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Devil's River News

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Sonora, Texas, - Jan. 19, 1901.

A MATCH FOR A MILLION.

Winning a Wrestling Bout the Foundation of a Fortune.

"Had I caught the fish that night" laughed the man who has had nothing to do for a quarter of a century but to sit and watch pine trees grow to swell his bank account. "I would probably be a farmer now trying to raise a mortgage and a few other things. I had gone to a little town in lower Wisconsin to see a colt that a man there wanted to sell. I was a good judge of stock and pretty shrewd on a trade, but a greener country had never looked into a town. I would have walked back to the farm after I found myself too late for the train, but I saw a handbill announcing a show that night and could not resist the temptation to see it, though it did cost a quarter.

"In my hilarious appreciation I was more of an entertainer than they had on the stage, especially as I was utterly oblivious to the fact that I did not look like any one else in the audience. Toward the end of the performance a huge fellow came out, tossed cannon balls in the air, held men out at arm's length and lifted heavy weights. After this showing of his prowess he offered \$10 to any one whom he could not throw inside of two minutes. I was the cruelest wrestler in all our section, though none present knew it, and I felt as though the challenge was aimed directly at me. I turned hot and cold during a few seconds of extreme silence. Then I sprang up and as I came out of my old blouse shouted, 'I'll go you, boys!'

"There was a roar of laughter, and then some of those about me urged me not to go up there and have my neck broken. But one old man told me to go in and do my best. It was a tough job, but I finally threw the giant almost through the floor with a hip lock. There was a little hesitancy about giving me the \$10, but the crowd shouted until I got it. The old man took me home with him, and in a week I had charge of all the teams of his lumber camp. In three weeks I became a partner, and he cleared the way to make me rich. That was really a match for a million."—Washington Star.

How He Earned Breakfast.
I must have walked the streets of Richmond till after midnight. At last I became so exhausted that I could walk no longer. I was tired, I was hungry, I was everything but discouraged. Just about the time when I reached extreme physical exhaustion I came upon a portion of a street where the board sidewalk was considerably elevated. I waited for a few minutes till I was sure that no passerby could see me and then crept under the sidewalk and lay for the night upon the ground, with my satisfied stomach for a pillow. Nearly all night I could hear the tramp of feet over my head.

The next morning I found myself somewhat refreshed, but I was extremely hungry, because it had been a long time since I had had sufficient food. As soon as it became light enough for me to see my surroundings I noticed that I was near a large ship and that this ship seemed to be unloading a cargo of pig iron. I went at once to the vessel and asked the captain to permit me to help unload the vessel in order to get money for food. The captain, a white man, who seemed to be kind hearted, consented. I worked long enough to earn money for my breakfast, and it seems to me, as I remember it now, to have been about the best breakfast that I have ever eaten.—Booker T. Washington in Outlook.

Little Harry's Diplomacy.
Little Harry was very fond of sweet things to eat, and especially of puddings, which were his favorite dessert. Accordingly his dinners were made a burden to him, since his parents persisted that he must make his meals of the substantial and leave what Harry called the good things until last. One day while Harry's nostrils were tickled with the tantalizing odors of his most favored pudding a scheme was born in his brain that points his way to future greatness. When his mother put before him a plate of meat and potatoes he eyed it a moment in apparent ecstasy; then, showing it regretfully away, he said:
"I declare that looks so good I guess I'll leave it till the very last thing and get rid of that pudding first!"—What to Eat.

Got No Autograph.
To an applicant for his autograph Mark Twain on one occasion sent a letter the substance of which was as follows:
"To ask a doctor or builder or sculptor for his autograph would be in no way rude. To ask one of those for a specimen of his work, however, is quite another thing, and the request might be justifiably refused. It would never be fair to ask a doctor for one of his corpses to remember him by."
There was no autograph to the letter, which was typewritten throughout.

Don't get the notion in helping the poor that you can do more with a "generous word" than you can with a dollar.—Atchison Globe.

Always speak well of the dead, and if you have time you might speak a good word for the living occasionally.—Chicago News.

Can't See the Humor.

"I can't for the life of me see," remarked an Englishman during the course of conversation with Nat Goodwin once, "what people mean by American humor. To me all humor is alike, whether it be of American or English origin. Perhaps you can explain to me just what distinguishes American humor from any other sort?"
"Well," replied Mr. Goodwin, "I think the American type of humor is rather more subtle. It doesn't always fully impress itself upon you at once. The more you think about it the funnier it seems. I can perhaps best illustrate my meaning with a little story.

"A man was walking along the street one day when he passed another man who was carrying a letter in his hand.
"Pardon me," said the man with the letter. "Do you know where the post-office is?"
"Yes," said the other man and passed on. On second thought he decided that he had been rude and went back to where the man with the letter was still standing.
"Do you wish to know where the post-office is?" he asked.
"No," said the other man.
The Englishman's gaze was vacant. "Just turn it over in your mind for a few minutes and tell me what you think of it," said Mr. Goodwin.

Ten minutes later the Englishman clutched at Mr. Goodwin's elbow. "You won't be offended, will you, old chap?" he murmured. "But, really, I think they were both blawsted rude!"—Saturday Evening Post.

Closeness Personified.

There's a good story told on a young fellow here noted for his closeness. He went to spend the night with a friend. During the entire night he betrayed much restlessness, which kept the host wide awake, and finally the slumberer betrayed signs of violent emotion.
"He's going to have a nightmare," said the friend, "but he always grumbles so when you wake him up that I hate to disturb him." He waited awhile longer, sitting up in bed staring at the miserable sleeper, and finally, becoming alarmed, he roused him. He sprang up in bed, glared wildly around and said: "Where am I? I don't see the room."

"Why, here in my room," said the host soothingly. "You remember you said all night with me? I beg your pardon for waking you up, but you carried on so I had to."

"Excuse my pardon," gasped the guest. "I shall never be grateful enough to you. I dreamed I was out with Miss Dudd and a terrible storm came up, and my shoes were new, and I was just ordering a couple for two when you roused me. Old boy, you have saved my shoes!"
And the host says he was actually afraid to go to sleep again that night for fear the coupe would come.—Louisville Times.

A Social Ambiguity.

He had hoped to be asked to take her in to dinner, but to his great disappointment that duty fell to somebody else. And so until the men arose to let the women file out he could only gaze at her from afar and be politely stupid to the woman next him. He had never met her before, but somehow they seemed to know each other very well by the time they had spoken a few words in the course of the short wait before the guests paired off on their way to the dining room. He didn't know what she thought of him, but he knew that from his point of view she was about right. And he was a man difficult to please.

The men seemed to him to linger over their cigars an interminable time. At last they trooped to the drawing room. He sought her out.
"How did you get along?" he asked.
"To tell you the truth," she said frankly, and her frankness was charming. "I have been bored to death. Have you been?"
"Yes," he said.
"Isn't it a pity," she remarked, "that we didn't get the chance to be bored in each other's company?"—New York Sun.

Last Her Match.

Louisa P. Merrill of Paris tells the story of the particular old woman, and he makes her a resident of Livermore. She was not only old, but she was of the worrying, fretting species of antiquity. She had fretted away her friends and relatives until she was at length living alone in a small house in the outskirts of the town. Just as she was retiring one bitter cold night she discovered that but one unlighted match remained in the house. She lay awake until almost daylight, worrying and disturbing herself with wondering if the match was good. At last she got up and hunted up the match and struck it to see if it would light her kindlings in the morning.—Lewiston (Me.) Journal.

Taken by Surprise.

"That cousin of yours is from Chicago, isn't he?" asked the village postman.
"Yes," replied Farmer Hayercraft. "How'd you know?"
"When he was in here yesterday and asked if there was any mail for the Hayercrafts, I told him no. And then a second later when he was turning away I said: 'Hold up. There's a letter for them.' I noticed that when I said 'Hold up' he threw up his hands quicker'n lightning."—Chicago Tribune.

Poor Pay.

Dr. Pill—That's the worst paying family I ever attended.
Dr. Pellet—Yes; I once attended them, but I never succeeded in getting a penny out of them.
Dr. Pill—Well, I have had better luck. I got a nickel out of one of the children after it had nearly choked the kid to death.—Exchange.

Her Own Selection.

Through oceans of remnants and ribbons the pudgy big woman towed the meek little man.
"What in the world shall I send her, John?" she blustered. "Come, suggest something that would please Aunt Betsy. Something inexpensive. Why don't you say something?"
"Stationery, books or workboxes," suggested the meek little man.
"Nothing of the kind. You couldn't select a present for the ashman. I will look at some of those fancy boxes of soap."
They were before the soap counter, and she had her finger on an elaborate box containing six round cakes of white soap.
"Fancy and perfumed," she said, lifting a cake. "The very thing that would please her the most. You may wrap that up, miss!"
"But, my dear," protested the meek little man.
"You just keep quiet. I don't care for any suggestions from a person without taste."
"Really?"
"Keep quiet, John Tenbrook!"
"Really?"
"No, said the other man."
The Englishman's gaze was vacant. "Just turn it over in your mind for a few minutes and tell me what you think of it," said Mr. Goodwin.

Ten minutes later the Englishman clutched at Mr. Goodwin's elbow. "You won't be offended, will you, old chap?" he murmured. "But, really, I think they were both blawsted rude!"—Saturday Evening Post.

Fate of Old Overcoats.

"Where do the old overcoats go?" is a query that is a natural successor to the old riddle, "Where do the flies go in winter?" The old overcoats seem somehow to fade away, no one knows just how. The overcoat starts its career on the back of its owner, who paid \$15 for it. It keeps him warm and shelters him from cold winds and from storms until it commences to get frayed at the edges and the pockets are torn down the sides. Then the owner uses the coat for rainy days only, and no more does he take it to call on his fiancée or to recline on the back of a chair while he is reading at the club. He keeps it another summer, and the moths get into it, and when he takes it out in the fall it has holes here and there. So the owner gives it to the janitor, if the janitor is not a cold, laughing man, and the janitor wears it awhile until his wife gives it to the tramp who wheeled out the three barrels of ashes. The tramp wears it until the old coat commences to fall apart. Then he gives it to another tramp, and it falls apart still more. And then some day the coat has entirely disappeared. No one knows how or when. The coat just simply faded away. That's all anybody knows about it.—Chicago Tribune.

Trying to Keep Out.

A sick man who was really near to death could not resist the temptation to have a little fun with his spiritual adviser. He had a lingering malady, but his days were certainly numbered by a few weeks at the most. He had not been known as a man of strong religious convictions, and yet there was little if anything which could be said against him. It was one of those delicate cases in which it is hard for the minister to do anything. Some one suggested to Rev. Paul Woyand, then stationed at Morningdale, that he make a call upon the patient.

Going to the house, he found the man propped up in bed to receive a smothering consolation. The sick man could scarcely talk above a whisper, and Rev. Mr. Woyand began to make subtle inquiries about his spiritual welfare. The invalid's answers were all non-committal and evasive, and finally in despair the pastor asked:
"Do you really want to go to heaven, Mr. Blank?"
"Do I want to go to heaven?" repeated the dying man in a hoarse whisper. "Why, that's the place I've been fighting so hard to keep out of for the last two years!"—Pittsburg News.

Met on a Screen.

One of the happiest eyes served by that wonderful and many named invention, the moving picture machine, appears in a story told in the London Music Hall.
A party of gentlemen were watching the pictures when in one of the South African scenes they recognized an officer friend. The wife of the officer, on being told of this, wrote to the manager and asked that this picture might be put on on a certain evening when she would purposely journey from Glasgow.
She had not seen her husband for over a year, but at last observed him in a group on the screen of a cinematograph.

Too Strong a Temptation.

"Yes, George asked me how old I would be on my next birthday."
"The impudent fellow! Of course you said 19?"
"No; I said 24."
"Mercy, girl, you ain't but 24!"
"No, but George is going to give me a cluster ring with a diamond in it for every year."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

First Need.

"What ten books would you take if you had to pass the rest of your life on a desert island?"
"Oh, I wouldn't take books at all; I'd take things to eat."—Exchange.

A federal union of vegetarian societies exists in London. London has a vegetarian hospital with 20 beds in connection with it.

A SPASM OF CHARITY

IT OPENED THE HEARTS AND PURSES OF THE JERICHOIANS.

Pap Perkins, Postmaster, Tells How the Contribution For the Needy Widder Was Started and How It Was Abruptly Closed by a Report From Lish Billings.

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The Widder Jackson, widow of Tom Jackson, had been one of us in Jericho for 15 years. She managed somehow to take care of herself until a long, lingering sickness came, and even then she suffered for care rather than let anybody know of her situation. It leaked out, however, and Jabez Thomas was one of the first to hear of it. He dropped into the postoffice one evening and told about it and then said to the crowd:
"Fellow Citizens—If Jericho has a prettier strong point, it is charity. No man, woman or child ever yet cried upon her in vain. It has bin our pride and our boast that we was a community with a heart to feel for the sorrows of others. Up there on the hill, as I

hev bin told within the last two hours, lies a poor old sufferin' woman, the widder of Tom Jackson. She needs food, fuel and medicine and has need 'em for days, but now that we hev come to know it, the heart of Jericho will give a mighty responsive throb and hasten to relieve her case."
There was a good deal of surprise over the statement, and everybody had said how sorry he was when Deacon Spooner rapped for order and said:
"Jerichoians, when Jabez Thomas talks about the charity of this community he makes a strong point—a mighty strong point. We all know Tom Jackson for an honest, hardworkin' man, and his widder shall not appeal to us in vain. I for one shall esteem it a privilege to contribute to her benefit. Let us hear from Enos Williams."

Enos rose up and said that he used to go fishin' with Tom Jackson and that he had known of his widder bin hard up he would hev divided his last cent with her. She was a good woman and a woman respected by all, and too much could not be done for her. As soon as reachin' home he would send his wife over to see what could be done, and of course his wallet was wide open for contributions. Hezekiah Davison wanted to say a few words also. He begun to talk about the discovery of America and the pilgrim fathers, but Deacon Spooner choked him off and got him down to the outbreak of the civil war. He'd hev hung on there if he hadn't bin joggled agin, and it was a quarter of an hour before he got around to say that he was awful sorry for the Widder Jackson and wanted to be one of the first to prove his big heartedness. Four or five others had their say, and then Henry Schreiner held up a paper and said:
"As I take it we are all of us ready and willing to make up a little purse for the sufferin' widder?"
"We are," called everybody at once.
"Then there's nuthin to prevent. Bin as Jabez Thomas was first to make known the case, he should hev the honor of bein the first to put his name down on this paper."
Jabez hung back. He said he was only a humble citizen and didn't want to put himself forward over others. While his heart throbbled and bled and bobbed around, he'd give way to Deacon Spooner and come in second.
"Gentlemen," said the deacon as he looked around in a lonesome way, "I hev bin a resident of Jericho less than 20 years, and I don't want to assume the privilege of an old pioneer. It's an honor to head that paper, but I don't claim it when so many better and older citizens are here. I don't want to hurt nobody's feelin's by beatin' one man over another, but it do seem to me, under all the circumstances, that Squar Joslyn is the man to write his name first of anybody in Jericho."
The squar was red in the face as he rose up, and he didn't look a bit pleased as he said:
"While I may be the oldest resident of Jericho, nobody has ever heard me brag of it or thrust myself forward on that account. In signin papers of this sort I hev alius bin satisfied to come in sixth or seventh, and it shall be so in this case. My heart is open, and my wallet is open, but I'd suggest that Moses Perkins head the list. I understand that he and the Lumbered Team as Jackson used to ship butter and eggs on shares, and it seems appropriate that he should hev this great honor."

Moses got up and began to talk of George Washington and Bunker Hill, but Deacon Spooner rapped him down and held him to the case in hand. Then he tried to say somethin about the glorious Fourth; but he'd choked off agin, he took the pain, and put his name down for 15 cents. He explained, however, that that was only a start, and that his sympathetic heart could

be depended upon to do as much as any other heart in Jericho. The paper went round, and men put down their names from 15 to 50 cents. Each one had an explanation to make. He was only throwin out a feeler, but could be depended upon for \$100 if there was need of it. The sum of \$1.80 had bin raised and there was a general feeling all through the crowd that Jericho was doin herself proud when Lish Billings came saunterin in. Deacon Spooner at once explained the case to him and added:
"Fish, you are known to be a big hearted man, and we all know you will be glad to contribute to such a worthy cause. Give us your name."
"I see," said Lish as he took the paper, "that you hev raised \$1.80 for a sick and distressed widder who has lived among us for 15 years."
"We hev."
"And it's all goin to be hers?"
"Every cent of it."
"And you want me to make it up to \$2 and do old Jericho proud?"
"That's it, Lish."
"What, you'll hev to excuse me. The widder don't happen to need the contributions of our throbbin and sympathizin hearts. She died about an hour ago, and her sister is comin down from Albany to bury her!"
M. QUINN.

PAID FOR THE PICTURES.

Where the Money Came From That Settled the Bill.

"For diplomatic kindness I will never forget one man," remarked a well known sportsman of Pittsburg. "He certainly know how to do the right thing, and although it didn't cost him anything it helped a crowd of us out of an embarrassing predicament for the time. A party of young fellows myself in the number, were camping years ago on the Beaver river, not far from Rock point. None of us had much money after getting our outfit and the farmers got about all that was left in exchange for milk and butter. One day three of us decided to go up to the picnic grounds, and just as luck would have it, we met a crowd of girls from our own town. It was a happy meeting all around until some fool girl suggested that we all get our pictures taken. To save our lives, the three of us boys couldn't have raised a total of 15 cents, but like true soldiers of fortune we decided to go ahead and trust to luck to meet the obligation.

"The artist eyed us rather queerly and our hearts began to fail. After a whispered consultation I was delegated to take him aside and negotiate with him. I was authorized to stake every thing we had, even down to our good names. I stated the case briefly but eloquently, and I must have made a good impression, for when I had finished he said it would be all right. The strangest part of it all to me was when he handed me a dollar bill.
"I know how it is myself," he said. "You want to put up a bluff before these girls. Just hand me the dollar for the pictures when I'm through."
"That was what pleased me, and I flashed that bill before the girls with the air of a magnate. It was just a month later that I learned from a brother of one of the girls that they had noticed our worried looks and had forestalled us by paying the photographer the dollar I flourished so proudly."—Pittsburg News.

Too Harried.

A "tenderfoot" who was trying his luck on a western ranch was at first horrified by the table etiquette which prevailed among his associates.
One day his feelings evidently came so near the surface that a cowboy whose performances with a table knife of unusual size had aroused the tenderfoot's amazement, paused with another knife of food half way to his lips.
"What's the matter?" inquired the cowboy with disconcerting promptness, in the tone of one who means to be answered.
"Ah—er—nothing," hastily responded the tenderfoot.
"Look here," cried the cowboy, with an accompanying thump of his unoccupied hand on the table, "I want you to understand that I've got men's nerves, but I haven't time to say 'em—that's all!"—Youth's Companion.

Something For Nothing.

Some time ago there appeared in several Paris papers an advertisement of a fruit dealer, in which he offered to give a prize of 5 francs for the largest apple sent to him. Then fish caught at the bait with marvelous rapidity, and in less than a fortnight the advertiser had received enough fruit to stock his store for the season. Naturally he was glad to pay 5 francs for the largest of the lot, and just as naturally he kept all the unsuccessful specimens for sale from his shop. Besides, the advertising resulted in a large increase in his business.

A Harsh Fate.

"Yes, poor chap," said Michael, "he had a hard time as it. He ought to be glad he's dead. He never had none av the blessings av the rich. The only time he iver rode in a carriage his loife was plavin he went to his funeral."—Chicago Times Herald.

Lucky Bingles.

"Bingles is a lucky man. His floogoes trem on whether he is waking or sleeping, sick or well."
"What is Bingles' business?"
"Watchmaker."—Ohio State Journal.

English women are not supposed to read the daily newspapers. They take to the weeklies, and that is why London has a great number of that class of a high order.

In the sixteenth century it was customary in Germany to get up at 5 o'clock, dine at 10, sup at 5 and go to bed at 8.

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There was a good deal of surprise over the statement, and everybody had said how sorry he was when Deacon Spooner rapped for order and said:
"Jerichoians, when Jabez Thomas talks about the charity of this community he makes a strong point—a mighty strong point. We all know Tom Jackson for an honest, hardworkin' man, and his widder shall not appeal to us in vain. I for one shall esteem it a privilege to contribute to her benefit. Let us hear from Enos Williams."

Enos rose up and said that he used to go fishin' with Tom Jackson and that he had known of his widder bin hard up he would hev divided his last cent with her. She was a good woman and a woman respected by all, and too much could not be done for her. As soon as reachin' home he would send his wife over to see what could be done, and of course his wallet was wide open for contributions. Hezekiah Davison wanted to say a few words also. He begun to talk about the discovery of America and the pilgrim fathers, but Deacon Spooner choked him off and got him down to the outbreak of the civil war. He'd hev hung on there if he hadn't bin joggled agin, and it was a quarter of an hour before he got around to say that he was awful sorry for the Widder Jackson and wanted to be one of the first to prove his big heartedness. Four or five others had their say, and then Henry Schreiner held up a paper and said:
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Enos rose up and said that he used to go fishin' with Tom Jackson and that he had known of his widder bin hard up he would hev divided his last cent with her. She was a good woman and a woman respected by all, and too much could not be done for her. As soon as reachin' home he would send his wife over to see what could be done, and of course his wallet was wide open for contributions. Hezekiah Davison wanted to say a few words also. He begun to talk about the discovery of America and the pilgrim fathers, but Deacon Spooner choked him off and got him down to the outbreak of the civil war. He'd hev hung on there if he hadn't bin joggled agin, and it was a quarter of an hour before he got around to say that he was awful sorry for the Widder Jackson and wanted to be one of the first to prove his big heartedness. Four or five others had their say, and then Henry Schreiner held up a paper and said:
"As I take it we are all of us ready and willing to make up a little purse for the sufferin' widder?"
"We are," called everybody at once.
"Then there's nuthin to prevent. Bin as Jabez Thomas was first to make known the case, he should hev the honor of bein the first to put his name down on this paper."
Jabez hung back. He said he was only a humble citizen and didn't want to put himself forward over others. While his heart throbbled and bled and bobbed around, he'd give way to Deacon Spooner and come in second.
"Gentlemen," said the deacon as he looked around in a lonesome way, "I hev bin a resident of Jericho less than 20 years, and I don't want to assume the privilege of an old pioneer. It's an honor to head that paper, but I don't claim it when so many better and older citizens are here. I don't want to hurt nobody's feelin's by beatin' one man over another, but it do seem to me, under all the circumstances, that Squar Joslyn is the man to write his name first of anybody in Jericho."
The squar was red in the face as he rose up, and he didn't look a bit pleased as he said:
"While I may be the oldest resident of Jericho, nobody has ever heard me brag of it or thrust myself forward on that account. In signin papers of this sort I hev alius bin satisfied to come in sixth or seventh, and it shall be so in this case. My heart is open, and my wallet is open, but I'd suggest that Moses Perkins head the list. I understand that he and the Lumbered Team as Jackson used to ship butter and eggs on shares, and it seems appropriate that he should hev this great honor."

Moses got up and began to talk of George Washington and Bunker Hill, but Deacon Spooner rapped him down and held him to the case in hand. Then he tried to say somethin about the glorious Fourth; but he'd choked off agin, he took the pain, and put his name down for 15 cents. He explained, however, that that was only a start, and that his sympathetic heart could

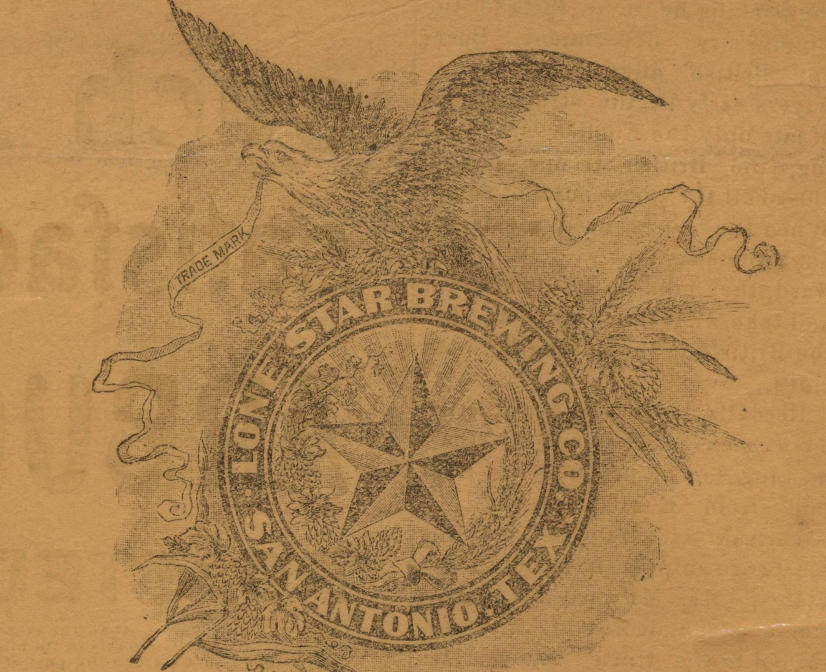
be depended upon to do as much as any other heart in Jericho. The paper went round, and men put down their names from 15 to 50 cents. Each one had an explanation to make. He was only throwin out a feeler, but could be depended upon for \$100 if there was need of it. The sum of \$1.80 had bin raised and there was a general feeling all through the crowd that Jericho was doin herself proud when Lish Billings came saunterin in. Deacon Spooner at once explained the case to him and added:
"Fish, you are known to be a big hearted man, and we all know you will be glad to contribute to such a worthy cause. Give us your name."
"I see," said Lish as he took the paper, "that you hev raised \$1.80 for a sick and distressed widder who has lived among us for 15 years."
"We hev."
"And it's all goin to be hers?"
"Every cent of it."
"And you want me to make it up to \$2 and do old Jericho proud?"
"That's it, Lish."
"What, you'll hev to excuse me. The widder don't happen to need the contributions of our throbbin and sympathizin hearts. She died about an hour ago, and her sister is comin down from Albany to bury her!"
M. QUINN.

hev bin told within the last two hours, lies a poor old sufferin' woman, the widder of Tom Jackson. She needs food, fuel and medicine and has need 'em for days, but now that we hev come to know it, the heart of Jericho will give a mighty responsive throb and hasten to relieve her case."
There was a good deal of surprise over the statement, and everybody had said how sorry he was when Deacon Spooner rapped for order and said:
"Jerichoians, when Jabez Thomas talks about the charity of this community he makes a strong point—a mighty strong point. We all know Tom Jackson for an honest, hardworkin' man, and his widder shall not appeal to us in vain. I for one shall esteem it a privilege to contribute to her benefit. Let us hear from Enos Williams."

CHAS. SCHREINER, BANKER

AND COMMISSION MERCHANT,
KERRVILLE, TEXAS.

A General Banking Business Transacted. Solicits
Accounts of Merchants and Stockmen.



BREWERS OF THE CELEBRATED
Cabinet, Pilsener, Erlanger and Standard Beer,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL AT THE
BANK SALOON.

RANCH SALOON.

A. J. SWEARINGEN, Prop.
FINEST LIQUORS AND CIGARS IN TOWN AND SAN
ANTONIO PEARL BEER ALWAYS ON HAND.
The Most Popular Resort in West Texas.

THE RED FRONT

LIVERY - STABLE,

H. C. HUNT, Proprietor.

E. JACKSON,

DEALERS IN
CRAIN, HAY, OATS, ETC.
IN CONNECTION WITH
THE BEST WAGON AND FEED YARD.
At the old Mass place.

How the Boers Get Supplies.

P. H. Milward, who has been representing the Amour Packing company's interests in South Africa, with headquarters at Cape Town, was at the yards today direct from Durbin, Natal. Mr. Milward says the war is by no means over and that it will likely continue for a year or two. He was in the army and saw fighting during the first 12 months of the war, but since then has been selling packing house products to the commissary department. Boers and British alike were heavy buyers early in the struggle, but of late only the English are buying, the British troops having closed all the Boers ports of entry. When the Boers need meats, or anything else, now said Mr. Milward, they hold up a British train and take what they want, and let the British do the buying for both sides.

Recently, however the British have been purchasing all their packing house products in England from English agents of American packers. All of the meats are shipped from the United States. Mr. Milward found his commissions decreasing and returned to the United States. He will be here 2 weeks.—Drovers Telegram.

Forests in the Philippines.

Capt. Ahern, who is at the head of the Philippine forestry bureau, in a report to Washington says that the public forest lands comprise from one-fourth to possible one-half of the area of the Philippine islands, or nearly 40,000,000 acres. There are fully 5,000,000 acres of virgin forest owned by the state in the islands of Mindoro and Paragua. The island of Mindanao, with an area of some 20,000,000 acres, is almost entirely covered with timber, and in the province of Cayanian, in Luzon, there are more than 2,000,000 acres of forest.

Capt. Ahern mentions tracts of virgin forest to be seen on the southern islands, magnificent timber is standing with trees more than 150 feet in height the trunks clear of branches for 60 feet and more than four feet in diameter. He says that in these forests there are millions of cubic feet of timber which should be cut in order to thin this dense growth, so that the maximum annual growth could be obtained.

There are large varieties of valuable gum, rubber and gutta-percha trees seventeen dye woods and the ylang, the oil from the blossoms of which latter tree is the base there are nearly perfume. He says there are nearly fifty species of trees in the islands.

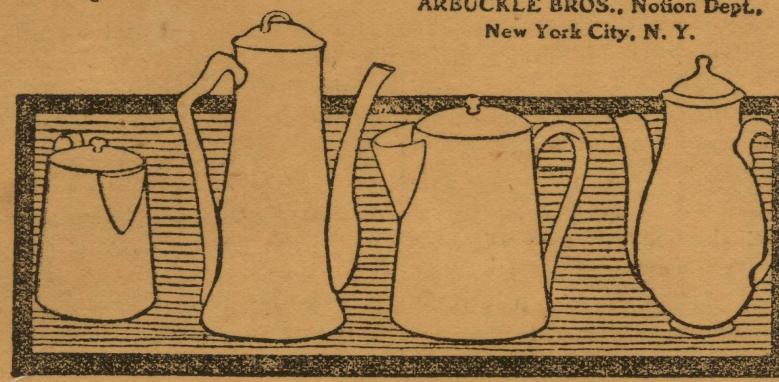
O. E. Hannum, Geo. Fenley, Jim Strickland and Guy Fenley left for Longfellow, 16 miles west of Sanderson Tuesday, where they went to locate a stream of water for Mr. Hannum. Guy Fenley has what might be termed an X ray eye, or at least he is gifted with some power that he can readily see the water underneath the earth's surface. The time for finding the water is on dark nights, and he not only tells how deep it is to the water, but the different formations through which they will have to go before reaching it. The boy has already found several underground streams in the Sanderson country and they have been drilled into, and the water and formations found exactly as described by the boy; and the water is always found within a few feet of the depth he claims. He is without a doubt gifted with this power, as it has been proven in every case.—The Sanderson Star.

For Sale or Trade for Cattle About 20 head of well bred stock horses, four yearlings in the bunch by The Asp, and the mares all bred to The Asp last year. Enquire at the First National Bank, Sonora. 98



No other package coffee goes so far or gives such entire satisfaction as ARBUCKLES' ROASTED COFFEE

Costs only a cent more than the common kind. Gives more cups and better coffee to the pound than any of the many imitations. Have the wrappers—each one entitles you to a definite part of some useful article. Look for the list in each package.



ARBUCKLE BROS., Notion Dept., New York City, N. Y.

Rescued a Blind Horse.

A blind horse wandered into the mill pond at Mountain Grove, and getting beyond his depth, swam around in a circle trying to find a way out. His distress attracted a horse which belonged to postmaster Charles Z. Hevener to the water's edge, which tried to direct the blind horse to the shore by neighing repeatedly. Failing in this he plunged into the water of Buck Creek, swam out to the unfortunate animal, seized its foretop and toward the quadruped to terra firma, amid the cheers of upward of one hundred persons who had become spectators. The circus people have made Mr. Hevener some fabulous offers for his horse, but he refuses to sell.—Independent State, West Virginia.

ARTHUR MARTIN.

Windmill Builder and Repairer.

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.

Shop at M. V. Sharp's Blacksmith Shop

Sonora, Texas.

"I should like to subscribe to your paper. Would you be willing to take it out in trade?" Country Editor—Guess! What's your business? "I'm the undertaker."—Brooklyn Life.

WELINGTON CLUB WHISKEY

is the finest article that has ever sailed over the San Angelo bars. No headache guaranteed. For sale only at the Corner Saloon San Angelo

THE LAST CHARGE.

Trumpeter, blow on, terrific and thunderous. Blow till thy lungs outburst the wild gales. Spare not the wounded that writhe and wind on their sides. Draw in our ears all their piercing death wail. Steady, dragons! Get together your forces. Aim at the breast, for that makes the best target. Now let us fly like a whirlwind of heroes; Ride like your forefathers! Cavalry, charge! Trumpeter, sound me a dread note and dangerous; Blow to the end of thy desperate breath! Blow till the cry of it, slinging and clamorous. Call back the squadrons that rode to their death. Close up, dragons, and ride forward the guidon. Trumpeter, blow me once more loud and large! This is no earth, but dead men, that we ride on; They were your brothers once! Cavalry, charge!

TRUMPETER, SOUND A DREAD NOTE AND DANGEROUS!

Wait for those last to us, sell for our dead! Cry loud for vengeance! Oh, let your note enliven. Rival the roar of the souls that have fled! Rival the roar of the souls that have fled! Burst as a river bursts over its margin! Who first can ring his horse into their hollow? Oh, up and over them! Cavalry, charge!

—Thomas Tracy Bruce in McClure's Magazine.

RULED WITH A ROD.

But the Rod Must Be Iron, With a Red-hot Tip. "When all other methods of controlling wild beasts fail the keeper has only to employ an iron rod, which has been made red-hot at one end," said an old circus man to a Star reporter recently. "Lions and tigers," he continued, "will cringe before the heated poker, and no matter how restless and fractious they may have been the sight of the glowing iron immediately brings them to their best of animal senses. It has an almost hypnotic influence over the beasts. I have seldom heard of an animal being burned in this manner, however, so there is nothing cruel in the treatment. It would not do for the keeper to burn the charges under his care, for the scars would mar the animal for exhibition purposes. The hot iron is a terror, just the same, and under its persuasion the kings of the jungle are docile and ready to do what is wanted of them.

"It is almost impossible to domesticate the animals of the forest," he continued. "This is true of the younger specimens, who do not like the idea of being so closely handled, so much hauled about and so often cut off from the light of the outside world. When it becomes necessary to give their cages a thorough and sanitary cleaning, one attendant holds the beast in a corner by means of the red-hot iron, while another thoroughly cleanses the remaining portion of the cage, the work being accomplished by brooms and mops from the outside. In changing the wilder animals from the cages employed on the road to the larger and more commodious quarters at the winter station, what we call a strong box is used. The wagon is hauled alongside the large cage and the steel strong box, open at both ends, is constituted a passageway. The animal hesitates to make the journey through such a suspicious looking object, however, and again the heated iron must be brought into play."—Washington Star.

He Was Up to the Limit.

A young society woman tells a story of a very little newsboy who so appreciated her kindness to him at a newsboy's dinner that he went to the extent of great suffering for her sake. At least she thinks it was appreciation, but others have doubts. At all events, the young woman who, with a number of others, was engaged in serving the boys, noticed this little boy way off at one end of the table. Many of his larger fellows were already hard at work on the various good things, but this little fellow had evidently been neglected. Clearly here was a case of urgent charity, so the amateur waitress flew to his side, and for an hour she saw to it that he did not lack for anything. Plate after plate of turkey was literally showered upon him. Finally, as she set another piece of plum pudding in front of him, he rolled his eyes meekly toward her and said in muffled tones: "Well, miss, I kin chew, but I can't swallow no more!"—New York Sun.

Girls and the Bunches.

Lord Baltimore told a friend how he once took Udda to dinner and how disappointed he was to find that the novelist devoted herself to the dishes rather than to intellectual refreshment. He said at last in despair at having only been able to get "Yes" and "No" in answer to the different subjects he introduced: "I'm afraid I'm singularly unfortunate in my choice of topics. Is there anything we could talk about to interest you?"

The Double Letter.

The double letter is scarcely of use in any language. Sometimes we are purely inconsistent. Letter must have two c's, l's, r's, s's, t's, z's, l's, r's, s's, t's, z's. Would it not be well to drop the double letter altogether? It would simplify spelling and save time too.—Notes and Queries.

The Exact Truth Exacted.

Caller—You look like a good and truthful girl. Tell me—is your mistress really out? Domestic—She is, ma'am. Caller—Where? Domestic—At the elbows, ma'am.—Chicago Tribune.

A Vulgar Man is Captious and Jealous.

The case is like this," said the man who was looking for justice. "The plaintiff will swear that I assaulted him and I will swear that I didn't. Now, what can you lawyers make out of that, I'd like to know?" "About \$50 apiece, I should think," replied the limb of the law.—Chicago News.

Notice to Trespassers.

We hereby give notice to wood haulers and persons who are leaving our fences down by going over same with wagons, that any persons caught hauling wood from our pastures will be prosecuted to the full extent of the law. 81-11 F. Mayer & Sons.

What Frightened Him.

While crossing the isthmus of Panama by rail some years ago the conductor obligingly stopped the train for Mr. Campion to gather some beautiful crimson flowers by the roadside. It was midday and intensely hot. In his "On the Frontier" Mr. Campion tells a peculiar story of this flower picking experience. I refused offers of assistance and went alone to pluck the flowers. After gathering a handful I noticed a large bed of plants knee high and of delicate form and a beautiful green shade. I walked to them, broke off a fine spray and placed it with the flowers. To my amazement I saw that I had gathered a withered, shriveled, brownish weed. I threw it away, carefully selected a large, bright green plant and plucked it. Again I had in my hand a bunch of withered leaves. It flashed through my mind that a sudden attack of Panama fever, which was very prevalent and much talked of, had struck me suddenly. I went "off my head" from fright. In a panic I threw the flowers down and was about to run to the train. I looked around. Nothing seemed strange. I felt my pulse. All right. I was in a perspiration, but the heat would have made a hazard of perspire. Then I noticed that the plants where I stood seemed shrunken and wilted. Carefully I put my finger on a fresh branch. Instantly the leaves shrank and began to change color. I had been frightened by sensitive plants.

A Bit of Red Tape.

The absurdities of officialism have perhaps never been better illustrated than by the incident in the career of Lord Shaftesbury which the author of "Collections and Recollections" relates: One winter evening in 1867 he was sitting in his library in Grosvenor square, when the servant told him that there was a poor man waiting to see him. The man was shown in and proved to be a laborer from Clerkenwell and one of the innumerable recipients of the old earl's charity.

He said, "My lord, you have been very good to me, and I have come to tell you what I have heard." It appeared that at the public house which he frequented he had overheard some Irishmen of desperate character plotting to blow up Clerkenwell prison. He gave Lord Shaftesbury the information, to be used as he thought best, but made it a condition that his name should not be divulged. It was, his life would not be worth an hour's purchase.

Lord Shaftesbury pledged himself to secrecy, ordered his carriage and drove instantly to Whitehall. The authorities there refused, on grounds of official practice, to entertain the information without the name and address of the informant. These, of course, could not be given. The warning was rejected, and the jail was blown up.—Youth's Companion.

Her Wedding "Power."

An accommodation train on a distant railroad was dragging along, when a long, lean and sallow woman, in what appeared to be subdued bridal finery, leaned across the aisle of the car and said seriously to a lady sitting opposite her: "Dear me! It's a kind of a solemn thing to be traveling with two husbands, now, ain't it?" "I do not know what you mean," replied the lady. "Oh, maybe not. Well, you see, my first husband died 'bout a year ago and was buried over in Patrick county, an' last week I was married ag'in, an' me an' my second husband have been over in Patrick county on a little wedding tower, an' I thought I'd kind of like to have my first husband buried in the graveyard first where I'm going to live now, an' my second husband was willing, so we tuk my first husband up, an' he's in the baggage car along with our other things. My second husband is settin' out on the platform takin' a smoke, an' I been settin' here thinkin' how solemn it is to go on a wedding tower with two husbands. It's a terrible solemn piece of business when you come to think of it."—Laurence Lee in Lippincott's Magazine.

Why Cables Get Tired.

There has been some question, says The Electrical Engineer, as to the reason why certain cables lose their conducting properties and have in some instances to be replaced. A learned Frenchman has submitted a paper on the subject to the Academie des Sciences. In this paper he states that when cables lose their electrical properties it is because they are always used for one kind of current only, either positive or negative. If used sometimes for positive and sometimes for negative, they will, he states, preserve their conductive qualities indefinitely. Experiments with nine wires running from Paris to Dijon demonstrated this, he says.

Ensympathetic.

"You haven't much sympathy for the request from your employees for shorter hours?" "Not much," answered Mr. Cumrox. "It goes to show that men don't know when they are well off. If they had been invited around to mistletoes and dragged through Europe by Mrs. C. and the girls like I have, maybe they'd appreciate the privilege of staying in a nice, comfortable, businesslike office nine or ten hours a day."—Washington Star.

Still Anxious.

"Have you fastened the windows, dear?" she asked, as they were about to retire for the night. "No. What's the use? I gave you the last dollar I had to buy that new hat, and we needn't fear burglars." "But they might sit down on the hat, you know."—Washington Post.

Notice to Trespassers.

Notice is hereby given that all trespassers on my ranch east of Sonora for the purpose of cutting timber, hauling wood or hunting hogs without my permission, will be prosecuted to the full extent of the law. W. J. FIELDS, Sonora, Texas, Dec. 8th, 1900.

THE GRAND SCHEMER.

HIS TAILOR CALLS TO SEE HIM WITH HIS LITTLE BILL.

The Account Remains Unsettled, but the Clothing Artist is Taken into the Great American Steam Trousers Creaser Company. [Copyright, 1901, by C. B. Lewis.] Major Crofoot had left the door of his office open by accident, and as he sat smoking with his heels on his desk he was suddenly accosted with: "I vhas come for dot leetle bill." "What—er—eh—is it you?" exclaimed the major as he almost fell out of his chair in getting up. "Well, well, but this is luck. Why, man, I was just making out a check for you. I happened to remember that I owed you a dollar for cleaning my suit."

"Yes, it vhas a dollar," replied the tailor as he held out the bill, "and you don't pay me for a year." "A year? How time flies! Yes, it is a bill for a dollar for cleaning a suit and pepper suit, and if you had only waited half an hour you would have had a check for it. The check would have been filled out for \$100. My dear

"I vhas come for dot leetle bill," said the man, you are one of the few people who had confidence in me when my fortunes were at the lowest ebb. The check for a hundred was to prove my gratitude. "Vheli, I'll take him now," said the tailor. "Ah, I remember that salt and pepper suit and the days of my adversity!" sighed the major as he walked about and ignored the check. "You brought the suit up here one day thoroughly cleaned and rehabilitated, and you went away saying not a word about the bill. You treated me as if I had millions of dollars, and never, never can I forget your consideration. Major Crofoot remembers those who remember him."

A WOMAN'S STRATEGY.

She Found a Way to Outkick a Laggard Lover to Action.

After the athletic young man, resting lazily in an easy chair, had studied the ceiling at which he was blowing smoke he replied to the pretty sister who had twice asked him the same question: "Bess, you know I don't care the turn of my hand for women. I'm saturated with what the politicians call apathy. Of course I remember the Georgia girl that visited us last summer. She was a magnificent creature to look at, but I'll warrant she is just like the rest of them. I paid her some attention for your sake, little one, but really I had to think twice before recalling her. Her name was Molly, wasn't it?" "Tab Twing writes me of a report that Molly is going to marry Captain Howker of the army. You know him," and the sister took observations from the corner of one eye.

Evolution.

Johnny was spelling his way through a marriage notice in the morning paper. "At high noon," he read, "the clergyman took his stand beneath the floral bell, and to the music of the wedding march the contradicting parties moved down the aisle." "Not 'contradicting,' Johnny," interrupted his elder sister, "'contracting.'" "Well," stoutly contended Johnny, "they'll be contradicting parties after awhile."—Youth's Companion.

By the Cabinet's Watch.

Think—I hear the cabinet are going to strike for shorter hours. Minks (who sometimes rides)—Why, goodness me, their hours are not over 40 minutes long now!—New York Weekly.

It is one of the peculiarities of Wall Street zoology that the lambs are always bulls.

—Philadelphia Ledger.

You can't convince a man who has developed that opinion is not on the increase.

—Philadelphia Record.

Send your orders for SPURS AND BRIDLE BITS

Rufus Sterling, Gunsmith and Machinist, San Angelo, Texas.

Plain Spurs or Bits \$2.50. Silver mounted Spurs or Bits with engravings, brand and fancy carving \$5. All work First Class and Guaranteed for two years.

G. H. ALLEN,

WILL DO YOUR ROCK WORK, CHIMNEY BUILDING, CISTERN DIGGING OR ANYTHING IN THAT LINE, Sonora, Texas.

the first machine and feed 18,000 pairs of trousers through it? You can, of course. You will be ready, and I can depend on you. Shall I speak to some bank about your opening an account? "If—if you could pay?" "You'll get your first month's salary in advance, and if you want to use half a million I can lend you the cash. That's all, except that you'll shake hands again. You will excuse me, I know, but I've got to go out for an hour or two. Call again. See you later. Don't fail me."

The Grand Promoter put on his hat and overcoat and left the office.

The tailor had come for that dollar. He took a chair to wait. The fire was low and the room was cold, and in an hour his teeth were chattering. He stood it for another hour, and then he rose up and softly tiptoed out and went down stairs. At the foot of the stairs he met a man who queried: "Do you know if that old deadbeat Major Crofoot is up stairs?" "He vhas gone out," was the reply. "Have you been trying to collect a bill?" "Yes."

And how did you come out?

"I vhas put into dot Great American Steam Trousers Creaser and creased all over 18,000 pairs a day, and now I vhas glad to go home mit my life and let dot bill go." He hands, I congratulate you!" M. QUAD.

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G. H. ALLEN,

WILL DO YOUR ROCK WORK, CHIMNEY BUILDING, CISTERN DIGGING OR ANYTHING IN THAT LINE, Sonora, Texas.

THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK

OF SONORA, TEXAS.

Paid up capital - \$50,000.00

OFFERS TO ITS DEPOSITORS ALL THE ACCOMMODATIONS THAT THEIR BALANCES JUSTIFY.

Exchange Bought and Sold on all Parts of the United States and Europe.

Henry Hagelstein,

Successor to Mose Taylor

Dealer in Saddlery, Saddlery Hardware, Double and Single Buggy Harness, Robes, Collars, Hames, Leather, Bridle Bits, Spurs, Etc.

I have in my employ the Best Skilled Workmen in West Texas and do not turn out any "Shoddy" work from my store.

MY SADDLERY GUARANTEED NOT TO BREAK, CRAWL OR HURT. Call and see me when you are in the city.

SAN ANGELO, TEXAS.

Concho Avenue, Opposite Landon Hotel. Phone No. 138.

Devil's River News.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY.

MIKE MURPHY, Proprietor.

Advertising Medium of the Stockman's Paradise. SUBSCRIPTION \$2 A YEAR IN ADVANCE. Entered at the Postoffice at Sonora second-class matter.

SONORA, TEXAS. - January 20, 1901.

Archie Kuykendall was in from the Baugh ranch Monday.

Find Bates sheep boss for Ira L. Wheat was in from the ranch Monday for supplies.

For first-class candies and fruit call on C. M. DEERE.

T. B. Birnstrong and W. A. Miers the stockmen, were in from their ranch Saturday.

W. M. Ledford representing the Waco Woolen mills was in Sonora Monday taking orders.

John and Nece Smith, stockmen from Edwards county, were in Sonora Tuesday, for supplies.

The fragile babe and the growing child are strengthened by White's Cream Vermifuge. It destroys worms, gets digestion at work, and so rebuilds the body. Price 25 cents at J. Lewenthals drug store.

Cal Ory and Nat Guest two of Union City's society gents were in Sonora Monday putting on lots of style.

E. R. Silliman and Burgess Weaver were in Sonora Tuesday, from Edorado attending to some land business.

Miss Gertrude Fyvesh of Rockwood, Coleman county, arrived in Sonora last week on a visit to her sister Mrs. Don Cooper.

Mrs. Etta King who some years ago resided in Sonora but has recently made Del Rio her home, was married at San Antonio on January 12th to Phillip R. Rogers, a commercial traveler.

Marion Gathing aged about 20 years, son of D. J. Gathing of Menard county, was escorting his sisters to Mason, on Tuesday, and when about six miles from Mason, stopped to water the horses. When unhooking one of the traces the horse kicked him over the heart causing his death in 20 minutes.

Tom and Will Savell, proprietors of the Sonora-San Angelo stage line and U. S. mail carriers, wish to inform the people of the town of Sonora that they are not responsible for letters left in the mail hack or under the cushions. They have found letters under the cushions that looked as if they had been there two weeks or more. The place to mail your letters is the post office and not the mail hack. Observe the warning or blame yourself if your letters are lost.

E. S. BRIANT,

PROPRIETOR OF THE

SONORA DRUG STORE,

SOLICITS YOUR TRADE

NEW STOCK OF DRUGS AND DRUGGISTS' SUPPLIES. STORE IN KOENIG BUILDING.

PRESCRIPTIONS CAREFULLY COMPOUNDED BY OTIS MITCHELL.

I KNOW YOUR WANTS AND WANT YOUR TRADE.

Menardville will hold three days racing February 13, 14, 15.

C. E. Bourne was in from the Wheat ranch Saturday, for supplies. Mr. Bourne wants to buy a small bunch of cows.

S. S. Kirk proprietor of the hotel near the station at San Angelo, was in Sonora Sunday, on a prospecting trip.

I am here to buy and sell. Call on me when you have a deal. C. M. DEERE.

Jas Barksdale and C. T. Turney the well-known stockmen, left for San Angelo Wednesday, on a business trip.

T. V. Allen returned from Hill county Wednesday, where he had been with a bunch of horses. He expects to go down to W. C. Myer's ranch in a few days.

E. F. Vander Stucken Co., will pay the highest market price for hides and pelts.

Mrs. C. C. Yaws was in Sonora several days this week attending to her son Dudley who has been laid up with the grip.

J. W. Putnam the sheepman was in from his ranch on Dry Devil's River several days this week attending to some business.

Many a bright and happy household has been thrown into sadness and sorrow because of the death of a loved one from a neglected cold.

Ballard's Horehound Syrup is the great cure for coughs, cold and all pulmonary ailments. Price, 25 and 50 cents, at J. Lewenthals drug store.

Wilkes Dobbin and S. E. Guthrie prominent stockmen from the Rock Springs country, were in Sonora Monday, attending to some business.

Medicated Salt Rock at Hagerlund Bros & Co.

Mr. and Mrs. C. L. James were in from the Reiley ranch in the eastern part of the county last Saturday shopping.

Green Justice and Jesse Barksdale were in from the Justice ranch Saturday, seeing how the town was getting along.

Hardy Jones the well-driller, was in Sonora Saturday, from his home in Sherwood, on his way to the Moss ranch.

Made Young Again.

"One of Dr. King's New Life Pills each night for two weeks has put me in my 'teens' again" writes D. H. Turner of Dempseytown, Pa. They're the best in the world for Liver, Stomach and Bowels, Purely vegetable, Never gripe. Only 25c at J. Lewenthals Drug Store.

Frank Wyatt the steam well-driller was in Sonora Tuesday, for supplies and is down near 700 feet in a well he is drilling for G. W. Whiteheads Sons, and is still a-digging.

H. L. Hubert of Coleman, was in Sonora Monday, on a pleasure trip. Mr. Hubert is a pleasant young gentleman and as one of the editors and proprietors of one of our favorite exchanges, the Coleman Democrat, the making of his acquaintance was a double pleasure.

Old People Made Young.

J. C. Sherman, the veteran editor of the Vermontville (Mich.) Echo, has discovered the remarkable secret of keeping old people young. For years he has avoided Nervousness, Sleeplessness, Indigestion, Heart trouble, Constipation and Rheumatism, by using Electric Bitters, and he writes: "It can't be praised too highly. It gently stimulates the kidneys, tones the stomach, aids digestion, and gives a splendid appetite. It has worked wonders for my wife and me. It's a marvellous remedy for old people's complaints." Only 50c, at E. S. Briant's drug store.

A young lady who has suffered from "baggage-smashing" has had her trunks covered with flannel this season, having heard that flannel is a good chest protector.

Sam Woodward sold "Bell" his handsome bay mare, while in Ft. Worth, for \$200.—Coleman Democrat.

Johnnie Adams returned Wednesday from the grading camp at the big hill. Johnnie has been holding down the responsible position of chief cook and bottle washer.—The Sanderson Star.

Carl Gunzer the well-known stockman was in from the ranch Thursday for supplies.

Mrs. H. C. Sandefer of San Angelo returned home this week after a pleasant visit to her sister Mrs. Walter White.

E. F. Vander Stucken Co., sold to R. H. Wyatt, Geo. S. Allison, Sam Merck, H. G. Justice, Oliver Chilled sulkey plows, last week.

A. A. Williamson the stockman, was in from the Breezy Bluff neighborhood Tuesday to attend to some business.

Robt Owens the well-known stockman of Crockett county, came over Wednesday to see what kind of a town we had. Mr. Owens was very favorably impressed with Sonora.

If you want a Disc or Sulkey plow, go to E. F. Vander Stucken Co.

L. C. Mayse representing the Manhattan Life Insurance company of New York, arrived in Sonora Wednesday, and will remain for some time.

Bucklen's Arnica Salvo.

Has world-wide fame for marvellous cure. It surpasses any other salve, lotion, ointment or balm for Cuts, Corns, Burns, Boils, Sores, Felons, Ulcers, Tetter, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Chapped Hands, Skin Eruptions; Infallible for Piles, Cure guaranteed. Only 25c at E. S. Briant's drug store.

Joe Wyatt one of the best fixed young bachelor stockmen of this part of the country, was in Sonora Wednesday from his ranch 8 miles south of Sonora, for supplies.

Bob Chapman the tank builder was in town this week from Mark Tankersley's ranch in Edwards county where he has been building tanks.

When you go to San Angelo call on Eddie Maier, at the Favorite Saloon, he will treat you O. K. 72-1f

Dick Taylor who has been with Ed Kense the well-driller out at E. F. Halber's ranch, was in Sonora several days this week, he intends going out to the Draper ranch to look after J. S. Casparis' cattle.

First Class Board.

DAY, WEEK or MONTH, at

Mrs. Ada Stewart's Two doors south of Postoffice.

G. W. Hardesty the well-driller struck a good well for D. D. Fowler two miles north of the old Taylor & Marsh ranch on the line of Edwards county, at a depth of 325 feet.

The properties of Ballard's Snow Liniment possess a range of usefulness greater than any other remedy. A day seldom passes in every household, especially where there are children, that it is not needed. Price, 25 and 50 cents, at J. Lewenthals drug store.

Jake Whitten ranch boss for O. T. Word & Son, was in Sonora Saturday. Jake has entirely recovered from the tumble he got off the Sonora hack a few weeks ago.

E. F. Vander Stucken Co., sold to R. H. Wyatt, Geo. S. Allison, Sam Merck, H. G. Justice, Oliver Chilled sulkey plows last week.

J. S. Casparis the young stockman who is pasturing his cattle at the Draper ranch in Edwards county, was in Sonora Tuesday, for supplies.

We want 2000 Cedar fence posts E. F. Vander Stucken Co.

Mrs. Coleman Whitfield and daughter Miss Vive Carson, left for San Angelo last week to attend to Mrs. M. A. Traweek who is sick.

We want 2000 Cedar fence posts E. F. Vander Stucken Co.

"Children," said Aunt Mary "you have a new little brother. He came this morning while you were asleep." "Did he?" exclaimed the eldest. "Then I know who brought him." "Who was it?" asked the astonished aunt. "Why, the milkman, of course; I saw it on his cart—Families supplied daily."

Notice to Trespassers.

Notice is hereby given that all trespassers on the ranches and lands owned or controlled by the undersigned in Schleicher and Sutton counties, for the purpose of cutting timber, hauling wood or hunting hogs, will be prosecuted to the full extent of the law, THOMSON BROS., Eldorado.

If you want a Disc or Sulkey plow, go to E. F. Vander Stucken Co.

Max Vander Stucken went out to Joe Wyatt's ranch Wednesday, to spend a few days.

Highest market price paid for hides and pelts at E. F. Vander Stucken Co's.

Mrs. J. B. Huff and son John, who have been visiting Mrs. Shore in our city, returned to their home in Sonora Tuesday. They were accompanied home by Miss Mable Huff who will attend school at Sonora.—Brady Enterprise.

Herbine should be used to enrich and purify the blood; it cures all forms of blood disorders, is especially useful in fevers, skin eruptions, boils, pimples, blackheads, eczema, salt rheum and every form of blood impurity; it is a safe and effectual cure. Price, 50 cents, at J. Lewenthals drug store.

Judge J. F. Cannaday performed his first marriage ceremony Saturday January 19, 1901 by uniting Senor Isabel Montalmo and Senorita Leonora Sepeda at the residence of the brides parents in Santa Rosa de Sonora. The happy couple left for Old Mexico Sunday.

Whoever has suffered from piles knows how painful and troublesome they are. Tabler's Buckeye Pile Ointment is guaranteed to cure piles. Price 50 cents in bottles, Tubes, 75 cents, at J. Lewenthals drug store.

The ranch house and contents belonging to Mrs. M. A. Moss, situated 28 miles south of Sonora, in Edwards county, was destroyed by fire at 11 o'clock last Friday morning. The fire is supposed to have started from the cook stove in the kitchen and when discovered by the family the floor and roof which were of grass were in flames, and but a few articles of furniture in the front room were saved. The loss cannot be less than \$500 and many things can never be replaced.

Farming at the A. & M.

That which is to me, nearest like a letter from home is a copy of the Devil's River News. I have had the pleasure of reading several copies of it in the short time that I have been absent from the blooming little town in which it is published. I have never yet contributed anything for The Devil, so I guess now is a good time; though a poor contribution will be.

I am strictly in the agricultural business now, and am sure to raise a fine crop; although yesterday was my first experience since a chap of nine or ten year of age. I used to hook old Bill to a bull-tongue and in a field of fifty or seventy acres, lay off cotton rows at the rate of about four miles an hour; and now I take a sharp pine stick in a field inclosed by the sides of an eighteen by twenty-four inch box, and lay off my ground without a horse at the rate of a dozen rows an hour. But what ever I plant is sure to produce, for there is no such a thing as failing when following out facts set forth by scientific experiment.

I have planted in my field twelve beans, by the way I wish I had some Frijoles to plant (and to eat) twelve pumpkin-seeds, twenty-five grains of corn, twenty-five onions, twenty-five radishes, and twenty-five peas. Now if you Devil's River people need any edibles along my line just send in your orders now; for I only have two more planting seasons to stay here. Then I shall resign my place for those who are coming on, and who perhaps will make better grangers than I.

I understand Mr. Cal has the contract for the Union City Court House, Wonder if he needs any architect? If he does I am his huckleberry.

You all brag about the fine old times you had during your Christmas holidays I had a great deal of fun too but nevertheless, I would like to spend my holidays in Old Sonora the pride of the West. Now while you big hearted fellows are dashing your bronchos over the beautiful Devil's River country and enjoying your freedom think of me cooped up down here with a sentinel at the door daring me to light a cigarette or step out side the house. D. C. College Station, Tex. Jan. 16.

If you want to buy stock, ranch or town property, see Caruthers & Hill's list for sale at a bargain.

THE SAN ANGELO NATIONAL BANK,

SAN ANGELO, TEX.

Capital - \$100,000.
Surplus and Profits - \$83,946.97.

Offers to Depositors all the Accommodations which their Balances, Business and Responsibility Justify.

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Headquarters

For Fine Wines, Liquors and Cigars.

THE PATRONAGE OF THE PUBLIC SOLICITED.

We Make a Specialty of

PURE WHISKIES FOR FAMILY

AND MEDICINAL PURPOSES.

Judge W. W. Martin and wife went to Odessa, Wednesday. The Judge says they will move to Odessa in the near future.—Midland Stock Reporter.

C. E. Taliaferro came to Mason county two years ago with a good wife, six little children, an old wagon and two ancient ponies. He rented land and went to work. Last year he made 54 bales of cotton on the Job Fisher place. He now owns 100 acres of fine farming land, has built a new house and has corn in the crib, bacon in the smoke-house and potatoes in the cellar to run him another year. Good times in Mason.—Mason Herald.

Miss Page, the music teacher, has been sick of the Grip this week.

We are glad to see Dan Parker out again. We hope he will gain his wonted good health and strength soon.

A Mr. Smith and Miss Dovie Widans of Cedar Creek were married this week. The Rustler offers congratulations.

M. M. Parkerson bought of parties in Kerr county 200 head of cattle. The grade and price we were unable to get.

Wilkes Dobbin and S. E. Guthrie have struck water at a reasonable depth in their well on the draws of Dry Devil's river. As it has not yet been tested they do not know whether it will prove of value or not.

Mr. John Friday and Miss Maggie Wright of Barksdale were married Thursday. They came to Rocksprings Thursday evening and are the guest of the Ranchman's Hotel. We wish them a happy journey through life.—Rocksprings Rustler.

Victoria Alexandrina, Queen of Great Britain and Ireland, Empress of India, died on January 23, 1901. This woman was in many respects remarkable and generally beloved by the people. She was born in 1819 and ascended the throne in 1837 and her reign of more than 60 years has been generally peaceful.

Albert Edward, the late Queen's eldest son, is now King Edward 7. but the coronation will not take place for six months or till the period of mourning is over. The new King was born in 1841 and the patience he has had to practice in awaiting his inheritance will make him conservative and possibly an efficient official.

FOR RENT. The most desirable business property in Sonora will be for rent early in January. The property is the Geo. S. Allison block on corner of Main street and Concho avenue. The buildings have a frontage on Main street of 40 feet and are 40 feet deep but will be, if desired, made to 60 feet deep. The stand is a good one and adapted to any line of business. For further particulars address, GEO. S. ALLISON, Sonora, Texas.

J. LEWENTHAL,

CHEMIST and DRUGGIST.

PERFUMERY, FANCY TOILET ARTICLES, PIPES, CIGARS, WINDOW

GLASS, PAINTS, PUTTY, ETC. A CHOICE LINE OF

WATCHES, JEWELRY and SILVERWARE.

School Books and Stationery.

Devil's River News.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY. MIKE MURPHY, Proprietor. Advertising Medium of the Stockman's Paradise. Subscription \$2 a year in advance. Entered at the Postoffice at Sonora second-class matter.

SONORA, TEXAS. - January 6, 1901.

THE FIRST GERMAN PAPER.

Ben Franklin in 1732 printed the first Zeitung in America. The first newspaper printed in the German language in America was the Philadelphiaische Zeitung, published by Benjamin Franklin in the year 1732. The Pennsylvania Gazette for June 8-15, 1732, contains the following announcement: "The Gazette will come out on Monday next and continue to be published on Mondays."

"And on the Saturday following will be published Philadelphiaische Zeitung, or Newspaper in High Dutch, which will continue to be published on Saturdays once a fortnight, ready to be delivered at Ten a Clock, to Country Subscribers. Advertisements are taken in by the Printer hereof, or by Mr. Louis Timothee, Language Master, who translates them."

HIS HAT AND UMBRELLA.

This man took a quick lazeback sign at his word. He was undoubtedly from the country. His umbrella, a big cotton affair, would have given him away except that he had no trousers but tucked into a coat. He wandered into one of the big quick luncheon places in lower Broadway. He was looking for something to eat and was just sitting down at a table when his eye caught a sign which read: "Watch Your Hats! The Management Will Not be Responsible For Umbrellas and Hats Unless Checked by the Cashier."

"Where's this here cashier?" he asked the woman who came to wait on him. "Up there in the little place by the door," said the waitress.

The farmer stalked to the cashier's desk and laid down his umbrella and a big hat that was new five or six years ago. The cashier looked up in amazement. "Keep your hat," she said. "It will be all right."

The farmer walked back to his table, read the sign again and thought it over. Then he climbed on a chair and took the sign from its hook. He carried it up to the cashier.

"What does this mean?" he asked. People were beginning to laugh, and the pretty cashier got red in the face. She took the hat and umbrella and wrote out a receipt. It was the first time in her life that she had been asked to check a hat, and she has been a cashier more years than one. -New York Tribune.

She Was Ahead.

Marjorie had just returned from a visit to the old homestead in Tennessee, where a colored nurse nearly 100 years old was still in the prime of life. It puzzled her that Chloe should be called "nannie" by her mother and the family, but at last she accepted the fact and did likewise. Her playmates, troop after troop to welcome her home, began to enumerate their possessions acquired during her absence.

"I've got a black pony," cried Charlie exultantly. "I've got a new baby brother," cried Tessie. "Mim! That's nothing; I've got two of 'em," retorted Fred.

Marjorie's eyes flashed. "Oh!" she cried. "I've got a heap more'n that; I've got an ammie as old as Methuselah and black as tar." -Leslie's Weekly.

Aroused Her Curiosity After All.

"Don't want any," said a North Broadway housekeeper from her second-story window to a street vendor whose wagon was standing a few steps away and who had just pulled the bell. "Don't want any what?" gruffly asked the armb, who hadn't had even a chance to tell what his wares were. "What have you got?" asked the housekeeper, whose curiosity was getting the better of her annoyance. "Oh, never mind. You don't want any. Git up, Bob!"

"Now, I wonder what that exasperating man is selling anyhow?" she exclaimed as the wagon disappeared around the corner. -Baltimore Sun.

When Twelve Is Odd.

One would think that 12 was more entitled to be considered an "even" number than 10, for its half is an "even," whereas the half of 10 is "odd." Yet on the Stock Exchange 12 is an "odd" number. The house takes five shares as the basis of dealing, remarks Commerce, and all multiples of five are considered "even" numbers. Any intermediate numbers are "odd," and parcels of shares not divisible by 5 are difficult to sell except at a reduced price.

That's Another Story.

When a poor young man marries a rich girl, all the women say he is lucky; but when a rich man marries a rich girl they say such a love is the most beautiful thing in the world. -New York Press.



The Skin and the Lungs.

"That the skin is intimately connected with the lungs is proved by the fact that our minor ailments of the respiratory tract—colds, for instance—are almost always traceable to a checking of the perspiration, so that the impurities of the blood poison us," says Harvey Sutherland, in Ainslie's. "Everybody knows the story about the little boy that was covered with gold leaf as a cherub for some Roman pomp and how he died in agony a few hours afterward. The poisons manufactured by his own organisms slow him, to say nothing of his suffocation. Burns involving more than one-third of the general surface are fatal because the excretory powers of the skin are lessened beyond the abilities of the other depuratory organs to make up for it."

"Varnish an animal and it will die in from six to twelve hours, say some authorities. This incontrovertible fact is matched by another equally incontrovertible—that nobody ever heard of any case of tarring and feathering that killed the victim. He might have had all kinds of trouble in getting the stuff off, and he might have felt a stork to his pride, but he didn't die that anybody ever heard of. I never assisted at a ceremony of this kind at either end of the joke, and so I can't speak as to the completeness with which the body is covered with the tar, but from my general knowledge of the character of the people of the west and southwest, where such sports are freely indulged in, I should say that it would most likely be a thorough and complete penetration. It may be that the man's breathes through the quills of the feathers stuck on, but I doubt it. I should think tar would seal up the pores of the skin quite as effectively as varnish, and it is a paint warranted to wear in all weathers and not to crack or scale off."

A Chinese Curiosity.

"A Chinaman in San Francisco," says a gossip in the Philadelphia Record, "showed me once an ivory ball as big as your two fists, with six smaller balls inside it. It was the most wonderful thing I ever saw. The Chinaman said that the balls had been begun by his grandfather and that he was the third generation to work on them. He told me how the work was done."

"It begins with a solid block of ivory, which is turned into a ball and then carved in a lattice pattern with tiny saw toothed knives. Through the lattice, with other knives that are bent in various shapes, the second ball is carved, and is kept fast to the first one by a thin strip of ivory left at the top and by another left at the bottom. Then the third ball, with still finer knives, is tackled through the first and second ones, and so the work goes on till all the balls are finished, when the strips that hold them firm are cut away, and they all revolve freely, one inside the other."

"This Chinaman said it was a common thing for families to have such balls for hundreds of years—grandfather, father, son and grandson working on them when they had nothing else to do. They are priceless, of course. Some cheap balls are made of vegetable ivory, being carved while the material is soft like a potato. These, though, are not worth more than a few dollars at the most."

The Evolution of the Pocket.

The ancient wore a single pouch at his belt. The modern has—how many pockets in an ordinary costume for outdoors? Let us count them: In the trousers five, in the waistcoat five, in the jacket five, in the overcoat five, making 20 in all, a full score of little pokes or bags, and arranged so conveniently that they are scarce noticed.

"Truly this is an evolution! How long may it be before we have pockets in our handkerchiefs—where the Irishman carries his pipe, the American soldier his toothbrush and internally the pottinger his legal papers, the papers that his predecessors in England thrust into the typical "green bag"? How long before there may be pockets in our gloves—for there, ago, I believe, patents covering this intention—and in our shoes? The cane also, with its screw top, begins to be a useful receptacle."

"Two centuries from now, so the man with a long foresight can clearly see, the main idea underlying the wearing of clothes will have entirely changed. The chief purpose of garments will no longer be considered to protect the body. They will be regarded first of all as textile foundations for innumerable pockets. Tender souls in Woman's Home Companion.

Took a Mean Advantage.

A supernumerary in Richard Mansfield's company who had been, to use a Scotch phrase, continuously and continually "heckled" by the manager at rehearsals and between the acts for alleged displays of stupidity on the stage, was informed that a near relative of his had departed this life and had left him a competence, so he decided to leave the dramatic profession and, to quote him, become respectable. Before leaving he determined to take his revenge on Mansfield for the attacks on his amour propre that gentleman had made.

A Philadelphia Story.

Sunday School Teacher: "Where did the three wise men come from?" Phil Adolphy (whose family had only recently moved to Chicago)—They came from the east. Sunday School Teacher: "And why were they called 'wise men'?" Phil Adolphy: "Because, um'm, they went back again." -Philadelphia Press.

Peculiarities of X Rays.

There are many curious things about X rays which seem to puzzle even the scientists. Signor Brignati, who has been making experiments with them at Rome, says that the visibility of a substance to the eye is no criterion of its visibility to the X rays. The rays cannot see through glass, which is transparent to the eye, whereas aluminum, which is opaque to the eye, is transparent to the X rays. The rays can see a splinter of glass in the hand, but not a splinter of wood. Most inks are transparent to the rays, including printer's ink, but some of them are opaque. The rays can see through a postoffice directory, but if a paper with words written on it is put in the middle of the directory the rays will reveal these words and nothing behind them.

Healthy Mothers.

Few mothers are healthy, because their duties are so exacting. The anxiety of pregnancy, the shock of childbirth, and the care of young children, are severe trials on any woman. But with Wine of Cardui within her grasp, every mother—every woman in the land—can pay the debt of personal health she owes her loved ones. Do you want robust health with all its privileges and pleasures? Wine of Cardui will give it to you.

strengthen the female organs and invigorate weakened functions. For every female ill or weakness it is the best medicine made. Ask your druggist for \$1.00 bottle Wine of Cardui, and take no substitute under any circumstances. Mrs. Edwin Cass, Green, Mich. "When I commenced using Wine of Cardui I was hardly able to walk across the house. Two weeks after I walked like a child and played as usual. When my other child was born I suffered with labor pains 24 hours, and had to raise him on a bottle because I had no milk. After using the Wine during pregnancy this time, I gave birth last month to a baby girl, and was in labor only two hours, with but little pain, and I have plenty of milk. For this great improvement in my health I thank God and Wine of Cardui."

The Kiss That Made Him Mad.

A Boston man, in speaking of certain foreign characteristics, told the following story: "A middle aged American couple traveling abroad some years ago called in Rome on a sculptor with whom they had been acquainted years before. The visit passed off pleasantly, but at its close the host gallantly, but none the less to her surprise and chagrin, kissed the lady as he said goodby. The sculptor was an elderly man, but nevertheless it was a liberty, and she was not astonished to hear her husband ejaculate: 'Why, I never heard of such cheek! I've a good mind to go back and tell him what I think of him!'"

Not the Bass Viol Man's Fault.

A capital story relating to good old times is still told in the Fox district of the eastern counties. As is well known by many and even now remembered by some, a bass viol was often procured to help the choir in parish churches.

One lovely Sunday morning in the summer while the parson was drowsing out his drowsy discourse and had about reached the middle of a big bill managed to escape from his pasture and marched majestically down the road, blowing defiantly as he came. The parson, who was somewhat deaf, heard the bull bellow, but, mistaking the origin of the sound, gravely glanced toward the singers' seats and said in tones of reproof: "I would thank the musicians not to tune up during service time. It annoys me very much."

A Nonatta Accident.

A serious seeming accident with a fortunate termination is reported by a western exchange. A man and his wife, while driving along a mountain road in Oregon, met with a curious mishap. The wagon was overturned, and the occupants fell out. The woman dropped into the branches of a tree 50 feet below, and the man went sliding and bumping fully 300 feet to the bottom of a ravine.

The Cost of a Duke.

A correspondent of London M. A. P. tells a story of the Duchess of Montrose, whose beauty is no less renowned than her philanthropy. The scene was a bazaar where the duchess was selling photographs. One old Scotchwoman was very anxious to secure a photograph of the duchess, but the price asked was 5 shillings. The old woman hesitated. She wanted the photograph, but she could not well afford so much. "You can have my husband," said the duchess, with an amused glance at the duke standing near. "For 2s. 6d." The would be purchaser looked at the duke and then at his photograph contemptuously. "Half a crown!" she hinted out. "I wouldn't give a silver sixpence for him. But," she added insinuatingly, "an arm right willing to give half a crown for your bonnie set."

The Lost Itinerary.

When monarchs the first monarch at the court of Louis XIV—discovered at his levee that his watch had been stolen, presumably by one of his valets, he finished dressing hastily and addressing them all, said: "Gentlemen, the watch strikes. Let us separate as quickly as we can." What a tact and finish were here! The spirit of monarchs was admirably caught by the French gentleman of the time, who, attacked by robbers at 5 o'clock in the afternoon, simply observed: "Sirs, you have opened very early today." -Cornhill.

50 YEARS' EXPERIENCE.

Advertisement for Perry's Seeds, featuring an illustration of a man and a woman, and text describing the benefits of the seeds.

S. G. TAYLOR.

Attorney-at-Law, SONORA, TEXAS. Will practice in all the State Courts.

W. A. ANDERSON.

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW. SONORA, TEXAS. Will practice in all courts.

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J. F. CANNADAY.

Formerly of Coleman, Texas, MAKES BOOTS AND SHOES TO FIT YOUR FEET. With Many Years Experience His STOCKMENS BOOT IS A SPECIALTY. Good work in all styles.

Notice to Trespassers.

Notice is hereby given that parties trespassing on my ranch 16 miles northeast of Sonora (the McIlwain) or cutting timber, wood hauling, working cattle, hunting hogs, or fishing, etc., without my permission will be prosecuted to the full extent of the law. J. M. G. RAUGH, Sonora, Tex.

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THE SEMI-WEEKLY NEWS (Galveston or Dallas) is published Tuesdays and Fridays. Each issue consists of eight pages. There are special departments for the farmers, the ladies and the boys and girls, besides a world of general news matter, illustrated articles, etc. We offer THE SEMI-WEEKLY NEWS and the DEVIL'S RIVER NEWS for twelve months for the low club price of \$2.50 cash. This gives you three papers a week or 56 papers a year, for a ridiculously low price.

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Advertisement for Patents, featuring the text "PATENTS" in large letters and a small illustration of a person.

San Angelo Marble Works.

Tombs, Tablets, Marble and Granite of All Kinds. ALSO HANDLE IRON FENCING. GET OUR SPECIAL PRICES on work received at yard. HAZARD & TAYLOR, Props. Successors to W. K. Shipman. Write us for prices. San Angelo, Texas

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