

DEVIL'S RIVER NEWS.

VOL 19

SONORA, SUTTON CO., TEXAS, SATURDAY, AUGUST 14, 1909.

NO 979

The Store on the Corner

SONORA MERCANTILE COMPANY,
SONORA, TEXAS.

The Store Of Quality

SELZ Shoes the Best for Men and BOYS

BARAINS NOW
May be had in all lines of summer goods and we are offering Mens and Boys Hats worth \$2 to \$4 now for only 50 and 75 cents.
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

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

Advertising Medium of the Stockman's Paradise.

Sonora, Texas. - Aug. 14, 1909

LIGHTNING HOLES.

How the Diameter of a Lightning Flash is Ascertained.

"Did you ever see the diameter of a lightning flash measured?" asked a geologist. "Well, here is the case which once inclosed a flash of lightning, fitting it exactly, so that you can see just how big it was. This is called a fulgurite, or 'lightning hole,' and the material it is made of is glass. I will tell you how it was manufactured, though it only took a fraction of a second to turn it out.
"When a bolt of lightning strikes a bed of sand it plunges downward into the sand for a distance less or greater, transforming simultaneously into glass the silica in the material through which it passes. Thus by its great heat it forms a glass tube of precisely its own size. Now and then such a tube known as 'fulgurite' is found and dug up. Fulgurites have been followed into the sand by excavation for nearly thirty feet. They vary in interior diameter from the size of a quill to three inches or more, according to the 'bore' of the flash.
"But fulgurites are not alone produced in sand. They are found also in solid rock, though very naturally of slight depth, and frequently existing merely as a thin, glassy coating on the surface. Such fulgurites occur in astonishing abundance on the summit of Little Ararat, in Armenia. The rock is soft and so porous that blocks a foot long can be obtained that are perforated in all directions by little tubes filled with bottle green glass formed from the fused rock. There is a small specimen in the National museum which has the appearance of having been bored by the teredo and the holes made by the worm subsequently filled with glass.
"Some wonderful fulgurites were found by Humboldt on the high Nevada de Toluca, in Mexico. Masses of the rock were covered with a thin layer of green glass. Its peculiar shimmer in the sun led Humboldt to ascend the precipitous peak at the risk of his life."

YOU ARE INVITED TO PATRONISE OUR ADVERTISERS

Two of Them.

Castelar, the most voluble of talkers, was one of a party of twenty people who sat down at table one evening, and until the end of dinner he talked the whole time. No one had been able to get in a word edgewise. This greatly disgusted M. Delpech, the French cabinet minister, who was fond of hearing the sound of his own voice.

At length there came a pause in the conversation. Castelar was in the act of rinsing his mouth. Delpech seized the only opportunity that he had throughout the dinner of placing his little remark. Castelar, with his nose still in the finger bowl, stared at him with undisturbed astonishment. Just before they rose from the table he turned to a friend and asked:
"That M. Delpech—is he a lawyer?"
"No," was the reply. "Why do you ask?"
"Because he is such a terrible chatterbox," said Castelar.

Grief is an Illness.

Grief is an illness and must be treated as such. Sorrow, grief and the emotions caused by all great misfortunes should be regarded as akin to acute physical maladies. Medical observations show that the physical results of depressing emotions are similar to those caused by bodily accidents, fatigue, chills, partial starvation and loss of blood. Birds, moles and dogs, which apparently die in consequence of capture and from conditions that correspond in human beings to broken heart, were examined after death as to the conditions of their internal organs. It was found that the nutrition of the tissues had been interfered with and the substance proper of various vital organs had undergone degeneration.—Osteopath.

Kipling His Own Critic.

"I was sitting with Kipling in his garden at Rottingdean when a street organ struck up 'The Absentminded Beggar.' Kipling was silent one moment, and then he said, 'If it was not suicide I would kill the man who wrote that.'" This interesting revelation was made by the Rev. J. C. Harris, pastor of Kingston Congregational church, in a lecture on Kipling. It was hard to believe, he said, that the man who could write "The Recessional" could descend to the level of "Pay! Pay! Pay!" No man is more keenly alive to his own blunders than Kipling.—London Globe.

No Sacrifice Necessary.

"I am willing to make any sacrifice to win you," sighed the impecunious count.

"Oh, that isn't necessary," replied the heiress. "In case I make up my mind that I want you papa can afford to pay the regular price."—Chicago News.

A HEROIC STRUGGLE.

The Fight For Life of the Crew of a Wrecked Whaler.

The story of the crew of a whaling vessel wrecked off Cape Parry in a drifting fog is given in Mr. A. H. Harrison's book, "In Search of a Polar Continent." The Alexander at the time was steaming at full speed, and when first it struck the ice, not seeing anything in front of them, thought they had collided with a piece of drifting ice. But on striking again the vessel immediately filled with water, so they hardly had time to rush to the boats, which they had great difficulty in lowering.

It was then that Captain Tilton nearly lost his life. He was the last man to leave the ship, and just as the boats were being pushed off he jumped from the vessel, but missed the stern of the boat and fell into the sea. Luckily, however, he managed to catch a rope that was thrown to him, but it was not without difficulty that he was pulled into the boat when he was dragged alongside.

The mist was so dense that they had no idea of their locality, but on reaching the shore they saw the rocky headland of Cape Parry looming over them, and then they knew that they had at least 400 miles to travel before regaining Herschel island, this, too, along a barren and deserted coast line in open boats and probably in a raging sea.

"This wreck occurred on Aug. 16, yet on Aug. 26 they arrived at Herschel island, every one of them strong and well and no whit the worse for his adventure. They made the whole journey through rough seas and through gales of wind. Every stitch on their backs was constantly drenched.

Of supplies they carried only that scanty portion which a whaleboat always has on hand for an emergency. Nor are the emergencies contemplated of such duration.

Every now and then they had to put ashore to find fresh water and to snatch a few winks of sleep, and I can answer for it that putting ashore here is no easy matter, for there are many miles of coast line along which it is almost impossible to find a place for landing in a strong wind.

These men doggedly held on their course, crossing two large bays, Franklin bay and Liverpool bay, until at last they reached the Mackenzie delta, and, keeping well to seaward of this, they arrived in a storm which prevented ships from putting to sea.

They had made a fine, heroic effort. It had been a case of do or die with all of them, and they had carried on a desperate and unceasing struggle and had accomplished an average daily journey of 200 miles in an open boat.

"TWENTY-THREE."

An Old Circus Term That Originated in a Gambling Game.

We had two shell games, a "cloth" and a "roll out" team. I don't have to explain the shell game, I guess. "Cloth" is an easy money dice game. The operator has before him a sheet of green felt, marked off into figured squares—eight to forty-eight. The player throws eight dice, and the dealer compares the sum of the spots he has thrown with the numbers on the cloth. Certain spaces are marked for prizes, five or six are marked "conditional," and one, No. 23, is marked "lose." The dealer keeps his stack of coins over the 23 space, so that it isn't noticed until the time to show it.

These spaces marked "conditional" are used in a great many gambling games, such as spindle. They are the most useful thing in the world for leading the greenhorn on, for when he throws "conditional" the dealer tells him that he is in great luck. He has thrown better than a winning number. He has only to double his bet and on the next throw he will get four times the indicated prize or, if he throws a blank number, the equivalent of his money. He is kept throwing "conditionals" until his whole pile is down—and then made to throw 23, the space which he failed to notice and which is marked "lose."

You may ask how the dealer makes the greenhorn throw just what he wants. Simplest thing in the world. The man is counted out. The table is crowded with boosters, all jostling and reaching for the box, eager to play. The assistant dealer grabs up the dice, adds them hurriedly, announces the number that he wants to announce and sweeps them back into the box. If the greenhorn kicks a booster reaches over next time the dice are counted, says, "My play," and musses them up. The player never knows what he has thrown. I don't need to say that "23," as slang comes from this game. The circus used it for years before it was ever heard on Broadway.—Saturday Evening Post.

Reminders.

Many are the methods to which busy men resort in order to remind them to write that letter, to buy those ribbons, to keep that appointment with Jackson. One ties a piece of tape around his walking stick, a second knots his handkerchief, a third puts his loose cash in an unaccustomed pocket.

A very successful plan is that of a shrewd man of business. A liberal dose of pepper or snuff spread over his handkerchief greets his olfactory nerves whenever he extracts it from his pocket. And then he exclaims, "That reminds me!"

Another effective method is to place your finger rings on your key ring. By this means you are not only reminded of that "something" by the absence of your rings from your finger, but every time you use your keys the fact is forced upon your attention.—London Mail.

Both Wanted Bites.

A sportsman went out fishing on a highland loch, his companion being the estate keeper, Sandy McKay. The gentleman proved rather unsuccessful with his rod, and after persevering for a couple of hours he said:
"I think we may as well go home now, Sandy. The trout won't bite today."

When they went ashore the sportsman offered the keeper some sherry, which that functionary declined.

"I've got no whisky," said the gentleman. "What is your objection to a drop of sherry?"
"Well," replied Sandy, "if ye man ken, it's the same objection as ye hae tae the trout the day—it winna bite."—Dundee Courier.

The Lesser Evil.

There are other destructive forces in nature, and even earthquakes have rivals. This happened at the time of the trembler at Charleston, S. C., several years ago. A resident of the shaken city, who he felt that his duties required him to remain there to do what he might for the sufferers, sent his six-year-old son out of the danger and confusion to the youngster's grandfather in New York. Three days after the boy's arrival the Charleston man received this telegram from his father: "Send us your earthquake and take back your boy."

He Had No Answer.

Sister (to elderly prodigal, who is much given to pawning his things)—What's this ticket on yer best coat, Sandy?

Sandy—That was the night I was at McPherson's ball. They tack yer coat from ye at the door and gie ye a ticket for't.

Sister—H'm! Aye, I see there's vin on yer trousers as well.—London Punch.

THE RAPACIOUS EEL.

He is an Omnivorous Feeder With an Enormous Swallow.

Quite apart from the peculiar and mysterious characteristics of eels at their spawning season, there are few more interesting fish than the snake's maritime cousins. A writer in the London Outlook describes how he has seen young eels—"elvers" they are called at this stage of their existence—coming from the sea to the rivers in countless multitudes. They move in masses, he explains, overcoming every obstacle, and are anything up to eighteen months old, six inches or so long, of the thickness of a shoestring. As retribution for the damage they will some day do to trout and salmon spawn, as well as to newly hatched fish, the elvers are greedily eaten by almost all other kinds of fish. Still, their numbers are so large, they move forward in such battalions, that millions dodge the attentions of their enemies and reach the upper waters in safety. This wonderful migration is one of the marvels of nature.

At home the eel thrives rapidly. He soon puts on flesh. He is an omnivorous feeder, and nothing comes amiss that he can take into his gullet. He preys upon the young of every sort of fish. He burrows into their nests and eats ravenously of the newly deposited spawn. In fact, experts declare that pike are not half so destructive to a trout water as eels are, for the pike eats mature fish or those that are maturing, whereas the eel takes his fill of the eggs as well as of the perfect fish.

It is wonderful, considering the size of an eel, what an enormous swallow it has. A fish of two or three pounds will easily make away with a bait of a quarter of a pound, and there are authentic particulars of an eel about two and a half pounds which was choked at King's Lynn attempting to swallow a full sized rat. Eels scale up to seven or eight pounds and occasionally even more. They have tremendous strength, and, as for their vitality, it is not recorded in the proverbs and folklore of the people?

"As slippery as an eel" is a saying centuries old, and everybody is supposed to know that an eel requires more killing than any fish that swims. When you have got him on the bank and have put your foot down hard upon his head ready for the coup de grace he will lash his tail over your foot and around your ankle, and it is a feat of dexterity to hold him tight while you get in the final blow. But you do not always get him as far as that stage. An angler once testified in the sporting papers that, having hooked a big eel, he was trying to land it, and in its struggles to resist it took hold of a passing bream and coiled around it. As the tackle was good, both eel and bream were landed.

A Change of Tune.

A furniture van stood in front of a house. A little boy stood by the horse and gave it some bread to eat. The driver looked on with a broad grin.

"That's right," said he to the young benefactor; "always be kind to dumb animals. Look how the old horse enjoys it. But does your mother always give you big chunks like that?"

"No," replied the youngster; "I didn't get that from my mother."

"Where did you get it, then?"
"It was lying in the van."

Here the driver flew into a temper and bawled out:
"Why, that was my breakfast, you miserable rascal, you!"

The poor lad, doomed thus early in life to a practical experience of the sudden vicissitudes of popular favor, flew from the scene.—London Tit-Bits.

Unreasonable.

An old Tennessee ducky was arrested, charged with stealing a pig. The evidence was absolutely conclusive, and the judge, who knew the old man well, said reproachfully, "Now, Uncle Rastus, why did you steal that pig?"

"Bekase mah pooh famby wuz starvin', yo' honnah," whimpered the old man.

"Family starving!" cried the judge. "But they tell me you keep five dogs. How is that, uncle?"

"Why, yo' honnah," said Uncle Rastus reprovingly, "you wouldn't s'pect mah famby to eat dem dawgs!"—Argonaut.

His Message.

Excitement is often the cause of strange telegrams, as well as of other strange manifestations.

A man who had been one of the passengers on a shipwrecked vessel was rescued almost by a miracle. On arriving at a place from which he could send a telegraphic message he forwarded the following dispatch to his brother:
"I am saved! Try to break it to my wife."

CHAS. SCHREINER,
BANKER
(UNINCORPORATED)
AND COMMISSION MERCHANT
KERRVILLE, TEXAS.

A General Banking Business Transacted. Solicits Accounts of Merchants and Stockmen.

THE FAVORITE SALOON

IS NOT effected by the passage of the PURE FOOD LAW, Our Liquors are all GOOD. Some Special Brands for Family AND MEDICINAL PURPOSES.

ICE COLD BEER AND MINERAL WATERS ALWAYS ON HAND.

Theo. Savell, Proprietor.

THE Rock Front

BARTON & SAVELL, PROPRIETORS,

Cold Beer and Soft Drinks
Pure Wines and Liquors
Choice Cigars, Etc.

PHONE ORDERS TO 97 WILL RECEIVE PROMPT ATTENTION. YOUR TRADE COURTEOUSLY APPRECIATED

J. G. BARTON, AND THEO. SAVELL.

J. E. ROBBINS. A. J. STREUF. TOM CODE.

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THE LAND AND LIVE STOCK COMMISSION MEN,
SONORA, TEXAS.

Are offering for sale a number of ranches, and have on their list Cows, Stock Cattle, Steers of all ages, Sheep and Goats.

In fact if you want to buy or sell anything in the "Paradise" give us a call or write us.

J. A. COPE CO.,
Land and Live Stock

Bought and sold on Commission. Oldest firm in Sonora. We are Hustlers. Take you to see in our Auto. Have Complete Lists of Ranches, Lands and Live Stock.

If You Have Something to Sell List it with US.

J. A. Cope Co., Sonora, Tex.

CLYDE WINDROW,

PRACTICAL TINNER,

TANKS, TROUGH, AND ALL KIND OF TIN WORK

ESTIMATES FURNISHED, TERMS CASH.

Commissioners Court.

The Honorable Commissioners Court of Sutton County, met in regular session at the Court House in Sonora, Monday Aug 9, with L. J. Wardlaw, county judge, presiding, Geo. J. Trainer, W. B. Smith and Arthur Stuart, commissioners of precincts 1, 2 and 3 respectively, being present with J. D. Lowrey clerk and J. S. Allison, sheriff in attendance.

The reports of the officers were examined and approved.

The boundaries of voting precincts 3 and 4 were changed so as to place the E. E. Sawyer and Berry Baker ranches in precinct 3.

The court estimated the population of Sonora at 1398, which is a requirement of the Fitzhugh Robinson law.

The petition praying for an election to be held to determine whether liquors should be sold in precinct No. 1, was granted and the election ordered for August 25.

Captured Stolen Horses.

Last Friday evening Sheriff Hartley, Capt. Luke Dowe, U. S. Deputy, Marshall Dibrell, Jim King, and Rodriguez, ran into two Mexicans with six of the stolen horses, at San Pedro, 11 miles from town on the Sonora road.

It was dark and the parties were in an automobile; by the time they discovered that it was the stolen horses, the Mexicans had dismounted and fled into the brush. One or two shots were fired, but it is believed no one was struck.

The horses captured were, Will Whitehead's, Tom Kelley's, Geo. Baker's and Pennington Brothers.

The next day Jack Bolcher found a horse that had been ridden down in his pasture, and an old mare came up with a saddle on. This saddle was stolen last week from Jim Buggy on the Prosser ranch, at the time three Mexicans held him up and robbed him and the supposition is that one of the thieves stopped at the Bolcher ranch to get him a fresh mount, but in some way was scared off after saddling the animal.

It is a strange movement all the way round, and one hard to understand. If the parties were stealing these horses merely for profit, it seems that they had a good opportunity to leave the country with them. It was 6 days after the Whitehead horses were stolen that they were captured in an hour's ride from the ranch—Del Rio Herald.

The Crime of Idleness.

Idleness means trouble for any one. It is the same with a liver. It causes constipation, headache, jaundice, sallow complexion, pimples and blotches, loss of appetite, nausea, but Dr. King's New Life Pills soon banish liver troubles and build up your health. 25c. at Nathan's Pharmacy.

Not content with providing the British army with the greater part of its meat food, American packers have gone after the German army business also—and according to cable dispatches this week, they have cut off a big slice of it, too, says the National Provisioner. This is regarded as the biggest triumph for our trade since the days of the muckrakers' crusade against our meats. Germany and the German government have been our greatest enemies. German cattle-raising barons have done everything in their power to shut our product out of the home market; that they might monopolize it, and the feeling has been bitter. That the German government should dare to brave the wrath of the Agrarian influence by giving government contracts to American packers seems almost unbelievable. Yet it has been done, and both Libby and Armour are said to have made contracts with the German government of large proportions. The explanation probably lies not so much in a breaking down of German prejudices against American meats as in the dire necessity of the army commissariat. To get the best meats at the best prices—to get enough to feed their men, even—they had to come to American packers.

Does Not Irritate.

"I have found Simmons Liver Purifier the mildest and most pleasant in action, yet the surest remedy for constipation, torpid liver and all kindred troubles, I have ever used. It does not irritate or gripe." Very truly, S. P. Cleary, Jackson, Tenn. Put up in tin boxes only. Price 25c.

The Editor's Prayer.

An exchange over in Arkansas says an editor went to church the other day and was called on to lead in prayer when he said: "Almighty and kind father, who doth from thy throne look on the government of men and despoil subscribers most humbly we beseech Thee to draw near unto them and whisper. Thou knowest our wants but our subscribers knoweth them not and seldom stop in to inquire. Let it be known to them that there are large patches on the homestead of our pants, and there is an aching void in the front of our back and that we hunger and thirst and beset us not to sup with him. Thou knowest, Lord, that our print paper and ink costs money, but the subscriber knoweth it not and careth a sightless. Thou knowest that we are cold and the subscriber bringeth not the wood he promised and that we are shivering and shaking while he roasteth his shins before the red hot stove of his mother-in-law, O Lord help the subscriber and bless us forever Amen.—Ex

Washington's Plague Spots.

lie in the low, marshy bottoms of the Potomac, the breeding ground malaria germs. These germs cause chills, fever and ague, biliousness, jaundice, lassitude, weakness and general debility and bring suffering or death to thousands yearly. But Electric Bitters never fail to destroy them and cure malaria troubles. They are the best all-round tonic and cure for malaria I ever used," writes R. M. James, of Lamellen, S. C. They cure Stomach, Liver, Kidney and Blood Troubles and will prevent Typhoid. Try them 50 cents Guaranteed by Nathan's Pharmacy

Hot Weather Hints.

Be careful what you drink in hot weather. Here is a recipe that will be of benefit to all:

Take any kind of fruit you like, smash it to a pulp and strain off the juice. Add a little sugar, a little lemon, a little allspice, a little vinegar, a little of anything else you happen to think about. Put this mixture into a cup. Then take another cup and fill it full of water fresh from the well or hydrant. Then throw away the mixture in the first cup and slowly drink the contents of the second cup.

Sponge cake is always relished in hot weather. Select well grown sponges, soak them over night in salt water. In the morning rinse through fresh water several times, then dip in batter and fry to a crisp brown.

A great many housewives fail to conserve their energies during the hot weather. They fuss and boil over a hot stove three times a day, when twice a day is often enough. Get breakfast and dinner at home and then go visiting just about supper time. This is both economical and pleasant.

Boil the water before giving the baby a drink. Be careful not to get these directions mixed.

To remove the stain of ice tea from the table cloth. Roll the table cloth into a tight roll, saturate with kerosene and thrust it quickly into the kitchen stove. This has never been known to fail in removing the stains.

A correspondent asks us for a recipe for preserving watermelon rind. We decline. We'll undertake to give some one a recipe for preserving potato peelings if they will guarantee to make one certain woman we know of forget that here is such a thing as watermelon preserves.

A good deal of time now consumed in combing the children's hair in the morning may be saved by the simple device of taking them down to the barber shop and having their hair clipped off short.

The best remedy we know of for flies is to go visiting for a week or two and let the flies starve to death.

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, 1919.

We Have Pleas'd 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.

Attend to Your Liver

No organ in the human body can give as many different kinds of trouble as the liver when it is not right. Simmons' Liver Purifier makes it right and keeps it so.

Angora goats cannot thrive if crowded into a small space, hence should not be kept in large flocks on small farms.

The principal reason why goats do better than sheep in some places is because they are particularly inexpensive so far as feeding is concerned. They eat the leaves in summer and the soft twigs in winter and if there is an abundance of either they will not require anything else to sustain life, but this condition exists only in certain localities and other means must be adopted elsewhere. They are fond of straw and fodder of any kind. Sugar beet pulp has been fed with success. The goats must be taught to eat it, but after once learning they seem not able to get enough. In feeding either hay or grain absolute cleanliness and cleanliness must rule, as goats will not eat soiled food. No animal is more particular about its food than the goat. Goats require more salt than sheep, owing to the more astringent character of their food. If loose salt is used, the general custom is to give it once a week on regular days.

'Twas a Glorious Victory.

There's rejoicing in Federa, Tenn. A man's life has been saved and now Dr. King's New Discovery is the talk of the town for curing G. V. Pepper of deadly lung hemorrhages. "I could not work nor get about," he writes, "and the doctors did me no good, but, after using Dr. King's New Discovery three weeks, I feel like a new man, and can do good work again." For week, sore or diseased lungs, Coughs and Colds, Hemorrhages, Hay Fever, LaGrippe, Asthma or any Bronchial affection it stands unrivaled. Price 50c and \$1.00 Trial Bottle Free. Sold and guaranteed by Nathan's Pharmacy.

Letter to Cornell & Wardlaw

Sonora, Texas. Dear Sir: Experience teaches some people sometimes; it teaches a few some things; it's a mighty slow school though, that same experience.

Lots of people paint lead-and-oil paint once in three years, and think themselves wise; they are wasting half their money and fuss. They're so sure they are wise, they die as they live, paint-foolish. Experience teaches them nothing. There's another set, who buy paint by the gallon, and go by the price of a gallon. They think one price is high, and another is low; and they pay about middling; why don't they pay low? They know that milk isn't dear or cheap by the price of a quart; that the milk has something to do with it. They don't buy "cheap" milk; but they buy "cheap" paint and pay double. Experience teaches them nothing.

There's another set. They painted years ago lead and oil; exhausted that. Then tried something else; it was better or worse. Then Davoc; it cost about half and wore twice as long. That's how experience teaches some of us.

Yours truly,
F. W. DEVOE & CO
P. S. E. F. Vander Stucken Co.,
sells our paint.

M. Seitz has sold to Jones Miller 3000 wethers at \$3.50, to be delivered about August 10.

Joe McIner last week sold to S. E. Couch 1264 head of stock sheep at \$3.00 per head.

Mr. Jones Miller has bought a fine stallion from Mr. McGill at San Angelo, 5 years old, 16 hands and 1 inch high, for \$30.

Among the sales reported last week on East St. Louis market, were 22 steers, J. M. Shannon, weight 1140, at \$4.55, and 183 steers, Brown & Shannon, weight 965, at \$4.45—Ozma Kicker.

There will be a dance at the Court House in Sonora on August 27. All are invited.

Wool Famine Threatened.

Concerning the wool market last weeks' American Wool and Cotton Reporter said: There are numerous unusual features to the wool market this year that give it a position it seldom if ever before occupied. The domestic clip will be close to 300,000,000 pounds, about the same as last year. Yet over 100,000,000 pounds have already been sold by dealers and probably 50,000,000 pounds have been sold direct to the mills. This disposes of half the new clip before August 1, a most unheard of proceeding, as usually September and October are the busy months. With prices at the high range it is safe to assume that the wool already bought is not for stocks, nor to provide for prospective business in the near future, but almost entirely for actual needs. This being the case something of a problem will confront the spinners before next April, and probably before January, as each week finds the most desirable selections picked over and taken out of the market, and each week leaves a larger per cent of less desirable wool on which full prices will be set just the same as if it was the choicest offering coming into the market.

The interest grows in Texas wool as the new clip comes forward and some fair business is reported in lots running from 20,000 to 50,000 pounds. Twelve months wool cost about 75c clean and before another week passes several large pending transactions are likely to be closed.

Disagreeable at Home.

Lots of men and women who are agreeable with others, get "cranky" at home. Its not disposition, its the liver. If you find in yourself that you feel cross around the house, little things worry you, just buy a bottle of Ballard's Herbine and put your liver in shape. You and everybody around you will feel better for it. Price 50 cents per bottle. Sold by all druggists.

WEAT ABOUT THAT \$2.00?

THE PAY OF ACTORS.

Salaries Were Fairly Large Even in the Sixteenth Century.

An efficient actor received in 1635 as large a regular salary as \$900, of which sum \$7,200 is the modern equivalent. The lowest known valuation set an actor's wages at 75 cents a day, or in modern money about \$1,800 a year. Shakespeare's emoluments as an actor before 1599 are not likely to have fallen below \$4,000 in our money, while the remuneration due to performances at court or in nobleman's houses, if the accounts of 1594 be accepted as the basis of reckoning, added some \$600.

Actresses did not appear until about 1662, female parts being previously taken by boys. Among the very earliest were Mistress Nell Gwyn of the king's playhouse and Mistress Knip. Both from having been "orange girls," earning a precarious existence about the theater, were raised to the affluence of \$5 a performance, about \$20 in present value.

By the time we reach David Garrick the emoluments received by the successful actor had steadily increased. Garrick himself could command \$750 a week before he went into management, besides a benefit which would bring in virtually all that the house was worth, from \$2,000 to \$3,250 for the night. After he went into management his earnings were enormous, and he died leaving, at a low computation, over \$500,000. Miss Farren's engagement cost the management at the height of her career \$250 a week, which was what Mrs. Siddons also consented to receive from Covent Garden theater at one period of her fame. But this was far below what she could and did demand elsewhere and in the provinces, and in her biography we read that on tour \$250 nightly was the sum cheerfully paid for the great actress' services. It must be remembered that the value of money in the days of the three players just mentioned was double what it is at present—i. e., \$250 then corresponded to \$500 now. Great as the sum then seemed, it soon became common, \$250 a night being paid to Kean, Macready and even Fletcher. But it is, of course, dwarfed into insignificance by the emoluments received from the American public by such artists as Bernhardt, Coquelin and Irving. Bernhardt was paid \$1,000 a night, which seems to have struck the Parisians dumb with astonishment. It is difficult to apportion Sir Henry Irving's receipts apart from Miss Terry's. But they undoubtedly were valued as high as \$600 a night or tour.—Strand Magazine.

The Man Who Wins.

Business is not like backing horses. The man who wins in business wins because he has deserved to win; the man who loses does so because he deserves to lose. This truth may not always be obvious, but it is none the less true. Of course the unsuccessful man won't admit it. It would be better for him if he did, for then he would seek for the deficiency in himself which brought about his failure and strive to eliminate it. It is the old principle of the survival of the fittest. The fittest is the man of pluck, with strong belief in his own powers and a keen energy to seize every chance. The man who believes in luck would probably be more profitably employed in backing horses, where his peculiar talents would have more play.—London Opinion.

Sign of Your Uncle.

The use of three gilt balls as the symbol of the pawnbroker's trade came into use with the Lombards, who were the first great money lenders of the world. Of the Lombards the princely Medici family of Florence were the first to make money lending a business. On the Medici coat of arms had been engraved three gilt balls, and this insignia had been handed down generation after generation as a symbol of money lending. One pawnbroker of London told a friend that it meant getting the security of double the value of what is lent. Two of the balls would therefore indicate what the money lender took and the third what he gave.—London Modern Society.

Anticipation and Realization.

Freddie—Hooray, sis! What do you think? Pa's going to buy an automobile, and I'm going to sit in the front seat. Sis—So am I, Freddie—No, you won't. That front seat is for pa and me only. See! Sis—You've got nothing to say about this automobile. 'Tain't your'n. Freddie—It's more mine than your'n, and you'll just have to get in the back seat or stay home. Sis—I won't get in the back seat, and I won't stay home. Freddie (pushing her away)—See here, now, you just keep out of this automobile.—Lippincott's.

Seared With a Hot Iron.

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THE BUTLER'S STORY.

By One Slight Stroke He Wins A Long Sought Raise of Wages.
 "It certainly is singular," the butler said, "how it pays to look out for the little things."
 "I had been trying for six months to get a raise from my employer, but nothing doing. I worked and served faithfully always and with discretion and good judgment, if I do say it, but no raise. Then came along a little bit of an incident that got me the lift of wages I wanted right away."
 "I have always been accustomed to pay attention to the little personal peculiarities of my employer's guests so that I could show at the table or away from it attention to their fancies or their real wants, and this I knew entitled me to higher recognition in the way of pay, for all this, of course, was for my employer's benefit and good. As I couldn't tell him all these things, I had to rely on the general character of my service. There came an opportunity at last in which my careful attention to little things won out for me."
 "We had among our guests at dinner one night a gentleman upon whom, as I chanced to know, my employer was particularly desirous to make a favorable impression, and from the moment that gentleman came into the house I had, as you might say, my eye on him. I was studying him, and well was my study rewarded, for presently I discovered about him a peculiarity my knowledge of which I knew at the proper time would save him from great discomfort."
 "When in due time the guests were seated at the table and I had come to wait on them I served them, to be sure, with such dishes as they were to take a portion from, each with the dish at his left side, so that the person served could reach it most conveniently. But when I came to the gentleman of whom I have spoken I did not pass around him to hand the dish at his left side. No; I simply moved the dish from the left side of the gentleman I had just previously served across the interval to this gentleman's right side, and I continued to serve him at his right side throughout the dinner despite the scowls which my master repeatedly directed at me for so doing, and I knew what was coming to me later. When the guests had all gone he said to me:
 "James, how could you have made such a frightful mistake as you did all through the evening in serving Mr. Dickerton at his right side?"
 "Sir," I said, "Mr. Dickerton is left-handed."
 "It never did need a beetle and wedge to get an idea into my master's head, and at that he said, with his face all a-beaming:
 "James, you are a great man!"
 "And he raised my wages on the spot."
 "My son," the butler concluded, "never neglect the big things; always watch out for them, but keep an eye always, too, on the little things. Many a fortune has turned on a needle's point."—New York Sun.

An Imitation of Booth.
 On one occasion Edwin Booth was standing behind the scenes when a character actor who had been giving imitations of noted actors was about to respond to an encore.
 "Whom do you imitate next?" Booth asked.
 "Well," was the reply, "I was going to represent you in Hamlet's soliloquy, but if you look on I'm afraid I shall make a mess of it."
 "Suppose I imitate myself?" remarked the tragedian, and, hastily putting on the other actor's wig and buttoning up his coat, he went on and delivered the well-known lines.
 The next morning a newspaper stated that the imitation ruined the performance, "the personation of Edwin Booth being simply vile enough to make that actor shudder had he seen it."

A Cheerful Introduction.
 In one of the great houses in the west end of London there were a dinner and a reception. After awhile the maid was called, and the mistress said:
 "Serve the dinner. There is no one else to come, except a relation of little importance!"
 Five minutes afterwards the maid announced in a loud tone:
 "The relation of little importance!"—London Tit-Bits.

Just a Friendly Soratch.
 Celia—Do you believe in reincarnation, dear?
 Delia—No. Why?
 Celia—I was just thinking what a nice, soft little white cat you would make.
 Delia—If I came back as your cat, I wouldn't be one long.
 Celia—Why not, dear?
 Delia—Because you would lead me such a dog's life.—New York Herald.

THE BOWERY.

New York's Famous Street Gets Its Name From a Home.
 New York city's great east side thoroughfare gets its name of the Bowery through an ancient lineage that has come down through some 10,000 years, from the time of our Aryan ancestors, who planted the root that has grown into the well known name.
 At the head of that street stood the home of Peter Stuyvesant, the Dutch governor of New Netherlands, and it was known as Stuyvesant's Bowery, which was another name for Stuyvesant's home, the grounds of which stretched southward toward Chatham square.
 The growth from the Aryan root was simple enough, for it was only the expansion of "bu" into "bowery." This root "bu" meant to grow, dwell, be, become or build, so we see how "bower" and "bowery," carrying the idea of a home, naturally grew from it. When that root "bu" began to grow there was no such thing as a collection of houses into a city or even a village, but where our ancestors lived was among the shades of forest growths, where branches and leaves were built into coverings that became homes.
 This word "bowery" came directly to us through the Anglo-Saxon "buan," which meant to dwell. This "buan," which meant to dwell, which signified chamber, a covering in which to conceal or cover yourself, and from this Anglo-Saxon came our middle English "bower." In the Dutch, as it was used in New Netherlands in Peter Stuyvesant's time, it was "bowery."

The same root went into the Sanskrit and became "bhu," which meant to be, to exist, or the place where you were or lived, and from that came "bhav-ana," a dwelling house.
 The Anglo-Saxon "bur" went into the Icelandic, meaning a room, and into the Swedish, where it is used for cage. It appeared in the lowland Scotch as "byre," a cow house. So in all of the family of languages it came to mean a covering, a protection, a dwelling or a home, and where the last Dutch governor of the New Netherlands lived came to be known as his bowery and later the Bowery.—New York Herald.

The Story of Mignon.
 A real story lies back of Goethe's beautiful creation of Mignon, which has passed into so many songs and even into an opera. This story runs that in 1764 an Italian equilibrist named Caratta went to Göttingen with his troupe. In his company was a child, evidently of good family, who took her part with marked reluctance. The report soon spread that the child had been kidnapped by Caratta, but he fled and escaped all injury. The fate of the eleven-year-old Petronella, as she was called, caused a great sensation in Göttingen. Young poets of the town wrote on the theme, and Daniel Schiebler, one of the university students, collected these poems into a volume. Soon after Schiebler went to Leipzig, where he was known much to Goethe and told him the sad tale of little Petronella. A decade later this Petronella became one of the most charming poetic creations—Goethe's "Mignon."

It Might Be Either.
 A bony, lank village youth of artistic bent, who was snuffed at by his fellow natives, finally disappeared from his usual haunts. He was missed chiefly because his peculiar personal appearance was bound to attract attention wherever it was exhibited.
 No one seemed to know whether the lad had gone till the storekeeper, returning from a visit to a nearby city, announced that he had discovered his whereabouts.
 "I found him," he proclaimed. "He was in the art museum."
 "As a curio," inquired one, "or as an object of art?"—Youth's Companion.

Mis Fatal Slip.
 "Madam," said a benevolent looking man as he raised his hat to a lady who had opened the door at which he had knocked, "I am soliciting subscriptions for a home for necessitous children. We have hundreds of poor, ragged, semicivilized children, like those at your gate, and our object is—"
 "Sir, those are my own children!" And the front door was slammed violently.—London Mail.

Suburban Advantages.
 First Suburbanite—You were not at the church sociable last night. What was the matter?
 Second Suburbanite—Got carried past my station and couldn't get a train back till it was too late.
 First Suburbanite—Ah! Reading again?
 Second Suburbanite—Naw! Trying to explain the benefits of living in the suburbs to a city man.—Judge.

LAZY STREET.

A Bremen Legend of the Savon Sons Who Never Worked.
 There is a short, quaint street in Bremen the name of which embodies a legend. The story of "Faulestrasse" comes within the range of possibility, and perhaps the title really did have some such origin as is attributed to it. The late Bishop John F. Hurst tells the legend in "Life and Literature in the Fatherland."
 Once the thick forest grew where the street now runs, and the trees were old, large and strong.
 On the edge of this wood lived an aged couple who had seven sons, all big, strong and lazy. Indeed, the boys were drones, and the neighbors said when the brothers passed, "There go the idle seven." Every one laughed at these big lads who never worked. At last the brothers grew tired of being mocked. Said one angrily:
 "We cannot go out of the house without even the children coming up behind us and pulling our coats and crying, 'Lazy fellows!' Let us go to work."
 At first the six other brothers laughed at this proposition, but finally, wearied of the neighbors' taunts, they concluded to earn their livelihood. They told their father of their resolution, but he smiled scornfully.
 "You have been idle too long to be industrious," he said.
 The boys persisted in their assurances, however, and at last the father said:
 "If you are really determined to go to work I will give you each a sum of money in gold and a new suit of clothes. But first you must give me proof that you are in earnest. You must each procure an ax and a spade and, carrying your ax on your right shoulder and your spade in your left hand, walk in procession through the streets of Bremen."

At first the young men shook their heads, but finally they accepted the test. The people all came to their doors to see the strange procession go by. "The world must be coming to an end," they said.
 The father kept his promise, and the boys took their money and their clothes and went off. They wandered far, worked, persevered and acquired property. Years passed away. Many comforts came to the little home in the woods, but the son never appeared.
 One beautiful spring morning the citizens of Bremen were astonished to see seven well dressed gentlemen, each carrying an ax and a spade, marching in procession through the city streets. There was much curiosity and also great excitement when it was found that the "seven idle sons" had returned.
 A beautiful house was built where the little home stood, and the old people were surrounded with every luxury. No road ran to that part of the woods from the town, so the brothers built a broad way with their own hands.
 "What shall we call our street?" they asked each other when it was finished.
 "Much of our lives has been spent in idleness," said one. "What we have lost we can never get back. Let us warn young people who are inclined to be lazy. We will call the way Faulenstrasse, or Lazy street."

Mis Apology.
 Two leading teetotal lights of the "lang tun" of Kirkcaldy were returning home one night after attending a highly respectable temperance meeting when they managed to get spilled out of their trap, receiving some damage. A local editor, after giving full details of the accident, added with grim humor, "Fortunately both gentlemen were sober at the time." The veiled suggestion that they were not customarily sober greatly irritated the temperate couple, and a strong letter was written to the editor demanding an apology. The apology duly appeared. It ran: "Messrs. — and — demand an apology for our having stated that at the time of their accident they were both sober. We have pleasure in withdrawing our observation."—London Chronicle.

All Mirrors Lie.
 "Every woman is better looking than the mirror makes her," said a milliner. "The mirror robs us of expression and color, and expression and color are to the face what the legs are to the figure. First, our expression. When we look into a mirror our eyes take on a glassy stare and our mouths a curious and sad droop. Really we never look like that save when we are going to bed. Then our coloring. All mirrors have a pale green tinge, and this tinge makes even the purest rose leaf complexion muddy. It takes the gloss from the hair, the brilliance from the eye and the scarlet from the lips."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

HE STOLE A CORPSE.

And That is Why the Joke Was on the Thief.
 "There are people in this town who will steal anything," said a thin man with a string tie as he rolled a fresh cigarette and asked his friend for a light. "Yes, sir; they will take the buttons off your coat if you don't watch 'em. I was 'touched' twice during the past month, and last winter some one copped out my overcoat at a restaurant while I was getting lunch."
 "But it's all right. I got even the other day in a small way, and I've been laughing ever since. We had an old cat over in our flat which had been a pet of my wife's ever since we were married. Elvira—that's the cat's name, not my wife's—was so old she had lost nearly all her teeth, and we had to feed her on milk and soft stuff. This got tiresome, because I had to do the feeding, and I decided that Elvira was about due to die."
 "One night I sneaked home a bottle of chloroform, and after my wife went out to one of the clubs or something she belongs to I wet a sponge with the chloroform and went out in the kitchen looking for Elvira. There she was, curled up on a chair, and before she knew what was going on I had her fixed. Didn't hurt her, you know, and she really was a burden to herself."
 "When my wife came home I looked solemn and told her Elvira was dead—went off in a fit. There were tears, of course, and the remains had to be viewed. My wife insisted that Elvira should have a decent burial and would not listen to my suggestion that the body be disposed of in the usual way. Finally I consented to take Elvira out in the country the next day and bury her myself and was called a 'dear old boy.'"
 "Early next morning, after a lot of tears from my wife, I started out with Elvira neatly done up in a couple of sheets of wrapping paper. I took a car which connects with a suburban line and deposited my bundle on the rear platform next to the gate, while I went inside to read the paper. I was deep in the sporting page when the transfer station was reached, and the conductor had to offer me a transfer twice. I went out on the platform, and bless your soul if Elvira hadn't disappeared! Some guy thought the package contained my morning marketing and had swiped it."
 "I was a bit put out at first, but when I realized that for once I had the laugh on the thief I felt good. Laugh? Well, I should say yes. People on the street must have thought I had a giggling jag on. I did not advertise for the return of Elvira and no questions asked for several reasons, but I'd give \$5 to know what that fellow said when he opened the package."—Washington Star.

The Fear of Thirteen.
 The fearful grip which this No. 13 superstition continues to have upon the hearts of men and women in all walks of life is incomprehensible, says O. S. Marden in Success Magazine. Yet every intelligent person knows that nothing in this world can possibly take place without a cause and that the cause must be sufficient to produce an effect. The most ignorant person, it would seem, should know that the arbitrary No. 13 has no more power to produce any effect, to cause any calamity, than a drop of ink. The fact that the ink or paint instead of being in the shape of a round drop is put into the form of a numeral 13 does not add any force or power to it. A drop of ink or paint on the door of a hotel room would have just as much power to produce harm as it would if formed into the figure 13.

Her Admiration.
 Big Brother—I should like to know what you have been flirting with that lunatic Saphead for?
 Pretty Sister (indignantly)—I haven't.
 "Yes, you have. He told a friend that you stood before him ten minutes as if entranced, and you looked straight into his eyes as if you could read his very soul, and he said if ever ardent admiration shone in a human face it did in yours."
 "The idiot! I was looking at my own reflection in his eyeglasses."—London Standard.

A Financial Shake.
 "Good morning Mr. Toney. On the sick list today?"
 "Yes, sir; got the ague."
 "Do you ever shake?"
 "Yes."
 "When do you shake again?"
 "Can't say when; shake every day. Why do you ask?"
 "Oh, nothing in particular, only I thought if you shook had I'd like to stand by and see if you couldn't shake the 15 shillings out of your pocket which you have owed me so long!"—London Standard.

THE REPORTER'S DREAM.

Its Splendid Mendacity Dazed the Editor and His Friend.
 The editor had worked off the Egyptian chestnut of the philosopher who accidentally tipped over a small water bottle just as he dropped asleep and after dreaming a forty-eight column dream awoke to find the water not yet all run out.
 I had told my famous story of the man who was overcome by slumber just as the clock was striking midnight, dreamed a long, complicated dream that took him half the next day to tell to his junior clerk, who couldn't get away, and awoke to hear the last three of the twelve strokes.
 Cooper had sat silently listening, but now he braced himself up manfully, and, with a look of desperate resolve, he began:
 "I had an even more wonderful experience than those you have been relating, gentlemen, myself. I had been out interviewing strikers, and when I got into the office and handed in my last bit of copy I was dead beat out. I dropped into this chair and was asleep before I struck the cushion."
 "I straightway began to dream. I lived a whole lifetime, from a little babe to old age. Every step of my education, every difficult lesson, was reviewed in detail, even to intricate geometrical problems. I fell in love, courted and married three different girls, committed a murder, lived through every incident of a long trial and served a sentence of twenty years, every day of which was distinct and full of minute incidents of prison life."
 "I sailed on a three years' voyage around the world and in the last month of the last year was wrecked on a desert island, captured by cannibals, nearly crushed by a boa constrictor, rescued by the Russians, only to be sentenced to Siberia, from which I escaped and wandered through the arctic regions for months, did splendid work as a reporter on a morning newspaper for several years, and the editor was just going to make me his assistant when I suddenly awoke."
 "Some one had placed a pin in that chair, and I had dreamed that entire dream between the instant when I started to sit down and when I struck that pin."
 And the editor and I arose, put on our coats in beaten silence and went home to bed.—Stray Stories.

Electricity in Fish.
 Not the least remarkable of the members of the finny tribe are those which secure their food by means of the electric batteries with which nature has fitted them. The best known of these is the gymnotus, or electric eel, of South America. It possesses four batteries, which extend nearly the whole length of its body. The current passes from before backward and, remarkable to relate, extends through the animal's own brain. Large ones (they grow to six or more feet in length) have been known to kill a horse or a mule outright with a single discharge.
 The thunderfish (malapterurus), one of the catfishes, found in Africa, which even in ancient times was highly recommended by the doctors for certain troubles, and the torpedo, or electric ray, which latter exhibits all the known powers of electricity, rendering the needle magnetic, decomposing chemical compounds and emitting the spark, are the other electric fishes that secure their daily food in this remarkable manner.—Chicago Tribune.

Balzac by the Yard.
 A well known author not long ago stepped into a bookstore, but for some little time could not attract the attention of a clerk, all interest being centered in a stout gentleman who was jotting down figures on a pad. The author strolled over in that direction and heard the head clerk remark:
 "And now, sir, you have almost completed a library of which you will be proud; but, of course, you will want Balzac?"
 "Waal, I don't know, now. You see, we've only got two feet and seven inches space left," the old gentleman replied. "Go ahead and measure him, though, and if he isn't too wide I'll take him, too," he added.—Success Magazine.

And So Got Riches.
 An unfeeling monster of a man—although a writer in the Atchison Globe does not so describe him—was asked at a little evening gathering to tell what book had helped him most.
 "My wife's cookbook," he replied after some thought.
 All the ladies present bridled, and one asked him in what way his wife's cookbook had helped him—would he not tell them in a few words?
 He would.
 "About as soon as I married," he said, "I made up my mind I'd rather work than eat."

SLIPS IN PRINT.

Typographical Blunders That Cause Smiles or Frowns.
 When a leading London newspaper, in noticing the floating of a new commercial enterprise, spoke of the issuing of "100,000 snares at £1 each," a statement which, however true, was hardly intentional, the splendid fury of the promoters of that enterprise was fully balanced by the large satisfaction, and no one stopped to think that the innocent fact of the close juxtaposition in which the letters "h" and "n" stand to each other on the typewriter of today or a slip on the part of the typesetter in the composing room fully accounted for the "error." A typographical error may be an evil thing. It is sometimes a very serious thing, but it never falls of being, from some point of view, funny to the last degree.
 The presence of the typewriter in the newspaper offices of today has done much to make easier the lives of the author, the editor and the compositor, but all its advantages, has no automatic punctuating device, and the virtue of the comma is amply illustrated by the story of the Scotch divine, an extract from whose sermon as it appeared in a local paper reads:
 "Only last Sabbath, my friends, a young woman died in this parish very suddenly while I was endeavoring to preach the word in a state of beastly intoxication."
 And over a poem printed in a weekly appeared the startling comment:
 "The following verses were written more than fifty years ago by a gentleman who has for fifteen years lain in his grave for his own amusement."

Unusual handwriting, however, has more to answer for than the vagaries of the typewriter. "The greater the author the greater the scrawler" is only too frequently true, and it is not always fair to put the blame for this sort of blunder on the shoulders of the compositor. Carlyle and Balzac were two whose copy few printers could read and none would handle for more than an hour at a time. Victor Hugo and Byron were impressively bad penmen, and Sydney Smith is quoted as frankly saying:
 "I must decline reading my own handwriting twenty-four hours after I have written it."—Washington Star.

The Lost H.
 Sergeant Channell, who was in the habit of dropping his h's, and Sir Frederick Thesiger were once trying a case about a ship called the Helen. Every time the former mentioned the vessel he called it the Ellen. Every time the other counsel mentioned her they called her the Helen. At last the judge, with a quaint gravity, said: "Stop" (a favorite word of his). "Stop! What was the name of the ship? I have it on my notes the Ellen and the Helen. Which is it?" And the bar grinned.
 "Oh, my lud," said Thesiger in his blindest and most fastidious manner, "the ship was christened the Helen, but she lost her 'h' in the chops of the channel."—London Spectator.

The Patient's Stratagem.
 "You must drink hot water with your whisky," the doctor told his patient. "Otherwise you mustn't take it at all."
 "But how shall I get the hot water?" the patient queried plaintively. "My wife won't let me have it for the whisky toddy."
 "Tell her you want to shave," the doctor said and took his departure.
 The next day the doctor called and asked the wife how his patient was.
 "He's gone raving mad," his wife replied. "He shaves every ten minutes."

An Apology Due and Forthcoming.
 An illiterate young man once got a friend to write a letter for him to his sweetheart. The letter was rather prosaic for a love letter, and the lover felt that an apology was due to his sweetheart for its lack of tender nothings. It was added at his suggestion as follows:
 "Please excuse the mildness of this here letter, as the chap wot's ritin it is a married man, and he says he can't 'bide any soft soapings. It allus gives him the spazzums."—London Telegraph.

The Generous Scot.
 An Edinburgh tourist arrived at King's Cross station one day, accompanied by his wife and daughters and an enormous quantity of luggage. One of the porters attended to the latter, taking about a quarter of an hour to convey it to the cab outside.
 When he was done, the canny Scot produced his snuffbox and said: "Man, ye've been very obligin'. Wad ye tak' a pinch o' snuff?"—London Scraaps.

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 are made by all soothing syrups and baby medicines that contain opium and narcotics. McGee's Baby Elixir contains no injurious or narcotic drugs of any kind. A sure and safe cure for disordered stomachs, bowels, and fretfulness—splendid for teething infants. Sold by all druggists.

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 It has invariably been the great effort of the Thrice a Week edition of the New York World to publish the news impartially in order that it may be an accurate reporter of what has happened. It tells the truth, irrespective of party, and for that reason it has achieved a position with the public unique among papers of its class.
 If you want the news as it really is, subscribe to the Thrice a Week edition of the New York World, which comes to you every other day except Sunday, and is thus practically a daily at the price of a weekly.
 The Thrice a Week World's regular subscription price is only \$1.00 per year, and this pays for 156 papers. We offer this unequalled newspaper and the DEVIL'S RIVER NEWS together for one year for \$2.50.
 The regular subscription price of the two papers is \$3.00.

NOTICE.
 I forbid anybody laying or tearing down my fences or driving stock through my pastures without my consent.
 Sp'ly R. T. BAKER

NOTICE.
 Parties knowing themselves indebted to me will do me the favor to settle at once. Otherwise their accounts will be placed in the hands of an attorney for collection.
 N B—No one but myself or member of my family is authorized to collect or receipt for money due me.
 DR. A. J. SMITH,
 104f. 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 (whed 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. CLARKEON,
 Sonora, Texas.
 45

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

CLUBBING OFFER
 The Dallas Semi-Weekly Farm News makes a specialty of

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

When you go to San Angelo call on Eddie Maier, at the favorite Saloon, he will treat you.
 J. K. 72-1f

The RED FRONT STABLE
 Robert Anderson, Prop.,
 HAY AND GRAIN.
 Your Patronage Solicited.

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

JOHN SWINBURN
 Rock Mason.
 ALL KINDS OF STONE AND CEMENT WORK DONE IN FIRST CLASS STYLE.
 SONORA, TEXAS.

Hagestein Cattle.
 W. A. Glasscock of Sonora is owner of the Hagestein cattle and anyone knowing the whereabouts of any of these cattle will confer favor by notifying
 W. A. GLASSCOCK,
 161f Sonora, Texas.

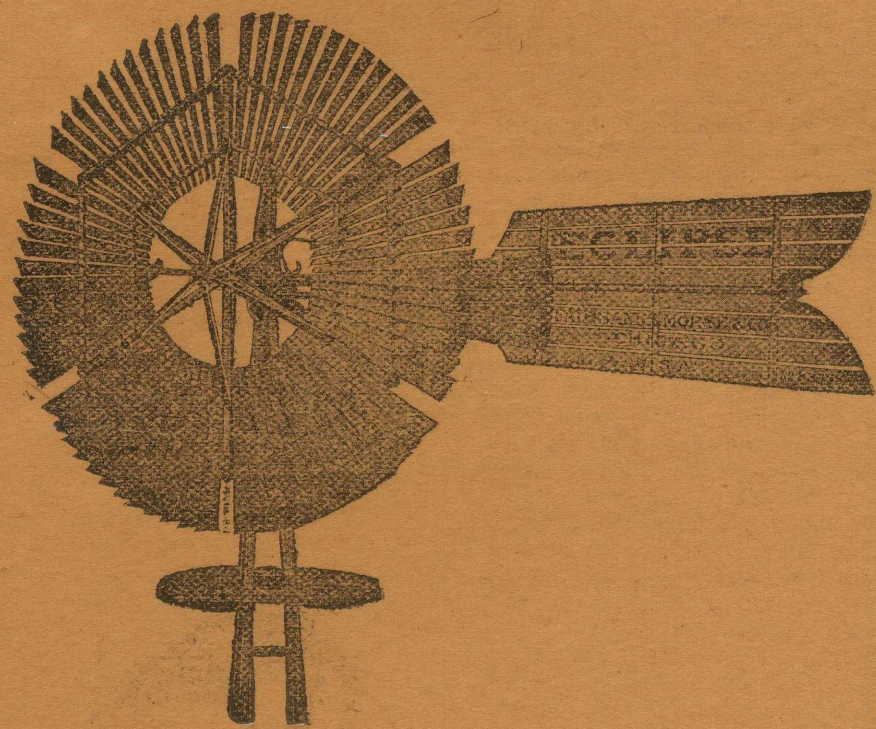
E. R. JACKSON, W. L. ALDWELL, E. F. VANDERSTUCKEN,
 President. Cashier. Vice President.

THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK
 SONORA, TEXAS.
 CAPITAL AND SURPLUS: \$25,000.00.

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

NATHAN'S PHARMACY
 A. H. NATHAN, Proprietor.

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



ECLIPSE

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

E. F. Vander Stucken Co.

CORNER DRUG STORE

[FORMERLY J. LEWENTHAL'S]

We respectfully solicit a share of
 your patronage and promise you
 goods at right prices.

C. B. WARDLAW, Proprietor
Clarence Gosch, Pharmacist.

COMMERCIAL HOTEL

Mrs. J. C. McDonald, Proprietress.

Best accommodations, Rates Reasonable.
 HEADQUARTERS FOR COMMERCIAL MEN.

Drummer's Sample Rooms.

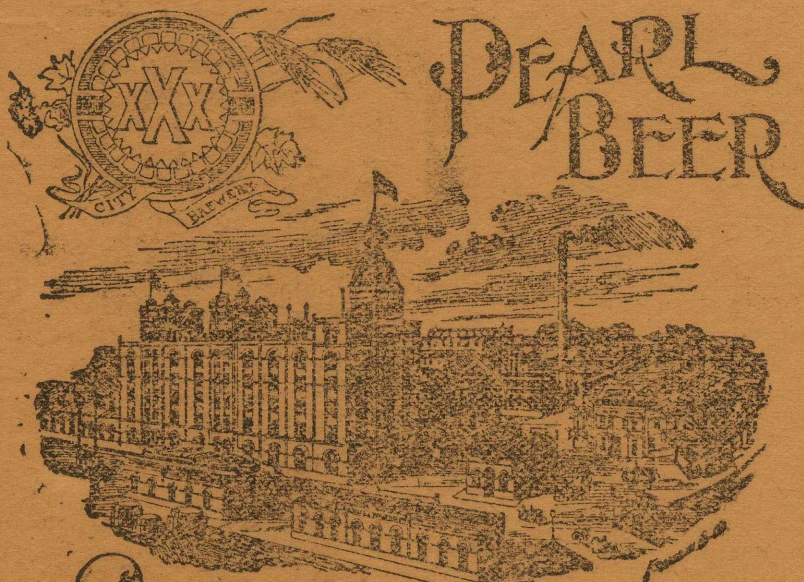
SONORA, TEXAS.

JOHN HURST,

EXPERIENCED WELL DRILLER

Quick, Reliable and Satisfactory
 Contracts to go down 1000 feet or less.

Postoffice Address SONORA, TEXAS.



San Antonio
Brewing Ass'n

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

DENTAL NOTICE.

Dr. Scott, the Dentist has arrived
 back in Sonora, and will be
 here for 8 or 10 days before going
 to Eldorado to finish up some un-
 finished work. Office at the Com-
 mercial Hotel.

Mrs. W. J. Fields has gone to
 San Antonio on a visit to relatives.

Jim Morris came up from the
 D. K. McMullan ranch Monday
 with Marcus Balch who had the
 misfortune to get his leg broke.

George Clements has bought the
 ice cream and cold drink stand
 opposite the post office from Bert
 Bellows and Roy Smith.

A. B. Priour former County
 Judge of Schleicher county but for
 many years a ranchman of Ed-
 wards county, was in Sonora this
 week trading.

R. B. Maddox was in Sonora
 Friday to meet his daughters Mrs.
 A. N. Felps of Blanco, and Miss
 May Maddox who has been visit-
 ing Mrs. Felps during the vacation.

Ed Mayfield and B. M. Halbert
 were in Sonora Friday to show
 their dogs a wolf and felt assured
 that they had the only wolf dogs
 in the State.

D. B. Cusenbary had Tom Black-
 burn in town Saturday and was
 splitting the streets wide open with
 him. Tom is in fine shape and
 wants to go all the time.

Miss Cora Rountree, daughter of
 Judge and Mrs. J. O. Rountree left
 on Friday for Colorado to visit her
 brother Austin. Miss Cora will
 visit relatives and friends in other
 parts of the State before returning.

W. L. Aldwell bought for E. R.
 Jackson from Mrs. Hugh Richard-
 son, 3 sections of land three miles
 northeast of Sonora at \$3 10 per
 acre. Mr. Jackson owns the "in-
 dividual" three sections adjoin-
 ing.

The Woodmens Circle met at
 the residence of Mrs. J. D. Lowrey
 Thursday afternoon. The meet-
 ing was of a social nature and re-
 freshments were served. Those
 present were: Mesdames J. C. Mc-
 Donald, Theo Savell, J. G. Barton,
 S. H. Stokes, W. A. Pullin, J. T.
 Shurley.

W. Payne Rountree the popular
 dry goods man with the Sonora
 Mercantile Company has returned
 from a trip east. Payne says the
 new goods will be here about
 September 1st and wants all the
 friends of the "Store of Quality"
 to see them before buying.

Howdy!

How's your liver? If not in
 first-class condition, doing full
 duty and giving entire satisfaction
 Simon's 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.

The news extends its sympathy
 to Dr. and Mrs. A. J. Marberry of
 San Angelo in the loss of their 13
 year-old daughter, Miss Eleanor,
 whose death from typhoid fever
 occurred Tuesday afternoon. The
 little girl had endeared herself to
 every visitor to the Marberry
 home.

Active at 87

This would be unusual news if
 men and women would keep them-
 selves free from rheumatism and
 all aches and pains as well as
 keeping their muscles and joints
 limber with Ballard's Snow Linim-
 ent. Sold by all druggists.

Died at the J. L. Davis ranch
 six miles north of Sonora, on Fri-
 day Aug 6th, 1909, Emma, wife of
 James Nelson, aged 23 years. The
 funeral was from the Methodist
 church Saturday afternoon to the
 Sonora cemetery; the services be-
 ing conducted by Rev. C. T. Davis.
 Deceased is survived by her hus-
 band and two children. She was
 the daughter of Mrs. C. R. Crick
 who is a sister to John, O. T., and
 T. D. Word. Death was caused
 by consumption. The News ex-
 tends its sympathy to the family
 and relatives in their sorrow.

W. C. Bryson who ranches 20
 miles south of Sonora was in town
 Thursday and reported that a
 phone message had been received
 stating that John Keton had been
 killed in a mine at Bisbee, Ariz.
 No particulars are obtainable. John
 Keton a few years ago was a
 prosperous ranchowner in the
 Sonora country. The family
 formerly lived on the North Llanu
 Es Keton a brother met his death
 a few years ago in the mines in
 Arizona.

Will Perry wed up from the
 Whitehead ranch this week.

J. P. Evans of San Saba is visit-
 ing his brother Jesse this week.

A. N. Gailey sold his residence
 this week to O. J. Lewis for \$800.
 Sam Allen of Knickerbocker,
 was in Sonora this week looking
 for fat stock to buy.

Miss Bell Odom has been visit-
 ing in San Angelo and Ballinger
 the past week.

Mrs. C. A. Trainer is visiting
 Mr. and Mrs. Tom Bond on their
 ranch this week.

G. C. Earwood and daughter Mrs.
 J. A. Cauthorn were in town
 Thursday shopping.

W. B. Smith the commissioner
 of precinct No. 2, was in Sonora
 this week attending court.

B. M. Halbert is having a large
 addition built to his residence in
 East Sonora.

Mr. and Mrs. Will Hodges were
 up from the Whitehead ranch Fri-
 day shopping and visiting.

J. A. Ward returned Monday
 from Ballinger where he and family
 visited relatives and attended the
 reunion.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Stuart and
 sons were in Sonora a few days
 this week the guests of Mr. and
 Mrs. C. S. Holcomb.

Mr. and Mrs. T. J. Stuart have
 gone to Stiles, Reagan county, on
 a visit to their daughter Mrs.
 Mayes.

W. T. O. Holman and daughter
 Miss Ruby, were in Sonora this
 week from their home in Edwards
 county.

J. L. Davis and family returned
 this week from Mineral Wells.
 All the members of the family
 were benefitted by their vacation
 and the waters at Mineral Wells.

Judge L. J. Wardlaw returned
 from San Angelo and Ballinger
 Monday. At Ballinger he attend-
 ed the reunion and visited the
 home folks.

O. B. Wardlaw, Mrs. J. A. Ward,
 Miss Emma Whitehead and some
 of the Ward children, returned
 Saturday from Ballinger, where
 they attended the reunion.

Mrs. Chris Wyatt was so serious-
 ly ill that County Commissioner
 Chris Wyatt of precinct No. 4,
 could not attend this session of
 the Court.

For Thirty Years

Inclosed find money order for
 one dollar for which please send
 its worth in Simmons Liver
 Purifier, Put in tin boxes. I have
 been using the medicine for thirty
 years." Thos. H. Reilly, Jones-
 ville, La. No comments necessary.
 Price 25 cents per box.

An inch and a quarter of rain
 was registered in Sonora by the
 Government gauge this week.
 The rain that has fallen the past
 month was of the kind that put
 moisture in the ground and vegeta-
 tion to booming. The range
 conditions in the Sonora country
 were never better and this, accord-
 ing to reports is true of all West
 Texas. Prospects for the balance
 of the summer and winter are
 encouraging.

A Weaking

This is only way to describe the
 poor child that is afflicted with
 worms. No matter how much or
 how often it eats, the worms get
 all the nourishment from the food,
 the child gets practically none.
 White's Cream Vermifuge gets rid
 of the worms quickly, easily and
 with no bad after-effects. Price
 25 cents a bottle. Sold by all
 druggists.

Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Ford and
 daughter Miss Mamie, Mrs. Lida
 McGonagill and W. F. McGonagill,
 returned Monday from a success-
 ful and pleasant overland trip to
 El Paso and Roswell, N.M. The
 trip was made by auto and the
 distance covered was over 1400
 miles. Mrs. Ford and daughter
 and Mrs. McGonagill will leave in
 a few days for their home in San
 Antonio.

Marcos Balch who with his father
 H. B. Balch was a work building
 an addition to the ranch house of
 D. K. McMullan in Val Verde
 county, on Monday met with the
 serious accident of a broken leg
 and was brought to town for treat-
 ment. In tearing down a 10 x 14
 foot gallery he met with the ac-
 cident, the roof falling on him and
 breaking his left leg a few inches
 above the knee. He is resting as
 well as could be expected in the
 home in West Sonora.

Stock News.

Will Evans of Eldorado bought
 from Bob Cauthorn, 40 yearling
 steers at \$16.

Roy Hudspeth bought from
 Hugh P. Allison of Sonora, 60
 yearling steers at \$15 and 40 3's
 and 4's at \$25.

Martin & Holcomb sold for G.
 W. Morris of Sonora to C. A. Year-
 of Mayer, 75 yearling steers at
 \$15.50.

Martin & Holcomb sold for Ira
 Word & Co. to Tom McKnight of
 Eldorado, 100 yearling steers at
 \$16 and for J. A. Ward 50 year-
 lings at \$16.

Martin & Holcomb of Sonora
 sold for A. R. Cauthorn of Sonora
 to Evans & McKnight of Eldorado
 175 steers 1's and 2's at 15 and \$21.

Coleman Whitfield of Sonora
 sold to J. A. Whitten of Eldorado
 1250 sheep, one and two year old
 ewes, at \$4 per head. J. A. Cope
 made the trade.

Martin & Holcomb of Sonora
 report having sold to Irve Ellis of
 Menardville for J. O. Taylor of
 Beaver Lake, 500 1 and 2 year old
 steers at 15 and \$21; for W. A.
 Miers of Sonora 135 3 year old
 steers at \$26; for Joe N. Ross of
 Sonora, 75 1 and 2 year old steers
 at 15 and \$21; for W. C. Bryson of
 Sonora, 100 2 year old steers at
 P. T.

Billies for Sale.

Six well bred Billies for sale
 cheap. From 2 to 4 years old
AUGUST MECKEL,
 79th Sonora, Texas.

GOATS FOR SALE.

300 young nannies
 25 muttons
 75 kids.
 For further particulars write or
 see me at Sonora.
 79th **J. B. BLAKENEY.**

RAMS FOR SALE.

250 French Merino Rams for
 sale. 1 to 4 year old. No scab
 Price \$3.00. Wool on.
 Can be seen at my ranch.
THOMAS BOND,
 77 3 Sonora, Texas.

Wes Bryson left for Brady Fri-
 day on a business trip.

Dr. F. H. White is in Ozona
 this week on professional business.
 Wm. Mittel, the Frank's Defeat
 farmer and stockman was in Sono-
 ra Thursday trading.

J. W. Pincham who ranches 4
 miles south of Sonora was in town
 this week trading.

Mrs. F. H. White and son Er-
 nest returned Saturday from Tra-
 vis county where they had been to
 visit Mrs. Holman, mother of Mrs.
 White and of W. T. O. Holman of
 Edwards county.

T. B. Adams and family return-
 ed Thursday from a visit to Mrs.
 Adams' family at Carlsbad N. Mex.
 Mrs. Adams was benefitted by the
 trip but all were glad to be back
 home again in Sonora.

E. C. Saunders the windmill
 doctor came in from the Cauthorn
 ranch Thursday. Mr. Saunders
 intends leaving in a few days for
 Ballinger on a visit to his family.

A. N. Gailey will dispose of his
 holdings and business in Sonora
 and move to Christoval. Mrs.
 Gailey and children will leave for
 their new home next week.

J. B. Blakeney returned Monday
 from a visit to his old home at
 Bonham. Joe says it was so hot
 and the country so different that
 he soon got homesick and had to
 come back before his visit got a
 good start.

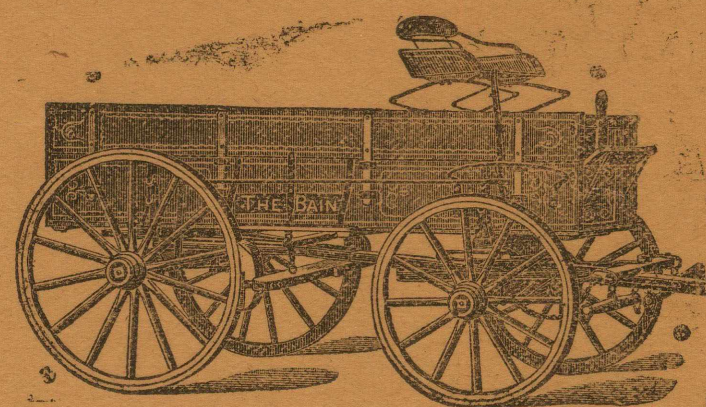
Mr. and Mrs. C. R. Crick and
 family and James Nelson wish to
 thank the people of Sonora and
 neighbors for the many kindnesses
 extended them during and after
 the fatal illness of their daughter
 and wife, Mrs. Emma Nelson.

J. Willis Johnson and Gerome
 Shields two prominent and well-
 known ex-sheriffs of Tom Green
 county, were in the Sonora Country
 this week looking at the cattle.
 They were in Mr. Shields' car and
 encountered some wet weather and
 bad roads, but probably enjoyed
 wheeling in hand.

County Judge Whitten, Clerk
 W. C. Benton, Sheriff W. M. Hol-
 land, J. M. Paden, C. A. Spencer,
 Roy Whitfield and Carson West
 all of Eldorado, came down Satur-
 day night to Sonora with C. O.
 West in his auto. They had the
 usual luck due to overloading
 with punctures, etc.

YES

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



E. F. Vander Stucken Co.

SAM MERCK,

Blacksmith and Machinist.

(THE OLD POTTER SHOP.)

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

KENNETH TALIAFERRO,

The Tailor.

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

Shop in the Old Bank Building.

SONORA & SAN ANGELO

Mail, Express and Passenger Line,

Allison & Wardlaw, Proprietors.

AUTOMOBILE OR STAGE SERVICE

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

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

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

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

OFFICE AT CORNER DRUG STORE.

TWO TROTTERS

---Very Highly Bred---

STANDARD BRED AND REGISTERED

WILL MAKE THE SEASON AT MY RANCH

Thirty miles Southwest of Sonora at Reasonable Charges.

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

JOHN R (MAJOR'S PAROLE) a three-year-old son of
 PAROLE, the youngest Champion Sire of Early Speed in the
 United States in 1908. That's enough. **JOHN R.**
 (MAJOR'S PAROLE) from his mother, MARDELLA, inherits
 the great DELMAR blood being sired by DELMAR the sire
 of MAJOR DELMAR and thus backed on both sides by
 great trotters **JOHN R (MAJOR'S PAROLE)** is the equal in
 breeding with any horse in the State. He will make the
 season to a few select mares. Write for terms to

R. A. WILLIAMSON, Ozona, Texas.



CORNELL & WARDLAW

Attorneys-at-Law.

SONORA, TEX.

Will practice in all the State Courts

There is none just as good as

DORE'S SCREW WORM

KILLER. There is none just

like it.

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

C. E. Dubois, Fisher G. Jones,

DUBOIS & JONES,

LAWYERS.

SONORA, TEXAS.

Office at the Court House.

Practice in all Courts.