

DEVIL'S RIVER NEWS.

VOL 20

SONORA, SUTTON CO., TEXAS, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 6, 1909.

NO 991

Quality & Prices

The reputation of the "Store on the Corner" as to Quality is well established and our reasonable Prices makes our customers doubly pleased
Note the following prices on staples:

| | | |
|------------------------|------------------|-----------|
| Outings Light and Dark | 10 | cents |
| Lonsdale Domestic | 12 | 1-2 cents |
| Hero Cotton Domestic | 10 | cents |
| Calico Light and Dark | 7 | cents |
| Red Seal Gingham | 12 | 1-2 cents |
| Cotton Flannel | 10 to 12 | 1-2 cents |
| Comforts from | \$1.25 to 5 | dollars |
| Blankets from | 85 cents to \$12 | |

Prices, quality and attention will make you a satisfied customer if you buy from the

Sonora Mercantile Co.

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, Nov. 6, 1909.

Queer Pronunciations.

Below are a few names of places that often puzzle a stranger. Hap-pisburgh, in Norfolk, is pronounced "Hazeboro." Abergavenny simply drops a syllable and becomes "Aber-venny," and it is alleged that St. Neots sounds more like "Snoots" than anything else. Croycestre seems to vary from "Sister" to "Sizter." In Suffolk Waldring-field is "Wunnerful" and Chelmon-diston "Chimston," while in the adjoining county of Norfolk Hun-stanton is "Hunston," and in the west country Badgeworthy is "Bad-gery" and Cornwood "Kernood." Huntingdonshire claims the purest English, but they call Papworth "Parpot."—London Answers.

Twenty-first Century Wearing.

The grave young medical man entered the front parlor with sober mien. Unfastening his small black satchel, he produced a little purple vial, and, taking therefrom a tiny bug, he slipped it into a hypodermic syringe and advanced toward the shrinking girl.
"No, no!" cried the pretty Penelope. "It cannot be! I could not love you in the world!"
"You just wait until Mr. Coccu-samoritis gets busy in your delicate blue veins," said the young doctor, injecting the love germ.
Their devotion is now almost proverbial.—Brooklyn Life.

A Way Out.

Servant—A newspaper reporter wishes to interview you, sir.
Great Man—Did you not tell him I was hoarse—could hardly speak?
Servant—Certainly, sir! But he assured me he would only ask questions which you could answer by a nod or a shake of the head.
Great Man—Then tell him I have a stiff neck.

WHAT ABOUT THAT \$2.00?

Wasting Valuable Time.

An old farmer died in a little village in the neighborhood of Paris. His fortune, the fruit of years of patient toil, was invested in a nice compact little farm. A nephew of the departed, believing himself to be heir, called a few days later on the lawyer and before saying a word about the succession thought it only right and proper to shed a few tears.

"Poor uncle!" he murmured. "So kind, so affectionate—to think that I shall never see him again!"

The notary allowed the young man to give full vent to his sorrowful emotions, after which he quietly observed:

"I suppose you are aware that your uncle has left you nothing?"

"What!" exclaimed the nephew, suddenly changing his tone. "I'm not down in the will? Then why on earth did you let me stand weeping there and making a fool of myself for a good half hour?"—Paris Journal.

Scotch Craft.

A drunken man was once lodged in the cell of a Scotch country police station, when he made a tremendous noise by kicking the cell door with his heavy hobnailed boots.

The constable who had charge of the police station, going to the cell door, opened it a little and said:

"Man, ye nicht pit o' yer bulit, and I'll gie them a bit rub, so that ye'll be respectable like when ye come up afore the baillie the morn."

The prisoner, flattered at the request, at once complied and saw his mistake only when the constable shut the door upon him, saying coolly:

"Ye can kick awa' noo, my man, as lang as ye like."

New York's First Ferry.

The first ferry by means of which the dwellers on the other side of the East river visited their brethren in Manhattan was a square ended scow rigged with mast and sails. The fare charged for a horse was 1 shilling, and a wagon cost 5. This ferry was in operation in 1735, and three-quarters of a century passed before it was improved upon. The improvement consisted of a horse boat, a twin boat with a wheel in the center, propelled by a horizontal treadmill worked by horses. This was an eight horsepower boat, and crossed the river in from twelve to twenty minutes. Then came the first steam ferryboat in 1837.

THE STEALTHY TIGER.

When He Moves Quietly Death Does Not Seem More Silent.

I have seen a tiger, sitting on a hundred yards from me in the sunlight washing his face like a cat, move a couple of steps into the shade and fade away like the Cheshire cat in "Alice in Wonderland." But what is more extraordinary is that he can "move without some dry leaf or stalk crackling to betray him. Often is a beat in the middle of the hot season the inexperienced sportsman's heart is in his mouth as he hears the crushing of a dead leaf, the slow, stealthy tread of what seems some heavy animal, but it is only "moa," the peacock, the first to move ahead of the beaters. Then after a period of strained watching, when the eye can and does detect the move of the tiniest bird, the quiver of a leaf, suddenly without a sound the great beast stands before you. He does not always care to move quietly, but when he does death is not more silent.

The question of how a white or otherwise abnormally marked tiger can take its prey is simplified by the fact that, as a general rule, the tiger kills at night or at dawn or dusk and that it is only the cattle killing tiger that takes his lordly toll of the village cattle by day. Again that wonderful voice, the most mournful sound in captivity, "which literally hushes the jungle and fills the twilight with horror," is a powerful aid to him in his hunting. Often as I have heard it the memory of one occasion is as vivid as the moment when it held me spellbound. I was stalking sambar in the evening in a glade in the forest when suddenly, from not fifty yards above me, rang out a long, low, penetrating moan, which seemed to fill the jungle with a terrifying thrill and for a moment made the heart stand still. The native shikari, who, in spite of Mowgli's contempt, may know something of jungle ways, believes that the deer, hearing the tiger's voice and unable from the reverberating nature of the sound to locate the position of their enemy, stand or lie still and so give him the chance of stalking his prey. There is probably some truth in this, for unless you are following the tiger and have seen him it is almost impossible from the sound alone to tell with any certainty where he is.—Algernon Durand in London Times.

FIRE ISLAND.

About the Worst Section of the Atlantic Coast For Wrecks.

No other section of the Atlantic coast line, not even the shores of Cape Cod, Nantucket and Block Island, can offer a record of disaster surpassing the roll of shipwreck and death which is inscribed on the shifting and dunes of Fire Island.

For the last 200 years vessels have been going ashore on the beach, and every now and then you come upon their bones, rearing up faintly out of the sand. Of course the great majority of the wrecks have gone the way of all things earthly. But the sight of half a dozen huge timbers projecting from the face of a dune, making an ideal shelter for a brief rest, suggests reminiscences of a tragedy of the past. Occasionally, too, the waves wash up some odd relic that the sands have been toying with for generations, and the old inhabitants of the coast, standing at their cabin doors, with shaded eyes, will point up and down the dreary perspective to the places where ships and steamers and any number of other gallant craft came to grief on the sands.

There are a peculiar charm and attraction about Fire Island beach that are only to be accounted for by its desolation and the grim events connected with its history. This does not apply to the settlement clustered about the lighthouse and the observation towers, but to the long stretches, monotonous in their apparent sameness, that run eastward toward the sheltered waters of Shinnecock bay. It is almost unbelievable that such a barren, primitive landscape can be found within fifty miles of New York city.

At certain seasons of the year you can walk for hours and never see a human being. The only noises that break in on the solitude are the twittering calls of the sandpipers that flit overhead. At distant intervals faintly marked trails lead up the low and bluffs inshore, tending toward the huts of lonely baymen, tucked away in the shelter of the dunes, scantily clad in dune grass and underbrush; otherwise, save for the wreckage that clogs the beach, you would not be aware that human beings existed anywhere. The sand covers everything, obliterating footprints as fast as they are made.

All the flotsam and jetsam of the sea come to Fire Island. Bits of woodwork, parts of small boats, hatches, spars, balks of timber, water casks and chicken coops, bits of all sizes, from a matchbox to a derelict's shattered hull, are washed over the outer bar. If the ghosts of all the ships whose bones have been bleached on Fire Island sands could be mustered they would tell the country's maritime history in chronological order.

Bluff nosed Dutchmen out of Amsterdam, stout English ships from Hull and Plymouth town, rangy Frenchmen, stately Spaniards, like the last victim of the beach, and many a goodly Yankee crew have listened to the thunder of the breakers and seen the white sand through the spray, stretching for miles beyond their ken, bare of human soul. But that was in the days before the establishment of the life saving service.

Many a storied ship has met her fate on Fire Island beach. Merchantman and privateer, frigate and sloop, schooner, fishing schooner, yacht and liner have pounded themselves apart on the treacherous bar that scarcely shows beneath the gentle swell on a pleasant day. A rapacious destroyer, Fire Island.—New York Post.

Daysey Mayne's Social Plans.

Daysey Mayne Appleton will entertain out of town company for the next two weeks and has issued the following cards and sent them to her friends: "I will have two girl guests from out of town for the next two weeks. What are you willing to do for them? I gave a — (blank filled out by dinner, dance, party, tea, luncheon, etc.) when you had company." "Unless they come up to the scratch," says Daysey Mayne as she licked the stamps, "I shall have to announce to my guests that I am in mourning and can't do anything for them beyond taking them for walks and to prayer meeting."—Atchison Globe.

Sikes' Way.

Fullcash (waking with a start in the middle of the night and hearing sounds in his bedroom) — Who's there? Speak! Who's there?
Hoarse whisper from the darkness: "For goodness' sake, hush! There's a burglar just gone downstairs. I'm a policeman, and if you'll keep quiet and not strike a light I'll nab him in two twos."

Fullcash obeys, and the whisperer, whose name is Sikes, ambles downstairs and out of the back door with his booty.—New York Journal.

FIGHTING FEVERS.

Why Vigorous Measures Are Necessary in Cases of Sunstroke.

A clinical thermometer is probably as matter of course a household convenience in most families as is a stepladder or a broom, and it is well that its use and the general significance of its disclosures should be understood by those in authority, but fussiness and constant resort to it and continual discussion of temperatures are to be deplored.

The old fashioned way of placing the hand upon the child's body and announcing that it felt feverish or had a fever without any regard to mathematical accuracy as to degrees and fractions worked just as well as, perhaps better than, the new fashioned way carried to a nervous extreme. At the same time a rise of temperature always means something, and it most decidedly means the calling in of a physician if it does not go down of itself or yield to simple remedies.

When the temperature is taken by the mouth the thermometer should register about 98.7 degrees, although this may vary at different times during the day in perfectly well people. When it registers 99 degrees or 99.5 degrees the person is said to be feverish. Anything below 98 degrees is subnormal, and anything over 105 degrees is called hyperpyrexia, or high fever.

In many cases fevers are a sort of blessing in disguise. These are the fevers caused by the toxins of bacteria, of which typhoid is a type. The whole system is then engaged in a fight against the germs, and the battle is waged to more advantage apparently when "the blood is fighting hot." This is why, although the fever can be beaten down by the application of cold and the administration of drugs, it is often poor practice to suppress it in this way. Getting the fever down may be a momentary satisfaction, but it does nothing to help cure the underlying cause. It is as if a general should insist upon silencing his own guns.

At the same time the fever must be watched and kept in check, because this sort of fight is calling for an immense outlay from the system, and a raging fever not only burns up bacteria, but it feeds upon tissue and blood and all it can find, as any one can testify who has watched or lived through a convalescence from one.

What is true of the fever of a germ disease is false altogether in the fever of sunstroke. In this case the fever is the disease. It is not a regiment of infantry, but a conflagration, and it must be put out as quickly as possible and by all the means at one's disposal—cold baths, ice packs, ice water, anything that will beat it down.

The character of a fever is a great assistance to diagnosis in many cases, and this is why a physician should always be asked for his judgment on it.—Youth.

His Depressor.

He was handsome, young, talented. He had apparently everything one could wish for as a start in life, but every time he came into a room where there were mirrors he absorbed himself in contemplation of the back of his head.

"That spot is getting thinner and thinner," he complained when he called on the woman and sat down after looking at it in all the mirrors in her flat. "Don't make any difference what I do with it, it keeps on getting larger. I've tried everything, rubbing it with kerosene, with hair tonics; can't do a thing with it."

"It's just as well," she consoled him. "If you didn't have that little bald spot to keep you humiliated there'd be no associating with you."—New York Press.

A Case For Sympathy.

Two matrons of a certain western city, whose respective matrimonial ventures did not in the first instance prove altogether satisfactory, met at a woman's club one day, when the first matron remarked:

"Hattie, I met your 'ex,' dear old Tom, the day before yesterday. We talked much of you."

"Is that so?" asked the other matron. "Did he seem sorry when you told him of my second marriage?"

"Indeed he did and said so most frankly."

"Honest?"

"Honest! He said he was extremely sorry, though, he added, he didn't know the man personally."—Lippincott's.

Pat's Appreciation.

An artist had finished a landscape. On looking up he beheld an Irish navy gazing at his canvas. "Well," said the artist familiarly. "do you suppose you could make a picture like that?" The Irishman mopped his forehead a moment. "Sure, a man can't do anything if he's druv to ut!" he replied.—London Telegraph.

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.

H. H. MARTIN. C. S. HOLCOMB.

Martin & Holcomb,

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

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

SONORA RESTAURANT.

G. W. SOFGE, Proprietor.

MEALS AT ALL HOURS. SHORT ORDERS A
SPECIALTY. OYSTERS AND FISH IN SEASON.

ALSO A NICE LINE OF GROCERIES.

SONORA, TEXAS.

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.

MOHAIR SALES.

E. F. VANDER STUCKEN CO.
of Sonora Sells Mohair at
Good Prices.

E. F. VanderStucken Co. of Sonora have sold mohair the past week for the following parties. The L. T. Burney clip brings 30 and 40 cents, the later being for kid wool.

The G. W. Stephenson clip of this falls wool tops the market at 25-1-2 cents.

The following is a list of the sales:
SPRING CLIPS:

| | |
|--------------------------|-----------|
| Aug. Meckel | 30 |
| Ed Fowler | 30 |
| L. T. Burney | 30 and 40 |
| Sam McKee | 28 |
| Dan Merck | 29 |
| W. R. Word | 29 |
| C. A. Chadwick | 28 |
| J. B. Merck | 26 |
| Jno. R. Robbins | 25 |
| SIX MONTHS SPRING CLIP: | |
| J. A. Cope | 20 |
| Tom Hearn | 20 |
| J. W. Pincham | 20 |
| Fred Trauer | 20 |
| Jess Allen | 20 |
| Font Mayfield | 20 |
| Dock Joy | 19 |
| Wiley Smith | 19 |
| Susie Holland | 19 |
| M. V. Sessom | 19 |
| R. B. Maddox | 19 |
| S. H. Stokes | 19 |
| G. P. Hill | 19 |
| D. C. Adams | 19 |
| Ira L. Wheat | 18 |
| C. H. Caruthers | 18 |
| FALL CLIP & MONTHS CLIP: | |
| G. W. Stephenson | 25 1-2 |
| Wyatt & Allen | 24 1-2 |
| Page & Green | 24 |
| Sam McKee | 24 |
| C. A. Chadwick | 23 1-2 |
| R. E. Wall | 23 1-2 |
| W. I. Whiddon | 23 1-2 |
| J. A. Cope | 23 1-2 |

No Arrests Six Months at Sonora

"It has been six months since we have had any one in jail at Sonora," said Sheriff Allison, of Sutton county, who was here Thursday, "and as a result it has almost become a custom, or as the lawyer folk would say lex non scripta of making it illegal to put a man in jail. I believe that Sutton county can show up as good a record for law obeying as any county in Texas. We certainly have but little use for our jail, anyway."—San Angelo Press-News.

FOR SALE

All of my stock horses, except Standard breeds. All increases from colts to four year old, sired by the following stallions: Juror Campbell, 2:15, pacing; and he by George Campbell, 2:17, pacing; Ribins, grandson of Old Electioneer; John P. Nasworthy, he by Parole, 2:16, trotting. All the above stock are nice smooth stock and will develop into fine drivers. All the above sired are Standard and registered. For further information address,

R. A. Williamson,
Ozona, Texas.

THE OLD RELIABLE

Is ready with an immense stock of
new goods for

FALL AND WINTER DRESS GOODS, UNDERWEAR, HATS, SHOES, CLOTHING ETC., CARPETS, ART SQUARES, MATTINGS.

Ladies Tailor Made Garments To
Order. See samples. Ladies Trimmed
Hats to arrive.

Your wants supplied at

E. F. VANDER STUCKEN COMPANY.

League of Brady bought 190
from C. C. Yaws and 60
from Dad Yaws at p. t.

W. F. Davis bought W. F. Mo-
nongill's one-half interest in 900
Sonora goats at \$4 per head.

Wylie Holland & Ben Stites
sold to Keys Fawcett of Val Verde
county 1300 shorn weathers at
\$2.50 per head.

The San Angelo Wool Storage
Co. sold the McGonigill & Davis
Sonoras fall clip of mohair at 25
cents.

E. F. Tillman shipped from
Sonora and sold on the St. Louis
market Nov. 1st. 163 calves aver-
age weight 215 pounds, which
brought \$4.50; and 204 calves, 289
pounds at \$4.

Henderson Murphy who ranches
15 miles east of Sonora was in
court this week attending court.
Murphy is a fine—Standard
bred—horse fancier and has some
fine individuals of that bred.

J. G. Wentworth, a representa-
tive of the firm of S. C. Murfitt, of
Austin, who is in the city buying
mohair, has so far purchased near-
ly 70,000 pounds of the staple.
He expects to remain in the city
about another week. He esti-
mates that there is about 25,000
pounds yet to be received here.
He has paid from 20 to 25 cents a
pound for what he has bought.—
San Angelo Standard.

Billies for Sale.

Big well bred Billies for sale
cheap. From 2 to 4 years old
and up.
AUGUST MECKEL,
Sonora, Texas.

FOR SALE.

50 head of stock cattle Herefords for
sale, only a few calves. For further
particulars see or write me at my
ranch eight miles north of Rock
Springs on the Sonora road.
R. L. HATCH,
Rock Springs, Tex.

FOR SALE

I want to sell 10 head of
Durham Bulls. 5 Registered and
5 high grade. These Bulls were
bought by R. A. Williamson of
Crockett county, from Jas. F.
Rhea of Abilene, breeder of best
Durham cattle in Texas. They
are 5 year old and good enough for
any man. Reason for selling, am
going to quit Durhams.
ROY HUDSPETH

ATTENTION RANCHMEN!

I have taken the agency for the
PAGE WOVEN WIRE FENCE


for all of South and West Texas.

I can sell you woven fence any
height from 18 to 72 inches, any
weight, and give the best of terms—
6, 12, or 18 months time at 7 per
cent interest on good bankable
notes.

The Best fence on Earth. Dou-
ble the Strength of any other wire
of the same size. Adjusts itself to
uneven grounds. Stretches over
hill and down in canyon the same
as on level ground.

I will be glad to figure with
any one wanting fence.

J. B. MURRAH,
San Angelo, Texas.
General Agent South and West
Texas.

Big Wool Sale on November 17.

W. B. Sayers, secretary of the
Wool Growers' Central Storage
Company, has notified all the wool
buyers of the country by telegraph
that the company's consignments
of wool would be offered for sale
on the 15th inst.

This means that the wool buyers
will soon be flocking into San An-
gelo in large numbers, as many of
them always secure samples be-
forehand and forward to their head
offices. The sale of the large
amount of wool this company has
in its care will be a very consider-
able item in the local financial
world when the money is turned
loose.

C. W. Hobbs, March Bros and
George Richardson have not yet
announced when the wool consign-
ed to them will be offered for sale.
It will probably be later in the
month.—San Angelo Standard.

E. R. Ames former mail contrac-
tor and an auto enthusiast, in fact
the first to endorse the use and
success of the automobile in West
Texas for carrying the U. S. Mail,
was in Sonora this week. Mr.
Ames brought into the "lime
light" the availability of the
motor car for mail transportation
in West Texas and the service be-
tween Sonora and San Angelo was
the first attempt made in the State.
The ideas of Mr. Ames as to cattle
guards and right of ways through
pastures were first advanced by
him through the News. Like
nearly all inventors, Mr. Ames
was unable to get the necessary
financial backing to make his
proposition a success but others in
the Pan Handle and elsewhere are
profiting by his suggestions.

Don't it Jar You?
To have a cough that you can't
leave off—even when you go to
bed? Put it away for good by
using Simmon's Cough Syrup. It
heals inflammation of the throat and
lungs—gives you rest and peaceful
sleep.

W. A. Anderson a former citizen
and lawyer of Sonora, but now of
San Angelo, was here this week in
attendance at district court in the
interest of his clients.

Horace E. Wilson, of Junction,
Kimbel county, leading lawyer of
that county and a progressive citi-
zen of the community, was in
Sonora this week attending to pro-
fessional duties.

Trials of Winter.

Do not permit yourself to be a
victim to a cold or cough. They
lead to pneumonia, consumption
and elsewhere. Be wise; use Sim-
mon's Cough Syrup. It cures
coughs, heals lungs and will keep
you right here to enjoy the beau-
ties of spring.

NOTICE.
I forbid anybody laying or tear-
ing down my fences or driving
stock through my pastures with-
out my consent.
Sp ly
R. BAKER

Lee Upton a bright young law-
yer of San Angelo was in Sonora
this week in attendance upon the
district court in the interest of his
client Henderson Murphy.

Rest and Sleep.
Few escape those miseries of
winter—a bad cold, a distressing
cough. Many remedies are recom-
mended, but the one quickest and
best of all is Simmon's Cough
Syrup. Soothing and healing to
the lungs and bronchial passages,
it stops the cough at once and
gives you welcome rest and peace-
ful sleep.

D. E. Simmons of Austin, a
prominent attorney of that city
and known generally throughout
the State as a brilliant young law-
yer and a former candidate for
Attorney General of the State, was
in attendance this week before the
District Court—Judge Simmons
has fallen in love with the West
Texas people he has met in So-
nora—and would if business did
not prevent move to Sonora.

Letter to J. O. Rountree.

Sonora, Texas.
Dear Sir: The hardest climate
for paint is Florida; and Devoe is
the longest wearing paint in that
state.

D. G. Smith, of Madison, Fla.,
says: "I painted my mother's
house Devoe 11 years ago, and
today it looks better than other
houses in town that were painted
with other paint 3 or 4 years ago."
Three or four and eleven.

This shows two things: (1) the
low standard of paint in that part
of the country; and (2) that Devoe
is the paint that wears.

It doesn't show the whole fact;
which is: Devoe is the paint that
takes least gallons to do the job,
makes first coat by a ratio of 2 to 3
2 to 4, 2 to 5, 2 to 6, for the job.

Smith wasn't thinking about the
cost of the job; it was done a long
time ago. He was thinking how
well the house looks after 11 years
wear in that hot climate, and how
long it will be before painting
again.

Yours truly
F. W. DEVOE & CO
E. F. Vander Stucken Co.,
Sells our paint.

NOTICE.

On and after October 1, 1909, we
the undersigned, will not do any
more credit business only with
those who pay their accounts on
the first day of each month.

To those who know themselves
to be indebted to us we take this
means of asking them to pay their
accounts at once. Our reasons for
the above action, are, that we have
to pay our bills every thirty days,
and unless we pay, or have the
goods, to show, it places us in a
very embarrassing position with
those who credit us. Their motto
is: "Pay us or show us that you
still have our goods in stock."
Thanking you for your patronage
in the past and asking a continu-
ance of same.

We are very truly yours
THEO. SAVELL.
BARTON & SAVELL.
TRAINER BROS.

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.
Mr. and Mrs. Judge Nicks of
Schleicher county were in Sonora
Tuesday visiting relatives.

"Has great confidence in him-
self and knows how to inspire it in
others." The Sonora man who
has the qualifications referred to
above will, if he tries, land the
Orient.

Keys Fawcett the Dolan cattle
and sheepman was a visitor in
Sonora this week. Keys has settled
down and is a stay-at-home since
he married and is said to be the
ideal husband of Devil's River.
Mr. Fawcett was just as handsome
and jovial as ever except for his
whiskers as of yore.

Dr. W. G. Jarnagan, the dentist
has returned to Sonora. He will
be followed by wife and baby as
soon as he can get a house or part
of one. The Doctor says this
country looks good to him and his
wife also is anxious to be again
among the "Best People on
Earth."

D. Joe Wyatt returned Wednes-
day from a three weeks trip to
New Mexico and Arizona. Joe
had a good time and was benefited
by the trip as he found his rela-
tives in a part of New Mexico that
was prosperous and doing well,
and also that he (Joe) had valu-
able possessions in the best
country on earth.

J. C. Miller of Eldorado was in
Sonora Thursday preparatory to
accompanying J. J. Ford and
James Cornell to the San Antonio
fair. Mr. Miller is in the employ
of McWharther's general store but
incidentally is the greatest fan
and enthusiastic booster Eldorado
has. The Sonora boys like Mr.
Miller because he is a fan and
booster for his home town.

R. T. Baker returned this week
from a business trip to New Mexi-
co. Mr. Baker says conditions
have not been favorable for farmer
citizens, now residents to New
Mexico, the past two years, be-
cause of the dry weather, but
hopes they will come out all right.
Personally, Mr. Baker does not
like the New Mexico country for
range purposes and as to farming,
he has gotten beyond that age.
The Sonora country is good
enough for him.

Misses Cora Rountree, Tincy
Deak, and Emma Palmer accom-
panied by Dr. Wardlaw, Mason
Rountree, and Clarence Gosch
spent last Sunday at the hospita-
ble ranch of Mr. and Mrs. D. T.
Yaws.

Judge Tom Winn, Jerry Rust
the telephone man, S. J. Trueman
of the Press News, Clarence Smith
of the clothing and gents furnish-
ing firm of Nimitz & Smith, and
Dave Ward the automobile man,
all of San Angelo, were in Sonora
Thursday on their way home from
a hunting trip to Devil's River.

E. F. Tillman, General Live
stock agent of the Frisco and Rock
Island Ry systems was in Sonora
this week. Mr. Tillman is one of
those peculiar personalities who
is more approachable—or rather—
sees you quicker in Fort Worth
than in Sonora. Ed Tillman has
the "glad hand" ready for all
Sonora country people when they
see him in Fort Worth and at
home or "in Sonora" the glad
hand is extended him.

Don (that is) H. P. Cooper is
home from Kansas and Oklahoma
for a few months rest with his
family in Sonora. Mr. Coopers
cattle interests in Kansas turned
out satisfactorily and will take a
string of stuff back there in the
spring. Don says no one known
what the Oklahoma people will
do as regards the entry of Texas
cattle into that state but wishes
that the conditions were such that
Texas people would not have to go
to them at all and that then the
kicker would starve to death.

Notice to Trespassers.

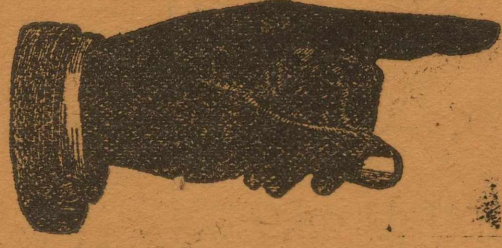
Notice is hereby given that all
trespassers on my ranch, cutting
timber, hauling wood, working
stock, gathering pecans, hog hunt-
ing or hunting of any kind or fish-
ing, without my permission will be
prosecuted.

R. E. SAWYER.

Notice to Trespassers.

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

A. F. CLARKSON,
Sonora, Texas.



To all persons subject to Bilious Attacks, Sour
Stomach, Indigestion, Constipation, Headache,
Dizziness, Heartburn, Vertigo (blind staggers),
Foul-Breath, Sallow Complexion or other symptoms
of a Torpid Liver, WE SAY,

HERBINE

It is the Surest, the Safest, the most Speedy and Complete
Liver Tonic and Regulator in the Whole Field of Medicine.

It is a marvellous remedy. Its invigorating effect on a Torpid Liver is little less than miraculous. It acts instantly. The first dose brings improvement, a few days' use cures the most obstinate case. Tired, weak, despondent victims of a Torpid Liver are restored almost in a day.

A BRILLIANT RECORD IN MALARIA It cures Malaria, Chills and Ague by destroying the disease germs in the system and driving them out of the body. Where Malaria is prevalent it is a faithful guardian of health. It puts the Stomach, Liver and Bowels in such fine condition that the malaria germ cannot exist.

Every home should have a bottle of this great Liver Tonic and Regulator. It stands for the health for the whole family. The chill season is here and all of those who are Constipated, who have a Torpid Liver or Digestive Disorders, will surely have trouble with that arch enemy of the race. BE PREPARED!! Get in condition at once by taking HERBINE and you can defy the disease.

PRICE, 50 CENTS Per Bottle.

BALLARD SNOW LINIMENT CO., Sole Proprietors, ST. LOUIS.

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

THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK

SONORA, TEXAS.

CAPITAL AND SURPLUS: \$85,000.00.

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.

Eastman Kodak Agency. Kodak Films Developed and Finished.
School Books and Stationery Supplies, Etc.

CORNER DRUG STORE

WARDLAW & GOSCH, Proprietors.

Drugs, Jewelry and Stationery. We appreciate your
Business and try to give you satisfactory service.

CLARENCE GOSCH, C. B. WARDLAW.

If you can not buy what you want at
home, send your orders to

COS-HART DRUGS

Everything in Drugs. Heart of
shopping district. In the busy block.

SAN ANGELO, TEXAS.

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. Nov. 6, 1909.

Philip and Sterling Baker were
in from the ranch several days this
week.

W. E. Dunbar and son Bug were
up from the ranch several days
this week on court business.

Postmaster Lohman of El
Dorado, was in Sonora Tuesday,
courting.

Rev. Boyington the Baptist
preacher will hold services in the
Baptist Church Saturday and
Sunday.

Clemon Barfield one of the old
timers of Sonora but now of Mc
Kavett, was in Sonora several
days this week on court business.

Misses Beatrice Brown, Ruth
Morris, Sallie Karnes and Mary
Smith called at the News office
Monday evening.

Charlie West, W. W. Barbee,
Lee Williams and B. E. Earle of
Eldorado, were in Sonora Tuesday,
Sheriff Will Holland had them in
charge.

A Broken Back.

That pain in your back caused
by lumbago, stiff muscles or a
strain is an easy thing to get rid
of. Ballard's Snow Liniment
cures rheumatism, lumbago, sore
and stiff muscles, strains, scalds,
cuts, burns, bruises, scalds and all
aches and pains. You need a bottle
in your house. Sold by all
druggists.

W. A. Wright one of the promi-
nent lawyers of San Angelo was in
Sonora this week attending district
court. Judge Wright is now a
kerosene fiend, having discarded
two gas line bearing cars for one
that burns kerosene. The Judge
treated some Sonora ladies to a
trip in his new car Monday.

Young Girls Are Victims.
of headache, as well as older wo-
men, but all get quick relief and
prompt cure from Dr. King's New
Life Pills, the world's best reme-
dy for sick and nervous head-
aches. They make pure blood,
and strong nerves and built up
your health. Try them. 25c at
Nathan's Pharmacy.

Basket Ball.

The Sonora High School girls
played three games of basket ball
on the campus last Friday even-
ing. There were a large number
of spectators present and the
teams played their best. The
Blacks won twice and the Reds
one game. The last two games
being closely contested. The fol-
lowing was the line up:

BLACKS.

Ruth Morris, Capt. C. R.
Beatrice Brown, G. T., Mary
Smith, Sallie Karnes, Nellie
Smith, Ruby Bridge, Ray Davis.

REDS.

Jewel Decker, Capt. C. R.;
Ether Adams, G. T.; Connie
Parkerson, Maggie Pfister, Allie
Merck, Edna Campbell and Shelby
Joy.

Mr. and Mrs. Jim Cauthorn were in
Sonora this week. Mr. Cauthorn was
attending court.

Mr. and Mrs. Joe Wallace of Rock
Springs, was in Sonora this week visit-
ing friends and relatives.

G. W. Logan was in from the Till
man ranch on Bear Creek, between
Menardville and Junction this week on
court business.

Ed Fowler returned from a trip to his
old home in Georgetown Thursday and
reports good rains in that part of the
State.

Grand dance at the Court House
Thanksgiving night, November
25. Make your date and get your
dike.

J. J. and Eli Kuykendall of the
Whitehead ranch were in Sonora
this week trading.

L. H. Brightman, district at-
torney whose home is in San An-
geles was in Sonora this week in
attendance on district court.

Mrs. L. L. Craddock returned
this week from a three months
visit to relatives in St. Louis and
Chicago. The Doctor is himself
again and as happy as a big sum-
mer flower.

Will and Walter Whitehead
and E. F. Stringfellow were in
from the Whitehead ranch in Val
Verde county for a few days this
week.

Tom Cunningham, official steno-
grapher for the 51st Judicial Dis-
trict was here this week in at-
tendance on the court, Don't
know how Tom plays his cards
elsewhere but he is success in
Sonora.

C. H. Jenkins of Brownwood, one
of the ablest lawyers in the Texas
Legislature, was in Sonora this
week in the interest of his clients
before the District court.

A pretty line of Xmas goods, com-
prising Jewelry, Cut Glass and many
other pretty things have arrived at
Nathan's Pharmacy.

There are several dishes left
over from the Trades Barbecue
Owners call at Vander Stuckens
and get them.

A Hair's Breadth Escape.
Do you know that every time
you have a cough or cold and let it
run on thinking it will just cure it-
self you are inviting pneumonia,
consumption or some other pul-
monary trouble? Don't risk it.
Put your lungs back in perfect
health and stop that cough with
Ballard's Horebound Syrup.

Price 25c, 50c and \$1.00 per
bottle. Sold by all druggists.

W. L. Southern of Brady who
recently bought the John Martin
ranch 20 miles west of Sonora will
be found to be a desirable addition
to the community. Mr. Southern
is at present engaged in the grain
business at Brady but is also the
owner of large interests at Millers-
view where he feeds and develops
all kinds of cattle. Mr. Southern
has made a success of the business
of feeding and realized for some
time that a good ranch would
make his business more profitable.
He is also of the opinion that
ranch lands are as cheap now as
they ever will be in the Sonora
country—in fact he has no doubt
they will advance rapidly from
now on.

Kills Her Foe Of 20 Years

"The most mercurial enemy I
had for 20 years," declares Mrs.
James Duncan, of Hayneville, Me.,
"was Dyspepsia. I suffered
intensely after eating or drinking
and could scarcely sleep. After
many remedies had failed and
several doctors gave me up. I
tried Electric Bitters, which cured
me completely. Now I can eat
anything, I am 70 years old and
am overjoyed to get my health
and strength back again." For
Indigestion, Loss of Appetite,
Kidney Trouble, Lame Back, Fe-
male Complaints, its unequalled.
Only 50c at Nathan's Pharmacy.

Findlater Hardware Co

Headquarters for

HARDWARE & WELL SUPPLIES.

General Agents for

Samson Windmills

The surest and most powerful water getters ever
manufactured, guaranteed to be stronger, more perfectly
self regulating and durable than any other.

Standard Windmills.

A direct stroke wood wheel on the same pattern as
the Leader, made in Ft. Worth, Texas, and now that the
factory has rectified its early mistakes and is turning out
good smooth work, with a full cypress wheel, the best on
the market.

Help Home Industry

Stover Gasoline Engines, Plain and Pumping. The
simplest, stoutest and best on the market.

Fuller & Johnson Farm Pump Engines, a perfect
wonder for shallow wells, and light farm work

We manufacture Hudson Bottomless Stock & Storage
Tanks and carry the largest and most complete stock in
the west of pipe, casing and fittings. Genuine Cook Cy-
linders, both Gun and Spool Valves. Baker Perfect barb
and cattle wire, American and Ellwood Fencing, Heat-
ers, Cook Stoves, Ranges and

General Hardware

If your home merchants are unable to fill your orders
send them to.

FINDLATER HARDWARE COMPANY,
SAN ANGELO, TEXAS.

Don't Do It.

Should you have a cough, cold
or sore throat, do not rely on tim-
e and nature to cure. They may do
so—they may not. Use Simmon's
Cough Syrup. It is a balm for
sore lungs and will cure you at
once.

Ernest Abbott who ranches over
the Pecos, was in Sonora Wednes-
day on business. He was on his
way to San Angelo to visit some
friends.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Stuart
were in Sonora this week enjoying
City life. Arthur says his father
is doing as well as could be ex-
pected.

Mr. and Mrs. Curt Mayfield
were up from the ranch near Juno
this week visiting relatives and
enjoying the society of their
friends.

A Scalded Boy's shrieks
battered his grandmother, Mrs.
Maria Taylor, of Nebo, Ky., who
writes that, when all thought he
would die, Bucklen's Arnica Salve
wholly cured him. Infalible for
Burns, Scalds, Cuts, Corns,
Wounds, Bruises, Cures Fever
Sores, Boils, Skin Eruptions, Chil-
blains, Chapped Hands. Soon
relieves Piles 25c at Nathan's
Pharmacy.

The visitors in attendance on
court were entertained with a
dance Monday and Tuesday night
at the Jackson Hall. Both events
were thoroughly enjoyed and par-
ticipated in by large numbers.

The Ladies of the Methodist
church conducted a very success-
ful oyster supper at the Howton
house Tuesday night. The pro-
ceeds were very gratifying to the
managers but the patronage was
not as large as it would have been
had the oysters arrived earlier.

Consumption Statics.
prove that a neglected cold or
cough puts the lungs in so bad a
condition that consumption germs
find a fertile field for fastening on
one. Stop the cough just as soon
as it appears with Ballard's Hore-
bound Syrup. Soothes the torn
and inflamed tissues and makes
you well again. Sold by all drug-
gists.

Her Heart Was Broken.

because her complexion was bad
and she could find nothing to clear
it up. Ladies: a bad complexion
is caused by an inactive liver. An
inactive liver will be put in per-
fect condition by taking Ballard's
Herbina. The unequalled liver
regulator. Sold by all druggists.

Miss Leila Wyatt who is teach-
ing school at the A. T. Stuart
ranch was in town Saturday visit-
ing her mother Mrs. F. M. Wyatt

Miss Lucile Grimland who is
teaching school at the De Wallace
ranch was in town Saturday visit-
ing her parents Mr. and Mrs. J.
E. Grimland.

Font Mayfield who ranches 14
miles east of Sonora was in town
this week. Font says conditions
are much better for the winter this
than last year.

Mr. and Mrs. Curt Allison were
in Sonora this week visiting re-
latives. Curt says the boy George
is big enough but not old enough
to let them come to town more
frequently.

T. Q. Waldert, attorney of San
Angelo was in attendance on Dis-
trict court in Sonora this week.
Judge Waldert is spending a few
days hunting on the W. B. Smith
ranch, 18 miles south of Sonora.

S. H. Stokes has brought his
cattle back from Schleicher county
where he had them ranging last
year because of the lack of rain on
the home ranch. Range condi-
tions are fine on his Sutton county
ranch this year and prospects for
winter most encouraging. "I
raised a bumper crop of feed stuff
and am putting in 20 acres in
oats" said Mr. Stokes to a News-
man Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Max Vander
Stucken have returned from their
visit to El Paso and Mesilla Park,
N. Mex. They saw President
Taft and other old friends several
times. Max says C. T. Turney
and family are well and prosper-
ous as are other people from the
Sonora country. It is probable
that Mr. and Mrs. Vander Stucken
will leave Sonora and make their
home in some of the irrigated sec-
tions of the West. The News
hates to see them go but wishes
them luck.

DR. L. F. ROBICHAUX.

Late of San Antonio senior
member of the firm of Drs.
Robichaux & Wagoner who for six
years have had offices in the Hicks
Bld'g will come to Sonora to make
his home where he will equip and
maintain an office equal in every
respect with those found in the
cities. The doctor is a graduate of
North Western University the
largest dental school in the world,
and studied medicine at Chicago
University. He comes with not
only every advantage from an
educational stand point but has
been well recommended to many
of the leading citizens as a gentle-
man as well as an artist in his
fine. One of his best references is
that his firm does an annual prac-
tice of over fifteen thousand
dollars.

The doctor sustained a break-
down in health that made this
change in location necessary, his
arrival will appear in this paper,
and he will guarantee satisfaction
to all those patronizing him.

Halloween.

On last Friday evening Misses
Clara Allison and Cora Runtree
entertained at the Jackson Hall
with a Halloween party and dance.
Fortunes were told by a Gypsy
Queen which were very amusing
and interesting. The hall was
beautifully decorated for the event
with golden yellow of the harvest
time and lighted with Jack o-
lanterns and pumpkins. The
programmes were very pretty and
decorated with the Halloween
emblem made them a souvenir of
the occasion. The guests were re-
ceived by the two charming young
ladies who had the affair in charge
and the event will be long remem-
bered by those present. Those
present were Mr. and Mrs. W. P.
Runtree, Mr. and Mrs. James
Hagerlund, Mr. and Mrs. C. S.
Halecomb, Mrs. W. L. Aldwell,
Mr. and Mrs. E. M. Kirkland
Misses Tincy Doak, Carrie Karnes,
Sallie Wardlaw, Ruby Holman,
Ada Morris, Edna Wheat, Miss
Kellar of Mason, Clara Allison,
Cora Runtree and Messrs H. R.
Wardlaw, B. C. Dewart, Mason
Runtree, Roy Smith, Marion
Stokes, Ed Mayfield, Harry
Meckel and Mike Murphy.

Forced into Exile.

Wm. Upchurch of Glen Oak,
Okla, was an exile from home
Mountain air, he thought, would
cure a frightful lung racking cough
that had defied all remedies for
two years. After six months he
returned, death dogging his steps.
"Then I began to use Dr. King's
New Discovery," he writes, "and
after taking six bottles I am as
well as ever." It saves thousands
yearly from desperate lung dis-
eases. Infalible for Coughs and
Colds, it dispels Hoarseness and
Sore Throat. Cures Grip, Bron-
chitis, Hemorrhages, Asthma,
Croup, Whooping Cough. 50c
and \$1.00, trial bottle free, guaran-
teed by Nathan's Pharmacy.

Rev. R. Mercer conducted
services at the Episcopal church
in Sonora Sunday. At both
services there was a large attend-
ance. Rev. Mercer requested the
News to announce that henceforth
services at the Episcopal church
will be held in Sonora on the
fourth Sunday in each month, in-
stead of the first Sunday as
formerly.

Now is the time to see Kirkland
the Tinner about your stove pipes
and flues. Don't wait for the rush
but attend to it right away.

John Martin who last week sold
his ranch 20 miles west of Sonora
to W. L. Southern of Brady, was in
Sonora this week. Mr. Martin
has two brothers living at Brady
so that when he goes there to live
he will not be among strangers.
He will not engage in business
there immediately, but will prob-
ably represent some ranch prop-
erty in the Sonora and Ozona
country on commission. Mr.
Martin has not given up hopes of
again returning to the Sonora
country to live.

When you go to San Angelo
call on Eddie Maier, at the
Favorite Saloon, he will treat you
O. K.
72-4f

District Court.

The Honorable District Court,
of the 51st Judicial District for
Sutton county, convened in regular
fall session at the Court House in
Sonora, Sutton County on Monday
the first day of November, A. D.
1909. District Judge J. W. Tim-
mons presiding, District Attorney
L. H. Brightman, Court Steno-
grapher Tom Cunningham, Dis-
trict Clerk J. D. Lowrey and
Sheriff J. S. Allison in attendance.

The Court impanelled and in-
structed the Grand Jury as to their
duties and appointed S. H.
Stokes, foreman; J. A. Glascock
and Coleman Whitfield were ap-
pointed bailiffs to Grand Jury.

GRAND JURY:
G. C. Allison, L. T. Burney,
Thos. Bond, A. F. Clarkson, Bob
Cauthorn, G. P. Hill Jr., E. M.
Kirkland, E. L. Martin, S. H.
Stokes, Max Van der Stucken, R.
H. Chaik, John Hurst.

The court then appointed the
petit jury as follows:
I. N. Brooks, J. R. Beard, Fred
Berger, J. A. Cauthorn, D. B.
Cuseenberry, R. W. Davis, H.
Decker, J. J. Ford, S. E. Gilbert,
Ira Glascock, E. M. Halbert, W.
F. Luckie, E. S. Long, Aug.
Meckel, S. L. Merck, Wm. Mittel,
W. A. Miers, W. F. McGonagill,
Et Pfister, J. N. Ross G. W.
Stephenson, C. E. Stites, J. T.
Shurley, M. V. Suggum, J. A.
Ward and C. A. Chadwick.

307 State vs Boone Kilpatrick,
continued by State.

291 State vs H. Murphy, trespass
to try title. Dismissed for reason
the court held that D. E. Simmons
and C. H. Jenkins could not repre-
sent the State because employed
by E. F. Tillman. Appeal taken.

324 B. C. Roberts vs Mrs. M. M.
Roberts, suit for divorce. Divorce
granted.

814, 315, 316 and 317 J. T.
Cooper vs W. E. & B. B. Dunbar,
E. M. Kirkland, D. B. Cuseenberry
and S. E. Gilbert, Injunction
proceedings. Dismissed.

319, 320, 321 and 322 Russell,
Bulkeley & Reiley vs the above
named ranchmen suit for lease and
damages. Dismissed at cost of
plaintiff.

323 E. Clouet vs John Barton
et al; trespass to try title. Con-
tinued for service.

325 Geo. S. Allison vs J. A.
Mayfield. Suit for specific per-
formance of contract and trespass
to try title. Continued for service.

312 J. G. Barton vs John Noll,
foreclosure of mortgage granted
plaintiff.

293 J. D. Fields & Co vs Henry
Owens. Suit for possession of
horses valued at \$115. Verdict
for plaintiff.

292 W. L. Whidden vs Mrs.
Frank Sparks, trespass to try title.
Continued.

302 Sol Kelley vs Roy Hudspeth
Continued by defendant.

306 Roy Hudspeth vs Sol
Kelley. Continued by plaintiff
(These cases were settled out of
court)

332 and 333 State vs—
alias captus and continued.

J. J. North, E. L. Martin and
J. A. Cauthorn were appointed
jury commissioners.

The Grand Jury was in session
two days and found three bills,
one for theft of horses and one for
burglary and one for carrying a
pistol. Court adjourned Wednes-
day.

The only baking powder from Royal Grape Cream of Tartar—made from Grapes—
Makes Finest, Purest Food

Royal
Baking Powder
Absolutely Pure

The Lure of the Mask

By
HAROLD MAC GRATH

Copyright, 1903, by the Bobbs-Merrill Co.

Besides, I have held a sword for the church. I owe no allegiance to the gaily house of Savoy! There was no twinkle in the black eyes now. There was a ferocious gleam. "Fardon, signor. I grew boastful. I am old and should know better. But does the signor return to Italy in the spring?"

"I don't know, Giovanni. I don't know. But what's on your mind?"

"Nothing new, signor," with eyes cast down to hide the returning lights. "You are a bloodthirsty ruffian!" said Hillard shortly.

"I am as the good God made me. Besides, the holy father will do something for one who fought for the cause."

"He will certainly not countenance bloodshed, Giovanni!"

"He can absolve it."

"I was in hopes you had forgotten." "Forgotten?" The signor with averted eyes and innocent smile sang like the nightingale. Up with the dawn, to sleep with the stars. We



"Seven years! It is a long time to wait," were alone, she and I. The sheep-suppered me, and she sold her roses and dried lavender. It was all so beautiful—till he came. Ah, had he loved her! But a plaything, a pastime! The signor never had a daughter. What is she now? A nameless thing in the streets!" Giovanni raised his arms tragically. The boots clattered to the floor. "Seven years! It is a long time for one of my blood to wait."

"Enough!" cried Hillard, but there was a hardness in his throat at the sight of the old man's tears. Where was the proud and stately man, the black bearded shepherd in faded blue linen, in picturesque garters, with his reedlike lips, that he, Hillard, had known in his boyhood days? "I can give you only my sympathy for your loss," said Hillard, "but I abhor the spirit of revenge which cannot find satisfaction in anything save murder."

Giovanni bowed gravely and made off with his boots. Hillard remained staring thoughtfully at the many colored squares in the rug under his feet. It would be long when Giovanni came. The old man had evidently made up his mind. But the woman with the voice, would she see the notice in the paper? And if she did would she stay? What a temptation for a woman! Bah! He prepared to go on earthy treat-

Sorrento, in one of the charming villas which sweep down to the very brow of the cliffs, educated in Rome up to his fifteenth year, taken at that age from the dreamy drifting land and thrust into the noisy, bustling life which was his inheritance; fatherless and motherless at twenty, a college youth who was forever mixing his Italian with his English and being laughed at, baiting tumult and loving quiet, warm hearted and impulsive, yet meeting only habitual reserve from his compatriots whenever he returned. It is not to be wondered at that he preferred the land of his birth to that of his blood.

The old house in which he lived was not in the fashionable quarter of the town, but that did not matter. Nor did it vary externally from any of its unpretentious neighbors. A cook, a butler and a valet were his retinue.

Giovanni sought his own room at the end of the hall, squatted on a low stool and solemnly began the business of blacking his master's boots. He was still as deaf and tall as a Lombardy poplar, this handsome old Roman. His hair was white; there was now no black beard on his face, which was as brown and creased as Spanish leather, and some of the fullness was gone from his chest and arms, but for all that he carried his fifty odd years like a man who worked swiftly tonight, but whose mind was far away from his task.

There was a pitiful story, commonplace enough—a daughter, a loose living officer, a knife thrust from a dark alley, the sudden flight to the south, Hillard had found him wandering through the streets of Naples, hiding from the carabinieri as best he could. Hillard contrived to smuggle him on the private yacht of a friend. He found a pennant who was reconsidering the advisability of digging sewers and laying railroad ties in the Eldorado of the west. A few pieces of silver and the passport changed hands. With this Giovanni blandly led his way into the United States. After due time he applied for citizenship, and through Hillard's influence it was accorded him. He solemnly voted when elections came round and hoarded his wages, like the thrifty man he was. Some day he would return to Rome or Naples or Venice or Florence, as the case might be, and then!

When the boots shone flawlessly he carried them to Hillard's door and softly tiptoed back. He put his face against the cold window. He, too, had heard the voice. How his heart hurt him with its wild hope! But only for a moment. It was not the voice he hungered for. The words were Italian, but he knew that the woman who sang them was not.

CHAPTER II.
OBJECT, MATRIMONY.

WINTER fogs in New York are never quite so intolerable as their counterparts in London, and while their frequency is a matter of complaint, their duration is seldom of any length. So by the morning a strong wind from the west had winnowed the skies and cleared the sun. There were an exhilarating single of frost in the air and a visible rime on the windows. Hillard, having breakfasted lightly, was standing with his back to the grate in the cozy breakfast room. He was in boots and breeches and otherwise warmly clad and freshly shaved. He rocked on his heels and toes and ran his palm over his blue white chin in search of a possible slip of the razor.

Giovanni came in to announce that he had telephoned and that the signor's brown mare would be at the park entrance precisely at half after 8. Giovanni still marveled over this wonderful voice which came out of nowhere, but he was no longer afraid of it. The curiosity which is innate and childlike in all Latins soon overcame his dark superstitions. He was

an ardent Catholic and believed that a few miracles should be left in the hands of God. The telephone had now become a kind of plaything, and Hillard often found him in front of it patently working for the bell to ring.

The facility with which Giovanni had mastered English amazed his teacher and master. But now he needed no more lessons. The two when alone together spoke Giovanni's tongue. Hillard because he loved it and Giovanni because the cook spoke it badly and the English butler not at all.

"You have made up your mind to go, then, amico?" said Hillard.

"Yes, signor."

"Well, I shall miss you. To whom shall I talk the tongue I love so well when Giovanni is gone?" with a lightness which he did not feel. Hillard had grown very fond of the old Roman in these seven years.

"Whenever the signor goes to Italia he shall find me. It needs but a word to bring me to him. The signor will pardon me, but he is like—like a son."

"Thanks, Giovanni. By the way, did you hear a woman singing in the street last night?"

"Yes. At first—Giovanni hesitated.

"Ah, but that could not be, Giovanni; that could not be."

"No; it could not be. But she sang well," the old servant ventured.

"So thought I. I even ran out into the street to find out who she was, but she vanished like the lady in the conjurer's trick. But it seemed to me that, while she sang in Italian, she herself was not wholly of that race."

"Bagnissima!" Giovanni struck a noiseless brass with his hands. "Have I not always said that the signor's ears are as sharp as my own? No, the voice was very beautiful, but it was not truly Italian. It was more like they talk in Venice. And yet the sound of the voice called me. The hills have always been deciding to me, and I must answer."

"And the unforgetting carabinieri?"

"Oh, I must take my chance," with the air of a fatalist.

"What shall you do?"

"I have my two hands, signor. Besides, the signor has said it—I am rich." Giovanni permitted a smile to stir his thin lips. "Yes, I must go back. Your people have been good to me and have legally made me one of them, but my heart is never here. It is always so cold, and every one moves so quickly. You cannot lie down in the sun. Your police, bah! They beat you on the feet. You remember when I fell asleep on the steps of the cathedral? They thought I was drunk and would have arrested me!"

"Everybody must keep moving here. It is the penalty of being rich."

"And I am homesick for my kind. I have nothing in common with these herds of Sicilians and Neapolitans who pour into the streets from the wharfs." Giovanni spoke scornfully.

"Yet in wartime the Neapolitans sheltered your people."

"Vanity! They wished to make an impression on the rest of the world. It is dull here besides. There is no joy in the shops. I am lost in these great palaces. The feast is lacking. Nobody bargains; nobody sees the proprietor. You find your way to the streets alone. The butcher says that his meat is so, and so, and you pay. The grocer marks his tin such and such, and you do not question, and the baker says that, and you pay, pay! What? I need a coffee; it is quindici-fifteen you say! I offer quindici—I would give interest to the sale. But, no! The coffee goes back into the box. I pay quindici or I go without. It is the same every where—very dull, dead, lifeless."

Hillard was moved to laughter. He very well understood the old man's lament. In Italy if there is one thing more than another that pleases the native it is to make believe to himself that he has got the better of a bargain. A shrewd purchase entitles the whole day. It is talked about, laughed over and becomes the history of the day.

Hillard presently left the house and looked a Fifth avenue omnibus. He looked with negative interest at the advertisements, at the people in the streets, at his fellow travelers. One of these was hidden behind his morning paper. Personal! Hillard squirmed a little. The world never holds very much romance in the sober morning. What a stupid piece of folly! The idea of his sending that personal inquiry to the paper! Tomorrow he would see it sandwiched in between samples of sloping romance, questionable intrigues and divers search warrants. Ye gods! "With the blond who smiled at gentleman in blue serge, elevated train, Tuesday, meet same in park? Object, matrimony." Hillard figured. "Young man known as Adonis would adore stout elderly lady independently situated. Object, matrimony." Pish! "Kiss. Can't keep appointment tonight. Will. Trunk. French widow of eighteen, quinquanted," and so forth and so on. "Oh, baby not, and here he was on the way to join them! With the lady who sang from 'Mme. Angot' communicate with gentleman who leaned out of the window? J. H., Burgomaster Club." Positively asinine!

There was scarce one chance in a thousand of the mysterious singer's seeing the inquiry, not one in ten thousand of her answering it. And the folly of giving his club address! That would look very strange in yonder agony column. He would cancel the thing.

He dropped from the omnibus at the park entrance, where he found his restive mare. He gave her a lump of sugar and climbed into the saddle. He directed the groom to return for the horse at 10 o'clock, then headed for the bride path. It was heavy, but the air was so fresh and breezy that neither the man nor the horse worried about the going. Only one party attracted him, a riding master and a trio of horseless who were verging on embarrassment and were desperate and looked for help. Hillard went on. The park was not lovely; the trees were barren, the grass yellow and sullen.

"She is so innocent, so youthful!"

"He found himself humming the refrain over and over. She had sung it with abandon, fervor, brightness. For one glimpse of her face! He took the rise and dip that followed. Yards ahead a solitary woman centered eastward along. Hillard had not seen her be-

fore. He spurred forward, faintly conscious. There was nothing familiar to his eye in her charming figure. She rode well. As he drew nearer he saw that she wore a heavy gray veil. And this veil hid everything but the single flash of a pair of eyes the color of which defied him. Then he looked at her mount. Hal! There was only one rangy black with a white throat—from the Sandford stables, he was positive. But the Sandfords were at this moment in Cairo, so it signified nothing. There is always some one ready to exercise your horses. He looked again at the rider. The flash of the eyes was not repeated, so his interest vanished, and he urged the mare into a sharp riu.

So he went back to his tentative romance. She had passed his window and disappeared into the fog, and there was a reasonable doubt of her ever returning from it. The singer in the fog—thus he would write it down in his book of memories and sensibly turn the page. At length he came back to the entrance and surrendered

to the flash of a pair of eyes. Hillard wheeled and saw Merrithew. He, too, was in riding breeches. "Why, Dan, glad to see you. Were you in the park?"

"Riverside. Beastly cold too. Come join me in a cup of good coffee."

The two entered the cafe.

"How are you behaving yourself these days?" asked Merrithew.

"My habits are always exemplary," answered Hillard. "But yours?"

Merrithew gulped his coffee.

"Kitty Killgrew leaves in two weeks for Europe."

"And who the deuce is Kitty Killgrew?" demanded Hillard.

"What?" reproachfully. "You haven't heard of Kitty Killgrew in 'The Modern Maid'?" Where have you been? Pippin! Prettiest sobrette that's hit the town in a dog's age."

"I say, Dan, don't you ever tire of that sort? I can't recall when there wasn't a Kitty Killgrew. What's the attraction?" Hillard waved aside the big black cigar. "What's the attraction?"

"The truth is, Jack, I'm a jackass half the time. I can't get away from the glamour of the footlights. I'm no Johnny. You know that. No hanging around stage entrances and buying wine and diamonds, I might be reckless enough to buy a bunch of roses when I'm not broke. But I like 'em—the bright ones. They keep a fellow amused. Meet of 'em speak good English and come from better families than you would suppose. Just good fellowship, you know. Maybe a rabbit and a bottle of beer after the performance or a little quarter limit at the apartment, singing and good stories. What you've in mind is the chorus lady. Not for mine!"

Hillard laughed, recalling his conversation with the policeman.

"Go on," he said. "Get it all out of your system now that you're started."

"And then it tickles a fellow's vanity to be seen with them at the restaurants. That's the way it begins, you know. I'll be perfectly frank with you. If it wasn't for what the other fellows say most of the chorus ladies would go hungry. And the girls that you and I know think I'm a devil of a fellow—wicked, but interesting, and all that."

Hillard's laughter broke forth again, and he leaned back. Merrithew would always be twenty-six; he would always be youthful.

"And this Kitty Killgrew? I believe I've seen posters of her in the windows now that you speak of it."

"Well, Jack, I've got it had this trip. I offered to marry her last night and was refused."

"It seems to me that your Kitty is not half bad. What would you have done had she accepted you?"

"Married her within twenty-four hours."

"Come, Dan; be sensible. You are not such an ass as all that."

"Yes, I am," moodily. "I told you that I was a jackass half the time. This is the half."

"But she won't have you?"

"Not for love or money."

"Are you sure about the money?" asked Hillard shrewdly.

"Seven hundred or seven thousand. It wouldn't matter to Kitty if she made up her mind to marry a fellow. What's the matter with me anyhow? I'm not so badly set up. I can whip any man in the club at my weight. I can tell a story well, and I'm not afraid of anything."

"Not even of the future?" asked Hillard.

"Do you really think it's my money?" pathetically.

"Well, seven thousand doesn't go far, and that's all you have. If it were seventy, now, I'm sure Kitty wouldn't refuse. What's she like?" asked Hillard, with more sympathy than curiosity.

Merrithew drew out his watch and opened the case. It was a pretty face. More than that, it was a refined prettiness. The eyes were merry; the brow was intelligent; the nose and chin were good. Altogether it was the face of a merry, kindly little soul, one such as would be most likely to trap the wandering fancy of a young man like



"I long to get my hands around her throat!"

angel! Tell your Kitty to strike for a return ticket to America before she leaves."

"You think it's as bad as that?"

"Look on me as a prophet of evil, if you like, but truthful."

"I'll see that Kitty gets her ticket." Merrithew snapped the case of his watch and drew his legs from under the table. "I lost a hundred last night too."

"After that I suppose nothing worse can happen," said Hillard cheerily. "You will play, for all my advice."

"It's better to give than receive—that," replied Merrithew philosophically. "I've a good mind to follow the company. I've always had a hankering to beat the great Monte Carlo. A last throw, eh? Win or lose, and what I might win."

"And then again you mightn't. But the next time I go to Italy I want you to go with me. You're good company, and for the pleasure of listening to your jokes I'll gladly foot the bills, and you may gamble your letter of credit to your heart's content. I must be off. Who is riding the Sandfords' black?"

"Haven't noticed. What do you think of Kitty?"

"Charming."

"And the photo isn't a marker?"

"Possibly not."

"Lord, if I could only hibernate for three months like a bear! My capital might then reappear just as I left alone that length of time."

"See you at the club tonight," laughed Hillard.

They nodded pleasantly and took their separate ways. Merrithew stood very high in Hillard's regard. He was a lovable fellow, and there was something kindred in his soul and Hillard's, possibly the spirit of romance. What drew them together perhaps more than anything else was their mutual love of outdoor pleasures. Take two men and put them on good horses, send them forth into the wilds to face all inconveniences, and if they are not fast friends at the end of the journey they never will be.

For all his aversion to cards there was a bit of the gambler in Hillard, as once in his office he decided on the fall of a coin not to withdraw his personal from the paper. He was quite positive that he would never hear that voice again; but, having thrown his dice, he would let them be.

Now, at 11 o'clock that same morning two distinguished Italians sat down to breakfast in one of the fashionable hotels. The one, the other had never heard of Hillard. They did not even know that such a person existed, and yet serenely unconscious one was casting his life line, as the palmist would say, across Hillard's. The knots and tangles were to come later.

"The coffee in this country is abominable!" growled one.

The waiter smiled covertly behind his hand. These Italians and these Germans! Why, there is only one place in the world where both the grocer and the flavor of coffee are preserved, and it is not, decidedly not, in Italy or Germany. And if his lip exceeded 10 cents he would be vastly surprised. The Italian never wastes on necessities a penny which can be applied to the gaming tables. And these two were talking about Monte Carlo and Ostend.

The younger of the two was a very handsome man, tall, slender and nervous, the Venetian type, his black eyes, keen and roving, suggesting a hasty temper. The mouth, partly hidden under a graceful military moustache, was thin lipped, the mouth of a man who was always master of his wits. From his right cheek bone to the corner of his mouth ran a scar, very well healed. And the American imagination might readily have pictured villas, maids in durance vile and sword thrusts under the moonlight. For the foreign army, knew no foil or rapier could have made such a scar; more probably the saber.

His companion was equally picturesque. With white head and iron gray beard, he wore in his buttonhole a tiny bow of ribbon, the badge of foreign service.

"I'm afraid, Enrico, that you have brought me to America on a useless adventure," said the diplomat.

"She is here in New York, and I shall find her. I must have money—money! I owe you the incredible amount of 100,000 lire. There are millions under my hand, and I cannot touch a penny."

"Do not let your debt to me worry you."

"You are so very good, Giuseppe!"

(To be continued.)

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