

# DEVIL'S RIVER NEWS.

SONORA, SUTTON CO., TEXAS, SATURDAY, JUNE 26, 1909.

NO. 973

VOL 19

The Store on the Corner

**SONORA MERCANTILE COMPANY,**  
SONORA, TEXAS.

The Store of Quality

**SELZ Shoes**  
the Best for Men and BOYS

**EXPRESS--NOVELTIES**

The Latest Novelties in Hair Goods And Jet Designs MAY BE HAD from us we Keep Up with the Fashions even if we have to order by Express. We Deal with the Most Exclusive Houses to Supply Properly Our Many Quality Customers.

**PUFFS, SWITCHES, RATS**  
Barretts, Bandeaux, Ball Hair Pins  
Hat Pins, Jet Trimmed Belts,  
Jet Earrings, Jet Sash & Collar Pins.  
**JET GOODS ARE THE NEWEST.**

SOLD ONLY AT

**Carson's**  
California  
**GLOVES**  
the Best on Earth

The Store of Quality

**SONORA MERCANTILE COMPANY,**  
SONORA, TEXAS.

The Store on the Corner

## KEEP CHEERFUL.

Use Logic Even When You Have Cause For Feeling Blue.

Whoever went through an entire season without seeing a ray of sunshine? And yet when we have the blues how often we sit down and prognosticate a future for ourselves without a single mitigating circumstance in it to warrant us in not swallowing a tablespoonful of strychnine and getting through with our troubles all at once.

There are few out of custody foolish enough to abandon all hope on a dark, rainy day and say: "Now I know that it is always going to rain. It never can be any brighter. Nothing will ever happen to make it stop, and I rather expect it to keep on getting worse and worse."

It may rain for a day or two, and sometimes things are pretty soppy for a week, but we all know that it will stop eventually, so bear with our rubbers and umbrellas and leaky roofs and wet wood and muddy floors with a fair degree of philosophy, always looking out hurriedly the first thing in the morning for drying weather.

Now, why can't people be as logical about their hard luck as they are about the weather and not let a blue day make them sure it's bound to last?

Nobody ever keeps right on breaking her best china plates or spoiling twelve egg cakes or making both dress sleeves for one arm. Very few break their legs or arms more than once or twice in a lifetime. Not many have typhoid fever more than once. Then why can't people when they are getting their dose of such trouble pull themselves together for the strain, all the time saying over and over so that they won't for a minute forget it: "Never mind. Everybody has to take a turn. A thing like this is sure not to last forever."—Clara Parker in St. Paul Pioneer Press.

## A Wife's Thoughtfulness.

A Chicago newspaper man tells this on himself. He was about to start from home one bitter morning last winter when the mercury was hovering around zero and a razor edge gale was hustling in off the lake. He had just pulled on his gloves, and, turning to his wife, he asked: "Whatever became of that old pair of ear muffs I used to wear? If you can find them, I believe I'll put 'em on this morning."

"I wouldn't wear those things if I were you," responded his wife.

"Why not?" inquired John, looking at her suspiciously out of the tail of his eye.

"Why," returned his wife, in a resigned tone, "you wouldn't any more than get downtown with those ear coverings on before somebody would ask you to 'come in and have something,' and you might not hear it, and when you found it out the shock might kill you. Then I would be a widow."

John had closed the door and gone on his way—without the ear muffs.

## Overruled the Court.

The rigid observance of English rules in South Carolina courts and the neglect of the same on the part of a barrister well known in his day gave rise to the following passage: "Mr. P.," said the judge, "you have on a light coat. You can't speak."

"May it please the bench," said the barrister, "I conform strictly to the law. Let me illustrate. The law says the barrister shall wear a black gown and coat, and your honor thinks that means a black coat?"

"Yes," said the judge. "Well, the law also says the sheriff shall wear a cocked hat and sword. Does your honor hold that the sword must be cocked as well as the hat?" He was permitted to proceed.

## He Had No Objections.

He had held one of the fattest jobs in the gift of the local political boss, and when he died there was an unseemly scramble for his position. The first man to reach the boss had no particular claim upon him, but merely placed his faith in the adage of the early worm.

"Guv'nor," said he, "do you think you would have any objections to my getting into Jones' place?"

"Oh, I'm sure I have no objections," was the unfeeling reply. "None in the world, if the undertakers and coroner are willing."—New York Herald.

## What Ailed Tommie.

Tommie was eating walnuts. His mother cautioned him about eating many, fearing they would make him sick. Presently he came in, his hand on his stomach and a very distressed look in his face.

"Those nuts have made me sick, I see. I just knew they would," said the mother.

"They haven't, either," whined Tommie. "I am not sick. It's just my pants are too tight."—Delinquent.

## DISTANCE OF THE STARS.

How Astronomers Set About the Task of Measuring It.

With the exception of a hundred stars at most, we know nothing of the distances of the individual stars.

What is the cause of this state of things? It is owing to the fact that we have two eyes that we are enabled not only to perceive the direction in which external objects are situated, but to get an idea of their distance, to localize them in space. But this power is rather limited. For distances exceeding some hundreds of yards it utterly fails.

The reason is that the distance between the eyes as compared with the distance to be evaluated becomes too small. Instruments have been devised by which the distance between the eyes is, as it were, artificially increased. With a good instrument of this sort distances of several miles may be evaluated. For still greater distances we may imagine each eye replaced by a photographic plate. Even this would be quite sufficient for one of the heavenly bodies—viz, for the moon.

At one and the same moment let a photograph of the moon and the surrounding stars be taken both at the Cape observatory and at the Royal observatory at Greenwich. Placing the two photographs side by side in the stereoscope, we shall clearly see the moon "hanging in space" and may evaluate its distance.

But for the sun and the nearest planets, our next neighbors in the universe after the moon, the difficulty recommences.

The reason is that any available distance on the earth, taken as eye distance, is rather small for the purpose. However, owing to incredible perseverance and skill of several observers and by substituting the most refined measurement for stereoscopic examination, astronomers have succeeded in overcoming the difficulty for the sun. I think we may say that at present we know its distance to within a thousandth part of its amount.

Knowing the sun's distance, we get that of all the planets by a well known relation existing between the planetary distances.

But now for the fixed stars, which must be hundreds of thousands of times farther removed than the sun. There evidently can be no question of any sufficient eye distance on our earth. Meanwhile our success with the sun has provided us with a new one distance, 24,000 times greater than any possible eye distance on the earth, for now that we know the distance at which the earth travels in its orbit around the sun we can take the diameter of its orbit as our eye distance. Photographs taken at periods six months apart will represent the stellar world as seen from points the distance between which is already best expressed in the time it would take light to traverse it. The time would be about sixteen minutes.

However, even this distance, immense as it is, is, on the whole, inadequate for obtaining a stereoscopic view of the stars. It is only in quite exceptional cases that photographs on a large scale—that is, obtained by the aid of big telescopes—show any stereoscopic effect for fixed stars. By accurate measurement of the photos we may perhaps get somewhat beyond what we can attain by simple stereoscopic inspection; but, as we said a moment ago, astronomers have not succeeded in this way in determining the distance of more than a hundred stars in all.—Scientific American.

## Lazy Birds.

The "mound fowls" of Australia and New Guinea construct mounds of decayed leaves for their nests. In these the eggs are laid and covered over with the same material. The warmth engendered by the decomposition of the leaves causes the eggs to hatch, and the young in due time burrow their way out to life and the open air. These birds are regarded as the laziest of all the feathered kingdom. Next to them come the common blackbirds of America for laziness. These blackbirds never build nests of their own, but lay their eggs in the nests of other birds and leave them to be hatched by foster mothers. This is an unfortunate imposition on the smaller birds, as the blackbird's young is so large when first hatched that he soon crowds the smaller birds out of the nest and has it all to himself.

## Women's Rights.

"Madam, do you believe in woman's rights?" asked the man standing in the car.

"I do," he replied shortly.

"Excuse me," he went on. "I am but an ignorant male seeking light. May I ask if you construe these rights to include the privilege of spreading your really becoming skirts over three seats?"

"Thereupon she condensed herself, he took a seat, and conversation flagged.—Philadelphia Ledger.

## Devil's River News

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STEVE MURPHY, Publisher.

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Entered at the Postoffice at Sonora, as second-class matter.

Advertising Medium of the Stockman's Paradise.

Sonora, Texas. June 26, 1909.

## PRODIGAL WITH MONEY.

An Author Who Was Constantly in Financial Difficulties.

Of Robert Buchanan, an author whose books seem nowadays in a fair way to be forgotten, there are some interesting glimpses in Chambers' Journal. A friend says of him that he was a man who was constantly in difficulties in regard to money matters. He would have a pocketful of money one day and none at all the next. He "gave money away right and left to those who appealed to his sympathy," and he was absurd in generosity as regarded his friends. This particular friend says of this trait:

"I found it extremely difficult to get him to accept any money due to him for transactions undertaken for me. If I asked him, 'How much do I owe you, Bard?' he invariably answered in the same strain, 'Eight thousand five hundred and nineteen pounds four shillings and sevenpence,' or 'Give me half a million, and we will cry quits.' If we dined together casually, one, two, six of us, he invariably managed to get hold of the bill and pay it.

"This trick of his, of course, became familiar, and we seldom asked him to dinner unless we had arranged the matter beforehand with the powers that be. When he discovered that fact he would say: 'Oh, this is a duke's affair. All right, I expect to be treated as in a ducal mansion.' It was the same with cabs and trains. He was a large, stout man, but he had a curious faculty of reaching the cabman's hand or the ticket office before the slimmest of us.

"He was a confirmed turf speculator—a strange pursuit for a singer of songs and dreamer of dreams—and it need hardly be said he lost far more than he gained, but when he was successful—and occasionally his winnings were large—he always managed to find a means of sharing his good fortune with those less privileged than himself. One of his many methods of telling white lies was this: 'How are you, X? I owe you £20.' 'This is the first I have heard of it,' would likely be the reply. 'Oh, I took the liberty of putting a sovereign on King Charles for you, and he started at 20 to 1, and forthwith he handed over the money.'

## Strong Words.

Big words pass for sense with some people and sometimes may be very successfully used when nothing else will answer, says an English writer. Thus when a man, in great alarm, ran to his minister to tell him he could see spots on the sun and thought the world must be coming to an end, "Oh, don't be afraid," said the good minister, "it's nothing but a phantasmagoria." "Is that all?" said the frightened man, and then he went away relieved.

A very smart lawyer some time since had the misfortune to lose a case for a client who had every reason to expect success. The client, a plain old farmer, was astounded by the long bill of costs and, hastening to the lawyer's office, said, "I thought you told me we should certainly gain that suit?" "So I did," answered the lawyer, "but you see, when I brought it up there before the judges they said it was a quorum non judice." "Well, if they said it was as bad as that," replied the old farmer, "I don't wonder we lost it." And he paid the costs and a big fee besides without another murmur.

## Gladstone's Handshake.

An Aberdeen paper tells a Gladstone story of the memorable Midlothian tour. On one occasion there was a great handshaking ordeal at the window of the old gentleman's railway carriage, and he was rapidly getting the worst of it. A stalwart young policeman who accompanied Mr. Gladstone proved equal to the occasion. Crouching behind the great man and thrusting his hand under Mr. Gladstone's Inverness cape, the muscular "peeler" gave each comer in turn a grip that had no lack of cordiality.

"The auld man's uncommon vigorous at his time o' life," observed one unsuspecting Scot as he stroked his fingers.

"He is that," concurred another of the policeman's victims, "but did ye notice his dirty nails?"

## Nearly a Hero.

The passengers on the Pullman car took in the situation at a glance and did exactly what the train robber told them to do.

At the points of his guns he relieved them of their valuables. But at the sight of one woman he paused with a start.

"Who are you, woman?" he demanded.

"I," she quavered, "am Miss Fay de Fluffie, the well known actress. Here are my jewels. Take them all!"

The holdup held up his head proudly.

"No," he replied, "I may be a robber, but I am no press agent. Keep your wealth!"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

## IT SHOOK HIS NERVES.

An Incident That Made a Man Feel Queer For Awhile.

"One night," said a lawyer, "I was preparing some tedious pleadings which had to be submitted to court the following morning, and, knowing that I would need every moment of my time, I looked myself in a small private consultation room in the rear of my suit, where no chance caller could interrupt me. The room is very diminutive, with only one window, looking into a court, and no furniture except a table and two or three chairs. Well, I worked on steadily hour after hour long after the city had settled into sleep and silence. The building was so still I could hear even an occasional mouse scamper across the floor alone. At last I concluded the task and, sitting erect in my chair, began to stretch my cramped limbs.

"As I did so my eyes happened to fall on a lighted cigar stump lying on the carpet not four feet away, and I stopped stock still, frozen with amazement. I do not smoke. I had been sitting for hours in that little locked room. I could swear that no one had entered. The window was tightly closed, yet there right at my feet lay a half consumed cigar with a great live coal still glowing at the end. It seems ridiculous to confess, but a thrill of horror ran through me like a galvanic shock. A hallucination of any kind is an appalling thing; it makes no difference how grotesque or homely the subject. It carries such frightful suggestion of breakdown in one's mental engine room.

"Well, I finally summoned up enough nerve to stoop down and examine the stump, and what do you think it was? Why, a tin foil capsule from the top of an ordinary quart bottle of muckilage. In stripping it off it had assumed the circular twist of a cigar and, the foil being brown, was just the right color. The red seal at the top formed the coal, and a yard or so away the illusion was perfect. I drew a deep breath of relief, but it was actually several days before my nerves returned their normal tension."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

## It's Everywhere

The buts of the poor, the balls of the rich, Are neither exempt from some form of itch;

Perhaps a distinction may be made in the name,

But the rich and the poor must scratch just the same.

Oo, why should the children of Adam endure

An affliction so dreadful, when Hunt's Ointment does cure?

All forms of itching Price 50c.

Guaranteed.

**CHAS. SCHREINER.**  
**BANKER**  
(UNINCORPORATED)  
**AND COMMISSION MERCHANT**  
**KERRVILLE, TEXAS.**  
A General Banking Business Transacted. Solicits Accounts of Merchants and Stockmen.

**THE FAVORITE SALOON**  
IS NOT effected by the passage of the  
**PURE FOOD LAW, Our Liquors are all GOOD. Some Special Brands for Family AND MEDICINAL PURPOSES.**  
ICE COLD BEER AND MINERAL WATERS ALWAYS ON HAND.  
**Theo. Savell, Proprietor.**

**THE Rock Front**  
**BARTON & SAVELL, PROPRIETORS,**  
**Cold Beer and Soft Drinks**  
**Pure Wines and Liquors**  
**Choice Cigars, Etc.**  
**PHONE ORDERS TO 97 WILL RECEIVE PROMPT ATTENTION. YOUR TRADE COURTEOUSLY APPRECIATED**  
**J. G. BARTON, AND THEO. SAVELL.**

**The Concho Milling and Grain Co.**  
WHOLESALE DEALERS IN  
**CORN, OATS, MILO MAIZE, KAFFIR CORN, BRAN, FLOUR, AND FEED.**  
MILLERS OF THE  
**Concho Alfalfa Stock Feed.**  
Phone 831 - San Angelo, Texas.

**R. H. MARTIN, G. B. WARDLAW.**  
**Martin & Wardlaw,**  
**THE LAND AND LIVE STOCK COMMISSION MEN,**  
**SONORA, TEXAS.**

Are offering for sale a number of ranches, and have on their list Cows, Stock Cattle, Steers of all ages, Sheep and Goats. In fact if you want to buy or sell anything in the "Paradise" give us a call or write us.

**J. A. COPE, CLYDE MILLS.**  
**J. A. COPE & CO.,**  
**Land and Live Stock**  
Bought and sold on Commission. Oldest firm in Sonora. We are Hustlers. Take you to see in our Auto. Have Complete Lists of Ranches, Lands and Live Stock. If You Have Something to Sell List it with US.  
**J. A. Cope & Co., Sonora, Tex.**

**CLYDE WINDROW,**  
**PRACTICAL TINNER,**  
**TANKS, TROUGH, AND ALL KIND OF TIN WORK.**  
ESTIMATES FURNISHED, TERMS CASH.



**Stock News.**

We will buy your hides and furs  
E. F. Vander Stucken Co.

Tom Adams of Sonora, sold to  
Hugh P. Allison, 100 stock sheep  
at \$3. The lambs were extra good.

Hides and furs bought by E. F.  
Vander Stucken Co.

R. F. Halbert of Sonora bought  
300 stock sheep from J. S. Brown  
at \$3 for grown sheep and \$1 for  
lambs.

R. H. Martin of Sonora bought  
for Irve Ellis 175 one and two  
year old steers from Frank Taylor  
of Beaver Lake at 15 and \$21.

The highest price paid for hides  
and furs at  
E. F. Vander Stucken Co.

Irve Ellis of Menardville and  
Bud Ellis of San Angelo, were in  
Sonora this week looking after  
cattle interests.

Bring your hides and furs to us  
we will pay highest price for them  
E. F. Vander Stucken Co.

J. I. Voorhies of San Antonio,  
representative of A. Cohen & Co.,  
was in Sonora Saturday looking at  
the 20,000 pounds of mohair stored  
with the E. F. Vander Stucken  
Company.

Second-hand surrey for sale at  
E. F. Vander Stucken Co.

J. I. Voorhies bought in San  
Angelo, for A. Cohen & Co., of  
San Antonio, 15,000 pounds of  
mohair from March Bros., and  
5,000 pounds from T. D. Newell of  
Sonora at 19 and 20 cents. The  
clips were six months growth.

The cows and calves of the Cus-  
enbury & Noguera cattle have been  
put on fine grass near Brady. The  
boys who returned Monday report  
the country east of McKavett in  
splendid shape.

C. C. West of Edorado who was  
in Sonora last week reported hav-  
ing recently sold to Tom Palmer  
20 head of young horses at \$50 per  
head. These horses Mr. West  
bought from Mr. Palmer last year  
and are the colts of Tip McGee  
now owned by Payne Rountree of  
Sonora. Mr. Palmer knew all the  
time that the colts were good but  
probably since Tip has been adver-  
tised in Sonora he appreciates  
them more.

**PIPE LOST.**

Lost on June 15 on the road be-  
tween Ira Word and Walter White  
head ranches, probably near some  
of the gates a mercurium pipe,  
one stem and amber  
piece. If found please notify  
ROY ALDWELL.

**GOATS LOST.**

Lost from the A. F. Clarkson  
ranch 12 miles southeast of Sonora  
on or about May 1, 1909, fifty head  
of mixed goats. Some were brand-  
ed S on left jaw and other brands.  
The muttons were marked crop to  
left split to right. Nannies crop  
to left.

A liberal reward will be paid  
for information as to their where-  
abouts. Address,  
Adolph Sultemeyer,  
71-14,  
Sonora, Texas.

**FRED BERGER,**

BOOT AND SHOE MAKER.  
REPAIRING NEATLY DONE.  
CHARGES REASONABLE.  
Sonora, Texas.

**D. H. KIRKLAND,**

Saddle and Harner's Maker.  
REPAIRING A SPECIALTY.  
In the Cope building.  
SONORA, TEXAS.

James Cornell, the lawyer, came  
home from San Angelo Tuesday  
and returned again Friday.

County Judge L. J. Wardlaw  
on Thursday appointed R. F.  
Halbert temporary administrator  
of the J. Lewenthal estate.

Ira L. Wheat received his auto  
at Dallas and arrived in Sonora  
Tuesday. Mr. Wheat or the  
young ladies can get their mail  
more promptly now.

Judge L. J. Wardlaw and family  
returned Wednesday. Mrs. Ward-  
law and the children have been  
visiting in Ballinger for the past  
few weeks while the Judge has  
been attending court at Rocksprings  
and San Angelo.

**REGISTERED  
HEREFORD  
BULL**

**4 Years Old  
For Sale,  
apply to  
J. O. Rountree.  
Sonora, Texas.**

**Tip McGee.**

I have the best assurance  
that he is a

**THOROUGHbred**

That he is a good one you  
can judge for yourself or  
ask those who have seen  
him. His service book is  
now open for the

**Season at \$10.**

With return privilege. A  
number of ranchmen had  
wanted to raise colts from  
this horse but at that time  
I expected to use him on  
my own mares and I wish  
those I promised will now  
book their mares. I do  
not want to offend anyone

**PAYNE ROUNTREE,**

at Sonora Mercantile Co.



To call on us and  
test our  
Carstair's Invincible Rye and  
MARTIN'S BEST.  
and other liquors.  
A cordial welcome  
is extended to you.  
We have stocked  
heavily in all kinds  
of wines, whiskies,  
brandies and other  
liquors. An order  
from you will be  
appreciated.

**TRAINER BROS.  
BANK SALOON.**

**Hazelstein Cattle.**  
W. A. Glasscock of Sonora is  
owner of the Hazelstein cattle and  
anyone knowing the whereabouts  
of any of these cattle will confer a  
favor by notifying  
W. A. GLASSCOCK,  
1614  
Sonora, Texas.

**We Have Pleased Many**

And are prepared to please many more. Our  
stock of summer dry goods was so well received  
and appreciated by our customers that it became  
necessary to re-order in many lines, particularly

**Ladies Trimmed Hats, Tailored  
Skirts and Shirt Waists**

And our stock is again complete. All the new  
colors and latest styles for Ladies and Men in

**Buster Brown Hosiery and  
Hamilton-Brown Shoes**

In clothing for Men and Boys we have an excellent  
line of splendid values at \$12.50 to \$20 for

**Mens Tailor Made Suits**

This is not an ordinary line of ready made clothing  
You should see how they fit and the style.

Come and see us. We will please you.

**E. F. Vander Stucken Co.**

**CORNELL & WARDLAW**

Attorneys-at-Law,  
SONORA, TEX.

Will practice in all the State Courts

**FISHER G. JONES,**

Attorney at Law,  
SONORA, TEXAS.

Civil law only.  
Office at the Court House.

**HEREFORD BULL.**

I will sell at a bargain one coming  
three-year-old bull raised by Lee  
Bros., of San Angelo. I bought  
this bull recently for my own use  
but have changed my plans. Come  
quick if you want him.

D. T. YAWS,  
Mayer, Texas,  
57-14.

**Employment Bureau.**

All kinds of labor contracted.  
Also Spanish Interpreting.

Charges reasonable.

Write, see or phone

**TRAINER BROS.,**

At the Bank Saloon.

**Household Goods For Sale**

Consisting of three sets of bed  
room furniture, dining room and  
kitchen furniture, chairs, tables  
etc. Will sell any or all.

Apply to E B Bales at Holland  
ranch. 68 4

**Money to Loan on Ranches**

WANTED:—To secure several  
large ranch loans from \$25,000 and  
up that will run from 5 to 10 years  
at from 6 to 8 per cent according  
to the plan selected.

Send full description of the se-  
curity that you have to offer and  
full information will be given by  
return mail.

W. L. COLEMAN,  
Georgetown, Texas.  
64 12

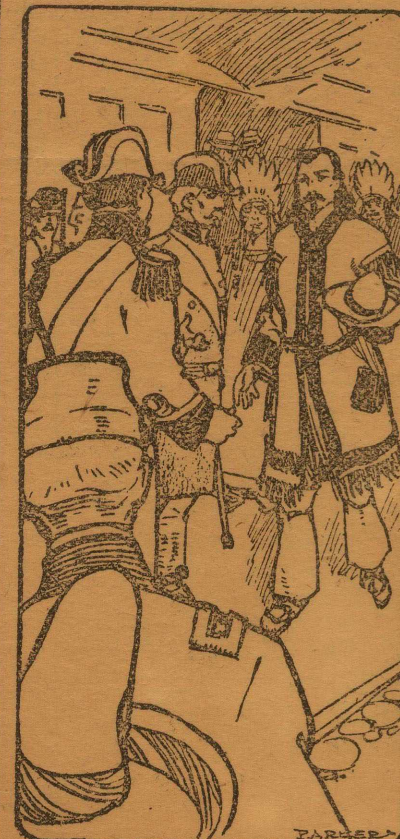
**THE PLAINS  
GREATEST  
HUNT**

BY BUFFALO BILL  
FROM "TRUE TALES OF THE PLAINS"



**S**PEAKING of General Custer  
reminds me of an international  
episode resulting from the  
friendship exhibited by Russia  
to the government of the United States  
during the civil war—the courtesies  
shown to the young Grand Duke  
Alexis. Among the events arranged  
in the programme was his visit to the  
far west to hunt for big game. The  
whole affair was under the direction  
of General Phil Sheridan, and Custer,  
from his youth, distinction and suita-  
bility, was particularly selected to  
chaperon and have charge of the grand  
duke and at the same time show him  
the horsemanship and admirable qual-  
ities of the American army.

ly the imperial tourists and sportsmen  
from the wrath and revenge of the nu-  
merous "dog soldiers," Indians under  
Chief Whistler. The chances are, how-  
ever, that the reds will unite in render-  
ing the duke's visit one of fear or harm.  
Sheridan and "Buffalo Bill" have persuaded  
them to such a course, and, further-  
more, to procure their good behavior  
the general has brought out thirty  
wagon loads of provisions, which he  
has promised to distribute impartially  
among the red men at the end of the  
hunt if they restrain themselves from  
any violence. These presents assure  
such result. This perhaps may be con-  
sidered a questionable way to secure a  
foreign guest from scalping or  
in the United States, but when  
known that the Indians are ar-  
ranger the soldiers ten



"Bill, this is the grand duke."

will be admitted that Sheridan's "treas-  
ure" and I will "buckle" policy is the  
only safe one to pursue. From 1,500 to  
2,000 Indians are expected."

"The arrival in North Platte is thus  
described in dispatches of Jan. 3, 1872:  
"The duke alighted from the train;  
the natives of the little station formed  
in line along the platform and, almost  
involuntarily, simultaneously removed  
their hats in honor of the distinguished  
visitor. 'Little Bill' was master of cer-  
emonies, and he was found that not a  
moment should be lost in starting for  
the camp, sixty miles distant. He ar-  
ranged with 'Buffalo Bill' to be on  
hand and act as guide, and the re-  
nowned scout was promptly on time  
and in all his element. He was seated  
on a spanking charger and, with his  
long hair and spangled buckskin suit,  
appeared as the feared and beloved by  
all for miles around.

"White men and barbarous Indians  
are alike moved by his presence, none  
of them daring to do aught in word  
or deed contrary to his rules of law  
and civilization. After the dual party  
had alighted, General Sheridan beck-  
oned the famous scout to approach.  
He advanced carelessly, yet respect-  
fully. 'Your highness,' said the gen-  
eral, 'this is Mr. Cody, otherwise and  
universally known as "Buffalo Bill."  
Bill, this is the grand duke.'

"I am glad to see you," said the hero  
of the plains. "You have come out  
here, so the general tells me, to shoot  
some buffaloes."

"Yes," answered Alexis, "and I hope  
to have a good, fine time. I heard of  
you before, and I am glad to meet you  
here."

"Thank you, thank you," said Bill,  
with a smile as honest as that of a  
maiden. "If the weather holds good,  
we'll have one of the finest hunts that  
there ever was on the continent."

"Buffalo Bill" is the famous west-  
ern scout employed by Sheridan for  
Indian service and one who is efficient  
and reliable. Bill is about thirty years  
of age, is about six feet in height, and  
with other proportions he has a pleas-  
ing face and fine address and would  
have been prominent in other walks of  
life had not circumstances made him  
famous as a western hunter.

"The tales that are told of 'Buffalo  
Bill's' hunting experiences since he  
was old enough to ride a horse—for  
Bill was born and brought up on the  
plains—are truly wonderful to hear,  
related as they are around our dining  
camphouses and in the presence of all  
of the paraphernalia of frontier life  
upon the plains. Bill was dressed in a  
buckskin suit of trimmed fur and  
wore a black slouch hat, his long hair  
hanging in ringlets down his shoulders.

"As he dashed from the railroad sta-  
tion he was closely followed by the  
grand duke in an open Concord wagon  
drawn by four powerful horses, which  
carried the distinguished representa-  
tives of two powerful nations, escorted  
by the cavalry, at a fearful rate of  
speed over the rugged prairie."

Of course there was a glorious time  
in camp—in fact, "high jinks," as far  
as the natural military discipline, the  
dignified and courteous qualities and  
manners governing both guests and  
hosts permitted. After a day of rest  
following the sixty mile ride and a night  
of social exchanges my scouts and In-  
dian allies reported the presence of a  
herd of buffaloes. We gave a first run,  
in which General Custer, myself and  
many officers gave an exhibition to our  
guests of the manner and method of  
hunting buffaloes, showing and explain-  
ing the necessity of trained horses used  
to the job and the method of shooting,  
either through the loins or under the  
heart. The grand duke eventually  
mounted probably the best buffalo  
hunting horse that ever lived, "Buck-  
skin Joe," and soon adapted himself  
to the sport. General Custer especially  
gave a magnificent exhibition of skill,  
dash and expertise. He and myself  
accompanied the grand duke, and the  
latter acquitted himself splendidly.

We cut out eventually two or three  
of the finest horned buffaloes, colossal  
in size, which he brought down. The  
magnificent heads I secured, sent them  
by express to Chicago to the taxider-  
mist and they now ornament the royal  
castles in St. Petersburg. During the  
hunt elk, antelope, deer and coyote  
heads were treated in the same way  
and sent home as trophies. Photo-  
graphs were taken of the camp and  
some of the scenes, and it is to be  
regretted that photography had not  
been sufficiently perfected then to get what  
would be a sensational connection of  
the men, the horses, the buffaloes and  
the guns in action. But the grand  
battue, or roundup, was reserved for  
the last, which was an Indian hunt for  
buffaloes. Camp scenes and Indian war  
dances, powwows and feasts, proved  
of interest to the royal guests, who ex-  
pressed delight at all they saw. Gen-  
eral Custer gave some practical mil-  
itary drills and evolutions as accom-  
panying exhibits, and in the social  
education they received practical in-  
structions as well in the game of  
poker.

But of the Indian roundup of buffaloes  
I might say that such a picturesque as-  
semblage, such natural conditions,  
when nature furnished in its primi-  
tiveness the striking adjunct of an il-  
limitable hunting ground and innum-  
erable varieties of big game, magnificent  
savagely allies, in all the rainbow bril-  
liancy of their native garb and fantas-  
tic adornment, mingled with the flower  
of the veteran cavalry of Uncle Sam  
commanded by General Phil Sheridan,  
General E. O. C. Ord, commander of  
the department of the Platte, with the  
gallant Custer, Colonel Mike Sheridan,  
the Forsyth, Assistant Surgeon M.  
V. Ash, Major Sweitzer, Colonel Pal-  
mer and Lieutenant Hayes, a brilliant  
array of famed officers, and the gor-  
geously accoutred foreign officials,  
admirals and generals, and a detach-  
ment of the flower of our army, made  
a pageant so spirited as to linger in  
memory as a scene in every respect

unique beyond compare up to date and  
one well high impossible in the future  
to duplicate. I had located an immense  
herd of buffaloes, and all arrangements  
were complete, "the blanket was wad-  
ed three times," and off the outfit start-  
ed at daylight. The Indians were  
painted in a variety of colors, had dis-  
carded all their artistic adornments,  
different colored ornaments, jewelry,  
feathers and other apparel and looked  
like real children of nature, almost in  
Adam's costume; only a breechcloth  
around their loins, moccasins on their  
feet, no saddle, no bridle, the ponies  
with only a thin leather hackamore  
between their teeth; some with only  
light bow and arrows, others with their  
rifle, revolver, ammunition, no unne-  
cessary weight, so that they could ride  
like lightning. They even spared their  
horses and walked most of the time,  
but with such speed that it kept every  
one "hopping" to go the pace. This  
lick kept up until the herd was in  
sight.

A council was held, and the calumet  
was passed around, and everything  
was ready, while every Indian mount-  
ed his horse, which seemed more ex-



With the roar of Niagara the Indians dashed on their prey.

cited than his rider. About 200 were  
in the front line, 150 in the second line  
and 100 composed the rear. The chiefs  
were in the front, snapping their whips  
in the air and holding the riders to-  
gether, with the ponies foaming, pranc-  
ing and stamping their feet, impatient  
at their masters, each seeming to form  
one soul and one body, centaurs, all  
waiting for the signal, all with one  
feeling, one desire, to gain as many  
laurels as possible when the chief sud-  
denly gave the signal to go. "Thunder  
and lightning! What a tornado! What  
a storm of horsemen as, with impetu-  
osity, these nomads dashed on their  
prey. With the roar of Niagara, the  
speed of a cyclone, the swiftness of  
an avalanche, these strange figures  
threw themselves in a mad, wild rush  
on their fleeing victims, and soon in  
the midst of the dust cloud one could  
only see an indescribable mixup of  
flying arrows, accompanied with rifle  
shots, galloping horses, falling buffaloes  
and fleet riding Indians on their  
wild ponies. It was a confusion in one  
sense and regulated action in another,  
forming almost a delirium of delight  
to the hunter. Some went flying  
from one end of the prairie to the  
other after stragglers, while the main  
guard formed in such a manner as to  
make the buffaloes circle. The signal to  
halt was given, and as the dust cloud  
rose little by little like a curtain in the  
theater the horses were seen at a  
standstill, and the prairie was strewn  
with the buffaloes that fell. Calm and  
practical fellows were these Indians.  
Even the horses began quietly pastur-  
ing on the grasses, while the hunters  
proceeded to pull off the hides and cut  
out the tongues and favorite pieces of  
their native cattle and preparing the  
meat in strips for preservation.

During the progress of the hunt the  
grand duke expressed a desire to have  
a test made as to the use of the bow  
and arrow of the Indians. "Two  
Lance," with a reputation as a buffalo  
hunting chief, was selected for the  
purpose. While riding at full speed he  
shot an arrow from his bow which  
pierced a buffalo clean through from  
side to side. The grand duke consid-  
ered the feat so remarkable that he  
took the arrow home with him as a  
memento of the occasion.

The commissary wagons assisted in  
bringing fresh meat to camp, and  
great festivities marked the closing  
of this grand hunt. Guests and hosts  
had tasted of one of the most glorious  
feasts that ever true Nimrods attended.  
Sheridan was delighted, everybody  
was congratulated, and the picture still  
lingers in my mind with young Gen-  
eral Custer predominating the grand  
assemblage. He was the life and  
spirit, one might say, of the occasion,  
and to me it is sad to think of another  
picture that depends almost alone on  
imagination and of which "more anon"  
—that of Custer's last battle.

The fault which humbles us is of  
more use than a good action which  
puffs us up with pride.—Bovee.

**JOHN SWINBURN**  
Rock Mason,  
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## ANIMALS' WEAPONS.

### Toothless Ant Eaters Have Claws Capable of Killing a Man.

Not long ago a British scientist and animal lover contributed to the world the result of his studies of animal life. Not the least interesting of his observations was "How Animals Defend Themselves."

"The larger animals in general," he says, "are provided with weapons more or less effective. The carnivora have sharp teeth, with which they rend their prey, and the toothless ant eaters have enormous claws, capable of killing a man."

"Many reptiles use their tails to strike down their game, while a large number of animals are supplied with pungent odors or secretions that are equally potent as a defense. In certain groups we find enormous horns and tusks that are intended entirely for purposes of protection. In some cases they are upon the top of the head, as in the elephant or some cetaceans, they are highly developed teeth."

"Our common horned animals depend upon their head weapons for defense. They are of two distinct kinds and subject to a marvelous variation in the different families."

"One group, represented by the common cow, is called the hollow horned ruminants, because the weapons are hollow and persistent—that is, they are never shed except in one instance—the prong-horned antelope."

"Another great group, represented by the deer, have solid horns that are cast at certain times and grow again very rapidly."

"When a stag loses its horns it retires to the dense woods, away from its kind, and remains secluded until it is armed again. The growth of the new horn is very rapid."

"In the rhinoceros we find a curious arrangement, the horns in some being easily moved, seemingly only held by the skin. They form terrible weapons, however, though totally different in their construction from the ivory tusks of the elephant, with which they are often matched, being formed of fiberlike matter. Some species have a single horn, while others have two."

### An Honest Lawyer.

An old lawyer named John Strange, who had earned the good will of his community by probity and fair dealing, felt that he should make some provision for death and conferred with his wife on the subject.

"Mary," he said, "I want to die before you do, and I want you to see that the funeral is plain and without fuss or frills. When I'm buried put a simple stone over the grave, with this inscription: 'Here Lies Buried an Honest Lawyer.'"

The good woman protested that such an inscription would be incomplete without the name.

"Just make it what I tell you," said the old man. "Those who see it will supply the name. When people look at that inscription they'll say, 'That's Strange.'"

### A Trying Position.

Mrs. Oldwoman was seriously ill and found herself in a trying position. This is how she described her trouble to a friend:

"You see, my daughter, Harriet, married one of those homopath doctors and my daughter Kate an allypath. If I call the homopath my allypath son-in-law and his wife will get mad, or if I call my allypath son-in-law then my homopath son-in-law and his wife will get mad, or if I go ahead and get well without either of 'em then they'll both get mad. So I don't see but I've got to die outright."—London Anvers.

### Man's Contrariness.

One of the most curious traits of that most curious creature, man, is the fact that the very things he most admires in a sweetheart he condemns or ignores in a wife. Before they were married when she coquetishly stuck a flower in her pretty curls he went into rhapsodies of romantic fervor. After the honeymoon when she tries the same little cupid's trick he most likely does not even see that she has adorned herself with a floral wreath to win a compliment or a kiss.—Annesley Kenealy in Woman's Life.

### The Turkish Fez.

The use of the fez is not controlled by religious faith, for it is worn by all classes in the Turkish empire and even beyond its limits. It is said to derive its name from the African city of Fez. In the Levant it is more commonly known under the modern designation of tarboosh. While the fez is now distinctively Turkish or Mussulman, its use is by no means ancient among the Ottomans. It is said that it was introduced to Turkish use by the Sultan Mahmud II, who adopted it from the Greeks.

## RESCUING A CAPTIVE AND SAVING A HERD BY BUFFALO BILL FROM TRUE TALES OF THE PLAINS



JUNE 18, 1869, under General Eugene A. Carr, saw us hunting for a band of Indian "dog soldiers" who were, like the Irishman's flea, here, there and at times everywhere.

Nebraska, Colorado and Kansas were all excited over the depredations of these renegades. They had murdered right and left, had captured several hundred mules and horses and destroyed wagon trains, as we could tell by the trail of some shod animals. What intensified our desire to punish or capture them was the fact that they had some white captives—Mrs. Alderico, whose husband and children they had killed, and Mrs. Weigel, whose husband and family had also been massacred, and these two women were known to be still alive and with them.

At last we got on their trail and had almost daily skirmishes, and General Carr decided to use some stratagem to see if we could not get them in a tight place. He consulted with me, and after a day of continual skirmishing and a night attack he ordered a retrograde movement, which created a good deal of discussion between the officers and men at the time. Apparently abandoning the pursuit, he retired as if going back to the fort, and in two or three days, as he surmised, the Indians were nowhere to be seen, having come to the conclusion that we were disheartened and that they could with impunity take a little repose themselves. This was exactly what our wily commander desired, as he intended to retrace his steps and catch them sleeping. So, being sure that there were no Indians in sight, he packed all the grub possible on the mules, burned the wagons and impediments and immediately started to make forced marches in their direction.

As I had surmised, they were heading for Summit Springs, a few miles south of the Platte river and among the sand hills, which formed a beautiful little oasis, as it were, for a camp ground. Striking their trail by judging from their daily campfires, we made in one day the same distance that they made in three, but when near the Springs, as we saw the trail getting fresher, we covered four of their day's journeyings, with all their impediments and village outfit, in one day and landed at the opportune moment ready for business, while the enemy had been thrown off their guard and gave us an opening that resulted so gloriously that this battle is recognized as having been one of the most effective in the early breaking of the power of the red man on the plains.

"On Carr's Campaigns" General Carr writes: "On Sunday, July 11, 1869, I was thinking of going to the river to water my horses when 'Buffalo Bill' came

was their custom, to strip and take off their saddles and all their paraphernalia to keep on their waives, so as to be recognized as friendly. I had sent word to Colonel Royal, and he sent up Major Walker's company and came on with the rest. I placed the Pawnees on the left and two companies of the Fifth cavalry in the center and one of Captain Price's on the right. I told Major Eugene Crittenden to take command of the center and I would take the reserve and send up reinforcements as required.

"When we all got started I told the bugler behind me to sound 'the charge,' and we were among the enemy before they had any idea that we were within a thousand miles. Then I heard the rattling of rifles on the right and left, plainly distinguishing the basso sound of 'Buffalo Bill's' trusty rifle, old 'Lucifer' from Georgia."

"'Buffalo Bill' got pretty well around the village when he went in on Captain Price's right. As he advanced he saw a chief on a horse charging about and haranguing his men. He and his party laid for him, and as he came nearer 'Buffalo Bill' shot him off his horse and got the animal. This was the celebrated race horse Tall Bull, which he (Cody) rode for a long time and with it won many exciting races. When he came into camp Mrs. Tall Bull said that it was her husband's horse, leaving no doubt about the fact that 'Buffalo Bill' had killed the chief."

"On this occasion the Indians had two white captives—Mrs. Alderico of Missouri, whom they killed during the fight, and Mrs. Weigel of Kansas, who had been shot in the back with a pistol bullet, which broke a rib, but was deflected and passed around and lodged below her left breast. Fifteen hundred dollars in gold, silver and greenbacks, which was gathered in the camps, was given her, and she went back, remarried and 'proved up' her claim. Next morning we dug a grave on a hill above the village and buried Mrs. Alderico, the surgeon reading the service."

"I detailed a board of officers to count the dead Indians, and notwithstanding that it is their custom to carry away the wounded and to hide or bury the dead we found sixty-eight dead bodies on the field."

"As chief of scouts under General Phil Sheridan, I and the men were resting at Fort McPherson after a hazardous expedition and a long and successful chase. It was a quiet June evening, and we were enjoying refreshing breezes. A detail had left the fort to water the government herd of horses and mules in the nearby Platte river when shots were heard. Every one was on his feet in a moment, for it was learned that a party of Sioux Indians had dashed from the cotton-wood trees, shouting, shouting and waving blankets, and had stampeded a herd of about 400 animals. The Indians had killed two of the herders and wounded another. Some of the herd ran for the corral, where they were accustomed to go for the night, but the Indians got away with about 200 and started for the bluffs south of the fort. All was excitement, but, as was my custom, I had my war horse, 'Old Buckskin Joe,' near at hand and was mounted in time to make a reconnaissance and note the direction in which the Indians had disappeared with the government stock."

General William H. Emory had his bugler sound the "boots and saddles," and by the time I returned for instructions five troops of cavalry were busy saddling up, getting their arms, ammunition and some supplies. One company—I, Fifth United States cavalry—were the first troops saddled and ready for the chase. Their officer, a young lieutenant by the name of Earl D. Thomas, now Brigadier General of the department of Colorado, was just out from West Point, full of ambition and delighted to be in command in the absence of his superiors. General Emory and myself agreed on the necessity of quick action, and, to the delight of young Thomas, he was ordered with his troop to follow me, while the other troops as soon as ready would follow.

"Tours right! Trot! Gallop!" And we dashed off. We followed at a gallop until dark, but did not get a sight of the Indians, and the tracks showed that they were whooping it up on the run. A halt was called to give the pursuing horses a rest, and Thomas continued me. His orders were to follow and recapture the animals. I told Thomas I could follow the trail at night if necessary and awaited his answer. "I will follow you, Mr. Cody, as I was told to do so, and I will go wherever you propose." After a short rest, "Mount and forward!" was the order, and the chase was continued. During the night the Indians repeatedly doubled on their trail. We did not reach Medicine creek, where we got water for men and horses, until 11 o'clock the next day.

The trail showed that the Indians were headed southwest, in the direction of Red Willow Springs. Knowing that there was no water between Medicine creek and the Red Willow, I was sure that the Indians would make a

stop there, as it was many miles from there to the next water. We decided it was best to keep continuously on the job and as the Indians must make some stop to rest and eat we could overlap them. When the horses were rested, and as we had nothing on hand to eat to delay us and had had nothing since dinner the day before, our best possibility for a meal was to overtake the Indians, surprise them, whip them and capture what dried meat they had.

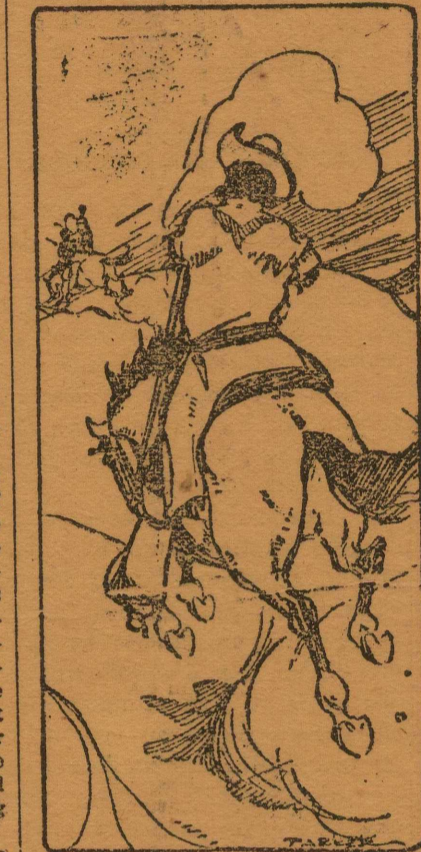
After leaving the creek the Indians began their old tricks in trying to hide their trail by devices well known to me, but I paid no attention to this, knowing what must be their next stopping place, and I was as familiar with that part of the country as they were. Straight on we kept to the Springs, except that occasionally we went out of the direct line to keep in low places between the sand hills so as not to be seen. At 9 o'clock that night we halted four miles from the Springs. Advising Thomas to allow the men to unsaddle and unbridle, letting each second man hold two horses by their halters, and so let them feed on the grass, changing the men every two hours so they could get some sleep, I disguised myself as an Indian and started off to locate the hostiles and be back in time so as to attack them at daylight. No fires were to be lighted, and all were

The one bullet went through both Indians. To be silent until my return. Before I left, half of the tired men of the little band were slumbering. One hour later I had seen the camp, just as I expected, in fancied security, believing that we could not be within a day's march of them.

Creeping back till I could hoof it on the run, I found the boys as I had left them. Quietly they were called to saddle up, instructions were given, men were detailed to pay particular attention to recapturing and rounding up the herd, and others were instructed as to the attack on the camp. I estimated the Indians to number about thirty, and there were forty-two of us. Ten were to creep up to the sleeping Indians on foot and be ready to work in open order. Twenty, besides the lieutenant and myself, were to charge on horseback. The rest were to bring up the remaining horses, attack the herd, and round up the entire herd. We attacked at break of day, and the whole scheme worked well. The tired lot were surprised when awakened to meet their foes. Nine of them were sent to sleep forever. Many had kept their war horses near them, and, hastily mounting, they escaped with several picked horses from our band. Among them was one of my favorite war horses, Powder Face, which one of them who probably knew him had appropriated for his own use.

As soon as the fight was over and I saw that we had captured some of their herd as well as our own I saw that Powder Face was not with them, but I recognized him half a mile away, his rider heading for the hills. This made me hot, and, knowing that the Indians would think others were following me, I dashed after them. Old Buckskin Joe soon began to gain, and I got near enough for a shot. My first shot killed the horse that an Indian was riding alongside of Powder Face, and his rider was soon up behind in the usual manner they try to save a warrior, riding backward, shooting at me with his revolver. Powder Face was as swift as Joe. Being in the rough sand hills and having a double weight to carry, Joe in a few minutes got me near enough for a good shot. I kept closing on them, as I did not want to hit my old friend Powder Face. When I thought it sure they were riding up over a mound I fired. The Indians fell, the one bullet going through both, and when Powder Face heard my voice he ran toward me whinnying, and with two of the boys who had been ordered to follow close behind me by the lieutenant, we returned to the camp in high glee. They found a lot of dried buffalo and deer meat and some fresh antelope and deer, with accompanying pepper and salt and copious drafts of spring water, so a few minutes' rejoicing was had. A detail was quickly made up to bury the dead, and as we had but three slightly wounded and five horse-knocked out the enthusiasm can hardly be described.

The Big Head is of two kinds—conceit and the head that comes from a sick headache. Does your head ever feel like a gourd and your brain feel loose and sore? You can cure it in no time by acting on your liver with Ballard's Herbine. It's worth trying for the absolute and certain relief you'll get? Sold by J. Lewenthal.



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IT ALWAYS TELLS THE NEWS AS IT IS PROMPTLY AND FULLY  
Read in every English Speaking Country.

It has invariably been the great effort of the Thrice-a-Week edition of the New York World to publish the news impartially in order that it may be an accurate reporter of what has happened. It tells the truth, irrespective of party, and for that reason it has achieved a position with the public unique among papers of its class.

If you want the news as it really is, subscribe to the Thrice-a-Week edition of the New York World, which comes to you every other day except Sunday, and is thus practically a daily at the price of a weekly.

The Thrice-a-Week World's regular subscription price is only \$1.00 per year, and this pays for 156 papers. We offer this unequalled newspaper and the DEVIL'S RIVER NEWS together for one year for \$2.50.

The regular subscription price of the two papers is \$3.00.

### NOTICE.

I forbid anybody laying or tearing down my fences or driving stock through my pastures without my consent.  
Sply R. T. BAKER

### NOTICE.

Parties knowing themselves indebted to me will do me the favor to settle at once. Otherwise their accounts will be placed in the hands of an attorney for collection. N. B.—No one but myself or member of my family is authorized to collect or receipt for money due me.  
DR. A. J. SMITH,  
10-11 Sonora, Texas.

### Notice to Trespassers.

Notice is hereby given that all trespassers on my ranch known as the Lost Lake ranch 12 miles south east of Sonora, and other ranches owned and controlled by me, for the purpose of cutting timber, hauling wood or hunting hogs without my permission, will be prosecuted to the full extent of the law.  
A. F. CLARKSON,  
45 Sonora, Texas.

### Notice to Trespassers.

Notice is hereby given that all trespassers on my ranch, cutting timber, hauling wood, working stock, gathering pecans, hog hunting or hunting of any kind or fishing, without my permission will be prosecuted.  
T. F. SAWYER.

### 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.

## FOR GOOD WOOD PHONE 96

## CLUBBING OFFER

The Dallas Semi-Weekly Farm News makes a specialty of OKLAHOMA news. Outside of this, it is unquestionably the best semi-weekly publication in the world. It gives news from all over the world, but particularly an unsurpassed News Service of the great Southwest in general. Specially live and useful features are the FARMERS' FORUM. A page for the LITTLE MEN AND WOMEN. THE WOMAN'S CENTURY. And particular attention is given to market reports. You can get the Semi-Weekly Farm News in connection with the Devil's River News for only \$2.50 a year cash for both papers.

Subscribe now and get the local news and the News of the world at remarkably small cost.

When you go to San Angelo call on Eddie Maier, at the Favorite Saloon, he will treat you O. K. 72-11

## TWO TROTTERS

---Very Highly Bred---

### STANDARD BRED AND REGISTERED

WILL MAKE THE SEASON AT MY RANCH

Thirty miles Southwest of Sonora at Reasonable Charges.

ELBINE is a grandson of Electioneer and was raised on the PALO ALTO farm in California and Listed when a two-year-old at \$5,000. He is now 15 years old but I never knew a better breeder. Service fee \$15 with return privilege. Pasturage 50 cents per month during season.

JOHN R. (MAJOR'S PAROLE) a three-year old son of PAROLE, the youngest Champion Sire of Early Speed in the United States in 1906. That's enough. JOHN R. (MAJOR'S PAROLE) from his mother, MARDELLA, inherits the great DELMAR blood being sired by DELMAR the sire of MAJOR DELMAR and thus backed on both sides by great trotters JOHN R. (MAJOR'S PAROLE) is the equal in breeding with any horse in the State. -He will make the season to a few select mares. Write for terms to

R. A. WILLIAMSON, Ozona, Texas.

## Ranchmen Attention.

We have several enquiries for Ranches of from 4 to 50 Sections, both for purchase and lease, and if you have anything to offer along these lines, send us full particulars, as to location, price and terms, and we will make a sale for you.

Geo. L. Abbott and Sid Martin,  
Land, Loan and Live Stock Commission Agents,  
SAN ANGELO, TEXAS.

## SAM MERCK,

Blacksmith and Machinist

(THE OLD POTTER SHOP.)

ALL KINDS OF IRON AND WOOD WORK, ROLLERS REFLUED, GASOLINE ENGINE, WINDMILL REPAIRS DONE ON SHORT NOTICE. GOOD WORK REASONABLE CHARGES.

## KENNETH TALIAFERRO,

The Tailor.

NEW SAMPLES JUST RECEIVED. LEAVE YOUR ORDERS. CLEANING AND REPAIRING.

Shop In the Old Bank Building.



Try Our Famous TEXAS PRIDE Bottled Beer. For sale in all Saloons.

## SONORA & SAN ANGELO

Mail, Express and Passenger Line.

Allison & Wardlaw, Proprietors.

AUTOMOBILE OR STAGE SERVICE

AUTOMOBILE—Leaves Sonora daily, except Sunday, at 7 o'clock a. m., arrives at San Angelo the same evening. Leaves San Angelo at 7 o'clock a. m. and arrives in Sonora in the evening.

Automobile Fare \$6 one way. Round Trip \$10.

STAGE leaves Sonora Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 7 o'clock a. m. arriving in San Angelo that night.

Leaves San Angelo Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday at 7 o'clock a. m. arriving in Sonora that night.

STAGE FARE, \$4.00, ROUND TRIP, \$7.00

OPENICE AT ALLISON'S PHARMACY

## COMMERCIAL HOTEL,...

Mrs. J. G. McDonald, Proprietress.

Best accommodations, Rates Reasonable.

HEADQUARTERS FOR COMMERCIAL MEN.

Dinner's Sample Rooms.

SONORA,

TEXAS.



E. R. JACKSON, W. I. ALDWELL, E. F. VANDERSTUCKEN,  
President. Cashier. Vice President.

## THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK

SONORA, TEXAS.

CAPITAL AND SURPLUS: \$25,000.00.

We have never changed our motto: Give us Your Business and we  
Will Make You Feel at Home.

TWO REGISTERED PHARMACISTS

AT

## ALLISON'S PHARMACY

ONE ALWAYS ON DUTY

John S. Allison, Proprietor.

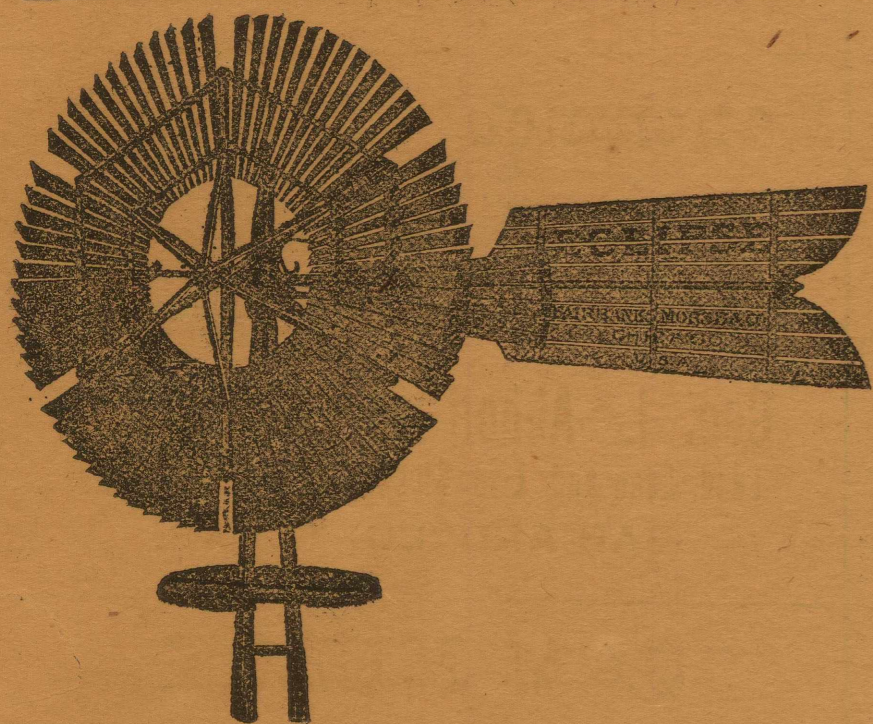
"Exclusive Druggists of Quality." We Want Your Business.  
Prescriptions Filled Day or Night.

## 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.



## ECLIPSE

The Stockman's Favorite Windmill  
from the first to the last the name  
and the mill holds good. Sold by

## E. F. Vander Stucken Co.

\$500 TO \$50,000

Interest 5 PER CENT Returnable on or Before 10 Years  
**MONEY**

Loans on Lands, Lots, Homes, Houses, Farms, Vendors Lien  
Notes, Builders and Material Men's Liens, Bonds, Mortgages,  
Stocks, Oil Property, Chattels, Business, or any security taken.  
Will furnish Money to buy Lot to build your Home on your own  
Plan, and Builder.

NO DELAY OR WAITING FOR MONEY  
A Few Good Agents Wanted

J. J. JONES, Fiscal Agent

Prudential Investment Co.

Phone. Preston 6120 701 2 3 Paul Bldg., Houston, Texas.

## JOHN HURST,

ICE CREAM, SOFT DRINKS FRUITS AND

CONFECTIONARY.

Terms Strictly cash, No credit.

Concho Avenue, Opposite Post Office.

Miss Emma Whitehead was in  
from the ranch in Val Verde county  
for several days the guest of  
Mrs. Cornell.

Walter Whitehead of the live  
stock firm of G. W. Whitehead &  
Sons of Val Verde county, was a  
business visitor in Sonora Satur-  
day.

### Trouble Makers Dusted.

When a sufferer from stomach  
trouble takes Dr. King's New Life  
Pills he's mighty glad to see his  
Dyspepsia and Indigestion fly, but  
more—he's tickled over his new,  
fine appetite, strong nervous healthy  
vigor, all because stomach, liver  
and kidneys now work right. 25c  
at Allison's Pharmacy.

Arthur H. Nathan recently of  
Eagle Pass, bought from Dr. John  
S. Allison the Allison Pharmacy.  
Mr. Nathan is a registered phar-  
macist and chemist and will give  
the business his personal attention.  
Mr. and Mrs. Nathan are at present  
making their home with Mrs.  
Nathan's mother, Mrs. M. M. Par-  
kinson.

### A VITAL POINT.

The most delicate part of a baby  
is its bowels. Every ailment that  
it suffers with attacks the bowels  
also endangering in most cases the  
life of the infant. McGee's Baby  
Elixir cures diarrhea, dysentery  
and all derangements of the stom-  
ach or bowels. Sold by J. Lew-  
enthal.

### Devil's River News.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY.  
MIKE MURPHY, Proprietor.  
STEVE MURPHY, Publisher.

Advertising Medium of the  
Stockman's Paradise.  
Subscription \$2 a year in advance

Entered at the Postoffice at Sonora  
second-class matter.

SONORA, TEXAS. June 29, 1909

Miss Edna Wheat was in town  
a few days this week visiting.

Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Martin and  
some of the children made a trip  
to Menardville this week.

Lige Barbee, cattleman and di-  
rector of the State Bank of Eldora-  
do, was a visitor in Sonora Satur-  
day and Sunday to attend the  
funerals.

Many members of the Wool  
Growers Central Storage Co. of  
San Angelo, returned home Satur-  
day. They enjoyed the time they  
had in the City.

Mr. and Mrs. McKinney were  
in Sonora Thursday from G. P.  
Hill's ranch. Mr. McKinney re-  
ports that Giles says the rain Tues-  
day was the best in three years.

C. S. Holcomb was in town  
Thursday and was sorry to say  
that the Tuesday rain did not  
favor him.

R. E. Taylor was in town Thurs-  
day and felt good over the Tuesday  
rain but sympathizes with his  
neighbors south because it did not  
go to them.

Miss Myrtle Cusenbary of Sonora  
who was the guest of Mrs. C. C.  
Yaws and Mr. and Mrs. D. T.  
Yaws, of Middle Valley for several  
weeks returned last week and is  
now visiting friends in Ozona.

J. T. Shurley was in town Wed-  
nesday from his ranch six miles  
south of Sonora. "The rain last  
night will do more good than any  
we have had this season" and "I  
am in town for mixtures to dip my  
cattle" said Mr. Shurley.

### They Should

"My honest conviction, based  
upon my own experience and that  
of my friends, is that "Hunt's  
Cure" will cure a larger per cent  
of skin troubles, especially of an  
itching variety, than any other  
remedy. Certainly those afflicted  
with any form of itch should try  
it." J. O. Moore, Atchison, Kas.  
50c per box.

Mrs. E. S. Briant and daughter  
Miss Myrtle Cusenbary left on a  
visit to Ozona Saturday. Mrs.  
Briant returned Thursday accom-  
panied by her mother Mrs. Gurley  
but Miss Myrtle will extend her  
visit among friends.

Miss Cora Rountree invited a  
few friends to spend Friday even-  
ing and play High Five at her  
parents home east of town, in hon-  
or of her guest Miss Carrie Karnes.  
There was enough for three tables  
and after the games, refreshments  
were served. Those present were:  
Misses Carrie Karnes, Ida Aldwell,  
Clara Allison, Emma Palmer, Cora  
Rountree; Mrs. W. P. Rountree  
Messrs. W. P. Rountree, Ed May-  
field, Chas Adams, B. C. DeWitt,  
J. L. McDonald and O. G. Gosch.

### YOU NEVER CAN TELL

just exactly the cause of your rheu-  
matism, but you know you have  
it. Do you know that Ballard's  
Snow Liniment will cure it?—re-  
lieves the pain—reduces the swell-  
ing and limbers the joints and  
muscles so that you will be as ac-  
tive and well as you ever were.  
Prices 25c 50c and \$1.00. Sold by  
J. Lewenthal.

Judge J. A. Whitten of Schleicher  
county was in Sonora, Wednesday  
from Eldorado, looking for steers  
to buy. Judge Whitten was here  
also on Saturday and Sunday to  
attend the funerals. He stated to  
the News Wednesday evening that  
his wife had phoned him that the  
Eldorado country had Tuesday  
night the best rain of the season,  
probably an inch and a half. "This  
rain will put grass in good shape  
for the summer and we will have  
feed stuff to throw away this fall"  
said the Judge.

### Could Not Be Better.

No one has ever made a salve,  
ointment, lotion or balm to com-  
pare with Bucklen's Arnica Salve.  
It is the one perfect healer of Cuts,  
Corns, Burns, Bruises, Sores, Scalds,  
Boils, Ulcers, Eczema, Salt Rheum,  
For Sore Eyes, Cold Sores, Chapped  
Hands its supreme. Infalible  
for Piles. Only 25c. at Allison's  
Pharmacy.

### IN MEMORIAM OF J. LEW- ENTHAL.

Whereas—It has pleased our  
Heavenly Father to call our be-  
loved Brother J. Lewenthal from  
labor to refreshment to that Grand  
Lodge above, where the Supreme  
Architect of the Universe presides;  
and

Whereas—He was a member of  
this Lodge, and was true and faith-  
ful in the discharge of his Masonic  
duties; now

Therefore—Be it resolved, that  
in his death, this Lodge has lost a  
loyal and consistent member, the  
community a valuable and worthy  
citizen, and his family a kind and  
indulgent father and husband.

Resolved, That this Lodge deep-  
ly deploras his death, and extends  
its sympathy to the bereaved  
family.

Resolved, That a page of our re-  
cord be set apart in sacred remem-  
brance of him; that the hall be  
draped in mourning; and that  
members wear the usual badge of  
mourning for thirty days; and

Resolved, That a copy of these  
resolutions be presented to the  
widow, and a copy be furnished  
each of the following papers for  
publication: viz, The Devil's River  
News and the Sonora Sun.

J. D. Lowrey,  
J. E. Grimland,  
Clarence G. Gosch.  
Committee.

### JULIUS LEWENTHAL.

Julius Lewenthal died at his  
home in Sonora, on Friday, June  
18, 1909 aged 57 years. The fune-  
ral to the Sonora cemetery was con-  
ducted Saturday afternoon by the  
Masonic fraternity of which order  
he was a member. Deceased is  
survived by his wife and four chil-  
dren and a brother L. Lewenthal  
of San Antonio.

J. Lewenthal had been in the  
drug business for the past 12 years  
in Sonora and had formerly resided  
at Ozona and Brady. At his  
death which was caused by pneu-  
monia, he was a member of the  
Woodmen of the World and carried  
\$1000 insurance in that order.  
He was also insured in an old line  
company for \$1,500. The News  
extends its sympathy to the widow  
and children in their great loss.

### JOHN ALLISON.

John Allison died at the home  
of his son Geo. S. Allison, 16 miles  
east of Sonora, on Saturday, June  
19, 1909, aged 79 years. The  
funeral was from the residence of  
his grandson Dr. John S. Allison  
in Sonora, and was conducted by  
the Masonic fraternity of which  
order he was a member, Sunday  
afternoon. Deceased was one of  
the pioneers of the Sonora Country  
and had been until the last few  
years engaged in the stock busi-  
ness. He is survived by his sons  
George S. and John A. Allison of  
the Sonora Country and by a  
daughter Mrs. S. E. Whitecotton  
of Arizona and a number of grand  
and great-grand children to whom  
the News extends its sympathy in  
their grief.

### DENTAL NOTICE.

On Monday July 5th, Dr. Buck  
Henry will be in Sonora to prac-  
tice dentistry and asks all who  
wish dental work to call and see  
him. He can refer you at Menard-  
ville to Dr. W. M. Finley, Dr. D.  
V. Dozier, Mr. and Mrs. Henry  
Vander Stucken, Wm Evans Sr.,  
Wm Evans Jr., D. G. Benchoff,  
Leo Callan, Jim Callan, Charlie  
Anderson, Walter Caldwell, Bob  
Spillers and many others who  
have had me to do their practice.  
Thanking you in advance, I beg  
to be with best regards,  
Yours respectfully,  
BUCK HENRY.

Born to Mr and Mrs Sam Green  
on Friday June 18th, 1909, a boy

Joe Berger the contractor has  
finished a house for Bus Allison  
on his ranch west of town.

M. S. Middlemies the painter  
left for Brady and Pontotoc where  
he has several months work.

Miss Ruby Epps of Eldorado,  
was visiting Mrs. Clyde Mills and  
Mrs. Will Hayes this week.

Sid Gilbert has finished a well  
on his ranch at 245 feet and got  
lots of water.

Mr. and Mrs. H. P. Opp of Mc-  
Kavett, were in Sonora Sunday,  
on their way to San Angelo.

Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Hamilton  
family of San Angelo, were in So-  
nora Friday on their way to the  
ranch in Val Verde county.

### A Thrilling Rescue.

How Bert R. Loan, of Cheney,  
Wash., was saved from a frightful  
death is a story to thrill the world.  
"A hard cold," he writes, "brought  
on a desperate lung trouble that  
baffled an expert doctor here. Then  
I paid \$10 to \$15 a visit to a lung  
specialist in Spokane, who did not  
help me. Then I went to Califor-  
nia, but without benefit. At last  
I used Dr. King's New Discovery,  
which completely me and now I  
am as well as ever." For Lung  
Trouble, Bronchitis, Coughs and  
Colds, Asthma, Croup and Whoop-  
ing Cough its supreme. 50c. and  
\$1.00. Trial bottle free. Guar-  
anteed by the Allison's Pharmacy.

Mat Karnes whose ranch is 30  
miles southwest of Sonora, was in  
Sonora Thursday. Mat reports  
three rains in the past week and  
hopes for more.

R. E. Glasscock who returned  
last week from a prospecting trip  
to New Mexico and Arizona, says  
the country out that way is dry  
and did not look good to him.

The indications are that the  
Weather Clerk has inaugurated an  
anti-auto season, but Allison &  
Wardlaw the mail contractors are  
willing and doing the best they  
can with the carriage drawn by  
horses.

### A WRECK

is the only fit description for the  
man or woman who is crippled  
with rheumatism. Just a few  
rheumatic twinges may be a fore-  
runner of a severe attack—stop the  
trouble at the start with Ballard's  
Snow Liniment. Cures the rheu-  
matism and all pain. Price 25c.  
50c and \$1.00. Sold by J. Lewen-  
thal.

Ira L. Wheat arrived Tuesday  
in his horseless carriage from Dal-  
las where he received his Jackson  
car bought from E. F. Vander  
Stucken Co., of Sonora. The car  
has 30 horse power, is built for  
four.

Joe Wyatt came in town Thurs-  
day ahead of the rain. Some  
thought Joe was afraid of the rain  
drops and just to show them and  
enjoy the novelty of it, he wet a  
suit of new clothes.

### Don't Lie Down

Spring is here. Your system  
needs toning up to fortify against  
the long summer's debilitating in-  
fluence. Simmon's Sarsaparilla  
will build you up, make you strong  
and carry you through without  
that usual "want to lie down"  
feeling. 50c and \$1.00 per bottle.

James Cauthorn whose ranch is  
about 20 miles south of Sonora,  
was in town Thursday. Jim has  
had good rains in his part of the  
country but the Tuesday night  
rain missed him.

Thomas Bond whose cattle and  
sheep ranch is 30 miles southeast  
of Sonora, was in town Wednesday  
for his mail and express. Mr.  
Bond has a rain gauge similar to  
the U. S. Government gauge, and  
said the rain at his ranch was not  
as good as in town.

### It Keeps Them Off

They are pretty bad this year—  
no mistake—and they bite vici-  
ously. We refer to Mosquitoes,  
but a little Hunt's Lightning Oil  
applied to the irritated places  
takes the sting away. It keeps  
them off if used in time.

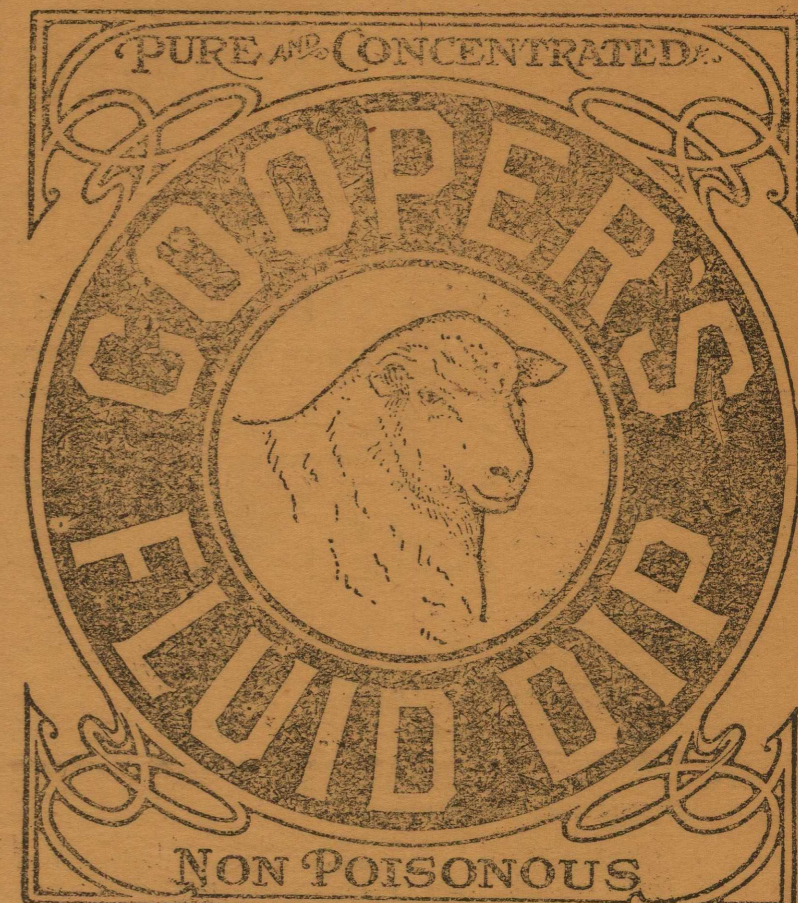
The News is going to quit saying  
anything about rain or the want of  
it and the first ranchman who says  
he has had too much rain will  
have to pay for the cigars. Thurs-  
day night a number of clouds pass-  
ed over Sonora enroute to San  
Angelo or thereabouts and the  
sharp shooters fired a few as us-  
but the entire army was needed  
elsewhere, but will take us in on  
their return.

### Women Who Are Envied.

Those attractive women who are  
lovely in face, form and temper  
are the envy of many, who might  
be like them. A week, sickly wo-  
man will be nervous and irritable.  
Constipation or Kidney poisons  
show in pimples, blotches, skin  
eruptions and a wretched com-  
plexion. For all such, Electric  
Bitters work wonders. They re-  
gulate Stomach, Liver and Kid-  
neys, purify the blood; give strong  
nerves, bright eyes, pure breath,  
smooth, velvet skin, lovely com-  
plexion. Many charming women  
owe their health and beauty to  
them 50c at Allison's Pharmacy.

## A New Triumph in Dip Making

DOUBLE STRENGTH, LOW COST,  
LESS FREIGHT.



Absolutely free from any crude substance. Contains no tar  
oil. Infalible in curative effect. No injury to sheep or wool.  
Requires no addition besides water. No sediment. No stir-  
ring. Mixes with cold water whether hard, brackish, alkali,  
or salty.

ITS USE PERMITTED IN OFFICIAL DIPPINGS FOR

SHEEP SCAB. CURES MANGE AND LICE ON

CATTLE AND HOGS. MUCH CHEAPER

THAN TOBACO AND CRUDE LIQUID DIPS

NO DEARER THAN LIME AND SULPHUR.

ONE gallon makes 120 gallons for Scab of official strength,  
or 200 gallons for Ticks and Lice, etc.

One gallon can, \$1.75; Five gallon can \$8.50

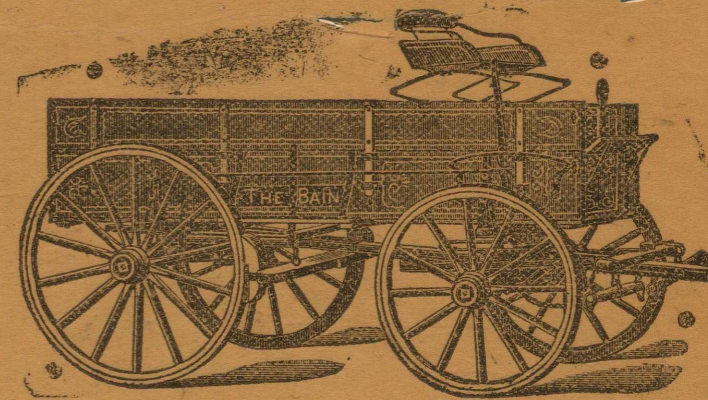
SOLE PROPRIETORS AND MANUFACTURERS,

WILLM. COOPER & NEPHEWS, 177 Illinois St., Chicago.

Sold by E. F. Vander Stucken Co., Sonora, Texas.

## YES

Buy a good wagon, one you know  
IS good, buy a BAIN Wagon from



E. F. Vander Stucken Co.



## The Edgewood Distilling Co

(CINCINNATI, O.)

## TRAINER BROS., SONORA,

DISTRIEUTERS.

## Grand Annual Reunion

OF THE

## MOUNTAIN REMNANT, U. C. V. Fredericksburg, Tex., July 28, 29, 30.

Three days of Genuine pleasure. Excellent Music  
by a Military Band of 18 pieces. The Best and  
Most Prominent Speakers of the State. Grand  
Parade of Finely Decorated Floats, Vehicles,  
Automobiles and Bicycles. Base Ball, Concerts,  
Moving Pictures, and other Entertainment Galore.  
Come, Come, Come. We'll Treat You Right.  
The Reunion Committee.

YOU ARE INVITED TO PATRONISE OUR ADVERTISERS