

DEVIL'S RIVER NEWS.

VOL 19

SONORA, SUTTON CO., TEXAS, SATURDAY, JULY 31 1909.

NO. 977

The Store on the Corner

SONORA MERCANTILE COMPANY,
SONORA, TEXAS.

The Store of Quality

SELZ Shoes the Best for Men and BOYS

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Ladies and Misses Low Shoes worth \$2 to \$2.50 now for only 50 cents and \$1

WHILE THEY LAST

Carson's California GLOVES the Best on Earth

The Store of Quality

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 31, 1909.

HEAT OF THE SUN.

The Enormous Energy Vested in the Rays of Our Luminary.

We receive warmth and light from the sun, but the most of us think little about the enormous power vested in our luminary. The most satisfactory way of arriving at an idea of its tremendous energy is by measuring the amount of heat which its rays are capable of generating. And, further, by our knowledge of the relation which exists between heat and mechanical work, we are able to estimate the amount of work which the sun is capable of doing and also the quantity of energy it must be losing year by year.

By suitable arrangements we can cause a certain quantity of its radiation to be absorbed by water or other substance and note the rise of temperature which results, and as we know the mechanical equivalent of each degree of temperature in water it is only a matter of calculation to arrive at a knowledge of the sun's total energy. Like everything else connected with this wonderful body, figures give us no adequate conception of its vast energy, and various illustrations have been used by different investigators.

Thus Herschel considered it in relation to the quantity of ice which it would melt in a given time and states that the amount of heat which the earth receives when the sun is overhead would melt an inch thickness of ice in two hours and thirteen minutes.

From this it can be calculated that if the body of the sun were entirely surrounded by a sheet of ice on its surface of more than a mile in thickness the sun's heat would entirely melt this coating of ice in the same time—namely, two hours and thirteen minutes. Another scientist uses an even more striking illustration. He says: "If we could build up a solid column of ice from the earth to the sun two miles and a quarter in diameter, spanning the inconceivable abyss of 93,000,000 miles, and if then the sun should concentrate its power upon it it would dissolve and melt, not in an hour nor in a minute, but in a single second. One

swing of the pendulum and it would be water. Seven more seconds and it would be dissipated in vapor." Of course of this enormous quantity of heat the earth receives but a small fraction. The rest, except what the other heavenly bodies receive, passes away into space and is lost forever, so far as can be ascertained.

It is by this enormous supply of energy that the whole world is kept alive and active. It keeps us warm and drives our steam engines and water wheels. It circulates our atmosphere and brings us rain and snow. It grows and nourishes our plants and animals and, in a word, is the source of almost every earthly blessing.—Chicago Record-Herald.

Painting Wagner's Picture.

Sir Hubert von Herkomer, the celebrated English artist, described his experience in painting the portrait of Richard Wagner without a sitting. Wagner in 1877 was introducing his music to English audiences, and he permitted the young artist to be with him at his house, see him day by day and watch him. When Wagner was asked when he intended to sit he replied, "He sees me all the time." That went on for a month. Then the artist started one Friday on the portrait, worked at it all day at white heat, slept badly all night and worked again all day Saturday. By the evening it was finished, and the next day he took the portrait, glazed and framed, to Wagner. Then came a change over the great musician. He was delighted.

A Bad Lot.

When charged with being drunk and disorderly and asked what he had to say for himself the prisoner gazed pensively at the magistrate, smoothed down a remnant of gray hair and said: "Your honor, man's inhumanity to man makes countless thousands mourn. I'm not as debased as Swift, as profligate as Byron, as dissipated as Poe or as debauched as"—

Preferred to Be Prepared.

He was a small six-year-old, and he was stretched across his father's knee in the attitude traditional for generations in the prevention of spasm. "Papa," he said, "I'm afraid of silence before the slipper fell, 'are you going to spank me?'" "Well, I suppose I am. Why do you ask?" "Because, papa," he replied, "with all the things possible under the circumstances, I don't wish to be surprised."—London Punch.

LIGHTNING.

Some Facts About This Mysterious Force of Nature.

Lightning is still more or less a mystery. We can imitate it on a small scale in the laboratory, but its gigantic manifestations in the sky, and its wonderful vagaries make the wisest savants shake their heads. We know, at any rate, that lightning is the electric discharge at high tension between masses oppositely electrified. Every little particle of moisture in the air carries a charge, and when the particles coalesce in a cloud their electricity collects on the surface until the tension becomes enormous. If two clouds are oppositely electrified they will bombard each other until equilibrium is established between them. If the opposition is between the surcharged cloud and an object on the ground a terrific bolt passing between the earth and the sky will relieve the electric strain without regard to the well being of any creature that stands in the way.

A lightning flash often darts for miles through the air. It begins with a discharge between two adjacent particles. The next particle receives the shock and transmits it to its nearest neighbor, and thus it rushes on, zigzagging along the line of least resistance until the unbalanced energies are restored to equality. The way of lightning is a crooked way when the path is long, because the distribution of the electric charges in the clouds is irregular. The positive seeks the negative and rushes to its embrace wherever it finds it.

The eye is not quick enough to unravel a lightning stroke, but photography can do it to a certain degree, and photographs prove that the path of the discharge is a waving line. No discharge occurs until the tension has reached the breaking point—i. e., the point where the resistance of the air can no longer restrain the force of the gathering charge.

What might be called the inner structure of a lightning stroke is a marvel. Professor Henry proved that every stroke is an alternating current, the oscillations occupying but a few millionths of a second, while the duration of the flash may be a considerable fraction of a second.—Garrett P. Serviss in New York American.

The Editor's Sally.

City Editor—What do you mean by saying in this robbery story that "Brown was knocked down and relieved of a hundred dollars?" Were you ever robbed yourself?" New Reporter—No, sir. City Editor—That accounts for it. If you'd been robbed you would not describe the loss of a hundred dollars as a relief.—St. Louis Republic.

FATE OF TWO STORIES.

One Was a New One, and the Other Was an Old, Old Timer.

The toastmaster introduces the new speaker, who arises and begins his remarks in a pleasant vein. Being a man of some originality of ideas, he illustrates his talk with a brand new story. The audience smiles in a noncommittal manner. The speaker determines to shake things up and tells another new one. A few scattering laughs are his reward. So it goes while he tells half a dozen new ones. Then an inspiration comes to him. He realizes that the trouble is he is telling stories they have never heard.

"Which reminds me," he says, apropos of something he has just said, "of the two men who ate horse-radish for the first time."

He sees four or five men straighten up in their chairs and nudge their neighbors, as though they were preparing them for what is coming.

"The horseradish was on the table," says the speaker, "and one of the men took a heaping teaspoonful of it at a gulp. Great tears coursed down his cheeks, and his friend looked at him with wonderment."

All over the room he now sees men winking and nodding at one another as though they were passing the word to wait for the nub of the story.

"What is the matter?" asked the friend, narrates the speaker. "I just remembered that my grandmother died a year ago today," was the answer.

A wave of laughter sweeps over the banquet hall, and everybody is happy. At last a story they recognize.

"After a decent interval," says the speaker, "the friend asked how the other man liked the white stuff, meaning the horseradish. The other man said it was great, and the friend tried a tablespoonful of it. Then he, too, cried bitterly."

A spasmodic effort at applause is checked here by those who urge their friends to wait for the finish of the story.

"Why are you crying?" asked the other man. "I am crying," answered the friend, "because you did not die the same day your grandmother did."

And then the cheers and laughter break forth, the applause continuing for fully five minutes, while the speaker bows and bows and waits an opportunity to continue his remarks. He has realized in time that the average audience wants jokes that it recognizes as such from old acquaintance.

Consequently he does not tell his audience that the story they have applauded tickled the ears of Shakespeare and was first printed about 1525 in a book called "A Hundred Merry Tales," out of which Benedick alleged that Beatrice got her wit.—Wilbur D. Nesbit in Chicago Post.

A Long Greek Word.

What is believed to be the longest word to be found in any dictionary, one that leaves even German and Dutch hopelessly out of it, may be turned up in Liddell and Scott's lexicon by those who can read Greek characters. Those who cannot may be content to know that this word, which begins "lepadotemachoselaohogaleo," proceeds in like manner through seventy-eight syllables and counts 170 letters in all. Of course no ancient Greek ever used such a word as this in ordinary conversation. It is a comic word invented by Aristophanes for rhythmic delivery in one of his plays and means a dish compounded of all sorts of fish, flesh, fowl and sauces, which are enumerated in the word. The most ingenious English translation of it yet suggested is "hash."

Not Very Reliable.

The sages of the general store were discussing the veracity of old Si Perkins when Uncle Bill Abbott ambled in.

"What do you think about it, Uncle Bill?" they asked him. "Would you call Si Perkins a liar?"

"Waal," answered Uncle Bill slowly as he thoughtfully studied the ceiling, "I don't know as I'd go so far as to call him a liar exactly, but I do know this much—when feedin' time comes, in order to get any response from his hogs he has to get somebody else to call 'em for him."—Everybody's.

The Man Who Was "Gone."

In a case which recently came up for hearing a certain witness was called. On the mention of his name a man rose up and said, "He's gone."

"Where is he gone?" said the judge. "It is his duty to be here."

"My lord," was the solemn reply. "I wadna care to commit myself as to whaur he's gone, but he's deil."—Scottish Life and Humor, by W. Sinclair.

GOT HIS MEASURE.

The Witness Had No Further Fear of the Cross Examiner.

The great lawyer was just starting home after a hard day's work in court. A sedate looking man approached him and said:

"I don't know whether you remember me or not. I am one of the witnesses whom you cross-examined yesterday."

"Ah!" "There are one or two small matters I wanted to ask you about. You seem to be a person of superior intelligence. I'll walk along with you to your station so as not to waste any time. What I wanted to ask you was this: If I were to say to you that 'the three faces which include a triad angle of a prism are equal in all their parts to the three faces which include a triad angle of a second prism, each to each, and are like placed, the two prisms being equal in all their parts,' what would you understand by it?"

"Why, sir—really?" "You don't mean to tell me you are stumped by a little one like that?"

"You see, the question is a little sudden, and in order to grasp its full significance—"

"Never mind. Here's an easier one, nearer the beginning of the book. If I were to suggest to you that a certain object is a polyhedron, in which two of the faces are polygons, equal in all their parts, and having their homologous sides parallel, what would be the impression conveyed to your mind?"

"To be candid, I never looked into the subject very deeply."

"You don't mean to own up that you wouldn't know it was a plain, everyday prism?"

"I hadn't thought of it in that light."

"That's all. My boy, who has just left school, could have answered those questions without stopping to think. I feel better. You were putting on a lot of airs yesterday, but you ain't any cyclopedia. I don't believe you are even a handy compendium of useful knowledge. After this display of lamentable ignorance on your part I want to make just one suggestion. If you should ever get me into court again don't you swing at me with any more of your big words and try to act haughty. I've got your measure, and I'm liable to be just as supercilious as you are."—Pearson's Weekly.

Forestry in Germany.

In Germany no man may cut down a tree without replacing it by planting two or three more. And if the timber be growing on a slope which would, if deforested, precipitate a considerable body of water into a river, thus causing floods, the trees may not be cut at all, except such a small portion of them as each year reach maturity. Most important of all, when it comes to recreating the devastated forests, the Germans do not tax growing forests for thirty years after the young trees are first planted. By that time, under proper conditions of scientific forestry, a permanent and regular annual crop may be cut and the forest may well bear its just share of the burden of taxation.—Technical World Magazine.

A Wooden Head.

In spite of the humor in his poems John G. Saxe was extremely sensitive to being made fun of, as Richard Henry Stoddard discovered. The two met one day in Broadway, New York, and the old poet was feeling in a particularly good humor.

"My son," he exclaimed, "is doing better than I expected. He is making a great success."

"How?" Stoddard asked.

"He has started a lumber yard up in Albany," Saxe replied.

"All out of his own head?" the younger man asked. And Saxe immediately left him in a huff.

The Tribute of Protest.

During a matinee of "La Femme X" at the Porte St. Martin theater, Paris, a man of seventy-four named Letang, sitting in the third row of the stalls, sprang to his feet. He was very much excited by the play and shouted to the judge in the trial scene that the prisoner (Mme. Jane Hading) was fainting and ought to be allowed to leave the court.

"You are torturing an unfortunate woman!" he shouted, and as he said the words he broke a blood vessel and fell dead in the theater.

The English Language.

"Mamma, if I had a hat before I had this one it's all right to say that's the hat I had had, isn't it?"

"Certainly, Johnny."

"And if that hat once had a hole in it and I had it mended I could say it had had a hole in it, couldn't I?"

"Yes, there would be nothing incorrect in that."

"Then it'd be good English to say that the hat I had had had had a hole in it, wouldn't it?"

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Devil's River News.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY.
MIKE MURPHY, Proprietor.
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Advertising Medium of the
Stockman's Paradise.
Subscription \$2 a year in advance.
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SONORA, TEXAS. July 31, 1909

John Mayfield of San Angelo arrived Monday on a business and pleasure visit to Sonora.

W. R. Clendennen of San Angelo was a visiting Sonora Monday. Mr. Clendennen is preparing to move his family back to Sonora.

Mat Karnes the cattle and sheep grower who ranches 30 miles south west of Sonora was in town Monday. Mat says the rains have come so regular since they started that the season for the balance of the summer and fall is assured.

Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Y. was of Middle Valley were in Sonora Tuesday on a business visit. They are accompanied by their daughter (Miss Lizzie) Mrs. L. H. King of Brady, who is out on a visit.

The rainfall in the Sonora country during the past three months amounted to 8 and a fourth inches. Four and 46 100 inches fell in July making a total of 9.37 inches since January 1.

Hides go on the free list but since the question has not and does not directly effect the Texas cattle interests, because of the weight of the hides, the placing of them on the free list will not be felt in Texas.

The news is in receipt of a card from D. F. Paterson at Blue Mound Kans. complaining at missing an issue of the News. 'Pat' says he is doing very well but is lonesome some times for Texas and cant do without the weekly visits of the News.

Already there is renewed activity in the cattle circles. The first deal since the rain was closed this morning, J. E. Love of Coleman, buying from J. F. Craig, the well known Schleicher country stockman, 350 head of high grade cattle at \$25 round, making a total consideration of \$7,500.—San Angelo Standard.

Earl Booth, last year, bought 25 head of yearling ewes for \$100.00 and from the 25 ewes he raised 100 lambs. This year, he sheared his sheep, which had a 12 months clip and got 355 pounds of wool off of 36 head. He sold his wool for 23 cents per pound, which brought him \$77.05, he sold his sheep to Mr. Douglas for \$3 per head, having 46 head, the flock brought \$138 which makes, counting what the wool brought, \$115.05, profit on the 25 ewes. Earl is a son of one of our prominent stock farmers, J. H. Booth, and will probably go back in the sheep business on a large scale. The sheep were kept on a small 60-acre pasture most of the time, and were well cared for by the owner.—Eldorado Success.

State Senator Claude Hudspeth of the El Paso district who owns and operates one of the best ranch western Texas located in Crockett and Val Verde counties was here Monday. Senator Hudspeth is one of the practical, pushing, progressive men of the State and his record at Austin was approved by all those who would like to see Texas give an opportunity to grow without being hampered by too much legislation of the kind which drives out capital and stops development. The Senator lives on his ranch and runs several thousand head of cattle and about 5000 head of sheep. His cattle and sheep are all well improved, as he has been following the grading up process for many years. It is still dry out his way but live stock are not suffering for lack of grass or water. He thinks San Antonio the greatest town on earth and predicts a population of 200,000 people for the Alamo City within the next five years. The stockmen and farmers of Texas are under great obligations to Senator Hudspeth for his efforts to have passed while as a member of the House and as a Senator a wild animal scalp bounty bill. Stockman Farmer.

A ladies parasol was left at the Bank last week, and the owner may have same by calling for it. Mr. Aldwell does not remember who left it and takes this means of notifying the owner.

LIBRARY FRIGHT.

It Covers Its Victim With Confusion and Helplessness.

"That woman," said the library attendant, pointing to a woman who had just gone into the reading room, "had a pretty bad case of library fright."

"When?" asked the old subscriber.

"A few minutes ago, when she asked for a book," said the librarian. "Did you never hear of the library fright? Many people have it. It attacks them when they go into a strange library just to look around or rest for a few minutes and are informed that in order to enjoy the hospitality of the reading room they will have to ask for a book and make at least a pretense of reading. The chances are that, no matter how familiar they are with books, they won't be able to recall the name of a single one at that moment. If the library happens to be run on the help yourself principle, which gives patrons access to the shelves, they can pick up some volume at random, but when obliged to consult the catalogue, as they are here, their confusion is both pitiable and ludicrous."

"I had the library fright twice myself. My first attack was in the Congressional library in Washington. I wanted to read there for a few minutes, just for the sake of being able to say afterward that I had read there. Used as I was to handling books, I couldn't think of even the dictionary when it came to making a choice. After a few minutes of hopeless floundering 'Taine's History of English Literature' flashed across my mind. I had no desire on earth to look at 'Taine's History of English Literature' then or at any other time, but I give you my word I couldn't think of any other book to save my life."

"Another time, in a library here in town, I was stricken with a similar panic, and after stumbling through the catalogue in a dazed sort of way I asked for 'David Copperfield'—'Copperfield,' mind you, that I had read forty-seven times and knew by heart. It's a funny thing, this library fright. A person who has never experienced it cannot imagine how foolish and helpless the sufferer feels."—New York Times.

The Wise Goose.

You must not say "as silly as a goose" any more, for naturalists have been studying this animal of late years, and they have come to the conclusion that she is the wisest old bird going.

She never quarrels without cause; she sees danger before any other fowl; she has more courage than the rooster; she is far braver than the gobbler, and, if given a fair show, she can beat off the fox.

A flock of geese sonneted around a barnyard. Each of them had a sign on its back that they see a stranger moving about.

So in future say "as wise as a goose" and give her all credit.—Montreal Standard.

Picture, Not Paint.

An art patron one day went into Turner's studio when the artist was already famous. He looked at a picture and asked what was the price. The artist named the sum he had set upon it.

"What," exclaimed the buyer, "all those golden sovereigns for so much paint?"

"Oh," replied Turner, "it's paint you are buying? I thought it was pictures. Here," producing a half used tube of color; "I'll let you have that cheap. Make your own terms." And, turning his back on the astonished patron, he went on painting.

Toasted Bread.

Bread that has been toasted until it becomes brown has had the starch in it largely converted into dextrin, and hence, so far as the brown portion is concerned, one of the processes of digestion is gone through before the bread is taken into the stomach. It will be found that the thinner the slices of bread and the more thoroughly they are toasted the easier digestion will be, and when all portions of the slice of bread are thoroughly toasted—not burned, but changed to a deep brown color—it will be found still more easily digested.—London Standard.

China's Great Wall.

The builder of the Great wall of China was a great warrior emperor called Chi Hwang Ti, who lived about two centuries before Christ. To put a stop to the incursions of the Tartars and other northern tribes he caused this great wall—1,800 miles in length—to be erected. It required ten years to build it, and in his haste to have it completed he worked to death tens of thousands of his laborers. Even when finished it proved useless as a means of defense.

Old and True.

"For fifteen years I have constantly kept a supply of Hunt's Cure on hand to use in all cases of itching skin trouble. For Eczema, Itchworm and the like it is peerless. I regard it as an old friend and a true one." 50c per box, Mrs. Eula Prasad, Greenfield, Tenn.

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.

In the Criminal District Court yesterday morning the bond of J. D. Montgomery, charged by indictment with the offence of swindling was fixed by Judge Esay at \$1,000. The bond was furnished and the accused was released, George A. Carden and W. W. Nelms being accepted as sureties by consent of the Court.

Montgomery was indicted by the Dallas County Grand Jury for the January term of the Criminal District Court, the bill being returned on April 3 last. He was placed under arrest Thursday evening at Strawn, Tex., to which place Sheriff Ledbetter went on Friday, returning to Dallas with Montgomery yesterday morning at 8:40 o'clock.

The charge against Montgomery grows out of a check for \$75 drawn on Dec. 4, 1908, on the First State Bank of Mingus, Tex., in favor of Milton Park or bearer, according to the indictment. It is alleged that the check was cashed in Dallas, and when forwarded to the Mingus Bank was returned with a statement to the effect that the drawer had no funds there. Dallas News

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 security that you have to offer and full information will be given by return mail.

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All kinds of labor contracted Also Spanish Interpreting. Charges reasonable. Write, see or phone TRAINER BROS., At the Bank Saloon.

Tip McGee.

I have the best assurance that he is a

THOROUGH BRED

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,

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TRAINER BROS. BANK SALOON.

D. H. KIRKLAND, Saddle and Harness Maker, REPAIRING A SPECIALTY In the Cope building. SONORA, TEXAS.

EGG POISONING.

Some Persons Always Affected—Others Only Occasionally.

Instances of egg poisoning appear from time to time in periodical literature, and the subject is referred to in some but by no means all works on dietetics.

While cases of acute poisoning are rare, writes a physician in the Medical Record, some susceptibility as regards eggs is not so very uncommon. People constantly assert that eggs make them bilious, and, while in some this is often imaginary, in others the condition actually exists.

This is notably true of infants and young children. Not only do many infants and young children digest eggs with difficulty, especially when first eaten, but many more are made ill if this particular food is partaken of too freely or, in the case of older children, if the egg diet is kept up too continuously.

This inability of young children to digest eggs is probably in line with the well recognized fact that the infant's stomach, or digestive juices, must be taught to digest most dietary articles other than the maternal milk. Cows' milk, for instance, is a veritable poison to some infants, while many a newly born requires some practice and education before it can thoroughly digest even mother's milk.

Individual susceptibility as regards eggs is extremely variable. In some persons eggs always act as poisons, while in others the toxic influence may be marked at one time and at another much diminished or entirely wanting, especially when the subject is in sound condition.

The susceptibility may be observed in eggs of every degree of freshness and in some cases only with eggs of certain birds. Changes in eggs may also be brought about by methods of cooking, for, while some persons manifest their susceptibility only when the egg is raw, others are poisoned when it is cooked or prepared in some unusual and unaccustomed manner.

In most of the reported cases the white of the egg appears to have been the offending element. The symptoms of egg poisoning differ greatly in degree. In some cases only nausea and headache occur. In others the most violent symptoms, suggestive of irritant poisoning, are observed.

Sometimes when the use of eggs is long continued they give rise to the symptom group which we call biliousness, which, after all, is but a form of auto-intoxication, due possibly to the presence of some alkaloid in the blood. The symptoms of egg poisoning are essentially those of so called ptomaine poisoning.

It is true that the eggs giving rise to toxic phenomena are in most instances apparently fresh when eaten, but when we recall that the porous shell of the egg will admit the micro organisms that cause the egg to rot, as well as various strong odors, it is easy to comprehend that an egg may appear fresh and yet contain bacteria that in susceptible persons and in certain conditions of digestion may produce changes which may cause toxic symptoms.

If Juliet Snoozed.

Julia Marlowe once yielded to the insistent demands of an ambitious girl admirer, who had deluded the actress with sweet notes begging an interview, and told her to call at the hotel on a certain afternoon, when she would be glad to see her.

"I saw you in 'Romeo and Juliet' last Monday night," said the young woman, "and have just been insanely curious to ask you a question."

"Well, what is the question?" said Miss Marlowe.

"In the potion scene I want to know what you are thinking about when you lie there supposed to be in the deep sleep from the effects of the drug you took."

"I'm not thinking," said the actress. "I'm hoping."

"Hoping?"

"Yes; hoping that I won't sneeze."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Why She Kissed Him.

In Boston on one occasion a certain woman's club had invited a distinguished English lecturer to address the members on "Duties of the Wife." During the course of the lecture the speaker touched upon the matter of conjugal affection. "We should, I think," said she, "invariably greet our husbands with a kiss upon their return home. All of us no doubt are fully aware of the principle underlying this wise rule."

Whereat a stern and elderly wife in the front row of seats lifted up her voice in clear and unmistakable terms as follows: "You're quite right. It's the surest way to catch them if they've been drinking."—Linnæus.

LONG TERM FIRES.

The Buddhist Fire of Bangkok is the Oldest in the World.

In Siam is a fire that not only lasts for years, but has what have been aptly termed "lineal descendants." It is to be found in a Buddhist temple near Bangkok, where every fourth year at a certain period the priests light a fresh fire in a big brazier. This flame is kept alive for four years and is in turn extinguished after supplying a brand to ignite its successor. Inasmuch as this practice has obtained for upward of two centuries, the Buddhist fire of Bangkok is in a sense the oldest in the world.

Another long term fire is said to exist at Sarhad, Persia. This flame is a symbol of religious fervor, and it is death to extinguish it, and it is claimed it has burned for seventy years. In explanation of this curious rite it is explained that the Persians, rigid Mohammedans and regarding their former fire worshipping faith with detestation, nevertheless suffer the Sarhad flame to continue to display their gratitude for a service rendered a high official of the Persian government many years ago. At that time, it is said, a pious Parsee, who had come to trade at Sarhad, was the happy means of saving the grand vizier from assassination. So the grateful shah of that day ordered that the fire lighted by the Parsee should be kept alive indefinitely.

There are some regions of the earth, like those inhabited by the Eskimos, where the motive for retaining fires for long periods lies in the great difficulty of obtaining means for lighting new ones. One traveler reports seeing a fire in Lapland that had not been extinguished in seven years. It had been carried from place to place in an old ship's bucket.

England claims one of the oldest fires in the world, that in an inn called the Checkers, in Osmotherly. This inn, the story runs, has remained in charge of the same family for 100 years, and during that period the fire in the kitchen has never been extinguished.

The keeping up of fires for years at a time is said to be sometimes an incident of a Sicilian vendetta. The wronged individual when lighting his "fire of vengeance" is said to take solemn oath that it shall not be extinguished until his thirst for revenge shall have been satisfied by the death of the offending person. There is on record a trial in Palermo wherein it was shown that the accused, charged with murder, had kept his kitchen fire alight for five years.—New York Tribune.

English and American Education.

Americans educate the mass, while we have always educated the leaders. In England—democracy assented to the method—we make a point of specially encouraging the promising pupils. We build ladders for them, and we believe that our indifference to the question of what class of society they may come from is sufficient proof of our genuinely democratic habit of mind. It has been the immemorial practice of England to train leaders for the nation. This was done when most citizens were receiving no education at all. Americans rather concentrate their attention on the ruck. The exceptional boy or girl, it is thought, will rise in any case. The important thing to do is to advance the average of education.—London Spectator.

The Wife Knows Better.

"Charlotte, my dear, how is it I find you weeping? Have you had bad news from your husband?"

"Oh, worse than that! My Arthur writes me from Carlsbad that he would die with ardent longings for me were it not that he could gaze affectionately at my picture and cover it with a thousand kisses every day."

"That is really very nice of him. And, pray, is it that you are crying for? I would give anything to have such a poetic and tenderly loving husband as you have!"

"Ah, yes, my Arthur is very poetical! But let me tell you that just to try him I slipped my mother's photo into his traveling bag instead of my own before he started."—London Tit-Bits.

The Postal "Doctor."

Probably one of the most interesting of the many occupations followed at St. Martin's le Grand is that of the postal "doctors." These worthies are really four senior sorters, who perform the special duty of "doctoring" letters, packages, etc., which, owing to insecure or careless packing, have become broken or damaged in the post. It is in the sorting room that they are humorously termed "doctors." Articles of infinite variety pass through these "doctor" hands, from coin, bank notes and stamps to bottles of medicine, oil and poison.—Brooklyn Eagle.

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MIKE MURPHY, Proprietor.
STEVE MURPHY, Publisher.
Advertising Medium of the
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Subscription \$2 a year in advance
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SONORA, TEXAS. July 31, 1919

ROTHENBURG.

An Ancient City That is Still Stately
and Fascinating.

For a thousand years Rothenburg has been a city. For more than 500 years it was a free city of the empire. It is not like those ancient towns which, through centuries of strife, preserved their entity through being huddled near the base of some great castle. It is not like those towns that were protected by powerful princes, for it has maintained itself by its own unaided sturdiness. If great barons came to Rothenburg they came to receive protection, not to give it, or else they came to be entertained with the lavish open handedness that made the city a place to which emperors themselves found pleasure in resorting.

By crusaders and pilgrims Rothenburg was held in affectionate regard, not only for its generous hospitality, but because, seen from the river, it bore a striking resemblance to Jerusalem. But there was order in those times of turbulence, and in an old, old house used by Palestine's pilgrims and still known as Pilgrims' House there is an ancient stone, bearing upon it an ancient carving of a hand and a hatchet, with the ominous inscription, "He who quarrels in this house shall have his hand cut off."

Yet since those early days the town has been comparatively forgotten. Even yet it has not become a haunt of the tourist and the traveler, although each year a few Americans resort there, bringing back tales of this city that out-Nurnberg Nurnberg. It is easily reached, being on a little branch line from the railway between Frankfurt and Munich.

It is a place where the sightseer cannot go wrong, for everywhere is fascination. There are both stately and beauty. There are towering houses with crisscrossed fronts.

There are deep dungeons under the Rathaus, reached by stairways dripping with moisture, into which not a ray of light can enter, and in one of these dungeons some five centuries ago the men of Rothenburg placed the burgo-master who, long

ago, had committed a crime. A dramatic story, for friends who are still faithful tunneled to the cell and madly cut through its prodigious wall and reached the prisoner, but only to find him dead.

Nowadays they treat unpopular burgo-masters with more consideration. Each burgo-master is chosen for three years, and at the end of that time he is either elected for life or gives place to a successor. But an election for life does not give unchecked power, for it is a simple matter with these townsfolk, if they tire of a life chosen mayor, to make him "so crazy with vexation," as it was expressed to me, that he is glad to resign and accept the pension that they palliatively offer. Only recently they thus got rid of one.—Robert Shackleton in Harper's Magazine.

An Old Enemy.

Persons who rise in the world are not always as frank about their former places in life as good sense and humor might lead them to be. Dean Hole in his book of reminiscences, "Now and Then," tells a little story of one whose humor did not desert him in time of prosperity. A footman who had begun life as a doctor's boy grew interested in the study of medicine and spent his leisure hours reading medical books. He came to the United States, worked hard as a student and as a physician for many years and attained a large practice. After some years of absence he returned to England. Seated one day at luncheon with those whom he had formerly served, he suddenly astonished the company by holding up the mustard pot and addressing it with, "Hast thou found me, O mine enemy?"

Afterward he explained that the only reproach he had incurred from the lady who was then at the head of the table was evoked by the neglected condition of the mustard pot.

When the Woman Fainted.

This happened on the Lake Shore fier not long ago. A man rushed in from the car behind, evidently in great agitation, and said: "Has anybody in the car any whisky? A woman in the car behind has fainted." Instantly dozens of flasks were produced. The man who had asked for it picked out the largest one, drew the cork and put the bottle to his lips. With a long, satisfied sigh, he handed it back and remarked: "That did me a lot of good. I needed it, for it always makes me feel queer to see a woman faint."

WOMEN OF VALAIS.

They Dress Like Men and Do Manual Labor in the Fields.

Among the curious communities of the world that of Valais, a beautiful canton of Switzerland, certainly ranks as one of the most peculiar and interesting. It provides a delightful picture of topsy turvydom. From time immemorial the women have worn the "breaks" and performed the manual labor of the fields, while their lords and masters lounge their days away in ease.

What is more, the women are quite content with this inverted order of things and are perfectly satisfied if their husbands brew the herbs, fry the meat and look after the baby, while they wrestle with the sterner duties of the field and stable.

And not only do the women of Valais wear trousers for convenience when working in the field or tramping after cattle, but also on Sundays and fete days. "They have better looking ones for these occasions, I must confess," says Miss Van der Veer in the Wide World Magazine, "but they have no hankering for the trammels of skirts even during their courting hours. I was highly amused at seeing the pretty girls sauntering along the picturesque trails with their sweethearts' arms around their waists, looking to the casual stranger for all the world like two young men gone 'loony'."

"One can scarcely imagine a wedding party with bride and bridegroom dressed in the same kind of garments, but I have seen one in the mountains, when the bride wore a white bodice, white trousers and a bunch of white violets in her hair! She was as pretty as a picture, too, despite the attire, and quite as blushing and shy as any bride out of a convent."

"The working day trousers are of the homedade variety and by no means becoming. Often they are so long and baggy that they seem almost as cumbersome as skirts would be. The most amusing part about this working costume is that the upper part remains feminine, being the ordinary rough bodice of the peasant woman, often in bright colors of red or blue."

"And in spite of their familiarity with trousers the women of Valais do not walk or sit in a masculine manner. Any one can see at a glance that they are women in men's clothes. They always sit sideways on horseback and get over fences by first mounting to the top rail and sliding down, woman fashion, instead of striding over, man fashion."

"Another feminine absurdity is the wearing of a long sort of toga, which trails down their backs and gets in the way whenever they bend over or go through the tangles of a main wood."

"Why don't you wear a cap or all felt hat like the men?" I asked an old woman once.

"We have always covered our heads so," was her explanation. A explanation, in her opinion, that was all sufficing. Peasants from one generation to another do everything simply because their forefathers did the same."

"Thrashing the Hen."

They had pretty ways of keeping Shrovetide in the good old times. There was the game of "thrashing the hen." And this is how Hilman, the antiquary, speaks of it: "The hen is hung at a fellow's back, who has also some horse bells about him. The rest of the fellows are blinded and have boughs in their hands, with which they chase this fellow and his hen. But the maids are to blind the fellows, which they do with their aprons, and the cunning baggages will endear their sweethearts with a peephole. After this a store of pancakes is made, and she that is noted for lying abed long bath the first pancake presented to her."—London Chronicle.

A Tip From the Gallery.

Mrs. Kendal was once playing at Dublin, the role being Galatea. Pygmalion, it will be remembered, has that not unusual domestic accessory, a jealous wife. During the temporary absence of the wife Galatea was about to throw herself into the arms of Pygmalion when an old lady in the audience called out warningly:

"Don't do it, darlint! His wife's just gone out, an' it'll be like her to stoppin' at the keyhole!"

Ancient Medical College.

While it is customary to credit Hippocrates, the Greek physician, with being the father of medicine, discoveries of recent years have revealed the fact that the healing art flourished as a profession in far earlier times than we have any record of it in the history of Greece. Physicians were plentiful in the Egypt of 1600 B. C., and there is evidence to show that a medical college existed in Borsippa, a suburb of Babylon, even before the latter date.

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FLOGGING AT ETON.

The Birch and Block Still Used in the Famous English School.

Flogging, or swishing, to give it its proper name, like everything else at Eton, is still conducted on the same lines as fifty years ago. The birch and block have never been supplanted by any newfangled methods.

Moreover, it is usual to present the recipient of a swishing with a small portion of the birch, partly as a pleasing memento of the occasion and partly to ward off any further desire for wrongdoing.

A swishing may be the outcome of several things. Perhaps the commonest reason for punishment is that a boy has been complained of to the head by his form master, the phrase "complained of" meaning that the master is dissatisfied either with the boy's work or general behavior.

Other backslidings are smoking and cutting chapel, the former being a particularly heinous crime. Boys below the fifth form are attended to by the lower master, euphemistically known as "the flea," who has more or less complete authority over the lower school. The "uppers," or seniors, are looked after by the head master in person.

In either case the proceedings do not differ materially.

On the day of the execution a prepriator comes around to the victim's class room and asks if So-and-so is in this division. On the master in charge answering "Yes," the prepriator calls out, "Head master wishes to see him after 12."

There is an ominous pause as these dread words are uttered. The master in charge smiles grimly; the victim looks sheepish and turns white; the other boys exchange significant glances.

Twelve o'clock booms out all too soon. As the class clatters out down the stairs the victim's friends cluster around him and overwhelm him with hints and tidbits of information. Does he know the head's always in a worse "bait" on Mondays? Did he see that new lot of birches that went up only the other day? and so on. It is a horrid, heartless world.

Arrived in the execution chamber, he is confronted with the two prepriators, whose duty it is to "hold down," an office which is generally rather a sinecure, though occasionally boys have been known to struggle ferociously. The head master now appears and in solemn accents says, "Kneel there, boy," indicating the block as he speaks.

Over the next few seconds one may draw a veil. Enough to say that in the majority of cases three or four strokes are held to be sufficient.—London Gentlewoman.

Coming Down Easy.

Inquiries after the welfare of Patrick Conroy were answered by his devoted friend, Terence Dolan, who was at the Conroys' in the double capacity of nurse and cook. "No, he's not dangerous hurted at all," was Mr. Dolan's reply to a solemnly whispered question at the door.

"We heard he had a bad fall and was all broke to pieces," whispered the neighbor.

"'Tis a big story you've heard," said Mr. Dolan in his cheerful roar. "Thru, he fell off'n the roof o' the Brady stables, where he was shinglin', and he broke his lift leg, knocked out a couple o' teeth and broke his collar bone."

"Mind yo, if he'd have fell clear to the ground it might have hurted him bad; but, sure, there was a big pile of shingles and old lumber that broke his fall."—Youth's Companion.

A Conscientious Forger.

The following incident is told of Austin Bidwell, the notorious forger who many years ago attempted to break the Bank of England: When he was arrested he remembered that, being short of money at the time, he had procured lunch on credit at a London restaurant and wrote to an acquaintance whom he had befriended to settle the score. This was duly done, and Bidwell was apprised of the fact. Then the forger recollected that he had forgotten to tip the waiter threepence, as usual, and he forwarded three postage stamps to the restaurant keeper for Robert's benefit. Bidwell's missive to the landlord, framed, was long on view in the bar of the restaurant.

What He Liked Best.

An old farmer was invited to attend a party at the village doctor's one evening, where there was music, both vocal and instrumental.

On the following morning he met one of the guests, who said: "Well, farmer, how did you enjoy yourself last night? Were not the quartets excellent?"

"Why, really, sir, I can't say," said the farmer, "for I didn't taste them. But the pork chops we had at supper were the finest I ever ate."—Munsey's Magazine.

Hagestein Cattle.

W. A. Glascock of Sonora is owner of the Hagestein cattle and anyone knowing the whereabouts of any of these cattle will confer a favor by notifying

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GREETING SPRING.

An Old and Picturesque Custom in Switzerland.

The 1st of March is a day of joyful festivity among the school children in most of the Engadine communities in Switzerland. At 4 o'clock in the morning a party of school-boys march through the village clanging cowbells, big and little, with all their might to proclaim the dawn of a boisterous day to their slumbering schoolmates still abed.

As the day grows bright the boys gather, each one with a huge bell hung around his neck, on the village square, where they form in ranks, according to their size. When the preparations, always conducted amid great excitement and juvenile jubilation, have been completed the procession starts on a tour through the streets to the accompaniment of furious bell ringing and noisy yodeling.

One of the eldest of the demonstrators, with a milk pail on his shoulder and dressed in the costume of a dairyman, with yellow breeches, white stockings, low shoes, finely embroidered braces over a shirt of spotted white, turned up sleeves, displaying a brawny arm, the dairyman's hat perched jauntily on the back of his head, marches proudly at the head of the herd. At the end of the procession is another big boy with a big staff in his hand like a herdsman.

All this reminds us of the way the cows go to the Alps to the sound of bells. The whole festival is nothing but a spring celebration to herald the return of the milder season, which has been looked forward to with longing for months.

The custom is said to be of Roman origin; hence its name, "Chalanda Marz" (from Kalendare), which justifies the assumption that, from the period of the year chosen for the observance of this festival, it must have originated in the mild climate of Italy and not in the cold clime of the Engadine.

In the way described the troop marches on from house to house and is presented by the matrons with rice, chestnuts, sausages, bread and even money. The hotels are all visited, and the guests always contribute some small change. Out of the proceeds a general jollification is provided, in which the girls of the neighborhood take part.

How intense is the youngsters' enjoyment of the Chalanda Marz festivities can scarcely be imagined by any one who has not looked on at these annual junketings.—Exchange.

Rubinstein's Free Seat.

A pianist who was pre-eminently successful in his day was Rubinstein, who traveled nearly the whole world over delighting people with his genius. He was very much annoyed by requests for complimentary tickets, but most of the time he maintained his composure, even though justly irritated. It is told of him that just before one of his recitals in London he was accosted by an old lady in the entrance hall and thus addressed:

"Oh, Mr. Rubinstein, I am so glad to see you! I have tried in vain to purchase a ticket. Have you a seat you could let me have?"

"Madam," said the great pianist, "there is but one seat at my disposal, and that you are welcome to if you think fit to take it."

"Oh, yes, and a thousand thanks! Where is it?" was the excited reply.

"At the piano," smilingly replied Rubinstein.

Indoor Golf.

In the eighteenth century golf courts or alleys were roofed over to protect them from sun and rain, wind and falling leaves, so that people might golf undisturbed in all weathers. These formed long wooden sheds, eighty feet long and twenty broad, covered with tiles. The floor, which consisted of a mixture of earth and lime, was made hard, smooth and perfectly level. At a quarter distance from each end stood a pin turned out of hard wood. For two feet of its height it was thickly coated with bell metal, so as to give a sharp sound when struck by the large leather balls. Around the golf alley were little tables and stools for the onlookers. So one finds them in north Holland still. The game in fact had been reduced almost to parlor golf.—London Express.

A Family Affair.

"Cordelia," ordered the teacher, "throw that gum in the wastebasket!"

"The pupil's face grew scarlet, but she did not stir."

"If you do not put that gum in the wastebasket immediately I will send you out of the room," said the teacher gravely.

The girl walked reluctantly to the desk. "I can't, teacher," she confessed. "It's ma's gum, an' she'll lick me if I go home without it."—Success Magazine.

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45 Sonora, Texas.

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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.

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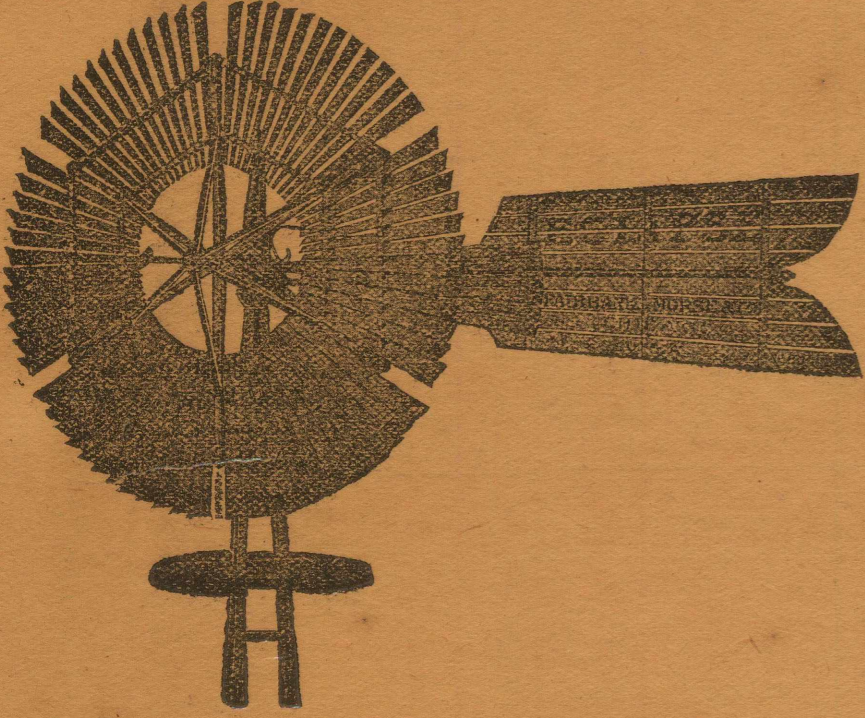
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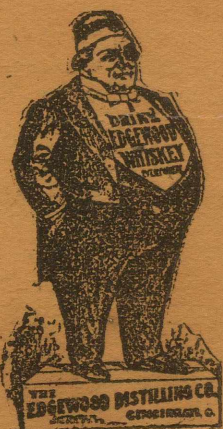
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MIKE MURPHY, Proprietor. STEVE MURPHY, Publisher.

Subscription \$2 a year in advance.

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

Advertising Medium of the Stockman's Paradise.

Sonora, Texas. July 31, 1909.

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

Judge L. J. Wardlaw and R. T. Baker returned Monday from a business trip to El Paso.

E. M. and W. W. Barbee of Eldorado were business visitors in Sonora Monday.

R. F. Halbert will move his family to Brownwood for the school term.

Mrs. T. D. Newell and children are home from an outing on the river at Christoval.

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

Mr. and Mrs. Thos. Bond and sons were in from the ranch Tuesday shopping and visiting.

Abe Mayer returned Wednesday from a pleasant visit with his family to Mineral Wells.

Sid Stephenson has taken the management of the Sonora Water Works and Ice plant.

Mrs. C. T. Davis and children arrived home Tuesday from a visit to her old home at Miles.

Howdy!

How's your liver? If not in first class condition, doing full duty and giving entire satisfaction Simman's Liver Purifier will fix it so you'll think its gone—its troubles will be gone. Put up in tin boxes only. Price 25c per box.

C. J. Nichols is home from San Angelo where he has been assisting Contractor Gaffard on the Willis Johnson residence.

Miss Marjory Aldwell who has been attending the University at Austin during the past regular session and for the summer term, arrived home Friday.

Mr. and Mrs. Stanley Green and children, Mrs. Thos Bond and children and Miss Dora Green have returned from a fishing trip on the North Llano.

Mr. and Mrs. T. J. Stuart were in Sonora this week visiting. Mr. Stuart accompanied his grandsons, the Gresham children to San Angelo and sent them to their mother at Groesbeck.

A Night Rider's Raid.

The worst night riders are calomel, croton oil or aloe 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 Colds, Headache, Constipation, Malaria, 25c at Nathan's Pharmacy.

J. O. Rountree left for Fredericksburg Tuesday to attend the reunion. The Judge will meet many old friends there as that is part of his early day stamping ground.

Mrs. A. J. Smith and daughters Misses Jessie and Mary are home in Sonora from the Owenville neighborhood where Miss Jessie was teaching school. Dr. Smith is in San Antonio on business.

Last Thursday afternoon from 4 to 6, Mrs. Josie Bellows, entertained the Woodmen Circle. The ladies had a pleasant afternoon with games and refreshments. Those present were: Mesdames J. M. Stanley, Ira L. Wheat, J. G. Barton, Theo Savell, Josie McDonald, J. D. Lowrey, and C. J. Nichols.

Ernest Abbott who ranches on the other side of the Peos near Sheffield, was in Sonora this week attending to some business. Ernest says the range is looking fine out there.

Sees Mother Crow Young.

"It would be hard to overstate the wonderful change in my mother since she began to use Electric Bitters," writes Mrs. W. L. Gilpatrick of Danforth, Me. "Although past 70 she seems really to be growing young again. She suffered untold misery from dyspepsia for 20 years. At last she could neither eat, drink nor sleep. Doctors gave her up and all remedies failed till Electric Bitters worked such wonders for her health." They invigorate all vital organs, cure Liver and Kidney troubles, induce sleep, impart strength and appetite. Only 50c at Nathan's Pharmacy.

Not Sea Mud.

John Hurst, the Sonora well driller, who is probably the most experienced operator in the Sonora or Devil's River Country, told the News man recently, that the talk of "Sea Mud" was all bosh. John says he has drilled as deep as any driller in the Dry Devil's or Sonora Country, and that what is generally termed "Sea Mud" is nothing but joint clay. This clay forms a mud because, before striking this stratum there is usually a seeps or light vein of water and the water causes the clay to crumble and with the pounding of the drill forms a mud and a constant caving in. John believes that if the water is cased off there will be no trouble drilling through the clay and that after passing the clay they will find sulphur or salt water or oil according to location. This belief of Mr. Hurst's so vividly told but not so easily understood by the writer, should be tested by the large land holders of the dry or half dry belt of the lower Sonora Country. Some people with whom we have spoken said that if "Sea Mud" was struck that according to science there was nothing in the way of oil or water to be obtained. But now that Mr. Hurst says that the so-called "sea mud" is not sea mud and can give a logical and understandable definition of what has been the so-called "sea mud," the News is led to believe that the oil prospectors knew what they were talking about and that it is possible the Dry Devil's River Country is rich in oil. If not in oil—then water.

No Spoony Business.

For Chills, Malaria and Billions Cheatham'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 Westlake.

D. H. Kirkland moved to the Lewenthal residence this week.

Ray Wilcox of Temple, was in Sonora Tuesday, the guest of his uncle G. W. Stephenson.

M. E. Jopling the Singer sewing machine man was in Sonora this week.

Bob Peacock was up from the Peacock & Savell ranch several days this week.

Bill McKee of Ozona was in town this week shaking hands with his old time friends.

Everybody now seems to realize that Sonora should have a railroad.

Mr. and Mrs. Will Wilson returned Monday from a month's visit to Mineral Wells.

R. E. Taylor and sister-in-law Miss Dalley Altizer were visitors in Sonora Saturday.

H. P. Jordan and Steve Duke of Brady were in Sonora, Thursday on their way to the Wes Bryson ranch on a short visit.

Lee Martin of the Budd neighborhood was in town Tuesday on his way to Rock Springs to visit his brother John A. Martin.

C. C. West of Eldorado was a visitor in Sonora Thursday. Charlie covers distances with ease now that he owns an auto.

W. T. O. Holman and daughter Miss Ruby were in Sonora this week from the ranch in Edwards county.

W. E. Dunbar was in Sonora Saturday to meet his daughter, Miss Mamie who has been visiting a month at Garden City and Big Springs.

Ernest Abbott who ranches on the other side of the Peos near Sheffield, was in Sonora this week attending to some business. Ernest says the range is looking fine out there.

Married at the Commercial hotel

Married at the Commercial hotel in Sonora on Wednesday July 28, 1909, Miss Roselle A. Gordon to Arthur O. Streigler, Judge L. J. Wardlaw officiating. The ceremony was witnessed by Mrs. Robt. Baker, of Fort McKavett and Hugo Beyer of Menard county besides the guests of the hotel. The brides parents reside in the northeastern portion of Sutton county and the groom is a son of a well known Menard county family. The News extends best wishes and congratulations.

Tortured On A Horse.

"For ten years I couldn't ride a horse without being in torture from piles," writes L. S. Napier, of Rufless, Ky., "when all doctors and other remedies failed, Bucklen's Arnica Salve cured me." Infalible for Piles, Burns, Scalds, Cuts, Boils, Fever-Sores, Eczema, Salt Rheum, Corns. 25c. Guaranteed by Nathan's Pharmacy.

Stock News.

J. T. Evans bought from C. S. Holcomb 8 head of stock horses for \$250.

Bus Allison of Sonora sold to Roy Hudspeth 25 2 year old steers at \$21.

Bub Dunbar bought from Dave Chessier 107 head of stock cattle at p t.

Sam McKee of Sonora sold to J. A. Whitten of Eldorado, 50 head of yearling steers at \$15 J. A. Cope of Sonora made the trade.

J. A. Whitten of Eldorado, was in Sonora Friday buying steers. He bought the Tom Bond steer yearlings at p t.

John Mayfield sold 100 head of stock horses to J. T. Jones of San Angelo at \$30 per head and took on the trade residence property in San Angelo valued at \$2,500.

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

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

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

Roy Wyatt of Comstock, was in Sonora Wednesday and called on the News. Roy says the short clip or 6 months mohair sold at Del Rio two months ago bought 16 to 20 cents per pound.

Lost—On Thursday July 29, between Sonora and Owenville a pair of gold rimmed spectacles. A liberal reward will be paid for their return to Dr. Craddock.

W. R. Wyatt of Comstock and Floyd Earwood of Juho were in Sonora Wednesday. They have goats in the River country and report range conditions as fine as at any time this season of the year. Roy Wyatt sold his mohair six weeks ago in Del Rio at 18 cents and Floyd Earwood sold his a little earlier at Comstock at 17 cents. Both clips were short hair.

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, Mayor, Texas.

PIPE LOST.

Lost on June 15 on the road between Ira Word and Walter Whitehead 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 branded 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 whereabouts. Address, Adolph Sultemeyer, 71-tf, Sonora, Texas.

CORNELL & WARDLAW

Attorneys-at-Law,

SONORA, TEX.

Will practice in all the State Courts

C. E. Dubois, Fisher G. Jones,

DUBOIS & JONES,

LAWYERS

SONORA, TEXAS.

Office at the Court House.

Practice in all Courts.

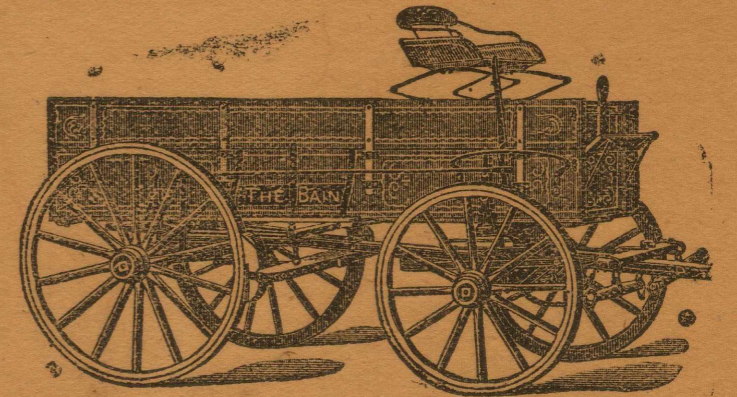
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W. H. Anderson, wife and baby, of Clovis, N. M., visited C. L. Anderson and wife this week. — Menardville Messenger.

YES

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



E. F. Vander Stucken Co.

NOTICE.

By authority of my position of Administrator of the Estate of J. Lewenthal, deceased, I hereby give notice to all who are indebted to the said estate, to pay such indebtedness to me. In the interest of the estate, I desire prompt payment and to avoid the necessity of placing said accounts in the hands of attorneys for collection. R. F. HALBERT, Administrator of the estate of J. Lewenthal, deceased. Sonora, Texas, July 21, 1909.



There is none just as good as DOBER'S SCREW WORM

KILLER. There is none just like it.

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

RAMS FOR SALE.

250 French Merino Rams for sale. 1 to 4 year old. No scab. Price \$8 00. Wool on.

Can be seen at my ranch. THOMAS BOND, 77-8 Sonora, Texas.

FRUIT TREES.

C. H. Webb, the agent for the Austin Nursery, says he is in the country looking out for the interests of the nursery, and all who want trees should look out for him. He will call on you in a few days.

The Rountree and Tayloe ranches in the South Llano country are free of stock.

C. S. Holcomb has moved his cattle from the Rountree ranch to pasturage in Schleicher county.

Mr.

They Are All Pleased.

"By experience I have found your Hunt's Lightning Oil a great pain and sprain reliever. I am very much pleased with it." 25c a 30c bottles. C. C. Cook, Hallettsville, Texas.

Miss Aldine Brooks of Ozona has been the guest of Miss Myrtle Ousebary

A. F. Clarkson the Lost Lake ranchman was in Sonora Tuesday trading.

Roy Whitfield and Mike M. Nicks of Eldorado, were in Sonora Friday on a pleasure trip.

Wallace Keesee returned Wednesday from his trip to South Texas. He had a most enjoyable time and saw many things.

Mr and Mrs. W Payne Rountree left for Bonham Monday where they will visit Mrs. Rountree's family.

Mr. and Mrs. Joe Ben Blakeney and baby left for Bonham Monday on a visit to Mr. Blakeney's family.

The Colorado-Concho Confederate Veterans Association will hold their 8th annual reunion at Ballinger August 3, 4, 5 and 6. Splendid programs for each day has been arranged.

Mr. and Mrs. Joe Turney were in from their ranch near Juco Tuesday trading. They were accompanied home by Mrs. Max Vander Stucken who will visit there for a short time.

J. Willis Johnson of San Angelo, president of the Western National bank and large land owner of Tom Green county was a visitor in Sonora Thursday. Mr. Johnson recently bought the Door Key ranch and was looking at stock cattle with a view to re-stocking his pastures.

T. A. Koon the cattleman who has the B. A. Dail ranch leased was in Sonora Thursday trading. Mr. Koon says conditions at the ranch are improving since the rain of last week which he thinks amounted to about 4 inches.

S. H. Stokes who ranches 12 miles West of Sonora was a business visitor in town Tuesday.

tree ranch at its week

siding in the McNicol

J. T. Shurley has rented the R. F. Halbert residence in East Sonora and will move to town for the coming school session.

W. B. Walters the well driller was in Sonora Thursday, and says he got lots of water at a depth of 213 feet for E. M. Kirkland.

Mr. and Mrs. D. T. Yaws and their guest Mrs. G. B. Black were in Sonora Friday, from the ranch on Middle Valley.

Mr. and Mrs. Dee Word moved in from the Doc Word ranch this week and are residing in the H. Sharp place in West Sonora.

The Misses Morgan who are visiting their sister Mrs. Clyde Mills, made a short visit to Ozona last week.

Mrs. C. R. Tisdale and daughter Miss Francis, of Brady, are visiting their son and brother C. B. Tisdale at the McKnight ranch. Miss Tisdale was a visitor in Sonora Friday.

J. W. Friend and son Ned Friend prominent stockmen of Crockett county, were in Sonora, Monday, on their way to the Reunion in Fredericksburg. They were accompanied by J. O. Rountree and Mat Karnes.

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 Pharmacy.