

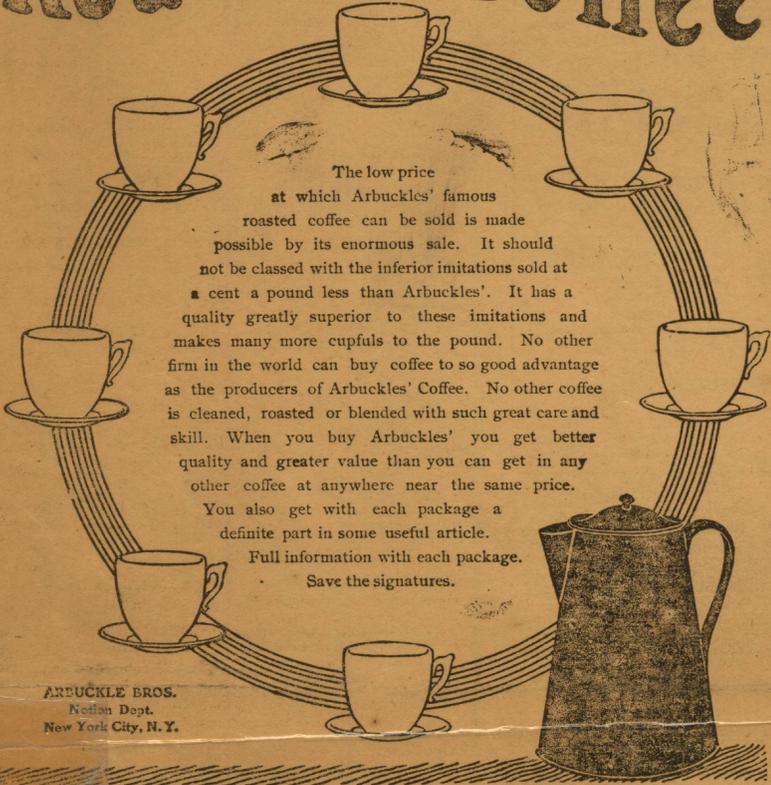
DEVIL'S RIVER NEWS.

VOL 11.

SONORA, SUTTON CO., TEXAS, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY, 16 1901.

NO. 320

Arbuckles' famous Roasted Coffee



The low price at which Arbuckles' famous roasted coffee can be sold is made possible by its enormous sale. It should not be classed with the inferior imitations sold at a cent a pound less than Arbuckles'. It has a quality greatly superior to these imitations and makes many more cups of coffee. No other firm in the world can buy coffee to so good advantage as the producers of Arbuckles' Coffee. No other coffee is cleaned, roasted or blended with such great care and skill. When you buy Arbuckles' you get better quality and greater value than you can get in any other coffee at anywhere near the same price. You also get with each package a definite part in some useful article. Full information with each package. Save the signatures.

ARBUCKLE BROS.
New York City, N. Y.

A SPASM OF REFORM.

THE REVIVAL THAT WAS SUGGESTED FOR THE TOWN OF JERICHO.

Pap Perkins, the Postmaster, Tells About the Enthusiasm With Which Abijah Holden's Idea Was Greeted and How Lish Billings Doused It With a Wet Blanket.

[Copyright, 1900, by C. B. Lewis]
It was Abijah Holden who first got the idea, and he sprung it on the post-office crowd one Saturday night in the most unexpected manner. He'd bin keepin' powerful quiet fur a week or two, like a man who's left his jack-knife stickin' in the barn door and is tryin' to remember the fact, and this made the surprise all the greater. The crowd was most ready to go home when he got up and said:
"Feller Citizens of Jericho—I want to see this town boomed as much as any of you. I want to see her git up and hump herself till Boston or Chicago won't be in it, but when it comes to choosin' between size and goodness I'm fur goodness. I think it's better fur one's soul and body to live in a small, good town than in a big, bad town. I'm willin' to go in and help push Jericho along, as I said, but let's do it on right lines. Let's start her off on a high moral plane and keep her so."
"There's a p'int, and mebbe a mighty strong one, in what Bijah says," remarked Deacon Spooner as the speak-

made speeches and pledged themselves, and Deacon Spooner tapped on the floor with his cane and said he thanked heaven he had lived to see that night. The enthusiasm was still bilin' when Lish Billings strolled in and looked around in an inquiring way. The deacon explained what was up and asked him if he hadn't sunthin' to say.
"Waal, not a great deal," replied Lish. "I'd like to ask who's to git up this revival?"
"We'll send for some great preacher," answers Abijah Holden.
"Who's to pay him? Preachers ain't revivals around for nuttin', though they like to do good."
Everybody looked at everybody, but no one had any more to say.
"And when we got the revival started," continued Lish, "there'd have to be a lot of ownin' up, things and askin' forgiveness. Who's goin' to own up to gittin' drunk on hard cider, to jawin' his wife, to lickin' his children, to pi-zenin' dogs, to cripplin' hogs, to stealin' fence rails, to a hundred other mean things? Take yer time about it and don't all speak at once, but lemme have the information."
Deacon Spooner opened his mouth as if to say that Lish had made a strong p'int, but closed it again and heaved a sigh and went out. Other sighs was heaved and other folks went out, and in three minits Lish Billings had all the cracker and sugar bars' to himself and was wonderin' what had busted up the meetin'. M. QUAD.

THE PURSUIT OF HAPPINESS.

Political Sanction of What All Agreed to Be a Good Thing.

One of the latest writings of the late Charles Dudley Warner was an essay for The Century, entitled "The Pursuit of Happiness."

Perhaps the most curious and interesting phrase ever put into a public document is "the pursuit of happiness." It is declared to be an inalienable right. It cannot be sold. It cannot be given away. It is doubtful if it could be left by will.

The right of every man to be 6 feet high and every woman to be 5 feet 4 was regarded as self evident until women asserted their undoubted right to be 6 feet high also, when some confusion was introduced into this interpretation of this rhetorical fragment of the eighteenth century.

But the inalienable right to the pursuit of happiness has never been questioned since it was proclaimed as a new gospel for the new world. The American people accepted it with enthusiasm, as if it had been the discovery of a gold prospector, and started out in the pursuit as if the devil were after them.

If the proclamation had been that happiness is a common right of the race, alienable or otherwise; that all men are or may be happy, history and tradition might have interfered to raise a doubt whether even the new form of government could so change the ethical condition. But the right to make a pursuit of happiness given in a fundamental bill of rights had quite a different aspect. Men had been engaged in many pursuits, most of them disastrous, some of them highly commendable. A sect in Greece had set up the pursuit of righteousness as the only or the highest object of man's immortal powers. The rewards of it, however, were not always immediate. Here was a political sanction of a pursuit that everybody acknowledged to be of a good thing.

Sneeze Without Winking.
Bobby came home one day covered with dirt and bruises and trundling a broken bicycle.

"What on earth have you been doing, my child?" exclaimed his terrified mother.

"I ran over a big dog and took a fall," explained Bobby.

"Couldn't you see him and give him the road?"

"Yes; I saw him and was turning out, but when I got within about ten feet of him I shut my eyes, and before I got 'em open again I'd run into him."

"For the land's sake, what did you shut your eyes for?"

"Couldn't help it. Had to sneeze. If you think you can hold your eyes open when the sneeze comes, you just try it some day."

If the reader thinks Bobby's excuse was not a valid one, let him try it some day "when the sneeze comes."—Youth's Companion.

Startling Exposure.
Sister Snowball—"Deed, Sistah Dankleigh, did yo' all notice how Pabson Pinfentel's bal' haid shine dis mornin'?" Honey, I tell yo' dat saint sho'ly shine wif inwaid grace.

Sister Dankleigh—"Inwaid grace, nuffin'! Pabson Pinfentel done been boadin' at mah home, an mah boy Washinton Jeff son done see him polish dat bal' haid wif dishyer tan shoes dressin'."—Baltimore American.

A Careful Speaker.
"What did you expect to prove by that exceedingly long winded argument of yours?" asked the friend.

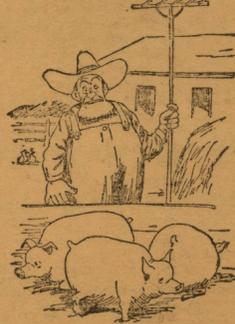
"I didn't expect to prove anything," answered the orator. "All I hoped to do was to confuse the other fellow so that he couldn't prove that I didn't prove anything."—Answers.

Incontestable.
Mary—I'm positive Fred loves me and intends to make me his wife.
Helen—Why? Has he proposed yet?
Mary—No, but he dislikes mother more every time he sees her.—Jugend.

A man is a fool to be jealous of a good woman, and he is a fool to be jealous of a worthless one. Now draw your own conclusions.—Chicago News.

Standing around the streets is not the only way of looting.—Atholton Globe.

There were half a dozen others who



CUT OFF THE TAILS OF THREE OF HIS HOGS, OR PASSED TO COLLECT HIS THOUGHTS. "but up to this period his language is sorter ambiguous. He's drivin' at sunthin, but what that sunthin is he'll have to explain."

"It's jest this," resumed Abijah. "I'm in favor of holdin' one of the biggest religious revivals in this town this fall that was ever held on the top of this airth. I want it to be kept up till every human bein' in the place is good as an angel. I want it to be kept up till we'll purred to boom. When you kin advertise the fact that a town of nigh 2,000 inhabitants hasn't one single sinner in it, what's goin' to be the result? Why, gentlemen, the influx, the rush, of preachers alone to such a place will bring about the sale of 2,000 city lots within a year. Widder will come here, orphans will come here, converted sinners and reformed drunkards will come here, and the newspapers will spread it broadcast that Jericho has no need of courts, constables or jails."

"I do decide that Bijah has made a p'int," said the deacon. "In a general way Jericho is a purty good town, but its moral standard kin be boosted up a peg or two, I reckon. I'm in fur the revival."

Admiral Taylor got up and said he also favored it. A town was like a child—start out in the right way with it, and it would prove a joy and a blessing. He hadn't seen a great deal of wickedness around Jericho, and he didn't believe there was much, but what was lurkin' around in the fence corners might as well be dry out to make a clean state of it. He didn't believe in mixin' booms with religion, but yet if a boom did follow the revival he had six acres of land which he would cut up into town lots and sell for fair prices.

Salathiel Thompson followed with a ringing speech. He had bin seen wickedness in Jericho for over 20 years, but not feelin' strong 'nuff to cope with it single handed had kept his head shet and let it go on. To his certain knowledge there was liars and thieves and swindlers in the town. There was also drunkenness and profanity and bettin'. He had sometimes gone to bed o' nights expectin' the fate of Sodom to overtake the place before the sun riz. If a revival would sweep away all this wickedness, and he believed it would, then let 'er come. More goodness meant more churches, and if another meetin' house was built he wanted the job and would take it at the lowest reasonable figger.

Solomon Davis followed with a history of Sodom and Gomorrah. He had read up on them towns and got all the particulars. If they'd had a revival and everybody turned to goodness, they'd not only have bin standin' yet, but property along the main streets would have bin worth \$1,000 a foot front. Nobody could say that Jericho was a hundredth part as wicked as Sodom, but she'd got a start and unless checked up it was only a question of time when an earthquake would leave her a heap of ruins. He wouldn't take up the valuable time of the meetin' to give instances of wickedness beyond makin' it known that durin' the past year some Gomorrahite had cut off the tails of three of his hogs and pulled all the tail feathers out of one of his peacocks. Let the revival and the wave of goodness come on. He'd ring the bell for services and sweep out the church and not charge a cent for his services, and when the business boom followed it would find him ready to put down four rods of new sidewalk and take in ten boards at \$5 a week apiece.

There were half a dozen others who

Poor Richard's Bread Box.

Benjamin Franklin was a hearty eater in the good old days before the vendin' of lightning rods became a profession. When history caught one of her first glimpses of him, he was eating a roll in the street. After he laid the cornerstone of the Pennsylvania hospital in the happy reign of George II, he was a frequent visitor in the halls of that institution. His labors there being arduous, it chanced that he frequently felt hungry at work.

He appeared at the hospital gate one day with a big tin box under his arm. Disregarding the gaze of the envious, he marched through the corridors to the dispensary, brushed aside a few cobwebbed benches from a shelf and in their place planted the tin box.

"What might this be?" queried his friend Dr. Rush.

"This," said Ben Franklin, "is Poor Richard's bread box. Help yourself."

The box was filled with penny cakes. When the supply ran out, Ben Franklin bought more cakes. That was 150 years ago.

Since Franklin's time, new hospital buildings have crowded the old out of existence and the hospital has grown to be one of the most noted in the world. Yet an old tin box, much battered and dented, stands on a shelf in the drug room, and it contains cakes and ginger snaps. Whenever the resident physicians or nurses visit the room they go to the box, take out a cake and eat. When the cakes are gone, the hospital steward charges the box afresh.—Philadelphia Press.

Easy if You Have To.
Many stories of President Lincoln might be classified as fiction, although a few of them are so. It is not unnatural that this little anecdote, which is better than most, should appear in Mr. Irving Bacheller's novel, "Eben Holden."

"My son," he said, taking my hand in his, "why didn't you run?"

"Didn't dare," I answered. "I knew it was more dangerous to run away than to go forward."

"Reminds me of a story," said he, smiling. "Years ago there was a bully in Sangamon county, Ill., that had the reputation of running faster and fighting harder than any other man there. Everybody thought he was a terrible fighter. He'd always got a man on the run; then he'd catch up and give him a licking. One day he tackled a lame man. The lame man licked him in a minute."

"Why didn't ye run?" somebody asked the victor.

"Didn't darst," said he. "Run once when he tackled me, an I've been lame ever since."

"How did ye manage to lick him?" asked the other.

"Waal, said he, 'I hed to, an I done it easy.'"

"That's the way it goes," said the immortal president. "Ye do it easy if ye have to."

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 16, 1901.

DO COWS CRY?

The Grief of an Animal Whose Calf Had Been Killed.

A correspondent writing to Dumb Animals says: Dumb animals are said to have a "sign" language of their own by which they make known the emotions of pleasure or pain and a limited catalogue of wants and sorrows. Recently I had occasion to dispose of a 5-months-old calf which was taken away about noon and butchered a short distance from my residence.

When the cow came home at night, she missed her calf, and although an orphan calf was permitted to suck she continued to call it by affectionate moaning and looking. The cow, however, only gave about one quart of milk instead of a gallon or more, as formerly. During the night she lowed frequently for her calf, and the next morning when it did not appear she exhibited unmistakable signs of grief. The orphan calf was no solace to her. She was driven to the woods with her mate, but came back and continued lowing until noon. She came inside the enclosure, but would not eat grass.

Just after dinner a great commotion was heard in the direction of where the calf was butchered, made by a number of cattle lowing, having scented the fresh blood. The grief stricken mother cow ran to the closed gate and looked beseechingly toward me, as much as to say, "Please open the gate," which being done she started on a run to where the other cattle were lowing.

In a short time she came slowly walking back to the house and was again permitted to come inside the enclosure, when she deliberately took up a position at the kitchen door, wistfully looking in mute despair at each member of the family as they happened past her. The tears flowed copiously from her eyes, and there she stood all the afternoon, with the same pathetic wailing and wailing for the poor orphan calf.

TOLD BY THE GROCER.

His Conversation With a Deaf Woman—A Lost Him a Customer.

"I'll tell you how I lost a good customer the other day," said the grocery

A Dreadful Blunder.
Mr. Jinks—You look all broke up.
Mrs. Jinks—I am. It just makes me sick to think what a fool I've been. You know that commonplace little dowdy next door that I've been snubbing so?"

"Yes."
"Well, I've just found out that her husband gets \$5 more a month than you do."—New York Weekly.

To an Extreme.
"I believe in being kind to the birds and all that," said Miss Hankypank. "but I do think Clara Deager carries it too far."

"What has she been doing now?" asked the other girl.

"She refused Harry Singleshell because somebody told her that when he went out rowing he always feathered his oars."—Chicago Tribune.

SONORIAN 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 GRAIN, HAY, OATS, ETC.

IN CONNECTION WITH THE BEST WAGON AND FEED YARD. At the old MANN place. Sonora, Texas.

You Can Get What You Want at KIRKLAND'S RESTAURANT.

EVERYTHING FIRST-CLASS.

F. M. WYATT, STEAM WELL DRILLER.

TERMS REASONABLE. SATISFACTION GUARANTEED. 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 yard.

W. K. SHIPMAN, Prop. Successors to W. K. Shipman. Write us for prices. San Angelo, Texas.

SPRING IS HERE

The Stockman's Paradise is Still on Top.

IF YOU WANT TO MAKE INVESTMENTS IN

Ranches, Cattle, Sheep, Goats, Horses,

CALL ON OR WRITE TO

CARUTHERS & HILL

COMMISSION MERCHANTS, SONORA, TEXAS.

Ranches in all sizes up to 55,000 acres. Eight thousand steers, twos and up.

10,000 head of stock cattle in lots to suit. Sheep, Goats and Horses.

Have buyers for individual lands. Careful attention given all business.

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Sonora, Texas. - Feb. 16, 1901.

The dance at the Court house, Thursday night, St. Valentines day, brought a large crowd and was thoroughly enjoyed.

Mrs. M. A. Woodward and Mrs. S. P. Woodward of Coleman are guests of Mr. and Mrs. R. S. Holland.

To Renew Leases.

The commissioner of Indian affairs has authorized the agent in charge of the Kiowa, Comanche and Apache reservation in Oklahoma to renew by the month the grazing leases with the cattlemen of the southwest for the benefit of the Indians. As the reservation is not to be opened to settlement until Aug. 6, and the cattlemen are paying at the rate of \$230,000 per annum, a neat sum will be added to that already held for the Indians by renewals by the month after the present three-year leases expire on April 1.

Chief Inspector J. R. Standley of Plattville, Iowa, during his recent trip to Texas passed on about 1300 head of goats which were eligible to registration in the National Angora Goat Association. The largest number passed owned by one party was 550 head of John Hamlett's flock of Exile. R. H. Lowrey of Camp San Sabi has 336 head and Joseph Roth of Willow Point 45 head. The remainder were in small bunches. Mr. Standley regards the outlook in Texas as encouraging. San Antonio Express.

Odessa, Tex., Feb. 4.—Mr. E. F. Dawson of this place purchased of a Mr. Humphries of Nebraska fourteen 2-year-old heifers for \$5,500.

Wilbur and Dock McCoy have returned from the visit to their father in Burnet county. They left the old gentleman much improved in health.

Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Thomason gave a dance to the young people Monday night at their home in West Sonora. All who attended had a fine time.

Enjoying the Ride.

A schoolboy, who was going to a party, was cautioned by his mother not to walk home if it rained, and she gave him money for a cab. It rained heavily, and great was the mother's surprise when her son arrived at home drenched to the skin.

"Did you not take a cab as I ordered you, Ah?"

"Oh, yes; but when I ride with you, you always make me ride inside. This time I rode on the box, and it was so jolly!"

The beauties of nature are deeply studied by some. Two men last summer put up five stailings each on a wager that one could hold a wasp in his hand longer than the other. The man who rubbed chloroform on his hand expected to win, but the other man happened to know that male wasps don't sting, and accordingly got one of that sex. They sat and smiled at each other while the on-lookers wondered, until the chloroform evaporated, and then the man who used it suddenly let go his wasp. The other man got the money.

He was a cyclist, and called at a farmhouse for a glass of water, but the farmer's pretty daughter offered him a glass of milk instead.

"Won't you have another glass?" she asked, as he drained the tumbler.

"You are very good," he said, "but I am afraid I shall rob you."

"Oh, no! We have so much more than we can use ourselves that we always give it to the calves."

Send your orders for

SPURS AND BRIDLE BITS

Rufus Sterling,

Gunsmith and Machinet,

San Angelo, Texas.

Plain Spurs or Bits \$2.50.

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

A bill is before the Kansas legislature asking for an appropriation of \$10,000 with which to purchase poison to exterminate prairie dogs in Western Kansas. They are destroying thousands of acres in the western part of the State. Prairie dog wardens are to be appointed for each township to scatter the poison in the prairie dog towns.

New Stock Law.

The following is the full text of a law relating to the bringing of cattle into the Cherokee nation, which was passed at the last session of the Cherokee council and has been approved by President McKinley:

"Be it enacted by the national council, that it shall be unlawful for any person to introduce cattle of any kind whatever into the Cherokee nation from any state or territory of the United States or any other nation of the Indian Territory for the purpose of holding or grazing them upon the public domain of the Cherokee nation, whether the same be enclosed or otherwise, provided, that citizens of the Cherokee nation may introduce cattle between Dec. 1 and Feb. 28 of the following year by paying 5 cents per head for each and every head of cattle so introduced.

"Be it further enacted, that it shall be the duty of the principal chief of the Cherokee nation to report all violations of the above section to the Indian agent at Muskogee, I. T., or other proper authority of the United States, with the request that said violators of said section be proceeded against as provided in section 2117 of the Revised Statutes of the United States, and that they and the said cattle so introduced in violation of said section be removed from without the limits of the Cherokee nation.

"Be it further enacted, that all moneys collected under the provisions of this act, after paying the necessary expenses, shall be placed by the Indian agent to the credit of the school fund of the Cherokee nation.

The section of the revised statutes of the United States referred to in the act provides that Every person who drives or otherwise conveys any stock or horses, mules or cattle to range or feed on any land belonging to any Indian or any Indian tribe without the consent of such tribe is liable to a penalty of \$1 for each animal of such stock."

While Iparhecher was chief of the Creek nation he had the United States authorities institute suit against a number of cattlemen for violating this section, but most of the suits were compromised before they came to trial and some are still pending.

Father: "What were you and Mr. Huggins talking about last night?"

Daughter: "Why, he was showing us how he plays billiards."

"He seems to make a good many kisses when he plays."

Proposed Amendment to State Land Law.

The following is a synopsis of the proposed amendments to the state land law, as embraced in the bill introduced in the House by Hon. W. Van Sickle of A. pipe.

First—Maintains lease line, except such changes as to removal of counties as may desired by representatives living along the line.

Second—Making leases absolute for term of years granted.

Third—Giving lessees who have improved any sections preference to buy.

Fourth—Purchasers required to reside on land within thirty days after notice of award. In event purchasers buy in large enclosures, they are required to fence off their sections within six months after notice of award, and unless such purchases have water on their purchases they are prohibited from turning loose stock in large enclosure, and limited the number.

When a purchaser once makes his election and buys his land he is ever estopped here after from taking up other lands as an original purchaser, and his application must declare such facts under oath.

First payment must be one-tenth and sent to commissioner direct. Must pay 4 per cent on purchase. At expiration of lease, land withheld from further lease for thirty days, and event sale is made of any of the last-old date of purchase begins to run from expiration of lease; likewise if land is leased.

Clause preventing leaseholders from making transfers to fractional portions of their leaseholds to parties for the purpose of having such parties buy. In event leaseholders desire to throw up part of his lease, let the state be the landlord and put land on the market, thereby keeping out favored classes.

Compelling commissioner to send out promptly lands on the market to the clerks and compelling clerks to keep the record open to inspection, allowing commissioners' court to fix fees for clerk so keeping record and prohibiting clerk acting as land agent directly or indirectly and prescribing a penalty.

A tramp applied to a gentleman for a few pence to buy some bread.

"Can't you go into any business that is more profitable than this?" he was asked.

"I'd like to open a bank if I could only get the tools," answered the tramp.

No Wonder It Pained.

A tender-hearted old woman noticed a horse with a broad rubber band stretched round its leg just above the hoof. She asked the driver of the cab why it was there, and suggested that it was cruel to place it on the animal.

"Yes, mam," replied the cabby, "it's painful to the horse, no doubt, but that's not the worst of it. It's the getting of it on that pains the poor thing. Why, we had to stretch the band and draw it over the horse's head and down a l his boy to get it on."

Not a Freak.

Larry—The doctor six OI made glasses. How much are they?

O'Brien—Do you wish nose glasses?

Larry—No; OI want eye glasses. OI can't see throo me nose, kin OI?—New York World.

Bridal Presents as Revenge.

"One of my rivals played me an awful mean trick."

"What was it?"

"He gave us a lamp which burns a half gallon of coal oil every night."—Exchange.

His Most Careful Book.

First Passenger—What book has helped you most in life?

Second Passenger—The city directory.

First Passenger—The city directory?

Second Passenger—Yes; I'm a bill collector.—Syracuse Herald.

A curious official regulation demands that all the old linen of the Ceylon hospitals shall be burned every three months. A government official comes round on a periodic linen inspection and condemns holy sheets, towels, etc., to a fiery fate.

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

FOR RENT.

The most desirable business property in Sonora will be for rent early in January. The property is the Gao, 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.

El Paso, T.x., Feb. 9—(Special)—Red Steery, a trial for the murder of R. L. Hall, the wealthiest citizen of this country, was found guilty of murder in the second degree and given a penalty of fifteen years in the penitentiary. Hall was killed on his ranch last November.

DEVIL'S RIVER NEWS, \$2 A YEAR

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

Notice to Trespassers.

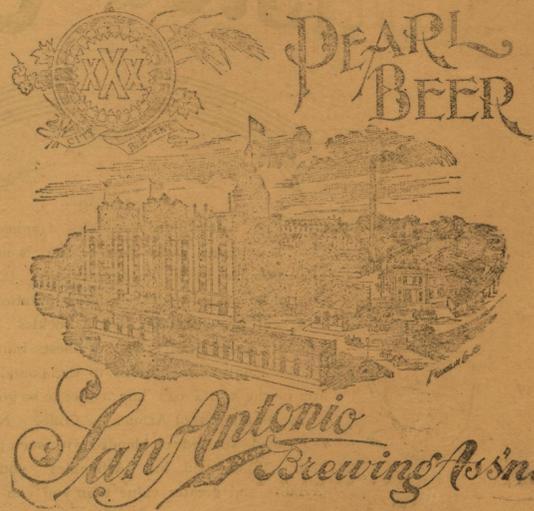
Notice is hereby given that all trespassers on the ranches and lands owned or controlled by the undersigned in Schleicher and Sutton counties, for the purpose of cutting timber, hauling wood or hunting hogs, will be prosecuted to the full extent of the law.

THOMSON BROS.,
E.orado.

98t.

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

WHAT IS SAN ANTONIO PROUD OF?



A TRUE HOME INDUSTRY.

HANDLED IN SONORA BY THE RANCH and MAUD'S SALOONS. 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

Nine-Tenths of all the People Suffer from a Diseased Liver.

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. LARGEST SIZE, 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.

ALAMO IRON WORKS,

San Antonio, Texas.

WELL DRILLING and PUMPING

Machinery and Supplies.

C. J. NICHOLS

BUILDER and CONTRACTOR

SONORA, TEXAS

Estimates furnished on application.



IT'S AN ILL OMEN. Think the wife, to have the wedding ring slip from the finger. "Something is going to happen."

HE WHISTLED ON THE WAY.

No deeds of fame adorned his name, No laurel wreath or bay, And yet he made earth happy;

THE BAND PLAYED "DIXIE."

And Sousa Won the Hearts of the People at Fayetteville. When North Carolina celebrated its centenary, the Marine band was ordered to Fayetteville to participate in the ceremonies.

The tone of the succeeding oration was equally fervid, but the speaker enlarged upon the glories of the commonwealth whose one hundredth anniversary was being celebrated.

Settle the Counterfeit.

When a person comes into "Old Man" Smith's cigar store and hands him money in return for something purchased, the old man can ascertain by a single glance or touch whether the money is good or counterfeit.

An Accomplished Cook.

The family had advertised for a cook. The family lived in a west end mansion. Throughout the house there were rich articles of furniture and bric-a-brac which had been picked up from time to time in the family's wanderings through Europe and other sections of the globe.

New York is Provincial.

Perhaps there is no city quite so provincial as New York, says A. Maurice Low in The Atlantic, due to the fact that the average New Yorker, whether in society or business, has got into the habit of patronizing the inhabitants of any other city.

Why He Preferred to Stay.

Landlord—You will oblige me by paying your rent, now three months overdue. Unless you can pay you must move. Or is the rent higher than you can afford? In that case we might perhaps—

Warning Mr. W.

Wimble—A judge in one of the courts has decided that a man has a right to remain out all night if he wants to. Mrs. W.—Don't let that worry you, Wimble. That judge hasn't jurisdiction in this household.—Boston Transcript.

Rapid Transit Returns.

"I wouldn't be guilty of doing a favor for a man and then in a day or two asking him to do one for me." "No, nor I. I'd ask him right straight off, before his gratitude got a chance to cool."—Indianapolis Journal.

The Royal Army Clothing Factory of Great Britain has only two commissioned officers, a director and a doctor.

The stayer wins whether the weapons be brown or brains. The best work is done by hard work.

NOT DRIED CURRANTS

A LEARNED GROCER COMMENTS UPON A COMMON MISTAKE.

The Tiny Fruit Used in Cakes, Puddings, Buns and the Like Are Raisins Made From Little Grapes That Are Grown in Greece.

"Mother wants a pound of dried currants," said a little girl who came into the learned grocer's store in Eighth avenue.

"I ain't got a dried currant in the store and there ain't none in the city," replied the learned grocer. "But I know what you want, sissy, and I've got 'em."

The learned grocer brought forth a box of the little, sticky, sugary, gummy currants used in fruit cake, plum puddings, mince pies, buns and the like.

"Why, them's 'em!" exclaimed the little girl.

"Yes; them's 'em," assented the grocer, "and if the Grecian maiden who trod this particular lot of 'em into shipshape had used a little water or even a feather duster on her feet before she began there wouldn't be so much grit in 'em as there is. She must have been having a regular hoedown on the classic sands before she began to dance on this box of fruit. There, sissy; tell your mother she must bathe 'em in several waters before she uses 'em, or she might just as well put a lot of sandpaper in her fruit cake. And tell her that they ain't dried currants either."

"What's the reason they ain't dried currants?" demanded a disputative customer when the girl had gone.

"They ain't dried currants any more than they are dried pumpkins," replied the grocer. "The reason they ain't dried currants is that they weren't currants before they were dried. Good reason enough, ain't it?"

"Yes," said the customer, less disputative than he was. "But what does everybody call them dried currants for then?"

"Cause they don't know any better," said the learned grocer. "They'll go right on coming in here and asking for dried currants just the same after I tell 'em why they ain't dried currants as they did before."

"What should they ask for, then?" inquired the customer.

"If any man should come in here and ask for dried currants," replied the learned grocer, "he would not necessarily be a gentleman, but I'd bet on him being a scholar. Dried currants is what you should ask for when you want this little sugar coated, gritty raisin, for it's a raisin pure and simple."

"Iow's that?" the customer wanted to know.

"Because it was a grape before it was dried," said the grocer, "and if raisins ain't grapes what are they?"

"But you said these were dried currants," persisted the customer. "What's a currant, anyhow?"

"A currant is the smallest grape that grows," replied the learned grocer, "and it lost its name years and years ago because it was gradually corrupted into 'currant,' which became also the name of the adulterated little berry of our garden, which you might dry from now until Gabriel sounds his horn without getting it nearer the condition of a raisin than a pea is."

"This raisin," said the customer, "is all over the islands of the Grecian archipelago and was first exported from Corinth, and that's what gave it its proper name. The bunches don't grow much bigger than a stem of red currants, and they are so full of sugar that when they are picked and dried in the sun they actually set to melt and run together like gumdrops, and it takes a lot of care and work to separate them again."

"After they are separated is the time when the Grecian maiden gets her work in on 'em, for it is one of her pleasant duties to jump on a heap of the sticky stuff with her bare feet until she has compressed enough of the little raisins to squeeze three boxes of them into one. No hydraulic pump could do it better. If it could, we wouldn't have the sand and grit the maiden's feet mingle with the fruit, and without that no dried currants are genuine."

"Still, I shall expect folks to come in here right along and ask for dried currants just the same," said the learned grocer as he went to wait on a new customer.—New York Press.

Pitch and Toss.

The professor happened in at the doctor's the other morning and found him polishing the belongings on the sidewalk.

"Improving the shining hours, are you?" he said.

"No, sir," replied the doctor. "I'm improving the shining hours."

"I'm!" ejaculated the professor. "Where are they?" "They're ours."

"Well, isn't that what I said?"—Chicago Tribune.

Family Frictions.

Caller—Wasn't that Miss Robinson who just left? Ethel—That was my Aunt Carrie Robinson.

Caller—Oh, your aunt, eh? On your mother's side? Ethel—Not much. She steaks up for papa all the time.—Philadelphia Press.

What Was the Use?

Mother—Goodness, how did you hurt your finger so? Little Son—With a hammer.

"When?" "A good while ago." "I didn't hear you cry." "No, mother. I thought you were out."—Stray Stories.

A kitten has been brought up on an exclusively vegetable diet by a family of vegetarians. The result is that it will not touch animal food, and it pays no attention to rats or mice.

King Richard in a Kitchen.

"Actors of the old school did not have the gorgeous stage settings of the present," said a veteran stage manager the other night as he gazed at the stage in Ford's Opera House while in a reminiscence mood. "I remember once we were playing southern towns with Edwin Booth and wanted to put on 'Richard II.' No special scenery was carried for this, and I was told to look over the stock at the theater to see if there was any that could be used. The second scene called for the entrance of the king and all his courtiers into a royal hall. I picked out a set of scenery that I thought would do for the palace, but cautioned the stage hands not to get it on wrong side out. Well, the first scene was finished, and when the stage was disclosed for the second there was the typical old kitchen scene, the one with hams hanging from the rafters, a candlestick on the mantel and all that. I was horrified and asked Mr. Booth if we should change it by ringing down the curtain. He said no, he would go on, but he cautioned the other players to 'keep your eyes on me; don't under any consideration look behind you at the scenery.' Well, the scene went off, and afterward, when I asked some of those in the front of the house, they made no comment, and I was convinced that in the intensity of the acting they had not noticed that the king was in the kitchen instead of the palace."—Baltimore Sun.

Kept the Bonnet Company.

The story of an elderly couple who lived in a Massachusetts town nearly 50 years ago is told by some of the oldest inhabitants with muchunction.

The lady had been bereft of one helpmeet, and her second husband had twice been left a widower before the pair were united in the bonds of matrimony. They were both of that temperament which causes its possessor to be characterized as "set."

On the wedding day the bride found in the back entry, on a conspicuous nail, a sunbonnet which had belonged to her immediate predecessor. She removed it to oblivion in a closet.

Her newly wedded husband made no comment, but replaced the sunbonnet on its accustomed nail.

During the next few days the calico headgear vibrated with more or less regularity between the closet and the nail. Then there came a day when the bride approached her husband with a man's hat in her hand as he was in the act of reinstalling the sunbonnet.

"If you have that sunbonnet there," she said firmly, "I shall hang up my first husband's hat on the next nail."

She looked at the bridegroom and met the counterpart of her own expression. She hung the hat on the designated nail, and, although the two people lived to be very old, neither the hat nor the sunbonnet ever moved again till the house came into the hands of a new owner.—Youth's Companion.

He Didn't Write the Story.

A correspondent of the Philadelphia Press says that when the late H. E. A. Dorr was on the staff of the Baltimore American news came one day to the city editor that food in the Seven Foot Knoll lighthouse, out in Chesapeake bay, was exhausted and that the keeper and his family were starving. Dorr secured a custom house tug and loaded it with provisions. The weather was exceptionally cold, and the tug was stuck in the ice half a mile from the knoll. Dorr left the boat and started over the ice.

When he reached the lighthouse, he was warmly greeted. "Come in the dining room," said the keeper's wife after the rescuer had warmed himself. "Come in and have dinner with us."

Mr. Dorr thought that hunger had made her mad. "I heard that you needed food," stammered Mr. Dorr as soon as he could speak.

"Well, come to think of it," replied the housewife, "we do. We have plenty of meat and vegetables, flour and that sort, but the next time you are coming out this way we'd appreciate it if you'd bring over a few jars of quince jam." She added cheerfully.

Mr. Dorr took his provisions back to Baltimore, but no account of his trip was written.

Appearance.

They have called to solicit the firm's assistance for a local charity. Greene—Suppose we ask this gentleman that is coming up the aisle.

Gray—No; he's dressed too well, and he has too much the air of enterprise and activity. He is undoubtedly an underling on a small salary. We will tackle that stonily looking, woebegone little man at the desk. He is sure to be the head of the establishment.—Boston Transcript.

A Couple of Bulls.

An advertisement recently published in a newspaper in Ireland set forth that "Michael Ryan begs to inform the public that he has a large stock of cars, wagnettes, brakes, harnesses and other pleasure vehicles for sale or hire."

This is the same paper which, in a glowing description of a funeral, announced that "Mrs. B. of G— sent a magnificent wreath of artificial flowers in the form of a cross."

His Pointed Remark.

"I frequently hear you say that money talks," she remarked.

"Yes; it is an old saying and a true one," he replied; "but, unfortunately, while money talks, all that talks is not money."

"Why do you say 'unfortunately'?" she asked.

"Because if that were so," he answered, "I would be married to a fabulous fortune."—London Fun.

The Equinoxes.

The equinoctial storms are no longer believed in by scientific persons. The equinoxes are the dates of the year when the sun crosses the equator at one of the equinoctial points. They occur about March 21 and Sept. 21, and though storms have been known to occur about those times, they are no longer considered as due to the perfectly natural occurrence of the cross-ings.

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.

ARTHUR MARTIN.

Windmill Builder and Repairer. SATISFACTION GUARANTEED. Shop at M. V. Sharp's Blacksmith Shop Sonora, Texas.

C. H. ALLEN,

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

Offices and the Man.

If a Filipino enters the house of a European living in an unassuming way, he will not believe that the European is either wealthy or wise, and, although his manner may be correct, it will not be humble. On the other hand, if he visits an ignorant man who indulges in great splendor, he will at once become exceedingly respectful.

Mr. Phelps Whitmarsh, who in The Outlook gives his experiences in the islands, tells the story of a wealthy provincial visiting Manila for the first time, who was asked to be presented to the governor general.

When he reached the palace, he found the governor taking coffee on his piazza, dressed comfortably in a white cotton suit. The Filipino requested that some favor be extended to his district, and his request was granted. He then withdrew. The official who had procured the presentation asked him what he thought of the general.

"Why," replied the visitor in a tone of disappointment, "he is no different from any other white man."

It so happened that the general was told of the incident, and he gave orders that at his next reception the Filipino should be present.

Upon entering the throne room and seeing the general in full uniform, surrounded by his brilliant staff, the provincial gazed at the splendor of these Spanish functions, the provincial grew pale and, kneeling in deep humility, exclaimed: "This is indeed my general!"

So impressed was he that the following morning he sent a pair of handsome horses to the general with a note which read:

"My general, yesterday I liked you so much in your uniform of gold that I send you this pair of horses, but do not use them when you dress in a white suit."

Mirror Mad.

"What!" exclaimed the astonished reader, "is it possible that there are any civilized persons on the face of the earth who are not in the habit of beholding their visages reflected from time to time in a mirror of some kind? Surely this cannot be so." Wrong, quite wrong, gentle reader, for at the present time, strange as it may appear, there are hundreds of men and women in the United Kingdom who have not gazed into a mirror for years.

The convicts confined in British prisons form members of this community. From the moment of a convict's entrance to a jail to the moment of his exit he is not permitted to have the use of a mirror of any kind, the smallest piece of glass being rigidly denied him. To the women convicts this absence of a mirror forms one of the chief hardships of confinement, and many a female warder can tell pitiable tales of women who have actually fallen upon their knees and solicited out entreaties for the loan of a morsel of mirror—"just for a second." All these entreaties have perforce to be disregarded, and it therefore comes about that many a female convict passes three or four years without being permitted to gaze upon her own features.—London Tit-Bits.

He Got a Pass.

"Halt!" cried an alert patrolman in Manila as a beautifully-comparisone carriage drove up containing a portly gentleman. The driver reined his steeds, and the sentry, standing firmly in the center of the street, shouted, "Who is there?"

"Not knowing what else to say, the occupant of the carriage answered, "Judge Taft, president of the civil commission."

"Advance, Judge Taft, to be recognized," bawled the sentry. The judge advanced, and the following dialogue took place:

Sentry—Have you a pass? Taft—No, sir; do I require one? Sentry—You do, sir, and it's my duty to run you in.

Taft—But I am the civil governor of the Philippine Islands. Sentry—That doesn't cut any figure. You're a civilian and out after hours. I'll let you go by this time, but the next time I catch you you'll have to see the captain.

"Thank you," murmured Judge Taft as he drove away. And there and then he formed a resolution to put in an application for a pass. According to the Manila Freedom, he got it.

A Bone "Library."

There is a lending library of human bones in London. It is intended for the use of medical students, and the bones are lent out in exactly the same manner as books from a circulating library. The entire collection is valued at £5,000 and contains besides human bones the skeletons of horses, dogs, cats, oxen and sheep—all animals that the veterinary surgeon is likely to be called upon to treat. The present market price of a human skeleton is from £10 to £20, according to its condition. A skull may be worth anything from 5s. to 11s. For a payment of 6d. a student can borrow any part of the skeleton that he desires to study and may retain it for one week. A complete skeleton can be borrowed from the library for the sum of 15s. down and a deposit of 5s.—London Answers.

Her Proposals.

Talking of the Baroness Burdett-Coutts Lord Houghton said: "Miss Coutts likes me because I never proposed to her. Almost all the young men of good family did. Those who did their duty by their family always did. Mrs. Browne (Miss Coutts' companion) used to say it coming and took herself out of the way for ten minutes, but she only went into the next room and left the door open, and then the proposal took place, and immediately it was done Miss Coutts coughed, and Mrs. Browne came in again."—Augustus J. C. Hare's Recollections.

The Mystery of Gout.

It is better to confess ignorance than to assume false knowledge. In spite of the careful study that has been given to the subject of gout it must be admitted that we are as yet unimformed as to its exact nature.—Medical Record.

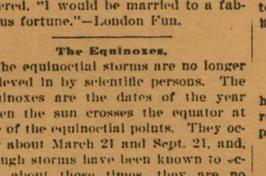
An Inventive Genius.

Mr. Small—Do you know her? Mrs. Small—Only by reputation. Her husband is the inventor of the cash register for married men's trousers pockets.—Ainslie's Magazine.

Fitting.

A tailor made suit is sometimes followed by a lawyer made suit in a turn by a nonsuit.—St. Paul Dispatch.

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D. M. FERRY & CO., Detroit, Mich.

A MUTUAL SURPRISE.

The Meeting Between an Ambitious Hunter and His First Grizzly.

In "Sketches of Life in the Golden State" Colonel Albert S. Evans tells an amusing anecdote of an ambitious hunter who met his first grizzly bear in procession. The incident occurred in the woods near the site of the present town of Monterey.

The hunter sat down to rest in the shade of a tree and unwittingly went to sleep. When he woke, it was near sunset, and he sat up, rubbing his eyes and contemplating a return to his hotel several miles distant.

Just then a rustling and cracking noise from a clump of chaparral about 100 yards away attracted his attention. Out walked a grizzly bear, a monarch of his kind. He yawned, licked his jaws and then advanced toward the tree where our hunter sat, but evidently was unconscious of his presence.

His grizzly majesty had proceeded about 20 paces when a female bear followed him, and an instant later a third grizzly followed her at a slow, shambling pace.

The hunter sat spellbound with terror as the procession came toward him until the forward grizzly was within 30 yards. Then, scarcely realizing what he did, he sprang to his feet and uttered a frenzied yell—yell upon yell!

The effect was magical. The foremost bear sprang into the air, turned sharply about, knocked the female down, rolled over her, gathered himself up and bolted "like 40 cartloads of rock going down a shoot," straight for the chaparral again, the other two bears close at his heels and never turning to see what had frightened them.

The hunter, seeing the enemy retreating, sprang to his feet and fled at top speed for the hotel, leaving hat and gun behind. The truth of his wild and startling tale was proved the next day by the numerous bear tracks of different sizes found in the marshy ground near by. But the three bears had gone off beyond pursuit.

SINKING SHIPS.

They Don't Linger in Mid-ocean, but Go to the Bottom. What becomes of the ships that sink at sea? Do they go all the way to the bottom or do they meet somewhere under the surface a certain pressure that buoy them up and holds them in equilibrium? Somebody, we forget who it is, has given rein to his groggish fancy and pictured all the ships that have been lost in mid-ocean as wandering about like so many ghosts half way between the surface and the bottom.

There is no foundation whatever for such a notion, though many persons have it. Any object that will sink beneath the surface of the sea will go all the way to the bottom. The pressure encountered on the way down, which is simply enormous in the deeper parts, has nothing to do with the object's sinking, for it is exerted on the object as well as on the water, thus equalizing the conditions.

The reason why the object sinks to the bottom is that water is not compressible; at least it is so little so that its density at the bottom of the sea is only a trifle greater than it is at the surface. Scientists tell us that the water at the bottom is just about as much denser than the water at the surface as sea water is denser than fresh water.

This slight difference in density, therefore, does not and cannot stop the downward course of a sinking ship or any object that is heavy enough to sink rapidly beneath the surface. Pressure, as we have said, is not a factor in the case at all.—Chicago Record.

Notice to Trespassers.

Notice is hereby given that parties trespassing on my ranch 16 miles northeast of Sonora (the McIlwaine) 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. LAUGH.

305. Sonora, Tex.

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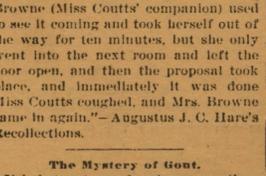
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