

DEVIL'S RIVER NEWS.

VOL 30

SONORA, SUTTON CO., TEXAS. SATURDAY, JANUARY 24 1920.

NO 1525.

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 24 1920

PROGRESS REPORT WOOL SCOURING PLANT TEXAS EXPERIMENT STATION.

Devil's River News,
Sonora, Texas.

Gentlemen:—I am enclosing herewith a brief progress report with reference to the headway that is being made in connection with the installation of a wool scouring plant at this Station, thinking perhaps that your readers would be interested in knowing the progress that is being made.

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

Realizing that many flock owners are anxious to know something further with reference to the present status of the Wool Scouring Plant, which is to be installed at College Station, I beg to take this opportunity to submit a brief statement concerning the progress that is being made.

At the time the writer visited the C. G. Sargent's Sons Corporation at Graniteville, Mass., during the early part of September, they informed him that they were extremely busy, having sufficient orders ahead to extend well into the year 1920. They agreed to ship the scouring machinery not later than April, providing the labor situation in the east did not become further complicated.

Under date of November 5th, this Corporation, in acknowledging receipt of our letter of Oct. 23 together with approved requisition order No. 4662 authorizing the purchase of a Duster, a Wool Washing machine, and a Wool Drying machine, stated "We thank you very kindly for this order which will go into our forms within a few days that the pro-ecution may be started as soon as possible." "The sketch will go to our Engineering Department, and a plan of a proposed location of these machines will be submitted for your consideration just as soon as it can be executed." Under date of Dec. 11th, 1919, the writer took occasion to write the above Corporation as follows: "I am taking this opportunity to inquire further as to the progress that is being made in the preparation of plans for the location of the wool scouring machinery in our Experiment Station building. We are very anxious to have this machinery in place and in operation in time to handle samples from the next Spring's clip." Their reply being as follows: "We have had an exceedingly large number of drawings ahead of us. However, we are going to endeavor to have the layout showing arrangement of your machines finished by the latter part of next week, that a blue print thereof may be submitted for your consideration. We will do our best to meet your requirements."

All the necessary preliminary arrangements are being made at College Station, and as soon as the wool scouring equipment has been delivered to this point it will be installed by one of Sargent's expert machinists with as little delay as possible in order that those desiring to have wool samples scoured in the spring may not be disappointed.

The necessary preliminary arrangements are being made at College Station, and as soon as the wool scouring equipment has been delivered to this point it will be installed by one of Sargent's expert machinists with as little delay as possible in order that those desiring to have wool samples scoured in the spring may not be disappointed.

The CITY MARKET
Deals in
Choice Beef, Mutton & Pork.
Buys and Sells
Poultry, Butter, Eggs, Etc
Buys Dry and Green Hides
COOPER & SIMS.

SHEEP MARKET REPORT FOR 1919.

An increase of 2,241,560 head in the receipts of sheep and lambs at seven western markets during 1919 over the preceding year, was attributed to increased production both in the fleece States and the West, and to enforced liquidation of flocks from a vast area of the pastoral country west of the one hundredth meridian, Utah, Montana, Wyoming, Nevada and Oregon were hit hard by drought and the depletion of breeding stock in these states being serious. Idaho and Washington escaped with less serious loss. Increases in receipts were recorded at all the more important western market centers. Chicago gained 614,221 head over the year previous, Omaha reported the arrival of a record run for that market of 3,788,183 or 402,492 more than arrived there during 1918, the former banner year. Other Missouri River markets, also St. Paul, Denver, and Fort Worth scored substantial increases in supplies over the preceding year. Considering the supply volume, the market performed after a fashion which left little room for complaint on the part of producers. High markets for wool, skins, and other by-products were strong props under the price list, while the avid manner in which feeder buyers absorbed thin stock from the big summer and fall runs of range stuff saved flockmasters from disaster. As usual the high point of the year was uncovered during the season when Colorado fed lambs were marketed, a \$21 lamb top being recorded at Chicago in March, while matured sheep sold upward to \$17.25 the first week of April.

Throughout the year sheep sold at sharp discounts from lambs, consumptive demand centering strongly on the latter. During the greater part of the year, the spread in prices between lambs and matured sheep was the widest ever known. The general average price for fat lambs at Chicago for the year figured about \$16 against an average of around \$10 for aged mutton sheep. The year's low spot on sheep was recorded during the first half of October and early November, when \$7 to \$9.25 took the bulk of fat ewes and wethers. The top lambs sold down to \$14.50 at one time in November, but moderate receipts, a soaring wool market and a healthy dressed lamb trade were factors in lifting values for best lambs \$4 per 100 pounds above this level by the year's final session.

Pay your poll tax before Feb. 1. A good remedy for a bad cough is BALLARD'S HORN UN SYRUP. It heals the lungs and quiets irritation sold by Sonora Drug Co.

HOUSE FOR SALE.
I offer for sale my house on East Crockett avenue, Sonora, at terms to suit purchaser.
This is a desirably located home of seven rooms, on four lots, two car garage and other improvements.
Address, John S. Allison,
San Angelo, Texas.

Dr. A. G. Blanton,
Physician & Surgeon.
Office in the Jackson Building.
Phones—Office 185 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.

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

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

The News rates for announcements are:
Congressional, Legislature and Judicial Districts \$5.
County officer \$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 re-election to the office of Tax Assessor of Sutton County subject to the action of the Democratic primaries.

Mrs. Annie Winn as a candidate for election to the office of Tax Assessor of Sutton County subject to the action of the Democratic primaries.

SHERIFF AND TAX COLLECTOR
B. W. Hutcherson as a candidate for re-election 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 election 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 re-election to the office of County Treasurer of Sutton County subject to the action of the Democratic primaries.

COUNTY JUDGE.
Roy E. Aldwell as a candidate for election to the office of County Judge of Sutton County, subject to the action of the Democratic primaries.

COMMISSIONER.
Ed. Glascock as a candidate for election to the office of Commissioner of Precinct No. 1, Sutton County, subject to the action of the Democratic primaries.

NOTICE.
The State of Texas,
County of Sutton.

To the Sheriff or any Constable of Sutton County, Texas. Greeting:
C. D. Wyatt, executor of the Estate of P. T. Baker, Sr., deceased, having filed in our County Court his final account of the condition of the estate of said P. T. Baker, Sr., deceased, together with an application to be discharged from said administration, you are hereby commanded, that by publication of this writ for twenty days in a newspaper regularly published in the County of Sutton you give due notice to all persons interested in the account for final settlement of said estate, to file their objections thereto, if any they have, on or before the 16th day of February, A. D. 1920, the February Term, 1920, of said County Court, commencing and to be held at the Courthouse of said County, in the town of Sonora, on the 16th day of February, A. D. 1920, when said account and application will be considered by said Court.
Given under my hand and seal of said court at my office in the town of Sonora, Texas, this 15th day of January, A. D. 1920.

J. D. Lowrey,
Clerk of the County Court of Sutton County, Texas.
17-2
A true copy, I certify.
B. W. Hutcherson,
Sheriff of Sutton County, Texas.
23-4

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,
Del Rio, Texas. Phone 429

WHEN IN SAN ANGELO EAT AT THE City Cafe
Opposite Baker-Hemphills

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

WOOL AND MOHAIR

CHARLES SCHREINER, BANKER.

(UNINCORPORATED)

KERRVILLE, TEXAS.

Makes Liberal Advances on Sheep, Goats, Wool and Mohair
Established 1869.

RANCH LOANS,

Unlimited Funds, No Delay

E. B. CHANDLER,

Central National Bank Building.

SAN ANGELO--TEXAS--SAN ANTONIO

Wool Growers Central Storage Co.

SAN ANGELO, TEXAS.

CAPITAL PAID IN \$200,000.00
SURPLUS FUND 50,000.00
UNDIVIDED PROFITS 22,000.00

Make Loans on Sheep and Goats,
Liberal Advances Made on Wool and Mohair.

OFFICERS AND DIRECTORS:

Individual Responsibility over \$2,000,000.00.

Robert Massie, President, Ozona and San Angelo, Texas.
Sam H. Hill, First Vice President, Christoval and San Angelo, Texas.
S. E. Couch, Second Vice President, Ozona, Texas.
J. S. Allison, Third Vice President, San Angelo, Texas.
L. L. Farr, Fourth Vice President, San Angelo, Texas.
J. A. Whitten, Kildorado, Texas. J. E. Boag-Scott, Coleman, Texas.
J. M. O'Daniel, Secretary & Treasurer, San Angelo, Texas.

Office Second Floor Central National Bank Building.
Rooms 209, 210, 211.

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 PRONOGRAPHS

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.

Dont forget your Eyes. Satisfaction Guaranteed in fitting Glasses.

SONORA'S JEWELRY STORE.

J. T. McClelland.

K. V. E. 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

P. O. Box 542

Sonora, Texas

Phone 191



The Ford Motor Company have instructed us to sell the genuine Ford Parts to any and every reliable Garage who will pledge their use in the repair of Ford cars. The genuine Ford Parts are absolutely necessary to the owner of Ford cars that he may get full service from his car. We carry them and so, we hope, in a short time will every reliable Garage. We solicit your service business because we have the Ford Methods, the Ford Parts, the Ford Mechanics and the Ford prices. Incidentally would be glad to get your order for one or more Ford cars.

HULL, NORTH & SIMMONS,
THE SONORA GARAGE.

MORRIS-GILMORE HARDWARE

PLUMBING SUPPLIES, QUEENSWARE, FURNITURE

Oil Stoves and Ranges
Fishing Tackle
Camp Cots and Chairs
Paints and Oils.

'WATCH US GROW & HELP US GROW.'

West Texas Lumber Co

SONORA, TEXAS

QUALITY and SERVICE.

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 \$15,000,000.00, while Texas is producing about \$150,000,000.00 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 \$2.00 a year

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, Tex., - January 24, 1920

Important News for M. H. G. Growers

At the meeting of the National Mohair Growers Association held in El Paso Dec 15 to 20th it was decided to reincorporate under the laws of New Mexico with a capital stock of \$100,000, of which \$50,000 will be offered to Mohair growers at once.

The par value of the shares is \$1 and no person or corporation will be allowed to own more than one-fifth of the capital stock. Those who are now holders of stock issued them at \$2 per share will have new stock issued to them at the rate of 18 for one or about \$18 for their \$2 share.

It is desired that all mohair growers buy stock in and become members of the reorganized Association, which with the Capital fund will be able to handle the product without dependence upon or profit to commercial buyers. In a sense, sell direct from the grower to the manufacturer.

The terms of payment for the stock are liberal and the necessity for the capitalization of the Association among the goat men has most conclusively been proven by past experiences.

Robert A. Halbert of Sonora is a director of the National Mohair Growers Association and he will be pleased to give you all the information as the plan of reorganization, the full details of which are too lengthy for publication here.

FOR SALE—Elegant residence in San Angelo, furnished. Owner leaving city. Price and terms right. 243 Brown Bros., San Angelo, Texas.

FOR SALE.
Purebred Plymouth Rock Cockerels from prize-winning stock, excellent birds at \$3.00, select choice at \$5.00. Suitable laying hens for pens at \$1.50. Mrs. H. W. Rieck, Roosevelt, Texas.

REPAIRING
of your
TIRES & TUBES
means
\$ \$ \$ \$ \$
in your pocket.
Same applies
to your
Leaky Radiator
and
Storage Battery.
see
W. E. WALLACE,
with the
Sonora Garage

Keep out of the Harst trap with your guns, targets or air rifles or I will be compelled to prosecute for trespass.—To the Public.
Dr. W. E. Langford

REV. W. E. HATHORN.

It is with much pleasure that I offer a word of introduction of Rev. W. E. Hathorn, who has recently come to Sonora, thereby casting his lot with the big-hearted people of West Texas.

It has been the writer's privilege to know personally Rev. Mr. Hathorn for a number of years, and without hesitancy pronounce him one of the best equipped men for service that has ever come to this part of the country. Mr. Hathorn graduated at Mississippi College in 1903, receiving the degree of Ph. B. After his graduation here he attended the Southern Baptist Seminary at Louisville, Ky., where he took first rank as a brilliant student. He has just come from Nashville, Tenn., where he specialized in work at Peabody College and Vanderbilt University, lacking only a little of completing work for the degree of Master in Arts. Thus it will be seen that from an educational standpoint he is one of the best prepared men that has ever come this way.

He has held a number of important pastorates, and in each instance has done distinctive work which abides. For several years he was pastor at Norwood, La., the present writer's first pastorate. He did a really remarkable work there, and went away from the field much to the regret of the entire church. His introduction to Texas work was at Lancaster, where he built a most beautiful pastor's home, as well as leading the church along constructive lines in many ways. Thence he was pastor at Mount Pleasant, Texas, where he led the church into the first worthy building enterprise of any denomination in the city, raising in money some \$34,000.00. The fine new church at this place is now nearing completion and will be one of the very best in North East Texas. While here he baptized a hundred or more persons, and received into the church well over three hundred all told.

While at Mt. Pleasant he was selected by the Government as Emergency County Demonstration Agent, and his work was satisfactory in every way, so much so that just before coming to Sonora he was offered similar work in another county at a much larger salary than he will receive as a pastor and preacher, but his heart is dedicated to the ministry, and thus his acceptance of the Sonora Baptist Church.

This sketch would not be complete without a word about the Hathorn family. Mrs. Hathorn is one of the truest and noblest women that ever graced a pastor's home. The people of the church always love her for her work's sake, and for her gentle and sincere manner always displayed towards the members of the church of which her husband is pastor. They have two fine sons, both college graduates, and at the present time engaged in teaching. These fine young men readily put themselves at the disposal of their country during the war, and served with honor and trust until the Armistice was signed, and they were honorably dismissed from the service.

Mr. Hathorn is an agriculturist, a scholar, a public spirited citizen and a preacher of high order. If Sonora, and West Texas are fortunate enough to retain him, he will prove a very valuable addition to the welfare of the country.
E. F. Lyon, First Baptist Church, San Angelo, Texas.

Dissolution Notice.

Notice is hereby given that the partnership, heretofore existing between H. V. Stokes and Henry Decker in the business known as the Sonora Tailor Shop, has this day been dissolved by mutual consent, H. V. Stokes buying the interest of Henry Decker, assuming the indebtedness and acquiring the accounts.

H. V. STOKES,
HENRY DECKER.
Sonora, Texas, January 20, 1920.

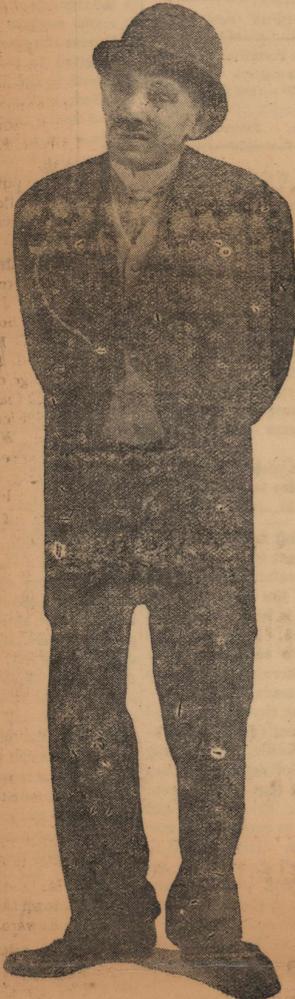
In consideration of the above I desire to request my friends and all those indebted to the Sonora Tailor Shop to kindly call and settle their accounts.

It will be my pleasure to continue the business and I hope to have you continue your patronage Res. cordially,
H. V. STOKES.

LEE'S VAUDEVILLE REVIEW
and Feature Pictures.
JANUARY 26 TO 31 EVERY NIGHT

JOE LEE,
The Star of the
Keystone Film
will be here in
the flesh and
with his Com-
pany entertain
you every night
this week.

**LAUGH!
LAUGH!
LAUGH!**
Change of Bill
every night
FEATURE PICTURE
A GOOD SHOW
at Popular Prices.



Admission 25 and 50 cents.

WOMAN'S LONG TRIP IN AUTO

Mrs. Maud M. White of Rochester Claims Record—Others of Her Sex Before the Public.

The record for long-distance "lone hand" automobile touring is claimed by Mrs. Maud M. White, who motored alone from Rochester, N. Y., to Miami, Okla., thence to Brantford, Ont., to visit her mother, and from Brantford returned to her home in Rochester.

Burmese women have absolute personal freedom, which is not the case in other Asiatic countries, and they have sole control of their property. By law, religion and custom they are in all respects equal to their husbands.

When she wrote her famous novel, "Comin' Thro' the Rye," 44 years ago Miss Helen Mathers was only twenty-two. Today it is still one of the best sellers, although the fifty-third edition has been published. But Miss Mathers does not share in the prosperity of the book. When she had written it she was offered a few hundred dollars down by the original publisher, or a share of the profits. She accepted the cash offer, and thus lost about \$100,000 which she would have received in royalties.

A PITIFUL CASE



"Poor Jack is so unlucky in his love affairs."
"Indeed?"
"Yes; every time he wants to marry a girl for love she has too little money."—Boston Transcript.

BEEES IN BUSINESS OFFICE

Experiment Made by Indiana Man Said to Have Been Success From Every Standpoint.

Everybody likes honey, or if they don't they should, so an Indiana man recently conceived the idea of keeping a swarm of bees in a hive in his downtown office.

The hive is placed close to a radiator and a window, so that in the summer the bees will have no trouble in flying out in search of honey, and in the winter they are kept warm by the heat of the radiator.

In the spring when the flowers begin to bloom the bees are tempted from their hive by a row of chocolate creams, and from the window-sill where the candy is set it is but a "step" to the fields where the flowers of the spring are blooming in abundance.

The yield of honey last year amounted to slightly over fifty pounds, and this year an even greater supply is expected.

In these "high-cost-of-living" times such an excellent "crop" is not to be slighted at all, and, anyway, bees are easy to keep—if you know how.—St. Paul Pioneer Press.

NEIGHBORS



"Your baby's crying is very annoying."
"You run a typewriter which annoys us sometimes."
"I never run it after ten o'clock, while your infant keeps no regular hours."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

MAKE THEIR WORK DRUDGERY

Colonel Roosevelt Had Little Sympathy for Those Who Find No Enjoyment in Their Occupation.

One day Colonel Roosevelt told me what a good time he was having working with all of us (in the office of the Metropolitan Magazine), writes Sonya Leven in the Woman's Home Companion. He told me that he felt radicals laid too much stress upon the drudgery of the day laborer's work. That the details of most kinds of work—the director's, the artist's, the writer's—were drudgery. That very often it was a spiritual sluggishness and a consequent failure to discover the human aspects of one's job.

Urged on by an old belief that Colonel Roosevelt's viewpoint on economics was not sufficiently radical, I grew warm about the vast throngs of people who drag themselves every morning at 7 to the factories, work at some trifling job for eight, ten hours, day in, day out, year after year, without respite, without hope of ultimate release except through death. The unpleasant memory of my own similar beginning keeps ever alive for me the sorrowfulness of such an existence. My deep resentment against an industrial order that extorts so unrelenting a toll from its masses did not meet with the sympathy I had expected.

I suddenly found myself driven to an issue by that implacable will of his which gave no quarter to any socialistic problem that did not lend itself to practical solution. He had a sane and temperate appreciation of the workingman's difficulties, but his sensibilities about their sordid existence did not touch his sympathy.

He agreed that the toiler in most cases has received less than his due and must be more protected and more respected for his share in the world work, that he must get shorter hours and more healthful conditions to labor and live in, opportunity to better himself and enjoy his leisure, but he felt that ultimately any man's success or failure depended upon the man's own character.

"There is enjoyment in every kind of work that has usefulness, but there are people that enjoy nothing, that have not the capacity for fun and contentment—no matter in what status of life they happen to be."
HOW SHE SHOWED HER ANGER.
George—I told her I was going to kiss her once for every step of the way home.
Jack—And what did she do?
George—Became very angry, but she went upstairs and put on a horrible skirt.—Pearson's Weekly.

CLING TO BELIEFS

Few People Today Are Without Pet Superstitions.

Although Not Carried to Extremes That Have Marred the Pages of History in the Past, They Are Still With Us.

We constantly hear it said that "this is the twentieth century; superstition and all that sort of thing died out long ago." Yet there is hardly a person in the country without his pet belief—that misfortune follows stooping over a baby or spilling salt, or that a black cat brings good luck, for example. Hence, too, the universal practice of wearing mascots "for luck."

These, however, are not very serious beliefs, being merely personal fads. Superstition of a deeper rooted and more unpleasant type is still common in the more backward rural areas, however. Only a few weeks ago an old dame in the Fen country was boycotted by the whole countryside because she had the reputation of being a witch and of throwing spells over people's children, stock and crops. No one would go near her or let her have food or clothing, and she nearly starved to death.

The cold, legal atmosphere of the courts would be thought unfavorable to belief in witchcraft, and yet a farmer—by no means an ignorant man—stood up the other day in Norfolk court and informed the bench that someone had bewitched his cows. He cured the evil spell by thrusting a red hot poker into his churn, when the evil spirit vanished in a bright flame.

Years ago any old crane who was cross grained with the neighbors stood a good chance of being tried (and burnt) for witchcraft, and cases are even known where animals were solemnly brought into court and tried on a similar charge.

A tough old cock at Basle, in Switzerland, was accused of laying eggs—a most serious offense, as such eggs were used only for making witches' ointment. The unhappy bird was haled before the justices, and one of the eggs produced as proof of guilt. In the face of such evidence the rooster's case was hopeless. He was convicted and he and his miraculous eggs solemnly burnt at the stake in the town square.

A sow and six young pigs were accused of witchcraft towards a child, and were brought, protesting loudly before the "beak." Amid great sensation, the sow was found guilty and publicly executed, but the porkers were acquitted on the ground of extreme youth. As late as 1740, a cow was accused of possessing a "devil," and after a long hearing was found guilty and condemned to death.

"Hats and Alice and such small deer" have been summoned on numerous occasions, but almost invariably failed to put in an appearance at court.

In the fifteenth century, the peasants of a village in the south of France took legal proceedings against a plague of locusts which trespassed on their fields and devoured their crops. As the case was still being fought nearly half a century later, the modern gardener can sympathize with the unlucky plaintiffs, but would probably prefer the more up-to-date application of lime or mustard.

Another action was brought against a pest of leeches swarming in the ponds and streams of another country district of France. The judge issued a decree against the leeches trespassing further on the disputed territories, but history is silent as to whether the injunction was obeyed or ignored, with resultant punishment for contempt of court.

Animals have even been admitted as witnesses in the courts. It used to be considered no offense to kill a burglar trying to break into a house. There arose the difficulty that one man living alone might ask another to his house, and then murder him, pretending that he was a robber. To get over this, it was decided that any domestic animal, such as a cat or a dog, present at the time might bear witness. If the animal on being questioned, satisfied the court that his master had acted in good faith, the killing was held to be justified. There are not many instances of acquittal.

Japanese Glass Industry Grows.

Though encouraged by the government in 1876 by the establishment of a model glass factory, transferred ten years later to private ownership, the glass industry of Japan was only fairly prosperous until the outbreak of the recent European war, at which time due to the shutting off of supplies from France, Belgium and Germany the manufacture of glass received such a stimulus that it now bids fair to compete with the industry in other countries. Before 1914 practically all the window glass used in Japan was imported, but this branch of the industry is receiving special attention and in 1918 its product to the value of \$1,756,000 was exported.

Conductor Pulls Teeth.

A conductor-dentist operates on a branch of the Chesapeake & Ohio railroad system in West Virginia. He is Dr. Harry Halstead. When patients failed to come to him fast enough Halstead took a position as conductor. He carries forceps in his pocket. During a recent week the train was halted four times by persons who wanted teeth drawn. The dentist-conductor never fails to make the stops.

LOST.

Lost on the road between Sonora and the Experiment Station on Wednesday December 31st, a rocking chair. Finder please notify E. M. PETERS, Experiment Station, Sonora.

A good remedy for a bad cough is BALLARD'S HORS-H UN SYRUP. It heals the lungs and quiets irritation. Sold by all druggists.

WHY

In Time Rats May Cease to Spread Plague

India has been suffering intermittently for more than 20 years from the bubonic plague, which has caused the death of some 10,000,000 persons. There are now signs that the periodic epidemics are becoming less virulent, and for a strange reason: Experimental investigation has shown that the newer generations of rats are developing comparative immunity from plague infection. It is thought that in time the rats in long-infected areas may become completely plague proof.

This eventual outcome has been predicted by Dr. C. J. Martin, F. R. S., director of the Lister Institute, who organized the researches which demonstrated that the infection is conveyed to man by rat fleas. Perhaps in some similar manner plague disappeared in the British Isles. British rats may gradually have become immune to plague infection. However, it must be remembered that plague remained persistently epidemic through the centuries in certain quarters of the world, such as the highlands of Yunnan in China and of Assir in western Arabia, and India has always been regarded as a reservoir.

NOT MUCH PIGSKIN LEATHER

Why Those Who Are Fond of Articles Made From It Have to Pay High Prices.

Pigskin is a wonderfully tough and exceedingly beautiful leather; but the person who buys a pigskin traveling bag, portfolio, purse or book and pays a very high price for the same can hardly see how this price is justified when he considers the immense number of pigs slaughtered every day to keep the world in pork, ham and bacon.

The truth of the matter is that very little pigskin is ever tanned into leather. The pig-leather industry is chiefly confined to Scotland and Germany, the reason being that the skins are left on the carcasses in almost all the other parts of the world. Although in normal times a pigskin is worth \$1.50, yet it is seldom removed from the carcass. One reason is the great difficulty of flaying the animal. It appears to be almost impossible by present methods to remove the skin without cutting away a large quantity of fat, and the value of the skin compared to the loss of weight of the meat offers very little inducement to remove the skin. In addition to which the custom of leaving the rind on bacon and pork effectively prevents any attempt at present to increase the supply of pigskins.

How Bees Guard Hives.

At the entrance of every beehive, during the season of the honey flow, stand guards to prevent the invasion of stung bees. Half a dozen nectar-laden insects may be seen to enter the human eye they look exactly alike; but one among them is not allowed to pass the sentries, who recognize him as an enemy. The sense by which they detect him, according to Dr. N. E. McIndoo, whose book "Recognition Among Insects," has been published recently by the Smithsonian Institution, is not sight but smell.

In the course of his studies the man of science has trained his nose until he can recognize the three castes of bees—queens, drones and workers—merely by their odor. His experiments show that the bees themselves recognize one another by individual odors, and use the sense of smell for as many purposes as human beings use eyes and ears. Worker bees, he says, returning to the hives from the fields, pass the guards unmolested, because they carry the proper sign, although the live odor they convey is fainter than when they left the hive, and is also to a very large degree masked by the odors of the nectar and the pollen with which they have loaded themselves.—Youth's Companion.

How Corncocks Are Utilized.

Corncocks have always been one of the great waste products of American agriculture, yet the chemists of the department of agriculture have proved that practically the entire cob can be converted into valuable substances. About 37 per cent by weight of one cob may be converted into crystalline glucose. The cellulose remaining after the adhesives are removed is practically a pure product, very absorbent, and might be used for a number of purposes.

Alcohol can be manufactured by fermentation of the corncocks glucose. A certain amount of sugar may be obtained from the cobs. About 25 per cent by weight of acetic acid is recovered as a by-product in the manufacture of the corncocks adhesive. Whether it will prove profitable to recover all the adhesives are removed is practically a pure product, very absorbent, and might be used for a number of commercial developments.

How Lightning Affected Hair.

A curious freak of lightning is told in British Medical Journal. During a thunderstorm a house was struck and severely damaged, while three children were lying in the same bed asleep on their right side.

Beyond the fright at the time the children suffered no harm until a fortnight later, when the hair on the left side of their heads, which had not been protected by the pillows, began to fall out from the middle line downward. In a few days that side of their heads was quite bald. Now after three months the X-rays like effect of the lightning has worn off and the vanished locks are returning.

Jack Pierce News Agent.

The San Angelo Standard, San Antonio Express, El Paso Herald, Fort Worth Star-Telegram and Dallas News for sale at the Horse Palace.



FIRST NATIONAL BANK

OF SONORA, TEXAS.
CAPITAL & SURPLUS \$195,641.64
RESOURCES OVER \$800,000.00



Nothing More Interesting

than a bank book showing regular deposits in this bank for savings. Every line is of interest, because it is a promise. It is a promise and an assurance that in days to come, misfortune will not find the bank book owner unprepared. Everyone intends to commence saving for a rainy day sometime. That time should be now. Start today with what you have. You cannot begin good work too soon.



W. L. Aldwell, President; E. F. Vander Stucken, Vice President; George H. Neill, Assistant Cashier.
E. E. Sawyer, D. J. Wyatt, Geo. S. Allison, Will F. Whitehead, E. F. Vander Stucken, W. L. Aldwell, Directors.



IT DOES MAKE A DIFFERENCE

WHERE YOU BUY.

Groceries Are Our Specialty

The CITY GROCERY

Lets Talk About That Motor Railway.

MY CIGARS Are Always Prime
Have You Tickets for the LYCEUM
THE HORN PALACE

JACK PIERCE.

Devil's River News

PUBLISHED WEEKLY.
MCKE MURPHY, Proprietor.
SWEET MURPHY, Publisher.
Entered at the Postoffice at Sonora as second-class matter.
Subscription \$2 a year in advance.
Sonora, Texas, January 21, 1920.

All Resolutions of Respect, Cards of Thanks, Notices of Entertainments where an admission fee is charged, Etc., will be charged for at our regular advertising rates.

NOTICE.

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

Pay your poll tax before Feb. 1. Mr. and Mrs. Alvin Keene were in from the ranch on the North Llano Monday.

Born on Tuesday January 20th to Mr. and Mrs. E. B. Pfister, a boy.

For Sale—Seed oats, clear of Johnson Grass seed, 80 cents per bushel in bulk.

A. N. Shipp, Eldorado, Texas.

The Directors of the First National Bank in addition to reelecting the old officers, elected Geo. H. Neill to the position of Assistant Cashier. This promotion of Mr. Neill is well merited and will no doubt be gratifying to the many friends of the young man. The matter of building the new bank was discussed and as soon as weather conditions permit the location of the new home for this progressive and capable institution will be under taken.

A. B. Sherwood, Jr., of San Angelo is assisting the bookkeeping department at the First National Bank. His father the well known banker of San Angelo recently resigned from active management of the Central National and it is understood will devote his attention to the live stock and ranch business.

Brought Here for Burial.

Mrs. Alma Luckie Johnson, beloved wife of Howard Johnson, died at Dryden, Pecos county, Friday, January 16th, 1920, in her 30th year. Deceased was born at Barksdale, October 18, 1890 and moved to Sutton county with her parents Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Luckie when a child and practically all of her life was spent here. Her death was due to a sudden attack of heart trouble. She is survived by her husband and four children as well as by her parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Luckie, her brothers Haynes and Max Luckie and her sisters, Mrs. M. C. Alley of Comanche, Mrs. W. J. Ford, Mrs. Frank Russell and Miss Eva Luckie of Sonora. The remains were brought here for interment and the funeral was held from the residence of her brother-in-law, W. J. Ford, Sunday afternoon, Rev. S. C. Dunn of the Methodist church conducted the burial services at the Sonora cemetery.

Max Luckie and wife of Dryden Haynes Luckie and wife of San Angelo, J. V. Alley and sister Lucy May Alley of Comanche, nephew and niece of deceased, as well as the other members of the family attended the funeral.

The News extends its sympathy to the husband and children in their great loss and the parents and relatives in their sorrow.

When you are in town you will find it at the E. F. Vander Stucken-Trainer Company's, if not we will find it for you.

Mr. and Mrs. Claude Stites and charming daughter Miss Annitta were in from the ranch Monday shopping and visiting.

KATE ADELE HILL

TEACHER OF
Piano and Voice
PUBLIC SCHOOL BUILDING.

Mrs. E. E. Sawyer Entertains in Honor of Mrs. T. B. Driskell.

A most delightful surprise to the bride was Mrs. E. E. Sawyer's shower to Mrs. T. B. Driskell, on last Saturday afternoon.

The guests were met on entering by Mrs. Sawyer and assisted with their wraps by Misses Jewell, Foster and Grace Trainer former pupils of the bride. They then met Mrs. Driskell, heading the receiving line of teachers, Misses Riffe, Baxter, Carruth, Brooks, Leslie, Hill, Berry, Rue, Stout and Eborie.

Miss Bertha Eaton was in charge of the guest book where each guest wrote good wishes or advice to the bride.

Mrs. J. W. Wilson had charge of the gift table where many beautiful gifts of linen, cut glass and aluminum were attractively displayed.

At the dining table which was prettily decorated with yellow marine and rosebuds Mercedes J. A. Cope, F. F. Vander Stucken and W. C. Bryson poured tea, assisted by Mesdames J. H. Brasher and W. J. Wilkinson. A salad course was served by four former pupils of the bride, Edna Kelley, Mary Fields, Lanesy Perry and Gladys Miers.

Miss Hill and Mrs. Wilkinson played informally during the afternoon, Mrs. Wilkinson's song "Supposing" being one feature of the music. An interesting reading was given by Miss Mary Field. A lighted candle was given Mrs. Driskell with the admonition "Let not your love die with the light." This she held for Miss Ray Riffe to read the register of good wishes.

The guests insisted it was one of the most enjoyable affairs of the winter. Sixty-five cards were left during the afternoon.

All kinds of Country Produce bought at the E. F. Vander Stucken-Trainer Co.

John Robbins and W. R. Clendennen were in town Tuesday from the Robbins ranch.

Sterling Baker and Fred Simons returned Tuesday from a business trip to Del Rio.

SONORA HOTEL COMPANY ELECTS OFFICERS. CHARTER TO BE OBTAINED

The meeting of the stockholders of the Sonora Hotel Company was called to order by T. B. Adams and G. W. Stephenson was elected chairman and Earl Hardgrave, secretary.

On motion made and duly seconded the following officers and directors were elected for the ensuing year: President, G. W. Stephenson; Vice President E. F. Vander Stucken; Secretary, E. W. Hardgrave; Treasurer, J. D. Lowrey. The Board of Directors elected is composed of the President and Vice President and W. C. Bryson, W. A. Miers, T. B. Adams, F. E. Cocke, R. E. Aldwell.

The purchase of the Davis property adjoining the original hotel corner was ordered. This property has a frontage of 66 feet on Main street and was bought for \$5,500 from Ruby Davis representing the J. L. Davis estate. The Decker hotel property was bought from T. B. Adams and Geo. Lee Aldwell for \$4,500 and has a frontage of 45 feet on Main street by 100 feet on Water avenue, with an additional 50 by 45 feet frontage on Water avenue separated by a 20 foot alley from the other property.

The old building is to be sold to the highest bidder on Jan. 28 and bids for plans for the new hotel are advertised for and as soon as the Charter is obtained from the State everything will be ready for construction.

There is to be no delay and the commencement of the erection of this modern hotel is expected to start other building operations.

Cal Johnson was in town Tuesday from the Aldwell ranch.

Let us figure with you, E. F. Vander Stucken-Trainer Co.

Rev. A. J. Carson the popular Baptist minister of Ozoña was a visitor in Sonora this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Jap Holman were in town this week from the ranch in Edwards county.

We solicit a portion of your trade, F. F. Vander Stucken-Trainer Co.

W. D. Wallace who ranches 20 miles southeast of Sonora was in town Monday.

GET MORE EGGS by feeding Martin's Egg Producer. Your money back in eggs or your money back in CASH Guaranteed by all Dealers. 12-6m

Jack M. Stewart has gone to Phoenix, Arizona on a visit to his mother and sister.

KILL THE BLUE BUGS and all Blood Sucking Insects by feeding Martin's Wonderful Blue Bug Killer to your chickens. Your money back if not absolutely satisfied. Ask Sonora Drug Co. 12-6m

Mr. and Mrs. Will Williamson of the eastern part of the county were here Sunday attending the burial of Mrs. Alma Johnson.

The liver loses its activity at times and needs help. HERBINE is an effective liver stimulant. It also purifies the bowels, strengthens digestion and restores strength, vigor and cheerful spirits. Sold by Sonora Drug Co.

Mr. and Mrs. V. J. Turney who ranches in Val Verde county but always feels at home in Sonora were in town Monday.

Dr. Chapman the dentist will not be in Sonora to work before March.

Walter Richardson of Junction was here Monday on business connected with his purchase of the Yaws ranch on the North Llano.

Mr. and Mrs. Roy Hudspeth were in from the ranch Monday. Mr. Hudspeth attended the meeting of the Hotel Company stock holders.

Mr. and Mrs. John Reiley of Owenville, were in town Sunday to attend the funeral of Mrs. Alma Johnson. They were the guests of Mrs. Chris Wyatt, Mrs. Reiley's mother while here.

Gordon Stewart and Boy Crothers went to San Angelo Wednesday for windmill supplies. They had not gone more than an hour when the rain came, so we don't know if they went or didn't.

McClelland & Scott's force of carpenters stood in with the weather clerk this time and got the new roof on the Commercial Hotel before the rain came. The improvements to the Commercial will cost about \$5,000 and it will look like a new place when the changes and additions are completed.

HOTEL BUILDING FOR SALE.

On Wednesday, January 28th, 1920, the Board of Directors of the Sonora Hotel Company, of Sonora, Texas, will receive sealed bids for the purchase of the Decker hotel building as it stands, the building or lumber to be removed from the property in 30 days from date of purchase.

The Board reserves the right to reject any and all bids. Bids will be opened in the Directors Room at the First National Bank on that date.

Address your bids to E. W. Hardgrave, Secretary.

Frank Murphy the Middle Valley stockman farmer was a business visitor in town Tuesday.

Call at the E. F. Vander Stucken-Trainer Company's Big Store, We have it. 24

Mr. and Mrs. J. O. Willoughby were visitors here Tuesday from their ranch in Schleicher county.

Frank Turney foreman on the Aldwell Brothers ranch was in town on business Tuesday.

MORE EGGS or YOUR MONEY back if you feed Martin's Egg Producer. Martin's Houp Cure cures. Martin's Remedies Guaranteed by all Dealers. 12-6m.

Claude Keene of the City Garage made a business trip to San Angelo Monday.

H. P. Allison returned Tuesday from a business visit to San Angelo.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Stuart were in town Monday on business and pleasure.

W. B. Adams is here from his farm on the Llano and renewing old acquaintances while attending the Masonic school.

Frank Decker, Notary Public Sutton County, Texas, office with L. Bedson Agency

Mr. and Mrs. Terrell Nicks of San Angelo were visitors here Tuesday the guests of M. M. Nicks. Mrs. Terrell Nicks was Miss Lucile Holder before the wedding which took place at San Angelo about Christmas time.

F. M. Adams of London is conducting a school in Masonary at the Lodge rooms here. Mr. Adams is a Certificate Mason of Work and is recognized as a very able instructor. The school will last for two weeks.

KILL THE BLUE BUGS and all Blood Sucking Insects by feeding Martin's Wonderful Blue Bug Killer to your chickens. Your money back if not absolutely satisfied. Guaranteed by all Dealers. 12-6m.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Sitas went to San Angelo Saturday from which place Mr. Sitas will leave for Camp Taylor, Ky., to complete his enlistment in the Army. Mrs. Sitas will return to Sonora after a short visit with friends in Angelo.

Feed Reefer's Tonic to your hens, if you want more eggs. See or phone Mrs. A. D. McKnight.

Rector Cusenbury was in from the ranch Monday. He says the ranch is lightly stocked but with a most desirable kind of young sheep, cattle and horses. And by the way, horses are good property again.

Shanon Clark who has been taking some special business courses at San Antonio came home for the holidays with his parents. Mr. and Mrs. A. F. Clark, was in town Monday. He will remain at home until the spring work on the ranch is over with.

Oscar Appelt returned Monday from a visit to his family at San Angelo. He did not wait for the organization of the Hotel Company of which he is one of the charter members, but left for the ranch after lunch.

Earl Owen of Kernes was here for a short visit this week. He had come out as far as San Angelo to meet his wife and decided to run down and see the country in its Sunday close. The rains was too much for the cotton in his country and instead of getting 800 bales, which at one time was a conservative estimate, he made 12 bales off the 800 acres. He will find it where he lost it and then come to the Sonora country and play with the cows and calves.

Heartburn, indigestion or distress of the stomach is instantly relieved by HERBINE. It forces the badly digested food out of the body and restores tone in the stomach and bowels. Sold by the Sonora Drug Co.

H. P. ALLISON CLAUDE KEENE

THE CITY GARAGE

HAVE US FIT YOUR CAR WITH GOODRICH TIRES

CORD OR FABRIC ALL SIZES

Willard's Storage Batteries.

COMPETENT MECHANICS.

YOUR PATRONAGE SOLICITED.

East of Hotel. Sonora, Texas

TAILORING CLEANING PRESSING

CALL 138

SONORA TAILOR SHOP.

HIRAM STOKES, PROPRIETOR.

STOCK NEWS.

Nicks Brothers sold to M. M. Stokes 317 bred ewes at \$17.

Mike Nicks bought from Judge Nicks 450 bred ewes at \$15

Feed Reefer's Tonic to your hens if you want more eggs. Phone or see Mrs. A. D. McKnight.

Lewis Hersey was in town Saturday from the ranch 30 miles southwest of Sonora. He says conditions could not be more favorable and that he intends breeding the dry ewes in the spring to lamb in the early fall.

Thorp & Stephenson sold to Allison & Hutcherson 400 cows at \$77.50; 34 bulls at \$100 and 65 coming two year olds, mixed, at \$50. These are the Angus stock of cattle bought a few years ago from Mrs. D. C. Ogden of Fort McKavett. Allison & Hutcherson also leased for 5 years from G. W. Stephenson, the sixteen section ranch, five miles north west of Sonora at 50 cents an acre

Wiley Holland was in town Wednesday from the ranch 20 miles south of Sonora.

Henry Decker left for Dallas this week in company with his brother-in-law, Jo Walk, who was here for a short visit to his wife.

Mr. and Mrs. L. W. Elliott were in San Angelo on business and pleasure this week.

S. E. McKnight who ranches 16 miles east of town was here Monday. He is anxious to see work started on the roads and any progressive movement will find him on that side.

G. P. Hill was in town Monday taking an interest in organizing the Hotel Company. He says he is here to stay and wants his children to have whatever advantages development of the community may give them.

S. T. Gilmore of the Morris-Gilmore Hardware Co., has been in Dallas and Fort Worth the past week buying and associating with the hardware dealers in convention.

Ernest Quigg was in town Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Halbert were in from the ranch Monday.

Remember our slogan: "We are here to stay." E. F. Vander Stucken-Trainer Company.

Woodie Martin was in town Saturday from the E. E. Steen ranch, 20 miles southeast of Sonora.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Willoughby were in town Saturday from their ranch 14 miles north of Sonora.

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

The News rates for announcements is: Congressional, Legislature and Judicial Districts \$5. County officer \$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 re-election to the office of Tax Assessor of Sutton County subject to the action of the Democratic primaries.

SHERIFF AND TAX COLLECTOR

B. W. Hutcherson as a candidate for re-election to the office of Sheriff and Tax Collector of Sutton County subject to the action of the Democratic primaries.

COMMISSIONER

Ed. Glascock as a candidate for election to the office of Commissioner of Precinct No. 1, Sutton County, subject to the action of the Democratic primaries.

COMMISSIONER OF Precinct One.

The News is authorized to announce Ed. Glascock as a candidate for election to the office of Commissioner of Precinct One, subject to the action of the primaries in July.

Ed. Glascock has interests in town and country and if elected will safeguard the interests of the people in the same manner as he has done his own. The importance of the office of County Commissioner is not always appreciated and Mr. Glascock will do his duty if elected. He asks for your consideration of his candidacy.

Mr. and Mrs. Lamar Wilkinson were visitors in town Sunday. They came in to attend the funeral of the daughter of their neighbors, Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Luckie.

Joints that ache, muscle that are drawn or contracted should be treated with BALLARDS SNOW LINIMENT. It penetrates to the spot where it is needed and relieves suffering. Sold by Sonora Drug Co.

THREE YEARS WITHOUT HOPE

A Story of Sickness and Suffering with Final Return to Health
It will do you good to read it

No matter how long nor how much you have suffered, do not give up hope. Do not decide there is no help for you. There is. Make up your mind to get well. You can. There is a remedy in which you may place full reliance as did Mrs. Rozalia Kania of 39 Silver Street, New Britain, Conn. This is what she says: "I had cramps for three years and thought I would never be any better. I could not eat without distress. Slept with my mouth open and could hardly breathe. No medicine helped me. I had catarrh of the stomach. Now I have no cramps and am feeling well and healthy. I wish every suffering person would take PE-RU-NA."

Catarrh effects the mucous membranes in any organ or part. PE-RU-NA, by regulating the digestion and aiding elimination, sends a rich, pure supply of blood and nourishment to the sick and inflamed membranes and health returns.

For coughs, colds, catarrh and catarrhal conditions generally, PE-RU-NA is recommended. If you are sick, do not wait and suffer. The sooner you begin using Dr. Hartman's well-known PE-RU-NA, the sooner you may expect to be well and strong and in full possession of your health. A bottle of PE-RU-NA is the finest emergency, ready-to-take remedy to have in the house. It is the nearest ounces of prevention and protection.

Sold everywhere in tablet or liquid form.



Mrs. Rozalia Kania of 39 Silver Street, New Britain, Conn. This is what she says: "I had cramps for three years and thought I would never be any better. I could not eat without distress. Slept with my mouth open and could hardly breathe. No medicine helped me. I had catarrh of the stomach. Now I have no cramps and am feeling well and healthy. I wish every suffering person would take PE-RU-NA."

THINKING OF WHAT IT COSTS

Possible Reason for Father's Tears
When Youngster Settled Down
In His Own Office.

The son of the family, having received a diploma from an Eastern college, came home to Indiana to practice law. And father, like a typical Hoosier father, fitted up an office for him. Then his mother and dotting sisters went up to see the sanctum that the family pet was to occupy. One of the sisters was telling a friend of hers about the sad event of sending the youngster out into the world to work for himself. "And when we saw the office we realized how old he was—that he wasn't our baby any more," she lamented. "And mamma cried, and sister cried and then I cried. And then finally brother cried too."

The friend was much amused. That evening she told her husband about the sad occurrence. His father had started him out in business a few years back. "Did you cry when you saw your office all ready for you?" she asked him.

"No, I didn't," he grinned cheerfully, "but I tell you, dad did."—
Indianapolis News.

NEW WEDDING



"I hear the girl's family were all up in the air about her wedding."

"Why, did an aviator make a party of it?"

SHIP WITHOUT CURVES.

A flat-bottomed boat, without curves in her sides, deck and stern, and without a keel, the War Dream would be a nightmare to the sailor of the old school. The bows come nearer to the look of an ordinary ship than any other part of the hull, as they taper to a point to enable the vessel to cut through the waves. The War Dream is the outcome of war necessities. The various parts were built in different factories, all over England and Ireland, and assembled at the shipyard. The ship's officers say that their vessel behaved at sea just like others of more conventional design, but that when running light in a heavy sea the flat bottom banged on the sea with a jolt which took quite a lot of getting used to.

AFFECTATION.

In a French seaport a negro stevedore from Georgia espied a French colonial trooper wearing a red turban, blue bloomers and a red tunic. Amazed at the display, the American asked:

"Nigguh, whar yah git all dem glad rags?"

"Oest que vous dites?" answered the trooper.

"Hush yo' mouf, nigguh, I know yah ain't been oveh ahah dat long."—
American Legion Weekly.

THAT WENT DOUBLE.

His gay young wife showed him the pictured advertisement of a very short and very skimpy bathing suit. "You might let me have the money, John," she said.

"I can't consistently, my dear," said he.

"Why not?"

"I'm a man of modest means."—
Boston Transcript.

WOODEN SPOIL

By VICTOR ROUSSEAU

ILLUSTRATIONS BY IRWIN MYERS

Copyright, 1919, by George H. Doran Co.

CHAPTER I.

The Rosny White Elephant.

The office in Quebec which Georges Lamartine, the notary, occupied was located inconspicuously in a small building in an old part of the Lower Town. Small, wiry, black-haired, with an air of unconvincing plausibility about him, Monsieur Lamartine was seated at his desk, drumming his fingers, staring out of the window, and turning again to look at a letter signed Hilary Askew, when his boy brought him a card with the same name upon it. Monsieur Lamartine frowned.

"Tell Monsieur Askew that I am busy with an important court case," he said. "Ask him to call at this time tomorrow."

"Mr. Askew says he's busy, too, and he'll wait," announced the boy, returning.

"The notary considered. 'Well, tell him I'll see him in a few minutes,' he answered."

When the boy was gone he took down the telephone receiver and gave a number.

"Is that you, Brousseau?" he asked. "Monsieur Hilary Askew has turned up."

There was a spluttering at the other end of the line which made the notary smile.

"I can't say. I haven't seen him yet," said Monsieur Lamartine, in answer. "But if I can't send him home with a smile on his lips and a check in his pocket I shall try to keep him in Quebec until I have seen you. And you'll better try to get Morris by long distance and warn him. Good-by."

He hung up the receiver, rang for the boy and told him to admit Mr. Askew. Then he rose to receive his visitor.

He looked at Hilary keenly as he shook hands with him. The young man was different from what he had expected. He was about as big, and he had the same air of American energy; but he appeared more determined, his look like one of those uncomfortable men who have the knack of disengaging themselves from soporifics. However, Hilary looked good-natured. And he was certainly inexperienced. Monsieur Lamartine gave him a chair and looked very plausible indeed.

"Your visit has followed very close upon your letter, Mr. Askew," he said. "Perhaps you did not get mine, advising you to wait before coming to Quebec?"

"No," said Hilary, "but I would have come anyway. I want to get this matter settled."

"The American haste," said the notary looking almost ingenuous. "But the law is not to be taken by storm, least of all in Quebec. It is only a month since your uncle died. Perhaps you can't see how we can take over the property to you. I understand that you were not in close touch with your uncle during his latter years?"

"I hadn't seen him since I was a boy. That was what made the legacy a surprising one. He had not shown any interest in me. I had a hard fight to get through my forestry course. So when I heard that I had become the owner of a tract of a hundred square miles it seemed like an intervention of Providence. That is almost a kingdom, sir."

"Ten miles by ten?" inquired the notary, smiling. "Well, I suppose it does seem a large territory to you, although the Rosny seignior was one of the smallest of the old feudal grants. It is almost the last on the north shore of the St. Lawrence that remains in the hands of the original family."

"Four hundred thousand dollars seems a big sum for my uncle to have paid for it," said Hilary.

"Your uncle," said Monsieur Lamartine, beginning to drum softly, "made this investment against the advice of a good many people. The Rosny timber rights are practically valueless, because the wood is principally balsam, fir instead of pine and spruce."

He noted that Hilary only watched him instead of answering, and he began to feel that he would not be disposed of as easily as he had anticipated.

"The property has never begun to pay its way," continued Monsieur Lamartine. "Your uncle paid three hundred and fifty thousand for the cutting rights alone. He found himself up against the law which places a limit on the size of trees. Seven inches for black, or swamp spruce, I believe; twelve for white spruce; twelve or thirteen for pine. And nearly all the trees on the Rosny limits that aren't fir are under the legal size. Your uncle sank half his fortune in it. He was—excuse me—eccentric. This is the case; the timber cannot be cut except at a loss, on account of its sparseness and the high cost of transportation. The balsam fir is too good to make any but inferior paper, below the standard even of the newspapers. It occupies the greater portion of the tract, together with second growth birch, which is of course, of use only for firewood. The expenses are very considerable. In short, Mr. Askew, I cannot advise you to consider your uncle's legacy seriously."

"I'm sorry to hear that," answered Hilary. "But suppose something can be done with the wood. There are uses besides pulp-wood to which the timber can be put?"

Monsieur Lamartine drummed his fingers for quite a while before answering.

"A company with a large capital might develop the property profitably to develop your tract," he said presently. "But no man without an ample fortune and a thorough knowledge of lumber conditions in this province could dream of pulling out even."

Hilary leaned forward in his chair. "Monsieur Lamartine," he said, "I'll tell you how I view this matter. I didn't build any extravagant hopes upon my uncle's legacy. I'm not constructed that way. What I want principally is to settle somewhere among trees and do something with them. I'm tired of what I've been doing these past five years."

"I'm tired of hunting a job here and a job there to tend somebody else's trees. I'm tired of other people's trees. I want my own trees. I want to see them grow up, and then them out, and have a real forest in bearing."

"So I've decided to take hold of that St. Boniface tract and see what I can make of it. I'm going to show my uncle, Monsieur Lamartine, that he sized me up wrong."

Monsieur Lamartine smiled at his caller's frankness.

"I understand how you feel, Mr. Askew," he said. "What you want is a nice little tract of a few hundred acres, not far from Quebec. A place with a little trout lake on it, to build your camp beside, ten acres freehold and the rest leased. You'll enjoy that, and his—his paused and scrutinized him with a fox look—"I think I may be able to dispose of the Rosny white elephant for you."

Hilary returned no answer, and Monsieur Lamartine could not decide whether it was a sign of strength or of weakness. Still he was sure that a man who loved trees apart from their commercial value was a dreamer and impractical.

"They would pay forty-five thousand dollars, cash," said the notary. "And that would enable you to realize your own aspirations. You are fond of fishing, Mr. Askew? Think it over. Spend a week here—two weeks. Look about you. Inspect our fine old city. Do you know we are the only walled city on this continent?"

He stopped; perhaps he saw Hilary redden, perhaps his instinct warned him to do so.

"What I want," said Hilary, "is the Rosny tract."

"The offer is too small? I doubt—" "I will discuss that after I have seen the concession."

The notary steeled. "Well, at least think the matter over for a while," he said. "Mr. Morris, the manager, is away on business. He should be in Quebec tomorrow, and perhaps he can arrange to take you up there."

"I'm thinking of going at a very early date," said Hilary, "in fact, by the boat tomorrow."

"Mr. Askew, I assure you, you had better wait for Mr. Morris. He is a man of expert judgment. You cannot have a better adviser, and he has absolutely no personal interest one way or another. There are so many things to consider; and then—you don't speak French, do you?"

"It would not help you, anyway. The dialect up at St. Boniface is seventeenth century. They are a wild lot up there, a very bad lot of people; smugglers and poachers, Mr. Askew."

Hilary, who had already sensed Lamartine's objection to his going to St. Boniface, awakened to suspicion at last. "I shall leave on tomorrow morning's boat," he said. "When I have made my decision I shall let you know."

ATTENTION—Oil land owners of Sutton County, Texas, can sell their leases. List them with us. We deal with owners ONLY.

G. W. GROSS & CO.

Licensed Brokers.

310 Southern Pacific Building, Houston, Texas.

I think I shall resign your company's offer. Will you let me have the papers, Monsieur Lamartine, including the last half-yearly statement and the map of the limits?"

"But it is entirely irregular, Mr. Askew. Really—"

"Let me have the papers, please," said Hilary, smiling. "And you need have no fear that you will be held responsible for my anticipating my inheritance. I imagine I have as much right there as Mr. Morris."

"Of course, if that is your decision, there is nothing to say," answered the other brusquely. He pulled out a drawer and removed an envelope containing some documents. "You will find the statement here," he said. "Mr. Morris has the books and the map of St. Boniface. I wish you a pleasant journey, sir. You wish me to continue to represent you?"

"For the present, yes. Good-day."

When he was gone Monsieur Lamartine sat back in his chair and drummed his fingers for nearly a minute. Then he called up Brousseau.

"He's just gone," he said. "And he starts for St. Boniface tomorrow morning, in spite of all my representations."

He smiled at the spluttering that came over the wire.

It was well into the afternoon when Hilary stepped out of the small, two-weekly mail boat. For fifty or sixty miles below Quebec the country, sparsely inhabited though it is, and primitive, contains settlements with shingled houses, hotels, tourists in season; and it was not until the St. Lawrence widened into the Gulf that Hilary realized, almost with surprise, that the ship was sailing into a territory as primitive as it had been a score of years after Jacques Cartier landed. Something of the primeval nature of the land entered Hilary's heart and gripped it. He had never known what it was to take hold of a virgin land and tame it, to grapple with life, not among the men of cities, but somewhere with the smell of the pines and of the brown earth in his nostrils. Pacing the deck of the little ship, he felt that his desires had come to light on the moment when their fulfillment had become possible.

He looked about him with approval when he stood upon the porch of the tiny hotel at St. Boniface. Nobody else had got off the boat, and evidently the landlord of the little hotel expected nobody. After an ineffectual attempt to enter into conversation with him, in which hardly a word was mutually intelligible, Hilary gave up the effort and started up the hill road which led, he surmised, toward the lumber mill.

The whole settlement was gathered about the shores of the little bay. Beyond it were the mountains, on either side the forest-clad hills, broken, on the east, by an inlet, and on the west by the deep cleft of the Rocky river, whose mouth, closed by a boom, was a congested mass of logs.

Hilary crossed the bridge and approached the mill. Two or three men, lounging outside the store, looked at him without any sign of interest. Everything was very still and peaceful; there was hardly a sound to be heard except the distant hum of the mill machinery.

Between the dam and the store, upon a terrain heaped with tin cans and miscellaneous debris, were piles of wood in four-foot lengths, each comprising about two hundred cords. Kneeling at the narrow end of one of these piles was a little man, whose clean-shaven upper lip, the whiteness of which contrasted with a sun-blackened face, indicated that he was scaling, or measuring, the pile, and muttering as he added up his figures.

Hilary surveyed the lumber. It was unaged, and most of it was black spruce; there was also some white spruce and a little pine. The mass in the river, if it consisted of wood of the same quality, hardly substantiated Lamartine's statements.

"You seem to have some good spruce on the seignior," said Hilary.

The little man leaped to his feet, waving his arms. "What you want here?" he demanded. "Strangers are not permitted on the company's property. If you want to buy at the store, you go by the road."

Hilary looked down coolly at the excited little man. "I'm Mr. Askew, and I've come to take charge of my property," he answered.

The little man was bereft of vocal powers for quite some time.

"But Mr. Morris, he ain't here," he gasped at length.

"Well, he ought to be here. That's what I'm paying him for," said Hilary.

"What's your name?"

"Jean-Marie Baptista."

"Perhaps you didn't expect me, Monsieur Baptista?"

"Holy Name, no! It was said that you had sold out to the company."

"What company?" demanded Hilary.

"The company at Ste. Marie. Monsieur Brousseau's company."

"See here, Baptista," said Hilary, taking the other by the arm. "Let us begin by understanding each other. I know nothing about any company except myself. I own this district, the land, the timber, the mill. Have you got that?"

Jean-Marie gaped again, and then diplomatically disengaged himself.

"I guess you want to see Mr. Connell, the foreman," he said. "It ain't my job. You'll find Mr. Connell in the store."

"Bring him here," said Hilary. "Tell him I'm waiting for him."

The little man departed at a trot, quite evidently startled and scared, and casting back comical looks from

time to time over his shoulder as he went.

His statement in the store must have created a good deal of sensation, for presently two clerks, as well as the two loungers, who had gone inside, came to the door and stared. Disengaging himself from among these came the foreman, a tall, lean, lanky New Englander, whose deliberate slouch and typical bearing warmed Hilary's heart instantly. He knew the type, knew it as only one with the New England blood knows his own.

"I'm Lase Connell, at your service, Mr. Askew," said the foreman, coming up to Hilary and standing respectfully before him.

"I suppose I should have let you people know that I was coming," said Hilary.

He wondered why Lase Connell whistled; he knew nothing about Brousseau's telephoned warning.

"I guess you'll find things upset a little," said Connell. "Mr. Morris has been away for a couple of weeks, seeing to his other interests, and I can't exactly do much for you till he comes back. It's our slack season, you know, Mr. Askew. The men don't go into the woods until September, and we don't keep a large force employed on the mill work."

"Tomorrow's soon enough to start in," said Hilary. "I'm pleased to have met you, Mr. Connell."

"Wait a minute," said the foreman. "If you don't mind having me, I'll go up to the hotel with you. Maybe there'll be some things, that you'll want to ask me."

"All right," said Hilary.

They went together silently across the shaking bridge and ascended the hill, each quietly taking stock of the other. At the top, where a branch road ran off at right angles to that which created the cliff, a figure on horseback appeared in the distance.

It was a girl, riding side-saddle. As the horse drew near she pulled in to take the branch road without scattering the dust, passing within a few feet of Hilary. He saw that she was about twenty years of age, or a little more, slight, very straight upon the saddle, with gray-blue eyes and brown hair blown by the wind about her flushed cheeks. There was a combination of dignity and simplicity about her, both in her demeanor and in the way she rode, and in her acknowledgment of Connell's greeting.

Hilary watched her center up the road till she had disappeared among the trees. Then he realized that he had not taken his eyes off her since he had first seen her.

"That," said Lase, "is Mamzelle Madeleine Rosny."

Madeleine Rosny, her father's what they call the Seignieur."

"The owner of the Chateau?" asked Hilary, although he knew this perfectly.

"Yes, Mr. Askew. I guess she wouldn't have smiled so pleasantly if she had known who you was."

"Why, Mr. Connell?"

Lase jerked his thumb vaguely about the horizon. "Proud old boy," he explained. "Family's been here nigh on a thousand years, I guess—leastways, since them Frenchmen first came to this continent. Hated like thunder to sell out to your uncle. But I guess he was land poor, like the rest of them, and Mamzelle Madeleine must have cost him a mint of money finishing up in the convent at Paris, France."

Hilary turned this over in his mind as they continued their walk along the cliff and then down the road to the hotel. The idea of any personal ill-feeling on the Seignieur's part or on that of his family had not occurred to him. Though he did not expect to meet Monsieur Rosny, except possibly in the course of his business, he was conscious of a feeling of regret, and also of a half-formed resolution, the nature of which he would not admit, to put relations upon a pleasant footing.

In the hotel the landlord's wife was already preparing supper. They ate an omelet, washed down with strong tea and followed by raspberries and cream. Then they went out on the porch and lit their pipes.

"You are the foreman, I understand?" asked Hilary.

"Yes, Mr. Askew. I took the job soon after your uncle bought the timber rights. I'd been up here for the Shoeburyport Gazette, which was looking for a pulp supply. Mr. Morris offered me the job, and I took it. And I've been sorry ever since."

"Why?"

"It's a — of a country," answered Lase frankly. "I never guessed such

folks existed in a civilized land before. Now you take a Dutchman or a Dago—their ways ain't our ways, but they're more or less human. These people ain't. They paint their houses yellow and green, when they paint 'em at all. I never saw a yellow house with a green porch in my life till I come up here."

"Just a difference of taste, Mr. Connell."

"Maybe," said Lase, spitting. "Maybe it's all right not to have sense to plaster their houses, so as to freeze to death in winter time. Maybe it's all right to run to Father Lucy when there's a forest fire, instead of getting to work and putting it out. Maybe he can pray it out for them. I got nothing against the place, except that my wife Charlie and the kids are in Shoeburyport, and I'd rather rot here alone than bring 'em up. But what's the use? I'm here and I got to stay here," he ended, shrugging his shoulders.

Lase was a plain cross-questioner, and the task put upon him by Brousseau was not only unequal but impossible for a man of his temperament. However, he made a valiant attempt to draw Hilary out. "You're thinking of spending some time here, Mr. Askew?" he asked.

"I've come to take charge. I'm going to stay," said Hilary.

Lase looked at him curiously. What sort of a man could this be who chose of his own volition to reside in St. Boniface?

"I guess you'll change your mind when you've seen it a little longer," he said incredulously.

"On the contrary, Mr. Connell, I mean to take hold, and I mean to make it pay. It hasn't paid very well, I understand?"

Lase floundered. "I've heard it don't pay as much as it ought."

"I understand that most of the timber is below the size at which cutting is allowed?"

Lase stared at him. "Why, them rules are for government land," he answered. "You can cut any size on freehold. The timber ain't so bad—leastways, some of it ain't."

Hilary began to think hard. On this point Lamartine had clearly and definitely lied to him.

"Too much fir on the property?" he asked.

"Why, there is some fir," conceded Lase. "But there's some good spruce along the Rocky river," he added, again oblivious of his instructions.

"I saw a good pile in the river."

"Why, that ain't our cutting—not much of it," said Lase. "Most of that comes from the Ste. Marie limits."

"Where is Ste. Marie?"

"Ste. Marie's two miles along the coast, beyond our settlement," said Lase. "Most of our hands come from there. It's a tough place, Mr. Askew. I seen some tough towns in the West, but this has got 'em all beat, with the smuggling of brandy, and the drinking, and the fights every Saturday night—there was a man knifed there last week; and not a policeman within fifty miles, and nobody except Father Lucy, and he can't hold 'em."

"What I want to know," said Hilary, "is, what this company is that you speak about, and how they come to use the Rocky river for their logs."

Lase hesitated, but only for a moment. Then he mentally cast Brousseau to the winds; for, after all, if Hilary meant to know, nobody could prevent it. Brousseau's instructions notwithstanding.

"It's this way, Mr. Askew," he said. "Mr. Morris and Mr. Brousseau have a company of their own. Their limits touch ours on the west, across the river, and run ten miles or so back into the bush, right alongside ours. They got the right to float their logs down the river."

"And use the mill?"

"Mr. Morris leases the use of our mill by the year to the company."

Hilary was staggered for the moment. Morris, as his uncle's manager, leasing the mill to Morris, a partner in Brousseau's company, seemed a queer ruse.

"How do they tell our lumber from theirs?" asked Hilary presently.

"Oh, that ain't hard," said Lase. "You see, the jobbers, who sublease the tracts, know how much their men have cut. And it's sealed in the woods before they shoot it down stream. I guess there ain't no difficulty there, Mr. Askew. And you see, Mr. Morris representing both concerns, he naturally does his best by both of 'em."

Hilary's suspicions, dormant even after the interview with Lamartine, were now thoroughly aroused.

"And Mr. Brousseau has no concern with us, except for the lease of the mill and the right-of-way down the river," mused Hilary. "Who is this Mr. Brousseau?"

"Why, I guess he's the big man of the district," said Lase. "He's the nearest thing to a boss they've got up here; tells 'em how to vote and gets 'em out of trouble. He ain't good to his father, though. That was old Jacques Brousseau in the store, the trapper."

"I didn't see him."

"He was Mr. Rosny's slave, or whatever they called them, in the old times, before these people became free."

He tapped the ashes out of his pipe and pocketed it.

"He's got old Rosny in his pocket," he said, leaning toward Hilary. "He's got him bound and mortgaged after leading him to throw your uncle's money away in crazy investments. He did it deliberately, Mr. Askew. When he was a kid, growing up on the house servant up at the Chateau, he wanted to be a big man, for which I don't blame him. He got his way,

but that wasn't enough. He wanted the Seignieur's place, because he found that the folks up here thought more of old Mr. Rosny, with his broken-down house and debts, than they did of him with all his money. So he set to work and got him elected."

"The old man hates and despises him, and he's been fighting against it for a long time, but he seen what's coming to him and I guess he's made up his mind he'll have to stomach it. Brousseau's staked old Mr. Rosny's wife against his love, and I guess he's won his stake and won Mamzelle Madeleine into the bargain in whose behalf he had offered forty-five thousand dollars. There would be no good of a good many explanations from Morris. Yet Hilary felt instinctively that it was Brousseau, not Morris, with whom he would have to contend."

On the face of the soft night rose the face of Madeleine Rosny painted with surprising clearness. He saw the blue of her eyes, the curve of her

flushed cheek, the dignity and gentleness and pride that blended in her looks. If ever he had any quarrel with Brousseau, he would show him—

Then he cursed himself for a fool, and, entering the hotel, took his lamp and went up to his room.

He saw the Blue of Her Eyes, the Curve of Her Flushed Cheek, the Dignity and Gentleness and Pride That Blended in Her Looks.

flushed cheek, the dignity and gentleness and pride that blended in her looks. If ever he had any quarrel with Brousseau, he would show him—

Then he cursed himself for a fool, and, entering the hotel, took his lamp and went up to his room.

He saw the Blue of Her Eyes, the Curve of Her Flushed Cheek, the Dignity and Gentleness and Pride That Blended in Her Looks.

flushed cheek, the dignity and gentleness and pride that blended in her looks. If ever he had any quarrel with Brousseau, he would show him—

Then he cursed himself for a fool, and, entering the hotel, took his lamp and went up to his room.

He saw the Blue of Her Eyes, the Curve of Her Flushed Cheek, the Dignity and Gentleness and Pride That Blended in Her Looks.

flushed cheek, the dignity and gentleness and pride that blended in her looks. If ever he had any quarrel with Brousseau, he would show him—

Then he cursed himself for a fool, and,