

DEVILS RIVER NEWS.

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Devil's River News.

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MIKE MURPHY, Proprietor.

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SONORA, TEXAS. - February 2, 1901.

Told at the Club.
"It's this way," T. Willie Rockingham, "Brown goes asks me down from Saturday to Monday. Want to go and I go. Haven't seen B.J. for months; not since he got married to money. Poor old chap." T. Willie sighed and took another observation in his glass.

"Find B.J. looking well. Seems a bit nervous, though. You know his kind style. Scatters your wits and keeps you from thinking. Mrs. B.J. well, I can't help seeing she bites her lips a lot. Squinty sign. Thinks I, T. Willie, little old New York is good enough for you. You were in a better place there. Nothing happens though—no war—and I begin to forget. Nice country place. Dinner, billiards and the downy. Then it's Sunday. Morning goes. Afternoon comes. B.J. reads for the horses. Begins to crack on a bit as we stand in the window watching the brutes come up the drive. Been talking quite tall all day about 'his place' and 'his plans.' Mrs. B.J. biting her lips all the time. Now he lets on about 'his' quindrops. Transparent bluff. What do I care? I like to see a man happy. B.J. prattling along. Mrs. B.J. bites her lips some more. Out we go to the vehicle. 'Like to let you drive, old man,' says nice host. 'Know you're all with the ribbons, but I always think my horses like my hand best.' Storm breaks.

"My horses!" says my lady, screaming out the first word.
"B.J. turns pale. Then he straightens up.
"Yes, your horses," he says. "You own them. You own this place and all that goes with it. You own me. Will you assist Mrs. Brown-Jones, Willie?"

T. Willie Rockingham shuddered. "Marry money?" he gulped out. "Excuse me, I'd rather work."—New York Sun.

A Social Operation.
The Army and Navy Journal tells this story about the late Dr. Lewis A. Sayre of New York city:
"When a young medical student at the College of Physicians and Surgeons in New York, one of the operating physicians was about to cut off an Irishman's leg, but before beginning the operation gave a long talk to the students on amputation. The Irishman lay on the operating table in full possession of his faculties, and as he listened to the discourse he grew white and whiter. Finally he jumped from the operating table, crying: 'Get me my breeches, he goes! I'll die with me leg on!' And with that he was out of the room."
"Dr. Sayre found him several days later with his knee badly swollen. The young doctor promptly cut open the knee, but saved the leg. One day he had no lint to bind the wound, so he used the tow stuffing sticking out of an old horsehair sofa. When he called again, he found the wound so much improved that he reasoned that tow dipped in Peruvian balsam would not only disinfect a wound, but would keep it free from pus.

"This was the foundation of one of the most satisfactory successes he ever had in surgery. It was the means of introducing into the army the use of tereb. hemp, or oakum, as a dressing for wounds."

Our Race For Money.
"If it is not true that we Americans regard money making as the work for which life was given to us, why, when we have millions, do we go on struggling to make more millions and more?" writes "An American Mother" in The Ladies' Home Journal. "It is not so with the older races. The London tradesman at middle age shuts his shop, buys an acre in the suburbs and lives on a small income or spends the rest of his life in losing it in poultry or fancy gardening. The German or Frenchman seldom works when past 60. He gives his last years to some study or hobby—music, a microscope, or it may be dominoes. You meet him and his wife, jolly, shrewd, intelligent, joggling all over Europe, Baedeker in hand. They tell you they 'have a curiosity to see this fine world before they go out of it.'"

A Blessing.
Dr. Conan Doyle tells this story of a Boer and an English soldier who lay wounded side by side on the field of battle. "They had a personal encounter, in which the soldier received a bullet wound and the Boer a bayonet thrust before they both fell exhausted on the field. The Britisher gave the Boer a drink out of his flask, and the Boer, not to be outdone in courtesy, handed a piece of strong in exchange. In the evening, when their respective ambulances came to carry them off to the hospital, they exchanged friendly greetings. 'Goodly, mate,' said the Boer. 'What a blessing it is we met you!'"

Being Complicated.
"I don't know when you are asked to stamp my feet," she asked him at her dainty shoes. "I don't know," he said. "There isn't any one else on either of them."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

The Story of a Mean Man.
This is the story of a mean man. He may not be the meanest on record, but he carries a very fair brand of close fistfulness. He had a contract to supply a certain amount of crushed stones. The machine he used could turn out all the work he could get by running eight hours a day.

The mean man had an engineer who was a genius. The genius went to his employer one day and said he thought he could make some improvements in that machine so it would do more work in less time. The genius was paid by the month.

He worked on the machine for several days, taking it apart and putting it together again. When reconstructed, it proved to have greater efficiency than before, so much so that it did the same amount of work in one minute and a half that it used to take four and a half to do.

The mean man, however, could get no more contracts than before. He could fill all his orders by running about three hours a day. The mean man then went to the genius and said: "See here, Henry, I've been paying you by the month, but there isn't as much work as there used to be—not enough to keep you busy. I shall have to pay you by the hour after this."

Henry demurred. He had been too faithful, but he didn't think that ought to reduce his earnings over one-half. His employer was firm, however, and Henry resigned.—New York Mail and Express.

An Experiment in Journalism.
Once there was a really radical paper, in London it was, but the man who made it now lives here and tells the tale. It was one of those papers which are a tragedy. They represent the wreck of the enthusiasm of strong men who must find the outlet for their apostolate. This paper began by being at odds with all that was established, and it had readers. But as time went on the man who made the paper drove off singly and in groups all those who had begun by being his supporters. It was found a little too radical for them, and they no longer kept step with its newest march.

"Of course I now can see that such a paper was foredoomed to failure," the editor said after he had recited the early history of his venture. "I confess it was pretty strong even for British radicals. After the circulation had declined down to the extremists I succeeded in alienating about half of them by denouncing social democracy as feudal oppression, and the other half left me when I attacked atheism on the score of its superstitious tendencies. After that I ran the paper as long as I could without any subscribers. But I had to give it up. Nobody would read it except myself, and toward the end I had to give up reading it myself. I found it too unsettling. So it stopped."—New York Commercial Advertiser.

The Longest Word.
"Rob," said Tom, "which is the most dangerous word to pronounce in the English language?"
"Don't know, unless it's a swearing word."
"Toot!" said Tom. "It's 'stumbled,' because you are sure to get a tumble between the first and last letter."
"Ha, ha!" said Rob. "Now, I've got one for you. I found it one day in the paper. Which is the longest word in the English language?"
"Incomprehensibility," said Tom promptly.
"No, sir; it's 'smiles,' because there's a whole mile between the first and last letter."
"Ho, ho!" cried Tom. "That's nothing. I know a word that has over three miles between its beginning and ending."
"What's that?" asked Rob faintly.
"Beleaguered," said Tom.—Pearson's.

His Accent and His Country.
On one occasion during a visit to America Michael Gunn, who assisted Gilbert and Sullivan in bringing out many of their operas, was trying the voices of some candidates for the chorus. One of them sang in a sort of affected Italian broken English. The stage manager interrupted. "Look here," he said, "that accent won't do for sailors or pirates. Give us a little less Mediterranean and a little more Whitechapel."
Here Gunn turned and said: "Of what nationality are you? You don't sound Italian."
The other suddenly dropped his Italian accent and in Irish said, "Shure, Mr. Gunn, I'm from the same country as yourself."

Military Compositus.
Quinn—Such pomposity in the army is disgraceful.
De Pointe—Compositus?
Quinn—Yes. Since Finn has been promoted to corporal he objects to his letters being marked "private" for fear people may think that that is still his rank.—Chicago News.

Odors and Deafness.
"Here," said the observant boarder, who had a newspaper in his hand, "is a writer who asserts that odors can cause deafness."
"Well," added the cross-eyed boarder, "musk is pretty loud."—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

Diplomacy Wins.
"Yes, that cheeky young Watergreen made a friend of the hanglady Mrs. De Young the very first time he met her."
"How did he do it?"
"He asked her if her hair wasn't prematurely gray."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Benefit of the Doubt.
Sister's New Beau (to Freddy, singing)—Well, Freddy, how do you like my looks?
Freddy—Oh, yer long hair makes you look awfully silly, but maybe you ain't.—Indianapolis Journal.

There Was a Mistake.
"I think," he began as he halted a pedestrian. "I think I made a mistake with the cabman who drove me to the Corcoran Art gallery. I am quite sure I gave him a \$10 bill, but he must have mistaken it for a \$2 bill."
"And you hope to find him again?" asked the man of the stranger to the city.

"Why, yes, I have hopes."
"Well, you are about as green as they make 'em." That cabman deliberately swindled you out of many dollars."
"I can hardly believe it. He looked so honest and truthful that I—"
"That you ought to have asked him to hold your watch and the rest of your money! My dear old Josh from the cornfields, let me say!"

At that minute a cab rattled up, and the driver dismounted and said: "See here, old man, there is a mistake. You probably meant to give me a \$2 bill, and I thought it was one when I gave you \$1 in change."
"But I think it was a ten, my friend."
"No; it was a twenty, and I have been driving about for half an hour to find you and restore the money. Here it is."

"And what was it you were going to say to your dear old Josh from the cornfields?" asked the old man as he turned to the wise person.
But the wise person was there no longer. He was lying for a car as if running for his life.—Washington Post.

Green Not Restful to the Eyes.
It seems as though cherished notions were no sooner on an apparently firm foundation than some inconsiderate locomotist comes along and throws them down. People have for many years supposed that the color green was restful to human eyes and have been referred to the green grass and green foliage that nature has been so profligate with for the benefit of wearied vision.

Now, according to a German professor of Berlin, nature wasn't thinking of human eyes when she made her profuse verdant display and that her color scheme was carried out absolutely regardless of the visual needs of humanity. He says that green does not protect the eye, and he denies that it has any beneficial effects whatever.

He declares that green paper, green shades, green glasses, green decorations and green umbrellas are all a mistake and that by increasing the green light we are simply provoking a nervous disturbance.

He says that each of the colors tires a different set of nerves of vision and therefore looking at one particular color saves one set of nerves at the expense of another. The best method, he says, is to dim all of the rays of light by smoked or gray glasses, which test all of the optic nerves.—New York Herald.

Safe Way to Watch Flights.
The colonel and I sat talking under a shade tree in front of the town post-office when a dogfight started down the street.
"Come on," I said as I sprang up.
"Come this way," replied the colonel as he seized my arm and drew me into a doorway.
"But I want to see the dogfight," I protested.
"Yes, I reckon you do, but you also want to keep clear of the shooting."
"Why should there be any shooting?"
"Because one dog has got to hok' both-er, and the owner of the heked dog ain't goin' to let it rest that way. There they go!"

Ten minutes later we stopped out, to find one man lying on the ground with two bullets in him and some people carrying away a second with half a dozen.
"Dogfights are bewtful affairs," said the colonel as we walked away, "but the safest way to see one in Kentucky is to wait till it's all over and the dead carried off."—Chicago News.

Put Money Aside.
Take 10 cents to the nearest available savings bank and deposit it to your credit. Keep it up until you have a dollar.
Don't wait to do this until you have a situation. Do it now. If you have change for car fare, walk.

This is the only way to save money. If you wait until your salary is raised, or until you happen to have an errand near the savings bank, you may be dead before you lay by a cent.
There is only one way to save money. That is to begin now.—New York Journal.

A Little Short.
At one of the railway construction works in Glasgow the other day a clergyman who takes a great interest in the members of his flock engaged at the cutting saw one of them entering a drinking place. He halted him, but Pat simply looked and walked in. Waiting till he came out the reverend gentleman accosted him thus, "Pat, didn't you hear me calling?"
"Yes, your ravin'ce, I did, but—
"I had only the price of one!"—Exchange.

Couldn't Do the Impossible.
No, the citizen would positively not buy any of the hair restorer.
"Do you think you can make a monkey of me?" he hissed, with asperity.
"Oh, not at all," replied the vender cheerfully. "We don't pretend to be able to restore the hair lost in the process of evolution!"
An innocent bystander cracked a faint smile, but otherwise was still.—Detroit Journal.

An Odd Epitaph.
A visitor to a cemetery at South Verona, N. H., will find the following upon a gravestone there:
Oh, he was sweet, and am the gone
And left poor I here all alone.
Oh, cruel fate, he was so kind
To take me 'fore and leave I blind!
He can never come back to me,
But as must surely, up to me.

USEFUL SNOW.
But for it much of the Earth Would Be Little Better Than a Desert.
If all the condensed moisture of the atmosphere were to fall as rain and none of it as snow, hundreds of thousands of square miles of the earth's surface now yielding bountiful crops would be little better than a desert. The tremendous economic gain for the world at large which results from the difference between snow and rain is seldom realized by the inhabitants of fertile and well watered lowlands.

It is in the extensive regions where irrigation is a prime necessity in agriculture that the special uses of the snow come chiefly into view. All through the winter the snow is falling upon the high mountains and packing itself firmly into the ravines. Thus in nature's great icehouse a supply of moisture is stored up for the following summer.

All through the warm months the hardened snowbanks are melting gradually. In trickling streams they steadily feed the rivers, which as they flow through the valleys are utilized for irrigation. If this moisture fell as rain, it would almost immediately wash down through the rivers, which would hardly be fed at all in the summer, when the crops most needed water.

These facts are so well known as to be commonplace in the Salt Lake valley and in the subarctic regions of the west generally. They are not so well understood in New Jersey or Ohio, where snow is sometimes a picturesque, sometimes a disagreeable, feature of winter.

In all parts of the country the notion prevails that the snow is of great value as a fertilizer. Scientists, however, are inclined to attach less importance to its service in soil nutrition—for some regions which have no snow are exceedingly fertile—than to its worth as a blanket during the months of high winds. It prevents the blowing off of the finely pulverized richness of the top soil. This, although little perceived, would often be a very great loss.

In nature's every form there is meaning.—Youth's Companion.

THE UNSPEAKABLE TURK.
He Scorns All Effort but Military Service and Agriculture.
A Turk thinks it the most natural thing in the world to lose a province and, having lost it, to quit and live elsewhere. He talks quite complacently of leaving Constantinople some day. He will go over to Asia and found another capital. He originates nothing. He takes what he finds without assimilating it and remains profoundly Turkish. He leaves no trace of his occupation except ruins. Practically there is nothing at Belgrade, Sofia and Athens to show that for centuries they were Turkish cities.

All occupations, except agricultural and military service, are distasteful to him. Yet there are two other characteristics even more important than these. The first is his sense of discipline. It is this which keeps together the apparently tottering fabric of the Turkish empire. It makes the half fed, half clothed soldier ready to endure every privation and prevents the corruption and incapacity of the officers from producing the anarchy which would be inevitable in any other country. Sedition is unknown. Even complaints are rare, and were a holy war proclaimed there is not a man who would not be prepared to die in defense of the system of extortion which grinds him down.

His second characteristic is his laziness, in spite of the laborious industry of the Turkish peasant. The fact is that the Turk is too proud to do many things, too stupid to do others. His religion inculcates a fatalism which leads to a conviction that effort is useless.—London Telegraph.

A Humorous Turk.
A typical Turkish humorist was Khosra Nasreddin Effendi, who lived in the fourteenth century. Of him this story is told:
"One Friday the khalifa's fellow villagers insisted on his preaching a sermon in the mosque, which he had never done, not having any oratorical gifts. He mounted the pulpit sorely against his will and, looking around at the congregation, asked in despair, 'Oh, true believers, do you know what I am going to say to you? You naturally replied, 'No.' 'Well, I am sure I don't,' he said and hurriedly left the mosque. The congregation were, however, determined to have their sermon and next Friday forced him again into the pulpit. When he again put the same question, they replied by agreement, 'Yes.' 'Oh, then,' he said, 'if you know I needn't tell you,' and again escaped. On the third Friday the villagers made what they thought must be a successful plan. They got the khalifa into the pulpit and when he asked what had now become his usual question replied, 'Some of us know and some of us don't.' 'Then,' replied the khalifa, 'let those of you who know tell those who don't.' After this the congregation resigned themselves to do without a sermon.—"Turkey in Europe," by Odysseus.

The Spider's Thread.
The body of every spider contains four little masses pierced with a multitude of holes, imperceptible to the naked eye, each hole permitting the passage of a single thread. All the threads, to the amount of 1,000 to each mass, join together when they come out and make the single thread with which the spider spins its web, so that what we call a spider's thread consists of more than 1,000 threads united.

Word of Caution.
"Never propose to a girl by letter."
"Why not?"
"I did it once, and she stuck the letter in a book she was reading and lent it to my other girl."—Chicago Record.

A CREDIT CHECK SWINDLE.
Trick by Which One Firm Got Dollars Without Selling Shirt Waists.
That there is no end to the ways of imposing upon the suffering New York public was illustrated by the failure of a small store recently. The newly appointed receiver was surprised by having many women come to his office with credit checks. These checks were for small amounts, ranging from \$1 to \$10. At first the receiver couldn't understand it, but upon investigation he learned the details of a pretty system of fleecing.

The firm, it seems, had made a specialty of silk and cotton shirt waists. These were, with few exceptions, shapeless, ill fitting garments, and when the unfortunate women shoppers got home with their purchases and put them on they were disgusted to find that the bargain sale waists were baggy and pucky and altogether so poorly fashioned that it would be next to impossible to make them fit even by a complete ripping up and remaking. Such being the conditions they invariably took the goods back and demanded other waists or their money. It was contrary to the principles of the firm to refund money and as they seldom had waists more becoming either in style or shape than the ones returned, they were driven to the extremity of credit checks.

"We will get in a new supply of waists in a few days," was the suave assurance of the manager and his well trained assistants. "Your check will be good at any time, and when we replenish our stock you can select a waist that suits you."

But the new stock never arrived, and in spite of the good dollars received from deluded customers without decreasing their capital of waists, the firm became insolvent and then the women began to come with credit checks. So far the receiver has been unable to compensate them for their loss through the swindle which, in its way, was rather neat.—New York Sun.

AARON BURR'S MAGNETISM.
He Conquered All Feminine Hearts Without an Effort.
"From the time the beautiful and brilliant Mme. Jumel had been a young girl and when Aaron Burr was only a captain in the American army she had been more than once under the spell of his strange fascination," writes William Perrine in The Ladies' Home Journal. "Burr had introduced her to the celebrated Margaret Monieroff, had desperately flirted with her and had implanted within her an admiration which was still alive when he was an aged social exile. She had written of him in earlier days that he appeared to her to be 'the perfection of manhood,' that his figure and form had been fashioned in the mold of the Greeks and that he was as familiar with the drawing room as with the camp.

"In a word," she said, 'he was a combined model of Mars and Apollo. His eye was of the deepest black and sparkled with an incomprehensible brilliancy when he smiled, but if enraged its power was absolutely terrific. Into whatever female society he chanced by the fortunes of war or the vicissitudes of private life to be cast, he conquered all hearts without an effort, and until he became deeply involved in the affairs of state and the vexatious incident to the political arena I do not believe a female capable of the gentle emotions of love ever looked upon him without loving him.' Wherever he went he was petted and caressed by her sex, and hundreds struggled to offer him some testimonial of their adulation. Subsequently Mme. Jumel was married to Burr, who was nearly 80 and she nearly 60. The marriage was not a happy one, and the two soon separated."

Old Apothecaries and Doctors.
The offenses of apothecaries in the middle ages were numerous and the punishment in some cases a whipping. The worst was the improper sale of poisons—that is to say, except when not duly prescribed by a known physician of reputation, and even then not to put down in a register the name of the doctor and person to whom such prescription containing poison was delivered, was punishable likewise. The sale of poison for drugging fish was prohibited and also that of inferior drugs by any apothecary. To prescribe himself (unless a doctor could not be found) was an offense punishable by a whipping, and all preparations sold by him had to be made up in the presence of the doctor or of another apothecary. A barber surgeon might only prescribe for exterior applications "according to surgery," but we are not told what was the penalty in such a case.—Gentleman's Magazine.

Her Meanness.
An American hostess, on the occasion of a gathering of distinguished people, was endeavoring to add to the pleasure of a Frenchman by talking to him in his native language. Noticing that her lack of fluency was irksome to the lady and desiring to relieve her embarrassment, with praiseworthy amiability the foreigner said:
"Pardon, madame, somewhat the French is difficult for you. I am able to understand your meanness if you will speak English."—London Chronicle.

At the Finger's End.
"My niece," said the doctor, "has joined an organization they call the—strange I can't think of the name. I had it at my tongue's end a moment ago—oh, yes, I remember it now. They call it 'The Thimble club.'"
"Then you didn't have it at your tongue's end," objected the professor. "You had it at your finger's end."—Chicago Tribune.

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

Sonora, Texas.

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The Making of Good Coffee

Begins in the growing. Anywhere between the plantation and the coffee pot the flavor may be changed, the quality spoiled by carelessness, inexperience, or unscrupulous methods. From the time Arbuckles' Coffee leaves the hands of the grower until it reaches the user in a sealed packet, it is handled with the same watchful care, the same thought for cleanliness, that you would give any article of food that goes on your table. That's the reason it costs the grocer a cent a pound more than its cheap imitations. The extra cent you pay for

ARBUCKLES' Roasted Coffee

buys much more than a cent's worth of quality and strength. A pound of Arbuckles' Coffee will give you more cupfuls of better coffee than you would get from other package coffees.

Be sure you get Arbuckles' Roasted Coffee. Other package coffees are but imitations of Arbuckles'.

In each pound package of Arbuckles' Roasted Coffee there is a list of articles. With each package in which the list is found the purchaser has bought a definite part of some article to be selected by him or her from the list, subject only to the condition that the signature on the package is to be cut out and returned to our Notion Dept. You should see this list. Address all communications to

ARBUCKLE BROS.

Notion Department, NEW YORK CITY, N.Y.

The Queen's Private Fortune.

Public curiosity has long been piqued as to the size of Queen Victoria's private fortune. It must be large. Parliament granted her \$1,925,000 a year, but that included the running expenses of all her palaces, the salaries and pensions of her large retinue of attendants and servants of high and low degree. Out of it she was estimated, after paying all these expenses, to have \$300,000 a year left for her own personal purse. None of this was used for her public gifts to charity, which Parliament provided for in its grant.

In exchange for the royal revenues from the Duchy of Lancaster, which was extinguished long ago, Victoria received \$215,000 a year more. So that for nearly sixty-four years her private income from the British treasury alone has been \$515,000 a year. As she never was a woman of lavish expenditure, it is a reasonable belief that she has saved at least \$250,000 a year plus interest for sixty-four years from her public income alone. That would make her worth \$16,000,000, even if she drew and spent the interest of \$10,000 a year, calculated at 4 per cent, and not compounded.

Her husband left her the larger part of his estate of \$3,000,000 forty years ago. She is believed never to have touched it. That, with accumulated interest, would add nearly another \$4,000,000 to her private estate. The Osborne and Balmoral estates are her private properties, and are four or five times as valuable as when she bought them, forty-odd years. She holds the title deeds to over 37,000 acres of land in Scotland, to a large estate in Coburg, a splendid villa in Baden. The personal gifts made to her on her Diamond Jubilee were valued at \$2,500,000. If, therefore, her landed estates in England, Scotland and Germany are worth all together \$5,000,000—probably they are worth more—this brings the total value of her fortune up to \$27,500,000.

One other large item is yet to be added—the bequest of \$2,500,000 left to her early in her reign by John Camden Nield, an eccentric miser, which has been accumulating at compound interest until it is said to amount to over \$5,000,000.

Queen Victoria's total estate, adding in her large collection of costly jewels and lace, cannot therefore be less than \$35,000,000. If her heirs have to pay the death duties like the rest of her subjects we shall get a more exact statement of it. It is certain, however, that highly salaries and careful as Victoria has been, her private fortune, respectable large though it is for a monarch, is small in comparison with those left by many an American dealer in oil, pork, iron or railroads.—New York World.

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.

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

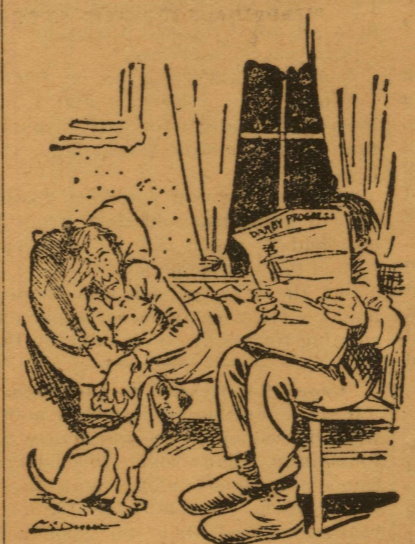
MRS. GALLUP DOOMED

A LOOKING GLASS AND A BLACK CAT BROUGHT HER TROUBLE.

She Saw In Them Her Summons From This Sinful World and Moved to Give Samuel Some Terrible Advice About His Future In This Vale of Sorrow.

(Copyright, 1900, by C. B. Lewis.)

It was after supper, and Mr. Gallup had gone out to feed the pig and see that the henhouse door was closed for the night. He had performed these duties and was on his way back to the kitchen door when he heard Mrs. Gallup utter a long drawn shriek. He gave no start of alarm; neither did he increase his pace. As a matter of fact, he stopped to roll a barrel farther away from the path. When he reached the door, he put down the swill pail in its accustomed spot to a hair's breadth, entered the kitchen to wash his hands and hang up his hat, and it was several minutes before he entered the sitting room. Mrs. Gallup was lying on the lounge. He did not look directly at her, but he knew she was there. He asked no questions, but he was satisfied that she had one of her "spells" on. He sat down, with a great jar, in his favorite chair, pulled off his boots, with a grunt for each boot, and, selecting a book on "Fowls and Their Care" from the shelf, began to read. He had read the book 10 times before.



"I'll be in heaven before sunrise," but had become interested in the statement that speckled hens were more likely to be plucked than white or black ones when Mrs. Gallup recovered consciousness—that is, she opened her eyes, uttered a sigh and fetched a groan and sat up. She fully expected Mr. Gallup would ask her what had happened or at least look in her direction, but just then he was busy with the poultry book's statement that a red rag tied to the tail of a would be sitting hen will scare her out of the idea. When a long two minutes had passed, Mrs. Gallup concluded that something ought to be said, and she began:

"Samuel, I want to talk to you a few minutes before I perish. You know I have bin expectin' to be summoned any day for the last ten years, or since that cow kicked me over the heart. While you were out feedin' the hog the summons came. I caught sight of the back of my head in the lookin' glass just as a strange black cat ran across the kitchen floor. That was the way Mrs. Ann Davis and Hamner Sly received their summons, and there ain't no doubt that I'll be in heaven before sunrise."

Mr. Gallup scratched the back of his neck with one hand and held the book with the other as he read that some geese had been known to live to the age of 15 years, but he had no remarks to offer.

"I don't want to annoy you while you are readin'," continued Mrs. Gallup as she unplanned the tidy from the head of the lounge to use as a handkerchief; "but, as I never died before, I think you kin bear with me a little. The first thing to be done after I expire, Samuel, is to hev me laid out. The neighbors will cheerfully do that. I want to be dressed in that gray dress you bought me six years ago. Be particular about that, because it's the only one I ever had that fits me across the shoulders. I don't want to go to heaven in a dress all lunched up. I want to hev my hands folded and a pink hollyhock in my fingers. I shall try to expire with a smile on my face, so as to look my very best, and if my mouth is shut nobody will notice my old teeth. Samuel, are you follerin' me?"

He wasn't. He was following the author of the poultry book where he stated that ducks were strangely influenced by music and had been known to go to sleep when a fiddle was being played. Mrs. Gallup toyed with her tears for an interval and then said:

"That's all about me, Samuel. You needn't git up no big funeral or go to any big expense. The rest is about you. Even if you don't marry ag'in within four weeks you'll want soft soap for the winter. The soap grease is down cellar in a keg, and it's as good soap grease as anybody ever had. When you are bilin' your soap, don't furgit to lay a sassafras stick across the kettle. I think you'll hev to buy a new tablecloth some time before spring. I've made the last one do for two years, but it's beginnin' to go. It's got three holes right in the middle. However, if you don't marry you won't mind a holey tablecloth. You know about the wash biller, don't you?"

Mr. Gallup refused to answer that question by even lifting his eyebrows. The statement that a gander had been known to commit suicide through disappoinment love interested him to the exclusion of all else.

"The biller leaks in four different places, Samuel, and has fur two years, and I'm afraid you'll hev to git it mended. I'd hev tried to hang on to it fur

another year if I hadn't bin goin' to die, but now it's my duty to tell you. And I'm afraid your second wife will want you to git her a new washboard. I've made ours do fur nine years, and it only cost 13 cents at first, but it's beginnin' to crinkle, and nobody kin be blamed fur it. Now, let's see. Mrs. Taylor owes me two cups of brown sugar. If she cries much at my funeral, you needn't ask her for them, but if she only sheds a tear or two she must pay 'em back. Then Mrs. Jackson has a flatiron of mine with a broken handle. She's bin sayin' fur a year or two that she'd bring it back, but she hasn't done it. It ain't good fur anything as a flatiron, but you want it to crack butternuts with. Samuel, do you remember when the preacher ate supper at Joe White's? It was two years ago this fall, I think, and just about the time I fell into the cistern."

Mr. Gallup did not open his mouth in reply. He had reached a chapter in the book wherein it stated that roosters crowed in the early morning not to welcome daylight, but to scare peacocks away, and he was oblivious of all else.

"Well, what I was goin' to say," continued Mrs. Gallup as she wiped her eyes, "was that I believed she borrowed a nutmeg of me on that occasion to make a custard and has never paid it back. If she lends you any chairs fur the funeral and seems to feel real bad that I'm gone, you needn't mention about the nutmeg, but if she don't you might jog her about it. I owe Sarah Ann Johnson a pinch of bakin' soda, and I owe Melissa Farewell some ginger, and I want you to pay it as soon as I'm buried. You'll find mayweed, smartweed, catnip and spearmint hangin' up in the garret, and in the old sugar bowl on the top shelf in the pantry is the stickin' salve and the nutton tallow in case you git a sore heel. That's all, Samuel. I'm leavin' everything so you'll hev no trouble, and now and then, even when you are playin' checkers with your second wife, I hope you'll think of me. I hope—I hope."

At this point she broke down and sobbed, but even had she laughed instead Mr. Gallup would not have remarked it. He was reading a statement that in olden times hens used to lay eggs as big as pumpkins and that one such egg hitting a temperance lecturer in the solar plexus would have caused instant death. The sobs finally worked off, and Mrs. Gallup said:

"Never mind what I hope. I've got my summons, put my house in order, and now I'll expire. Goodby, Samuel, and goodby all."

She turned and stretched out on the lounge and was heard from no more. After Mr. Gallup had read of drakes who died of homesickness, of geese who formed personal attachments for cows, of hens who learned to know a farmer's whistle from a lightning rod man's topical song, he closed the book and rose up with a "ho-hum" and looked around. Mrs. Gallup was sound asleep, and he had to tunk her three times on the chin to rouse her up and let her know that it was past bedtime.

M. QUAB.

PLUCK WHICH BRED PLUCK.

Brave Things Done In The Transval.

Bravery was cheap in the Transval. I knew so many brave men, so many who had done heroic things, that I took courage as a matter of course. As my prizefighter expressed it, "Pluck was always on tap." There were, however, two or three young Irish lads who carried courage to the verge of recklessness and who in consequence were killed all too intimately. I had one youngster of about 16, rather small for his years, fond of wearing top boots half as big as himself and altogether one of the best troopers in South Africa and therefore in the world. I have seen him ride down hill at a splitting pace, while he turned half round in the saddle, holding a joking conversation with some comrades behind. He could also shoot like a demon. One day he said his horse was done up. He wanted another. I replied jokingly, "Take one from the English." The next day he went prowling near their camp. He saw an officer and an orderly come out to look around. He shot the officer, the orderly galloped off, and Bobby, sneaking up, caught the officer's horse, mounted it and made off. The English fired at him with their rifles and then with their Maxims, but Bobby came galloping back to our laager, grinning all over his face.

"You seemed to be in a hurry to get away, Bobby," I said.

"I guess I was," he replied, laughing.

"They were putting shells after me when I got over the ridge," Collier's Weekly.

Handy With an Ax.

One important feature in connection with the conducting of mining operations in Siberia is the aptitude of the Russian workman for the ax. Wood is so plentiful in the country that in no case will the price for fuel exceed \$1 per cord, and mining timbers may be figured on at a correspondingly low rate. The current anecdote that a Russian workman will, for a 20 kopeck piece, lay his left hand, with fingers spread, on a board and with full strength make an ax cut between each finger cannot be vouched for, but it is certainly true that in pick timbering in bad ground, in erecting buildings, log cabins and all manner of wood joining the equal of the Russian peasant cannot be found.

Russia absolutely forbids the employment of children under 12 years of age in industrial establishments, whether conducted by the state or private individuals.

New Zealand shares with Iceland the distinction over other parts of the earth in freedom from all forms of cattle disease.

Send your orders for
ARTHUR MARTIN.
Windmill Builder and Repairer.
SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.
Shop at M. V. Sharp's Blacksmith Shop
Sonora, Texas.

How the Discussion I
It was whispered in Washington as the Montague Browns as rich as other members of set they had to practice where it did not show. There was certainly no bling anywhere. There were rires, hothouse grown, and canvasback duck, though exorbitant in the market, some tablecloths, cut, and through the opening of American Beauty roses, their ste on the floor, shot up two feet above the table. It was the most effective table decoration of the winter.

Mrs. Montague Brown, young, pretty and ambitious, smiled a smile of rare pleasure. She reflected complacently that she had captured a cabinet officer for this dinner. The conversation was bowling along smoothly, and she leaned forward to listen. The guest of honor was speaking: "And still I insist that no woman can do society all the time without neglecting her household and children." "Not at all," smiled Mrs. Montague. "I think I can persuade you to the contrary if you"—She paused, observing that he was staring with wide open eyes at the doorway. A tiny, half clad figure stood there. "Mauma, 's in the kitchen, and I can't find my nightgown," piped Montague Brown, Jr.—Harper's Magazine.

Too Extravagant by Default.
The manner in which one defaulting cashier was detected was rather peculiar. It was all due to the curiosity of the women of his neighborhood. He went to no expense in the way of dressing, they never heard of his gambling or drinking to any extent, he was a model husband, but he loved a good table. There was nothing unusual in this, but one day the ladies of the vicinity were discussing the best method of cooking meats the wife of the cashier declared very innocently that her husband doted on ham, but he would not eat it unless it had been boiled in champagne. "Boiled in champagne!" exclaimed the listeners. "Heavens, how expensive! We couldn't afford to have ham on our table often if we cooked it that way."

It was soon noised all around the neighborhood that Cashier Blank was a high liver indeed, and the men began telling of his upfitted ideas of cookery. This soon reached the ears of the directors of the bank, and they concluded it might be wise to investigate the accounts of such an epicure. Plain water was all they could afford for their ham, so the champagne lover was called up and subsequently relegated to the pen, where he had to forego his pet dish for many, many weary days.—Louisville Times.

A Long Separation.

"Home again at last, darling."

"John, dearest, you don't look a day older."

"I must. Centuries can't roll over a man's head without leaving traces."

"It was ages and ages, wasn't it? And oh, John, how lonesome I have been!"

"You poor little wifey! If ever I have to go away again, you shall go with me. But you're more beautiful than ever, sweet one. What have you been doing with yourself all the time I was away?"

"Thinking of you, darling, and longing and longing for you to come home."

"If that is the secret of beauty, I ought to have grown a perfect Adonis. And you're sure you recognized me straight off without thinking at least a minute?"

"Of course, you old dear. Do you suppose I could ever forget you?"

"Good gracious! It doesn't seem possible that I've been away only since the day before yesterday, does it, sweetheart?"

"Not a bit more, husband mine, than that we have actually been married a whole month tomorrow."—Pearson's Weekly.

Scotch Medicine.

A stranger came to a provincial Scotch town one day. He looked somewhat of an invalid, and he asked one of the inhabitants to direct him to the chemist's shop.

"The what, sir?"

"The chemist's shop."

"Aye, an what kin' o' shop's that, na?"

"Why, the place where you can buy medicine."

"Eh, sir, we've nae s'le shop as that here."

"Not? What do you do, then, when any one falls ill? Do you take no medicine?"

"Deed, no; not a drap. We've just whisky for the folk an' tar for the sheep, an' that's a' the fessick we deal in."—London Anvers.

It Was Strictly Modern.

"She has received a strictly up to date education, you say?"

"Well, rather. She hasn't a bit of practical knowledge about household affairs, but she has more theories than you could get in a book, and she can talk about parliamentary law in a way that will make her shine in any woman's club you can pick out."—Chicago Post.

His College Days.

"Mike," said "Mlodding Pete," "do you tink it does a man much good to go to college?"

"Not much," replied "Mwandering Mike." "I went thro' a college once, an' all I got was two dictionaries, a suit of football clothes, De swag wasn't wort' de risk."—Washington Star.

It has been found that a dozen Portuguese oysters contain about six grains of phosphoric acid. French oysters have about four grains per dozen.

It is human nature to deride what we cannot possess, to deny what we cannot understand and to insult those we envy.—Chicago News.

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, as second-class matter.

Sonora, Texas, Feb. 2, 1901.

Russia and England.

Shanghai, Jan. 20.—The British gunboat Plover, which was sent to the Blonde Islands to suppress the pirates, destroyed the offending junks.

Vice-Admiral Alexieff, the Russian commander, has written to Vice-Admiral Seymour that inasmuch as the islands are in Russian territory the British action was unwarranted.

Admiral Seymour replied that though he knew Port Arthur and Taliewan were in Russian territory he did not know that these islands were, and that he was therefore unable to coincide with Admiral Alexieff's views, and that he could only refer the question to his Government. Admiral Seymour thinks that the Russian pretensions to islands not to be allowed.

If admitted, it is the opinion of the British naval commander, it would almost naturally follow that Russia would claim the Niatoo group, lying much nearer and extending across the Gulf of Pechill, thus giving Russia complete control of the navigation of the gulf.

Portsmouth, England, Jan. 25.—It is asserted here that the British first-class battle-ships Ocean and Canopus have been ordered to hurry to Chinese waters from the Mediterranean in connection with the dispute with Russia over the Elliot and Blonde Islands.

Valentines at Lewenthal's.

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 Absent-Minded Scotchman.

"Did I ever tell you about the absent-minded Scotchman?"

"No."

"Well, his name was Wyman, and he was about the most absent-minded fellow I ever heard of. It was said of him that he was so absent-minded that he actually put his pants to bed one night and flung himself across the back of a chair, but I hardly think that was true. What I am going to tell you did really occur. Young Wyman had charge of a bunch of horses that were owned by his brother and a man named True. This young man counted the horses in the morning before turning them out to graze, and in the evening he counted them again after he had driven them in the corral. One morning he caught up a horse and saddled him, and then proceeded to count as was his custom and found that he was one horse shy. On making the second count he met with no better success, and the third count tallied out the same number. He then turned out the horses, and started to find the missing animal. All day long he rode through the breaks and up and down the river and numerous creeks, without seeing a sign of the missing horse. Finally about an hour before sunset he rode into a camp of cowboys near the mouth of Pied Rosa creek, and dismounting asked one of them if he had seen anything of a stray horse, and giving the description of the one that was missing.

The cowboy said that he knew where the horse was, but as it was supper time they had better eat something and after supper he would show Wyman where the horse was. After partaking heartily of the food for the poor devil had eaten nothing since early morning, he rose up, said that he was in a hurry, and asked where the horse could be found. The cowboy took him by the arm and led him around on the opposite side of the wagon and pointing to the horse the Scotchman had been riding all day, said, "There he is, you d—absent minded fool."

It is a fact that man had been hunting all day for the horse he was riding.—Woodward Republican.

Service at Episcopal and Baptist churches Sunday at usual hours.

DEVIL'S RIVER NEWS. \$2 A YEAR

Saved Her Life Three Times.

A correspondent sends to the London Spectator the following anecdote: "The servant man of one of my friends took a kitten to a pond with the intention of drowning it. His master's dog was with him, and when the kitten was thrown into the water the dog sprang in and brought it back safely to land. The second time the man threw it in, and again the dog rescued it; and when for the third time the man tried to drown it, the dog, as resolute to save the little helpless life as the man was to destroy it, swam with it to the other side of the pool, ran all the way home with it, and safely deposited it before the kitchen fire, and 'ever after' they were inseparable, sharing even the same bed."

When pain or irritation exists on any part of the body the application of Ballard's Snow Liniment will give prompt relief. Price, 25 and 50 cents, at J. Lewenthal's drug store.

Theodosia Burr's remarkable life story is capably told by an admiring writer in the February Ladies' Home Journal. Such extremes of joy and sorrow as were the lot of "The Beautiful Daughter of Aaron Burr" come to few women. The story of the famous hymn, "Nearer My God, to Thee," and a close view of its brilliant author, are united in "A Woman to Whom Fame Came After Death." How we get and keep the correct time is explained in "The Clock by Which We Set All Our Watches"; and "The Buffaloes of Goodnight Ranch" is a record of the only herd of North American bison owned by a woman. Lovers of "Cranford"—and they are legion—will be delighted with the dramatic version in the February Journal. Though Edward Bok representative men and women journalists emphatically settle the oft-disputed question, "Is the Newspaper Office the Place for a Girl?" There seems to be but one opinion among those who should know most on the subject. "The Problem of the Boy," "Why One Man Succeeds and His Brother Fails," and "The Trying Time Between Mother and Daughter," are all thoughtful articles. Architecture, the fashions, culinary matters, and all themes interesting women are amply treated By The Curtis Publishing Company, Philadelphia. One dollar a year; ten cents a copy.

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 let out any "Shoddy" work from my store. MY SADDLES ARE GUARANTEED NOT TO BREAK, CRAWL OR HURRY. Call and see me when you are in the city.

SAN ANGELO, TEXAS.

Concho Avenue, Opposite Landon Hotel, Phone No. 136.

A Frightful Blunder.

Will often cure a horrible Burn, Scald, Cut or Bruise Bucklen's Arnica Salve, will kill the pain and promptly heal it. Cures Fever Sores, Ulcers, Boils, Corns, all Skin Eruptions. Best Pain cure on earth. Only 25 cts. a box. Cure guaranteed. Sold by E. S. Briant druggist.

John T. Brown the goat man was in Sonora Monday, attending to some land business.

Chas Caruthers came in from the T half circle ranch Sunday with one of his children who is sick.

Miss Luella Word left on a visit to San Angelo Saturday, where she will be the guest of her friend Miss Lilly Dearing.

Mrs. Linn Arnold of Kentucky, was in Sonora last week on a visit to her nephews Sheriff E. S. Briant and D. B. Cusenbary.

Nervous children are almost always thin children. The "out-door-boy" is seldom nervous. White's Cream Vermifuge is the best preventive of nervousness. It strengthens the system and assists to that sort of flesh, which creates strength and power of endurance. Price 25 cents, at J. Lewenthal's drug store.

Mrs. J. W. Mayfield and niece Miss Bula Bruton, arrived in Sonora Monday, from a visit to relatives and friends in Bosque.

D. C. Ker the stockman was in from his ranch in Edwards county Tuesday attending to some business. Mr. Ker wants to sell his ranch.

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

Miss Lyllie Dearing after spending a few weeks in Sonora the guest of her friend Miss Alyce Brick, left for her home in San Angelo, Saturday.

Mrs. Holland who has for the past few weeks been visiting her mother Mrs. Connell at the ranch of A. J. Cox, left for her home in Bartlett, Wednesday.

Don't let the hand of time paint wrinkles on your face. Keep young, by keeping the blood pure and the digestive organs in a healthful condition. Herbine will do this. Health is youth, disease and sickness brings old age. Price 50 cents, at J. Lewenthal's drug store.

Hugh Harlson the well-known carpenter of San Angelo, who has been working for A. F. Clarkson at the Lost Lake ranch, was in town several days this week. Parties waiting any and all kinds of carpentering work should write him at Sherwood or San Angelo.

J. W. Mayfield returned from a visit to his old home in Bosque county, Tuesday. His brother-in-law W. M. Hill a real estate and commission man of Meridian, accompanied him. They left on a ranch prospecting trip across the Pecos, Wednesday.

There is probably no disease or condition of the human system that causes more suffering and distress than piles. Tabler's Buckeye Pile Ointment cures them quickly, without pain or detention from business. Price, 50 cents in bottles. Tubes, 75 cents, at J. Lewenthal's drug store.

J. C. Barksdale and C. T. Turney two of Sutton county's prominent cattlemen made a quick business trip to San Angelo, last week. They left Sonora at one o'clock p.m. Wednesday and arrived at San Angelo at 11:15 p. m. that night. They left San Angelo Friday morning at 8 o'clock and arrived in Sonora at 6 p. m. They drove the same team of mules both ways without change. The mules are still alive and were not pushed at any time on the trip.

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

C. B. Bassell, late of the San Angelo Enterprise and Evening Herald, is reported to have accepted a position as city editor on the Corsicana Daily Sun. The Standard congratulates the Sun and wishes both the best results from the daily.—San Angelo Standard.

A Night of Terror.

"Awful anxiety was felt for the widow of the brave General Burnham of Marchias, Me., when the doctors said she would die from pneumonia before morning" writes Mrs. S. H. Lincoln, who attended her that fearful night, but she begged for Dr. King's New Discovery, which had more than once saved her life, and cured her of Consumption. After taking, she slept all night. Further use entirely cured her." This marvellous medicine is guaranteed to cure all Throat, Chest and Lung Diseases. Only 50c and \$1.00. Trial bottles free at E. S. Briant's drug store.

Notice to Homesteaders.

The act of February 23rd, 1900, provides that patents may issue to all claimants of homestead donations and preemptions in all cases in which applicants made their applications, together with the field notes, to be filed in the general land office prior to May 23, 1898, provided the present claimants will make and file in the land office necessary proofs of occupancy, apply for patents and pay their patent fees on or before January 1, 1902.

A similar notice has once before been given, but it appears never to have become generally known. Parties desiring to protect their homesteads are urged to correspond with the commissioner of the general land office with a view of meeting the requirements of the law.

CHARLES ROGAN
Com. General Land Office.

Havana Wagon, the best 50 smoke for sale at.

C. M. DEERE'S

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Sparks left on Saturday on a business and pleasure trip to San Angelo.

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

Dr. R. H. Burselen of London, Kimble county, was in Sonora Monday.

Fancy and comic valentines at J. Lewenthal's.

Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Chesser and children returned Wednesday from their visit to friends and relatives in Mills county.

Are you nervous, run down, weak and dispirited? Take a few doses of Herbine. It will infuse new energy, new life into the exhausted nerves, the overworked brain or muscular system, and put a new face on life and business. Price 50 cents, at J. Lewenthal's drug store.

Card of Thanks.

Moss Ranch, Jan. 22, 1901.

Please allow me to thank the kind people and friends of Sonora and Edwards county for their help and kindness toward me in the loss of my horse by fire, with many thanks to the people.

Yours truly,
Mrs. T. J. Moss.

Otto Boggs was up from the D K. McMullan ranch Wednesday, for a few tricks.

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

Dave Gentry was in from the ranch Wednesday for supplies and to pay his taxes.

D. E. Burton a horse buyer from Fort Worth, was in Sonora several days this week wanting to buy horses.

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

Henry Wetjen the sheepman, was in from the Gentry ranch for a few days this week looking after some business.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Whitehead take this means of thanking their neighbors and friends for the many kindly acts shown them during their recent affliction.

GUILD MEETING.

The regular meeting of the Episcopal Guild will be held at the residence of Mrs. J. H. Bradley on Tuesday Feb. 5th at 4 o'clock p.m.

Working Night And Day.

The busiest and mightiest little thing they ever saw was Dr. King's New Life Pills. These pills change weakness into strength, listlessness into energy, brain-fog into mental power. They're wonderful in building up the health. Only 25c per box. Sold by E. S. Briant druggist.

Frank Roberts, one of the successful merchants of Sherwood and Ed Weyl a well-known stockman of Irion county, were in Sonora this week on a pleasure trip.

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

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.
9 St. Eldorado.

Texas Live Stock Association.

The 10th annual meeting of the Texas Live Stock Association will be held at Ft. Worth Texas, Feb 12th and 13th, 1901. The attendance at the annual meeting of this Association has been increasing from year to year and the next meeting, it is hoped, will be more largely attended than and other meeting of the Association because this is the first time this Association has held a meeting in North Texas.

This meeting of the Association will be of special importance because of the fact that the Legislature is now in session and several important matters of interest to the Live Stock Industry of the State will be discussed before the Convention and action taken with a view of having these measures enacted into law.

Ft. Worth is one of the two great cattle centers of the State and as this is the only Live Stock Convention she will have this year, the attendance from all Texas ought to be especially good.

During the same dates, this year, the annual Fat Stock Show will be held at Ft. Worth. Several thousand dollars in prizes have been offered at this show and the number of exhibitors will be large and the quality of stock on exhibition good.

On account of the meeting of the Texas Live Stock Association and the holding of the Fat Stock Show at the same time, the Rail Roads will put in effect a very low rate from all points in the State, Ft. Worth is essentially a "Cow Man's" town and the enterprising citizens of that City announce that they have collected a large sum for the entertainment of this Convention and delegates and visitors know that they will be well taken care of.

Comic and fancy valentines at J. Lewenthal's.

Clyde Earwood boss for Geo. B. Hamilton was in Sonora Tuesday, for supplies.

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

J. E. Varian of Del Rio, was in Sonora this week with his old soldier friend Nath Cavin.

Sam Littlepage a prominent stockman from Lampasas, was in Sonora Tuesday, prospecting for a ranch.

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

Phil McCormick a stockman from Eldorado, was in Sonora this week attending to some land business.

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

"The best time to set a hen is when the hen is ready" but if you want success in chicken raising in the Sonora country you must get the hen ready as soon as possible.

It is reported that cattlemen in the San Angelo country contemplate buying sheep after shearing in order to keep the weeds down and improve the grass. A few sheep on a large cattle ranch will do good and they pay well.

First Class Board.

DAY, WEEK or MONTH,
at

Mrs. Ada Stewart's

Two doors south of Postoffice.

Mother—Is that all you have to do on washday—sit around and read?

Daughter—I was just reading about the hanging gardens.

"Well, if you are interested in that kind of stuff, there is a garden back of the house just lovely for hanging clothes."

Stood Death Off.

E. B. Munday, a lawyer of Henrietta, Tex., once fooled a grave digger. He says: "My brother was very low with malarial fever and jaundice. I persuaded him to try Electric Bitters, and he was soon much better, but continued their use until he was wholly cured. I am sure Electric Bitters saved his life." The remedy expels malarial, kills disease germs and purifies the blood; aids digestion, regulates liver, kidneys and bowels, cures constipation, dyspepsia, nervous diseases, kidney troubles, female complaints; gives perfect health. Only 50c at, E. S. Briant's drug store.

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.

M. L. MERTZ, President. C. W. HOBBS, Vice-President;

A. A. DeBerry, Cashier.

FRANK SPARKS. FRED KOENIG.

THE BANK SALOON

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.

Rome Shields and Fayette

Tankersley sold 300 cows and heifers, tailings of the Gordon Stiles herd, and 15 sections of the Gordon Stiles ranch, to a Mr. Dunbar, at \$20 for the cattle and \$4500 for the ranch.

Lee L. Russell, of Menardville, bought all of Joe Callan's 3 year-old steers in Menard county, at \$20.50. Mr. Russell is wintering 3500 steers in the Osage Nation that he bought from his brother, Dick, last fall, and he left Angelo Sunday night for the Nation to inspect them.

T. B. Overstreet, of Crockett, is in the city. Mr. Overstreet recently sold his 12 section leased ranch near Ozona, to W. D. Jones of San Angelo, for \$3200, and purchased an 18 section ranch about 40 miles from Sanderson. Mr. Overstreet feels elated over his recent sale and new purchase and will buy hardware and windmills while in San Angelo. He will school his children at Sanderson. Mr. Overstreet and family will be valuable additions to the society of Sanderson.

The first train load of the Dearing, Mann & Bates meal fed cattle, and fed at Waco, averaged 1103 pounds in St. Louis, where they sold last Tuesday for \$4.30 per hundred pounds; \$47.42 per head is a good price for anybody's cattle.

Felix Mann arrived in San Angelo Tuesday from Waco, where Mann, Dearing & Bates have 3000 head of cattle on feed. He reports them doing well, and says they expect to have them ready for market in about three weeks. They shipped one car Saturday last, but Mr. Mann had not yet heard what they brought. He will be here some two or three weeks.

One of the largest cattle transactions that has occurred in west Texas in several months is the following: Lee L. Russell, of Menardville, bought from Littlefield & White, of Menard and Kimble counties, 5000 three and four-year-old steers, coming 3's and 4's, mostly 3's at \$25 round, delivered, between April 1st and 15th, at the Fort Worth & Rio Grande shipping pens at Brownwood, from whence they will be shipped to Mr. Russell's pasture in the Osage Nation. A \$125,000 cattle deal is not an everyday occurrence in the San Angelo country.—San Angelo Standard.

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. - February 2, 1901.

Mr. and Mrs. T. P. Gillespie were in Sonora Saturday, shopping.

Mr. and Mrs. Cart Mavfield were in from the ranch Saturday shopping.

Mr. and Mrs. Mat Karnes were in from the ranch Saturday shopping.

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

O. C. Roberts one of Eldorado's prominent stockmen, was in Sonora Saturday on a business trip.

H. Z. Windrow the windmill man left on a visit to family in San Angelo, Tuesday.

Will Whitehead and Bob Pass left on a business trip to San Angelo Saturday.

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

Mrs. Fray of San Angelo, who has been visiting her brother Mart Tankersley left for her home Monday.

J. A. Schwalbe was in Sonora from his ranch on Taylor Box Monday, attending to some business.

B. F. McDonald the well-known stockman from the Beaver Lake country was in Sonora last Saturday.

Ernest and Bob Dameron the stockmen of Sherwood, were in Sonora this week wanting to buy three or four thousand sheep.

Medicated Salt

Rock at Hagerlund Bros & Co.

Tom & 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

STOCK OF DRUGS AND DRUGGISTS SUNDRIES, STORE IN KOENIG BUILDING.

PREPARATIONS CAREFULLY COMPOUNDED BY OTIS MITCHELL.

HOW YOUR WANTS AND WANT YOUR TRADE.

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Sonora, Texas, Feb. 2, 1901.

FACTS ABOUT DOLLS.

CAUSE OF THE ORIGIN OF THE WAX AND CHINA VARIETIES.

They Were First Used to Show Off Models of Costly Dresses and in the Seventeenth Century Were What Fashion Papers Are Today.

The origin of the word doll is curious. Centuries ago, when saints' names were much in vogue for children, St. Dorothea was the most popular, and her name the best and luckiest that could be given to a little girl.

The word doll is not found in common use in our language until the middle of the eighteenth century, and, as far as we have discovered, first appears in the Gentleman's Magazine for September, 1751, in the following: "Several dolls with different dresses, made by St. James street, have been seen of the quality to show the manner of dressing at present in fashion among English ladies."

Previous to this the word used to describe the favorite plaything of all girls in all countries and in all ages was "baby," which is to be found, together with "poppet," or "puppet," in this sense in the works of most of the earlier writers.

The wax and china doll originated in the middle of the seventeenth century. There were no fashion papers as now, and in order to show what was being worn on the continent dolls were beautifully and expensively dressed and sent to the various European countries, and from the model orders were taken.

The dolls, to show off their costly garb, must be made of more precious stuff than wood, so wax and china and even ivory ones were made.

Thuringia is the land where most dolls are born—puppetland, as it is called on this account. About 200 years ago most of the dolls were made in Flinders, and they were called not dolls, but Flinders' babies. There used to be an old English couplet which ran thus:

The children of Holland take pleasure in making. What the children of England take pleasure in making.

At one European doll factory the annual production of dolls is estimated at 500,000, and children being employed. To make one talking doll requires the joint labor of 30 men. Dolls eyes are made in underground rooms, into which the sunlight rarely peeps, and violet eyes are the most difficult to color.

There is one town in Germany where three-fourths of all the dolls' eyes in the world are made. Only in the case of the most expensive dolls is real human hair used.

In a doll factory are wood carvers, bookbinders, leg and arm makers, eye-makers, portrait artists, hairdressers, doll sewers and doll stuffers; also a small army of fashionable dressmakers and milliners.

The Hindoo child is probably the only doll-less child in the world. The little Egyptians have their wooden "Eshabti," the same in style as 4,000 years ago. These were sometimes made of porcelain. When a child died, its dolls were buried with it, in the expectation that their spirit forms would also do service in another world.

The paradise of dolls is Japan, where they are most elaborately and gorgeously attired. So are the dolls of Kyoto—"genroku," as they are called. They are often valuable wood carvings, modeled in colors or statuettes of great artistic merit.

One of the most interesting collections of dolls in this country is that belonging to the bureau of ethnology, Washington. They are dolls of the Indians of Arizona and are made from the roots or subterranean branches of the cottonwood tree, whitened out with feathers. They are decorated with red, yellow, green and represent the gods of the tribe—the god of the snow, the god that eats up the rained clouds, the fire god, the sun god and the corn goddess.

The United States play with these dolls as other children do, with one who goes into the doll habitations certain to see a row of these dolls suspended from the ceiling. When not in use, they are hung up until wanted.

In a doll factory a doll with a history, it is made of clay and is considered by its owner, a Mexican lady, and by hosts of other persons to be a work of art, and quantities of costly gifts are constantly offered to it. A room in the house of its owner is set aside for its exclusive use. Here it resides in a canopy bed of solid silver. It has beautiful dresses and rich jewelry, valued at thousands of dollars. Among its latest gifts is a magnificent piano, which is played upon by those who visit the doll, as a part of the service of adoration.—New York Sun.

Qual Relationship. In Franklin county the other day a couple bearing the same name were married. When the license was applied for, the probate judge asked, as the law requires, if the bride and bridegroom were related. "Well, judge," responded the bridegroom, "we kinder are, an we kinder ain't just what you might call relations. You see, we were married together for quite a spell, but ma thought she wanted a divorce, an now we are goin to try it over again."—Kansas City Journal.

As With Others. She—Were you ever troubled with dyspepsia? He—Yes; that's the way it affects me.—Yonkers Statesman.

In his better moments stormy Carthy used to say, "Kindness is the sum of life, the chain to captivity and the sword with which to conquer."

A Girl Win Girl. Illustration of a girl's face.

Will "go" until she drops, and think she's doing rather a fine thing. Very often the future shows her that she was laying the foundation for years of unhappiness.

The use of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription in cases of venereal disease will insure a prompt restoration to sound health. It regulates the periods, stops unhealthy drains, heals inflammation and ulceration, and cures female weakness.

Sick women are invited to consult Dr. Pierce, by letter, free of charge. All correspondence absolutely private and confidential. In his thirty years and over of medical practice Dr. Pierce, assisted by his staff of nearly a score of physicians, has treated and cured more than half a million women.

Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

Another Romance Spelled. "Tell a good story and stick to it," is an old maxim that is illustrated in a story that is going the rounds along the Rio. A certain well known actor got floated into his home one morning about 2 o'clock.

The wife of his bosom was waiting up for him. He told her he had been out all the evening with one of their friends, Charlie B., and then related an interesting fairy story of how Charlie had taken a crowd to supper, how funny Charlie had been all the evening, how well Charlie looked in his new suit, how he said this, that and the other.

After telling a 15 minute story, to which the gentle partner of his joys and out of work periods listened with respectful attention, but cynical mien, he paused for breath. Then she, in a confident now I've got you tone, said:

"That's a lovely romance you've been giving me, and I hate to spoil it, but Charlie has been here nearly all the evening waiting to see you about an engagement. He left only about half an hour ago."

The teller of the tale looked rather dazed for a moment as if he had been struck. Then, quickly gathering himself together, he assumed a bold front, with hands in his pockets, head thrown back and, in a sang innocent and emphasizing each word, said:

"Well, that's my story, and I'm not going to change it for anybody."—Chicago.

Army Jokes With a Moral. "During the civil war," said an ex-army officer, "the authorities for some reason were anxious to move troops up the Tombigbee river. Word was sent to the engineer in that district asking what it would cost to run up the Tombigbee. The official got up and reported that the Tombigbee ran down and not up, a joke that promptly landed his head in the basket, as the matter was serious."

"At the bombardment of Charleston it was extremely desirable to bring to bear on the city an extra heavy gun called by the men the Swamp Angel. The gun took its name from the swamp in which it stood, and to move it through that boggy morass was an engineering feat of extreme difficulty. However, the commanding officers were determined to have the gun brought within range of Charleston and issued orders to that effect. At the same time they sent word to the engineer having the matter in charge of requisition without regard to trouble or expense for anything necessary to accomplish the desired object. His first requisition called for men 26 feet 6 inches in height. Another officer promptly took the matter in charge, from which it can readily be deduced that it is not a paying investment to make jokes in the army at the expense of your superiors."—New York Tribune.

A Contrast in Cooks. In an article contributed to a London paper John Strange Winter, who has been living for many months past in Dieppe, compares the French to the English cook, rather to the detriment of the latter. "In the French kitchen," she says, "there is no waste. It would seem that the French mind does not run to waste or revel in it as the lower class English mind invariably does."

The French cook will not only do a bit of the housework, but she will do it cheerfully and as a matter of course. "You cannot buy your French cook too many pats, and her soul loves copper in her kitchen. Certainly an English cook would grumble if she was expected to keep a kitchen full of copper pans bright and clean, but a French one has them in a condition akin to burnished gold. Her pride is gratified if her kitchen walls are hung with these ornaments, and even if she does the greater part of her small cooking in little enameled pans she will dally up the copper ones which hang on the wall."

No Interference. Burzlar (suddenly confronted by a policeman)—Hello, here's a cop! Policeman—Don't let me interfere, I'm not on duty tonight. Just dropped in to see the cook.—Boston Transcript.

Wisdom without honesty is mere craft and cozenage, and therefore the reputation of honesty must be got, which cannot be by living well. A good life is a man's argument.

She Guessed It. He was despatching with vigor on the exceptional quality of the dinners that are served at one of the fashionable clubs of Brooklyn at a very low figure for a first class meal on Mondays, Tuesdays and Thursdays. Equally fortuitous luncheons could be had on other days of the week, but dinners in course only on those days.

"And why on only those three days?" queried the New Yorker, to whom the delights of life in Brooklyn were being rehearsed.

"Well, that, ironing day and the girl's day out," quickly responded one of the ladies of the party. "That's no sort of a conundrum to a woman who has ever had the care of a house. Better try a harder one next time unless you happen to be in a stag party."—New York Times.

THE GAME WAS LOST.

AND 412 POUNDS OF ECEBALL IDOL WAS SHATTERED.

The Impassioned Downfall of the Lightfoot Lilies' Club Mattered When in an Ill Advised Moment They Told Him to Strike.

"Well, why is it you never played baseball yourself?" asked a latter day fan of the very stout man sitting in the corner. "You say you were the mascot for the famous Lightfoot Lilies of Jones county, and yet, with the exception of the time that they put you in to force the winning run in the thirteenth by being hit in the stomach, you never seem to have played yourself. After such successful daring were you never asked to play again? I don't quite understand."

The stout man gazed at the speaker searchingly for a few minutes and then, apparently satisfied that the questions were asked in good faith, proceeded to unfold the one dark shadow in his otherwise sunny life.

"Have you never heard?" he began. "Then now you shall hear, and, though I think no blame should rest with me, you yourself shall judge of that. Listen. You have already referred to the contest in which I feared the winning run owing to the pitcher's inability to put the ball over the plate without striking my corporation. This, I believe, was due to a law of physics which states that but one body can occupy the same space at the same time or words to that effect. But, whatever the cause, I acquired a reputation for high class baseball second to none in Jones county and at once got a regular position on the team. My figure being my stock in trade, Captain Slinger Burrows of the Lightfoots spared no pains in bringing me to physical perfection before the next game with the Roasters. Under a carefully selected diet of beer, butter, lard, potatoes and cod liver oil I rapidly rose from a meager 220 pounds to the magnificent figure of 412."

"For the first eight innings of the great contest, which ultimately proved my downfall, I fully sustained my enviable reputation for artistic ball playing. Three times the bases were full, with the Roasters one run in the van. Three times I proved the Lightfoots' salvation by forcing the thing run by means of my superior figure. Three times the home roasters vied with one another in futile attempts to pay me suitable homage. I was truly more than queen. And then that fatal ninth, with its brimful cup of gumbless bitterness. Four hundred and twelve pounds of shattered idol!"

"In the last half of the ninth I reached first through my customary strategy. Later I succeeded in gaining third by a daring bit of base running while the Roasters' fielders were searching for 'Bull' Thompson's floor on the other side of the center field fence. Sammie Salmon and one of the Foote twins died easy deaths on infield pop flies. There we were: Ringtail Roasters, 17; Lightfoot Lilies, 16; two out; Thompson and yours truly on second and third bases respectively and the invincible 'Home Run' Hankins at the bat. All were breathless with suspense. The pitcher swung his arm back slowly, and then, swish, bang! 'Home Run' Hankins never missed his aim. I struggled bravely toward the plate, and in less time than it takes to tell it Thompson was at my back pushing violently. I doubled my efforts. A moment later Hankins himself caught up and joined in the single file struggle for home and victory. 'Twas do or die, and the people were like lunatics in their wild excitement. Spurred on by their cheers, I was soon but five feet from the plate, with Thompson and Hankins still dancing at my heels. Then suddenly a voice rose clearly above the others. 'Slide, Willie, slide!' it rang out. Oh, fatal words!"

At this point the fat ex-mascot was overcome by emotion and stopped short. It was some minutes before he could pull himself together sufficiently to go on with his sad story.

"Well," he said at last, "I slid. Diving gracefully forward, I slid a nicely calculated slide that brought my chest directly above the rubber. But the enthusiasm this occasioned among the Lilies was short lived."

"Touch the plate, you foot touch the plate!" 'Bull' Thompson and Hankins yelled together.

"Now, would you believe it, sir, try as I would I couldn't. My corporation had been overstrained. Lying face down, I was so high from the ground that my arms would not reach the plate."

"Rock me!" I cried. "Rock me!" "Rock you?" 'Bull' Thompson roared. "Rock you? We'll rock you, stone you, egg you, and touch that plate, d'ye hear?"

"Rock me," I pleaded, with tears in my eyes. "You don't understand. Rock me like you would a rocking horse. Tell me, I can't touch bottom."

"Twas too late. While I had been explaining my predicament to those blockheads, the Roasters' fielders found the ball and—oh, well, we lost. Afterward I told Captain Slinger Burrows how it happened and begged for just one more chance. No use. He said that my foot with my shape ought to have sense enough to slide on its back and that, but say, honest Injun, now, do you think I was in any way to blame?"—New York Sun.

Not Wholly a Misfortune. The Widow—Yes, Henry's death is a great loss to me, but I am thankful for one thing, he died before he could get his patent perfected. Sympathizing Friend—Pardon me? The Widow—You don't understand? Why, in that case, you know, all the money he had would have gone sooner or later.—Boston Transcript.

A Dress Bazaar. Wife—Oh, such a bargain! I reached Biggs, Drive & Co's ahead of the crowd this morning, and got enough stuff for a perfectly elegant dress for \$1.90. Husband—Hoopla! You're an angel! What will it cost to get it made up? Wife—But \$30.—New York Weekly.

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.

Always Fresh. Always the Best. FERRY'S SEEDS. are sold everywhere. 1891 Seed Annual Free.

PASSING OF THE BELLS.

No Congress Used to Record the Loss and Sorrows of Humanity.

The solemn and impressive custom of announcing death by the tolling of the church bell will soon be but a vague and distant memory. The passing bell has itself passed away, and its long measured accents no longer tell the story of the departure of one more soul.

The bell's voice is identified with all the deepest and most sacred human emotions. It has bespoken the joys and sorrows of all mankind for centuries. Is its voice to die away and leave no part in the life of the future? The wedding bells ring out no more save in some song or story. The Christmas chiming and pealing wanted to our ears. The church bells ring out faintly now and under constant protest.

The church bells are no longer to be heard. The church bells are no longer to be heard. The church bells are no longer to be heard. The church bells are no longer to be heard.

What is the future of the bell that happy silver tongue that has sung out the joys of all the world; that solemn tone that has mourned for the nation's dead and voiced the nation's woes and summoned to their knees the nation's worshippers?—Atlantic Monthly.

QUARRIES OF OLD EGYPT. Where Stone For Pyramids of the Desert Was Procured.

On the way to Philae and the head of the cataract, a short distance south of Assuan, we came upon the ancient quarries which supplied the granite for the columns, statues and obelisks throughout Egypt for many centuries. An obelisk which we saw lies in its native bed. It is 95 feet in length, and three sides have been carefully cut, but for some unknown reason it was never separated entirely from the parent rock. The surface bears the tool marks of the workmen. The grooves in it show that it was to have been raised at the sides. It was supposed that the stone was split from its bed by drilling holes in the rock and filling them with molten lead, which were afterwards saturated with water, the swelling wood forcing the power.

From illustrations in the temples it is clear that these great monuments were floated down the river on flatboats and rafts and then carried inland by artificial canals or dragged overland by thousands of slaves. In one of the tombs at Beni Hassan is a picture illustrating the process. The great stone is loaded upon a huge sled drawn by a multitude of workmen. One man is engaged in pouring water upon the runners to prevent friction; another stands at the left of the sled and beats time, that the men may work in unison, while overseers, provided with whips, urge the laborers to their task. What king desired to extricate this block from the quarry, why it was left here, what it was to commemorate, we can never know. The middle of the spindle is solved, but the middle of the obelisk in the quarry will no doubt remain with us forever.—Chautauquan.

To Avoid a Total Loss. A Pittsburg man tells of a nearly hoarse man in a thirly home in a nearby town. The man was quite a pleasant one and during the evening "Abe" the houseful son of the family was sent to the cellar for refreshments for the guests. He could be heard groping his way through the dark, and then came the noise of something falling and the crash of glass. "Abe's" mother was plainly uneasy, but she assumed the unnatural composure which her society duties demanded. Soon "Abe" came up with an armful of bottles.

"What was that noise we heard," "Abe" asked the mother. "Nothing much," replied "Abe." "I knocked over a bottle of milk and it rolled down the steps and spilled."

"Did you call the cat, 'Abe'?" asked the thirly woman.—Pittsburg News.

Frequent Vaccination. Although almost absolute immunity is secured for a period of six months by vaccination, there is no certainty that its effects will continue beyond that time. In the majority of cases it does, but the interval for which this additional benefit is enjoyed is variable. Hence those who have studied the matter most carefully recommend a fresh operation if more than six months have elapsed since the last one. If a person is liable to be subjected to peril as in the case of an epidemic.—New York Tribune.

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

R. S. HOLLAND, REPRESENTATIVE OF THE NEW YORK LIFE. Will issue you a Policy that is absolutely Non-Forfeitable and Non-Contestable.

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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. PARSONS, Sonora, T. X.

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Pearl Beer. A TRUE HOME INDUSTRY.

HANDLED IN SONORA BY THE RANGH and MAUD S. SALOOKS. ALL the stock owned by SAN ANTONIO citizens. The LARGEST brewery in the South. Last year's output 150,000 Kegs More than any other brewery south of St. Louis.

A. J. Swearingen, Agent, Sonora, Tex.

HERBINE. Pure Juices from Natural Roots. REGULATES the Liver, Stomach and Bowels, Cleanses the System, Purifies the Blood, CURES Malaria, Biliousness, Constipation, Weak Stomach and Impaired Digestion.

Every Bottle Guaranteed to Give Satisfaction. LARGES BOTTLES, SMALL DOSE. Price, 50 Cents. Prepared by JAMES F. BALLARD, St. Louis, Mo.

For Sale by J. LEWENTHAL, Sonora, Texas.

SONORA & SAN ANGELO MAIL, EXPRESS & PASSENGER LINE. TOM & WILL SAVELL, Proprs.

Single trip \$4. Round trip \$6.50. Tickets for sale at Mrs. Keen's Sonora, and at Harris' Drug Store, Angelo. Stage leaves Sonora and San Angelo every day, Sundays excepted, at 7 o'clock a. m. The trip being made in one day.

All business entrusted to our care will receive personal attention. Comfortable Hacks. Low rates on Express parcels.

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C. J. NICHOLS BUILDER and CONTRACTOR. SONORA, TEXAS. Estimates furnished on application.

Caruthers & Hill. Live Stock & Real Estate Commission.

Will furnish you with Description, Prices, Terms, Etc., of all kinds OF LIVE STOCK, RANCHES AND TOWN PROPERTY. Write them what you want and receive a Large List to select from. Office opposite Vander Stucken's, SONORA, TEXAS.

SAN ANGELO MARBLE WORKS. Tombs, Tablets, Marble and Granite of All Kinds. ALSO HANDLE IRON FENCING. GET OUR SPECIAL PRICES on work received at our yard.

WARD & TAYLOR, Proprs. Successors to W. K. Slipman. Write us for prices.