

DEVIL'S RIVER NEWS.

GREETINGS:

To our Friends, Customers and the General Public we extend our best wishes for a

HAPPY AND PROSPEROUS NEW YEAR

We are grateful for the business given us the past year and hope to be favored with more of yours and your friends patronage the coming year.

The Sonora Mercantile Co.

Devil's River News:

PUBLISHED WEEKLY.
MIKE MURPHY, Proprietor
STEVE MURPHY, Publisher.
Subscription \$2 A YEAR IN ADVANCE
Entered at the Postoffice at Sonora as second-class matter.
Advertising Medium of the Stockman's Paradise.

Sonora, Texas, Jan. 1, 1910

Had All the Symptoms.

The learned hobo was dispensing knowledge for the benefit of his less enlightened companion.

"Have you ever been bitten by a dog?" he asked.

"Many's de time," replied the enlightened one.

"Are you not afraid of hydrophobia?"

"Nix on de hydro."

"Tis a curious disease. When a person contracts hydrophobia the very thought of water makes him sick."

"Is dat on de level? Youse ain't stringin' me?"

"It is a scientific fact."

"Den I bet I've had it all me life an' never knowed wot de matter wid me!"—New York Times.

A Polite Interpreter.

When the Princess Charlotte of Mecklenburg-Strelitz arrived in London to marry George III. the people, on seeing her appearance, cried, "Pug, pug, pug!"

"Vat is dat dey do say—poog?" said the princess to the Duchess of Ancester, who was sent to accompany her. "Vat means poog?"

"Oh, that means 'God bless your majesty,'" promptly replied the duchess without the slightest hesitation.

Limitations of Money.

Money can't buy everything. There are no admission tickets to a sunset; you wouldn't trade the look in your boy's eyes when he greets you at night for a million dollars of anybody's money, and if you keep a well furnished mind you can go into it any time you like as you would into a child's playground and amuse yourself watching your thoughts play leapfrog with one another.—Success.

Summer In Greenland.

Among the interesting observations made by the Danish northeast Greenland expedition is one on the sudden coming of summer in that land of ice and floes. The change is described as sudden. Gradually the temperature of the snow had risen to the freezing point, and then in one day it all melted. "The rivers were rushing along, flowers were budding forth, and in the air the butterflies were fluttering." The birds came nearly all on the same day, and most of them even at the same hour. One day there were only the ordinary ptarmigan and the raven; the next there were the sandpiper, the ring plover, the goose, the eider duck and many others.

BARRIE'S EARLY CAREER.

The Opposition He Encountered and His Friend the Tailor.

Among the confidences that J. M. Barrie has made concerning the early years of his career there is none more intimate or more enlightening than this bit, which adds the pathos of a story strangely in contrast with his own:

The malignancy of publishers could not turn me back. From the day on which I first tasted blood in the garret my mind was made up. There could be no hum-drum profession for me. Literature was my game. It was not highly thought of by those who wished me well. I remember being asked by two maiden ladies about the time I left the university what I was to be, and when I replied brazenly, "An author," they flung up their hands, and one exclaimed reproachfully, "And you an M. A.!" My mother's views at first were not dissimilar. For long she took mine jestingly as something I would grow out of, and afterward they hurt her so that I tried to give them up. To be a minister—that she thought was among the fairest prospects, but she was a very ambitious woman, and sometimes she would add, half scared at her appetite, that there were ministers who had become professors, "but it was not canny to think of such things."

I had only one person on my side, an old tailor, one of the fullest men I have known and quite the best talker. He was a bachelor (he told me all that is to be known about woman), a lean man, pallid of face, his legs drawn up when he walked as if he was ever carrying something in his lap. His walks were of the shortest, from the teapot on the hob to the board on which he stitched, from the board to the hob, and so to bed. He might have gone out had the idea struck him, but in the years I knew him, the last of his brave life, I think he was only in the open twice, when he "fitted"—changed his room for another hard by. I did not see him make these journeys, but I seem to see him now, and he is somewhat dizzy in the odd atmosphere. In one hand he carries a box iron. He raises the other, wondering what this is on his head. It is a hat. A faint smell of singed cloth goes by with him. This man had heard of my set of photographs of the poets and asked for a single sight of them, which led to our first meeting. I remember how he spread them out on his board and after looking long at them turned his gaze on me and said solemnly:

What can I do to be forever known
And make the age to come my own?
These lines of Cowley were new to me, but the sentiment was not new, and I marvelled how the old tailor could see through me so well. So it was strange to me to discover presently that he had not been thinking of me at all, but of his own young days, when that couplet sang in his head and he, too, had thirsted to set off for Grub street, but was afraid, and while he hesitated old age came, and then death, and found him grasping a box iron.—Argonaut.

FADS OF CRIMINALS.

Murderers Who Were Particular as to Personal Appearance.

Oscar Slater, who murdered Miss Gilchrist in her Glasgow flat, proved himself a typical dandy even in the condemned cell and also a stickler for the proprieties. He insisted, for instance, from the very beginning in being called "Mr." Slater, and each morning he changed his linen, varied his neckwear and demanded polished boots.

Similar exhibitions of strutting peacock vanity are not uncommon on the part of men doomed to die on the gallows. Wainwright on the day preceding his execution absolutely refused to dress because his clean linen had not arrived from the laundry, and a new shirt and collar had to be bought for him. When the evening arrived—his last on earth—he craved a smoke. A pipe and tobacco were brought to him, but he rejected them with disdain. He would have a cigar. And he got it. Lefroy, who murdered poor old Mr. Gold in a railway carriage on the way to Brighton, wore an evening dress suit during the whole of the period that elapsed between his condemnation and his execution; also he was greatly upset at the refusal of the authorities to allow him to be hanged in a new silk hat presented to him in court.

As a rule, however, the thoughts of the condemned turn mostly toward food. Rush, the Stansfield Hall murderer, was an educated man. "I want my slippers and the Times," were his first words on returning to jail after his conviction. But a little later he called for pen and paper and wrote out an order for his next day's dinner, "Pig and plenty of apple sauce."

In those days it was the custom to give capital convicts whatever they asked for in the way of food. But the rule was abolished soon afterward, one of the first delinquents to come under the new regulations being a certain Jeffrey, who murdered his six-year-old child by hanging him in a cellar in Seven Dials. He was unaware of the alteration and called for a roast duck directly he entered the condemned cell, and when it was refused him he behaved so violently that he had to be put in a straitjacket.—Pearson's Weekly.

Very Aggravating.

Most trying companions are they whose first thought concerns themselves and their possessions. A girl who lived with her aunt was often disturbed by evidences of the old lady's selfishness.

One day in going down the cellar for some butter she tripped and fell heavily quite a distance. The maid-servant rushed to the door and, peering down into the darkness, called out sharply:

"D'ye break the dish?"

"No!" thundered back the niece, for once thoroughly aroused. "No, but I will!" And she shivered it with hearty good will against the cellar wall.

The old lady was so shocked by this dramatic reproof that she took to her bed and kept it for a week.—London Telegraph.

THE UNPRODUCTIVE MAN.

He Who Has Neither Imagination Nor Ideas In Business.

It is a commonplace that the really valuable man in business or anything else is the man who has ideas or imagination. Mr. Lorn F. DeLand, writing in the Atlantic Monthly, tells of a young man who went to him for advice as to some way of getting an increase of salary. He was even debating whether he had not better give up his situation and trust to luck to find something better. "I urged him at once against such a course," says the writer, "and told him to look for something better while he was holding his present situation. I said to him:

"Mills, the important thing for you in this matter is to ascertain whether you are paid all that you are worth and, that settled, whether you can make yourself worth any more. But first of all let us see if you can make yourself worth any more, whether you are paid it or not. If you can, you had better stick and look for your raise at the first fair opportunity." He agreed, and I went ahead with my plan.

"First I told him for thirty days to put his mind on one thing—to devise some method whereby his house could sell at least \$100 worth more of goods. It must be a practicable plan and should be presented as any interested employee would present such a matter to his superior.

"Thirty days passed, and Mills came in again. With all his thinking he had found no method by which the business of the firm could be extended even \$100 a year.

"I then put him to work on his second month's labor—to discover any method by which the firm could transact its present volume of business with greater economy, so that by improved methods there should be effected a saving of at least \$50 a year.

"At the end of the time he came back to me with his report. He had been able to discover no new method whereby the firm could economize. He had, however, discovered one thing—namely, that he would not need to go ahead for another thirty days with our experiment, for he had about made up his mind that he would continue where he was.

"My boy," I said to him, "just realize for a moment where you stand. You are not able, though you have worked three years in this house, to increase the volume of the business \$100 a year, nor can you point out a way to save that amount. My warning is, lie low! Attract as little attention to yourself as you can. Don't let the proprietors or the manager remember that you have been three years in their employ if you can help it.

"You are an absolutely unproductive man. I don't mean that you are a bit inferior to thousands of other young men who are in the stores and wholesale houses of this city, but you, like them, are simply sitting upon the head of one of the bright men in the counting room. He has to solve all these problems. You and fifty others in your establishment are just sitting on the top of his head, like so many dead weights. If the business prospers you expect a raise of salary when it is his headwork that has gained every inch of progress. He has to carry you all.

"The young man went off, sadder and wiser than he came. For five years thereafter, in which I was able to follow his course, he held the same place at the same salary."

Heroes and Cowards.

Courage is an uncertain quantity; it varies with circumstances. A man who fancies that he is afraid of nothing ventures on the slippery pavement in winter and suddenly discovers that he is very much afraid of falling and hurting himself.

It is on record that a man who was as bold as could be in the morning could never be relied upon for courage after dinner.

Some French soldiers during the war of 1870 gallantly assaulted an almost impregnable position, although death seemed certain. Three years later two of those gallant fellows were in a theater when an alarm of fire was given, and they displayed extreme cowardice, pushing over women and children in their frantic efforts to escape.—Pearson's Weekly.

No Need to Hurry.

The scorching cyclist was on the road to Stratford-on-Avon. He was bent over the handle bars, and the beads high bespeak the strenuous toiler were trickling off his face.

"Hi, sonny," he called to a passing youth, "am I right for Shakespeare's house?"

"Yes, you're right, mister," was the dreamy reply of the leisurely youth, "but you needn't hurry. Shakespeare's dead."—London Queen.

A WARY ANIMAL.

Traits of the Whistling Groundhog of British Columbia.

The whistling groundhog occupies as unique a position in the affairs of the Indians of British Columbia as does the mowich, or deer, among the same people. This small quadruped attracts so little general attention that its importance to natural history would no doubt be overlooked were it not for the fact that it provides the source of important supplies to the Siwash. I have never heard of the white man attempting to rival the Indian in the chase of the groundhog, though, no doubt, when he becomes more generally known to civilization his numerous tribe will suffer a considerable diminution from white hunters.

I made the acquaintance of the "whistler" on a recent trip into the interior of British Columbia and found his kind flourishing wherever open grass lands were to be found. Pursuing the Indian trails, one may see them at any time. Their clear whistle, in a single soft note much like a boy's first puckered attempt, may be heard for a long distance, and immediately all the groundhogs in the community within hearing of its sound scoot into their burrows, and as the traveler proceeds the warning is passed from village to village, and the little mounds of dirt from their excavated homes, serving as lookouts, are deserted till the strange intruder passes.

At other times when they are not so watchful or perhaps the wind is dead or unfavorable they may be seen and approached within rifle range. My companion said he had shot many, but that they remained so close to their burrows when danger was about that they always succeeded in falling into the hole even if they were literally shot all to pieces. The Siwash do not attempt to shoot them, but set steel traps near their retreats and, catching them alive when they emerge, kill them with an iron rod which is carried for the purpose. They dry and store the meat for winter use, which is said to have a delicious flavor. The pelts are tanned with the fur on and pieced into beautiful quilts, which the hunter and prospector prize even higher than the four-point Indian Law Jacket. They

make a warm, dry cover for a frosty night and are light and readily packed into a small compass.—Brent Altscheler in Recreation.

Now She Hates Him.

A young man and a young woman lean over the front gate. They are lovers. It is moonlight. He is loath to leave, as the parting is the last. He is about to go away. She is reluctant to see him depart. The swing on the gate.

"I'll never forget you," he says, "and if death should claim me my last thought will be of you."

"I'll be true to you," she sobs. "I'll never see anybody else or love them as long as I live."

They part.

Six years later he returns. His sweetheart of former years has married. They meet at a party. She has changed greatly. Between the dances the recognition takes place.

"Let me see," she muses, with her fan beating a tattoo on her pretty hand, "was it you or your brother who was my old sweetheart?"

"Really I don't know," he says. "Probably my father."—London Answers.

Johnny Suspects His Pa.

"Pa," said Johnny, looking up from his book, "what is the meaning of 'metempsychosis?'"

A look of confusion suddenly overspread pa's countenance, but it was only for a moment.

"Metempsychosis," Johnny, means—it means—but if I should tell you you would very soon forget the meaning. Look in the dictionary for it yourself, and then you will be more likely to remember. Information that comes without effort seldom lingers in the memory."

Half an hour or so later Johnny sought the dictionary in the library. When he got there he found pa with the dictionary open at "Met." Doubtless it was merely a coincidence, but Johnny could not help thinking that his pa was something of a fraud.—Boston Transcript.

Gladstone and a Hat.

The most famous hat incident in the house of commons took place when Mr. Gladstone was premier for the third time and had to intervene on a point of order after a division had been called. The rules require that in such circumstances the member addressing the chair must do so with his hat on, and Mr. Gladstone could not find his hat. In despair he grabbed that of a colleague, which was at least four sizes too small for him, and the spectacle of the minute headgear rocking about on Mr. Gladstone's massive head was one that those who saw it will never forget.—London Globe.

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

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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.

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Cold Beer and Soft Drinks
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PHONE ORDERS TO 97 WILL RECEIVE PROMPT ATTENTION. YOUR TRADE COURTEOUSLY APPRECIATED
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Try Our Famous TEXAS PRIDE Bottled Beer. For sale in all Saloons.

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

Tank & Fence Builders

Parties Wanting Tanks or Fences Built. Will do well to see or write.

OWENS BROS.
SONORA, TEXAS.

MURRAY-LINDSEY.

Married at the office of Cornell & Wardlaw on Friday, December 24th, 1909, Miss Della Lindsey to Mr. W. W. Murray, Judge L. J. Wardlaw officiating.

The bride is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. M. Lindsey. The groom is a well known young stockman at present manager of the Abe Mayer ranch and he and the bride have a large circle of friends and acquaintances who with the best wish them the joys of a happy marriage.

COWYER-JOHNSON.

A pleasant and unexpected surprise was the marriage Monday, December 27, 1909, of Miss Fannie Johnson to Mr. Rowen Cowyer at the office of the County Judge, L. J. Wardlaw, County Judge officiating.

The bride is the daughter of John C. Johnson and is a young lady of exceptional charm of manner and beauty, who has grown to womanhood in the Sonora country.

The groom is cashier of the Mercury State Bank of Mercury, Texas, and is to judge by appearance a fine young gentleman. The News knowing the interest the people of the Sonora Country feel in the future happiness of Fannie Johnson, has made enquiries and from all accounts the groom is as near worthy of her as possible—and that is saying a great deal—and Mr. Cowyer may well feel proud of his success because the News has close acquaintance with the pulse of the public in the Sonora Country and the query has been "is he worthy of her?" or "will he make her a good husband?" The question has always revolved upon the fitness of the man, (un known to the general public here) and this is a tribute that few girls take with them into and among the friends of the husband in her new home. After luncheon the happy couple left for their home at Mercury, where as above intimated the groom is prepared to properly care for one of Sonora's fairest flowers. The News extends congratulations to the groom and best wishes to the bride.

Mayfield-Wheat.

Just an intimate few knew any thing about it. Even the groom and bride, while their intentions were mutually understood made a miscalculation and they had to go to Eldorado to be married, because the preacher and county judge were out of town Thursday. The auto makes a difference in West Texas distances and the consequence was that Ed Mayfield and Miss Zona Wheat were married at Eldorado Thursday afternoon by Rev. H. J. Holland.

The happy couple continued on their bridal tour to San Angelo and beyond. The bride is the eldest daughter of Mr. Ira L. Wheat, for many years, sheriff of Edwards county, but whom Sonora has claimed as one of its most popular young ladies for the past few seasons. The couple were accompanied to Eldorado by a few friends of both parties. The groom is the only son of Mr. and Mrs. Jess W. Mayfield and their home will be on the ranch recently purchased by the groom 10 miles West of Sonora. The News has the best of good feeling for Mr. and Mrs. Ed Mayfield and hopes that their married life will be all that they hope for. In the many good wishes of the family and friends of the contracting parties the News hopes to be remembered as one of them.

Clark-Ford

Married at Goldthwaite on Friday, December 24, 1909, Miss Jennie Wrinkle to Mr. Robert Clark, Rev. Harrison officiating. The happy couple have arrived in Sonora and will make their home on the J. L. Davis ranch. The groom is a young man of sterling worth and is the son of Mrs. C. R. E. Crick. The News extends best wishes to the happy couple.

Miss Florence Westbrook of Hallinger is visiting her sister Mrs. C. S. Hoomb this week.

F. D. Newell of Sonora bought from Wilkes Dubbies of Edwards county, 3000 stock sheep at \$3.25 per head. J. A. Cope the commission man made the trade.

New Cadillac.

See Hall the Cadillac man. He has a new '30' Cadillac he will sell and give immediate possession. Great opportunity to get a first class car now.

A HAPPY NEW YEAR.

With our very best wishes for a HAPPY AND PROSPEROUS NEW YEAR

Thanking our old customers for past favors, requesting a continuance of same and soliciting the trade of those who have not done business with us, and wishing one and all the compliments of the Season, we remain yours
Respectfully

The E. F. Vander Stucken Co.

WOOL IN THE KERRVILLE COUNTRY.

Methods of Marketing the Clip—Capt. Chas. Schreiner Talks of This Great Industry.

A late issue of the Kerrville Mountain Sun tells of wool sales, wool growing and wool marketing in that section which will prove interesting to many Devil's River News readers. The article follows:
The semi annual trading of trucks is now going in the big wool warehouse. Capt. Chas. Schreiner recently sold to Brown & Adams of Boston, the fall clip of Kerrville wools amounting to nearly one million pounds. The prices received for the product were satisfactory to sheep owners of this section. Indeed conditions have been very favorable to wool growers for several years, and that is in a large measure responsible for the continued prosperity of this section, notwithstanding the reported failures of farm crops of all kind.

This sale of wool rounds out the 1909 wool business for this market. This year's sales aggregate two million pounds of wool and 650,000 pounds of mohair. Kerrville is one of the largest local wool markets in America, and this year she handled one third of all the mohair grown in Texas. In discussing the wool sales with Capt. Schreiner, that veteran commission man said:
Yes, I have been in the wool business for quite a long time. In the last twenty years I have received, sold and shipped something like thirty five to forty million pounds of wool for the ranchmen of this section of Texas. Having such large interests in the wool market and also having large flocks of my own, I have naturally tried to keep in close touch with the sheep interests of the country. Indeed we have during all that time kept a constant watch on conditions, and in my judgement there has been no time in the last two decades when conditions were more favorable to wool growers than at this time.

When questioned concerning the quality of the wool of this year's clip as compared to those of former times, Capt. Schreiner continued:
Of course there was a time many years ago when the whole country was open and all a man had to have to start a sheep ranch was a flock of sheep, frying pan and a stew pot, some tripples and a piece of side meat. In those days there was an enormous amount of wool grown, but with the passing of free grass and haphazard way of handling sheep the amount of wool consigned to this market decreased for a time. For the last ten or a dozen years, however, our consignments have increased amazingly. There are not such enormous consignments made these days by a single man, but there are more of them, and the quality of the product is infinitely better. This is partly due to the better method of handling the wool and partly to a better grade of animals and to the better care given them, and the greater pains taken by growers in preparing their product for market.

I am convinced, said the veteran wool merchant, that the remarkable prosperity of this section of Texas, in the face of the most untoward circumstances that have prevailed in many years, with droughts and short crops throughout the country, is largely due to the sheep industry. Our country is naturally adapted to sheep and goat raising. The topography of the mountain region, the dry air and perfect climate, the peculiar growth that is indigenous to our mountain sides and valleys, and many other agencies, all combine to make this an ideal sheep and goat country. I am persuaded that if the same care were given to animals in this country that is devoted to them in the countries further north and the same amount of feed, or indeed far less feed, we would be easily able to grow the best wool and mutton produced in America.

There are features of the wool industry in this country in which I am greatly interested and that is the further development of the small flock idea. I do not mean the flock of one or two thousand sheep, that was formerly a small flock, but I mean the farm flock of one to two hundred head. The custom of keeping sheep on the small farm is comparatively a new one in this section, but the increase of these flocks, and the little clips of fine wool they bring in each season is very gratifying. It is not so much the individual value of the consignments of more wool these small flocks make, but their value consists in the fact that the small flock of sheep is the producer of ready money for the owner. Twice a year he has something to sell that is always a ready cash bringer. In addition to the wool there are a few choice muttons to sell, and for several years they have been bringing fancy prices.

The sheep on the farm is becoming more valuable every year, because we find in them an animal that produces a coat that brings money, and when the flock becomes too large for the little farm his carcasses commands a price in the market. The last ten years have witnessed a wonderful change in conditions in America. There are no more open ranges upon which the meat supply of the country can be produced at a nominal cost. From this time on, to use an every day expression, meat will be meat. Whatever invention or discovery may be made, men must eat meat and wear clothes. Under those conditions the sheep in his dual capacity of furnishing his fleece for cloth and his carcass for food must continue to be a valuable animal. Many farmers in this section are taking this view of the matter and acquiring small flocks of sheep. It is gratifying to persons having the welfare of the country at heart to see that our farmers are thus getting away from the one production idea.

The advent of the railroad made a wonderful difference to Capt. Schreiner in the matter of shipping the enormous consignments of wool to the markets in the east after it was sold, but there has been no change in the manner of transporting the product from the ranches to this market. The wool is hauled into Kerrville on what

are called trail wagons. Two to three million pounds of this freight is brought from distant ranches in this manner each year. The trail wagon is the same as any other wagon, except that there are two or three heavy freight wagons coupled together and drawn by one team. A single team frequently hauls in this manner 10,000 pounds of wool, and sometimes as high as 15,000 pounds. The teams are usually of small Texas horses or mules weighing 800 to 1000 pounds each, and the facility with which they draw these enormous loads across the rough mountain country is truly remarkable. Some of the freighters who haul wool to Kerrville have been freighting here year after year for fifteen to twenty years. Wool comes overland to the Kerrville market more than one hundred miles. Much of that could reach a railroad point nearer than that, but the reputation of Charles Schreiner, wool commission merchant, is such that special effort is made to consign to him.

Caught in the Rain.
then a cold and a cough—let it run—get pneumonia or consumption that's all. No matter how you get your cough don't neglect it—take Ballard's Horehound Syrup and you'll be over it in no time. The sure cure for coughs, colds, bronchitis and all pulmonary diseases in young and old. Sold by all druggists.

His Report.
Newzance—Do you know, young man, that five out of six people who suffer from heart trouble have brought it upon themselves through the filthy habit of smoking?
Karmley—Really! And possibly you are aware that nine out of ten people who suffer from black eyes can trace the complaint to a habit of not minding their own business.—Pearson's Weekly.

Bravo Fire Laddies
often receive severe burns, putting out fires, then use Bucklen's Arnica Salve and forget them. It soon drives out pain. For Burns, Scalds, Wounds, Cuts and Bruises its earth's greatest healer. Quickly cures Skin Eruptions, Old Sores, Boils, Ulcers, Felons; best Pile cure made. Relief is instant. 25c at Nathan's Pharmacy.

Miss Millie Phillips music class will open Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. E. F. Tillman and baby, of Fort Worth, arrived Sunday to spend a few days with the other children. Miss Sadie and Masters Hayden and Alvin, had preceded them by a few days. They were the guests of Mrs. J. S. Allison and Mrs. J. B. Blakely.

Lewis Mayfield who has for several years been with the hardware firm of F. W. Heitmann Co. of Houston, but who makes his home at Corpus Christi, was in Sonora this week to spend Christmas with his father Jess W. Mayfield and relatives. Lewis says his family is well and he looks prosperous.

Every Mother
is or should be worried when the little ones have a cough or cold. It may lead to croup or pleurisy or pneumonia—then to something more serious. Ballard's Horehound Syrup will cure the trouble at once and prevent any complication. Sold by all druggists.

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Will practice in all the State Courts

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Sonora, Texas.

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Salt Lake City has an attraction for the Pugilist. The fabulous prices offered by the "FIGHT PROMOTERS" are proving irresistible to the prize fighters. We have some attractions that ought to prove irresistible to you. It's our QUEEN RYE whiskey at \$4.50 per gallon and all kinds of wines and liquors at prices to suit. Come and see us and be convinced.
TRAINER BROS. BANK SALOON.

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REPAIRING A SPECIALTY
In the Cope building.
SONORA, TEXAS.

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

FOR GOOD WOOD
PHONE 96
Employment Bureau. All kinds of labor contracted. Also Spanish Interpreting. Charge reasonable. Write, see or phone
TRAINER BROS.,
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"VEILE'S"
Wrought iron line, the best made.
HALL BROS. the Buggy Boys
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Walter A. Hargis, Cashier
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C. M. Bishop, Hog & Sheep Salesman
Tommie Shaw Jr., Yardman
Leonard Harlin, Yardman
J. P. Maddox
L. C. Smith
Jno. B. Rucker
Will H. Ford
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