

DEVIL'S RIVER NEWS.

VOL 31

SONORA SUTTON CO., TEXAS, SATURDAY, APRIL 2, 1921.

NO. 1586

EXCEPTIONAL PRICES AND VALUES

To reduce our stock of

General Merchandise

We are offering Everything in the store

AT THE MOST ATTRACTIVE PRICES AND EXCEPTIONAL VALUES FOR CASH

The Goods are Standard, New and First Class and this is Your Great Opportunity.

Find out What Your Cash will Buy By Getting Our Prices.

Our Grocery stock is kept fresh and our Low Cash Prices justifies us in asking for a Continuance of your trade.

SONORA MERCANTILE CO.
W. D. BARTON, Manager.

REGISTERED HEREFORD BULLS

7 Two and Three Year Olds

12 Yearlings for sale.

All Good Individuals \$150 to \$200.

Cash or Terms to Suit Purchaser.

John F. Allison, Menard, Tx

Registered BULLS For Sale.

Forty head of Registered Hereford Bulls, From Calves to Three year olds, for sale. Prices \$100 to \$175. See them.

G. F. STEWART, Sonora, Texas.



Remember that when you bring your Ford car to us for mechanical attention that you get the genuine Ford service—materials, experienced workmen and Ford factory prices. Your Ford is too useful, too valuable to take chances with poor mechanics, with equally poor quality materials. Bring it to us and save both time and money. We are authorized Ford dealers, trusted by the Ford Motor Company to look after the wants of Ford owners—that's the assurance we offer.

SONORA MOTOR COMPANY.

The Voice of the Pack

CHAPTER II.

Two miles across the ridges, Dan and Snowbird saw a faint mist blowing between the trees. They didn't recognize it at first. It might be fine snow, blown by the wind, or even one of those mysterious fogs that sometimes sweep over the snow.

"But it looks like smoke," Snowbird said. "But it couldn't be. The trees are too wet to burn."

But then a sound that at first was just the faintest whisper in which neither of them would let themselves believe, became distinct past all denying. It was that menacing crackle of a great fire, that in the whole world of sounds is perhaps the most terrible.

"It's our house," Snowbird told him. "And father can't get out."

She spoke very quietly. Perhaps the most terrible truths of life are always spoken in that same quiet voice. Then both of them started across the snow as fast as their unwieldy snowshoes would permit.

"He can crawl a little," Dan called to her. "Don't give up, Snowbird. I think he'll be safe."

They mounted to the top of the ridge; and the long sweep of the forest was revealed to them. The house was a singular tall pillar of flame, already glowing that dreadful red from which firemen, despairing, turn away. Then the girl seized his hands and dashed about him in a mad circle.

"He's alive!" she cried. "You can see him—just a dot on the snow. He crawled out to safety."

She turned and sped at a breakneck pace down the ridge. Dan had to race to keep up with her. But it wasn't entirely wise to try to rush so fast. A dead log lay beneath the snow with a broken limb protruding almost to its surface, and it caught her snowshoe. The wood cracked sharply, and she fell forward in the snow. But she wasn't hurt, and the snowshoe itself, in spite of a small crack in the wood, was still serviceable.

"Haste makes waste," he told her. "Keep your feet on the ground, Snowbird; the house is gone already and your father is safe. Remember what lies before us."

The thought sobered and halted her. She glanced once at the dark face of her companion. Dan couldn't understand the strange light that suddenly leaped to her eyes. Perhaps she herself couldn't have explained the wave of tenderness that swept over her—with no cause except the look in Dan's earnest gray eyes and the lines that cut so deep. Since the world was new, it has been the boast of the boldest of men that they looked their fate in the face. And this is no mean looking. For fate is a sword from the darkness, a power that reaches out of the mystery, and cannot be classed with sights of human origin. It burns out the eyes of all but the strongest men. Yet Dan was looking at his fate now, and his eyes held straight.

They walked together down to the ruined house, and the three of them sat silent while the fire burned red. Then Lennox turned to them with a half-smile.

"You're wasting time, you two," he said. "Remember, all our food is gone. If you start now, and walk hard, maybe you can make it out."

"There are several things to do first," Dan answered simply. "I don't know what they are. It isn't going to be any picnic, Dan. A man can travel only so far without food to keep up his strength, particularly over such ridges as you have to cross. It will be easy to give up and die. It's the test, man; it's the test."

"And what about you?" his daughter asked. "Oh, I'll be all right. Besides—it's the only thing that can be done. I can't walk, and you can't carry me on your backs. What else remains? I'll stay here—and I'll scrape together enough wood to keep a fire. Then you can bring help."

He kept his eyes averted when he talked. He was afraid for Dan to see them, knowing that he could read the lie in them.

"How do you expect to find wood—in this snow?" Dan asked him. "It will take four days to get out; do you think you could be here and battle with a fire for four days, and then four days more that it will take to come back? You'd have two choices: to burn green wood that I'd cut for you before I left, or the rain-soaked dead wood under the snow. You couldn't keep either one of them burning, and you'd die in a night. Besides—this is no time for an unarmed man to be alone in the hills."

"Don't be a little fool, Snowbird," he urged. "My clothes are wet all ready from the melted snow. It's too long a way—it will be too hard a fight, and children—I'm old and tired out. I don't want to make the rest of my life and even if you'd stay here and grab wood, Snowbird, they'd find us both dead when they came back in a week. We can't live without food, and work and keep warm—and there isn't a living creature in the hills."

"Except the wolves," Dan retorted. "Except the wolves," Lennox echoed. "Remember, we're unarmed—and they'd find it out. You're young, Snowbird, and so is Dan—and you two will be happy. I know how things are, you two—more than you know yourselves—and in the end you'll be happy. But me—I'm too old to make the try. I don't care about it enough. I'm going to wave you goodbye, and smile, and lie here and let the cold come down. You feel warm in a little while."

But she stopped his lips with her hand. And he bent and kissed it. "If anybody's going to stay with you," Dan told them in a clear, firm voice, "it's going to be me. But aren't any of the cabins occupied?"

"You know they aren't," Lennox answered. "Not even the houses beyond the North Park, even if we could get across. The nearest help is over seventy miles."

"And Snowbird, think! Haven't any supplies been left in the ranger station?"

"Not one thing," the girl told him. "You know Cranston and his crowd robbed the place last winter. And the telephone lines were disconnected when the rangers left."

"Then the only way is for me to stay here. You can take the pistol, and you'll have a fair chance of getting through. I'll grab wood for our camp meanwhile, and you can bring help."

"And if the wolves come, or if help didn't come in time," Lennox whispered, passion-driven for the first time, "who would pay what we owe to Cranston?"

"But her life counts—first of all," he said. "I know it does—but mine doesn't count at all. Believe me, you two, I'm spending from my own desires when I say I don't want to make the fight. Snowbird would never make it through alone. There are the wolves, and maybe Cranston too—the worst wolf of all. A woman can't rush across those ridges four days without food, without some one who loves her and forces her on! Neither can she stay here with me and try to make green branches burn in the hills—"

"I'll cut a limb with my jackknife for the handle. There will be nails in the ashes, plenty of them. We'll make a rude sled, and we'll get you out too."

Lennox seemed to be studying his wasted hands. "It's a chance, but it isn't worth it," he said at last. "You'll have fight enough without arguing at a heavy sled. It will take all night to build it, and it would cut down your chances of getting out by pretty near half. Remember the ridges, Dan."

"But we'll climb every ridge—she-sides, its a slow, down grade most of the way. Snowbird—tell him he must do it."

Snowbird told him, overpowered him with her enthusiasm. And Dan shook his shoulders with rough hands. "You're hurting, boy!" Lennox warned. "I'm a bag of broken bones."

"I'll tote you down there if I have to tie you in," Dan falling replied. "Before, I've bowed to your will; but this time you have to bow to mine. I'm not going to let you stay here and die, no matter if you beg on your knees! It's the test—and I'm going to bring you through."

He meant what he said. If mortal strength and sinew could survive such a test, he would succeed. There was nothing in these words to suggest the physical weakness that both of them had known a few months before. The eyes were earnest, the dark face intent, the determined voice did not waver at all.

"Dan falling speaks!" Lennox replied with glowing eyes. He was recalling another Dan falling of the dead years, a boyhood hero, and his remembered voice had never been more determined, more masterful than this he had just heard.

"And Cranston didn't get his purpose, after all." To prove his words, Dan thrust his hand into his inner coat pocket. He drew forth a little flat package, half as thick as a pack of cards. He held it up for them to see. "The thing Bert Cranston burned the house down to destroy," he explained. "In learning that both of them had known a few months before. The eyes were earnest, the dark face intent, the determined voice did not waver at all."

Cranston had been mistaken, after all, in thinking that in fear of himself Dan would be afraid to keep the packet on his person, and would cravenly conceal it in the house. He would have been even more surprised to know that Dan had lived in constant hope of meeting Cranston on the ridges, showing him what it contained, and fighting him for it, hands to hands, and even so, perhaps the day

would come when Cranston would know at last that Snowbird's words, after the light of long ago, were true.

The twilight was falling over the snow, so Snowbird and Dan turned to the toll of building a sled.

The snow was steel-gray in the moonlight when the little party made their start down the long trail. Their preparations, simple and crude as they were, had taken hours of ceaseless labor on the part of the three. The ax, its edge dulled by the flame and its handle burned away, had been cooled in the snow, and with one sound arm, Lennox had driven the hot nails that Snowbird gathered from the ashes of one of the outbuildings. The embers of the house itself still glowed red in the darkness.

Dan had cut the green limbs of the trees and played them with his ax. The sled had been completed, handles attached for pushing it, and a piece of fence wire fastened with nails as a rope to pull it. The warm mackinaws of both of them as well as the one blanket that Lennox had saved from the fire were wrapped about the old frontiersman's wasted body—and Dan and Snowbird hoping to keep warm by the exercise of propelling the sled. Except for the dull ax and the half-empty pistol, their only equipment was a single charred pot for melting snow that Dan had recovered from the ashes of the kitchen.

The three had worked almost in silence. Words didn't help now. They wasted no sorely needed breath. But they did have one minute to talk when they got to the top of the little ridge that had overlooked the house.

"We'll travel mostly at night," Dan told them. "We can see in the snow, and by taking our rest in the daytime, when the sun is bright and warm, we can save our strength. We won't have to keep such big fires then—and at night our exertion will keep us as warm as we can hope for. Getting up all night to cut green wood with this dull ax in the snow would break us to pieces very soon, for remember that we haven't any food. I know how to build a fire even in the snow—especially if I can find the dead, dry heart of a rotten log—but it isn't any fun to keep it going with green wood. We don't want to have to spend any more of our strength stripping off wet bark and hacking at saplings than we can help; and that means we'd better do our resting in the heat of the day. After all, it's a fight against starvation more than anything else."

"Just think," the girl told them, reproaching herself, "if I had shot straight at that wolf today, we could have gone back and got his body. It might have carried us through."

Neither of the others, which he looked surprised at these amazing regrets over the lost, savory flesh of a wolf. They were up against realities, and they didn't mince words.

Dan smiled at her gently, and his great shoulder leaned against the traces.

They moved through a dead world. The ever-present manifestations of wild life that had been such a delight to Dan in the summer and fall were quite lacking now. The snow was trackless. Once they thought they saw a snowshoe rabbit, a strange shadow on the snow, but he was too far away for Snowbird to risk a pistol shot. The pound or two of flesh would be sorely needed before the journey was over, but the pistol cartridges might be needed still more. She didn't let her mind rest on certain possibilities wherein they might be needed. Such thoughts stole the courage from the spirit, and courage was essential beyond all things else to bring them through.

As the dawn came out, they all stood still and listened to the wolf pack, snoring on the ridge somewhere behind them.

It was a large pack. They couldn't make out individual voices—neither the more shrill cry of the females, the yapping of the cubs, or the low, clear Ghoo-w-middle note of the males.

"If these should cross our tracks," Lennox suggested. "No use worrying about that now—no until we come to it," Dan told him.

The morning broke, the sun rose bright in a clear sky. But still they trudged on. In spite of the fact that the sled was heavy and broke through the snow crust as they tugged at it, they had made good time since their departure. But now every step was a pronounced effort. It was the dreadful beginning of fatigue that only food and warmth and rest could rectify.

"We'll rest now," Dan told them at ten o'clock. "The sun is warm enough so that we won't need much of a fire. And we'll try to get five hours' sleep."

"Too long, if we're going to make it out," Lennox objected. "That leaves a workday of nineteen hours," Dan persisted. "Not any too little. Five hours it will be."

He found where the snow had drifted against a great, dead log, leaving the white covering only a foot in depth on the lee side. He began to scrape the snow away, then backed at the log with his ax until he had procured a piece of comparatively dry wood from its center. They all stood breathless while he lighted the little pile of kindling and heaped it with green wood—the only wood procurable. But it didn't burn freely. It smoked furiously, threatening to die out, and emitting very little heat.

But they didn't particularly care. The sun was warm above, as always in the mountain winters of southern Oregon. Snowbird and Dan cleared spaces beside the fire and slept. Lennox, who had rested on the journey, lay on his sled and with his unlighted

WOOL AND MOHAIR CHARLES SCHREINER, BANKER.

(UNINCORPORATED)

KERRVILLE, TEXAS.

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

MORTGAGE LOANS

On Improved Farms and Ranches.

E. B. CHANDLER & CO.

102 East Crockett St., San Antonio, Texas.

WOOL AND MOHAIR

Each Clip sold on its MERITS.

Del Rio Wool & Mohair Co.

(Incorporated.)

MARKET NOTICE.

We desire to notify our customers and the public generally that we cannot extend the monthly pay plan to those who do not settle their obligations before the 10th of each month. It should not be necessary to specify any reason for the observance of this requirement. Please arrange to pay before the 10th of each month if you desire the monthly pay system.

COOPER & SIMS.

THE DEW DROP INN

SELLS THE RENOWNED

COLUMBIA RECORDS.

NEEDLES FOR ALL MAKES OF PHONOGRAPHS

CALL AND TRY OUR DELICIOUS

Johnston's Chocolates

E. A. YEAGER,

THE TAILOR

Makes Suits, Cleans Clothes, Both Ladies and Gentlemen.

Makes Alterations and Remodels Suits And Tailored Dresses. Coats and Garments Relined. Ladies White Kid Gloves Cleaned.

Don't send away your Clothes to be Cleaned or Pressed Before Giving Me a Trial.

HAVE YOUR WORK DONE HERE.

Germ Free Vaccines
For the Prevention of Blackleg
Scientifically Prepared by Parke, Davis & Co.
will help prevent losses among your cattle.

Blackleg Aggressin
(Germ Free Vaccine)

Blackleg Filtrate
(Germ Free Vaccine)

Field Tested - Active - Potent
Call or Write for Free Booklet on the Prevention of Blackleg.

Blackleg Filtrate 12c.
Aggressin 15c.

SONORA DRUG STORE.

Continued on page 4.

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. - April 2 1921.

NO SHOW AT DEL RIO.

The executive committee of the Sheep & Goat Raisers Association met in called session in Sonora, Monday, and decided that owing to the financial conditions and the inability of the Show Committee to obtain the expected assistance for the payment of premiums and prizes, the Annual Show will not be held at the meeting of the Association at Del Rio in June. As the sale feature is more nearly self sustaining it was decided to continue this feature of the Annual meeting. Delegates to the Southern Tariff Association meeting at Washington on April 10th, were elected to represent the Sheep & Goat Raisers of Texas. Judge James Cornell of Sonora, Alex. Collins of San Angelo, D. F. Hughes of Del Rio, and George M. Thurmond of Del Rio, secretary and attorney of the Association will in all probability form the delegation.

The executive committee at this called meeting endorsed the selection of San Angelo as the most suitable place for the location of the West Texas A & M College.

The breeders of the sheep and goats should by all means continue to prepare their stock for showing at the meeting of the Sheep & Goat Raisers Association at Del Rio in June. Of course it is regretted that prizes and premiums in money cannot be paid but the breeders of top stuff should exhibit them if they get nothing but a ribbon. It pays to advertise good things with the money and that is what the sheep and goat raisers of the Sonora country have and they should show them to the world. The clouds may lift and Del Rio may make an effort and pay premiums that will be worth while. But show any way.

Hair On a Goat Worth \$400.

John A. Ward the Sonora Asgora goat breeder added to the interest of the visit of the English law investors by bringing to town one of his prize goats and showing the a Merino 24 inches long and still growing on the back of the animal. The market value of this hair is \$20 a pound. This goat is a Billie, registered and 17 years old. He is one of the "non-bleeding" favorites of Ward's and it is estimated his clip would weigh 20 pounds. The eastern people did not know that such fine stuff was grown on goats or that their summer clothing was made from goat hair. The price value of the hair is due to its length and it is said that the "crown of glory" on the heads of many women is made from this long hair.

Card of Thanks.

The News is requested by G. C. Earwood to extend to the people of Sonora and Juco, the thanks of the Earwood family for the many kindnesses and sympathy shown during the last illness of their mother, Mrs. Mary Earwood.

T. E. Fleming & Son of Graham, Mo., have bought at Amarillo and Dalhart for April delivery, 700 yearling steers at \$32.50 to \$34.

Lovett & Christie of Eureka, Kansas, bought at Dalhart 200 yearling steers from Gus Coates at \$35.

"NON SETTERS"

White Leghorn Eggs \$1.50 per setting of 15, or \$8.00 per 100.
Mrs. T. L. Benson,
Phone 152

The recent sale in Mexico City of approximately 5,000 pounds of coarse wools of the 1920 spring production at prices that netted 30c a pound was reported in San Angelo Monday morning by Chas. P. Broome, ranchman and former member of the Livestock Sanitary Commission of Texas. The sales were made through the Del Rio Wool & Mohair Association of Del Rio and the 30c a pound is the amount received by Mr. Broome and Mr. McKnight after storage, transportation and commission charges were deducted. The price is believed to be the highest paid for 1920 spring wool at least within the past six months.

The wool was sheared from sheep that were brought into West Texas during the winter of 1919 from the Denver market.
Mr. Broome returned home Sunday night by automobile with Mrs. Broome from Sonora, from which town he is moving 2,500 muttons from the Sam McKnight ranch to the Washington county school land, ten miles south of Angelo. Livestock in Sutton is in fine shape, says Mr. Broome, and the range is fine.—Standard.

W. C. STRACKBEIN.

W. C. Strackbein, one of our well known ranchmen was stricken suddenly at his ranch home about two miles south of Rock-springs, Friday night last week, his death occurring at about 8:30 o'clock.

Mr. Strackbein was born in Fredericksburg, Texas, August 18 1860. Later in life he lived in Kerrville and from there he moved to Sutton county, and then to Edwards in the year 1914. He had long been a member of the Lutheran church. Probably no citizen of Edwards county stood higher in the estimation of his fellow citizens than Mr. Strackbein. He was straight and honorable and upright. A good man is gone from us. He is survived by his bereaved wife and a large family of sons and daughters—F. J. Strackbein of Glenn Falls, Idaho, A. E., Loui, and Max of Rocksprings, and Oscar who attends the University at Austin, Mrs. Terry Hill of Barksdale, Louise who teaches in Grimes county, Alma who attends college in San Antonio and Lena who lives here at home. All of them were here for the funeral except Louise. Other relatives here were: Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Mittel and Perry and Ben Mittel of Sonora, Paul Nixon and daughter, Lola, and Mrs. Albert Mund and daughter, Bertha of Eldorado, Louise daughter of F. J. Strackbein is also here.—Leader.

Makes Old Hats New

Do you know you can make a beautiful new hat out of your old straw hat? You can by dyeing it with Fidelity Straw Hat Dye. Anyone can dye with Fidelity Straw Hat Dye. Unlike other dyes it will not stiffen the hat. Made in all standard colors. Sold and recommended by all drug stores and in Sonora by the Sonora Drug Co.

"A poet is born, not made"—but so is everybody else.—Neodesha, (Kans.) Register.

Apply Ballard's Snow Liniment to joints that ache. It relieves bone aches, muscle aches and neuralgic pains. Three sizes 3 cents, 50c and \$1.20 per bottle. Sold by Sonora Drug Co.

The Woman's Club Library will be open on Wednesday afternoon of each week from 2 to 5 o'clock.

Still another reason why men don't go back to the farms is their wives.—Washington Post.

There is one thing about being pro-American—there are no regrets.—Caldesac (Ida.) Enterprise

The mild cathartic action of Herbine is well liked by ladies. It purifies the system without griping or inducing the stomach to rise. 50 cents. Sold by the Sonora Drug Store.

The lure of the hose in the city drives men from the hoes in the country.—Gilmer (Tex.) Mirror

While the savage red man lived in a wigwam he paid no rent. Why, then, was he savage?—Chicago Daily News.

Children who have worms are pale, sickly and peevish. A dose of two of White's Cream Vermifuge will clear them out and restore rosy cheeks and cheerful spirits. Price 35c. Sold by Sonora Drug Co.

If any woman had all the clothes she wanted, the rest of the women would have to go around in barrels.—Sugar City (Colo.)

A torpid liver needs an overhauling with Herbine. Its benefits are many: it cures indigestion, migratory pains, biliousness, loss of appetite, nervousness and the hour of rest being without uneasiness, refreshing sleep. Price 50c. Sold by the Sonora Drug Co.

Sartorial art finds many forms of expression. Some men's idea of dressing for a party is to button the vest.—Providence Tribune

As clear as the purest water is liquid Borzone, yet it is the most powerful heating remedy for flesh wounds, burns and scalds. The medical science has ever produced. Try it. Price 30c. 60c and \$1.20. Sold by the Sonora Drug Co.

Every man has days when his suspenders insist on getting twisted and his socks keep coming down.—Howard (Kans.) Courant.

Panama has sent out sixty troops under a general. At that rate a corporal's guard would be a problem in the most fractious.—Minn. cit. [two stars]

Girls may shut their eyes while being kissed, as a scientist avers, but you catch them when it comes to selecting the engagement ring.—Richmond [Ind.] Item.

Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Whitehead of Del Rio were here Monday the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Roy E. Aldwell.

Dr. and Mrs. J. S. Allison of Angelo were here Monday the guests of Mr. and Mrs. H. P. Allison.

REGARDING THE CLEAN UP CAMPAIGN.

The ladies who inspected for the Clean Up Campaign were delighted to find [with few exceptions] the premises of the homes in town, beautifully clean.

It proves more and more that the people of Sonora are up-to-the-minute in sanitary conditions as well as other things. But, we found in a very few places, people had their yards clean, nothing short of spotless and yet, they had merely thrown all the cans, buckets and pieces of wire over the fence onto another lot, which is of course against the City Ordinances; also in a few places the debris had been thrown into the draws, against another City Ordinance. The City cannot afford the expense of raking and hauling this off so the individual MUST do this himself. They were found to be a few cow-pens and toilets that were very unsanitary, but these things will be handled by the Health Officer, and so much time only given to remedy it.

The Woman's Club with the City Council, want the citizens of Sonora to know this campaign is not over. We mean to find a way to get these streets clean as well as the premises, if that way can be found, and we are working hard on the solution.

If there is no money to do it with we mean to find a way without it. But regarding these things mentioned, if YOU are one of those guilty possibly without realizing it, you want to attend to it before NOTICE IS SERVED ON YOU, you must have it done quickly, for we mean to clean this town well and farther we want to say, we thoroughly appreciate every effort that has been made to help us in this CLEAN UP CAMPAIGN.

Mr. Roy E. Aldwell, Chairman, Mrs. W. E. Caldwell, Mrs. J. A. Cope, Mrs. Fred Simmons, Committee.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Robert Kelley on Monday March 25th, a boy.

Mrs. W. D. Eaton and son John, were here Saturday from Ozons. Mr. Barton, who is manager of the Sonora Mercantile Co., went home with them for Sunday.

E. F. Halbert of San Angelo, who is visiting his son here, was in town Wednesday with Mr. and Mrs. Robert Halbert and enjoyed meeting old time friends at the barbecue.

Alvin Simpson, a banker and lumber man of Avinger, Cass county, was here Thursday on a short visit to his new home Claude Keene and Alvin Keene. He spent most of his time on the ranch with Alvin, playing with the lambs and kids. Mr. Simpson lived here a number of years ago and many old friends regret not having met him while here but he promised to come in the summer and try to get.

DIAMONDS DIAMONDS

Do you want to see a real nice selection of DIAMONDS? If so, let me order out a bunch for you. Sold on easy payments. Compare my prices. Let me--Who? T. L. Miller. I appreciate your business and will do all in my power to accommodate you.

T. L. MILLER, The Jeweler.

For Sale or Trade.

Some good residence property in Sonora, will exchange for sheep or goats.

T. L. BENSON.

FOR SALE.

Will deliver Cotton Seed and Milo Maize in Sonora for \$30 per ton. This feed has had no rain on since gathered.

J. H. BOOFIL, Eldorado.

DRESSMAKING

See me for Dress-making, Embroidering and Buttons. Mail orders given special attention.

Mrs. G. W. WALLING, San Angelo, Texas.

ENLARGED KODAK PICTURES FREE

Send us a Trial Order For Best Kodak Finishing You Ever Saw PRINTS FROM ONE CENT UP The MAYO STUDIOS BROWNWOOD, TEX

Sonora, Afternoon and Evening of April 15th

KENTUCKY ORATOR. Captain Briggs Speaks Here.



WOOD BRIGGS.

Kentucky is famous for its orators and the Sunflower program this year has one of Kentucky's most eloquent speakers of the present generation. Captain Wood Briggs is a patriot who brings burning messages of dramatic power and telling worth in these days when the United States and other nations are settling back to sanity after the mighty convulsions of war. If the Chautauqua accomplishes anything it must bring public men of constructive power to lead the people aright and the Cadman Management has secured an ideal man in Captain Briggs.

OPERATIC STAR COMING.

Miss Haseltine Student of Calve.



Miss Edna Haseltine, the leader of the Haseltine Opera Company, has had wide success in her operatic and musical work. Several years ago Madame Calve—the great Carmen—heard her sing and was perfectly amazed at her wonderful voice. She promptly induced Miss Haseltine to accompany her to her villa in France where for over a year she taught her in her own home. Since then she has sung widely in this country where she returned at the beginning of the war. The other members of the company are accomplished artists and ably hold up their part of the concerts.

April 16th, Evening.

HIGHLAND FLING DANCED. Bonnie Maid Does It.



MISS IRENE SHROYER.

Miss Irene Shroyer who is one of the Maids O' Dundee will dance the Highland fling on week nights. Miss Shroyer is a graceful girl and has worlds of "pep." She does the "Fling" in beautiful and charming style. It will not be given on Sundays.

All Scotsmen know and love this interesting national dance which is danced alone and, of course, is in no way connected with modern dancing. It will be one of the really interesting and beautiful numbers of the entire week.

WARDLAW & ELLIOTT.

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

DR. J. W. YANCEY.

DENTIST. Offices Sonora, Eldorado and Ozons. Latest Equipment and Methods Employed. Now at Ozons.

Under Pure Food Laws Refreshing Drinks Are Bottled ALL KINDS AT THE HORN PALACE JACK PIERCE. MY CIGARS Are Always Prime

Devil's River News \$2.00 a year

AFTER you begin buying Fisk A Tires you wonder why you did not begin such a pleasant relationship sooner.

Next Time—BUY FISK

CITY GARAGE

FISK

TIRES

GYPSY OPERETTA TO BE GIVEN
Beautiful Costumes and Sparkling Music.

HAZELTINE GYPSY SINGERS.

The Haseltine Gypsy Singers add the fire and dash and power of her touch of grand opera and at the same time a touch of the color and freedom of the wild Gypsy camps to the big Chautauqua program to be given here soon. They give a tuneful operetta: "The Gypsy Maiden," on the second night. This operetta is fully costumed and elaborate stage settings are carried.

Miss Edna Haseltine, the leader of the company, is a grand opera singer of unusual ability. She studied in France with Madame Calve, and has all the fire and dash and power of her great teacher.

In the afternoon an artists recital will be given for the benefit of those who know and love really good music. The Chautauqua aims to bring something that will appeal to everyone and the second afternoon will be the big treat for music lovers. However, the program will be chosen from the better known opera numbers of a Gypsy type and are lively enough and colorful enough to appeal to those who ordinarily do not care for classical music.

Why Suffer?

Cardui "Did Wonders for Me," Declares This Lady.

"I suffered for a long time with womanly weakness," says Mrs. J. R. Simpson, of 57 Spruce St., Asheville, N. C. "I finally got to the place where it was an effort for me to go. I would have bearing-down pains in my side and back—especially severe across my back, and down in my side there was a great deal of soreness. I was nervous and easily upset."

TAKE

CARDUI

The Woman's Tonic

"I heard of Cardui and decided to use it," continues Mrs. Simpson. "I saw shortly it was benefiting me, so I kept it up and it did wonders for me. And since then I have been glad to praise Cardui. It is the best woman's tonic made." Weak women need a tonic. Thousands and thousands, like Mrs. Simpson, have found Cardui of benefit to them. Try Cardui for your trouble.

ALL DRUGGISTS

FOR SALE BY THE
Sonora Drug Store.

W. McCOMB
WINDMILL DOCTOR.
Phone No. 144
SONORA TEXAS

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



FIRST NATIONAL BANK

OF SONORA, TEXAS.
CAPITAL & SURPLUS \$206,256.10
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

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., April 12, 1921.

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

METHODIST CHURCH.

Sunday school at 9:55 a.m.
Remember that the Sunday school is at 9:55 and not at 10 as it used to be.
The meeting has been going on now for almost two weeks. Many have expressed themselves as having been helped by the services. The congregations have been good and the interest in the meeting has been fine considering the fact that it is a very busy time with many people.
Sunday, the closing day of the meeting, there will be three services.
Preaching at 11 a.m. and at 7:45 p.m., and a special service for men and boys at 3:30 p.m. This service will not be conducted as many such services for men and boys are conducted. It will be a service that should be of interest to every father, son, brother, or other man in the community. The subject will be "What Sonora Needs Most." You have your opinion; I have mine. "Come let us get together." Every male under 100 years of age invited to this special service.
O. E. McFarland, Pastor.

Baptist Women Study Americanism.

The Ladies Aid and Missionary Society of the Baptist church had an interesting study on Americanism at their monthly meeting Monday afternoon at the home of Mrs. J. L. Davis. The program was under the supervision of Mrs. D. H. Mitchell and was well rendered. A talk was given by Mrs. W. E. Hathorn on personal service work followed by a report of personal service rendered since the last meeting, which was splendid. A social meeting followed when the hostess, Miss Ray Davis served refreshments. About fifteen women paid deference to the meeting.
M. S. D. H. Mitchell,
Press Reporter.

GET MORE EGGS by feeding "Martin's Egg Producer." Double your money back in Eggs or your money back in Cash. Martin's Hoop Remedy Cures and Prevents Hoop. Guaranteed by all Dealers.

Baptist Church, Next Sunday.

Sunday school at 9:45 a.m.
Preaching at 11 a.m. and 7:30 p.m.

Mrs. Mary Earwood Dead.

Mrs. Mary Earwood, aged 76 years, died Monday and was buried at Juno on Tuesday, March 29th, 1921. Deceased had been in Sonora the past month for medical attention and at her advanced age very little hope was entertained by her family for her recovery.
Her late husband E. A. Earwood died at Juno in 1912, and it was her request that she be buried by his side in the cemetery at that place. The remains were escorted to Juno by the family and relatives and Rev. Hathorn, Mrs. Will Perry and Miss Bertha Eaton. The funeral services were conducted by Rev. W. E. Hathorn of the Baptist church.
Since the death of her husband Mrs. Earwood has made her home with Floyd Earwood on the ranch in the Juno country. She was the mother of nine children, four of whom are living and were with her during her last illness. They are G. C., Eddie, Floyd Earwood and Mrs. Tulie Deaton. The News extends its sympathy to the relatives and family in their sorrow.
Deceased was born in Mississippi, May 24th, 1844 and came to Texas when five years old. The family settled in Lavaca county and it was there she was married and lived for a number of years thereafter.

Deceased was born in Mississippi, May 24th, 1844 and came to Texas when five years old. The family settled in Lavaca county and it was there she was married and lived for a number of years thereafter.

Deceased was born in Mississippi, May 24th, 1844 and came to Texas when five years old. The family settled in Lavaca county and it was there she was married and lived for a number of years thereafter.

TOMATO PLANTS

Ready for transplanting, two dozen for 25 cents or 75 cents per 100. Call 152

Lamar Wilkinson was here this week from the ranch in the Owenville neighborhood.

T. L. Miller, the jeweler, can fit your eyes with proper glasses.

Mr. and Mrs. B. M. Halbert and daughter, Mrs. L. P. Bloodworth, were in town Saturday from the ranch.

Don't forget the place to save money on diamonds.

A dance and barbecue supper given by Mr. and Mrs. J. Roberts at the "Evans" Dunbar ranch was attended by a large crowd Friday night.

DECLAMATION CONTEST

The local declamation contest will be held in the school auditorium Tuesday night, April 5. The purpose is to select the pupils that shall go to San Angelo to the District Meet as the representatives of this county.

The Glee Clubs are arranging a program of songs and choruses and other features will also be added to their program.

A pleasing entertainment is promised in addition to the declamation contest.

There will be an admission charge of 25 cents and 15 cents to meet expenses of these contests.

Mr. and Mrs. Roy Hud-peth were in from the ranch west of Sonora Tuesday visiting. They were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Tom Murray while in the city.

If you are in the market for diamond goods large or small see.

Mr. and Mrs. W. Mont Noe'ke and son M. B. Noe'ke of Mertzon were here Monday for the meeting of the executive committee of the Sheep & Goat Raisers Association of which Mr. Noe'ke is a member.

W. B. Adams was a visitor here Monday from his ranch on the North Llano. Mr. Adams says the country was never as far advanced as this season. Brush put out early but the weeds and grass came before the brush. The farm prospects also are promising.

The Rev. Richard Mercer spent a few days with us conducting the Holy Week services, including Good Friday and Easter service at the Episcopal church. The instructions on the different days were in harmony with the day. He celebrated the Holy Communion at the Easter service on Sunday morning.

Scholastic Population

J. A. Leach has completed taking the scholastic census for the Sonora Independent school district. The enumeration has been very thoroughly taken and but few if any has been missed. The census this year totals 384. Of this number 219 are males and 165 female; 241 are Americans 142 Mexican and 1 negro. If you intend to send your children to the Sonora school the coming session you should have the children transferred to the Independent district as soon as possible.

LONDON AND NEW YORK FINANCIERS

With Orient Railway Officials Visit Sonora.

In Persistence and Perseverance; Keeping Everlastingly at It Sonora is Sure to Secure Railroad.

W. S. Poole of London, England, representing persons who became interested in the Kansas City, Mexico & Orient Railway about six years ago, and Frederick Hurdle of London, England, a financier, who has been personally interested in, and represents others who were early subscribers to the Orient Railway System, and Charles H. Jones of New York, investment banker, financier and representative of Eastern people interested in this great Trans-Continental Railroad, who are making a tour of inspection of the property and the prospect for future or further development from Kansas City to the Pacific at Topolobampo, Gulf of California, were the guests of Sonora Wednesday.

The European and Eastern people were accompanied by J. E. Dillon of Kansas City, assistant to President and Receiver, W. T. Kemper, E. Schults of Wichita Kansas, Mechanical Superintendent, A. J. Cleary, of Angelo, Superintendent of Construction of the Kansas City, Mexico & Orient Railway.

The party was met at Angelo by a committee from Sonora, composed of W. L. Aldwell, Chairman of the Citizen-Railroad Committee and a Director of the Orient, Judge James Cornell, E. F. Vander Stucken, H. Eastland and Sol Kelley, who extended them a pressing invitation to include in their tour a visit to Sonora and if possible a trip to Del Rio and into Mexico as far as Alameda. Del Rio was represented by John F. Robinson, secretary of the Chamber of Commerce and J. C. Wells, district secretary of the West Texas Chamber of Commerce. Eldorado was represented by a committee composed of Ollie Alexander, C. A. Spence, L. M. Hoover, W. N. Ramsey.

Owing to the limit of time and the vast territory to be traversed the best that the invitations committee could do was to have the party come as far as Sonora and on the trip here San Angelo was represented by Tom Owen, secretary of the Board of City Development, Sam Crowther, president of the Kiwanis Club, John Find later, John Y. Rust, Ira Cain, Bob Campbell, L. S. Walker, P. C. McGlasson, W. R. Strumberg, Eldorado was represented by John Rae, Tom Henderson, Bert Page, H. S. Espry, Edward Wiloughby, Albert Bailey, H. E. Sharp.

The party arrived in Sonora at the noon hour and to the pleasant and agreeable surprise of everyone, a splendid dinner of barbecued beef, veal, mutton and kid, salads, cakes and pies was spread before about 500 people and the day made a most eventful one for the visitors, particularly those from abroad. The feast was served in the Court House yard and the San Angelo people who knew the shortness of the time in which it was prepared marveled at the completeness of the entertainment and added another "wonder mark" to how Sonora does things.

After the dinner the people assembled at the South side of the Court House and District Judge James Cornell made a few remarks and introduced the following gentlemen who spoke words of praise for Sonora and the Orient and their gratitude at having the pleasure of having with them the distinguished visitors. Ira Cain of San Angelo, John F. Robinson of Del Rio, Eldorado, the chairman said, heartily endorsed what ever Sonora undertook but asked to be excused from making a speech. S. H. Stokes, B. M. Halbert, County Judge L. W. Elliott and W. L. Aldwell. The remarks of the above speakers were all brief and hopeful, but the statement of W. S. Poole of London was business like and encouraging that of Frederick Hurdle of London, sanguine and felicitous, while

that of Charles H. Jones of New York was both felicitous, business like and hopeful.

After a visit to the terminal grounds, the business houses and a drive around the city, the party left for Angelo to resume their tour of inspection of the Orient property in Mexico.

These representatives of financial interests have been much encouraged with what they have seen of the Orient from Wichita to Sonora and have a clear understanding of the advantages a direct line to Mexico City would mean to the Orient System and that the easiest, quickest and least expensive way to secure the business of Mexico is by the building of the line between Angelo and Del Rio to a connection with the Mexican International at Alameda through Villa Acuma or Las Vacas which will be completed before the New Year.

When it became known Monday afternoon that it was probable representatives of the Orient Railway and investors of English and Eastern capital would visit Sonora Wednesday, a called meeting of citizens was held and it was decided to entertain the visitors and those accompanying them with a barbecue. As an illustration of what may be done by a united community, committees were formed and as a consequence a most delightful, and for the visitors an unusual, entertainment was prepared and served to about 500 people, and there was enough for 500 more. The entire community entered into the spirit and answered the hurry call and it is doubtful if there had been more time it could have been better except in numbers of those who would have attended. The committees and management and the ladies deserve the greatest praise for the success of the day, which let us hope will be a factor of obtaining for this most worthy community the long sought means of transportation facilities for their products. If keeping everlasting at it brings success Sonora is bound to succeed.

Frank Decher, Notary Public, San Antonio, County Texas.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Earwood were here Monday the guests of Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Cauthorn.

Bob Cauthorn was here Saturday from Del Rio. Mr. Cauthorn was on a visit to his ranches.

Mrs. G. C. Earwood was a visitor in town Saturday, the guest of her daughter, Mrs. J. A. Cauthorn.

Claude Broom of Angelo one of the executive committee of the Sheep & Goat Raisers Association was here Monday.

F. C. Bates, Jr., of Mertzon, a prominent and well known sheep man was here Monday for the meeting.

Joe F. Brown and W. T. Shurley of Rock-springs were here Monday attending the meeting of the executive committee of the Sheep & Goat Raisers Association.

R. H. Martin, president of the Sheep & Goat Raisers Association and Geo. M. Thurmond, attorney and secretary of the Association, were here Monday from Del Rio for a meeting of the executive committee.

Sam Oglesby of Mertzon, whose ranch interests are in the western part of Schleicher county was here Monday attending a meeting of the executive committee of the Sheep & Goat Raisers Association.

Make yourself safe by insuring your wool and mohair. I represent none but the best old line companies.

T. L. BENSON.

T. Lee Dri-dale of Juno was here Monday for the meeting of the executive committee of the Sheep & Goat Raisers Association of which he is an active member. Mr. Dri-dale's ranch is in the Beaver Lake county near Juno.

A NEW HAT FOR AN OLD ON You can take your old straw hat and in a few minutes make a new one out of it with a beautiful, new glossy finish and any color you want. The secret is to use Fidelity Straw Hat Dye, which will not stiffen the hat. Anyone can use it. Sold and recommended by all druggists and in Sonora by the Sonora Drug Co.

THE DALLAS NEWS

THE NEWEST, THE BEST, THE MOST RELIABLE—THAT'S ALL
E. J. PIERCE Circulator at SONORA, TEXAS.

Elsie Ferguson

In "The Witness for the Defense" Is found Not Guilty Friday Night.

In this Paramount picture Miss Ferguson is supported by Vernon Steel, Warner Oland, Wyndham Standing, Cora Williams and others. The dramatic scenes are particularly suited to Miss Ferguson's abilities, who was before taking up screen work a favorite on the living stage.

Saturday night, April 9th, we will have the pleasure of introducing **CHARLES RAY**

In "Crooked Straight" the story of a young fellow who turns Crooked from Hunger and Straight from Love.

Charles Ray, as a pro-trayer of the wholesome country boy types, is without a superior on the screen

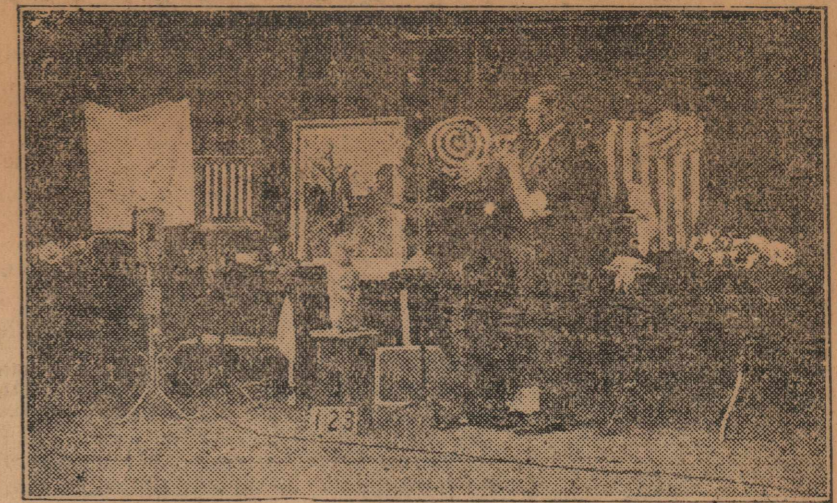
Margery Wilson, formerly appearing with William S. Hart, is the leading woman who reforms the hero.

Admission 15 and 30 cents. Show starts promptly at 8 o'clock.

No Advance in Prices But We Want FULL HOUSES TO COME OUT EVEN.

CHAUTAQUA BRINGS MAGIC & MYSTERY

Becker Gives Thrilling Demonstrations at Big Tent.



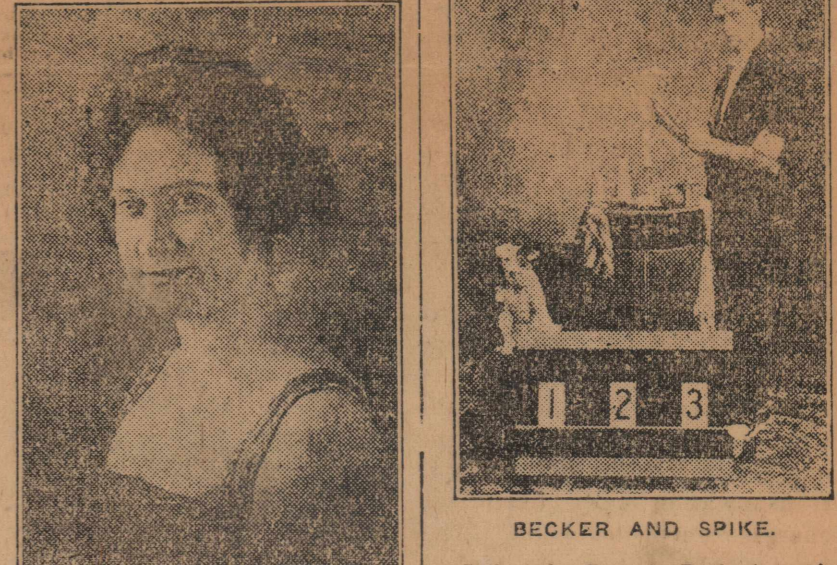
WM. F. BECKER.

The big community vacation week that Americans have come to look forward to will soon be here. The Chautauqua tent will arrive and the next thing will be the thrilling entertainment to be given by William F. Becker, magician. People in the effort pay from two to four times Chautauqua prices to see the same entertainment that Mr. Becker will give here.

Becker is one of the real exponents of black magic now before the public. He gives all the baffling and mysterious experiments shown by other magicians and has some unique stunts of his own; among these are spirit painting, rag pictures, and several minutes of shadowgraphy.

Becker invites the closest scrutiny during his demonstrations. He depends upon his superior knowledge of occult phenomena for his success and performs many seemingly impossible things so openly that his hearers can not believe their own eyes. He is a miracle man indeed and one of the many genuinely big things on the Chautauqua program.

VERNON GRIMES DUO. Redhead Program Opens Chautauqua.

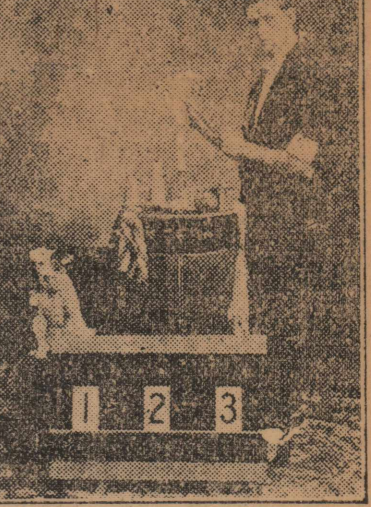


VERNON GRIMES.

The Vernon Grimes Dramatic Duo which starts the big Chautauqua program this year is led by a real red head, and she's proud of it. Like all redheaded people, Vernon Grimes is full of fun and brimming over with personality. She is naturally an entertainer and then she has spent years before audiences so she is doubly good. She and her assistant give sketches, readings, pantomime and songs and piano numbers. They have some laughable dramatic acts and they keep the program moving at a rapid rate. The redhead program is one of the Chautauqua features; after it's over you'll vote it one of your favorites.

SMART DOG IS SPIKE

Assists in Magic.



BECKER AND SPIKE.

Spike, the Dog, is Becker's assistant in the big magic and mystery entertainment at Chautauqua this year. Mr. Becker says Spike does better than most human assistants would—and then he knows enough not to talk too much. Spike enjoys his work thoroughly and does some striking things in the great demonstrations. He boasts the distinction of being the only dog on the Chautauqua platform.

Sonora, Afternoon 14.

Evening of April 14th.

BOB HOLLAND

OF

Holland Auto Company

SAN ANGELO

Is not connected with the Williams Auto Co.,
now.

He wants your business.

West Twohig Avenue, near San Angelo

National Bank.

WHEN YOU COME

TO

SAN ANGELO

STOP AT THE

BIG GARAGE ON THE HIGHWAY

Tires, Tubes, Gasoline, Accessories, STORAGE and Oils,
(The Right Kind for Your Car)

We do a General Repairing, Overhauling and Rebuilding of Automobiles, Trucks and Tractors. All Work done by skilled Mechanics. We Make It Right.

Nabers Auto Parts Co.,

Successors to Scarbrough Auto Co.

Jack Nabers, Manager.

309 South Chadbourne Across the street
From the Lardon Hotel

tion, had given way wholly to a hunting instinct; an effort to procure their own lives. In the desperation of their hunger they could not remember such things as the fear of men. They spread out farther, and at last Dan looked up to find one of the gray beasts waiting, like a shadow himself, in the shadow of a tree not one hundred feet from the sled. Snowbird whistled out her pistol.

"Don't dare!" Dan's voice cracked out to her. He didn't speak loudly; yet the words came so sharp and commanding, like pistol fire itself, that they penetrated into her consciousness and choked back the nervous reflexes that in an instant might have lost them one of their three precious shells. She caught herself with a sob. Dan shouted at the wolf, and it melted into the shadows.

"You won't do it again, Snowbird?" he asked her very humbly. But his mounting was clear. He was not as skilled with a pistol as she; but if her nerves were breaking, the gun must be taken from her hands. The three shells must be saved to the moment of utmost need.

"No," she told him, looking straight into his eyes. "I won't do it again."

He believed her. He knew that she spoke the truth. He met her eyes with a half smile. Then, wholly without warning, Fate played its last trump.

Again the wilderness reminded them of its might, and their brave spirits were almost broken by the utter remoteness of the place. The girl went on her face with a crack of wood. Her snow shoe had been cracked by her fall of the day before, when running to the fire, and whether she struck some other obstruction in the snow, or whether the cracked wood had simply given way under her weight, mattered not even enough for them to investigate. As in all great disasters, only the result remained.

The result in this case was that her snowshoes, without which she could not walk at all in the snow, was irreparably broken.

"Fate has stacked the cards against us," Lennox told them, after the first moment's horror of the broken snowshoe.

But no one answered him. The girl, white-faced, kept her wide eyes on Dan. He seemed to be peering into the shadows beside the trail, as if he were watching for the gray forms that now and then glided from tree to tree. In reality, he was not looking for wolves.

He was gazing down into his own soul, measuring his own spirit for the trial that lay before him.

The girl, unable to step with the broken snowshoe, rested her weight on one foot and hobbled like a bird with broken wings across to him. No sight of all this terrible journey had been more dreadful in her full eyes than this. It seemed to split open the strong heart of the man. She touched her hand to his arm.

"To sorry, Dan," she told him. "You tried so hard."

Just one little sound broke from his throat—a strange, deep gasp that could not be suppressed. Then he caught her hand in his and kissed it—again and again. "Do you think I care about that?" he asked her. "I only wish I could have done more—and what I have done doesn't count. Just as in my fight with Cranston, nothing counts because I didn't win. It's just fate, Snowbird. It's no one's fault, but maybe in this world, nothing is ever anyone's fault." Fate in the twilight of those winter woods, in the shadow of death itself, perhaps he was catching glimpses of eternal truths that are hidden from all but the most far-seeing eyes.

"And this is the end?" she asked him. She spoke very bravely.

"No." His hand tightened on hers. "No, so long as an ounce of strength remains. To fight—never to give up—may God give me spirit for it all I die."

And this was no idle prayer. His eyes raised to the starry sky as he spoke.

"But, son," Lennox asked him rather quietly, "what can you do? The wolves aren't going to wait a great deal longer, and we can't go on."

"There's one thing more—one more trial to make," Dan answered. "I thought about it at first, but it was too long a chance to try if there was any other way. And I suppose you thought of it too."

"Overtaking Cranston?"

"Of course. And it sounds like a crazy dream. But listen, both of you. If we have got to die, up here in the snow—and it looks like we had—what is the thing you want done worst before we go?"

Lennox's hands clasped, and he beamed forward on the sled. "Pay Cranston?" he said.

"Yes!" Dan's voice rang. "Cranston's never going to be paid unless we do it. There will be no signs of mercifulness at the house, and no proofs. They'll find our bodies in the snow, and we'll just be a mystery, with no one made to pay. The evidence in my pocket will be taken by Cranston, some time this winter. If I don't make him pay, he never will pay. And that's one reason why I'm going to try to carry out this plan I've got."

"The second reason is that it's the one hope we have left. I take it that none of us are deceived on that point. And no man can be tamely—if he is a man—while there's a chance. I mean a young man, like me—not one who is old and tired. It sounds perfectly silly to talk about finding Cranston's winter quarters, and then, with my bare hands, convincing him, taking his food and his blankets and his snowshoes and his rifle, to fight away these wolves, and bringing 'em back here."

"You wouldn't be barehanded," the girl reminded him. "You could have the pistol."

He didn't even seem to hear her. "I've been thinking about it. It's a long, long chance—much worse than the chance we had of getting out by straight walking. I think we could have made it. If the wolves had kept off and the snowshoes hadn't broken. It would have nearly killed us, but I believe we could have got out. That's why I didn't try this other way first. A man with his bare hands hasn't much of a chance against another with a rifle, and I don't want you to be too hopeful. And of course, the hardest part is finding his camp."

"But I do feel sure of one thing: that he is back to his old trapping line on the North Fork—somewhere south of here—and his camp is somewhere on the river. I think he would have gone there so that he could get out of any attempt I might make to get through with those letters. My plan is to start back at an angle that will carry me between the North Fork and our old



"Keep the Fire Burning."

house. Somewhere in there I'll find his tracks, the tracks he made when he first came over to burn up the house. I suppose he was careful to mix 'em up after once he arrived here, but the first part of the way he likely walked straight toward the house from his camp. Somewhere, if I go that way, I'll cross his trail—with 10 miles at least. Then I'll back track him to his camp."

"And never come back!" the girl cried.

"Maybe not. But at least everything that can be done will be done. Nothing will be left. No regrets. We will have made the last trial. I'm not going to waste any time, Snowbird. The sooner we get your fire built the better."

"Father and I are to stay here—? What else can you do?" He went back to his traces and drew the sled 100 yards farther. He didn't seem to see the gaunt wolf that backed off into the shadows as he approached.

He refused to notice that the pack seemed to be steadily growing lighter. Human hunters usually had guns that could blast and destroy from a distance; but even an animal intelligence could perceive that these three seemed to be without this means of inflicting death.

A wolf is ever so much more intelligent than a crow—yet a crow shows little fear of an unarmed man and is wholly unapproachable by a boy with a gun. The ugly truth was simply that in their increasing madness and excitement and hunger, they were becoming less and less fearful of these three strange humans with the sled.

It was not a good place for a camp. They worked a long time before they cleared a little patch of ground of its snow mantle. Dan cut a number of splines—laboriously with his ax—and built a fire with the comparatively dry core of a dead tree. True, it was feeble and flickering, but as good as could be hoped for, considering the difficulties under which he worked.

The dead logs under the snow were soaked with water from the rains and thaws. The green wood that he cut soaked with a blazing.

"No more time to be lost," Dan told Snowbird. "It lies in your hands to keep the fire burning. And don't leave the circle of the fire light without that pistol in your hand."

"You don't mean," she asked, unbelieving, "that you are going to go out there to fight Cranston—unarmed?"

"Of course, Snowbird. You must keep the pistol."

"But it means death; that's all it means. What chance would you have against a man with a rifle? And as soon as you get away from this fire, the wolves will tear you to pieces."

"And what would you and your father do if I took it? You can't get him into a tree. You can't build a big enough fire to frighten them. Please don't even talk about this matter, Snowbird. My mind's made up. I think the pack will stay here. They usually—God knows how—know who is helpless and who isn't. Maybe with the gun, you will be able to save your lives."

"What's the chance of that?"

"You might win, one or two—kill one or the deers; and the others—but you know how they devour their own dead. That might break their famine enough so that they'd hold off until I can get back. That's the prize I'm playing for."

"And what if you don't get back?"

He took her hand in one of his, and with the other he caressed, for a single moment, the lovely flesh of her throat. The love he had for her spoke from his eyes—such speech as no human vision could possibly mistake. Each of those eye-glances and breathless with a great, sweet wonder.

"Never let those fangs tear that softness, while you live," he told her gently. "Never let that brave old man on the sled go to his death with the pack tearing at him. Cheat 'em, Snowbird! Beat 'em the last minute, if no other way remains! Show 'em who's boss, after all—of all this forest."

"You mean—?" Her eyes widened. "I mean that you must only spend one of those three shells in fighting off the wolves. Save that till the moment you need it most. The other two must be saved—for something else."

She nodded, shuddering an instant at a menacing shadow that moved within 50 feet of the fire.

"Then goodby, Dan!" she told him. And she stretched up her arms. "The thing I said—that day on the hillside—doesn't hold any more."

His own arms encircled her, but he made no effort to claim her lips. Lennox watched them quietly; in this moment of crisis not even pretending to look away. Dan shook his head to her entangling eyes. "It isn't just a kiss, darling," he told her soberly. "It goes deeper than that. It's a symbol. It was your word, too, and mine; and words can't be broken, things being as they are. Can't I make you understand?"

She nodded. His eyes burned. Perhaps she didn't understand, as far as actual functioning of the brain was concerned. But she reached up to him, as women—knowing life in the concrete rather than the abstract—have always reached up to men; and she dimly caught the gleam of some eternal principle and right behind his words. This strong man of the mountains had given his word, had been witness to her own promise to him and to herself, and a law that goes down from the roots of life prevented him from claiming the kiss.

Many times, since the world was new, comfort—happiness—life itself have been contingent on the breaking of a law. Yet in spite of what seemed common sense, even though no punishment would forthcome if it were broken, the law has been kept. It was this way now. It wouldn't have been just a kiss such as boys and girls have always had in the moonlight. It meant the symbolic renunciation of the debt that Dan owed Cranston—a debt that in his mind might possibly go unpaid, which no weight of circumstance could make him renounce.

His longing for her lips pulled at the roots of him. But by the laws of his being he couldn't claim them until the debt incurred on the hillside, months ago, had been paid; to take them now meant to dull the fine edge of his resolve to carry the issue through to the end, to fling the star that led him, to weaken him, by bending now, for the test to come. He didn't know why. It had its fount in the deep wells of the spirit. Common sense can't reveal how the holy man keeps strong the spirit by denying the flesh. It goes too deep for that. Dan kept to his concentration.

He did, however, kiss her hands, and he kissed the tears out of her eyes. Then he turned into the darkness and broke through the ring of the wolves.

His longing for her lips pulled at the roots of him. But by the laws of his being he couldn't claim them until the debt incurred on the hillside, months ago, had been paid; to take them now meant to dull the fine edge of his resolve to carry the issue through to the end, to fling the star that led him, to weaken him, by bending now, for the test to come. He didn't know why. It had its fount in the deep wells of the spirit. Common sense can't reveal how the holy man keeps strong the spirit by denying the flesh. It goes too deep for that. Dan kept to his concentration.

He did, however, kiss her hands, and he kissed the tears out of her eyes. Then he turned into the darkness and broke through the ring of the wolves.

He did, however, kiss her hands, and he kissed the tears out of her eyes. Then he turned into the darkness and broke through the ring of the wolves.

He did, however, kiss her hands, and he kissed the tears out of her eyes. Then he turned into the darkness and broke through the ring of the wolves.

He did, however, kiss her hands, and he kissed the tears out of her eyes. Then he turned into the darkness and broke through the ring of the wolves.

He did, however, kiss her hands, and he kissed the tears out of her eyes. Then he turned into the darkness and broke through the ring of the wolves.

He did, however, kiss her hands, and he kissed the tears out of her eyes. Then he turned into the darkness and broke through the ring of the wolves.

He did, however, kiss her hands, and he kissed the tears out of her eyes. Then he turned into the darkness and broke through the ring of the wolves.

He did, however, kiss her hands, and he kissed the tears out of her eyes. Then he turned into the darkness and broke through the ring of the wolves.

He did, however, kiss her hands, and he kissed the tears out of her eyes. Then he turned into the darkness and broke through the ring of the wolves.

He did, however, kiss her hands, and he kissed the tears out of her eyes. Then he turned into the darkness and broke through the ring of the wolves.

He did, however, kiss her hands, and he kissed the tears out of her eyes. Then he turned into the darkness and broke through the ring of the wolves.

He did, however, kiss her hands, and he kissed the tears out of her eyes. Then he turned into the darkness and broke through the ring of the wolves.

He did, however, kiss her hands, and he kissed the tears out of her eyes. Then he turned into the darkness and broke through the ring of the wolves.

He did, however, kiss her hands, and he kissed the tears out of her eyes. Then he turned into the darkness and broke through the ring of the wolves.

He did, however, kiss her hands, and he kissed the tears out of her eyes. Then he turned into the darkness and broke through the ring of the wolves.

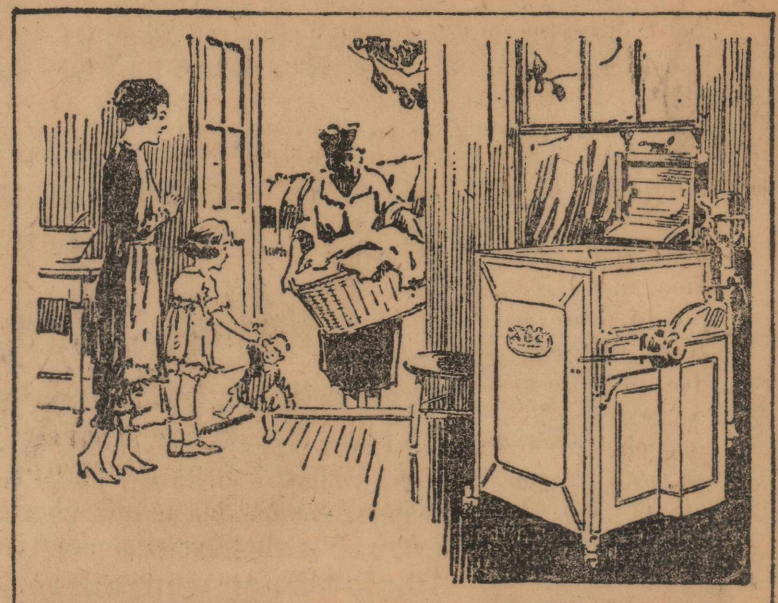
He did, however, kiss her hands, and he kissed the tears out of her eyes. Then he turned into the darkness and broke through the ring of the wolves.

He did, however, kiss her hands, and he kissed the tears out of her eyes. Then he turned into the darkness and broke through the ring of the wolves.

He did, however, kiss her hands, and he kissed the tears out of her eyes. Then he turned into the darkness and broke through the ring of the wolves.

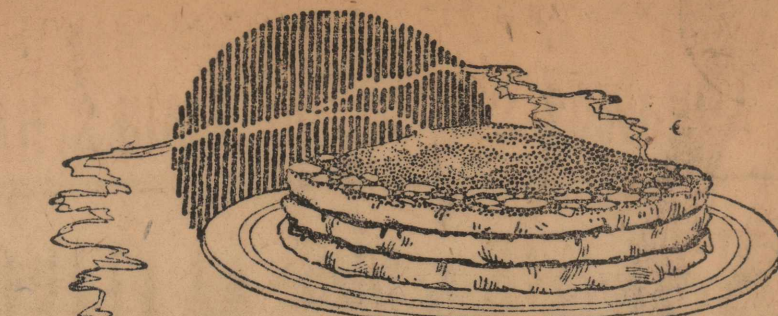
He did, however, kiss her hands, and he kissed the tears out of her eyes. Then he turned into the darkness and broke through the ring of the wolves.

A.B.C. Electric Laundress.



Some washers lift and dip. Other washers rock and toss. But the A.B.C. does both!

FOR SALE BY
The Sonora Light & Water Co.



Delightful hot cakes

Nothing can equal good hot cakes for breakfast.

Hot cakes made with BELLE OF WICHITA Flour are "there." They are deliciously good from the first bite to the last.

Don't think this kind of hot cakes can be made with just any flour, for that won't hold true.

To avoid disappointment, order a sack of BELLE OF WICHITA before you try.

FOR SALE BY THE
Sonora Mercantile Company.

THE COMMERCIAL HOTEL,

MRS. JOSIE McDONALD, Proprietress.
Rates \$3.50 Per Day.

HEADQUARTERS FOR COMMERCIAL MEN.
Best accommodations, Rates Reasonable.

Sonora, Texas.

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 investment 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. NOW 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.

Kid in the subscription blanks NOW and sail in the good ship PROSPERITY.
See our Agent,
GEO. J. TRAINER.

Continued from page 1.

arm tried to hack enough wood from the splinters that Dan had cut to keep the fire burning.

At three they got up, still tired and aching in their bones from exposure. Twenty-four hours had passed since they had tasted food, and their unrepentant systems complained. There is no better engine in the wide world than the human body. It will stand more neglect and abuse than the finest steel motors ever made by the hands of craftsmen. A man may fast many days if he lies quietly in one place and keeps warm. But fasting is a deadly proposition while pulling sledges over the snow.

Dan was less hopeful now. His face told what his words did not. The hues cleft deeper about his lips and eyes; and Snowbird's heart ached when he tried to encourage her with a smile. It was a wan, strange smile that couldn't quite hide the first sickness of despair.

The shadows quickly lengthened—slightly leaping over the snow from the fast-falling sun. The twilight deepened, the snow turned gray, and then, in a vague way, the Journey began to partake of a quality of unreality. It was not that the cold and the snow and their hunger were not entirely real, or that the wilderness was no longer naked to their eyes. It was just that their entire effort seemed like some dreadful, unburdened journey in a dream—a stumbling advance under difficulties too many and real to be true.

The first sign was the far-off cry of the wolf pack. It was very faint, simply a stir in the eardrums, yet it was entirely clear. That clear, cold mountain air was a perfect telephone system, conveying a message distinctly, no matter how faintly. There were no tall buildings or dikes to disturb the ether waves. And all three of them knew at the same instant it was not exactly the cry they had heard before.

They couldn't have told just why, even if they had wished to talk about it. In some dim way, it had lost the strange quality of despair it had held before. It was as if the pack were running with renewed life, that each wolf was calling to another with a dreadful sort of exultation. It was an excited cry, too—not the long, sad wailing they had learned at first. It sounded immediately behind them.

They couldn't help but listen. No human ears could have shut out the sound. But none of them pretended that they had heard. And this was the worst sign of all. Each one of the three was hoping against hope in his very heart; and at the same time, hoping that the others did not understand.

For a long time, as the darkness deepened about them, the forests were still. Perhaps, Dan thought, he had been mistaken after all. His shoulders straightened. Then the chorus blared again.

The man looked back at the girl, smiling into her eyes. Lennox lay as if asleep, the lines of his dark face curiously pronounced. And the girl, because she was of the mountains, body and soul, answered Dan's smile. Then they knew that all of them knew the truth. Not even an inexperienced ear could have any delusions about the pack song now. It was that oldest of wilderness songs, the hunting-cry—that frenzied song of bloodlust that the wolf pack utters when it is running on the trail of game. It had found the track of living flesh at last.

"There's no use stopping, or trying to climb a tree," Dan told them simply. "In the first place, Lennox can't do it. In the second, we've got to take a chance—for cold and hunger can get up a tree where the wolf pack can't." He spoke wholly without emotion. Once more he tightened the traces of the sled.

"I've heard that sometimes the pack will chase a man for days without attacking," Lennox told them. "It all depends on how long they've come without food. Keep on and try to for-

"But, son," Lennox asked him rather quietly, "what can you do? The wolves aren't going to wait a great deal longer, and we can't go on."

"There's one thing more—one more trial to make," Dan answered. "I thought about it at first, but it was too long a chance to try if there was any other way. And I suppose you thought of it too."

"Overtaking Cranston?"

"Of course. And it sounds like a crazy dream. But listen, both of you. If we have got to die, up here in the snow—and it looks like we had—what is the thing you want done worst before we go?"

Lennox's hands clasped, and he beamed forward on the sled. "Pay Cranston?" he said.

"Yes!" Dan's voice rang. "Cranston's never going to be paid unless we do it. There will be no signs of mercifulness at the house, and no proofs. They'll find our bodies in the snow, and we'll just be a mystery, with no one made to pay. The evidence in my pocket will be taken by Cranston, some time this winter. If I don't make him pay, he never will pay. And that's one reason why I'm going to try to carry out this plan I've got."

"The second reason is that it's the one hope we have left. I take it that none of us are deceived on that point. And no man can be tamely—if he is a man—while there's a chance. I mean a young man, like me—not one who is old and tired. It sounds perfectly silly to talk about finding Cranston's winter quarters, and then, with my bare hands, convincing him, taking his food and his blankets and his snowshoes and his rifle, to fight away these wolves, and bringing 'em back here."

"You wouldn't be barehanded," the girl reminded him. "You could have the pistol."

He didn't even seem to hear her. "I've been thinking about it. It's a long, long chance—much worse than the chance we had of getting out by straight walking. I think we could have made it. If the wolves had kept off and the snowshoes hadn't broken. It would have nearly killed us, but I believe we could have got out. That's why I didn't try this other way first. A man with his bare hands hasn't much of a chance against another with a rifle, and I don't want you to be too hopeful. And of course, the hardest part is finding his camp."

"Maybe We Can Keep Them Bluffed."

get 'em. Maybe we can keep 'em bluffed."

But as the hours passed, it became increasingly difficult to forget the wolf pack. It was only a matter of turning the head and peering for an instant into the shadows to catch a glimpse of one of the creatures. Their usual fear of men, always their first emo-

