

DEVIL'S RIVER NEWS.

VOL 19

SONORA, SUTTON CO., TEXAS, SATURDAY, JULY 3, 1909.

NO. 973

The Store on the Corner

SONORA MERCANTILE COMPANY,

SONORA, TEXAS.

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SONORA MERCANTILE COMPANY,

SONORA, TEXAS.

The Store on the Corner

Devil's River News PUBLISHED WEEKLY.

MIKE MURPHY, Proprietor. STEVE MURPHY, Publisher.

SUBSCRIPTION \$2 A YEAR IN ADVANCE

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Advertising Medium of the Stockman's Paradise.

Sonora, Texas, July 3, 1909.

Dental Notice.

Dr. W. L. Scott, Dentist who is a graduate of the largest dental college in U. S., the University of Ohio, and also attended the Vanderbilt University of Nashville, will be in Sonora in a couple of weeks to permanently take charge and care of the dental practice there and also at Eldorado and Ozona, am well prepared and guaranteed to do every one the very finest, best and most satisfactory work that can be had.

Dick Russell is just back from Oklahoma, where he spent about ten days. "Cattle are doing first rate in the Osage country," said he yesterday, "and a liberal movement of through cattle will begin along about July 1, Walter Russell will make his first shipments on the 27th inst., and H. M. Stonebreaker expects to ship something on the 28th. The rains were very opportune and plentiful as a rule, and I doubt if the cattle have been in better condition in years than they are now, notwithstanding the fact that as a rule they were thinner when they went up there last spring than for a long time. The market is off a little now from the level it was holding when I was at Foraker, Pawhuska, Cedarvale and other points, but the cowmen at that time were to say reasonably hopeful as to prices, but were not making any predictions. With the possible closing of the pastures up there to ticky cattle there is some promise that Oklahoma may be a valuable grazing ground for Texas mutton. N. H. Corder, of Sanderson, is about ready to begin marketing a string of several thousand head he put up there early in the spring, and from what I could learn the experiment, if it can be called such, is a success, as the sheep have responded very satisfactorily to the changes in range."—Express.

HOW I KILLED CHIEF YELLOW HAND BY BUFFALO BILL FROM TRUE TALES OF THE PLAINS

COPYRIGHT, 1908, BY WILLIAM F. CODY.



GENERAL PHIL SHERIDAN arranged this campaign so that detachments of the army would leave several points and with various objects to be accomplished, while the eventual objective was to concentrate all our most experienced soldiers in the civil war and especially in Indian warfare, had graduated at both games and had on their rosters of officers men destined to become equally famous and successful. Merritt's command worked successfully and had many skirmishes, finally cutting the main body of the Indians off and driving them back to their agency southward, while driving back the northern Indians coming south. On July 15, while I was scouting for information, General Merritt ascertained through Paymaster (afterward General) Stanton that 800 hostile Cheyennes, fully equipped for the war, had started to join Sitting Bull. These savage horsemen, probably the best in the world, would have a start of sixty miles if Merritt pushed to the agency to make certain of their intention and then pursued them. He did nothing of the kind. As we had been retracing our steps they felt perfectly secure—so much so that the white chief, they thought, could not double on his tracks and cut them off before they reached the timber fringe of the Cheyennes. This they could not imagine for one minute, and Merritt had to plan a ride that would test to the utmost the possibilities of man and horse to overcome the advantage they had of him. To discount these scientific fighters he had to ride clear around them in the arc of a circle, while they went in a bee line, and must do it without being discovered, bring every horse and man to the battle front in good condition, as with seven companies of cavalry that were available they outnumbered him two to one, and by leaving the wagon trains and impediments behind men and horses would have short rations. It was an adventurous ride, worthy of extended comment, and the old Indian trail was found. The Indians had not



They were an astonished lot of redskins. passed yet, and dust covered and weary, at 3 a. m. of the 17th of July the command to unsaddle was given on the banks of Hat creek, across the Indian front, with the Cheyennes in camp not ten miles away. We had outraced and were then ahead of them, having made one of the most remarkable rides in cavalry annals. We had come seventy-five miles in twenty-four hours and were ready at daybreak, and the Cheyennes appeared simultaneously. They were an astonished lot of redskins, and here occurred what is known as the battle of War Bonnet Creek. It was in this engagement that fate allotted to me the duty to meet personally and successfully the war chief Yellow Hand. A matter of detail that I well remember, the chief yelled to me, "Come on, come on, White Long Hair!" ("Coo, coo, Po-Ha-He-Has-Ka!" in Cheyenne. We both fired simultaneously, my first bullet going through the chief's leg and entering the body of his horse. His bullet glanced on my saddle, and my horse stumbled in a prairie dog hole, but I landed on my feet. Kneeling quickly, I put a bullet through the head of his horse, coming at speed. Thus we were both about and in close proximity. The story is better told in the press dispatches of that day and by Lieutenant General Charles King in his

book, "Campaigning With Crook." The dates and arrival of these dispatches will show how isolated was the country, and the length of time it took to communicate with the east: The Indian War—Details of Colonel Merritt's Charge on the Cheyennes—A Short Struggle.

The Indians, Utterly Surprised, Rush Back In Disorder—The Latest From General Crook's Army.

"Fort Laramie, July 22, 1876. "At noon on Saturday, the 15th inst., the Fifth cavalry, under General Merritt, were bivouacked on Hatwide creek, eighteen miles from Fort Laramie, to which point they were ordered in from the Cheyenne river, 100 miles north, en route to join Crook. A courier suddenly appeared from the agency with dispatches stating that 800 Cheyennes were making preparation to leave for the northwest to join Sitting Bull, that he was to throw himself across their line of march in time to intercept them, and Merritt had to make eighty miles before they could make thirty, but off he went, and Sunday night found him with seven companies hiding under the bluffs on War Bonnet or Hat Creek square up to their front.

"At daybreak Monday morning Lieutenant King, commanding the outposts in the southeast, sent word that the war parties were coming over the ridge from the reservation. Joining him at the advanced post, General Merritt found the report correct. The command noiselessly mounted and was massed under the bluffs a quarter of a mile to the rear and out of sight of the Indians.

"At the same time the wagon train, under Lieutenant W. T. Hall, now Brigadier General Hall, was some six miles off to the southwest, slowly approaching, and the Indians were closely watching, but keeping concealed from the view of its guard. The two companies of infantry with him were riding in the wagons. At 6 o'clock the Indians were swarming all along the ridge to the southeast, some three miles away. Suddenly a party of eight or ten warriors came dashing down a ravine that led directly under the hill where Lieutenant King and his six men were watching.

"The object was as suddenly apparent. Two horsemen, unconscious of the proximity of the foe, had ventured out ahead of the train and were making rapidly for the creek. They were couriers with dispatches for the command. The Indians, utterly ignorant of the rapid move of the Fifth, were simply bent on 'jumping' the couriers and getting their scalps. "Buffalo Bill," chief of the scouts, lay on the hill with King and instantly sprang to his horse down off the hill. "All keep out of sight," said the general. "Mount now, and when the word is given off with you!" Then, turning to the officer of the placket, he said: "Watch them, King. Give the word when you are ready."

"Crouching behind the little butte, Bill and his party of two scouts and six soldiers were breathlessly waiting. Halfway up were the general and his staff. The lieutenant lay at the crest, watching the rapidly advancing foe. Down they came, nearer and nearer, the sun flashing from their brilliantly painted bodies and their polished ornaments. Then, just as they were dashing by the front of the hill, King shouts, "Now, lads, in with you!"

"General Merritt sprang up to see the attack just as a tall Indian reeled in his saddle, shot by Corporal Wilkinson of K company. An answering bullet whistled by the general's head just when King, still on watch, sung out, "Here they come by dozens!" The reserve troops came swarming down the ridge to the rescue. Company K was instantly ordered to the front, but before it appeared from behind the bluff the Indians, emboldened by the rush of their friends to the rescue, turned savagely on "Buffalo Bill" and the little party at the outpost.

"The latter sprang from their horses and met the daring charge with a volley. Yellow Hand, a young Cheyenne brave, came foremost, singling Bill as a foeman worthy of his steel. Cody, kneeling and taking deliberate aim, sent a bullet through the chief's leg and into his horse. Down went the two, and before his friends could reach him a second shot from Bill's rifle laid the redskin low.

"On came the others, bent on annihilating the little band that opposed them, when, to their amazement, a long blue line popped up in their way, and K company, with Colonel Mason at its head, dashed at them. Leaving their dead, the Cheyennes scattered back helter skelter for the ridge, but their fire was wild and their stand a short one. Company after company debouched from behind the bluff, and, utterly disheartened, the Indians rushed for the reservation, leaving behind all their provisions. General Merritt pursued them until night, when the whole command went into camp at the agency.

"The Indians left their dead and admitted having more wounded. They lost six ponies. Their friends at Red Cloud say they never dreamed that the Fifth cavalry could get there in time to head them off.

"The regiment sustained no loss. Arrived at Laramie yesterday and leaves for Crook's command tomorrow."

The above is from the New York Herald, Sunday, July 23, 1876.

From Captain Charles King's "Campaigning With Crook," published in 1890.

"By Jove, general," says "Buffalo Bill," sliding backward down the hill, "now's our chance. Let the party mount here out of sight and we'll cut these fellows off. Come down here, every man of you."

"Glancing behind me, I saw Cody, Tait and 'Obins,' with five cavalrymen

eagerly bending forward in their saddles, grasping carbine and rifle, every eye bent upon me, watching for the signal. Not a man but myself knows how near they are. That's right, close in, you beggars! Ten seconds more and you are on them! A hundred and twenty-five yards—a hundred—ninety. "Now, lads, in with you!"

"There's a rush, a wild, ringing cheer, then bang, bang, bang, and



It is now close quarters, knife and knife.

In a cloud of dust Cody and his men tumble in among them. "Buffalo Bill" closing on a superbly accented warrior. It is the work of a minute; the Indian has fired and missed. Cody's bullet tears through the rider's leg into the pony's heart, and they tumble in a confused heap on the prairie. The Cheyenne struggles to his feet for another shot, but Cody's second bullet hits the mark. It is now close quarters, knife and knife. After a hand to hand struggle Cody wins, and the young chief, Yellow Hand, drops lifeless in his tracks after a hot fight. Baffled and astounded, for once in a lifetime beaten at their own game, their project of joining Sitting Bull nipped in the bud, they take hurried flight. But our chief is satisfied. "Buffalo Bill" is radiant. His are the honors of the day!"

General Cook, commanding the department, who had started early in spring, was up in the north and had fought the same Indians who afterward destroyed General Custer's command.

He fought them in the battle of the Rosebud on the 17th of May. This was a very indecisive contest, practically a severe check to him—compelling him to take up permanent camp on the Big Goose creek (where Sheridan, Wyo., now stands) and there await re-enforcements.

General Sheridan ordered Generals Merritt and Carr, with the Fifth cavalry, to make forced marches to join Crook at Goose creek.

I was with this command as chief of scouts and guide, and we had been operating in northwestern Nebraska and the southern part of Dakota to keep the Indians from the Red Cloud and Spotted Tail agencies from going north to join the hostiles under Sitting Bull.



Not Wholly Careless.

Thomas Chott was a cock but careless clerk who, through no greater fault than carelessness, was continually blundering in his work. His most usual mistake was to misdirect letters, either by substituting a wrong street number or by writing, say, "Cal." for "Col." One day his employer laid on his desk a letter which had been over a month in the mails without reaching its destination, and all because of Thomas' error.

"Now, this has got to stop," said his employer. "Such delays waste time and money. If you had used an envelope which hadn't had our address in the corner, we might never have known where this letter went to."

"That's true," assented the humble clerk. "But I am always careful to use that kind of envelope just for that reason."

Being a little slow of comprehension, he did not understand why his patient employer bit his lip and turned away smiling.

Life 100,000 Years Ago.

Scientists have found in a cave in Switzerland bones of men, who lived 100,000 years ago, when life was in constant danger from wild beasts. To-day the danger, as shown by A. W. Brown of Alexander, Me., is largely from deadly disease. "If it had not been for Dr. King's New Discovery, which cured me, I could not have lived," he writes, "suffering as I did from a severe lung trouble and stubborn cough." To cure Sore Lungs, Colds, obstinate Coughs, and prevent Pneumonia, its the best medicine on earth 50c and \$1.00 Guaranteed by Nathan's Parina acy.

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 PUBLISHED WEEKLY.
 MIKE MURPHY, Proprietor.
 STEVE MURPHY, Publisher.
 Advertising Medium of the
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 SONORA, TEXAS. July 3, 1919

COTTONSEED MEAL.
In its Relation to Animal Industries in the South.

By Dr. Andrew M. Soule, President Georgia State College of Agriculture.

That the manifest advantage of cottonseed meal is due to its high protein content is shown by the fact that about 297 pounds of it in actual test has replaced 540 pounds of wheat bran. Furthermore, that the cows fed exclusively on cottonseed meal maintain a better milk flow than those fed on bran, while the cost of the rations where cottonseed meal was fed was 6.5 cents less per day than where bran alone was fed, and 3 cents less where bran constituted half of the meal ration. From these figures it appears that 1 pound of cottonseed meal is equivalent in feeding value to 1.9 pounds of wheat bran, or 1 ton of cottonseed meal is worth as much as 3,800 pounds of bran. The cottonseed meal would cost about \$25 a ton and wheat bran nearly \$50. A difference of 6.5 cents per day in feeding thirty cows amounts to \$195 a day, or for eleven months, about the time the average cow would milk, \$643.50.

It is easy to see that the difference in profit and loss to the Southern farmer will depend on the character of ration he uses, and that he must depend largely on cottonseed meal to provide him with a cheap and satisfactory ration for his dairy cows, provided he feeds it in reasonable amounts and with proper skill and care. When this is done no injurious results to the animals will follow, all opinions to the contrary. Probably more things have been charged up to cottonseed meal without definite data on which to back the claims than to any other concentrate on the market; but now that the light of experience, coupled with definite experimental investigation, has been had on the subject, the validity of these claims has been demonstrated.

It has been the practice for many years to feed horses almost exclusively on corn and timothy. Comparatively little hay has been made, though the most excellent hay can be had on every plantation in the South for feeding to this class of animals. A horse or mule weighing 1000 pounds and doing heavy work requires about 23 pounds of dry matter, 23 pounds of digestible protein and 143 pounds of digestible carbohydrates per day, with a nutritive ratio of 1:6.2, or 1 pound of digestible protein to each 6.2 pounds of digestible carbohydrates. These rations were worked out long ago, and have been considered as fairly representative of the needs of the animals, and where they have been utilized in the nutrition of horses, more service has been obtained from a given amount of food the animals kept in a thriving condition as the result.

That the feeding of horses and mules throughout the State is done in the most atrocious manner is evidenced from the large correspondence which has come to the attention of the writer in the last fourteen years. One illustration will serve to elucidate the point. Fifteen pounds of corn is about all that can be fed to a horse or mule at hard work with safety and satisfaction. This amount of corn will supply 118 pounds of protein and 1145 pounds of carbohydrates and if we feed along with 15 pounds of bright, clean, well prepared shredded stover, which is all that a 1000 pound horse or mule will eat, we will add to the protein .25 of pound of protein and to the carbohydrates 5.11 pounds, making a total of 1.43 pounds of protein and 1656 pounds of carbohydrates. This ration contains 86 of a pound less protein than the standard calls for and 2.36 pounds more of carbohydrates. Hundreds of illustrations could be adduced to show that the rations now fed to horses and mules are not adapted to their needs, because of the strange desire of our farmers to feed corn almost exclusively. If they do feed something else, they purchase bran, oats or other extraordinarily high priced foods, and which are

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relatively low in protein, for the sake of improving and balancing up the rations.

As a matter of fact the farmer who will mix together 100 pounds of good, clean cotton seed meal and 600 pounds of corn and oat meal and feed 14 pounds of this mixture with 12 pounds of cowpea hay will supply a 1000 pound animal with about 2.55 pounds of protein and 18.80 pounds of carbohydrates, thus providing a balanced ration through the addition of a small amount of cotton seed meal, and that this addition of cotton seed meal will not prove injurious has now been demonstrated beyond a questionable doubt. It is stated by some that it will cause blindness but the writer has seen hundreds of cases of periodic and chronic ophthalmia due, according to the opinion of competent veterinarians, to the unbalanced heating ration of corn and fodder so extensively used at the present time, and it is quite probable that many animals to which a small amount of cotton seed meal has been fed would have gone blind anyway, and that the trouble has been charged to the work cause. Certainly two pounds of cotton seed meal per day will vastly improve the ration of our horses without injurious results.

Of course many other combinations of grain may be fed with satisfaction to horses and mules. For example, 100 pounds of cotton seed meal, 250 pounds of shelled corn and 400 pounds of oats, in a section where this crop can be grown during the winter, may be mixed together with advantage, and 15 pounds of this mixture fed with an equal amount of timothy hay or core stover will prove a very good ration; except that the farmer should never buy timothy hay where he can make something vastly superior and improve his land at the same time by growing crimson clover or vetch and oats during the winter and curing for hay and feeding. Since two pounds of cotton seed meal will provide the same amount of di-

gestible protein that is ordinarily obtained in 45 to 50 pounds of corn it is easy to see the economy of utilizing it for balancing up a ration for horses and mules, as compared with an attempt to use corn, oats or other high priced concentrates in its place. It is to be hoped for the sake of the horse and mule power of the south that the feeding of cotton seed meal in the amounts suggested will soon become a common practice on every farm. Undoubtedly the health of the animals will be improved and their ability and service lengthened thereby.

A great effort is being made to exploit the south in the interests of various proprietary food stuffs. Many of these are little better than nostrums and represent a costly investment for the farmer as compared with cotton seed meal and other standard food stuff which he can purchase for the nutrition of his livestock. Take corn chops, for instance, containing corn and hominy, and selling for \$33 per ton. The material contains 8.93 per cent of protein and 3.99 per cent of fat. Alfalfa consisting of alfalfa and molasses, sells at \$26 per ton and contains 10.93 per cent of protein and 1.35 per cent of fat. Sucrose dairy feed, consisting of a little cotton seed meal, brewers' grains, wheat, corn and oats, and costing \$34 a ton, contains 17.69 per cent of protein and 6.44 per cent of fat. Purina feed, containing corn, oats, dried brewers' grains and alfalfa, sells at \$33 a ton, and contains 14 per cent of protein and 5.46 per cent of fat. Many of these substitutes are made to sell as substitutes for wheat bran. It is yet to be proven to our satisfaction that they are the equal of wheat bran for any purpose, and yet we have seen how far wheat bran falls short when compared with cotton seed meal in the nutrition of dairy cows.

Other foodstuffs which are finding an increased sale, as our correspondence show, which have nothing of merit to recommend them, and which have been al-

most uniformly condemned by our colleges of agriculture and experiment stations, are International Stock food and Wilbur's Stock Food. The former retails at \$333 a ton. It contains wheat offal, red pepper, gentian, salt and seeds of various kinds. The latter sells at the same price, and consists of wheat feed, cereal hulls, pepper, salt, charcoal and fenugreek, of cereals are attractive. The exception to the rule of good crops in the new state is in some of the western International Stock Food contains 14.68 per cent of protein and 3.60 per cent of fat, or 293.6 pounds of protein per ton. Wilbur's Stock Food contains 15.50 per cent of protein, or but very little more. When cotton seed meal sells at \$25 per ton, \$333 would buy 13.3 tons of it, containing 9895.5 pounds of protein. Surely enough figures have been presented in this report to show how utterly absurd it is to pay these ridiculous prices for condimental foodstuffs, while neglecting to utilize a concentrate of such superior and established merit as cotton seed meal.

It is suggested to the farmer who desires to use a so-called medicinal foodstuff that he use cotton seed meal in the proper combination with corn, oats and such other concentrates as are available in the south, and then feed his animals the following formula if he deems it necessary: Ground gentian 1 pound, ground ginger 1 pound, powdered saltpeter 14 pound, powdered iron sulphate 14 pound. Mix together and give one tablespoonful in the food once daily for ten days. Then omit for three days and continue as above for ten days more.

Old and True.

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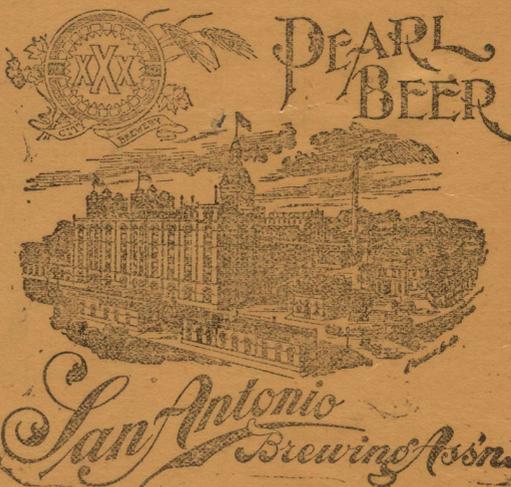
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STAGE FARE, \$4.00, ROUND TRIP, \$7.00.

OFFICE AT ALLISON'S PHARMACY

CUSTER'S LAST FIGHT

BY BUFFALO BILL
FROM "TRUE TALES OF THE PLAINS"
COPYRIGHT, 1908, BY WILLIAM F. CODY



ANY series of stories of Indian war would be incomplete without giving an account of the campaign of 1876 against the northern Sioux and their allies from the south, the Sioux and Cheyennes, an affair known as the Custer campaign. The catastrophe that overwhelmed the gallant General Custer and his brave command was an episode that will live forever in Indian history.

In the summer of 1874 General Sheridan sent two expeditions into what was known as the northern country. He sent General Custer with the Seventh Cavalry from Fort Abraham Lincoln to scout in the north and northwest of the Black Hills and to return through the Black Hills back to his post. At the same time he sent Colonel Anson Mills from the department of the Platte, leaving the Union Pacific railroad at Rawlins, Wyo., on an expedition to scout the Sweetwater country, the Big Horn basin and Big Horn mountain country and to return by way of the Powder river country back to his department. I was sent to guide Colonel Anson Mills' expedition. The two commands, one under Custer and one under Mills, came within communicating distance in eastern Wyoming on the Powder river, the two commanding officers and scouts meeting and holding a consultation. This country was then comparatively unknown, except to the scouts, hunters and trappers.

Mills marched from Rawlins to Independence Rock, on the Sweetwater river, where he made a supply camp and left his wagons. General Custer continued on through the Black Hills, exploring it in every hole and corner, and then returned to Fort Abraham Lincoln. This meeting of the two commanders was the last time I ever saw the general. It was on Custer's expedition through the Black Hills that the old timers' assertions of its wealth in gold were confirmed and practically demonstrated. Therefore, although the government's intention was to keep out invaders of this section (many of the first being arrested by the military), the efforts were a failure, for the rush became so great as to render it impracticable to arrest it. This brought about friction on the part of the Indians. During '75 and '76 the whole Dakota nation, the most powerful Indians and their allies, listened to the harangues of Sitting Bull and other medicine men to prepare to go on the warpath, to gather their best horses and secure all the ammunition and long range rifles they could.

General Sheridan, in view of the situation and the gathering of warriors in the northwest, commenced massing the United States troops in



The scouts reported to General Custer that they had seen tepees.

the different departments adjacent. General Alfred Terry, who was in command of the department of Dakota and the station at Fort Snelling, was to send the troops in his department to Fort Abraham Lincoln, to take the field from there under the command of General George A. Custer. General John Gibbon, who was in command of the department of Montana, was to take command of the troops in his department, move down the Yellowstone and form a junction with them. General George A. Crook, in command of the department of the Platte, was ordered to take the troops from his department and proceed north by the way of Fort Laramie, Fort Fetterman, old Fort Reno, old Fort Pillbury. This latter command was the one I accompanied. It might be mentioned here that during the preparations certain scandals in the construction department of the government, both for army and Indian supplies, had attracted congressional attention and national interest, threatening to besmirch per-

sonages closely connected with the powers existing. The investigation coming on, Custer was ordered to Washington to give testimony. His testimony adhered so strictly to the truth that it brought him into disfavor, and when he returned to his post he found that the command of the main expedition was taken from him and that he was assigned to his own regiment simply, while General Terry was ordered to take supreme command. To a soldier with his record, to a man of his sensitiveness, this humiliation was deeply felt, and, no doubt, was one of the many causes that warped his judgment at a time when it was most needed. General Terry showed his sympathy and confidence in him after the Indian trail was discovered, when he ordered him to take his regiment, with ten days' rations, ammunition and private scouts, along with Charlie Reynolds, Bloody Knife and others, and take the trail and follow it. He struck the trail and followed it at a rapid pace on the 23d and 24th of July. At this point the trail left the Rosebud and headed toward the Little Big Horn. As the march had been very rapid, the horses were tired and camp was made, while preparations to start by 2 o'clock in the morning to cross the divide which separated the two streams was determined on.

At 2 o'clock the regiment was again on the move, with the scouts ahead, and by daylight they had crossed the ridge. The command was keeping in the ravine or canyons out of sight and moving as quietly as possible. The scouts in advance came back and reported to General Custer that they had seen tepees, or Indian lodges, which was true; but, as it afterward turned out, the tepees which the scouts had seen were three or four tepees that had been put up for smallpox patients away from the main Indian village.

General Custer divided his command into three parts, taking five companies himself, Major Reno with five companies and Colonel Benteen with two companies, to bring up the rear with the pack train. Major Reno was ordered to march straight on to the Little Big Horn, while Custer would move obliquely off to the right, making a detour of some seven or eight miles and striking the Little Big Horn at what he supposed would be the lower end of the Indian village, while Reno was to strike it from the upper end. Custer was to work up the river and Reno down, while Reno was to keep on coming down the river until he joined with Custer, and Benteen was to follow up with the pack train.

As near as we know, Reno struck the Indians a little before Custer did, and, of course, he, as well as Custer, was surprised at the immense size of the village. There were ten times more Indians in this village than was indicated by the Indian trail which they had been following up the Rosebud. It is a fact that the Indians whom they were following had just at this point and at this time joined the main band of Indians in camp on the Little Big Horn. The principal chiefs among the Indians, of course, were Sitting Bull, Crazy Horse, Rain-in-the-Face, Little Big Man, Grass and many others. At first the Indians were taken completely by surprise, for they were so numerous that they had failed to keep scouts out at the usual distance, and Reno's attack was the first that they saw of the soldiers. Reno, instead of charging, held back when he saw the immense numbers in front—his heart, indeed, failed him, and, abandoning audacity, which is the true motto of the cavalryman, though he failed to recognize it at this time, he dismounted to fight on foot. In his first charge he was repulsed, and, as near as I have been able to learn, it was only a weak one, not on account of his officers or men, but it was the lack of faith and confidence in himself that took away the vim and dash that the charge should have had.

Reno, in looking over the situation, preferred defense in preference to attack. He recrossed the Little Big Horn and took up a position on a hill, where he dilly dallyed around until the Indians, taking courage at his apparent weakness, made the fight on him all the fiercer. Most of the men that he lost were lost while crossing the Little Big Horn in retreat, so as to get into the bluffs on the east side. Major Reno, although having a good civil war record, through his indecision in the emergency on this occasion seemed to have completely lost soldierly intelligence. The Indians, as was afterward learned, were completely taken by surprise, and the great attack on Reno and was making preparations to surround him on the hill, evidently unaware of Custer's proximity on the other side of the village. This shows what could have been done had Reno charged onward and kept this greatest of the war chiefs occupied instead of thus permitting him to leave a few men to threaten Reno, while he concentrated his warriors on the other side of the village against Custer. A messenger to Benteen from Custer, ordering him to "come on quick

and bring the packs," had caused that gallant officer to hasten, but, overtaking Reno, who outranked him, he was ordered to join his demoralized forces and was compelled to obey. The latter thought that the two commands combined, which numbered 400 men, would soon take measures to get into action. But the appeals of such officers as Benteen, Weir, French and others to lead on were without avail.

The last seen of Custer as he started into the ever to be remembered battle of the Little Big Horn was when he went over the ridge and waved his hat in salute to the other commands. Custer, making a wide detour to fall on the rear of the village, or what he thought was the rear, immediately struck a very strong band of Indians led by Chief Gall.

They had crossed the river at a point where they were concealed by a large ravine and got on Custer's flank, and so astute had been Chief Gall's arrangements that he found himself attacked in front and on all sides. Custer's first charge was successful until he saw the immensity of the village. He saw that it was a city instead of a village. There being a high hill a half



They all died in the proper military formation.

mile back from the Little Big Horn, Custer decided to take this as a standpoint. He sounded the recall and tried to make this hill. He had to turn his back while doing so. The Indians are never so brave as when they get one's back to them. On their retreat to the hill half of his men were killed. The rest took up positions, but the Indians, being so elated at killing so many of his men from the Little Big Horn up to the hill and the failure of Reno to attract the Indians continually coming down the Little Big Horn, almost all the fighting Indians concentrated on Custer and fought him to death.

Fighting desperately to gain a point higher up, no doubt, he was, however, compelled to dismount his men and act on the defensive. Unable to advance or retreat and probably unwilling to do so, he must have based his actions on the diversion that the other commands would make. Steadfastly believing this from later Indian accounts, they fought coolly, hoping and expecting for re-enforcements which never came, but succeeded in keeping up the fight for some time. The Indians, well armed and in overwhelming numbers, circling and riding at speed, kept up a continuous and effective fire, while skirmishers and pickets crawled through the grass, picking off officers. In the meanwhile Reno was still lying on the hill, although they could hear the reports of firearms below, and notwithstanding that Benteen, Weir, French and others continued their appeals and that the echoing volleys cried for assistance he remained there until all was silent, the Indians eventually killing Custer and every one of his gallant band. Reno was kept annoyed by the savages until the arrival of General Terry and Gibbon's command, while on the second day the Indians set fire to the grasses to cover their movements with smoke and drew off. Afterward a visit to the battle scene told the story of Custer's last battle, showing that every one had at least done his duty and, though defeated, was not disgraced. They all died in the proper military formation, every officer at his post and every man in line. Custer's body was found, and, although all the others were mutilated or scalped, his body seemed to have been untouched except by his death wounds, this being a tribute from the savage foe to his courage and gallantry. His brother, Captain Tom, and his brother-in-law, Captain Calhoun, with a nephew, were among the slain, making an unusual family affliction. The bodies of all the officers were found, with the exception of Dr. Lord, Lieutenants Porter, Harrington and Sturges and some ten men. The latter's fate has never been known—whether they were captured and tortured or whether their bodies had been thrown into the quicksands near the bed of the Little Big Horn, it is not clear, the only certainty being that they were dead. Two hundred and twelve bodies were buried on the hill, the losses to the regiment being in two days 265 killed and 52 wounded, 50 per cent of the command!

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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-tf. 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.
E. 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

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When you go to San Angelo on Edg's Main, at the favorite Saloon, he will treat you 72-tf

AN ARMY MAN'S CLOSE CALL

BY BUFFALO BILL
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ONE of the most thrilling personal experiences that I ever heard was that of Lieutenant De Rudlo, who was cut off from Reno's command at the Little Big Horn and spent two days and nights filled with such narrow escapes and blood curdling dangers as to make, under the conditions, the most callous man's hair stand on end.

In the fight he was guarding a pony crossing with eight men, when one of them said: "Lieutenant, get your horse—quick! Reno's retreating!" But as no trumpet had been sounded and no order had been given he hesitated and waited for the call. As the men had seen the other's retreat, they unceremoniously left, and De Rudlo, seeing the guidon left behind, rode back to get it, which he did, but saw thirty-five or forty Indians coming. He dashed off, and they fired a volley; but, leaning low on his horse, it went high over him. He rode into the thick underbrush, when they fired many shots into the woods, the bullets cutting the branches all around him. He crossed the creek, scrambling up the bank, when suddenly he saw hundreds of Indians in front of him, not fifty yards distant, shooting at the retreating soldiers, with their backs toward him. He instantly saw that he was entirely cut off. While thinking how desperate a run for it it would be, the thought of wife and children nerved him, and he was about to brave it when a young Indian about thirty yards distant on his right fired and killed his horse. The shot attracted the other Indians, and De Rudlo jumped down the bank, hiding in an excavation, and several volleys were fired, so accurately seemingly that the Indians thought he must be killed.

A terrible yelling began among the Indians, and all at once the firing ceased. Peering out, he saw the cause. Captain Benteen's column was coming over the hills and had attracted their attention. It aroused the hope that they would come near enough for him to join them, but in a few minutes they disappeared, and the Indians all started off in that direction. Reno's command had evidently rallied; and they all got together, so his only hope was to crawl around under the underbrush and get as near Reno's command as he could, which he could plainly see. At the same time there was a movement on another hill on the right, and he thought he saw for a moment General Custer and some officers, and then they disappeared. While quietly going through the brush he heard a whispered "Lieutenant, Lieutenant." Then he recognized Private O'Neil of G troop and Gerard, interpreter, and Scout Jackson. The two latter had horses, but O'Neil's had been killed.

Gerard and Jackson would not desert their horses, fearing they would neigh or be seen, as Indians were passing



They hid in a deep part of the creek.

back and forth, attracted by heavy firing on the village, which must have been the Custer fight. As they refused to leave the horses, he started with O'Neil on foot on his own hook.

At one time an Indian rode within a few feet of them, cut a switch and went on. They were then at the edge of a clearing, which they dared not cross until dark, and they hid themselves between some driftwood in a hole, placing their cartridges all around handily and ready for the expected attack.

Two shots were fired in close proximity, and they thought they were gone. Peering out, they saw that it was Indian women who were mutilating the bodies of some dead soldiers. Searching around the ground, they came so near that they were tempted to fire at them.

The Indians seemed to be, although occupied, suspicious that some were still around the bushes and so set fire to the timber. The smoke and flames forced them out of their hiding place just as Jackson and Gerard joined them, having left their horses where they first met, stuffing grass in their nostrils to prevent them from attracting attention. Wrapping their throats around their heads, they succeeded in escaping into the thick brush along the bank of the creek. From here they saw that McDougal had joined Reno with the pack train. At the finish of the firing in the direction of water were hundreds of Indians, and the fight on the hill was all night. The two scouts

horses and, with O'Neil and De Rudlo holding the tails, decided to ford the river under darkness at the place where they had crossed in the morning. By making a detour round the Indians and as it was dark they passed close to three bands of red men without molestation. O'Neil and De Rudlo on the occasions keeping alongside the horses and out of sight. The fourth party came along and shouted to them in Sioux, and Jackson and Gerard cut loose and the two foot dropped and hid in the sagebrush.

The Indians pursued the horsemen a short distance, firing shots at them, but did not see the two men in the sagebrush, although they passed in single file within three or four feet of them.

O'Neil and he reached the ford and decided to secrete themselves and wait until daylight. The moon came out but dimly, and they saw a party that looked like American cavalry, as they were on American horses and dressed in the soldier's uniform, the leader riding a sorrel horse with four white legs. He was sure that it was Captain Tom Custer. Elated, he cried out, "Hello, captain!" The rider stopped, and, although they could not see him, a feathery yell and a volley of bullets told them they were Indians. They rushed through the brush, the Indians firing at the moving bushes volley after volley. Their escape was miraculous.

It turned out afterward that these Indians by their firing spoiled a bit of stratagem they had arranged to deceive Reno by dressing in the clothes of dead soldiers of Custer's command, and equipped with clinching sabers and on American horses, they expected to deceive him in the night by pretending to be men of Custer's party. This firing at De Rudlo and giving the Indian yell put the Reno men on their guard. Proceeding on their way, two Indians came hunting for the fugitives, believing, of course, that it was only some wounded soldier. While hunting for them they approached within five yards, and, evidently having seen them, one jumped from his horse, when De Rudlo fired and dropped him dead. O'Neil's carbine knocking the other one out of his saddle and killing him. The Indians in the hills saw the flash and puff and fired another volley in that direction, but the two desperate men hastily concealed themselves behind a big log which several bullets had struck. The bullets struck the ground within a few feet and even inches of them continuously.

Again the woods were fired at this point, but as it had been rainy in the evening the smoke was stronger than the flames and was thus their salvation, and they hid in a deep part of the creek with only their heads out of water, but with their cartridges and firearms on the bank ready for action. They remained there and in a little oasis of bushes that the fire had not touched, without moving or speaking, until 9 o'clock on the 28th of June. About 4 o'clock there were two signal pistol shots fired, the Indian vedette left his post at the ford and a loud voice was heard haranguing the Indians, and a band of three or four hundred passed closely and rode off. They could see them for miles down the river and heard them singing a peculiar chant. By 6:30 they had gone as far as they could see, and it was evident that something had caused them to move away, as it appeared to them that the troops must have also left the hill.

Hungry, exhausted and dispirited, their condition can be imagined—the command gone, and they a hundred miles from the Yellowstone river! However, when everything was quiet in the dark night they started in the direction of Reno's retreat, and after about five miles they came to a high hill, from which they saw a fire. At times the fire disappeared, and they concluded that there must be human beings passing around it, which hid it occasionally from sight. But what kind of human beings—Indians or white? There was the rub. They crawled on with great caution, fearing the Indians would have to be crawled through even to reach Reno, if it was Reno, when their hearts were raised by the braying of a mule. Still, he might be a captured mule, so they crept along on their bellies cautiously until they got so near that they heard voices talking in English. They crawled within a hundred yards of the visible party and called out to the picket who they were. De Rudlo and O'Neil: "For God's sake, don't shoot!" a cheer from the picket, and in a few

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minutes the tired and famished survivors of many mental deaths were munching crackers and coffee with Captain Varnum.

De Rudlo's reception by his comrades brings to mind the time when an army was drawn up in battle line to receive me.

I will refer to one of the press dispatches sent from Terry's command to give an account of this incident: "Our march now lay through a succession of abandoned Indian camps, showing that we were on the trail of the Sioux. The bleached bones of buffaloes and now and then the shaggy head of this monarch of the plains, testifying to the recent passage of Indian hunters, were met with from time to time scattered among the wickiups or temporary shelters made of saplings and tree branches, but so far no signs of the hostile Sioux were encountered. Our picturesque Crow and Cree allies had brought information of the near approach of the Sioux, and we were in hourly expectation that the savages would appear to dispute our progress. Plains scarred by deep canyons we passed which might con-



A single horseman advanced from the timber.

ceal an army from view and yet were invisible at a few hundred yards distant. Right and left ran continuous lines of bluffs on either hand, offering positions that, defended by resolute and well armed men, would be almost impregnable.

"Suddenly, while standing around a fire at a temporary stopping place, we were startled by a quick succession of unearthly yells, and soon after a band of Crows, painted hideously, burst into camp at full gallop. They reported 'heap Sioux' coming toward us, more Sioux than they had ever seen before. This our informant expressed clearly in sign language, showing us the Sioux mounted and coming to cut our throats. The interpreter soon after arrived and confirmed our interpretation of the Indian sign language. Soon we were started by a simultaneous rush of the Cree scouts, who announced the Sioux. The troops immediately formed in line of battle, and the scene was an animated one. Two companies of the Seventh Cavalry, under Captain French and Lieutenant De Rudlo, were to support the scouts in case of attack, while the column was properly arranged as well as the difficult nature of the ground would permit.

"One battalion of the Seventh Cavalry, under Captain Weir, formed a mounted skirmishing line at full gallop, aided by the Second Cavalry, drawn up in column on their flank under General Grabin and Lieutenant Low's battery of three guns. The trains were closed up, and the companies of the Fifth Infantry, under Colonel Miles; the Sixty-sixth, under General Moore; and the Twenty-second, under Colonel Otis, were extended, along the flanks and moved in the rear as supports. For a few minutes all was expectation and anxiety.

"A single horseman advanced from the timber, and there was a muttered exclamation from many mouths, 'There they come!' As we strained our ears for the report of the first gun the horseman advanced toward the skirmishers, making signs of friendship. It proved to be Bill Cody, the scout, better known as 'Buffalo Bill,' dressed in the magnificence of the border fashion of General Custer's command and said we might put off all bloody thoughts for that day. Such a reception probably no man ever received, as warm in its greeting as would have been the warmth of the reception of the hostile Sioux."

The Thundering Legion.
In the year A. D. 174 a Roman legion made up wholly or in part of Christians fought under Marcus Antoninus against the Marcomanni. The Roman army were shut up in a defile and ready to perish from thirst when a severe thunderstorm, with heavy rain, retarded them from their distress and at the same time so terrified their enemies that a great victory was gained. The Christians attributed their deliverance to the prayers they had just presented, and considered it miraculous, and the term "thundering legion" was applied to the soldiers.—New York American.

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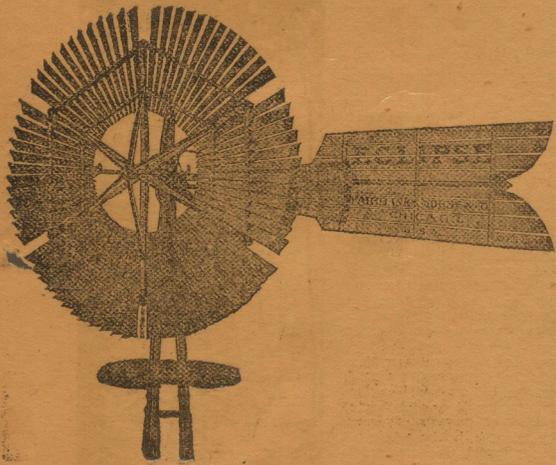
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PIPE LOST.

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

COATS 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.

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

John W. Martin and family
have moved from San Angelo to
Sonora and will make their home
there.

W. R. Clondennen and son
John were down from San Angelo
Saturday. Johnny says the folks
don't like San Angelo and will prob-
ably move back to Sonora.

Mrs. W. H. Gardner and friend
Miss Rainey of Roosevelt are in
Sonora this week the guests of
Mrs. J. A. Coppa, sister of Mr.
Gardner.

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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.

A Spell For A Pipe.

Roy Aldwell who has come
home with honors after a four
year course at the A. & M., has
lost his pipe—see notice of re-
ward elsewhere. The pipe has
been his constant companion and
polace—because the regulations do
not permit the carrying of pipes
with the pipe in a man's pocket
and because...

the coloring—think of the color-
ing. The form, the contour, the
altogether was made from a die
but the coloring of this compen-
ion—this uncomparable one, with
whom so many hours has been
spent; tells his inward thoughts
passions or sentiment; his fiefs
and follies; friends and favorites.
In the still hours of the night the
not bowl brought life to his fingers
when all else was dark: The man
on watch saw no light because of
the cold ashes but the boy felt the
heat below. We have not had
any expression the "Captain" on
this subject except to advertise for
his pipe and we feel sure that if
the pipe is found that the mem-
ories it would bring to you or
me—if we had lost it—would at
once restore it to the owner.

No. 5466.
Report of the Condition
OF THE

**First National Bank of Sonora,
at Sonora,**

In the State of Texas, at the close of
business, June 23, 1909.

RESOURCES.	
Loans and discounts	\$107,810.46
Overdrafts, secured and un- secured	2,839.93
U. S. Bonds to secure circula- tion	22,500.00
Premiums on U. S. Bonds	700.00
Banking house, Furniture and fixtures	4,834.45
Due from National Banks (not Reserve Agents)	3,489.91
Due from State and Private Banks and Bankers, Trust Companies, and Savings Banks	16,589.97
Due from approved reserve agents	31,102.03
Checks and other cash items	14.10
Notes of other National Banks	160.00
Fractional paper currency, nickels, and cents	12.50
LAWFUL MONEY RESERVE IN BANK, VIZ:	
Specie	\$4,108.75
Legal tender notes 2,418.00	
Redemption fund with U. S. Treasurer (5 per cent of circulation)	6,554.75
Total	\$250,751.75

LIABILITIES.	
Capital stock paid in	\$50,000.00
Surplus fund	30,000.00
Undivided profits, less ex- penses and taxes paid	14,347.50
National Bank notes out- standing	22,500.00
Due to other National Banks	10,935.22
Due to approved Reserve Agents	702.13
Individual deposits subject to check	120,402.74
Cashier's checks outstanding	105.80
Bills payable, including Cer- tificates of Deposit for money borrowed	12,000.00
Total	\$250,751.75

STATE OF TEXAS,
COUNTY OF SUTTER, I, W. L.
Aldwell, Cashier of the above named
bank do solemnly swear that the above
statement is true to the best of my
knowledge and belief.

W. L. Aldwell, Cashier.
Subscribed and sworn to before me
this 23rd day of June 1909.

H. P. Allison, Notary Public.
Correct-Attest:
Geo. S. Allison,
E. F. Vander Stucken,
Will Whitehead, Directors.

Recapitulation.

RESOURCES.	
Loans and discounts	\$170,700.44
U. S. Bonds	22,500.00
Premiums on U. S. Bonds	700.00
Banking House and Fixtures	4,834.45
Cash in Banks and Cashier	60,891.83
Due from U. S. Treasurer	1,125.00
Total	\$260,751.75

H. E. Sharp the Mayer merchant,
was in Sonora, Monday, on business.

T. L. Benson the Eldorado merchant,
was in Sonora this week on business.

Felix Harrison and Bob Hagland of
Junction, were in Sonora this week
wanting to buy sheep.

Al Pursell arrived home last week
from Hardy, Okla., where he had been
looking after the W. A. Glasscock cat-
tle.

Tom Adams of Sonora sold to
T. D. Newell the Benson resi-
dence on Concho avenue for \$9.00

A. F. Clarkson the Lost Lake
stockman was in Sonora Tuesday
before the Board of Equalization.

George M. McDonald made a
business trip to San Angelo this
week returning Thursday.

Ed Mayfield sold to Tom Adams
of Sonora the Dr. A. L. Taylor
residence on Concho avenue for
\$1200.

W. B. May a former truck
farmer of Jones county was in
Sonora Tuesday enroute to the
Corpus Christi country.

E. E. Roberts' lease of the
barber shop expired on July 1.
E. S. Long has taken possession
of his own. Luther Thorp is still
holding down chair No 1 and Lige
and Luther are the handsomest
barbers in town by a Lands-
vista

Bob Cantor who some time
ago went back on his first bar-
ber shop and has a new way
in town. He has a new
miffed...

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

C. P. Adams and some of the
children are on a visit to Dal Rio
and other points.

Wiley Adams the "Chief" of
the Llanos and Marlow Adams
were in town Saturday.

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

Robert Anderson proprietor of
the Red Front stable made a vi-
sit to his ranch near Juno this week.

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

All the Commissioners were in
attendance at the board of Equal-
ization this week.

Dutch Collar Pins and Dutch
Collars. The latest novelty at
Sonora Mercantile Co.

W. E. Dunbar who ranches 12
miles southeast of Sonora was in
town this week trading.

Jet bands and jet ear screws.
They are the latest at Sonora
Mercantile Co.

Oscar Savage was in Sonora
Tuesday from the Middle Valley
country and reports part of the
Valley in fine shape.

Sam Merck Jr. is playing the
devil at the New office this week.
Sam has got the printers idea-
alright.

E. M. Kirkland the raiser of
Durham cattle and Merino sheep
16 miles southeast of town was in
Sonora Thursday.

G. W. Smith who succeeded
Sid Stephen on as assistant post
master has resigned and is suc-
ceeded by Ernest White.

Sidney Gilbert who has a ranch
10 miles south of Sonora was in
town Thursday. Mr. Gilbert has
some good young horses for sale.

5cts
FOR ICE CREAM
OR SOFT DRINKS
AT
HURST'S.

Clarence Gosh and Roy E.
Aldwell have been taking the in-
ventory of the J. Lewenthal drug
store this week.

Hollie Carson has gone to Juno,
the last and only, first and al-
ways, good all around town, out
side of Sonora, in Texas for
Hollie.

Xa W. Word, the automobile
agent sold a car to J. O. Taylor of
Juno. The car arrived Thursday
and was taken to Juno by K
Aycock.

H. B. Balch returned this week
from New Mexico where he visit-
ed his daughter Pearl at Tucum-
cari. He was pleased to state
that she was out of danger and
improving in health when he left.

O. T. Word returned last week
from moving his sheep west of the
Pecos. Mr. Word got range for
his stuff and did not go to his
Brewster county ranch but heard
from there that the rains had been
good and the tanks full of water.

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,
6412
Georgetown, Texas.

Mr. and Mrs. James G. Barton
and boy returned Wednesday from
San Action when they visited Mr.
Barton mother and sisters
Jimmies boy is the only boy in the
family and "grandmother" and
all the aunts and uncles thought
L. W. was it.

Bob Cantor who some time
ago went back on his first bar-
ber shop and has a new way
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We will buy your hides and furs
E. F. Vander Stucken Co.

W. E. Silkeny, Secretary and Treas-
urer of the Russell Commission
Company of Fort Worth, with offices at St.
Louis, Kansas City and south St.
Joseph, was in Sonora this week sol-
iciting business for his house. Mr.
Silkeny is a very pleasant gentleman
and met many old friends and made
many new ones during his visit here.

There is none just as good as
DOAN'S SCREW WORK

KILLER. There is none just
like it.

E. F. Vander Stucken Co., and
Sonora Mercantile Co., have it.

G. C. Earwood, the Angora goat
raiser who through lack of water
has had to move one flock of goats
to the Bob Cantor ranch, was a
business visitor in Sonora and
made the New appreciated visit
Wednesday. Mr. Earwood's goats
are just about if not as good as any
in the country.

No Spoony Business.
For Chills, Malaria and Bilious-
ness Casetham's Laxative Tablets
are certainly very fine. No bad
effects as with quinine. Then
they are so convenient; can carry
them in the pocket and no spoon
is necessary. They are an ideal
remedy. 25c per box. Geo West-
lake.

"Well" (to tell the truth like a
newspaper reporter should) I don't
know whether "Bill"—W. A.
Miers has been out of Texas or
not. I am positive he has not
been to Ireland. Don't believe he
was in Chicago in 1893—but
nevertheless—he's kissed the
Bernie stone.

Howdy!
How's your liver? If not in
first class condition, doing fall
dry and giving entire satisfaction
Simmons' Liver Purifier will fix it.
So you'll think its gone—its trou-
bles will be gone. Put up in tin
boxes only. Price 25c per box.

Roy Hudepeth has—was think
given out the idea that he is going
to buy an auto and when he comes
to town is taken out to see the
sights and observe the working of
the car. Usually Roy has a
pocketfull of shelled peanuts
when he starts, and waves his
hand like a millionaire as he goes
by.

A Night Rider's Raid.
The worst night riders are cal-
omel, cotton oil or abuse pills.
They raid your bed to rob you of
rest. Not so with Dr King's New
Life Pills. They never distress or
inconvenience, but always cleanse
the system, curing Colic, Head
ache, Constipation, Malaria, 25c
at Nathan's Pharmacy.

The drainage is good and even if
the rain that has been due the
"dry belt" for the past 18 months
should all come in the next 1, 2,
3, or 6 months there would be no
probability of loss of life. Let'er
come.

They Are All Pleased.
"By experience I have found
your Hunt's Lightning Oil to be a
great pain and sprain reliever. I
am very much pleased with it."
25c and 50c bottles. C. C. Cook,
Hallettsville, Texas.

Walter Whitehead was brought
to town this week for medical
treatment. He has some fever but
will be around again in a few days
Will Whitehead and E. T. String-
feller who came in with him re-
turned to the ranch Wednesday.

The condition of the First
National Bank, of Sonora as called
for by the Comptroller of the
Currency appears in this issue.
Read it. The loans are \$170,000;
the deposits \$132,000 and the sur-
plus and undivided profits amount
to \$44,000.

Tom Adams sold to J. El May-
field of Sonora his 6 section ranch
11 miles west of Sonora at \$4 per
acre, straight. The ranch is im-
proved with two wells and a wolf
proof fence.

Miss Powell who has been with
the Sonora Mercantile Company
for six months left Thurs-
day for a two month visit to San
Angelo, Texas, and returned
Friday.

Rev. O. T. Davis, the Methodist
presbyter, has written Dr. C. D.
Carr that he will be back in
Sonora about the 30th of June. Mr.
Davis will be accompanied by
his wife and children.

William H Robinson died at his
home in Sonora Friday June 25,
1909 aged 55 years. Deceased was
raised in K mbie county and had
been in this Western country all
his life. He is survived by his
mother, Mrs. Nordain and sons
Will of San Angelo and Ira Robi-
nson of the Whitehead ranch and
by his widow Mrs. Bouch Robinson.
The funeral to the Sonora ceme-
tery Saturday evening was attend-
ed by a large circle of friends.
The service was conducted by
Rev Patrick, Baptist minister of
Ozona. The News extends its
sympathy to the family and rela-
tives in their sorrow.

Earnest Martin.
Earnest Martin the youngest
son of Mr. and Mrs. John W.
Martin died at San Angelo on
Friday June 25, 1909, aged one
year and 12 days. The body was
brought to Sonora for interment
and the funeral Saturday was at-
tended by a large number of
friends and relatives. The serv-
ices were conducted by the Rev.
Patrick, the Baptist minister of
Ozona. The News extends its
sympathy to the parents and re-
latives in their sorrow.

Mr. and Mrs. James G. Barton
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Jimmies boy is the only boy in the
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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,
DISTRIBUTERS.

Entertained at 42.

Mrs. W. P. Rountree entertain-
ed at 42—dominos—Tuesday
afternoon from 4 to 7. The after-
noon was most enjoyable and
particularly as it has been some time
since any of Sonora's many
charming hostesses had entertain-
ed. The prize out glass bonbon
dish was won by Miss Ida Aldwell
and Miss Clara Allison was the
winner of a hot pin for the most
"84" hands. A two course
luncheon consisting of chicken
salad, olives and sandwiches, and
sherbit and cake was served.
Those present were Mesdames J.
B. Blakeney, J. S. Allison, J. O.
Rountree, H. P. Allison, E. S.
Briant, D. B. Cusenbary, E. F.
Vander Stucken, F. D. Newell,
G. B. Hamilton, B. M. Halbert,
W. B. Hayes, J. E. Grimland, W.
L. Aldwell and Misses Cora
Rountree, Clara Allison, Sadie
Tillman, Hattie B. Cusenbary and
Ida Aldwell.

Drug Business For Sale.
The old established drug busi-
ness of the Late J. Lewenthal will
be sold by the administrator, R.
F. Halbert and sealed bid will be
received by him on July 15. The
stock of drugs, jewelry, fixtures,
etc. will amount to about \$8,000.
A lease of the building which is
the best location in town may be
had at satisfactory rates for a term
of years. A good opening for the
right party. It will pay to in-
vestigate. Address or see
R. F. Halbert, Administrator,
Sonora, Tex.

W. D. Robinson.
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The service was conducted by
Rev Patrick, Baptist minister of
Ozona. The News extends its
sympathy to the family and rela-
tives in their sorrow.

Tortured On A Horse.
"For ten years I couldn't ride a
horse without being in torture
from piles," writes L. S. Napier,
of Ruggies, Ky., "when all doctors
and other remedies failed, Buck-
len's Arnica Salve cured me."
Infallible for Piles, Burnes,
Scalds, Cuts, Boils, Fever-Sores,
Eczema, Salt Rheum, Corns. 25c.
Guaranteed by Nathan's Phar-
macy.

Mr. and Mrs. Wiley Brooks re-
turned Wednesday from a visit to
relatives, up "on the Orient,"
near Bronto. Wiley says the visit
was most enjoyable as it rained up
there nearly every day, and the
crops and fruits, chickens and
friends were doing fine. The only
regret he has is that the Orient
does not come right through his
ranch which is about 10 miles
north of Sonora. Heres hoping,
Wiley