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NOTICE.

We are the agents of the owners of all the unsold town lots in SONORA and also the Suburban property, and as such we will take pleasure in answering inquiries of those contemplating settling here; and we will also be pleased to show property to visitors who may feel a desire to be freeholders in SONORA. We can offer very liberal terms on payments, so that anyone desiring to take advantage of school facilities and the other conveniences afforded by the Capital of a flourishing county, and although only two years old, the largest town within a radius of sixty-five miles, need not delay till selling time of wool, beef or mutton.

DAVIDSON & SILLIMAN.

DEVIL'S RIVER NEWS,
PUBLISHED WEEKLY,
Advertising Medium of the
Stockman's Paradise.
Subscription \$2 A YEAR IN ADVANCE.
Entered at the Postoffice at Sonora,
as second-class matter.

MIKE MURPHY, Proprietor.
SONORA, TEXAS. - March 21, 1891.

Sweet Memories.

By Mrs. D. F. Williamson,
For Devil's River News.
In fancy I'm a child to-night,
And sit beneath the hawthorne tree,
I gaze as then, on the old sea,
I hear the murmur of the sea.

A requiem low it seems to sing,
Perhaps I only think it so,
I feel its arms about me cling
As if to comfort me in woe.

Again I bow at mother's knee,
And lip my childish evening prayer,
Her soft, dark eyes look down on me;
She fondly strokes my auburn hair.

I wade the brook, drink from the spring
And hear the cows low o'er the hill,
I climb the trees to tie the ewing,
And list to the buzzing of the mill.

I see the forms of school-mates dear,
And wonder where they are to-night?
Their merry laugh rings in mine ear;
Oh, joyous days, so full of light!

The dear, old master sleepeth now.
The violets bloom above his head,
And near his grave a jasmine bough,
Year after year its perfumes shed.

The log schoolhouse hath tumbled down
Of it no vestige can be seen,
And in its stead a structure brown,
Adorns the village green.

The lights and shades of life are strange
But then we know they're right;
Sweet memories of my childhood days,
A fond, a sad good-night!
Ranch, March 2, '91.

Reviewing the Philadelphia wool market the American Wool Reporter says:—"The market this week is fairly active and firm. When we take into consideration the fact that stocks of desirable wools are scarce, considerable inquiry has been received from eastern mills by mail, by many sellers could have done a larger business had they held in stock the wools with which to meet the wants of manufacturers. As it is, stocks are much lower than at this time last year. The lots of sellers are nearly bare, except where wools have been held, in some instances, above the market price for choice lines. Other houses have just received fair consignments of medium washed and unwashed fleece wool the past week, and more on the way from the west.

What the Baby Can Do.

It can wear out a \$1 pair of kid shoes in 24 hours.

It can keep its father busy advertising in the newspapers for a nurse.

It can occupy both sides of the largest sized bed manufactured simultaneously.

It can cause its father to be insulted by every second class boarding house keeper in the city who "never takes children," which, in nine cases out of ten, is very fortunate for the children.

It can make itself look like a fiend just when mamma wants to show "what a pretty baby she has."

It can make an old bachelor in the room adjoining use language that, if uttered on the street, would get him into the penitentiary for two years.

It can go from the furthest end of the room to the foot of the stairs in the hall adjoining quicker than its mother can just step into the closet and out again.

It can go to sleep "like a little angel," and just as mamma and papa are starting for the theatre it can wake up and stay awake till the last act.

These are some of the things a baby can do. But there are other things as well. A baby can make the commonest house the brightest spot on earth.

It can lighten the burdens of a loving mother's life by adding to them. It can flatten its dirty little face against the window pane in such a way that the tired father can see it as a picture before he rounds the corner. Yes, babies are great institutions, particularly one's own baby.—Boston Gazette.

Plague of Gambling

The following is an extract from the sermon of Dr. Talmage on the plague of gambling, which we publish by request:

Shall I sketch the history of the gambler? Lured by bad company he finds his way into a place where honest men ought never to go. He sits down to his first game, but only for pastime and the desire of being thought sociable. The players deal out the cards. They unconsciously play into Satan's hands, who takes all the tricks and both the players' souls for trumps—he being a sharper at any game. A slight stake is put up just to add interest to the play. Game after game is played. Larger stakes and still larger. They begin to move nervously on their chairs. Their brows lower and eyes flash, until now they who win and they who lose, fired alike with passion, sit with set jaws, and compressed lips, and clinched fists, and eyes like fire balls that seem starting from their sockets, to see the final turn before it comes; if losing, pale with envy and tremulous with unuttered oaths cast back red hot upon the heart—or, winning, with hysteric laugh—"Hal ha! I have it! I have it!"

A few years have passed and he is only the wreck of a man. Seating himself at the game ere he throws the first card, he stakes the last relic of his wife, and the marriage ring which sealed the solemn vows between them. The game is lost, and staggering back in exhaustion he dreams. The bright hours of the past mock his agony, and in his dreams fiends with eyes of fire and tongue of flames circle about him with joined hands to dance and sing their orgies with hellish chorus, chanting "Hail brother!" kissing his clammy forehead until their leathsome locks, flowing with serpents, crawl into his bosom and sink their sharp fangs and suck up his life's blood, and coiling around his heart pinch it with chills and shudders unutterable.

Take warning! You are no stronger than tens of thousands who have by this practice been overthrown. No young man in our cities can escape being tempted. Beware of the first beginnings! This road is a down grade, and every instant increases the momentum. Launch not upon this treacherous sea. Split hulks strew the beach. Everlasting storms howl up and down, tossing unwary crafts into the Hellgate. I speak of what I have seen with my own eyes. I have looked off into the abyss, and I have seen the foaming, and the hissing, and the whirling of the horrid deep in which the mangled victims writhed, one upon another, and struggled, strangled, blasphemed and died—the death stare of eternal despair upon their countenances as the waters gurgled over them.

To a gambler's deathbed there comes no hope. He will probably die alone. His former associates come not nigh his dwelling. When the hour comes his miserable soul will go out of a miserable life into a miserable eternity. As his poor remains pass the house where he was ruined, old companions may look out a moment and say, "There goes the old carcass—dead at last," but they will not get up from the table. Let him down now into his grave. Plant no tree to cast its shadow there, for the long, deep, eternal gloom that settles there is shadow enough. Plant no "for-get-me-nots" or eglantines around the spot, for flowers were not made to grow on such a blasted heath. Visit it not in the sunshine for that would be mockery, but in the dismal night, when no stars are out and the spirits of darkness come down horsed on the wind, then visit the grave of the gambler.

The young orange trees of Louisiana and Florida were killed last week by ice. The banana trees in Laredo are growing two feet a day. Young man come to Laredo and practice gymnastics on banana peels.—Laredo Times.

The columns of the DEVIL'S RIVER NEWS are open to anyone who wishes to discuss questions of interest to stockmen.

W. H. BOLGER,

DEALER IN

STOVES and HARDWARE,

Queensware, China & Glassware.

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BANKER,

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John McNicol,

County Surveyor and

GENERAL

LAND AGENT,

Lands rendered for Taxes and Taxes paid for non-residents.

SONORA, - TEXAS.

Modifications of Iron.

Add carbon to pure iron and it becomes steel. Add a hydrocarbon to iron, and steel itself becomes so extensively modified that its properties are not recognizable. Thus steel may be as soft as pure iron. Add hydrogen in varying quantity, and it has the quality of resilience, as in the watch spring, or the quality of tenacity, as in the knife of a razor, or may be given nearly all the hardness of a diamond, as in a file. With steel at a low temperature, from 400 degs. to 450 degs. Fahrenheit, edge tools are produced, and color in the yellow shades; from 500 degs. to 525 degs. various sorts of springs are produced, color blue; while by heating iron to whiteness and plunging it into water, which is mainly composed of hydrogen, files are produced or forms even harder.—Chicago News.

Corea.

Corea has no political connection of any sort with either Russia or England. It holds a sort of relation of dependence to China, however. That is to say, the "hermit nation" acknowledges the suzerainty of China, and has done so for the past 200 years. Its government, to a large extent, is modeled after that of China, and on the frontier between it and China there are trade regulations favorable to the latter. Virtually, though, Corea, so far as regards all the rest of the world, except China, is an independent country. It has its own line of monarchs, and its own laws and regulations.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

A Chinese Passport.

In China a traveler wishing for a passport is compelled to have the palm of his hand brushed over with fine oil paint. He then passes his hand on thin, damp paper, which retains an impression of the lines. This is used to prevent transference of the passport, as the lines of no two hands are alike. The cunning Chinese have also discovered that the impression of no two persons' thumbs are alike, and also that the impression of no one person's two thumbs are alike.—London Tit-Bits.

The Belton mule who chewed up an envelope containing \$225 in green backs the other day owns the most expensive appetite on record. The goat who devours violently colored circus posters possesses a palate for the picturesque; the ostrich, who swallows old china, bric-a-brack, pins, tacks, railroad spikes and other articles of vertu, has digestive organs of limitless power. But when it comes to absorbing a costly meal in which uncooked cash forms the sole ingredient, the Texas mule rises as far above all competitors as Tenerife above the sea.—Galveston News.

Stock of all kinds have suffered with the floods in Arizona and California the past ten days. The floods in Arizona are ahead of all past records, and have demonstrated that the areas of Yuma and much of the Gila valley are unsafe and unfit for settlement and habitation.

Send this paper to some friend.

P. HURST,
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THERE WERE THESE LITTLE HOUSEWIVES OF DEER WHO ALL MADE UP THEIR MINDS REG-LEE THAT THEY'D NEVER COOK MORE FR-ANCE GAUZE LOOP WAS NOT PUT ON THEIR OVENS QUICK-LEE!

And their cooking was perfect afterwards. If you want the Best Buy the Charter Oak, WIRE WIRE GATE OVEN DOORS FOR SALE BY Gwin, Allen & Brown, San Angelo.

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Stage and Express Line,

J. R. HOLMAN, Pro.

Single Trip \$5 Round Trip \$8.

Stage leaves Sonora and San Angelo every day, except Sunday, at 7 a. m. The trip being made in one day.

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P. HURST, Agent, Sonora.

R. E. HARRIS & BRO, Agent San Angelo.

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MIKE MURPHY, Proprietor.

SONORA, TEXAS, March 21, 1891

As Others See Us.

The American Wool Reporter, of Boston, had the following editorial on Texas in a late issue:

To the average northerner, Texas presents much that is surprising, novel and interesting; surprising, because the state has been sadly misrepresented; novel and interesting, because it possesses such a diversity of resources, and such an unlimited field for individual enterprise and because the vastness of its ocean of land can scarcely be comprehended until traversed.

It is safe to venture the assertion that during the next five years Texas will show greater development than any other state in the union. Everything points in this direction. Everything favors the prediction. The state has generally been known as a grazing country, a huge cattle and sheep ranch, peopled by a lawless class, uncultivated in manner, rough in their dealings with men, in fact, real cow boy element, and that it is a great prairie upon which a number of cities have sprung up like mushrooms in the night. Nothing could be further from the truth.

Texas comprises nearly one-thirteenth of the area of the entire country. It is therefore the largest state in the union. It is a state with enough land to give every one of its present population about 70 acres apiece, with enough land to give a little lot of three acres to every man, woman and child in the United States. It is a state so vast in its extent of territory that if the world's estimated population of one and a quarter billions were placed in Texas it would be crowded only to the extent of about 70 persons to the acre. It is a most beautiful, undulating and diversified country, possessing magnificent prairies, timber lands, hills, rivers and harbors. It offers a homestead of 160 acres free of charge to settlers. It has 30 million acres of public lands offered to settlers at from two to five dollars per acre with forty years time in which to pay it out, at five per cent interest. It is a state almost free from debt, with a rate of taxation so small as to be hardly worth considering. It is a state that today could pay every dollar of its bonded indebtedness and still have a handsome surplus in the treasury.

Now let us briefly enumerate a few of its resources which are so vast as to make this commonwealth entirely self supporting. If Texas were isolated from all other countries, its people would still subsist very comfortably, so varied are the products of its soil. It has a capacity to produce more cotton than the entire cotton crop of the globe, a soil that produces the finest wheat, in many sections the finest corn and along the coast the finest of sugar cane and cotton. Actually it has more timber land than any three states in the union.

Besides the crops mentioned it produces excellent rye, barley, millet, potatoes, sorghum, fruits and vegetables. Does this look as though Texas was a vast cattle ranch? There are about 100,000,000 acres of land in Texas that could be profitably cultivated under present climatic conditions, and a large area besides that could be rendered available by irrigation. Of this land, probably not over 20 per cent is now under cultivation, yet Texas produces more than one-eighth of the entire cotton crop of the world, the crop of 1890 amounting to nearly 1,800,000 bales which, valued at a conservative figure, \$40 per bale, yields a revenue of \$72,000,000 with no allowance for the value of the seed. Texas raises about one-eighth of the cattle of the United States, one-seventh of the sheep and one-twelfth of the horses and mules.

Let us consider its mineral resources which, to northern people are almost entirely unknown. Texas has, in round numbers, some 20,000,000 acres of mineral lands. It has coal and iron in several districts; it has marble, granite, limestone, onyx, silver, ochre, and other valuable deposits of an economic nature which are now in the infancy of their development. What of its cities? They are far

from showing great similarity. Take Austin with its magnificent capital, the next largest capitol building in the United States, being exceeded only by the capitol at Washington, and the seventh largest building in the world. Take Waco with its wonderful artesian wells, Galveston with its beautiful bay, San Antonio and Laredo with their prospering wholesale houses and profitable Mexican trade. Think of Corpus Christi, Aransas and their magnificent opportunity for the erection of coast resorts. Think of Sabine Pass, Aransas Pass, Corpus Christi Pass, the pass at the Brazos' mouth all striving with Galveston to secure deep water first. Think of Fort Worth and Dallas, the great commercial centers of north Texas. Think of Rush and New Birmingham with their blast furnaces melting ore from Texas hills and making smooth castings of highest grade. Think of all this and allow yourself to cherish no longer the idea that Texas is the home of the horse thief, the train robber, the cattleman or the cow boy. Texas business men are many of them from Tennessee, Carolinas, Kentucky, and Virginia, and nearly all of them are characterized by that rare and delightful courtesy which is a peculiar virtue of the older southern states and which is sure to win at once the hearts of those who have ignorantly criticized and cherished groundless prejudices. Texas is a rapidly growing state. She is developing with a development well founded and that is not at all likely to be checked. To the vast number of dissatisfied farmers, home-seekers, wageworkers, miners and speculators, Texas offers grand opportunities. Go southwest, young man! Go to Texas!

The citizens of New Orleans, when they found that the courts could not punish the assassins of Chief of Police Hennessy, resorted to mob force and went to the jail where the prisoners were confined last Saturday and killed eleven Italians who were implicated in the assassination.

On October 15, 1889, about 11 o'clock at night, D. C. Hennessy, chief of police of New Orleans, going from his office to his home, was waylaid and shot to pieces by a band of Italian assassins, armed with such blunderbusses as could only have been made and used for purposes of assassination. Indignation and excitement was such that mob law and lynching were about to be resorted to. The entire community felt that in an endeavor to reach the guilty parties innocent Italians might be sacrificed. To allay excitement and to assist the constituted authorities, the mayor of the city appointed a committee of fifty representative citizens to take charge of investigations and aid in the trial and conviction of the assassins. This measure arrested the violence. The committee entered upon its work, and at a mass meeting held subsequently in front of the city hall the action of the committee was ratified and they were encouraged to continue their labors to secure the prosecution and trial by the courts. After months of preparations, in which distinguished counsel assisted the able district attorney, the jury was charged to have been bribed and corrupted. In the face of testimony establishing the guilt, they rendered a verdict of mistrial as to three assassins, Scofield, Monasterio and Politz, and acquitted three assassins, Macheca, Marchesi and Bagnetto. Three more were on trial and acquitted because of insufficient evidence, these being Matrangi Incardona and the boy Marchesi. The acquittal of Macheca, the chief conspirator, and of Marchesi and Bagnetto and the mistrial as to Politz, Scofield and Monasterio fell like a thunderbolt on the community and impressed the law-abiding citizens with the conviction that the law had been violated, that the verdict invited assassination and the engraving of the Italia Mafia on American institutions. The feeling grew strong that for self preservation the people must assume the authority which they had delegated to the courts and which the courts were powerless to enforce. This feeling increased till it found vent at a mass meeting this morning at 10 o'clock. This uprising of the people to secure the punishment of assassins who struck down their chief officer of police in the night time with pre-meditated assassination, was orderly, and the people dispersed quietly as soon as their work of vindication was done.

What little things make up the sum of our life. It is a great comfort to think that even the smallest of us resemble great men in all but perhaps one streak of greatness. The greatest king in Europe, the mightiest politician and most influential premier in the world is probably equally angry when he misses the button off his shirtband as is the clerk or reporter under similar circumstances. While our lives glide along easily in an accustomed routine we hardly notice the little things that make us comfortable, but when sometimes there is a change of habit and we begin to pack our valise for a trip, or to move our household goods, the disruption is as violent and the irritation as intense as if the nation were preparing for war, and we were going out to risk our precious lives for the country's glory. Few people understand that it is the little things in life which make it pleasant, which lead to wealth, contentment and respectability. They all make a mistake in trying too much to do big things. In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred we fail and are laughed at. It we fail in trifles it is not noticed, and if we succeed our prosperity is left to us, and the whole world is not trying to divide up our profits.

A practical joke was played the other day which was worthy of Theodor Hook in his happiest days. A gentleman who has something of a reputation as a wag, was the writer's companion, and we were passing a large shop. There drawn up were three or four vehicles, and among them was a closed brougham with the driver fast asleep on the box. Evidently the mistress was inside the shop. Without a word the wag stole quickly up and opening the carriage door carefully slammed it to. In a moment the coachman straightened up and gazed down the street at the electric light which was fixed there as if he had never seen anything so interesting in his life. Then he stole a look over his shoulder, and saw the wag standing, hat in hand, apparently talking to some one inside the carriage.

"Thank you, yes; good day," said the wag, and bowed himself gracefully away from the door, turning as he did so to look at the driver and say one word "home!" "Yes, sir! I get up!" and off went the brougham home.

Where that home was, who the mistress of the carriage was or what she did when she came out of the shop, or what the coachman did when he stopped at the door of home and found the carriage empty, all that only the coachman and lady know.

Here is a good story on Hon Joe Cannon that is too rich to keep. Not long ago Cannon left an order with his tailor for a suit of clothes. The suit was to be sent him on Saturday. He had an engagement on that particular evening and instructed the tailor to have the clothes at the hotel by not later than 6 o'clock. The time rolled around. Saturday arrived and Joe Cannon's clothes excepting the trousers were not finished. The boss tailor was wild. He said Cannon's order must be finished. Well it was impossible. And at the last moment the boss tailor seized upon a coat and vest belonging to another customer and sent it to Cannon.

About two weeks afterwards Cannon strolled into the tailor shop wearing the coat and vest. "I thought I would come in today," said he, "and pay my bill. I am much pleased with the suit, especially the coat."

"But that's not your coat," said the boss tailor.

"What, not my coat," exclaimed Cannon, looking himself carefully over before the glass. "Not my coat," he repeated, "Why I've worn that coat every day since you sent it to me, and I don't think I could have made the mistake of taking some one's else coat. I was beginning to think it was the best fit I ever had from you," and the Illinois statesman surveyed himself with excellent satisfaction before the mirror.

"No, it's not your coat," repeated the tailor looking sorrowfully at the ruined garment, "we failed to finish your coat, so not to disappoint you we sent the one you have now on. It belongs to a Baptist minister."

"Ah," said Cannon, "that explains everything. I knew something was wrong. Ever since I've worn the coat I have had a strong desire to hug every woman I saw, especially when I meet 'em in an elevator."

The tailor had to make the minister a new coat.

AN ISLAND LULLABY.

A moonbeam floteh from the skies,
Whispering "Heigho, my dearie;
I would spin a wo before your eyes—
A beautiful web of silver light
Wherein is many wondrous sight
Of a radiant garland leagues away,
Where the softly tinkling lilies are
And the snow white lamkins are at play—
Heigho, my dearie!"

A brownie stealh from the vine
Singing, "Heigho, my dearie;
And will you hear this song of mine—
A song of the land of murk and mist
Where bideth the bud the dew bath kist?
Then let the moonbeam's web of light
Be spun before the silvery white,
And I shall singhe livelong night
Heigho, my dearie!"

The night wind speedh from the sea,
Murmuring, "Heigho, my dearie;
I bring a marine's prayer for thee:
So let the moonbeam veil thine eyes,
And the brownie sing the lullabies—
But I shall rock thee to and fro,
Kissing the brow he loveth so,
And the prayer shall guard thy bed, I trow—
Heigho, my dearie!" —Eugene Field.

The Trump and the Violin.

A down town music store in Lewiston was surprised on Friday at the entrance of a tramp—a ragged, veteran tramp, who said that he was not vicious, but only unfortunate. "What asked you come into a music store?" asked the proprietor. The thin cheeks of the tramp flushed as he said, "I am a musician." Having said that he played the violin he handed him one, and he laid to, and he played against the fiddle and drew a bow of finished power across the trembling strings. For half an hour he played to a rapt audience, preluding with the skill of the improvisator and weaving the theme into many an airy fancy of the strings. Sometimes he marched up and down the floor playing and talking.

A new light was born in his eye. His rags were forgotten by all who saw him. His cheeks were flushed and his gray hair was tossed back by an impetuous wave of his head. In the imagery of the strings were palaces of delight and strange visions of wasted hopes and years. In the pleading voice of the violin one heard a voice of long ago, a mother's tone and a baby's cry. "That's all right," said he, as he laid it down and a silence fell upon all around, broken by the querulous voice of the tramp as he said, "Gim' me the price of a supper."—Lewiston (Me.) Journal.

An Early Telegraphic Blunder.

There was once a man who received a telegram which said, "Cog hog adance gater is bad." He didn't know what to make of it. He puzzled over it for two hours. Then he took it to the telegraph office.

"I can't read Chinese," he said. "Translate that for me."

The operator who received the message asked the operator who sent it to repeat it. It turned out to be, "Come home at once; mother is dead."

When the responsibility for the mistake was sought, the sending operator of course alleged that he transmitted the words properly, and the receiving operator of course alleged that he put down precisely what was sent. As neither operator was more experienced than the other, the claims of both were equally good. So the question of blame was never settled.

The "cog hog" error is probably one of the earliest in the history of the telegraph. It is certainly the most ancient of the many that telegraphers tell about when they get together after work and "talk shop."—New York Times.

In 14,000 Years the Earth Will Flip.

Marshall Wheeler claims to have discovered a third principal motion of the earth and the other planets, which he says is more important than the discoveries of Newton or Galileo.

After a study of fifty years he has learned that every 20,000 years the earth changes its north and south poles on account of the magnetism of the earth. The sun so strongly attracts one of the poles and repels the other that in every 20,000 years the earth becomes so heavily charged that it turns 90 degs.

The speaker said that about 6,000 years ago the world made this turn.—San Francisco Chronicle.

Under the direction of the forestry division of the department of agriculture experiments to produce rainfall by the explosion of dynamite are being made. The theory that rain may be produced by explosives is based largely on the fact that nearly all the great battles of this century have been followed quite shortly by rain.

Some Arizona and old Mexican tribes believe that the spirit is carried to the moon by a coal black, monkey faced owl; that upon arriving there it is met by its thousands of ancestors, who come with a long train of white donkeys; that the spirit is then escorted to a large cavern in the center of the moon, where joy reigns supreme.

The young children of Mexico generally are quite as bright as those of the United States, and many a little Indian boy whose father can give him nothing to eat but plain cakes of corn or wheat, with a few beans and peppers, can read, write and spell as well as the boys of our own country.

When a visitor applies for admission to Girard college, in Philadelphia, the guard in attendance asks him if he is a clergyman, and if so he is turned away, for by the will of Stephen Girard no clergyman shall enter the place.

A clergyman who had been invited to preach at a prison somewhat spoiled the effect of his discourse by his absent mindedness. He said, as he closed his sermon, "The collection will now be taken up."

In the year 1706 the average weight of fatted cattle in the London and Liverpool markets was but 310 pounds. This, too, at the average age of five years. In 1755 this average weight was increased to 482 pounds. In 1830 the weight was 650 pounds, more than double that of 1706. The average weight of the fatted steer today is four times what it was in 1706—only 184 years ago.

Poisonous Fish.

I have known two kinds of poisonous fish in the Cape waters, one of them small and the other large. The latter kind is known by the local name of "keeler," and is, as a rule, good to eat, although the oil is the most profitable use it can be put to. Only at certain times is it poisonous. Cape fishermen declare that they can discern at these times a poisonous streak of water from its color, which they say is a dark dirty brown. It is said to be accompanied by an unusual display of phosphorus. Occasionally the mussels are poisoned, and one year several pig faced baboons out of a troop which have long haunted the Cape peninsula were picked up dead after eating them. Sly and sagacious as the baboons are in selecting their food they are scarcely wary enough to guard against this periodical epidemic.

Within recent years several Malay fishermen have died from the effects of eating the "keeler." Fortunately it is not a common fish, and experience in time may remind the Malays that when there are so many good fish in their waters it is folly to experiment upon the doubtful ones. The other poisonous fish is a small tondlike object, with a small mouth, which often takes the red bait intended for others. It puffs itself out with venomous wrath, and it is well to avoid handling it. The local name for it is "Billy blaas-op," or Billy blow-up.—Blackwood's Magazine.

Tortonia the Banker.

A striking instance of the elevation of a person from humble to exalted circumstances is found in the life of Tortonia, a celebrated banker of Rome, whose father was nothing more than a valet de place, or a guide, who showed about strangers for hire. Tortonia, who was an active, intelligent young man, at first entered into business in a small way as a jeweler. In course of time he became a sort of banker, and an unexpected circumstance brought him in contact with Cardinal Chiaramonti.

On the death of Pope Pius VI a conclave was to be held at Venice for the election of a new pope. Chiaramonti had expectations of being elected to the vacant office, but he was unable to attend the conclave for want of money. In this emergency he was supplied with a few hundred crowns by Tortonia. The cardinal now repaired to Venice, where, in the church of St. George, he was elected pope, under the title of Pius VII. In gratitude for this act of service the sovereign pontiff on his return to Rome appointed Tortonia banker to the court. He was created a marquis, and afterward a duke, and became one of the richest capitalists in Europe.—New York Ledger.

Petty Extortion.

"There is an abuse in the selling of newspapers against which there should be a general outcry by the victims," said ex-Governor R. C. McCormick to me recently. "I refer to the charging of an extra price to guests at hotels who buy papers at news stands, and to travelers who buy papers on trains. Of all public enterprises that are fostered by newspapers the railroads get more help ten times over than any other. Yet they allow the newspapers to be hand-capped in sales on trains by an extra charge of one or two cents. The same thing is true at hotel news stands. There is no reason why the guest of a hotel should be compelled to pay two or three or four cents for a paper which he can buy on the curb in front for one or two or three cents. It is simply petty extortion, and it is probably because it is petty that no one raises serious objection to it."—New York Series.

He Didn't Get It.

London cabmen have many temptations to impose upon their "fares," and it is hardly to be wondered at that they sometimes catch a tartar in the attempt. The author of "The Philosopher in Slippers" says that a large part of their undue gains is derived from timid women, who find it difficult to withstand their bluster. Still, even a woman may rebel upon occasion.

A lady who once gave a cabman an extra sixpence after paying his proper fare, found that he was not disposed to be grateful.

"Well, mum," said he, ungraciously, "I'll take the money, but I don't thank you for it."

"You haven't it yet," said she, alertly withdrawing the sixpence, and he never did have it.

The Harimattan or Withering Wind.

The name of harimattan has been given a periodical wind which blows from the interior of Africa toward the Atlantic ocean during the three months of December, January and February. It sets in with a fog or drizzle which sometimes conceals the sun for whole weeks together. Every plant, bit of grass and leaf in its course is withered as though it had been seared by heat from a furnace; often within an hour after it begins to blow green grass is dry enough to burn like paper. Even the hardened natives lose all of the skin on exposed parts during the prevalence of this withering wind.—St. Louis Republic.

The Changing Styles.

Ethel—Don't you know, dear, that that last year's bonnet of yours is very unfashionable this year? The fashions change so.

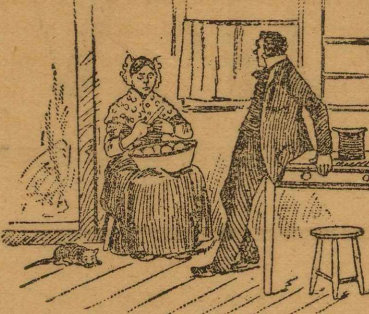
Maud—Yes, and it is so nice for you that they do change. The same fashions come back every three or four years, and now your bonnet is in again.—Harper's Bazar.

If you would be capable, cultivate your mind; if you would be loved, cultivate your heart.

Succor to one who is falling is a greater service than aid to one who has fallen.—Seneca.

Every gift which we give, even though it be small, is in reality great if it be given with affection.

A Proposal.



Widow Casey—Ah, Mr. Dolan, when my old man died it left a big hole in my heart.

Mr. Dolan—Mrs. Casey, would ye mind patchin' it wid a bit out of mine?—Life.

A Calamity.



Mr. Bingo—I have terrible news. While I was in Cousin Flint's hardware store today getting a mouse trap he said that the old homestead had been burned, your Aunt Maria had perished in the flames, and the children were coming down to the city to live with us.

Mrs. Bingo—You don't mean to tell me that you have seen a mouse in this house.—New York Sun.

Improved Book Note.



"MAID OF ATHENS" (GA.).

—Philadelphia Times.

A Matter of Fact View.



High Jinks—Help, help! Cool, help!

Mr. Cool—What are you kicking up such a row about?

High Jinks—Don't you see how I'm fixed?

Mr. Cool—Yes, but I never saw you in a hole yet you couldn't crawl out of.—Once a Week.

A Comprehension of the Case.

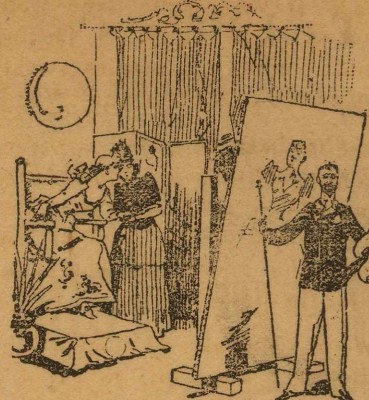


Eminent Specialist—Yes, madam, your husband is suffering from temporary aberration due to overwork. The form of his mania is quite common.

Wife—Yes, he insists that he's a millionaire.

Eminent Specialist—And wants to pay me \$1,000 for my advice. We'll have to humor him, you know.—Life.

A Test of Greatness.



"I trust that he will make a handsome portrait for me."

"He no doubt will. An artist as great as he is can do almost anything."—Life.

The man or woman with agreeable manners will make headway in the face of the worst difficulties.—Lord Palmerston.

A smart boy about 14 years of age, to learn the printing trade. Apply at the Devil's River News office.

Read the Devil's River News.

IF YOU ARE

INTERESTED

IN THE

STOCKMANS

PARADISE,

SUBSCRIBE

FOR THE

Devils

River

News.

DEVIL'S RIVER NEWS.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY. Advertising Medium of the Stockman's Paradise. SUBSCRIPTION \$2 A YEAR IN ADVANCE.

MIKE MURPHY, Proprietor.

SONORA, TEXAS. March 21, 1891.

Stock News.

San Angelo received her first shipment of wool last week.

Frank Large this week bought a half interest in T. J. Moss' ranch for \$1000.

J. Q. Adams & Sons bought of James Lindsey 1000 stock sheep with wool at \$2 a head.

Geo. S. Allison bought from W. H. Sowell, his A—brand of horses at \$20 round.

J. Q. Adams & Sons and S. H. Stokes traded about 200 ewes with lambs for 250 mutton.

W. H. Sowell bought 1500 stock sheep from Geo. S. Allison at \$2.10 after shearing.

Jo Thiele bought of Carraway & Brooks 700 mutton at \$2.75 after shearing.

In St. Louis on the 17th, bright medium wool, was quoted at 20 to 25 cents.

D. B. Cussenberry, started 3,000 mutton for the railroad Monday in charge of Mark White.

Peter Robinson sold to Del Rio parties 100 steer yearlings at \$8.50 a head. How is that for the Stockman's Paradise?

Jno. F. Steagall left Thursday on a business trip to San Angelo. He will commence shearing about April 15th.

E. L. Huffman started 2200 muttons for San Angelo Tuesday. They are in good condition and may be shipped before shearing.

D. S. Babb and J. H. Kellum, were in Sonora Wednesday, with their second shipment of mohair. They took out a load of lumber for ranch buildings.

R. W. Murchison the well-known cattleman, has completed an earth tank that has a capacity of 150,000 gallons of water, on his ranch north of Sonora.

Jo McIntere, the pleasant manager of the Huffman ranch was in Sonora Thursday. He is out some sheep in the following brands: X, M and reversed C.

T. M. Waddell and H. M. Rascoe, shepherds of Midland are in the Stockman's Paradise and want about 4000 young weathers. They are well impressed with the Devil's River Country.

At a special meeting of the Commissioners Court held in Sonora Wednesday, J. E. Fulcher was appointed sheep inspector of Sutton county. Mr. Fulcher has considerable experience in this business and will fill the office to the best of his ability.

J. C. Heyser, cattleman of Callahan county, is now in Sonora. Mr. Heyser has his cattle in the McKinley pasture of Lipan Flat, and will move them to his new ranch in the Stockman's Paradise. He has secured the ranch from R. C. McMahon, known as the Lewis water hole.

T. B. Birtrong, one of the popular members of the Sonora Supply company, is putting in a new ranch about one mile south of town. He will raise fine horses, cattle and sheep and show the fertility of the soil by growing his own feed, in fact he will make it a model stock farm.

Beef is the same price in England now as it was when Texas cattle sold at \$35 and \$40 a head. These days may come again, at least the demand for beef is greater this year than it has been for some time past, and all the stock in the Devil's River Country are in good fix.

The lost horses belonging to Ramey, McCullough & Co., Brownwood, which were advertised in DEVIL'S RIVER NEWS, were found by George Black, of McKavett. Mr. Black has a stray horse in his possession, supposed to belong to parties in this part of the country branded 2H connected. When you loose a horse advertise in the DEVIL'S RIVER NEWS.

One of the best methods of curing scab and diseases in sheep is to settle the Stockman's Paradise with thrifty and industrious stockmen. This may be done by sending the DEVIL'S RIVER NEWS for one year to your friends and stockmen in the less favored portions of the state.

San Angelo Standard. Henry Wylie sold 50 head of stock cattle to Carson Bros., at \$7.

J. E. Campbell, of the Cherokee Nation, bought 500 three-year-old steers from S. J. Blocker, at \$14.50 per head.

Capt. De Buck, of Colorado City has secured the contract for spraying 2000 heifers for Comer Bros. He will begin operations about the 20th of April.

Geo. L. Abbott has leased the Keith South Concho pasture (Washington county school land), 18,000 acres, to Lee-Reilly estate, at 11 1/4 cents per acre. It will immediately be stocked with cattle.

Fayette Tankersley has let the contract to spray 1800 heifers on the 7D ranch.

J. C. Perse, one of the intelligent and successful young cattlemen of the North Concho, last Saturday sold 500 three-year-old steers to S. J. Blocker for \$7250, or \$14.50 per head.

John Scharbauer and A. W. Dunn bought from J. M. Shannon, of Howard, 2000 mutton sheep, with wool on, at \$4 per head; from S. Poll of Howard, 1200 mutton, after shearing, at \$2.85 per head; from E. Emmert, of Howard, 3000 stock sheep, wool on, at \$3 per head. Dave DeVitt bought 400 horn mutton from J. M. Pride, of Howard, for \$3 per head.

In 1852 the number of sheep in the entire Argentine Republic was 5,500,000, but with the refinement of the wool a foreign market sprang up, in 1870 the number had increased to 14,000,000, and according to official estimates in 1888 the number reached 66,701,097.

Mr. E. A. Sicker is in receipt of a letter from R. R. Russell, sheriff of Menard county, asking for the best route to drive cattle from here to Comanche. He expects to ship about 2000 head of cattle to the Indian Territory about April 1st, over the Fort Worth and Rio Grande. This is the first large shipment we have heard of over that road from the section southwest of here, but it goes to show that the Rio Grande will get its share of this business when completed to Brownwood.—Brownwood Bulletin.

There has been a great deal of mule talk among the stockmen of the west lately, through ranchmen have been slow to give up cattle and horse breeding to go into the more lucrative business of raising mules. The mule is the best animal to raise for profit that breeders with limited means, or those possessed of a bar'l can raise. The men who market good young mules have no trouble in selling them at good prices and for cash. No matter what the condition of the money market may be, the mule market is always good. Mules will bring nearer their value than any other stock in times of depression.—Stock Grower.

John Duglass, the successful hotel proprietor of Paint Rock is in the trading center of the Stockman's Paradise looking for a business location.

Mr. and Mrs. Calvin Spraul of South Concho, are in the city the guests of Mr and Mrs J. A. Ogden, proprietors of the Sonora Store

J. C. Heyser came over from Johnson's Run with H. D. Childs, who is under the medical treatment of Drs. Matthis and Wood.

As has been said before, circulate the petition for the road to Juno and we will get it. The postal inspector has been in San Angelo and knows the need existing for the line.

W. M. Matthis, of Wentworth, while going down hill in Taylor's pasture with a load of lumber Thursday, fell from his horse and the wagons passed over his body causing death. It will be remembered that on the 18th of last October, deceased had a painful accident befall him in Webb's lumber yard San Angelo, from the effects of which he never thoroughly recovered.

Sonora is the metropolis of the Devil's River country. Send this paper to some friend.

Our young friend Cal Huffman was in town Thursday.

Ask for hominy flakes, at Mayer & Hagerlund's one of the nicest cookies in the market.

J. W. Cunningham was in Sonora this week.

Davidson & Silliman are prepared to write up your Fire Insurance.

O. T. Word was in town Thursday.

Sam Runkles, under Hotel San Angelo, is sole agent for "Old Forester" case whisky.

J. C. Johnson the prominent horse raiser was in town Thursday.

Go around and see Will and Ike at the Exchange Restaurant. They will treat you white.

Marrs, Love and Hundley are putting in a new ranch north of town.

J. J. Rackley, has bed room suits from \$10 to \$200.

G. D. Carl, was in from the ranch Wednesday. He is slightly under the weather.

GEORGE BOND, San Angelo, is the agent for Anheuser-Bush and Wm. J. Lemp's keg and bottled beer, also agent for Pabst Brewing Association, and dealer in Pure Lake Ice.

S. H. Shipley of Christoval was in Sonora Tuesday, with a load of potatoes. He is much pleased with Sonora.

Grain, corn, oats, hay and all kinds of feed, kept constantly on hand at Gus A. Batts' feed and wagon yard. Call on him when you want good feed for your stock.

Felix Vander Stucken, the obliging and popular salesman for Mayer & Hagerlund, left yesterday to attend the festivities at Emerald, a full account of which the DEVIL'S RIVER NEWS will have next week.

OLD TAYLOR

WHISKY

AT

FITZPATRICK & LYELL'S

SAN ANGELO.

F. M. Wyatt's well east of town is progressing nicely.

For anything in the rock line see George Traweek.

Commissioner E. W. Wall was in Sonora Wednesday.

A nice lot of Domestic sewing machines for sale at Mayer & Hagerlund's.

G. Huber was in town Wednesday, and reports a successful lambing season.

Buy your lumber from J. W. Webb & Co., San Angelo, and have your house built at once.

Eugene Ohlenburg was in Sonora Wednesday. He says things are progressing favorably at the ranch.

Fresh Texas butter and eggs now in store, have arranged for regular shipments of same. Mayer & Hagerlund.

Fayette Schwalbe, son of F. W. Schwalbe one of the prominent sheepmen down the river, was in Sonora Thursday.

Dr. J. F. Riggs, over the postoffice, San Angelo, is a fine surgeon dentist of 20 years experience, and guarantees his work to be first-class. Then in need of a dentist call and see him.

Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Stewart, returned Monday from a pleasant trip to Johnson's Run, where Miss Buena Day will visit for a short while.

Go to SAM RUNKLES' Moss Rose saloon, under Hotel San Angelo, for fine Imported Brandies, Imported Claret, California Orange wine, fine cigars and cigars.

John Cole, the new proprietor of the Sonora House, reports business improving and believes that the DEVIL'S RIVER NEWS, together with the accommodation he now gives is the cause of it.

Galvanized iron ventilation flues, stove pipes, rain proofs and caps, at H. W. Feller's, Chadbourne street, San Angelo.

F. C. ALLEN,

The low priced dealer in high grade and medium

Pianos and Organs,

For cash or on easy payments.

Music & Musical Merchandise

Of all kinds. Catalogue and prices on application. Write to me at

San Angelo, Texas.

Dr. H. Guernsey Jones,

PHYSICIAN, OBSTETRICIAN AND SURGEON.

Fort McKavett, Tex.

Dr. M. W. Sellers left for San Angelo Saturday to receive a shipment of pianos and organs for the new music house of John Boyd, Sonora.

Galvanized iron ventilation flues, stove pipes, rain proofs and caps, at H. W. Feller's, Chadbourne street, San Angelo.

J. H. Wood was in town Saturday.

Fine fresh candies in fancy boxes, sold by Willie Windrow, San Angelo.

Ira Thomas returned from San Angelo Saturday.

Field glasses of all kinds for ranchmen at M. Eastland & Son, the jewelers San Angelo.

Doe Word, of Menard county was in Sonora Wednesday.

Go to J. J. Rackley, San Angelo, for your Furniture.

Jim Massey of Gwynn was in town Wednesday.

J. J. Rackley, San Angelo, carries the largest stock of Wall Paper, window shades and window glass.

Col. W. H. Lightfoot, was in Sonora Tuesday.

Major John Allison was in town on business Tuesday.

Dave Dunagan was in town Tuesday.

E. C. Saunders, was in town Tuesday he reports sheep improving.

J. M. Hallcomb was in town Tuesday.

Something that everybody ought to have: The New Improved Western Washer. For sale at Mayer & Hagerlund's.

Max and Henry returned Monday from a business trip to Johnson's Run. They report prospects good.

H. B. Pool, one of our ex-sheepmen was in Sonora Thursday.

Ben McMahon returned from Del Rio, Thursday.

Bob Cauthorn, son of the prominent sheepman A. R. Cauthorn, returned Thursday from Mobile, Mo., where he has been attending college.

Raymond Callahan, son of R. W. Callahan, president of the Sonora Supply Co., left yesterday for Eastland county on an extended visit.

Dan Cauthorn was in for supplies Monday.

Beardsteads at J. J. Rackley for \$2.50 Mattrasses " " " " 2.50 Safes " " " " 4.00

D. S. Coleman, of San Angelo, manager of Searcy Baker's lumber yards in west Texas was in Sonora this week.

F. C. Whipple, who recently bought H. J. Crockett's sheep, was in town for supplies Thursday.

Do not keep your building back by waiting for a lumber yard in Sonora, but order the lumber from J. W. Webb & Co., San Angelo.

L. L. Russell, the popular proprietor of the "Maud S.," left Thursday for the Nation to look after his cattle interest. Lee will be absent probably three months.

J. J. Rackley handles the best sewing machines made. All at the lowest prices.

Tom Liles opened his refreshment parlor Thursday night. Tom keeps good cigars and all sorts of light beverages.

Buy your lumber from J. W. Webb & Co., San Angelo.

What has become of Miss Ann, Nip and Tack, and other correspondents?

J. J. Rackley, San Angelo, has his three-story building packed full of goods and can supply you with any piece of furniture from the cradle to the grave at the lowest prices.

In this issue will be seen the card of P. Hurst, who has started a general collecting agency. Mr. Hurst is a rustler when it comes to collecting for other people.

When in Angelo call around at W. H. Windrow's oyster parlor for fine fresh candies, fruits and table delicacies.

The demand for houses in Sonora continues.

George Traweek left Thursday for the ranch of Wood & Brown where he is putting up a windmill.

Weeds, grass, clover and all kinds of vegetation were given a helping hand by a soaking rain Sunday.

The only first-class Sewing Machine on Earth is The LOVE. For sale by Crews, McGregor & Co., Ballinger, Tex.

Mr. Barton of the firm of Taylor & Barton, one of the substantial stock firms of the Stockman's Paradise was in Sonora Monday. He reports Mr. Taylor improving in health and that he will shortly return to the ranch.

George Black, the popular and handsome young cattleman of Menard county, was in Sonora, the trading center of the Stockman's Paradise, this week making investments in Sonora real estate. George is a wide-awake, young fellow and knows a good town when he sees it. He will probably in the near future embark in the commission business in Sonora or San Angelo, we hope it will be the former, but wish him success anyhow.

W. A. Fields, of Virginia and cousin to the young cattleman W. J. Fields was in from the ranch Tuesday. He is beginning to like Texas and he thinks there is no place equal to the Stockman's Paradise.

When in San Angelo, pull up at the Pioneer Drug store, at the Postoffice.

Conscience is harder than our enemies, knows more, accuses with more nicety.—George Elliot.

Notice to Contractors.

Consolidated sealed proposals for the building of a stone courthouse for Sutton county, Texas, will be received at my office in Sonora, Texas, until 2 o'clock p. m. Tuesday, March 31, 1891. Bidders will be required to file with their bid an approved bond in the sum of \$30,000, conditional for the faithful performance of the work in accordance with the plans, specifications and contract, with acknowledgement of signatures and certificate of clerk of court where bond is made, that the bondsmen are solvent for the amount of the bond. The work will be paid for in cash. Plans and specifications can be seen at the county clerk's office at Sonora, Texas, and at the office of Oscar Rullin architect, San Angelo, Texas, on and after March 13, 1891. The court reserves the right to reject any and all bids. L. J. DUNAGAN, County Judge Sutton County, Tex.

Black Mammoth Jack

153 hands high, 4 years old, \$10 for the season, with the privilege of r-turn of the mare. Money due at time of service. Will also stand my blood bay stallion Young Tom Hal Jr., \$10 for the season, with privilege of return of mare. Money due at time of service.

Mares taken care of at my ranch, but will not be responsible for accidents.

O. T. Word, Sonora, Texas.

25 Cents a Head Reward.

for information as to the whereabouts of my sheep, branded 33 on loin, black brand, long wool.

C. T. COVINGTON, Wentworth, Texas.

Chas. W. Hobbs, WOOL Commission.

San Angelo, Texas.

SEARCY BAKER,

DEALER IN ALL KINDS OF

Rough and Dressed Lumber,

Shingles, Moulding, Brackets, Scrolls, Banisters, Doors, Sash, Blinds.

The following are the reduced prices for Lumber at my yard in San

Angelo. Come and see us.

Table with 2 columns: Item description and Price. Includes items like Rough or Sized Lumber, Second-class rough and sized lumber, Cypress siding, etc.

—Yards At— San Angelo and Ballinger.

CHAS. E. DAVIDSON, Attorney-at-Law.

W. B. SILLIMAN, Surveyor.

DAVIDSON & SILLIMAN, GENERAL

LAND AGENTS, SONORA, - TEXAS.

WOERNER & FORD,

Proprietors of the

Exchange Resturant,

EUROPEAN PLAN. SHORT ORDERS.

Neat. Clean. New.

SONORA, - TEXAS.

The Maud S. Saloon,

L. L. RUSSELL,

PROPRIETOR.

Sonora, - Texas.

The finest brands of Whiskies, Brandies, Alcohols, Beer, Cigars and Everything usually kept In a First-class Saloon.

Crews, McGregor & Co.

"HARDMAN"

Grand, Square and Upright PIANOS. The most highly celebrated Pianos in the World, with latest patents. The grandest achievement of the age. Estey Organs and Estey Pianos.

Tone, touch and durability unquestionable. Sold on Easy Installments. Warranted and the warrant backed by Millions. Call on or address: Ballinger, Tex. Crews, McGregor & Co.,

E. R. HILL,

FEED, WAGON & LIVERY YARD

In connection with Traweek Hotel Teams properly cared for. Satisfaction Given.

SONORA, - TEXAS

THE SAN ANGELO NATIONAL BANK,

OF SAN ANGELO, TEXAS.

Cash Capital Paid in . . . \$100,000
Surplus and Profits . . . 20,000

An Institution thoroughly identified with the
Interests of the Country, and ready at ALL
Times to meet the requirements of its customers.

M. B. PULLIAM, President. ALBERT RAAS, Cashier.

Charles Rueff, WOOL Commission, San Angelo, Texas.

H. C. Reynolds. W. H. Cusenbary.

REYNOLDS & CUSENBARY,
CHEMISTS & DRUGGISTS,
Have in Stock a full assortment of
Drugs, Chemicals, Fancy Toilet Articles,
Toilet Soaps, Sponges, Brushes, Combs, Perfumery, Etc.
Prescriptions carefully Compounded.
Open at all Hours.

—CALL ON—
WM. CAMERON & CO.,
For everything in the way of
Lumber, Shingles, Sash, Doors, Blind, Cement and Plaster,
Our stock is all new and we keep everything under cover.
Special attention given to orders from Devil's River.
W. S. KELLY, Mgr. SAN ANGELO.

The Only First-class
Feed and Wagon Yard,
In San Angelo is that kept by
ALVIN CAMPBELL,
Chadbourne Street. San Angelo, Tex.

I. N. WEBB,
San Angelo, Texas.
—Manufacturer of and Dealer in—
Saddles, Harness, Etc.
All Goods made in San Angelo.
Orders by Mail will receive prompt attention when the Writer is known.

CHRIS MEINECKE,
WELL DRILLER.
CALIFORNIA WINDMILLS KEPT
IN STOCK, AT
SONORA, TEXAS.

SILVER MOON RESTAURANT
IS THE PLACE FOR THE PEOPLE FROM
Devil's River.
JAS. C. LANDON, Proprietor, SAN ANGELO.

J. C. GOODWIN,
THE LEADING BARBER,
Sonora Hot and Cold Baths. Texas.

JOE DOMM,
—MERCHANT TAILOR,—
San Angelo, Texas.
Cleaning and Repairing done on Short Notice.

GUS A. BATTE,
FEED, WAGON & LIVERY YARD
SONORA, TEXAS

MAYFIELD & HILL,
Dealers in
Fresh Beef, Pork, and All kinds
Of Sausages.
Sonora, Texas.

DEVIL'S RIVER NEWS,
PUBLISHED WEEKLY.
Advertising Medium of the
Stockman's Paradise.
Subscription \$2 a Year in Advance.
Entered at the Postoffice at Sonora,
as second class matter.
MIKE MURPHY, Proprietor.
SONORA, TEXAS, March 21, 1891

Jewels Found in America.
W. A. Kerr, jeweler, of New York, says: I was once asked by a lady if there were many precious stones found in the United States. She meant minerals. She was of the same opinion as many others in this country, that everything precious in that line was found only in the Old World. There is, I believe, little mining here for precious gems, but it is not because we do not have them. Rock crystal, which admits of such a high polish, and which is much used in jewelry now, is found in large quantities in North Carolina, Virginia, Georgia and Arkansas.

There is a jet in Colorado that is equal to any I ever saw, and I believe there is some in Texas. In Maine there is a mountain called Mount Mica, out of which tourmalines to the value of \$100,000 a year are taken. Moonstone is found in Virginia, and the soil of New Mexico is enriched with sapphires, rubies and garnets. I wish I could come back to the United States 100 years from now. We think this is a glorious country now. In another century the cities of this country will surpass the descriptions we have of the New Jerusalem, and millions will be as common as poor relations. You and I are living too soon, believe me.—Chicago Tribune.

Hospitality in Early California Days.
In the old days there was not a hotel in California, and it was considered a grievous offense even for a stranger, much more for a friend, to pass by a ranch without stopping. Fresh horses were always furnished, and in many cases on record when strangers appeared to need financial help a pile of uncounted silver was left in the sleeping apartment, and they were given to understand that they were to take all they needed. This money was covered with a cloth, and it was a point of honor not to count it beforehand nor afterward. It was "ghost silver," and the custom continued until its abuse by travelers compelled the native Californians to abandon it.

Among themselves no one was ever allowed to suffer or struggle for lack of help. The late Dr. Nicholas Don, of Santa Barbara, who married into the Ortega family, once needed money to carry through a speculation, and thought of going to Los Angeles to borrow it. Old Father Narciso, hearing of the matter, sent his Indian boy to him with a "cora," or four-gallon tale basket, full of gold, and the message that he ought to come to his priest whenever he needed help. Charles Howard Shinn in Century.

What is a Hustler?
A young man who lives in Oshkosh is one of the best exemplifications of a hustler that has come under the observation of this department. He is a stenographer and typewriter and is employed by three legal firms. He does all their work, and that of either firm is enough to keep any ordinary man busy. He attends to miscellaneous work and does the correspondence of several large lumber firms. In addition to these duties he is correspondent for two daily newspapers.

He is likewise a member of the brass band, and anybody who has ever watched a brass band in a town the size of Oshkosh need not be told how incessant are the demands upon it. On the occasion of a recent event the band was there, and when it wasn't playing the young man who is the subject of this paragraph was reporting the proceedings of the event for his two newspapers. He is a hustler.—Black and White.

A Living Emetic.
A servant who did not find her way very promptly to the kitchen one morning was visited by her mistress, who found her in bed suffering from pain and violent sickness. She explained that she had a cold, and had taken some medicine which had been recommended for the children. "How much did you take?" asked her mistress. "Well, muma, I went by the directions on the bottle. It said, 'Ten drops for an infant, thirty drops for an adult and a tablespoonful for an emetic.' I knew I wasn't an infant or adult, so I thought I must be an emetic, and the pesky stuff has pretty nigh turned me inside out."—Medical Brief.

Wants Too Much.
"Why don't you sing out the names of the stations clearly?" said an irate railway passenger to a porter who had just delivered himself of the regulation string of unintelligible gibberish. "Bill!" exclaimed that individual to a fellow-worker, "ere's a cove as expects hopere singers for a porter's wages!"—London Tit-Bits.

Shoes for Dogs.
A manufacturer has placed upon the market india rubber shoes for dogs with tender or injured feet. They are made in three sizes. Dogs are oftener troubled with sore feet than is generally supposed. Especially is this so in winter, when the ground is frozen and the sharp projections cut into the paw.—New York Journal.

The size of an adult Englishman's head is said to average No. 7. The heads of Portuguese average from 6.75 to 7; those of Spaniards are a little larger, and those of Japanese exceed the English average. Germans have round heads, Malays small ones.

A French scientist, Victor Mennier, has calculated after careful inquiries that American dentists insert about \$150,000 worth of gold annually into the teeth of their customers.

CONGRESSMEN'S GIFTS.
Small Contributions for Which Representatives Pay Dearly.
The Christmas contents of a congressman's mail box would shame the traditional small boy's pocket.
A curious thing about the remembrance of a congressman is that it usually comes a little before Christmas. This might be explained by the theory that his holiday begins a day or two earlier and he might not get his mail on Christmas morning. But it is susceptible also of another explanation. A few years' experience in public life leads the average statesman to conclude that he is not the object of unselfish admiration, and that the attentions bestowed upon him are not altogether disinterested in every instance. He learns that the persons who place flowers on his desk in honor of his birthday, or on the occasion of his making a speech, or in congratulation for his re-election, are usually those who have some favors to ask.
If a dainty Christmas card, a cheap homemade handkerchief case, a necktie or "worked" initials for the inside of his hat, is placed in his postoffice box two or three days before Christmas, accompanied by the card, say, of—of some lady he has not known very long, it places him under some sort of obligation, especially if the giver is a she and she is good looking and young. Usually a present received two days before Christmas was shrouded in mystery for a return present before Christmas night, and if a congressman makes a present he cannot afford to let it be conspicuous for cheapness.

So it happens that the congressmen usually receive a great many little remembrances during the several days just before Christmas. The number of lady visitors in the galleries increases just before the holiday recess. It used to be, before the sale of fancy articles in the stationery room was stopped, that the room would be crowded with members accompanied by appreciative and greatly interested friends. A whole year's allowance for stationery could easily be consumed in two days. But that was in the days gone by. If congressmen send out presents now they must pay for them, cash out of hand, and the old and experienced are slow to take hints unless there is something peculiarly attractive about them.

The size of the outgoing mail from the house and senate postoffices is not materially increased. It is chiefly the incoming that is burdened; not that congressmen are made the recipients of numerous and valuable presents, but besides the delicately scented reminders many of them receive, there is hardly a fancy advertising card, a calendar of the Christmas number of a paper or magazine that is not sent to every man in congress. The average congressman might have a calendar for every day in the year, and Christmas and advertising cards enough to set up in business in that line.—Washington Star.

The Mexican Heaven.
The ancient Mexican idea of heaven, hell and the after state of souls is extremely curious and interesting. According to their system souls neither good nor bad, or whose virtues and vices balanced each other, were to enter a medium state of idleness and empty content. The wicked, or those dying any of a long list of different modes of death (which list was sacredly kept by the priests), went to Mitlhu, a distant land within the bowels of the earth. The souls of those struck by lightning, or of those dying by any of a given list of diseases, also the souls of children, were transported to a remote elysium, called Tlalocan.

The actual heaven was reserved for warriors who fell in battle, for women who died in defense of their children, for those offered as a sacrifice in the temples, and for a few others. After death, according to their belief, the soul passed immediately to the "House of the Sun," their chief god, whom they accompanied for a long term of years in his circuit around the sky, honoring him with song, dances and other forms of revelry. Then being re-animated in the form of birds of brilliant plumage, they lived as beautiful songsters among the flowers, among the stars, sometimes on earth, sometimes in heaven.—St. Louis Republic.

All in Sixteen Years.
Mr. Charles Fletcher, of Providence, R. I., whose enormous woolen mills—said to be the largest in the world—have been handed over to a syndicate, was sixteen years ago an overcooler at thirty shillings a week at his native village of Thornton, Yorkshire. In 1875 he went to America with £200 in his pocket, and started a mill, which was burned down just when he was getting to work, he losing everything he possessed in consequence of the fire. He, however, succeeded in commencing again very soon. His mills now employ no fewer than 2,500 workpeople, and the profits of the concern in one year were £30,000.—London Tit-Bits.

The Natives and the Missionary.
Mr. Stanley has a high opinion of the integrity of the natives, and says they do not know how to lie. He tells of a missionary who contracted with the natives to build him a house for a certain number of brass rods. When the house was finished the missionary tried to get the natives to take less than they had bargained for. This was reported to Stanley, and he told the missionary that he must pay just what he had agreed upon. This he did reluctantly, but the natives had learned to distrust him, and he was obliged to leave the country.—Minneapolis Tribune.

The cattlemen's convention in session at Dallas shows that the business is not in a booming condition, though the owners have been generally able to make both ends meet. The fact is that the business will not boom and the cow raiser will never again throw his money at the birds until he turns his attention to the breeding of the very best and weightiest stock. There are dollars in the three-quarters bred where there are dimes in the long-horn.—San Antonio Express.

A JEALOUS CENTENARIAN.
The Marital Troubles of Two Faithful Negroes Who Are Over 100.
"Ise gwine ter run 'way, Marse Robert. I kain't stan' hit no longer, an' dat's a fac'."
"Why, what is the matter? What is it you can't stand?" inquired the writer of the old negro who stood in the office door, sorrowful and crushed both in countenance and as to the shapeless old beaver he wore. He peered cautiously about, and then, tiptoeing into the room, approached the desk and whispered:
"She's bin at hit agin, sah; an' jest look hyar. Ain't dat second love?"
He raised his hat and pointed to a bump as large as a goose egg on the fore part of his skull, which presented a curious appearance, with a scattered patch of wool here and there, while the rest was as bald as a door knob.
"Oh, you and Aunt Hannah have had another set-to, eh?"
"Naw, sah, naw. I don't fight wif Hannah. 'Twar all she, Marse Robert. She am a awful 'ooman, and she turn to and wallup me w'enever she get ready. Las' time she say I wunked at er yaller gal dat lives nex' do', and dis time she lit inter me 'cos Sis May Jenkins come by de house an' gun me er handful o' chinkerpins."
"Now, own up, Uncle Berry, and be ashamed of making your wife jealous."
"Fore de Lord, sah, I ain't done nothin', an' ef de winmen keep a-runnin' after a pusion w'at he gwine do? Dat ain't no 'cuse for Hannah a-wallupin' me."
"You ought to be man enough not to let her."
"G'way, now, Marse Robert, you knows w'at dese yer South Cal'ny niggers is, specially wen dey is wiry an' little, like Hannah. Dere ain't no man ken stan' agin 'em no more'n a riled cat."
"Why, Aunt Hannah must be 90 years old?"
"She say she older'n dat." He stood scratching his head for a few seconds. "She say her mammy b'long ter ole Massa Andy Jackson, and dat she was born de night dey all start ter Tennessee."
"Then she's 102 years old, and you, how old are you, Uncle Berry?"
"I don't know, sah; 200, I reckon."
"Oh, no, you are not. Anyhow, you and Aunt Hannah should be ashamed of disagreeing and fighting at your ages."
"Dat's so, Marse Robert, but I de clear 'tain't me. You see, me and Hannah ain't bin jinet more'n a year, and some no count nigger done gone an' stole her 'Ise thinkin' o' gettin' married agin, an' hit look like she kain't b'ar to lemme git out o' her sight."
"Well, may be she is in a better humor now. You'd probably find her very sorry for whipping you if you would go see."
"I'm willin' to give her one mo' trial, sah, ef you thinks I ought ter. Hannah's got some white folks that think a heap o' her an' gives her all de cok vittles and ole clothes dey has, an' I gittin' mighty po'ly dese days to light an' hustle for myself. Yes, sah; yes, sah, you're right. 'I'll go home an' try ter rub her down and wrestle wif her in pra'r. But Ise gwine ter knock crank siled de fast 'ooman dat look straight at me, let alone smilin' at Beriah."—Cor. St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Weighting Freight Cars.
The evident convenience to traffic departments of being able to readily determine the weight of a freight car's lading has led to the working out of a new idea in this connection. An inventor proposes, instead of running cars over a track scale to ascertain the weight of their contents, to place a system of scale levers beneath the floor of each car. When it is desired to weigh the contents of a car the fulcrums of the scale levers are lifted by four hydraulic jacks, so that the weight of the car body is carried on the scale levers. The gross weight is then seen on the scale beam placed at the center of the car. When the scale is not in use the weight does not come on the scale levers, so the knife edges do not become worn. Whatever may be the practicability of this device its cost may possibly militate against its general adoption.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

Unpopular.
Children often use words for their sound rather than for their sense—a fault of which older persons are of course never guilty.
Lizzie, a small maiden of 5 years, was not careful of her clothes, and frequently came in from play with rents in her skirt or with the trimming hanging from her hat.
One day her gown was torn in a particularly ugly manner, and her mother said, "Lizzie, I shall have to punish you if you are so careless."
"Oh, no, mamma!" she replied earnestly. "Indeed I am careful, but something's always happening to this dress, it's so unpopular."—Youth's Companion.

England's Richest Church Living.
The richest living in the Church of England, excluding bishops, is, according to the "Clergy List," Bloxham vicarage, Oxford, with an income of £7,470; population, 16; patron, Eton college. The vicar, however, states that the net income is only £205, and that the population numbers 1,533. The "Clergy Directory" gives the two richest as Nether Broughton, £4,250, and Havarden, £3,404. If we include bishops, the Archbishop of Canterbury heads the list with an income of £15,000.—Spare Moments.

A fashionable lady, immediately after the death of her husband, married his brother. A visitor at the house, noticing the picture of her late husband, asked who it was.
"It is—is" she replied hesitatingly, "my deceased brother-in-law." "Mine, too," ironically remarked the new husband.
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