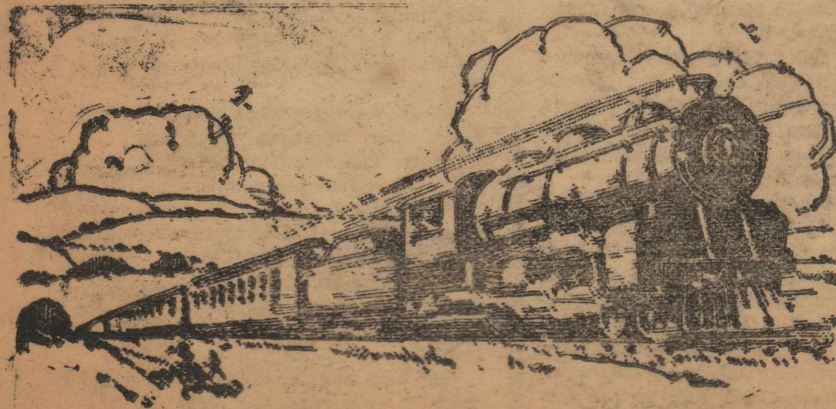


DEVIL'S RIVER NEWS.

VOL 30

SONORA, SUTTON CO., TEXAS, SATURDAY, JANUARY 17, 1920.

NO 1524.



One of accumulated capital have taken all the resources of industry and applied science, all the countries and wealth of the world. Upon it the world must depend for the progress of reconstruction in which all have to share. —JAMES I. HILL.

The Successful Farmer Raises Bigger Crops

and cuts down costs by investment in labor-saving machinery.

Good prices for the farmers' crops encourage new investment, more production and greater prosperity.

But the success of agriculture depends on the growth of railroads—the modern beasts of burden that haul the crops to the world's markets.

The railroads—like the farms—increase their output and cut down unit costs by the constant investment of new capital.

With fair prices for the work they do, the railroads are able to attract new capital for expanding their facilities.

Rates high enough to yield a fair return will insure railroad growth, and prevent costly traffic congestion, which invariably results in poorer service at higher cost.

National wealth can increase only as our railroads grow.

Poor railroad service is dear at any price. No growing country can long pay the price of inadequate transportation facilities.

This advertisement is published by the Association of Railway Executives.

Those desiring information concerning the railroad situation may obtain literature by writing to The Association of Railway Executives, 61 Broadway, New York.

DEVIL'S RIVER OIL & GAS COMPANY.

(UNINCORPORATED)

SITUATED IN EDWARDS COUNTY, TEXAS. DOES THINGS DIFFERENT. STUDY OUR PLAN.

A careful study of the Devil's River Oil & Gas Company's plan will convince the close student of investments that we are offering the BEST inducement in the OIL fields. Oil production in Texas fades the total gold production of Alaska in its best days into insignificance. Alaska's best production of gold was only \$13,000,000.00, while Texas is producing about \$130,000,000.00 worth of oil. The production is increasing so rapidly that it is conservatively estimated that the output will be close to \$300,000,000.00 in 1920.

NO is the time to get in the oil business in order to reap the early harvest. With 600 acres of oil lands to draw from, we anticipate making big profits on our most liberal plan. PROFITS that will make fast friends for our company in future enterprises which we have in mind when the Company's present plans are in operation. DO NOT DELAY your subscriptions. There is nothing to gain and MUCH to lose by deferring until some future date. NO is the time to INVEST, and OUR company is the ONE to be in, for it gives you the biggest run for your money in the race for MILLIONS. Fill in the subscription blanks NOW and sail in the good ship PROSPERITY.

See our Agent, GEO. J. TRAINER.

THE COMMERCIAL HOTEL,

MRS. JOSIE McDONALD, Proprietress.

Rates \$3.00 Per Day.

HEADQUARTERS FOR COMMERCIAL MEN. Best accommodations, Rates Reasonable. Sonora, Texas.

DEVIL'S RIVER NEWS

PUBLISHED WEEKLY. MIKE MURPHY, Proprietor. STEVE MURPHY, Publisher.

Entered at the Postoffice at Sonora as second-class matter. SUBSCRIPTION \$2 A YEAR IN ADVANCE.

SONORA, TEXAS, January 17, 1920

TO KEEP POSTED ON THE COMING OF BAD WEATHER FOR THE PROTECTION OF LIVE STOCK.

Earl Hardgrave, manager of the Sonora office of the Angelo Telephone Co., has arranged with T. J. Conditine, in charge of the Weather Bureau at Amarillo, to report to Sonora when severe storms hit that city.

The report which was received Wednesday at 10 o'clock said "Snow and low temperature," and in less than five hours it was cold and blustery here.

This service will be more explicit during the months of Feb., March and April when the character of the live stock work is most important because of the necessary early shearing of the Mohair goats and the birth of the lambs and kids.

When the report is received from Amarillo it will be relayed to the offices at San Angelo, Christoval, Eldorado, Ozona, Juno, Rocksprings and McKittrick and from these offices to their connecting lines and subscribers so that practically the entire sheep and goat growing country will be warned of the coming storm.

At the Sonora office all lines will be called with ten rings so that all may hear at once. A bulletin will be posted at the News office and it is expected the Sheep & Goat Raisers' Association will have some interested member or business man in each locality to make the warning as general as possible.

The expense is to be made by private donations for the present but it is thought Congressman Hulsbath can arrange for the telegraphic tolls and there will then be no expense as Mr. Hardgrave says the Telephone Companies will not charge for the service.

With care and protection from bad storms the increase of sheep and goats promises to be very large the coming spring in Western Texas and Mr. Hardgrave's effort is to make the dream come true.

NOTICE.

When Central rings 10 rings on radio lines they are going to give a weather report.

NOTICE TO PUBLIC.

It being mutually agreed we have bought out T. F. Freasier's interest in the Freasier-Dobbin Company and we wish to inform our patrons and the public in general that Mr. Freasier has no connection with this firm what ever. We have reorganized under the firm of T. W. Dobbin & Company and have added to our feed business a full line of supplies, such as flour, corn meal, all kinds of bacon, hams, canned goods, molasses, sugar, coffee, different kinds, potatoes and onions, in fact everything used in the house.

Send us your orders and we will save you money. T. W. DOBBIN & COMPANY, Ltd 130, Texas, Phone 429

Ira Wheat was a visitor from Sonora yesterday. Judge James Cornell and wife of Sonora are in San Antonio for a few days. Judge Cornell is an extensive ranch owner and judge of the 10th district. R. H. Martin of Del Rio, ranch owner in Kinney and Val Verde counties, and wife, are in San Antonio for a few days. Russell Martin, their son, who recently purchased a ranch in Kinney county, arrived here yesterday from a visit to Galveston. From here he will go to his ranch—Cattle Chatter in San Antonio Express, Jan. 9.

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.

TAX ASSESSOR

Geo. J. Trainer as a candidate for reelection to the office of Tax Assessor of Sutton County subject to the action of the Democratic primaries.

Mrs. Ann L. Ylstra as a candidate for reelection to the office of Sheriff and Tax Collector of Sutton County subject to the action of the Democratic primaries.

SHERIFF AND TAX COLLECTOR

B. W. Hulterson as a candidate for reelection to the office of Sheriff and Tax Collector of Sutton County subject to the action of the Democratic primaries.

A. D. McKnight, as a candidate for

reelection to the office of Sheriff and Tax Collector of Sutton County, subject to the action of the Democratic primaries.

COUNTY TREASURER

Earl Hardgrave as a candidate for reelection to the office of County Treasurer of Sutton County subject to the action of the Democratic primaries.

WARDLAW & ELLIOTT.

Attorneys-at-Law, SONORA, TEXAS. Will practice in all the State and Federal Courts.

ALVIS JOHNSON,

Attorney-at-Law, NOTARY PUBLIC, Office at Court House, SONORA, TEXAS. Will practice in all the State Courts.

Dr. A. C. Blanton,

Physician & Surgeon. Office in the Jackson Building. Phone—Office 102 or Drug Store, Residence 61. SONORA, TEXAS.

DENTAL NOTICE.

I expect to make Sonora every other month and spend a week or more. Dr. J. A. McDonald, Del Rio, Texas.

BETTER BE SAFE THAN SORRY.

Insure now, before your house burns up, in some good old line company. T. L. Benson, Agent.

Notice to Trespassers.

Notice is hereby given that all trespassers on my ranch 31 miles south of Sonora for the purpose of cutting timber, hauling wood, working live stock, hunting hogs or injuring fences, without my permission, will be prosecuted to the full extent of the law. D. B. COUSENARY, 5541 Sonora, Texas.

WHEN IN

SAN ANGELO

EAT

AT THE

City Cafe

Opposite Baker-Hempfills

The

CITY MARKET

Deals in

Choice Beef, Mutton & Pork,

Baye and Sola

Poultry, Butter, Eggs, Etc

Says Dry and Green Hides

COOPER & SIMS.

W. McCOMB

WINDMILL

DOCTOR

Phone No. 144

SONORA TEXAS

WHY

One's Adam's Apple May Be Called Asset

Don't hide your Adam's apple. Keep it in plain sight, for it is said to be a sign of brains and courage.

That fruit of the family tree, the Adam's apple, was much talked about not long ago, because General Pershing referred to it as being a prominent feature of the neck of the American fighting man. He suggested that the collars of the soldiers' uniforms be kept high, and not loose or flowing like the English model, evidently taking it for granted that men would rather hide their Adam's apple under a bushel.

Some persons have been unusually mocked by the relic of Eden, but they can look their scoffers and critics squarely in the eye and tell them to "go to Haeckel." That noted biologist and others of his class have traced the descent of man in a way which shows that man came from small beginnings, and kept getting wiser with the ages.

"Scientists are inclined to accept the theory," says John Walker Harrington in the Popular Science, "that man came by long descent from ill-formed, spineless things that came to life by chemical action, probably in some tepid mineral spring and found their way to the ocean. Then came the fish, which, as soon as they got backbones began to develop something like Adam's apples. A man without an Adam's apple would be a poor fish. From the primitive forms of the ancient seas are believed to have come the mammals, from which sprang the human race."

APPRECIATION OF THE CROW

Why Farmers Should Welcome Their Visits, According to Prominent Canadian Entomologist

For many generations the crow has been regarded as an inveterate enemy of the farmer. Various means have been devised for the prevention of his supposed depredations, and much ingenuity has been displayed in the fabrication of scarecrows. Now, it is announced by expert authority, it has been definitely shown that instead of an unmitigated nuisance the crow is in reality a helpful friend of the grain farmer.

Norman Criddle of the Dominion entomological department at Trenton, Manitoba, claims to have discovered that the multitude of crows which frequent the grain fields of the Northwest are in search of various insects, such as cutworms, wireworms and white grubs, that are exposed in the process of preparing ground for sowing or planting, says the Rochester Democrat and Chronicle. That they occasionally pick up seed grain is admitted, but they naturally subsist upon grubs and worms. As these pests seem to defy all efforts to eradicate them many progressive farmers welcome the visits of the crows rather than discourage them.

The crow becomes exceedingly tame in captivity, and it is this characteristic which has afforded opportunity to study its habits systematically.

Why It Pays to Stick. No one ever succeeds by allowing himself to be deflected from the most important business of life, which is making the most of the best that is in him.

Even a cow does better if she sticks close to the business of eating grass and chewing the cud. When she starts in to learn to think like a cabinet and to fit from field to field like a butterfly, it is safe to say she is no longer a success in life. When a cow strays from plain milk producing methods and begins climbing trees and turning somersaults she may be more picturesque, but she is gathering nothing but goat-features.

Seven farmers, a school teacher, and a tin-horn peddler may line up along the fence and applaud her all the afternoon until she is swelled with pride, but when she gets back to the barn at sundown she will not give much milk. She will not be known as a milk cow long; she will be a low-grade cornered beef, a couple of steaks, and a few pairs of 33 shoes.

How to Make Money From Moles.

"Remember that the mole is the hat-ter's land submarine, and it is up to us to eradicate them as our nation is cleaning out the sea pirates," reads a letter from a county agent in Oregon to a young hunter of Oregon City. Western Oregon is carrying on an intensive campaign to save her gardens and crops from the ravages of moles. The skin of a native mole is as valuable as any felt which can be imported; hence, county agents devised the plan of organizing the boys in each county to wage war on the moles. The skins are concentrated in a pool by the agent and are marketed when a sufficient quantity has accumulated. Oregon farmers look gain pin money and satisfaction from this work of protecting farms crops against rodent enemies.

New Blind Soldiers May Be Used.

Marked polishing is said to be an ideal occupation for war-blind soldiers in Germany. A first test made at Kiel showed that the keen sense of touch developed by the blind workers enabled them to detect at once the slightest unevenness or imperfection on a marble plate. Now the big Rheinish marble works at Dusseldorf-Bath employ several blind polishers, who have become experts at their trade, and receive skilled workmen's pay. German employers in the marble business have decided to give blind soldiers preference in labor engagements.

WOOL AND MOHAIR

CHARLES SCHREINER, BANKER.

(UNINCORPORATED)

KERRVILLE, TEXAS.

Makes Liberal Advances on Sheep, Goats, Wool and Mohair. Established 1860.

WE LEND MONEY

ON FARMS AND RANCHES AND THROUGH OUR

TRUST DEPARTMENT

Act as Trustees and Administrators of Estates.

E. B. CHANDLER, SAN ANTONIO.

Wool Growers Central Storage Co. SAN ANGELO, TEXAS.

WOOL AND MOHAIR

CAPITAL PAID IN \$200,000.00

SURPLUS EARNED 50,000.00

DIRECTORS:

Individual Responsibility over \$1,500,000.00.

Robert Massie, President, San Angelo, Texas. Sam H. Hill, First Vice President, Christoval, Texas. S. B. Couch, Second Vice President, Ozona, Texas. J. S. Allison, Third Vice President, Sonora, Texas. J. A. Whitten, Eldorado, Texas. J. E. Boog-Scott, Coleman, Texas. L. L. Parr, San Angelo, J. M. O'Daniel, Secretary.

WOOL AND MOHAIR

SHIP TO

Del Rio Wool and Mohair Company

Incorporated Under the Markets and Warehouse Law

ADVANCES MADE ON YOUR SHEEP, GOATS, WOOL

AND MOHAIR AT LOW RATE OF INTEREST.

RANCHERS ATTENTION

I can place that MORTGAGE LOAN for you ---and place it on exceptional terms. I can save you MONEY in refinancing your loan. I can also handle stock farm loans of any amount at low cost and on desirable terms. It will pay you to advise me your needs in the Mortgage Loan Lines. Write---or, when in San Antonio, drop around.

HOBART HUSON,

Central Trust Building, San Antonio, Texas.

THE DEW DROP INN

SELLS THE RENOWNED

COLUMBIA RECORDS

NEEDLES FOR ALL MAKES OF PHONOGRAPHS

CALL AND TRY OUR DELICIOUS

Johnston's Chocolates

You will find a New, Clean and Up-To-Date Stock of Jewelry at the

T. L. MILLER JEWELRY STORE-

Diamonds, Cut Glass, Nice Toilet and Manicure Sets, Sterling Silver Goldfilled and 10 and 14kt Solid Gold Belt Buckles, Etc.

Don't forget your Eyes. Satisfaction Guaranteed in fitting Glasses.

SONORA'S JEWELRY STORE.

J. T. McClelland.

K. V. L. Scott

McClelland & Scott,

Contractors and Builders.

See Us For Anything in THE BUILDING LINE

Plans, Specifications and Estimates Furnished on Request

Painting and Paper Hanging.

F. O. Box 242

Sonora, Texas

Phone 161

DEVIL'S RIVER NEWS PUBLISHED WEEKLY. MIKE MURPHY, Proprietor. STEVE MURPHY, Publisher.

UNited ATTACK ON SCREW WORM. Devil's River News, Sonora, Texas. Gentlemen:—I have been thinking that perhaps you might be interested in the following information:

Have You a Record of the Weather? "Looks Like it Might Rain."

The weather being a recognized subject for conversation and at all times most interesting to people of this latitude, we again come to the subject by referring to the issue of the Devil's River News of February 8th, 1908, in which is published a report of the rainfall for five years, the only consecutive report of an official character available for this part of the country.

Table with 5 columns: Year, Rainfall (inches), etc. Data for 1903-1907.

In looking over the above we notice that in normal times it is not so unusual to have some rain every month in the year and now that the Experiment Station is keeping a record of the weather it would be advisable for you to keep this record for future reference.

B.M. Halbert, prominent Sutton county sheepman, who moved from Sonora to San Angelo last fall, has this week occupied his new bungalow residence at the corner of West Beuregard avenue and South Abe street.

SCHOOL NOTES.

Mr. Lasay conducted Chapel Monday morning with an interesting talk on "What is an Education," and those that were listening derived a bit of knowledge from it.

Wes Smith of Mason and R. H. Baumann of Llano, were here Thursday on cattle business.

KILL THE BLUE BEGS and all Blood Sucking Insects by feeding Martin's Wonderful Blue Bug Killer to your chickens.

Nat B. Jones, inspector for the Sheep & Goat Raisers Association and State Ranger J. L. Seal of Del Rio were in town Thursday.

E. E. Fawcett, president of the First National Bank of Del Rio, returned Thursday from a business trip to that city.

S. L. Stumberg of San Antonio representing E. B. Chandler who lends money to ranchmen and land owners, was in town Thursday.

Rev. J. M. Perry of San Angelo, Presiding Elder of the District, preached at the Methodist church here Sunday and Monday nights, and held Quarterly Conference Monday afternoon.

Plans have been partially completed whereby cooperative investigations, between the Agricultural Experiment Station, Substation No. 14, and the Bureau of Entomology, U.S. Department of Agriculture, will be conducted for the purpose of studying insects and parasites effecting livestock.

The present plan is to locate a field entomologist in or about Sonora, who will work in close cooperation with the Station veterinarian in making an exhaustive study of the fly producing the screw worm, and will attempt to combat this dreaded pest which causes losses in livestock aggregating hundreds of thousands of dollars annually.

The Bureau of Entomology and the Texas Experiment Station, Substation No. 14, have been working independently on this problem during the past season or two, and while some valuable information has been gained, it is reasonable to presume that the combined efforts of Drs. W. D. Hunter and E. C. Bishop, representing the Bureau of Entomology, and Dr. D. H. Bennett and others, representing the Texas Experiment Station, will be more accumulative of valuable results.

Other parasites and instincts to be studied will be lice on Angora goats, with the best means of extermination of them; also the grub in the head in sheep and goats.

In view of the importance of the investigations tentatively outlined, it is hoped that the present plans will have been completed and active work begun along these lines during the early spring months.

It would be a splendid move if some of the leading stockmen in Sutton and surrounding counties would address personal letters to Dr. F. C. Bishop, care U.S. Entomological Laboratory, Dallas, Texas, assuring him of their eagerness to have the Bureau locate a man in Sonora or vicinity in order that he will be able to work in closer cooperation with the Texas Agricultural Experiment Station, Substation No. 14, located south of Sonora.

With best wishes, I am, Very truly yours, J. M. Jones, Chief.

CORRIE DALES REACH STATION.

E. M. Peters, superintendent of the (Sonora) Texas Agricultural Experiment Station was in town Saturday. The Station has just received eight ewe lambs of the Corriedale breed, from the Federal Experiment farm in Wyoming.

These lambs will be acclimated and bred next season and their adaptability to this climate noted and made a part of the experiment being made by the U.S. Department of Agriculture. It was night when these lambs went through Sonora but they appeared well grown and the fleece was about four inches long, soft and fine to the touch but very light. The Corriedale is a comparatively new breed of sheep and the Experiment Station is the place to test out its usefulness. The Department of Agriculture is recognizing the Sonora Station complements its management and is appreciative of the progressive character of the work being done under Director Youngblood and Chief Husbandman Jones.

FROSTPROOF CABBAGE PLANTS FOR SALE: Cabbage Plants Postpaid \$2.50 per 1000. Cabbage Plants Express Collect, \$2.00 per 1000. Ask price for large quantity, all varieties.

GEORGIA-TEXAS PLANT CO., 1-4 Dallas, Texas.

The Monthly News Bulletin, published by the Texas Agricultural Department at Austin, is Edited by R. R. Claridge, who several years ago was editor of the Stockman and Farmer of San Antonio, and later Editor and Publisher of Claridge's Magazine. Mr. Claridge gives the personal atmosphere to the Monthly News Bulletin so necessary to attract readers and yet so generally lacking in "Department" or "Official" publications.

Lets Talk About That Motor Railway. MY CIGARS Are Always Prime Have You Tickets for the LYCEUM THE HORN PALACE JACK PIERCE.

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

The following are for announcements: Congressional, Legislative and Judicial, Districts \$5. County office \$10. Precinct officers \$2.50. All announcements are payable in cash in advance.

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Roy E. Aldwell as a candidate for reelection to the office of County Judge of Sutton County subject to the action of the Democratic primaries.

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SONORA HOTEL STOCK RAISED. Organization To Be Perfected Monday. The Campaign for the organization of a company composed of Citizens of the Sonora country, for the purpose of building a modern hotel in Sonora has been successful and organization will be perfected at a meeting of the stockholders to be held at the Court House Monday afternoon at two o'clock.

Doctor Woodpecker Is Nature's Chief Wood Surgeon. In Everlasting Conflict With Millions of Dangerous Enemies That Would Destroy the Life of the Sturdy Forest Monarchs. If half a thousand disease germs should suddenly begin eating into the life tissues of your body, you would surely need a doctor, writes F. E. Brimmer in the Farm Journal.

These who have bought \$2500 worth of stock are: W. A. Miers, E. F. Vander Stucken, Aldwell Brothers, W. E. Hodges, Sonora Garage, S. E. McKnight, Oscar Appelt, Arthur Stuart, T. B. Adams, Geo. S. Allison, J. M. Puckett, G. P. Hill, H. P. Allison, W. E. Glascock, W. C. Bryson, W. D. Wallace, Theo Savell, G. W. Stephenson.

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HOW VIBRATIONS ARE THROWN INTO AIR AND HELD IN SUSPENSION. Occasionally operators at wireless stations report that they have heard sounds of voices, music, tramping of crowds and explosions for which they cannot account.

It is supposed that in some as yet not understood way the vibrations of the wireless pick up these sounds. The operators say that the air does not suffer from "attenuation," as wires do, and that they believe the wireless station will eventually be able to pick up sound at any distance.

If this be true we may indeed be on the eve of an electric miracle, Reedy's Mirror reports, and then goes on to quote the theory as recently advanced by the Los Angeles Times: "Vibrations of all sounds are thrown into the air and remain there for some time. This is shown by the length of time required for the echo to return to its starting point, by the length of time which elapses between the sending and the receiving of a wireless call, and by the fact that sound travels to us, as is indicated by the little waves which can be perceived before we hear what we have already seen."

The air envelope around the earth, however, is only 15 miles deep. Outside of that radius vibrations cannot carry. This has been demonstrated by the kites which the weather bureau has used for a number of years to help in the prediction of temperature.

TO MAKE USE OF CARIBOU. How the Enormous Herds of Northern Canada May Be Utilized to Advantage. One infallible sign of spring in Alberta, Canada, is the northward movement of the caribou which inhabit the country in vast herds, and with the coming of spring leave the sheltered woodlands of South Churchill river and seek the summer feeding grounds of the Great Barrens.

A Hudson bay trapper from the Artillery lake country tells of being awakened one morning by a great noise which sounded like a storm tearing through the forest or ice breaking up in the lake. It was the caribou rattling and clashing their horns together. Valleys and hills were black with the herd, which took 14 days and nights to pass the trapper's camp on the thousand-mile journey to the tundra pastures of the north.

Inspectors of the Royal Northwest mounted police estimate that there are 80,000 caribou in northern Canada. A number of plans have been suggested for making this great food supply available. One suggestion is to capture and domesticate the animals, but the most feasible idea seems to be to ship to Canadian cities the meat resulting from hunting expeditions into the caribou country.

Why Columbus Changed Course. Columbus started across the Atlantic ocean, and was headed for the shore along about what we now call South Carolina, although of course he didn't know it. When a few days out he saw birds flying to the southwest, and changed his course and followed them, and landed at San Salvador. The birds were following the laws of nature in their migrations—and Columbus followed the laws of nature when he changed his course and followed them—the law of nature that gave him reasoning powers, for he reasoned that the birds were going toward land.

We are what we are today, individually, because of some little happening a thousand years ago—because some of our ancestors took a trip at a certain time and met others of our ancestors, or because somebody else did or did not do a certain thing. Had a ship bearing some of our ancestors been driven a mile out of its course a thousand years ago, we would not be here today.

FIND THEIR LIFE TOO DRAB. Ex-Soldiers, Returned to Civilian Positions, Yearn for the Excitement of the Battle Field. Recently the following advertisement appeared in the London Daily News.

"Young ex-soldier, three times wounded, will risk life for £200; tired of life and all alone—Write Box 3044, 67, Fleet street, E. C."

The News tells the story of the advertiser: "The writer of the above advertisement is an ex-stretcher bearer of the R. A. M. C. He was awarded the Military Medal in 1916 at Martinpunch and later at Ypres, in 1917, won a bar to the medal for bravery in assisting his captain.

"They were together when a shell burst close to them, wounding both severely. The stretcher bearer, though wounded in four places and weak from loss of blood, helped his officer to safety. After 18 months in a hospital with wounds and shell shock, he found himself discharged with a 50 per cent disability pension, which was later reduced to 40 per cent, making \$3 a week.

"He was recommended to try light outdoor work, and the local sub-committee suggested his becoming a groom. But as the work of a groom is the reverse of light, he accepted the suggestion of a relative in the R. A. F. and became a civilian clerk there.

"I am paid \$15 a week by them," he told the Daily News representative yesterday, "and I am ashamed to take it. There are two of us in my office, and for weeks past, we have not done a stroke. I find the enforced idleness telling on my nerves. I can't stand it.

"When I was in France, although I had never seen France, I found the hardship and the danger brought out the best there was in me. I could rise to the occasion then, but now—" "I want a chance, and that's what made me send along that advertisement. Perhaps some cinema firm might want someone for a particularly risky job. Whatever it is, I'm ready."

French War Memorials. France was threatened with a deluge of monuments and tablets commemorating the victory of the poilu, when Clemenceau stepped to the fore and vetoed many propositions advanced by artists and persons interested in a financial standpoint. He thus saved Paris and the provincial cities from many exhibitions of gratitude perpetuated in marble, wood, stucco and plaster.

The Touring club of France has built perhaps the most dignified memorial to the men who fought to save their country. Near the place on the Marne where in 1914 the Germans were pushed back from their march to Paris and where in 1918 the great offensive of the allies started, the Touring club chose the top of a hill and there built a chapel over the door of which are the simple words: "The Benediction of a Prayer in Eternal Remembrance."

Why Daylight Scheme Failed. The secret has leaked out that the real reason why the farmers were opposed to the daylight saving plan was that they were not able to get the roosters to adopt it. The he-chickens insisted on going to work on the old schedule. In open defiance of congress, they refused to knock off the extra hour from their morning beauty sleep. So, under the new plan, instead of the roosters waking up the farmers, it became necessary for the farmers to wake up the roosters. This, quite naturally, aroused feelings of mutual antagonism. No farmer relishes the task of going out each morning, while the moon is still riding high in the heavens, and stuffing a barnyard full of roosters off the perch. So there was nothing to do but repeal the law.—Thrift Magazine.

Best Influenza Treatment. There is only one point in regard to influenza on which the medical profession is in agreement. This is stated by the Journal of the American Medical Association as follows: "The pulmonary complications of influenza, which make it so serious a disease, may be avoided to a large extent by rest in bed at the onset of the illness. Influenza itself is not usually fatal, and generally insistence on the importance of rest and warmth at the onset of the illness will accomplish more than all else in preventing complications and reducing fatalities from the disease."

China Egg Traps Snake. Swallowing a new egg was the fatal mistake which brought to a close the long egg-stealing career of a black snake. Found in a hen house which it had been plundering, the reptile was vainly trying to squeeze through the hole by which it had entered the building. The lump formed in the scaly body by the nest egg would not permit the exit, and the snake was killed. A post-mortem operation was performed to remove the egg.—Popular Mechanics Magazine.

PRINTING AND OFFICE SUPPLIES. Blank Books, Loose Leaf Systems and Binder, Pen and Sharpener, Ink, Pens, (Nemco Waste Baskets, Indestructible), Penicils, Paste, Gum Paper Fasteners, Letter and Invoice Files, Typewriter Paper, Adding Machine Paper, Carbon Paper or anything in the printing or office supply line. HO-COMB-BLANTON, 28 West Beuregard, San Angelo.

"RESULTS MORE THAN CLAIMED"

As testified by Mr. J. F. ARENDT, Box 42, Eureka, Texas

PE-RU-NA

THE REMEDY FOR EVERYDAY ILLS



"I have used Pe-ru-na for years in cases of colds and catarrh. The results have been good, in fact, more than you claimed. Have also taken Lacupia and can easily say it is one of the best blood purifiers I have ever used."

Mr. J. F. Arendt

For Catarrh and Catarrhal Conditions

The evidence of one man like Mr. Arendt is more convincing proof to you of the merits of Pe-ru-na than any written words of ours. For fifty years Pe-ru-na has been the staple of the American family for its efficacy in the treatment of the various conditions of the urinary organs of the body. Thousands, like Mr. Arendt, have proved the effectiveness of Pe-ru-na for coughs, colds, nasal catarrh, stomach, bowel and liver disorders or any disease characterized by a catarrhal condition. If your suffering is the result of a catarrhal disorder try Pe-ru-na. It is a true, tried medicine.

Sold Everywhere Tablets or Liquid
Bottle-Seven per cent. of the people have catarrh in some form.

The Devil's Own

By Randall Parrish

CHAPTER XVII.

The Trail to Ottawa.

When my eyes again opened it was to darkness and silence as profound as that of my former unconsciousness. For the moment I felt no consciousness even that I was actually alive, yet slowly, little by little, reality came, and I became keenly conscious of physical pain, while memory also began to dimly reassert itself.

I could see nothing, hear nothing. All about me was impenetrable blackness and the silence of the grave. I found myself unable to move my body when I desperately attempted to do so, even the slightest motion brought pain. I became conscious also of a weight crushing down upon me, and stifling my breath. One of my arms was free; I could move it about within narrow limits, although it ached as if from a serious burn. By use of it I endeavored through the black darkness to learn the nature of that heavy object lying across my chest, feeling at it cautiously. My fingers touched cold, dead flesh, from contact with which they shrunk in horror, only to encounter a strand of coarse hair. The first corner of this discovery was overwhelming, yet I persevered, satisfying myself that it was the half-rotted body of a human—a very great of a fellow—which lay stretched across me, an impenetrable weight. Something else, perhaps another dead man, held my feet as though in a vise, and when I ventured to extend my free arm gropingly to one side, the fingers encountered a mangled foot. Scarcely daring to breathe, I lay staring upward and, far above, looking out through what might be a jagged, overhanging mass of timbers, although scarcely discernible, my eyes caught the silver glimmer of a star.

I was alive—alive! Whatever had occurred in that fatal second to deflect that murderous tomahawk, its keen edge had failed to reach me. And what had occurred? Then it was that the probable truth came to me—that flash and roar, that last impression imprinted on my brain before utter darkness descended upon me, must have meant an explosion, an upheaval shattering the cabin, bringing the roof down upon the struggling mob within, the heavy timbers crushing out their lives. And the cause! But one was possible—the half-bag of blasting powder Kennedy had placed in the corner as a last resort. Had Tim reached it in a final, mad effort to destroy, or had some accidental flame brought the terrible destruction? Perhaps no one could ever answer that—but was I there alone, the sole survivor? Had those others of our little party died amid their Indian enemies, and were they lying now somewhere in the midst of the debris?

Kennedy, Elsie Clark, the half-witted boy Asa Hall—their faces seemed to stare at me out of the blackness. They must be dead! Why, I had seen Kennedy fall, the headless foot crunching his face. Asa Hall tossed into the air and shot at as he fell. Elsie! Elsie! I covered my eyes with the free hand, and when I saw I was crying like a child—Elsie, my God, Elsie! I wonder if I talked; I knew so little after that; so little, except that I suffered helplessly. If I did not die, then I must have been upon the verge of insanity, for there was a time—God knows how long—when all was black.

Some slight, scarcely distinguishable noise aroused me. Yes, it was actually a sound, as though someone moved in the room—muffled stealthily, as though upon hands and knees, seeking a passage in the darkness. I imagined I could distinguish breathing. Who, what could it be? A man; a growing wild animal which had scented blood? But for my dry, parched lips I would have cried out—yet even with the voice endeavor, doubt silenced me. Who could be there—who? Some stealthy, cowardly thief; some desperado of the dead? Some Indian returned through the night to take his toll of scalps, hoping to thus proclaim himself a mighty warrior? More likely enemy than friend. It was better that I die and suffer than appeal to such a fiend for mercy.

The slight sound shifted to the right of where I lay, no longer reminding me of the slow progress of a moving body, but rather as though someone were attempting blindly to scrape together ashes in the fireplace. I pressed my one free hand beneath my neck, and then, by an effort, lifted myself so as to see more clearly beyond the shoulder of the dead Indian. The first thing, flickering spark of fire had caught the dry wood, and was swiftly bursting into flame. In another moment this had flamed that stooping figure, and rested in a blaze of light upon the second face, bringing out the features as though they were bronze against the black wall beyond—a woman's face, the face of Elsie!

I gave vent to one startled, inarticulate cry, and she sprang to her feet, the mantling flames girdling her as though she were a statue. In that first frightened glance she failed to see me; her whole posture told of fear, of indecision.

"Who was it spoke? Who called? Is someone alive here?"

The trembling words sounded strange, unfamiliar. I could hardly whisper, yet I did my best.

"It is Steven, Elsie—come to me."

"Steven! Steven! How—how! Oh, my God; you have answered my prayer!"

She found me, heedless of all the horror in between, as though guided by some instinct, and dropped on her knees beside me. I felt a tear fall on my cheek, and then the warm, eager pressure of her lips to mine. I could not speak; I could only hold her close with my one hand.

"You are suffering," she cried. "What can I do? Is it this Indian's body?"

"Yes," I breathed the effort of speaking an effort. "He lies directly across my chest, a dead weight."

It taxed her strength to the utmost, but she made the attempt. With the drawing of a full breath I felt a return of manhood, a revival of life. Another body pinned my limbs to the floor, but this was more easily dis-

posed of. Then I managed to lift myself, but with the first attempt her arm was about my shoulders.

"No, not alone—let me help you. Do you really think you can stand? Why, you are hurt, dear; this is a knife wound in your side. It looks ugly, but is not deep and bleeds no longer. Are there other injuries?"

"My head aches, and this left arm appears paralyzed, dear, does it hurt? There are spots on my body which feel like burns. No, I am not in bad shape. Now let me stand alone; that's better. Good God, what a scene!"

The fire, by this time blazing brightly, gave us a full view of the entire dismantled interior. The cabin was a complete wreck, the roof practically all gone and the upper logs of the side walls either fallen within or dangling in threat. Obviously enough it had been the sudden glimmer of light that had caused the dislodgment of those upper logs, which accounted for this havoc of death. There were dead things placed by bullets and brained by rifle shots, but the many had met their fate under the avalanche of logs, and amid the burning glare of exploding powder.

Only between arched timbers and sections of fallen roof could we move at all, and beneath the network of this unyielding timber the majority of the bodies lay crushed and mangled. I saw Kirby, free from his bonds, but dead beneath a heavy beam. His face was toward us and the flicker of flame revealed a dark spot on his forehead—his life had never been crushed out by that plunging timber which pinned him there; it had been ended by a bullet. My eyes sought hers in swift memory of my last order, and she must have read my thought.

"No," she said, "not that, Steven. It was the boy who shot him. Oh, please, can we not go? There is light already in the sky overhead—see. Take me away from here—anywhere, outside."

"In a moment; all these surely are dead, beyond our aid, and yet we must not depart foolhardy. We know not how far it still may be to Ottawa. Wait, while I search for the things we need."

"Not alone; I must be where I can touch you. Try to understand. Oh, you do not know these hours I have spent in agony—I have seen a thousand deaths since that sun went down."

"You were conscious—all night long?"

"Conscious? Yes, and undisturbed, yet personed helpless beneath those two logs yonder, saved only by that overturned bench. Elsie, poor thing, never knew how death came. It was so swift, but I lay there, within a foot of her body unscratched. I could think only of you, Steven, but with never a dream that you lived. There were groans all first and cries. Some Indians crept in through the door and dragged out a few who lived. But with the coming of darkness all sound ceased and such silence was even more dreadful than the calls for help. Oh, I cannot tell



And She Clung to Me, Her Voice Breaking.

you," and she clung to me, her voice breaking. "I dared not move for hours, and then, when I did try, found I could not; that I was held fast. Only for a knife in the hands of a dead savage, which I managed to secure, I could never have freed myself. And oh, the unspeakable horror of creeping in the darkness among those bodies. I know where the fireplace must be; that there might be five coals there still. I had to have light; I had to know if you were dead."

"Don't think about it any more, dear heart," I urged. "Yes, we can go now—nothing else holds us here."

We crept out through the door, under a mass of debris, into the gray of the dawn. Beyond a little space we found some horses huddled in the deep grass; they were those that had brought us from Yellow Banks, and whined a greeting as we drew near. Two of them were fit to ride and the others followed limping along behind.

A half mile up the valley we came to a beaten trail, running straight across from bluff to bluff, and disappearing into the prairie beyond, headed directly toward the Sunrise. We stopped and looked back for the first time. There on the side of the slope, under the shade of the big tree, stood the cabin. Only for the wreck of the roof it spoke no message of the tragedy within. The sun's rays gilded it, and the smoke from its chimney seemed a beckoning welcome. I reached out and took her hand, and our eyes met in understanding. What I whispered need not be told, and I can say, again, that forward, it was upon the trail to Ottawa.

[THE END]

Notice to Trespassers
Notice is hereby given that all trespassers on my ranch east of Geneva for the purpose of cutting lumber, hauling wood or hunting hogs without my permission, will be prosecuted to the full extent of the law
W. J. FIELDS, Geneva, Texas.



View of Derwentwater.

THE Lake district of England, one of the most beautiful of regions, always has been a favorite resort of American tourists, not only because of its natural attractions, but also on account of its literary associations.

First among recorded tourists to Lakeland was Gray, the poet, author of the "History in a Country Churchyard," says Country Life. He visited the Westmoreland and Cumberland lakes in 1769, the year before Wordsworth, the most outstanding American lake school of poets, was born. He discovered the lakes, alike in a touring and literary sense, and being essentially of the eighteenth century, he fell from them and the grandeur of their scenery in dismay. For not then had the lakes been known in Lakeland. The beauties of wild nature were not appreciated, and had they been the roads of that age and the lack of proper accommodation were powerful deterrents.

But for close upon a century Lakeland has been a greatly appreciated touring ground. Society and the literary associations with Wordsworth, Southey, Coleridge, De Quincey and their circle, have attracted every type of holiday maker. First came the vacation reading parties of university students, then the honeymoon couples, to whom the Low Wood hotel, Ambleside, was once, in a sense, sacred; and then the railways brought tourists from far and near. But not until the automobile came upon the roads was Lakeland comfortably or thoroughly to be explored.

The tourist by motor car here has choice of every kind of road, or no road, and may, if he will, take his sport in passengering with the most adventurous or take his sight-seeing along roads as good as any in the country. It is a matter of taste and inclination. The ideal way of seeing Lakeland is undoubtedly that of selecting some central spot at which to stay and taking from it daily, out and home, excursions. This is so for several reasons; chief among them that of the somewhat limited area of the lake district, which may be seen at about thirty miles square. The lakes figure so largely in popular imagination that this will seem scarcely credible; yet any reference to maps will prove the truth of it. But it does not follow from this sheer matter-of-fact measurement that this region is easily seen or soon exhausted.

Grasmere in the center of the lake district is Grasmere, central geographically, and in its interest, for it was Wordsworth's home, and in its churchyard he lies.

There are five recognized centers for tourists in these regions: Windermere, Ambleside and Grasmere, about eight miles apart, some four miles from one another; Keswick, thirteen miles further north, and Conistone, somewhat isolated, seven miles southwest of Ambleside. It would be a thankless task to declare any preference among these, but we will take Grasmere as the very focus of the lakes.

Grasmere village is a sweet and garden place. Here Wordsworth resided for more than fifty years. His lakeside homes here are not accessible, but Dove Cottage, where he wrote his earliest and best, has been preserved as it was in his day, and is the resort of literary pilgrims, while the up-to-date church beside the River Rotha is much the same as he knew it. That is an interesting day trip, along excellent roads, which takes us north to Collierworth, the old market town at the extreme northern edge of Lakeland, where his birthplace, in Hale street, is still shown.

The way runs by Dunmail Raise to Wythburn, where little church, one of the smallest in England, is neighbored by the Nag's Head Inn, where the old dulleman and their wives put up their horses while awaiting service in older times. The road then runs alongside Thimble, with the imposing mountains, Helvellyn, 3,118 feet, on right. Keswick town comes next; a considerable place for this part of the country, and with an oblique foreign appearance, caused chiefly by the check-like building (really the town hall) in the middle of the street. The chief industry is the making of hand pencils.

Derwentwater Loveliest Lake.
Derwentwater itself is the real reward of the journey. It is generally considered the loveliest of all the lakes, and it is also the most accessible, a good road encircling it. Beyond Keswick, we pass Gretna Hill, once the home of Somber, and come to Bassenthwaite Water. Presumably taking the left-hand road, Skiddaw, 3,814 feet, is seen across the water. Collierworth is some six miles further.

Returning from that town, the other side of Bassenthwaite Water may be taken, and the rest of the way back to Grasmere is identical with the outward run. The distance, including the circuit of Derwentwater, is about seventy-six miles.

Derwentwater is worth a more prolonged stay, for its own sake. The trip from Grasmere to Keswick and the circuit of Derwentwater and back is thirty-five miles. The advantages are with the tourist proceeding to Keswick and then turning left and just the church, following the eastern side of the lake to Lodore, where the "Falls of Lodore," sung by Southey, will be found. Beyond we come to Shepherd's Crags, overlooking the road, and past the Borrowdale boat and the narrow pass called the "Gates of Borrowdale," whose rocks so greatly attracted Gray 130 years ago. At Grange where the River Derwent flows out of Derwentwater, the road abruptly turns, to follow the western shore. In the pleasant vale at Grange is that great rock, the "Dovecot Stone."

The peculiar advantages of staying at Grasmere are many. Not least among them is that within five miles you have not only Grasmere itself, including Derwentwater for horseback, but also Windermere, and the town of Ambleside, with Windermere, the largest and most popular of the lakes beyond. All are within an easy walk for the tourist staying at Grasmere, who will scarce take out his car when he can indulge in pleasant footpath rambles for a change.

The car is for further afield. For example, the run to Penrith, along Ulster, The out and home run is fifty-six miles. The best way from Grasmere is to take the Windermere road, as far as Waterhead; thence turning to the left and up to Troutbeck. The tourist, up from Ambleside to Kilmalea Pass, is an exceedingly steep climb, but it can be taken on the return.

On the way to Ulster the glorious little mountain town of Brothers Water is passed, and then comes the descent to Alport, sunny Farncliffe. Here the seven miles long lake of Ulster, the second largest of the lakes, begins, starting on the way by a delightful run, with the waterfall of Alport Force midway, spouting from its woody glen. Ulster ends at Pooley Bridge, whence it is seen, and a half mile into the quiet old market town of Penrith, passing Yeavath Hall, now a farm house, but a good surviving specimen of the fifteenth century fortified border residence; and thence over the ancient Bassett Bridge, built in 1425.

FACTS AND FIGURES OF WAR

Immensity of Supplies Needed in Modern Conflict Disclosed by Sir Douglas Haig

These are some of the amazing facts in Sir Douglas Haig's final dispatch: General headquarters received 9,000 telegrams in one day, and 3,400 letters by dispatch-riders. One army headquarters had 10,000 telegrams in a day, and the daily telegrams on the lines of communication were 23,000.

There were 1,500 miles of telegraph and telephone, and 3,855 miles of railways, on which 1,800 trains ran weekly.

In six weeks 3,000,000 rations were supplied by our armies in France, to 300,000 civilians in the relieved areas. That is an interesting day trip, along excellent roads, which takes us north to Collierworth, the old market town at the extreme northern edge of Lakeland, where his birthplace, in Hale street, is still shown.

The total daily ration strength of our armies was 2,700,000. An addition of one ounce to each man's ration represented an extra 13 tons.

Over 40,000 horses and mules and 48,700 motor vehicles were used, and 4,300 miles of road made or unmade.

In 1914 there was one machine gun to 300 infantrymen in the British army; when peace came there was one machine gun to 20 infantrymen.

Over 700,000 tons of ammunition were fired by our artillery on the western front from August, 1915, to the armistice.—*Montreal Herald.*

Children's Spending Money.
The practice of giving out money to the children by dabbles, when they come for it, and without holding them to any responsibility in the matter of spending it, is undoubtedly responsible for most of the precocious selfishness among our young people. It is quite natural that this childish attitude toward money should continue even into the period when the young person becomes a money-earner on his own account, and often times, into his adult life as well.—*Thrift Magazine.*

WOODEN SPOIL

By Victor Rousseau



A clean, stirring adventure in the land of unbroken forests—a fight for the big trees of the North—and a girl.

OUR NEW SERIAL

A story that everyone of our red-blooded readers will enjoy. Be Sure to Get the Issue With the First Installment

LIVER DIDN'T ACT DIGESTION WAS BAD

Says 65 year Old Kentucky Lady, Tells How She Was Relieved After a Few Doses of Black-Draught.

Meadersville, Ky.—Mrs. Cynthia Higginbotham, of this town, says: "At my age, which is 65, the liver does not act so well as when young. A few years ago, my stomach was all out of fit. I was constipated, my liver didn't act. My digestion was bad, and it took so little to upset me. My appetite was gone. I was very weak. I decided I would give Black-Draught a thorough trial as I knew it was highly recommended for this trouble. I began taking it. I felt better after a few doses. My appetite improved and I became stronger. My bowels acted naturally and the least trouble was soon righted with a few doses of Black-Draught."

Seventy years of successful use has made Thorford's Black-Draught a standard, household remedy. Every member of every family, at times, need the help that Black-Draught can give in cleansing the system and relieving the troubles that come from constipation, indigestion, lazy liver, etc. You cannot keep well unless your stomach, liver and bowels are in good working order. Keep them that way. Try Black-Draught. It acts promptly, gently and in a natural way. If you feel sluggish, take a dose tonight. You will feel fresh tomorrow. Price 25c. a package—One cent a dose. All druggists. J. C.

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