexico to make her home with her brother Gus. Mrs. Ed Mayfield who was in Sonora Tuesday said: "Gus says send the Devil to him at Deming N. Mex."

Trade With Us

We have been with You a Long time and have tried to save Money for You. WE ARE STILL TRYING COME, STOP A MINUTE, AND WE'LL SHOW YOU!

E. F. Vander Stucken Co.

Masquerade Ball



WEDNESDAY Feb. 22.

COMMISSIONERS COURT.

The regular term of Commissioners Court was held in Sonora Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday. Hon. E. S. Bryant, County Judge presiding with commissioners: W. J. Fields, W. B. Smith, Arthur Stuart and C. D. Wyatt of precincts 1, 2, 3 and 4 respectively present, and J. D. Lowrey, clerk, and J. S. Allison, sheriff, in attendance.

The First National Bank was made depository for the County funds, agreeing to pay 4 per cent on daily balances.

The petition of W. H. Kelley and others for the order to hold an election in school district No. 6 was granted. Election to be held at school house on April 1st. W. H. Kelley presiding officer.

The Jury of View on the Del Rio road was allowed till next term to make their report. The Sheriff having failed to notify one of the jurors of his appointment.

The petition of O. T. Word and others for change of Juno road was refused.

The tax levy was made as follows: County Special 27 1/2 cents; Court House and Jail 15 cents; Road and Bridge 12 1/2; County Adyalorem 25 cents.

Commissioners precincts 2, 3 and 4, were allowed \$500 each for road improvements.

Road overseers were appointed as follows: W. McComb 1, G. E. Clements 2; Fred Trainer 3; Duck Joy 4.

Election officers for the next two years were appointed as follows: R. M. Halbert, J. J. North; W. C. Bryson, Jesse T. Evans 2; W. B. Adams, S. L. Shroyer 3; R. J. Owens, E. L. Martin 4; J. O. Roundtree, W. D. Wallace 5.

Each Commissioner has the exclusive right to oversee and discharge at any time the overseer of his precinct.

School Trustee election officers were appointed as follows: W. C. Bryson, R. E. Taylor and W. A. Miers in precinct No. 2.

W. C. Strackbein, Wm. Mittle and E. E. Steen in precinct No. 3. R. J. Owens, S. A. Luckie and J. A. Sykes precinct No. 4. S. L. Shroyer, W. B. Adams and Marion Adams precinct No. 5. W. H. Kellew, W. R. Clendence and G. B. Baker precinct No. 6.

Report of officers examined and approved.

Fifty dollars was contributed to the Fire House fund.

The Court House shall not be used for any purpose other than public speaking.

Permission was given the County Judge to absent himself from the County for as many as ten days at one time.

Report of First National Bank showing condition of school funds, examined and approved.

The ex-officio salary of the Sheriff, Judge and Clerk was placed at \$750.

As a household remedy for cuts, burns, bruises, piles, pain and soreness of all kinds, Dr. Cux's Barbed Wire Liniment, 25c size, has no equal. If not satisfactory, money refunded. For sale by all druggists.

There will be a Grand Masquerade Ball at the Court House on Wednesday Feb. 22nd. Storms Orchestra of San Angelo has been engaged for the occasion. A ladies and gentlemen prize for the best represented character will be presented just following the Eleven o'clock Special. Everyone is requested to mask and try for the beautiful prizes.

Foster's Forecast says the weather about March first will be of the severest variety, but he includes a large territory.

Advertise and let the people know what you have to sell. That is the secret of the most successful business man of today.

FERRY'S SEEDS

To grow the finest flowers and most luscious vegetables, plant the best seeds. Ferry's Seeds are best because they never fail in yield or quality. The best gardeners and farmers everywhere know Ferry's seeds to be the highest standard of quality yet attained. For sale everywhere.

FERRY'S 1911 Seed Annual Free on request. D. M. FERRY & CO., SEWART, MICH.

NOTICE.

A pasture with about 30 sections of land for lease in the Spring (located in Edwards county.) Stock and steer cattle thereon for sale. Also 1100 goats shearing 4 pounds. Apply to Diestert Bros. 56 Kerrville, Texas.

Cheap but Good!

We will print your name, business and address on 100 Note Heads, Best Paper, and 100 Good Envelopes, 6-3-4 Size. All for \$1.25, Cash. WE PAY THE POSTAGE.

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For Live Oak, Merquet, and dry Cedar stove wood. Also all kinds of hauling. Phone 101.

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REPAIRING NEATLY DONE. CHARGES REASONABLE.

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Good Hack For Sale.

Racine hack almost new and a set of double harness for sale.

John Swinburn,
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HOUSE MOVING.

If you want your house moved or turned around see or write

ED. PFIESTER.
47 Sonora, Texas.

HULL BROTHERS,

The Well Drillers,
Sonora, Texas.

Notice to Trespassers.

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

A. F. CLARKSON,
45 Sonora, Texas.

Notice to Trespassers.

Notice is hereby given that all trespassers on my ranch 12 miles south of Sonora for the purpose of cutting timber, hauling wood, hunting hogs or fishing without my permission, will be prosecuted to the full extent of the law.

O. T. WORD,
37 Sonora, 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 to Trespassers.

Notice is hereby given that all trespassers on my ranch 6 miles south 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.

J. T. Evans, Sr.
56 4t

FIRST NATIONAL BANK

OF SONORA, TEXAS.

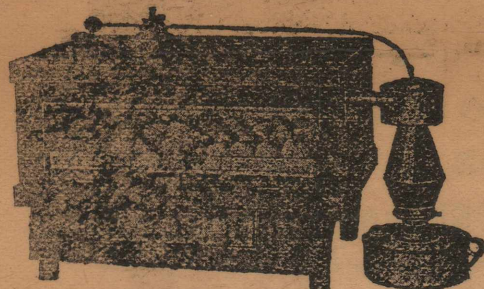
CAPITAL STOCK \$100,000.00

SURPLUS - - 27,000.00

The Oldest Bank in the Devil's River Country.

OFFICERS AND DIRECTORS:

E. R. JACKSON, President; E. F. VANDER STUCKEN, Vice Pres; C. S. Allison, Will Whitehead, E. E. Sawyer, W. L. ALDWELL, Cashier.



ANYBODY
Can Hatch Chickens

With a

BUCKEYE INCUBATOR

No more trouble than the old hen. Buy a "Buckeye"
Raise more Chickens and let your hens lay more eggs.

FOR SALE BY THE

CORNER DRUG STORE

J. B. BLAKENEY, Proprietor.

NATHAN'S PHARMACY

(The place where you get the best for your money.)

Exclusive agent for Jacob's Candies (The best in the South.) Eastman's Kodaks (the only Kodak.) Mulford Pharmaceutical (the World's Highest Standard.) These combined with courteous treatment, experience and conscientious scruples, make it worth your while to let him do your drug store business.

A pretty line of Diamonds, CUT-CLASS, JEWELRY and WATCHES always on display.
A. H. NATHAN, Proprietor, Sonora, Texas.
Next Door to First National Bank.

Martin Commission Co.,

THE LAND AND LIVE STOCK COMMISSION MEN,
SONORA, TEXAS.

Is offering for sale a number of ranches, and has on his 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 me a call or write me.

CITY MEAT MARKET.

We have now been with you for several months in the capacity of City Butchers and general Beef, Pork and Mutton dealers. We leave it to your good will to say whether or not the service we have given you has been the best. If we have in any way failed to please you, tell us and we will get right. Asking your continued good will and patronage, we beg to remain,
Yours truly,

BRIDGE & GREEN.

Sonora, Texas.

Wyatt's Restaurant

SOLICITS YOUR PATRONAGE
Oysters and Fish

Short Orders a Specialty

Everything Clean Polite Attention

WALTER WYATT, Proprietor.

FIFTY

BULLS

FOR

SALE



Registered and High Grade Durham.

Two and Three Year Olds
IN FINE CONDITION FOR SERVICE,

T. D. WORD,

Ranch 20 Miles West of Sonora.

SAN ANGELO FIRST ANNUAL FAT STOCK SHOW.

Auction sale of all kinds of horses, mules and cattle. Night horse show the main feature. No entrance fee, only in the sale department.

For further information see or address

J. J. POLLARD,
Promoter and Manager.
Telephone 618. Office at 7 West, Beauregard Ave.
San Angelo, Texas.

Fish and Oysters at the Wyatt Restaurant.

Font Mayfield was in from his ranch Wednesday trading.

Cakes, Pies and Light Bread at the Wyatt Restaurant.

W. R. Clendenen was in from the John Robbins ranch Wednesday trading.

Pies, Cakes and Light Bread at the Wyatt Restaurant.

Dr. Cox's Barbed Wire Liniment does not burn or blister, relieves pain quickly, and flies will not bother the wound. For sale by druggists.

PROGRAM FOR B. Y. P. U.

SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 26, 3 p.m.

Subject Foreign Missions
Leader Mr. K. K. Kland
Song
Prayer
Scripture Reading Acts 1: 8-13
by L. A. Lister

What we do and what we do not offer non-Christian people

Blanche Ward

What Southern Baptists are doing

In Italy May North

In Mexico Mrs. Davis

In Africa Macilla Smith

Recitation Millard Cope

Song Sunshine Chorus

Bible drill

Sword drill

Roll Call

Report of committees

Song

Free will offering

Dismissal

Everyone is cordially invited to attend.

Falls Victim to Thieves.

S. W. Bonds, of Coal City, Ala.

has a justifiable grievance. Two

thieves stole his health for twelve

years. They were a liver and

kidney trouble. Then Dr. King's

New Life Pills throttled them

tie's life now. Unrivaled for

Constipation, Malaria, Headache

Dyspepsia. 25c at Nathan's

Pharmacy.

FINDLATER HARDWARE CO.,

HEADQUARTERS FOR

WATER SUPPLY MATERIAL

Carry a Full Line of

Samson Windmills 4 3-4 to 20 ft
Standard Windmills 9 to 22 1-2 ft

These are also Carried in Sonora.

Stover Gasoline Engines

1, 2, 4 and 6 H.P. Plain and Pumpers.

The Simplest and most Satisfactory on the Market.

Fuller & Johnson Farm Pumps, The New Wonder

For Wells of Moderate depth

We Manufacture

Hudson Bottomless Stock Troughs and Storage Tanks

Have the Most Complete and Up-to-date

Tin Shop in West Texas and are "The Plumbers"

We have the Largest Stock of Wire Fencing, Summer Goods and General Hardware in the district and Will Appreciate Your Business For any Goods Not Handled by Your Home Merchants.

FINDLATER HARDWARE CO.,

SAN ANGELO, TEXAS.

Fish and Oysters at the Wyatt Restaurant.

Tom Bond was in from his ranch Tuesday trading. He reports a nice rain on the ranch Monday.

Fat Stock Show at San Angelo March 3 and 4.

Candy—"The kind you and the other girl like," at the Corner Drug Store.

Mrs. C. A. Trainer who has been visiting Mr. and Mrs. Thos. Bond on the ranch for some time arrived home Tuesday.

Dr. Cox's Painless Blister. Price 50c. Guaranteed to blister without pain, or money refunded. For sale by all druggists. 20-ly

Dock Joy who has a stock farm on the Llano below Terrett, was a visitor in Sonora Tuesday.

Fish and Oysters at the Wyatt Restaurant.

J. R. Hamilton the wellknown Val Verde county sheepman, was in Sonora, Monday, on his way to San Angelo.

When you want your clothes cleaned and pressed phone 117.

Mr. and Mrs. Jeff Carter of the Christoval country, were in Sonora Tuesday on their way home from a visit to relatives in Edwards and Uvalde counties.

Life Saved at Death's Door.

"I never felt so near my grave," writes W. R. Patterson, of Wellington, Tex., as when a frightful cough and lung trouble pulled me down to 100 pounds, in spite of doctor's treatment for two years. My father, mother and two sisters died of consumption, and that I am alive today is due solely to Dr. King's New Discovery, which completely cured me. Now I weigh 187 pounds and have been well and strong for years. Quick, safe, sure, it's the best remedy on earth for coughs, colds, lagrippe, asthma, croup, and all throat and lung troubles. 50c & \$1.00. Trial bottle free. Guaranteed by Nathan's Pharmacy.

If you have money to burn try a Bank Note cigar at the Corner Drug Store.

Mr. and Mrs. James Cauthorn were up from their ranch Tuesday shopping and attended the show.

Hog Killing time. If you want a good smoke buy a Bank Note cigar at the Corner Drug Store.

Mrs. J. T. Morris and children were in from the Vander Stucken ranch Monday shopping and visiting.

The R-D cigar the best 5c cigar on the market for sale at the Corner Drug Store. 38

J. H. (Hank) Silvey of Atlanta, Kans., arrived in Sonora this week on a business and pleasure trip. He is at present visiting his old time friend Sam McKee.

All Druggists sell Dr. Cox's Barbed Wire Liniment, 25c, 50c and \$1.00 bottles. Guaranteed to heal without leaving a blemish, or money refunded.

J. W. Smith formerly of Sonora but now of Goldthwaite, was in Sonora this week attending to some business. John says his family are enjoying good health.

Crazy Well water for sale at the Corner Drug Store. 38

Mr. and Mrs. Lem Stokes, Mr. and Mrs. Joe Bridges who have been prospecting in Sanderson and Alpine country, arrived home last week. Lem says they saw some pretty good country but none compares with the Sonora country for stock.

Town lots in Sonora are for sale by the Martin Commission Co. Buy one now and get in on the ground floor. Do it now before prices advance. The new maps are being made and the dedication of the streets and alleys will be made as soon as possible. Perfect title. No trouble to show you. See Martin Commission Co.

Your troubles are mine when you want painting done.
Sam Green.

FOUR PER CENT INTEREST Will be Paid on Savings Deposits.

Realizing the mutual benefits to be derived therefrom, the First National Bank of Sonora has opened a Savings Department in connection with their Bank and to our patrons and citizenship in general we wish to announce that accounts in this department can be opened with a deposit of Five Dollars and upwards, and that interest will be paid on said deposits at the rate of 4 per cent per annum, paid January and July 1st. of each year. We will furnish depositors with pass books which are to be presented from time to time as withdrawals are made. Our sole object in creating this department is for the sole benefit of our patrons.

Ladies and Children Especially are Invited to participate,

and all who are desirous of opening a Savings Account, can at any time prior to March 1st., open said account and interest will be computed from January 1 of this year. We are offering this opportunity that the younger generation may acquire the habit of saving, and also

Have an account with The OLDEST and STRONGEST BANK in the Devil's River Country,

and in future years can look back with pride to the time their saving account was opened. Our management and stockholders realize that this is a liberal rate of interest to allow depositors in a territory so undeveloped; however, to carry out our plans

"Do everything to help Sonora and Sutton County,"

We have inaugurated this department, and in addition to paying a liberal rate of interest, will encourage savings among the rising generation and encourage the opening of bank accounts by all the children.

We have not yet received all necessary stationery for the dispatching of business in this department, but we are in position to receive deposits on the basis outlined, and would be very glad indeed that any and all parties interested call and talk the matter over with us.

It is unnecessary to call your attention

To the Liability of the Stockholders and Officers of this Bank;

the reputation and business integrity of all are well known to you, and are beyond question or reproach.

WE LEAD LET OTHERS FOLLOW.

THE OLDEST AND STRONGEST BANK IN DEVIL'S RIVER COUNTRY. We have never changed our Motto: "Give us your business, and we will make you feel at home."

THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK

SONORA, TEXAS.

ICA ADAMS,

CHAS. EVANS.

I. C. A. TAILOR.

Opposite the Post Office, suits Ordered, Altered, Cleaned and Pressed. Ladies patronage solicited.
Phone 117.

ICA ADAMS & CO.

CORNELL & WARDLAW

Attorneys-at-Law,

SONORA, TEX.

Will practice in all the State Courts

H. R. WARDLAW, M. D.

Practice of Medicine and Surgery, [formerly house physician, John Seely Hospital] Galveston, Texas.
OFFICE CORNER DRUG STORE.
Night Commercial Hotel.
Sonora, Texas.

DR. L. F. ROBICHAUX.

DENTIST
Hours 9 to 12 a. m., 3 to 6 p. m.
Office in residence.
Phone connection.
Sonora, Texas.

For Sale.
A good Jack for sale.
42 ft
J. A. WARD.

Town Lots.

For town lots, closest in, largest size, highest up, or lower down See T. D. Newell, owner.
54 ft Sonora, Texas.

For Sale or Trade.

One Percheron Stallion, 8 years old.
One German Coach Stallion 6 years old.
Two 6 year old Jacks.
One 3 year old Jack.
One 2 year old Jack.
Will exchange for stock of any kind except Burros.
O. T. WORD,
Schorb, Tex.

Goats Lost.

Lost from near Mayer, on or about Jan. 11, 26 head of goats. The old goats were branded two stripes across the nose. The kids are marked split hole in left ear. Please notify me at Mayer.
554 Howard Johnson.

DR. KING'S NEW DISCOVERY Will Surely Stop That Cough.

HAS NO SUBSTITUTE

ROYAL BAKING POWDER Absolutely Pure The only baking powder made from Royal Grape Cream of Tartar NO ALUM, NO LIME PHOSPHATE

Devil's River News.

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, February 18, 1911.

THE FORTUNE HUNTER

Novelized by LOUIS JOSEPH VANCE From the Play of the Same Name by WINCHELL SMITH

Copyright, 1910, by Winchell Smith and Louis Joseph Vance

Duncan turned and made for the soda counter, beneath which was the till. His security roll of bills was in his right hand and there concealed. He stepped behind the counter (old Sam watching him with an amazement no less absolute than Pete's), pulled out the till, bent over it with an assured air and pushed back the coin slide. Then quite naturally he produced with his right hand his four hundred and



PETE TURNED BACK THE LAPSEL OF HIS COAT.

odd dollars from the bill drawer, stood up and counted them with great deliberation—

"One, two, three, four."

He smiled winningly at Pete. "Four hundred dollars, Mr. Sheriff. Now will you be good enough to hand over that note and the change and then put yourself and that pickle you're wearing in your face on the other side of the door."

"I ain't got the note with me, Mr. Duncan."

"Then perhaps you won't mind going to the bank for it?"

Half suffocated, Pete assented. "A w'right, I'll go and get it. Kin I have the money?"

"Certainly," Duncan extended the bills, then on second thought withheld them. "I presume you're a regular sheriff?" he inquired.

Very proudly Pete turned back the lapel of his coat and displayed the badge of office. Duncan examined it with grave admiration.

"It's beautiful," he said, with a

sincerely Pete grasped the bills, thumbed them over to make sure they were real and bolted as for his life, his countails level on the breeze. There floated back to Duncan and old Sam his valditory. "Waal, I'll be dodgusted!"

With a short, quiet laugh Duncan made as though to go out to the back yard, where the new stock was being delivered.

"I'm going," he said hurriedly, "to find me a hatchet and knock the stuffing out of some of those packing cases. Want to get all that truck indoors before nightfall, you know?"

But old Sam wasn't to be put off by any such obvious subterfuge as that. He put himself in front of Duncan. "Nat, my boy," he said, tremulous, "I can't let this go through. I can't allow you—"

"There, now," Duncan told him unconcernedly, yet kindly, "don't say anything more. It's over and done with."

"But you mustn't. I'll turn over the store to you!"

"O Lord!" Duncan's dismay was as genuine as his desire to escape Graham's gratitude. "No—don't! Please don't do that!"

"But I must do something, my boy. I can't accept so great a kindness unless," said Graham, with a timid flash of hope, "you'll consider a partnership."

"That's it!" cried Duncan, glad of any way out of the situation. "That's the way to do it—a partnership. No; please don't say any more about it just now. We can settle details later. We've got to get busy. Tell you what I wish you'd do while I'm busting open those boxes. If you don't mind going down to the station to make sure that everything's—"

"Yes, I'll go; I'll go at once." Sam groped for Duncan's hand, caught and held it between both his own. "If—if fate or something hadn't brought you here today I don't know what would have happened to Betty and me."

"Never mind," Duncan tried to soothe him. "Just don't you think about it."

Graham shook his head, still bewildered. "Perhaps," he stumbled on, "to a gentleman of your wealth \$400 ain't much?"

"No," said Duncan gravely without the flicker of an eyelash, "nothing." He remembered well the few dollars that now represented all his worldly goods. Then he smiled cheerfully. "There, Nat's all right."

"To me it's meant everything. I—I only hope I'll be able to repay you some day. God bless you, my boy! God bless you!"

He managed to jam his hat awry on his white old head and find his way out, his hands fumbling with one another, his lips moving lamely, perhaps in a prayer of thanksgiving.

It was perhaps within the next thirty minutes that Betty (who had been left in charge of the store while Duncan, with coat and collar off and sleeves rolled above his elbows, hacked and pounded and pried and banged at the packing cases in the back yard) sought him on the scene of his labors.

"Pretty good work for a York dude—not?" he laughed.

"There was a shadowy smile in her grave eyes. "It's an improvement," she said evenly.

He shot her a curious glance. "Ouch!" he said thoughtfully.

"I just came to tell you," she went on, again immobile, "you're wanted inside."

"Somebody wants to see me?" he demanded of her retreating back.

"Yes."

"Blinky Lockwood," she replied over her shoulder as she went into the house.

"Lockwood?" He speculated, for an instant puzzled, then suddenly "Father-in-law!" he cried. "Shivering snakes, he mustn't catch me like this—I, a business man!"

Hastily rolling down his shirt sleeves and shrugging himself into his coat, he made for the store, buttoning his collar and knotting his tie on the way.

He found Blinky nosing round the room, quite alone. Betty had disappeared, and the old scoundrel was having quite an enjoyable time poking in matters that did not concern him and disapproving of them on general principles. So far as the improvements concerned old Sam Graham's fortunes, Blinky would concede no health in them. But with regard to Duncan there was another story to tell. Duncan apparently controlled money to some vague extent.

"You're Mr. Duncan, ain't you?" he asked, with his leer, moving down to meet Nat.

"Yes, sir, Mr. Lockwood, I believe?"

"That's me," Blinky clutched his hand in a genial clasp. "I'm glad to meet you."

"Thank you," said Duncan. "Something I can do for you, sir?"

"Waal, Pete Willin' was tellin' me you'd just took up this note of Graham's?"

"Not exactly. The firm took it up."

"The firm—what firm?"

"Graham & Duncan, sir. I've been taken into partnership."

"Have, eh?" Blinky granted mysteriously and fished in his pocket for some bills and silver. "Waal, here's some change comin' to the firm, then. And here," he added, producing the document in question, "is Sam's note."

"Thank you," Duncan ceremoniously deposited both in the till, going behind the soda fountain to do so, and then waited, expectant. Blinky was grinding busily in the key of one communication.

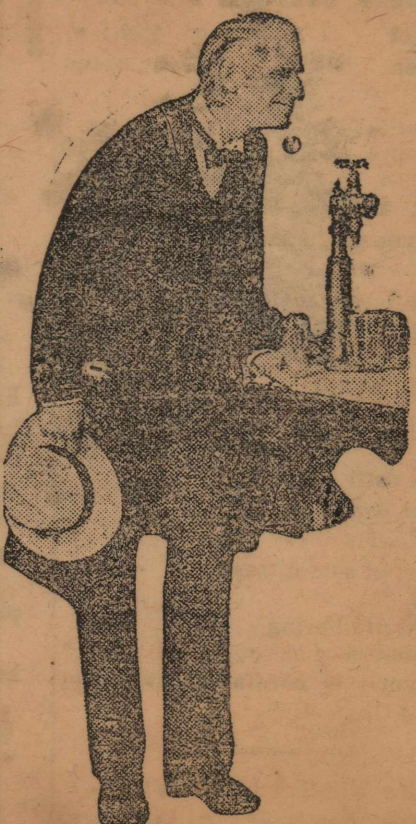
"I'm glad you're a-comin' in here with Sam," he said at length, with an acid grimace that was meant to be a smile.

"Oh, it may be only temporary."

Nat endeavored to assume a serene expression and partially succeeded. "I'm devoting much of my time to

The prospects for Sonora never were brighter. Plant trees, beautify your home and add to the picturesqueness of progressive, prosperous, pleasure loving Sonora.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve The Best Salve in The World.



"YOU'RE MR. DUNCAN?" HE ASKED.

my studies," he pursued primly, "but nevertheless feel I should be earning something too."

"That's right—that's the kind of spirit I like to see in a young man. You always go to church, don't you?"

"No, sir—Sundays only."

"That's what I mean. If you drink?"

"Oh, no, sir," Duncan parroted glibly, "don't smoke, drink, swear, and on Sundays I go to church."

The bland smile with which he faced Lockwood's keen scrutiny disarmed suspicion.

"I'm glad to hear that," Blinky told him. "I'm at the head of the temperance movement here, and I hope you'll join us and set an example to our fast young men."

"I feel sure I could do that," said Duncan meekly.

Lockwood removed his hat, exposing the cranium of a baldheaded eagle, and fanned himself. "Warm today."

He observed in an endeavor to be genial that all but sprained his temperament. Indeed, so great was the strain that he winked violently.

Duncan observed this phenomenon with natural astonishment not unmingled with awe. "Yes, sir; very," he agreed, wondering what it might portend.

"I believe I'll have a glass of sody."

"Certainly," Duncan, by now habituated to the formula of soda dispensing, promptly produced a bright and shining glass.

"I see you've been fixin' this place up some."

"Oh, yes," said Nat loftily. "We expect to have the best drug store in the state. What sirup would you prefer?"

"Just sody," stipulated Lockwood.

His spasmodic wink again smote Duncan's understanding a mighty blow. Unable to believe his eyes, he hedged and stammered. "Could it be? This from the leader of the temperance movement in Radville?"

"I beg pardon?"

His denseness irritated Blinky slightly, with the result that the right side of his face again underwent an alarming convulsion. "I say," he explained carefully, "just—plain—sody."

"On the level?"

"What?" grunted Blinky, and blinked again.

A smile of comprehension irradiated Nat's features. "Pardon," he said. "I'm a little new to the business."

Blinky, fanning himself industriously, glanced round the store while Duncan, turning his back, discreetly found and uncorked the whisky bottle. He poured out a liberal dose of raw red liquor. Then, with his fingers clamped tightly about the bottom of the glass,

he better to conceal its contents from any casual but inquisitive passerby, he quickly filled it with soda and placed it before Blinky, accompanying the action with the sweetest of childlike smiles.

Lockwood, nodding his acknowledgments, lifted the glass to his lips. Duncan awaited developments with some apprehension. To his relief, however, Blinky, after an experimental swallow, emptied the mixture expeditiously into his system and smacked his thin lips resoundingly.

"How," he demanded, "can any one want intoxicatin' likkers when they can get such a bracein' drink as that?"

"I pass," Nat breathed, limp with admiration of such astounding hypocrisy.

Blinky reluctantly pried a nickel loose from his finances and placed it on the counter. Duncan regarded it with disdain.

"Ten cents more, please," he suggested tactfully.

"What for?"

"Plain sody." The explanation was accompanied by a very passable imitation of Blinky's blink.

CHAPTER XIII. HAPPILY for Duncan, Blinky had no sense of humor. If he had he would explode the very first time he indulged in introspection.

"Not much," said he, with his sour smile. "I guess you're jokin' 'bout the price of that drink. Well, you

luck to you, Mr. Duncan. I'd like to have you come round and see us some evenin'."

"Thank you very much, sir," Duncan accompanied Blinky to the door. "I've already had the pleasure of meeting your daughter, sir. She's a charming girl."

"I'm real glad you think so," said Blinky, intensely gratified. "She seems to've taken a great shine to you too. Come round and get acquainted with the hull family. You're the sort of young feller I'd like her to know."

He paused and looked Nat up and down captiliously as one might appraise the points of a horse of quality put up for sale. "Good day," said he, with the most significant of winks.

"Oh, that's all right," Nat hastened to reassure him. "I won't say a word about it."

Blinky, on the point of leaving, started to question this (to him) cryptic utterance, but luckily had the current of his thoughts diverted by the entrance of Roland Barnette in company with his friend Mr. Burnham.

Roland's consternation at this unexpected encounter was, in the mildest term, extreme. At sight of his employer he pulled up as if flapped.

"Oh," he faltered, "I didn't know you was here, sir."

"No," said Blinky, with keen relish; "I guess you didn't."

"I—ah—come over to see Sam about that note," stammered Roland.

"Waal, don't you bother your head 'bout what ain't your business. Roly come on back to the bank."

"All right, sir," Roland grasped gratefully at the opportunity to emphasize his importance. "Excuse me, Mr. Lockwood, but I'd like to inter-

does you to a friend of mine, Mr. Burnham, from New York."

Amused, Burnham stepped into the breach. "How are you?" he said with the proper nuance of cordiality, offering his hand.

Lockwood shook it unemotionally. "Have to do?" he said perfunctorily.

"I brought Mr. Burnham in to see Sam."

"Yes," Burnham interrupted Roland quickly; "Barnette's been kind enough to show me round town a bit."

"Here on business?" inquired Lockwood pointedly.

"No, not exactly," returned Burnham with practical ease; "just looking round."

"Only lookin', eh?" Blinky's countenance underwent one of its erratic quakes as he examined Burnham with his habitual intenceness.

The New Yorker caught the wink and lost breath. "Ah—yes—that's all," he assented unasily. And as he spoke another wink dumfounded him.

"Why?" he asked, with a distinct loss of assurance. "Don't you believe it?"

"Don't see no reason why I should not," grunted Blinky. "Hope you'll like what you see. Good day."

"So long, Mr. Lockwood," returned Burnham uncertainly.

Lockwood paused outside the door. "Come 'long, Roland."

"Yes, sir; right away; just a min ute." Roland was lingering unwillingly, detained by Burnham's imperative hand. "What'd you want? I got to hurry."

"What was he winking at me for?" demanded Burnham heatedly. "Have you—"

"Oh!" Roland laughed. "He wasn't winking. He can't help doing that. It's a twitchin' he's got in his eye. That's why they call him Blinky."

"Oh, that was it?" Burnham accepted the explanation with distinct relief, while Duncan, who had been an unregarded spectator, suddenly found cause to retire behind one of the show-cases on important business.

So that was the explanation! After his paroxysm had subsided and he felt able to control his facial muscles Duncan emerged square and solemn. Roland had disappeared with Blinky, and Burnham was alone.

"Anything you wish, sir?" asked Nat.

"Only to see Mr. Graham."

"He's out just at present, but I think he'll be back in a moment or so. Will you wait? You'll find that chair comfortable, I think."

"Believe I will," said Burnham, with an air. He seated himself. "I can't walk home, though," he amended.

"Yes, sir. And if you'll excuse me—" Burnham's hand dismissed him with a tolerant wave. "Go right on about your business," he said, with supreme condescension.

And Duncan returned to his work in the back yard.

It wasn't long before he found occasion to go back to the store, and by that time old Sam was there in conversation with Burnham.

"That's part of my business," he heard Burnham say in his sleek, oleaginous accents. "Sometimes I pick up an odd, no 'count contraption that makes me a bit of money, and more times I'm stung and lose on it. There might be something to this gas burner of yours, and again there mightn't. I've been thinking I might be willing to risk a few dollars on it if we could come to terms."

"Do you mean it really?" said old Sam eagerly.

"Not to invest in it, so to speak; I don't think its chances are strong enough for that. But if you'd care to sell the patent outright and aren't too ambitious we might make a dicker. What'd you say?"

"Why, yes," said Graham, quivering with anticipation. "Yes, indeed, if—"

"Well?"

"If you really think it's worth anything, sir."

Burnham laughed doubtfully and said: "Well, as I say, there's no telling, but I was thinking about it at dinner, and I sort of concluded I'd like to own

Wife Cot Tip Top Advice. My wife wanted me to take our boy to the doctor to cure an ugly boil," writes D. Frankel, of Stroud, Okla. "I said put Bucklen's Arnica Salve on it." She did so, and it cured the boil in a short time." Quickest healer of Burns, Scalds, Cuts, Corns, Bruises, Sprains, Swellings, Best Pile cure on earth. Try it. Only 25c at Nathan's Pharmacy.



"I WAS THINKING ABOUT IT AT DINNER"

that burner, so I made out a little bill of sale, and I says to myself, says I, 'If Graham will take \$500 for that patent I'll give him spot cash, right in his hand,' says I."

With this Burnham tipped back in his chair and brought forth a wallet from which he drew a sheet of paper and several bills.

"Five hundred dollars!" repeated

Graham, thunderstruck by this munificence.

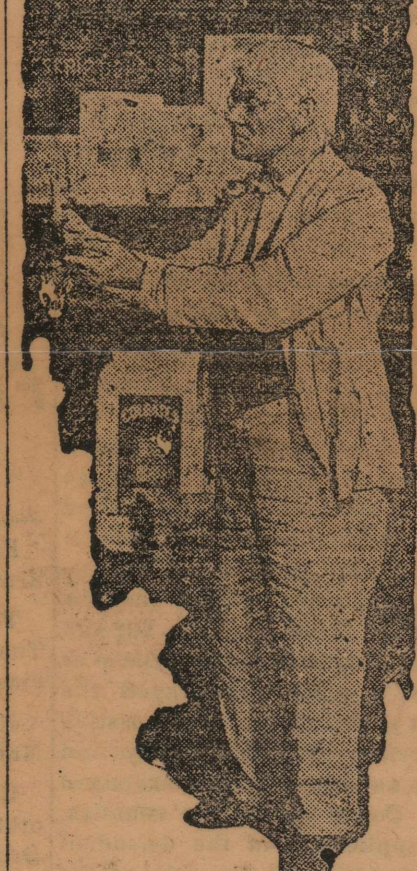
"Yes, sir, five hundred, cash. To tell you the truth—guess you don't know it—I heard at the bank that they didn't intend to extend the time on that note of yours, and I thought this five hundred would come in handy and kind of wanted to help you out. Now, what do you say?"

He flourished the bills under Graham's nose and waited, entirely at ease as he said the old man.

"Well," said the old man. "It is kind of you, sir—very kind. Everybody's been good to me recently, or else I'm dreamin'."

"Then it's a bargain?"

"Why, I hope it won't lose any money for you, Mr. Burnham," Sam



THE OLD MAN LIGHTED A CANDLE

hesitated, with his ineradicable sense of fairness and square dealing. "Making gas from crude oil ought to—"

Duncan never heard the end of that speech. For some moments he had been listening intently, trying to recollect something. The name of Burnham plucked a string on the instrument of his memory. He knew he had heard it some place, some time in the past, but how or when or in respect to what he could not make up his mind. It had required Sam's reference to gas and crude oil to close the circuit. Then he remembered. Kellogg had mentioned a man by the name of Burnham who was "on the track of an important invention for making gas from crude oil. This must be the man Burnham, the tracker, and poor old Graham must be the tracked oil?"

Without warning Duncan ran round and made himself an uninvited third to the conference.

"Mr. Graham, one moment!" he begged, excited. "Is this patent of yours on a process of making gas from crude oil?"

Burnham looked up impatiently, frowning at the interruption, but Graham was all good humor.

"Why, yes," he started to explain; "it's that burner over there that—"

"But I wouldn't sell it just yet if I were you," said Nat. "It may be worth a good deal!"

"Now, look here!" Burnham got to his feet in anger. "What business have you got butting into this?" he demanded, putting himself between Duncan and the inventor.

(To be continued next week)

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