

# DEVIL'S RIVER NEWS.

VOL 20

SONORA, SUTTON CO., TEXAS, SATURDAY, JANUARY 29, 1910.

NO. 1003

## BE COMFORTABLE.

There are many days of cold weather before the balmy breezes of Spring will justify you in changing the weight of your garments. Our business has been most satisfactory, but our lines of winter dry goods, clothing, underwear, etc., is complete in most departments. Let us fill your orders and we feel sure of making you one of our regular customers for the coming year. Quality and prices will please you at

## The Sonora Mercantile Co.

**Devil's River News**  
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STEVE MURPHY, Publisher.  
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### MEXICO CITY.

The Romantic Story of its Founding by the Aztecs.  
The story of the founding of the City of Mexico is one of the most extraordinary tales in history. It happened in 1325; at least it began a long time before that, but was an accomplished fact about 600 years ago.

In the first place, imagine an almost inaccessible mountain crowned with a valley at the height of 8,000 feet above the level of the sea. In the center of this valley was an immense lake. When the Aztecs arrived, led by the priests of the god of war, they found it in the possession of hostile tribes.

For that reason and because the priests declared that in a certain part of the lake where there stood an elevation of stones an eagle had been devouring a serpent they began the construction of the city on this spot, immediately over the deepest waters of the lake. There had long existed a prophecy among the Aztecs that their wanderings would end when they should have reached a place where the priests would behold an eagle resting on a cactus plant devouring a serpent.

Confident that they had found the spot ordained to be their abiding home, they began to construct rafts of the trunks of trees, covering them with thick layers of earth, upon which they built rude huts of more or less solidity. Groups of dwellings soon began to form themselves in regular order, thus determining the primitive streets of the new city.

They also constructed boats and cars of different sizes useful in peace and war, and while certain of their number occupied themselves in defending their homes and brethren from the onslaughts of hostile tribes others continued to improve and enlarge the city. Gradually the lake was filled up, and terraces arose one after another in the place once occupied by the deep waters.

This was in itself a herculean labor, unsurpassed in ingenuity and durability by any similar work of ancient or modern times. Upon the

first of these terraces was constructed the Teocalli, or sacrificial temple. It was completed in 1325, and not completed until 1325, a little over 100 years, from which time may be dated the official foundation of Tenochtitlan, today the modern City of Mexico.—Exchange.

### Electrifying an Elephant.

A very curious accident occurred in Mysore, India, recently. A palace elephant mahout, seated on a huge tusker, happened to pass under the main line wires conveying current from the power station. Thinking he would test the truth of any one being killed if the wire touched, he was foolish enough to place his hand on the wire. The effect was disastrous. Both mahout and elephant were knocked down instantly and lay insensible. The elephant after a short while got up and rushed about in a dazed manner, wrecking carriages, posts, etc., in its mad career. After a most exciting chase the semi-electrocuted elephant was captured by means of two other elephants.—Madras Mail.

### Safe.

A Philadelphia boy and his Aunt Adelaide, who were visiting relatives at a country home, were one day crossing a pasture together. When they were halfway across Aunt Adelaide noticed two oxen and paused doubtfully. "I'm not sure that it's prudent to go past those oxen, Harry," she said, whereupon Harry tightened his hold on his aunt's hand encouragingly. "Don't be afraid of the oxen, Auntie," said he. "They won't hurt us. The first time I came down here I was afraid of them. I didn't dare go back of them, and I didn't dare go in front of them. But I thought of a way at last—I simply crawled under them."—Harper's Weekly.

### Different Routes.

Charles, aged four, had quarreled with his sister Louise, aged six, and relations were strained. With a truly feminine touch Louise at last said solemnly:

"Charles, you're a naughty boy. If you keep on acting that way you'll never go to heaven."  
"Don't want to," answered the boy with a bold front.  
"What! Not want to go to heaven along with mamma and sister?"  
"No!" snapped the belligerent Charles. "I've made arrangements to go with papa."—Woman's Home Companion.

### The Kind.

A Sunday school superintendent wanted to "show off" the intelligence of his pupils to a visiting delegation on the platform, so he smiled at the school and said:  
"Now, children, tell our friends here what kind of people go to heaven. Now, who can tell?"  
"I can," said Tommy—"the dead ones."—Ladies' Home Journal.

### Tongue Twisters.

A London paper recently offered a series of prizes for the best "tongue twisting" sentences. The prize winning contributions are:

The bleak breeze blighted the bright broom blossoms.  
Two toads totally tried to trot to Tedbury.

Strict, strong Stephen Stringer snared slickly six sickly silky snakes.  
Susan shined shoes and socks, socks and shoes shines Susan. She ceased shining shoes and socks, for socks shook Susan.

A haddock, a haddock, a black potted haddock; a black spot on the black back of a black spotted haddock.

Oliver Oglethorp ogled an owl and an oyster. Did Oliver Oglethorp oggle an owl and an oyster? If Oliver Oglethorp ogled an owl and an oyster, where are the owl and the oyster Oliver Oglethorp ogled?

### Orange Sandwich.

"If only I had known sooner about that little trick of the orange sandwich for giving castor oil to children, how many awful struggles both the baby and I would have been saved," said a mother who had been told by the doctor to give her baby this unpalatable medicine.

The orange sandwich is simply a small quantity of orange juice put into a spoon with the needed amount of oil added and over that enough orange juice to cover the oil. This is an excellent method for taking either castor or olive oil. It has been recommended several times, but is such a really valuable discovery for mothers that it is repeated for the benefit of the few who have not tried it and who still look forward to a scene every time such a dose must be given.—Washington Star.

### Couldn't Keep It.

After hearing evidence in an assault case between man and wife, in which the wife had had a deal of provocation, the magistrate, turning to the husband, remarked:

"My good man, I really cannot do anything in this case."  
"But she has cut a piece of my ear off, sir."

"Well," said the magistrate, "I will bind her over to keep the peace."  
"You can't," shouted the husband; "she's thrown it away!"—Pearson's Weekly.

### Very Like a Secret.

"This dollar that I hold in my hand," he said, "reminds me of a deep, dark, scandalous secret."  
"Oh, George," his wife exclaimed, dropping her hands in her lap and bending forward eagerly, "tell me about it!"

"Yes," he went on, "it reminds me of a secret of that kind, because it's so hard to keep."  
And then she refused to speak to him for three hours.

### KIT CARSON.

The Pioneer Work of the Famous Old Frontiersman.

The last of the great frontiersmen in America was Christopher Carson, better known as Kit Carson. He was much the same type of man as Daniel Boone and Davy Crockett—simple, brave and honest with himself and with all men. Like Boone and Crockett, he was both feared and loved by the Indians, and his fame as a hunter and trapper was known from the Columbia river to the Rio Grande, through all the Sierras and the Rocky mountains.

The field of his operations was larger than that of either Boone or Crockett. They were essentially backwoodsmen, trained in the forests of Tennessee, Kentucky and North Carolina. Kit Carson was ranger of the vast prairies and the great mountains of the far west. Where the two former traveled hundreds of miles Kit Carson traveled thousands, and where the former had adventures with a few tribes of Indians Kit Carson had dealings and encounters with a score, from the fierce Apaches of northern Mexico to the Comanches, Diggers, Utes and others of the north.

Boone led civilization to Kentucky; Crockett led the way into western Tennessee and later into Texas, but Kit Carson was one of the first to blaze the way over the Rockies and Sierras to the Golden Gate. The places that Fremont explored Kit Carson had discovered years before, and on all but one of the noted exploring expeditions of Fremont Kit Carson was the trusted guide and intimate friend. That one exploring expedition which Kit Carson did not guide was fraught with terrible disaster and the most awful suffering and hardships ever known by a party of adventurers in the west since the days of Spanish conquistadores.

Whenever Kit Carson accompanied an expedition it was usually successful. His powers of endurance were remarkable. He could go for days without food, but he always kept moving toward his destination, whether across the heated and arid deserts of Arizona or through the blinding snow fields and ice fields of the northern Sierras. He was a host in himself, and his presence always inspired men who otherwise would have given up in despair.

As a hunter and trapper he probably had no equal.—Boston Globe.

### A Lazy Artist's Trick.

An Austrian prince once sent his servant to a painter remarkable for his idleness as well as skill and gave him a picture to copy. It was the painting of an old farmhouse. In a few days the servant went to see what progress had been made and on his return informed the prince that all was done but one chimney, on which the painter was then employed. A week passed, and the picture was not returned. The prince then resolved to go himself. He did so and found the artist still at the unfinished chimney. "How is this," said the prince severely—"all this time employed on one chimney?"

"I have been obliged to do and undo it several times," said the artist. "For what reason?" asked the prince.

"Because," said the artist coolly, "I found that it smoked."

### Sold!

"Did you happen to notice that dark, handsome lady who went out just as you came in?" queried the bookseller's assistant to a chance acquaintance.

"Yes," answered the chance acquaintance. "What about her?"

"Well," said the bookseller's assistant, "she has a very interesting history indeed."

The other smiled the knowing smile of the born gossip and sank his voice to a whisper.

"An interesting history, eh? How do you know?"

"Because I sold it to her a few minutes before you came in," said the smart shopman. "We've got some more left. Like to see one?"

But the chance acquaintance had departed.—London Fun.

### Are Soups Digestible?

There are varied opinions about the digestibility of soups. Some physicians disapprove of them for weak stomachs, and all physicians condemn them for obesity. Milk or cream soups, purées they are called, are wholesome and easily digested, but meat soups have a tendency to give an oversupply of uric acid, just as has meat itself. Therefore those with a tendency to rheumatism or diabetes should eat sparingly of it. Soup is thought to be more digestible if it is eaten very slowly. Hold each spoonful in the mouth for a few seconds before swallowing. This simple precaution has in many cases enabled those who thought they could not eat any kind of soup to take it without bad effect.—New York Press.

### A SALE OF ANTIQUES.

The Trick a Shrewd Dealer Played on an Astute Banker.

A story told in the "Memories of an Old Collector" makes clear the tricks in trade to which an unscrupulous dealer in antiques will resort in order to get a large sum for his wares. The two parties were Alessandro Castellani, the clever dealer, and Baron Adolph Rothschild of Paris.

Castellani had managed to get hold of a superb enameled ewer, together with the dish on which it stood. He knew that Baron Adolph had a fancy for objects of this kind, but he also knew that Rothschild was never so carried away by his fancy as to pay more than was reasonable for anything that pleased him. Castellani devised a bit of strategy.

The baron on arriving in Rome visited Castellani's shop and was shown the best things the dealer had except the enameled dish and ewer. When everything else had been inspected Castellani drew from a hidden cupboard the dish, but not the ewer. The baron was so pleased with the dish that he agreed to buy the lot of which it was a part, for one of the customs of the shop was not to sell a rare specimen apart from the group of which it formed the principal object. The baron paid heavily for the whole, lamenting that there was no ewer to stand on the dish, and departed for Florence.

There he was visited by an agent who told him of an old lady who wished to sell several beautiful majolica pieces. He visited her house in the country and was disappointed. As the majolica lady, seemingly chagrined, left the room to order refreshments the baron saw through the open door of a bedroom a ewer covered by a glass shade on which rested a wreath of immortelles.

When the lady returned the baron asked permission to examine the ewer. It was brought out, and the baron saw that the enamel was of the same work as that of the dish he had bought, but he wished to be certain that the foot of the ewer would fit into the hollow of the dish. He inquired the price of the ewer and was told by the lady that it was not for sale, as it was the only souvenir she possessed of her husband.

The baron went back to his rooms, had the dish unpacked and found that the foot of the ewer fitted it perfectly. The next day the baron sent the agent to offer the old lady a princely sum for the ewer. He brought back a refusal to sell. But at last the widow's scruples were overcome.

Castellani, with his Italian cunning, had planned the whole affair. The agent who called and the old lady who was sentimental were his aids in making the baron pay a much larger sum than he would have given had ewer and dish been sold together. The Italian shopman's scheme had taken in one of the most astute of business men.

### Acting and Overacting.

"It is a much simpler thing to overact than to act," declares a writer in the Yorkshire Post on "The Amateur on the Stage." In this connection, he adds, there is a good story told of Sir W. S. Gilbert's rehearsal of "The Yeomen of the Guard" at the Savoy. A gentleman of the chorus who had a very minor part made his entrance in a most exaggerated manner, much to the author's disgust.

"Please don't enter like that," said Gilbert. "We don't want any 'comic man business' here."  
"I beg your pardon," replied the abashed chorus gentleman. "I thought you meant the part to be funny."

"Yes, so I do, but I don't want you to tell the audience you're the funny man. They'll find it out, if you are, quickly enough."

### Alphonse Karr and the Sea.

Many years ago a youthful man of letters arrived at Etretat with a letter of introduction to Alphonse Karr. He had been particularly told of Karr's passionate love of the sea, and, finding the author of "Genevieve" seated on the beach mending a net, he immediately began an enthusiastic outburst of commonplace about the grandeur of the ocean.

"Monsieur," interrupted Karr, "I love the sea. We have lived together for a long time. But if you have come all the way from Paris to disgust me with it I can only say it is a wicked thing to do."

### The Right Arm.

A boy got vaccinated the other day upon his right arm and immediately afterward tied the usual red ribbon around the left one.

The doctor visited him the next day to note progress.

"Why," he said, "you've got the ribbon on the wrong arm."

"No," said the smart boy; "you don't know the chaps at our school."—London Tit-Bits.

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Cold Beer and Soft Drinks  
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Martin & Holcomb,  
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.

KENNETH TALIAFERRO,  
The Tailor.

NEW SAMPLES JUST RECEIVED. LEAVE YOUR

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SONORA, TEXAS. Jan. 25, 1910.

SUTTON COUNTY.

Sutton county is situated in Southwest Texas, 70 miles south of San Angelo. It was created from a part of Crockett county in 1887, named for Lieut. Col Sutton of the Confederate Army, and organized in 1893. Its estimated population is about 2,000; Sonora, the county seat, has about 1,200. Total assessment, \$2,538,393. The surface is generally broken, consisting of consecutive chains of hills and valleys, the hills averaging a height of 150 feet and the valleys being from 400 to 2,000 yards in width. Two distinct kinds of soil; the one a black loam the other a reddish soil; the quality is good. The timber is principally confined to live oak and mesquite, though pecan trees are found on the water courses. While none of the timber is valuable for manufacturing purposes, it is ample for firewood and fencing. The only water course is Llano River, which has its head in the eastern part of the county. The underground water supply appears to be inexhaustible and very generally diffused and is found at depths of 150 to 300 feet. There is no irrigation except two or three small plants on the Llano River. The country is essentially a stock raising country. All stock thrives without the necessity of grain feeds. The ranches are as a rule, small averaging 10 to 12 sections each. The principal range grass is mesquite. The grades of stock have been materially improved and some thoroughbred cattle, sheep and goats are to be found. There were last year 57,211 cattle, 4,511 horses and mules, 41,984 sheep, 39,278 goats and 2,015 hogs. Crops of oats, rye, corn and sorghum are grown. The production of oats will average 40 bushels per acre; rye, 20 bushels; milo maize, Kafir corn and sorghum, three tons each. Large quantities of hay are raised each year, comprising Johnson and meadow grasses. The county has six public free schools, employing ten teachers. There are no railroads and it is more than 50 miles to the nearest station. Several lines have been projected and it is believed that in the course of a few months Sonora will have transportation facilities. There is one cotton gin in the county, which was erected in 1908. —Texas Almanac.

A Wretched Mistake. To endure the itching, painful distress of it. There's no need to listen. "I suffered much from Biles," writes W. L. Marsh, of Silver City, N. C. "I got a box of Bucklen's Arnica Salve, and was soon cured." Burns, Rashes, Itches, Fever Sores, Eczema, Cuts, Chapped Hands, Chills, and many other ailments. Sold at Nathan's Pharmacy.

The unutilized area of Texas exceeds the total area of the thirteen original colonies, excepting Georgia and North Carolina. The unutilized area of Texas exceeds the total area of all the States bordering the Atlantic ocean from Maine to North Carolina, inclusive. The unutilized area of Texas can support all the people in the United States, using as a basis of calculation two acres of cultivated land per capita, which is the world's average. The increase in real estate values in Texas approximates \$1,000,000 per day. —Devil's River (Sonora) News.

And the productivity of its acres is unlimited as they are broad. Texas constitutes within itself an empire which an Alexander or a Napoleon would have died to conquer—the free gift of a kind Providence to a great people. And it is up to the people of Texas to make the best use of the unlimited opportunities and resources that have been placed in their keeping. The future will demand an unwavering of their stewardship, but the verdict will be of our own making to be recorded by the man who will pen the story of our success or failure. What shall the verdict be? —Houston Post.

For the best lumber just as cheap as in San Angelo, freight added. 96 S.

High Price For Wool.

The wool statistics for the last year are of unusual interest, inasmuch as never before in the history of wool have we had just such a year as that just closed. More wool has been grown than ever before, and more wool has been imported than in any of the recent past years, and its distribution has also been remarkably different than ever before. Early in the year prices were down, as the price comparisons will show and the advance to July and then to the present time has seldom been known during like periods in the past, says the American Wool and Cotton Reporter, in saying there has been considerable of a revolution. When the prices commenced to advance, prior to the new clip last spring, manufacturers bought imperative needs, hoping and expecting that when the new clip was in market there would be the usual decline. But there was no decline and on the other hand there was a marked advance, which continued up to October and since then prices have remained firm at the high level. The general buying has been by piece meal all through the year, and so continues with no prospect of change, as there is more or less uncertainty regarding the next clip with the wool growers holding out for high prices.

The buying, while by piecemeal has been considerably larger than ever before and Boston particularly has seldom entered a new year with so little wool on hand belonging to dealers. The medium wools are particularly all cleaned out and what remains in any merchantable quantity to speak of are staple wools, which for the moment are not in particularly good demand. The slowest moving wool in the markets of this country has been the delaine and more than the usual quantity of these grades are being carried over into the new year not because the manufacturers do not want them, but because they can not see the way clear to pay the high prices asked. Other fleece wools have been cleaned up weeks ago, except a few scattering lots and our information from Ohio and Michigan and the other fleece wool states does not show very much wool in the country.

Making Life Safer. Every household should have a supply of Dr. King's New Life Pills in Constipation, Biliousness, Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Liver troubles, Kidney Diseases and Bowel Disorders. They're easy, but sure, and perfectly build up the health. See at Nathan's Pharmacy.

Chapman-Chamberland.

On Thursday last Mr R. W. Chapman and Miss Evelyn Chamberland were united in marriage, Rev. J. Wilson Ridd pronouncing the ceremony. Bob has only exercised his right and privilege in this favored section of the land. As other business advances we notice there is a decided pinning up along matrimonial lines. It is not an unusual sight to see a man here any day in the week armed with a legal document looking for someone to tie the knot. —Mercurio Messenger.

Sonora Working For The Orient.

Attorney L. J. Wardlaw, of Sonora, was in the city Wednesday and stated that the people of that town are striving to get the Orient to build through there. "The chances of the Orient passing through Sonora are very favorable, I think," he said, "but the railroad people have not given us a definite answer as yet, in regard to the matter. "It is going to build to El Dorado and from there it is to go to Del Rio, and to pass through Sonora would be a direct line, but whether or not the Orient will do that, I can not say. However, I think they are holding off for a while for various purposes about making a proposition. "Sonora is very anxious for the line and would willingly give a good bonus to secure it. In fact, the people there could well give a large bonus, as it will mean a great deal to that town by getting the road. Sonora is growing very rapidly and to get a railroad would mean a great movement in the industrial line to take place. "We have negotiated with the Orient people in regard to getting the line, but have not been given any definite answer in the matter yet. However, we are not to make our minds up yet, and we will wait and see what we will succeed in our efforts are concluded in the proper manner." —San Angelo Standard.

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. There is something more serious. Ballard's Peppermint Syrup will cure the trouble at once and prevent any complication. Sold by all druggists.

Easter Sunday.

Easter Day will come on March 27 this year which is unusually early. An early Easter and an early spring are synonymous and equivalent to prosperous conditions for the live stock industry. We will be prepared in ample time to supply your spring goods; but in the mean time we are disposing of all our cold weather wearables at reduced figures. Come and see them and get our prices.

The E. F. Vander Stucken Co.

S. G. Taylor, Vice Chairman, Speaker at St. Paul's. Messrs. Reiley and Mayer Return From Old Mexico.

"The Laymen's Missionary Movement" was the subject of special services at St. Paul's Episcopal Church Sunday morning. S. G. Taylor, vice chairman of the laymen's co-operating committee of the San Antonio convention, occupied the pulpit and spoke to the congregation on the plans for the gathering in February. The historical significance of the movement and the national campaign were considered by the speaker, and in conclusion he asked the hearty support of the church in the work of the convention. A large congregation attended the services and followed with interest the address on this development in the work of the church. —San Antonio Express.

Caught in the Rain. 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.

S. B. Craddock Dead.

S. B. Craddock, one of Brady's oldest citizens, died last Friday afternoon at 8:15 o'clock at the residence of his son, Dr. B. L. Craddock, after a short illness. Mr. Craddock's death was due principally to old age, but his demise was hastened by an attack of la grippe which he contracted about Christmas.

Mr. Craddock was 77 years, 5 months and eight days old, having been born in Lauderdale county, Alabama, on August 6, 1832 and with the exception of a few years, has been a resident of this state since that time. He was an ex-Confederate soldier, having served two years in the southern army. He was the father of seven children, of whom four survive him—two boys and two girls. They are Mesdames K. G. Brown and Wm. Caswell, of Sunset, Texas, Dr. L. L. Craddock, of Sonora and Dr. B. L. Craddock, of this city, the latter of whom he has made his home for the past several years. The funeral services were held at the residence in South Brady at 4 o'clock Saturday afternoon, conducted by Rev. L. C. Mathias, pastor of the M. E. church, followed by interment at the Brady cemetery.

The Standard, with the many friends of the family, extend sympathy to the bereaved ones. —Brady Standard.

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. There is something more serious. Ballard's Peppermint Syrup will cure the trouble at once and prevent any complication. Sold by all druggists.

Happy as a lark and as optimistic as has always been his nature, J. W. Reiley, accompanied by Abe Mayer, arrived in this city, after spending a couple of weeks down in Old Mexico on a prospecting trip, with the idea in view of purchasing a large ranch, consisting of something like 300,000 acres of the best land in the State of Chihuahua. "We had a glorious time—one of those that you don't get about seldom experience," he declared, rolling his eyes in heavenly ecstasy. "We enjoyed every moment of our trip and found the real Mexicans to be some of the best hearted and whole souled people in the world. The land down there is something good to look upon. Mexico could be transformed into one of the leading ranching countries in the world. "Nothing in any manner adverse interfered with our pleasure. Mr. Hinton had a terrible battle with an immense mosquito down in the low lands of Mexico, but he did not suffer anything serious as a result. I saved him by bringing the terrible insect down with both barrels of a shotgun. Ask Mr. Hinton about it. He left Mexico City a couple of days before we did and he missed some mighty good times. "Mexico City is an awfully pretty place. It is civilized and the people have none of the blood thirsty traits which they are credited with by noveltists that do not know. "I still want to live in Mexico; I think I have swung Hinton and Mayer to my manner of thinking. There is no country so fair and so productive on the face of the earth. Watch out for us. "I am no miner; therefore, I do not intend to embark into the business of digging into the earth down there. It's too much of a gambling proposition. Ranch life is good enough for me. "We expect to make another trip down into Mexico within the course of the next few weeks. "A country with hardly a first department—that is one of the unique features of Mexico," declared Abe Mayer. "And what is more, they seldom have fires—in fact, the first fire in Mexico City for a long time occurred while we were there—and it was an American establishment, built on the American style. The reason for this lack of fires is due to the fact that the houses are built almost fire proof. The houses are constructed mostly of adobe and other materials of an equally non-combustible nature. The interior is sometimes frame, but on the whole little wood is used in the make up of the residences of the Mexicans. "True to the old Castilian spirit brought thence by Cortez and his

merry men, the main aim of the people of Mexico seems to be to beautify the country. Not only is Mexico naturally beautiful, but it is a country made so by the hand of man. Parks! Great Scott, America holds but few parks that can anywhere near compare with the numberless beautiful parks of Mexico. Orange groves surround the majority of the parks of Mexico and the fragrance is something almost suffocating. The bubbling fountains are something beautiful to gaze upon. The parks of Mexico have a place to lounge and their parks are a tribute to this natural inclination. The houses in Mexico very seldom have any front yards but are built wide—a hole in the center of them to allow for beautiful gardens on the interior—lovely indeed are some of the miniature parks on the interior of the homes of Mexico, with their trees, shrubbery, flowers, and fountains. To sit in one of these while the moon shines down in silvery grandeur—of Mexico is the land for me. In some things, Mexico is just as far ahead of the United States as this country is ahead of it to others. Now, I am not talking of natural advantages this time. The Mexicans know more about the principles of irrigation than the United States will know in years. A Mexican man could tell more about it than the most learned orator that has ever spoken on it in this country. Just witness some of their works—the Treviño irrigation ditch, for example. America does not hold its equal. The work down there is done by hand and little machinery is used. There is a Mexican to every square foot down there, a most and foot is not so awfully high among that class. "I like Mexico and I will probably return there some of these days to make my home. Mr. Reiley and myself have struck up with something that we will likely purchase." —Standard.

They Are All Pleased. "By experience I have found your Hunt's Lightning Oil to be a great pain and sprain reliever. I am very much pleased with it." C. C. Peck, Hallettsville, Texas. He and his bottles. Mr. and Mrs. J. McDaniel, of Coleman, who visited relatives in San Angelo went to Talpa Thursday. Mrs. P. J. Pruitt is visiting friends in Talpa for a week. —Standard.

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 Simmons' Cough Syrup. It cures coughs, heals lungs and will keep you right here to enjoy the beauties of spring.

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

The News rates for announce months is: Congressional Legislative and Judicial Districts \$5. County officers \$10. Precinct officers \$2.50. All announcements are payable in cash in advance. The Devil's River News is authorized to announce:

CORNELL & WARDLAW Attorneys-at-Law, SONORA, TEX. Will practice in all the State Courts.

H. R. WARDLAW, M. D. Practice of Medicine and Surgery. (Formerly house physician, John Early Hospital) Galveston, Texas. OFFICE CORNER, DRUG STORE, Night Commercial Hotel, Sonora, Texas.

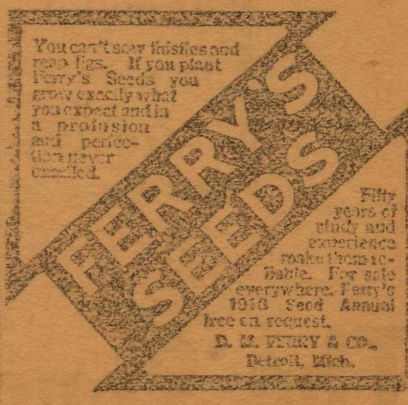
DR. T. K. PROCTOR. SPECIALIST, EYE, EAR, NOSE, AND THROAT. Western National Bank Building San Angelo, Texas.

DR. J. S. HORRELL DENTIST. OFFICE IN JACKSON BUILD NO. ALL WORK GUARANTEED. Sonora, Texas.

NOTICE.

After January 1st, 1910, I will not do any credit business D. H. KIRKLAND.

PAY YOUR POLL TAX AND BE A MAN



NOTICE. I forbid anybody laying or tearing down my fences or driving stock through my pastures without my consent. R. T. BAKER

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

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

OVER 65 YEARS' EXPERIENCE PATENTS TRADE MARKS DESIGNS COPYRIGHTS &c. Anyone sending a sketch and description may promptly receive our opinion free whether an invention is probably patentable. Consultation free. Our office is in Washington, D. C. Send for our free book, "How to Obtain a Patent." MURKIN & Co. 361 Broadway, New York Branch Office, 65 5th St., Washington, D. C.

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

FOR GOOD WOOD PHONE 96

E. R. JACKSON, W. L. ALDWELL, E. F. VANDERSTUCKEN,  
President. Cashier. Vice-President.  
**THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK**  
SONORA, TEXAS.  
CAPITAL AND SURPLUS: \$50,000.00.  
We have never changed our motto: Give us Your Business and we  
Will Make You Feel at Home.

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.

**NATHAN'S PHARMACY**  
I carry the ingredients for making the Government Arsenical Dip and my prices cannot be equaled anywhere.  
24 lbs. Sal Soda, at \$1.25 per pound. 84 cts.  
8 lbs. Arsenic, at 10 1/2 cts. per pound. 84 cts.  
1 Gallon Pine Tar,..... 55 cts.  
Total..... \$2.23 cts.  
FULL WEIGHT GUARANTEED  
Compare these Prices with what you have been paying heretofore!  
Remember! I have a Screw Worm Remedy excelled by none at \$2.00 a gallon; my guarantee is behind every gallon. If it is not all that a first class Worm Medicine ought to be, I will cheerfully refund your money. Every thing in Drugs and Jewelry.  
**NATHAN'S PHARMACY**  
A. H. NATHAN, Proprietor, Sonora, Texas.  
Next Door to First National Bank.

**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.**

**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. 29, 1910  
Special attention given to the ladies at the Sonora Restaurant.  
Monday is the 31st. the last day to pay your poll tax.  
Bring in your Butter, Eggs and Chickens to the Sonora Restaurant.  
Tom Bond was in from his ranch Monday trading.  
Ask B. F. Bellows of Sonora about lumber. He will deliver to you at San Angelo or in Sonora.  
H. Diebitch was in from his ranch Saturday trading.  
Pay County Treasurer J. E. Grimland \$3 now and save \$2 on your road tax.  
Ed Glascock who ranches in the Juno country, was in Sonora Wednesday trading.  
Have B. F. Bellows of Sonora give you prices on lumber and you will buy from him. 93-8.  
Miss Daisie Luckie was visiting her sister Mrs. Marvin Alley several days this week.  
You may run for office this year so see that all your friends pay their poll tax this month.  
Bud Wyatt expects to leave in a few days for San Angelo where he has accepted a position with the Crowther Hardware Co. in their tin shop.  
Irve Ellis of San Angelo was in Sonora Monday to see how his stock is doing in the Meckel pasture.  
Jasper Holman a large property holder of Del Rio, was in Sonora several days this week visiting his brother W. T. O. Holman.  
Ernest Abbott representing the Findlater Hardware Co. of San Angelo, was in Sonora several days this week in the interest of his business.

J. A. Cope and family are home from a visit to San Angelo.  
Cash paid for Butter, Eggs and Chickens at the Sonora Restaurant.  
Mr. and Mrs. F. P. Davis of Waco, were the guests of the Commercial hotel this week.  
C. B. Wardlaw made a business and pleasure trip to San Angelo this week.  
Dr. and Mrs. Robichaux are home from a professional visit to Ozona. Dr. Robichaux would have been home earlier had not his buzz wagon been out of commission.  
F. H. Hall of the firm of Hall Bros., the Bobby Boys, of San Angelo, was in Sonora several days this week. Mr. Hall expects to make Sonora his headquarters for this part of the country.  
Mr. and Mrs. R. A. Williamson of Twin Hills were in Sonora Sunday the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Hagerlund. Mr. Williamson has gone to Abilene and other points on business and Mrs. Hagerlund is the guest of Twin Hills during his absence.  
Dr. J. S. Horrell the dentist from Lampasas was joined by his family this week. It is Dr. Horrell's intention to reside permanently in Sonora. They are occupying the Brasher place on the north of the Square. The Doctor has met a number of old friends in Sonora.  
T. L. Benson the big merchant and progressive citizen of Eldorado was in Sonora Tuesday. Mr. Benson considers prospects very bright for a prosperous year. Eldorado is growing and this enterprising firm is reaching out for more trade. Mr. Benson and some of his salespeople are well acquainted with the people of the Stockman's Paradise and will be pleased to show them the advantage of trading at Eldorado. They have a card in this issue of the News and want a share of your business.  
For Thirty Years.  
"I enclose find money, order for one dollar, for which send me its worth in Simmons' Liver Purifier, put up in tin boxes. I have been using the medicine for thirty years." Thos. H. Reddy, Jonesville, La.  
No comments necessary.  
Price 35c per box.

**Clements-Holland.**  
Married at the home of the brides mother, in West Sonora, at 5 o'clock P. M. Friday January 21, 1910, Miss Jennie Holland to William Clements, Rev. W. R. Campbell of the Methodist church officiating. The groom is the youngest son of G. P. Clements of Schleicher county and brother to George and Tom Clements of Sonora.  
The bride is the daughter of Mrs. Susannah Holland and the happy young couple will make their home in Schleicher county. The groom is 16 and the bride about the same age. The News extends its best wishes.

Bob Cantborn was in from his ranch Wednesday for supplies.  
Will Whitehead was up from the ranch a few days this week visiting his family.  
Judge L. J. Wardlaw and family returned Monday from a visit to the old folks at Ballinger.

Dock Joy the stockman and farmer was in from the Llano Thursday trading.  
Cornell & Wardlaw the Sonora lawyers left for Del Rio Wednesday on professional business.

Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Luckie were in from the ranch Thursday the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Marvin Alley.

Sol Mayer was in from his ranch Monday on business. Sol has just returned from a short visit to Denver, Colorado.

Mr. and Mrs. Gilbert Kellie and babe were in from their ranch Tuesday visiting Mrs. Kellie's parents Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Glascock.

Curt Allison has moved from the Allison ranch 9 miles east of Sonora to the Halbert ranch the Allison's recently leased from Tom Adams 10 miles west of town.

Lumber may be bought from B. F. Bellows of Sonora at San Angelo prices and delivered where you want it. Have him give you prices. 93-8.

Geo. Allison was in from his headquarters ranch Tuesday on a visit to his family. Mr. Allison is very well pleased with the price he got for his mohair.

M. J. Brown of Little Valley, N. Y. is in Sonora on a visit to his wife and son who are the guests of Mrs. E. A. Stephenson, Mrs. Brown's mother. Mr. Brown is editor of the Little Valley Hub and a few years ago was successfully engaged in the sheep business in the Sonora country. His greatest success, however, was in capturing Miss Lizzie Stephenson for his bride. Mr. Brown will visit here for a few days and then return to his duties in New York. Mrs. Brown and son will remain until spring opens in ice bound New York.

Don Nelson is agent for the Vitae Ore remedy, manufactured by the Theo. Noel Co., Chicago. Parties wanting this remedy can get it by calling at his residence on lower Main street. 97-11.

**H. H. Sparks Orient Live Stock Agent Spent Week in Sonora.**  
H. H. Sparks, General Live Stock Agent of the Orient with headquarters in San Angelo has been in Sonora this week getting acquainted with the stockmen of the Sonora country and soliciting their business for his road. Mr. Sparks is a genial fellow and is strictly on to his job, in fact the more we see of the Orient men the more we are impressed with the fact that they are hustlers and that the Orient is a system to be reckoned with. The admiration is mutual, however, between Sonora and the Orient, the more their men see of Sonora the more favorable is the impression that the Orient must by all means make this town, it would not be business to pass us by. Mr. Sparks was pleased with Sonora and enjoyed his visit.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Mike Sharp, January 14, a fine girl.  
Will Whitehead was in town this week and besides becoming an Eagle he manifested deep interest in the Orient proposition—West Texas News.

**Too Much Face.**  
You feel as if you had one face too many when you have Neuralgia. Don't you? Save the face, you may need it, but get rid of the Neuralgia by applying Ballard's Snow Liniment. Fine thing in the world for rheumatism, neuralgia, burns, cuts, scalds, lumbago and all pains. Sold by all druggists.

**Stock News.**  
W. A. Miers of Sonora bought 1333 bred ewes from Carl Mayfield of Juno at p. 1.  
Will Fields of Sonora sold to Engine Springston of San Angelo, 35 coming yearling ewes at p. 1.  
Martin & Holcomb the commission men sold for R. E. Taylor to Don Cooper 150 head of cows at p. 1.  
C. S. Holcomb sold to Don Cooper 100 head of cows and 5 yearling steers at p. 1. Spring delivery.  
Sol Mayer of Sonora manager of the Val Verde Land and Live Stock company whose ranch is in Crockett county, sold this week to H. H. Sparks, live stock agent of the Orient, at San Angelo, 1700 head of steers 3's and up at \$20 per head. These cattle will be shipped to the Territory soon.

**Ranch for Sale.**  
My ranch of 16 sections, improved, 41 miles south of Sonora and 16 miles west of Rockspring is for sale. For particulars apply to Mrs. M. M. Parkerson, 02 of Sonora, Tex.

**Bulls For Sale or Exchange.**  
8 Thoroughbred Hereford Bulls for sale or Exchange.  
8 Poll Angus Bulls, Five Registered, Three subject to Registration, for sale or exchange for Hereford Bulls.  
O. T. WORD, Sonora, Texas.  
62-11

Oysters and fish at the Sonora Restaurant.  
Will Adams of Radd sold about 30 yearling steers to R. A. Evans at \$16—Eldorado Times.  
Butter, Eggs and Chickens wanted at the Sonora Restaurant.  
26 1-2 Paid For Mohair.

Demonstrating that the mohair market in Boston is at a high point. The Wool Growers' Central Storage Co., Friday sold for Geo. Allison, of Sonora, a member of the company, a lot of mohair to S. C. Murfit, of Boston, by wire, for 26 1/2c per pound, one of the best prices it has brought in a long time and which gives the mohair growers a feeling of confidence. In this clip were 8,000 pounds of fall mohair. This mohair will be shipped to Boston immediately.

The goat men throughout this section report the goats to be in fine shape and feel certain that the spring clip will be good. They are stocking upon goats and are looking forward to the most prosperous season in many years.  
The Boston buyers are anxious for West Texas mohair as it is admittedly of the best quality and always brings a big price in the markets—Standard.

**Special Sale of Ladies, Children, Men shoes at the Sonora Mercantile Company.**  
Jo Wyatt the well to do bachelor ranchman returned this week from a visit to Marlin and other points.  
E. F. Vander Stucken returned from a business visit to San Angelo and points on the T. & P. Thursday.  
T. A. Koon who has his cattle on the Dait ranch in the Fort Terrett country was in Sonora Saturday. Mr. Koon has 50 2 and 3 year-old steers for sale.  
Rev. R. F. Pierce of Ozona will hold services in the Baptist church in Sonora Friday night, Saturday night and at the usual hours Sunday morning and night.  
When you go to San Angelo call on Eddie Maier, at the Favorite Saloon, he will treat you O. K. 72-11  
**A Good Way to Heal Sore Legs.**  
Bathe the horse's legs every night with water as hot as your hands will bear. Rub quite dry. Then saturate cotton with a mixture of carbolic acid one ounce, glycerin three ounces, pure raw lard one ounce and lay over the ailing parts and then apply a light bandage over all. Give him daily exercise and before taking him out to drive remove the bandage and apply some oxide of zinc ointment.

**MODEL "A" WINDMILLS**  
Have all the good points of other mills, and all the weak points eliminated. Therefore it is the **BEST STEEL WINDMILL ON EARTH.**

**Eclipse Windmills**  
Everybody knows them. There are IMITATIONS. But all the makeshifts lack material and workmanship. Profit by other peoples experiences and insist on having only the genuine.

**Crowther Hardware Co.**  
The Leaders. San Angelo.

**YOUNG MEN.**  
If you will be of age next November get a certificate or pay your poll tax NOW. It does not seem constitutional but rather than miss your first vote pay your poll tax now.  
**Old and True.**  
"For fifteen years I have constantly kept a supply of Hunt's Cure on hand to use in all cases of itching skin trouble. For Eczema, Ringworm and the like it is peerless. I regard it as an old friend and a true one."  
Mrs. Lula Preslad, Greenfield, Tenn.  
Born on Saturday Jan. 22, 1910 to Mr. and Mrs. Frank Turney a boy.  
Save \$2 by paying your road tax to J. E. Grimland, county treasurer, before February 1st.  
Wm. McComb who has just finished a tank for Aug. Meckel, was in town this week.  
Carl Mayfield the well known stock man of the Juno country, was in Sonora several days this week on business.  
The convenience of being able to buy a few planks of lumber in Sonora from B. F. Bellows is greater than the increased price. 93-8.  
Arthur Martin of the Crowther Hardware Co., of San Angelo, was in Sonora several days this week soliciting business for his firm. Mr. Martin thinks the "Model A" windmill will be put up over all new wells and will replace many old ones. He will take pleasure in showing it to you.

Abe Mayer of San Angelo, was in Sonora Monday and left on Tuesday for his ranch about 20 miles west of Sonora to see how his cattle were getting along.  
Mr. and Mrs. Claude Stites were in from their farm and ranch in the Middle Valley country Monday the guests of Mr. and Mrs. G. S. Allison. Claude says his stock is doing very well considering the dry weather.

**About 100 pair of Ladies, Children and Mens shoes at a Bargain at the Sonora Mercantile Company.**

H. L. Wade of Edwards county has about concluded arrangements for feeding about eight hundred steers at New Braunfels, and he spent the day up there Friday arranging the details. He first thought of feeding at Uvalde, but has wisely concluded to install them in the Landa pens, where every convenience is afforded them and where they will be more centrally located and nearer to market by 130 miles—San Antonio Express.

**A Wild Blizzard Raging.**  
Brings danger, suffering—often death—to thousands, who take colds, coughs and grippe—that terror of Winter and Spring. Its danger signals are "stuffed up" nostrils, lower part of nose sore, chills and fever, pain in back of head, and a throat-gripping cough. When grip attacks, as you value your life, don't delay getting Dr. King's New Discovery. "One bottle cured me," writes A. L. Duon, of Pine Valley Miss., "after being 'laid up' three weeks with Grip." For sore, lungs, Hemorrhages, Coughs, Colds, Whooping Coughs, Bronchitis, Asthma, its supreme. 50c. \$1.00. Guaranteed by Nathan's Pharmacy.

The Rev. Richard Mercer arrived in town on Saturday and conducted services at the Episcopal church on Sunday morning. He returned to McCombet on Monday. Rev. Mercer does not spend as much time as formerly in Sonora, but always has a good word for our town and people and expressed the hope that we might still secure a rail road. The interest he took in our affairs in former years, is enough to insure him a warm welcome by the old Sonorites.

**WE WANT TO SHOW YOU "THE ENTERPRISE" The Prettiest and Best BUGGY On The Market for The Money. A Big Stock of Mountain HACKS and "The BAIN WAGON" Always on Hand. We Will Sell to or Trade With You. Write us, Phone us, and Come to See us, and Tells us Your Wants. T. L. BENSON, ELDERADO, TEXAS.**

# The Lure of the Mask

By HAROLD MAC GRATH

Copyright, 1928, by the Bobbs-Merrill Co.

"Yes, father," with a falset smile. Giovanni pushed his friends into another room, closing the door. "I found her," he said in English, the chords in his throat standing out. "And, mother of Christ, how I have suffered! She was dancing. She had to sit at tables and drink with the men—that or the Seine. When she saw me she gave a great cry and fell. She has not been like herself, but that will pass away in time. Now she sits in silence and broods. I went to the Italian ambassador. He heard my story in full. He wrote personally to the king. Today I am free. I have had to walk from Milan almost. I had little money. That letter of credit—so you call it—is with my cousin in Sorrento.

"And the man?" Hillard could not refrain from putting this question. Giovanni looked down. "The signor told me never to speak of that again." "So I did," replied Hillard. "But all is changed now.

"Go back to your hills with your daughter and leave vengeance in the hands of God. Forget this man who has wronged you. Forget."

"If he does not cross my path and if she lives, I have suffered too greatly to forgive and forget. I promise not to seek him."

The old man went down to the street with them. They were so kind. He hated the thought of losing them. They waved their hands cheerily and vanished from sight. They never saw Giovanni again, yet his hand was to work out the great epoch in Hillard's destiny.

## CHAPTER XV.

THE ARIA FROM "IL TROVATORE." "SHALL we take a look into the Campo Formosa again to-night?" asked Merrilow, stepping into the gondola.

"It will be a waste of time. Bettina will have warned them. What's the Italian coming to anyhow? She refused a hundred francs. But I can see that Mrs. Sandford had a hand in this latest event. She has probably written that we might look for them in the Campo."

"All right. We'll listen to the music," grumbled Merrilow. He wanted to find Kitty right away. Hillard's indifference annoyed him.

"To the barges of the troupe!" said Hillard to Achille.

In the great canal of San Marco the scene was like a water carnival. Hundreds of gondolas, with bobbing lights, swam slowly round the barges of the serenaders, who, for the most part, were fallen operatic stars or those who had failed to attain those dizzy heights.

What was that? Hillard was no longer lethargic.

From a gondola on the far side of the barge, standing out of the press and just beyond the radiance of the lanterns, came a voice which had a soul in it, a voice which broke into song for the pure joy of it—clear, thrilling—a voice before which the world bows down. The prima donna in the barge was clever; she stopped. The tenor went on, however, recognizing that he was playing opposite, as they say, to a great singer. Hillard's heart beat fast. That voice! There could not be another like it. And she was here in Venice!

"Quick, Achille!" for the far gondola was heading for the Grand canal.

Merrilow understood now.

"Follow!" commanded Hillard. "Ten lire if you can come up alongside that gondola. Can you see the number?"

"It is 152, signor—Pompeo. It will be a race."

At each stroke Merrilow swung forward his body. The end of the race came sooner than any one expected. A police barge nosed round an ell. By the time Pompeo was off again the ferrule of the pursuing gondola scraped past Pompeo's blade. Pompeo called, and Achille answered. There was a war of words, figure of a dog, name of a pig. Achille was in the wrong, but 10 lire were 10 lire.

Hillard caught the gondola by the rail and clung. The race was over.

"Signorina," said Pompeo, boiling with rage, "shall I call the police?"

"No, Pompeo," said his solitary passenger.

"To the Campo, Pompeo. Mr. Hillard, will you kindly follow? I would speak to you alone, since there is no escape."

The way to the Campo Formosa was made without further incident.

The gondolas became moored. Hillard jumped out and went to assist La Signorina, but she ignored his outstretched hand.

"Perhaps he is right. Perhaps I am not a lady according to his lights." But she laughed. "Do not laugh like that. What you are or have been or might have been to him is nothing to me. Only one fact remains clear, and that is I love you."

"No, Mr. Hillard, you are only excited. I may be a fugitive from the law."

"I do not believe it."

"There may be scars which do not show," she faltered—"in the heart. In the mind. I am sorry, terribly sorry. Heaven knows that I meant no harm. Forget me!"

"Forget you! Tell me what prevents friendship between us."

"You say you love me. Is that not answer enough? Give up all idea, all thought, of me. You will only waste your time. Come, is your love strong enough to offer a single sacrifice?"

"Not if it is to give you up. Oh, do not worry about persecution! I shall only seek to be near you."

"Good night," she said, "and good-by." She wound the veil round her face, took half a dozen steps, halted and turned, then went on into the dark.

The Villa Ariadne rested upon a small knoll half a mile or more north of and above Fiesole, from which the panoramic beauty of Florence was to be seen at all times, glistening in the sun, glowing in the rain, sparkling in the night.

Life ran smoothly enough at the Villa Ariadne. La Signorina at the very last moment surrendered to the entreaties of Kitty. She agreed not to pass herself off as the princess. Among themselves each played the role originally assigned. La Signorina seemed to enjoy the face as much as any one. It was a great temptation not to steal a look into the marvelous chests and sideboards, bulging as they knew with priceless glass and silver and linen and lace. But La Signorina each day inspected the seals and uttered solemn warnings.

They had now lived in the Villa Ariadne for two weeks, a careless, thoughtless happy-go-lucky family.

Today was warm and mellow. On the stone bench by the porter's lodge hard by the gate sat the old Florentine and O'Mally. From some unknown source O'Mally had produced a congerie's hat and coat, a little moth eaten, a little tarnished, but serviceable.

"Pietro," said O'Mally, "I've got an idea. If any tourists come today I propose to show them around the place."

Pietro's eyes flashed angrily. "No, no! Mine, all mine!"

"Oh, I am not going to rob you! I'll give you the tip. What I want is the fun of the thing."

Pietro understood. That was different. If his excellency would pay over

to him the receipts he could conduct the tourists as often as he pleased.

They shared a flask of wine. The porter's bell rang loudly.

"Tourists!" whispered O'Mally. He settled his cap on straight and went to the gates. A party of five Americans stood outside—two men, two women and a girl.

"This is the Villa Ariadne?" asked one of the women.

"It is," said O'Mally, touching his cap.

"He speaks English!" cried the woman, turning joyfully to the others. "We wish to see the villa and the park."

"The villa is now occupied, signora," replied O'Mally, "but you are permitted to see the park and gardens."

"How much?" asked one of the men.

"Cinquante," said O'Mally, then correcting himself, "for each person."

"Ten cents? Two lire fifty? Why, this is downright extortion!" declared the woman.

O'Mally gave vent to a perfect Italian shrug and put a hand out suggestively toward the gates.

"Oh, come, dear," protested one of the men wearily, "you've dragged us up here from Fiesole, and I'm not going back without seeing what's to be seen."

Solemnly Pietro watched them pass, wondering what the terms were. O'Mally led the party to the fountain. "This," O'Mally began, with a careless wave of the hand, "is the famous fountain by Donatello. It was originally owned by Catherine de' Medici. The Borgias stole it from her, and Italy and France nearly came to war over it."

"The Borgias?" doubtfully. "Were

these two families contemporaneous?"

"They were," solemnly.

The quietest consulted their guide-books, but before they had located the paragraph referring to this work O'Mally was cunningly leading them away. He passed on to the antique marbles, explaining how this one was Nero's, that one Caligula's, that one Tiberius's. He lied so gracefully that the tomb of Ananias must have rocked.

"Do you know," said the woman, who had not yet spoken, "you speak English with an accent I do not understand."

O'Mally shivered. Was she going to spring-dago on him? "I am an Italian," he said solemnly. "I was born, however, in County Clare. My father and mother were immigrants to Ireland."

"Ma," whispered the girl, "ask him for one of those buttons."

The stage whisper was overheard by O'Mally. "These buttons," he explained, "cost a lira each, but if the signorina really wishes one"—And thus another lira swelled the profits of the day.

At the gates O'Mally received his poubolre (tip) of 20 centesimi and returned to Pietro.

"Quando!" he cried.

O'Mally handed him the exact amount, minus the lira for the button.

"Santa Maria! All these? How? No more I take dem! You?"

O'Mally sat down on the bench and laughed. "It was as good a part as he had ever had."

Early evening. La Signorina leaned over the terrace wall, her hand idly trailing over the soft cool roses. Stretched out on either hand, white and shadowy, lay the great road. She was dreaming. Presently upon the silence came the echo of galloping hooves. Two horsemen came cantering toward the Villa Ariadne. She heard their voices.

"Jack, this has been the trip of my life. Verona, Padua, Bologna and now Florence! This is life. Nothing like it."

"It has been enjoyable, Dan. I only hope our luggage will be at the hotel."

La Signorina's hand closed convulsively over a rose and crushed it.

"A last canter to Fiesole!"

The two went clattering down the road.

La Signorina walked slowly back to the villa. It was fatality that this man should again cross her path.

## CHAPTER XVI.

KITTY DROPS A BANDON.

"WHAT'S the matter, Jack? Whenever you smoke your cigar goes out. You read a newspaper by staring over the top of it. You leave your watch under the pillow and have to hike back for it. You are absent-minded. Now, what's the matter?"

Hillard sighed heavily.

"There you go again!" laughed Merrilow. "You talk that sigh to everything you say."

Hillard was human. He might be deeply in love, but this had not destroyed his healthy sense of humor, so he laughed at himself.

"It's a curious business—the dinner, the mask, the veil, the mystery," went on Merrilow. "I tell you frankly, Jack, something's wrong, and we shall both live to find it out."

"But what? Heaven on earth, what? Haven't I tried to figure it out till my brain aches? I haven't gone forward a single inch."

"What shall you do?"

"Nothing. When we have seen Florence we'll drop down to Perugia and Rome, then up to the Italian lakes, after that home, if you say."

Hillard looked at his watch.

"Only 9," he said. "Let's go over to Gambirini's and hear the music."

The Hotel Italia was but a few blocks from the Piazza Vittorio Emanuele. They found the Halle crowded, noisy and interesting. From the Halle they went downstairs and through the billiard room. Under the arcade they found a small table. Presently two officers, one in the resplendent uniform of a colonel, went past. Hillard's pulse was tuned to a quicker stroke.

"I hope he doesn't see us," he said, dipping his Panama over his eyes.

Merrilow scowled heavily.

"So long as he doesn't observe us," said Hillard, "I have no interest in his affairs." Had he none? he wondered.

"He is coming this way again, Dan."

Hillard changed his mind. He pushed back his hat. If the man with the scar saw him and spoke he would reply. The colonel, glancing at the pair, halted. He turned and spoke to his brother officer. The man with the scar stepped over to the table and leaned with his hands upon it. There was a savage humor in his dark eyes.

"Did I not tell you that we should meet again?" he said to Hillard.

"Are you speaking to me?" asked Hillard. Every muscle in his body was alert and ready.

"Certainly I am speaking to you. This is the fellow," speaking to his companion, at the same time drawing off his gloves.

"I object to the word fellow," said Hillard. "Besides, I don't know you."

"Ah, discreet!" sneered the man with the scar.

"Colonel!" cried the subaltern as his senior smoothed the gloves and placed them carefully in his left hand.

"Oh, I am calm! But I have been dreaming of this moment. Now?" The colonel readdressed Hillard. "You meddled with an affair that night in which you had no concern."

"Are you quite sure?"

"Yes, I am sure. And yet as I think it over, as I recollect the woman," went on the colonel, with a smile which was evil and insinuating. "In Monte Carlo I was practically alone. Here it is Florence. Doubtless you

will understand." He struck out with the gloves.

But they never touched Hillard's face. His hand caught the assailant's wrist and with a quick jerk brought him halfway across the table. The Italian cried faintly. Hillard spoke tensely.

"Listen carefully, signor. I understand perfectly, but I shall fight no duel. It is an obsolete fashion. A blackguard I know you to be. If you ever address me again I promise to give you a whipping which will have a lasting effect upon your future actions. If that will not serve I shall appeal to the police."

Through the crowd the ever present carabinieri shouldered their way. The colonel motioned them to stand back, which they did with a sign of respect. This sign gave Hillard some food for thought. His antagonist was evidently a personage of some importance.

"Figure of an American pig!"

Hillard laughed.

The scar was livid on the Italian's cheek. His companion laid a restraining hand on his arm. He nodded, and

the two made off. Merrilow was for going back to the hotel. Hillard agreed.

"I wanted you to give him a good stiff punch," said Merrilow.

"We should have slept in the lockup overnight if I had. If my friend is left handed he'll be inconvenienced for a day or two. I put some force into that grip. You see, Dan, the Italian still fights his duels. It would have been a fine joke if I had been fool enough to accept his challenge. He would have put daylight through me at the first stroke."

"Did you notice how respectful the carabinieri were?"

"I set me thinking. Oh, I've a premonition that we haven't seen the last of this distinguished gentleman!"

After luncheon the next day they were entering the Via Tornabuoni when a young woman came out of a little millinery shop. Immediately Hillard stepped to one side of her and Merrilow to the other.

"You cannot run away this time, Kitty Killigrew!" cried Merrilow joyously.

In the Villa Ariadne the wonderful fountain by Donatello was encircled by a deep basin in which many generations of goldfish swam about. Forming a kind of triangle about the basin were three ancient marble benches such as the amiable old Roman senators were wont to lounge upon during the heat of the afternoon. A maiden sat on one of these benches, her arms thrown out on either side of the crumbling back, her chin lowered and her eyes thoughtful.

Merrilow stole up from behind with all the care of a practiced hunter. Then he put his hands over her eyes. She struggled for a brief moment, then desisted.

"It is no puzzle at all," she declared. "I can smell horse, horse and again horse, Mr. Merrilow."

"Yes, I should have fetched along a sachet powder. I remember but one thing, Kitty, and that's you." He sat down beside her. "There's no doubt that I reek of the animal. But the real question is, how much longer are you going to keep me dangling on the string? I've been coming up here for ten days now."

She had dressed expressly for this moment, but Merrilow was not going to be told so.

"But am I to be blamed if, after having refused twice to marry you, you still persist?" Kitty assumed a judicial air.

"But you haven't refused me this time."

"Because I wish to make it as easy as possible for you." Which of the two meanings she offered him was lost upon Merrilow.

"Come, let us be sensible for ten minutes."

Merrilow laid his watch on the bench beside him.

Kitty laughed rollickingly, for beneath her farbelows and ribbons and trinkets she was indignantly happy and light of heart. Her letter had come. She was only waiting for the day of sailing.

Merrilow reached out and caught her hand.

"Oh, I said let us be sensible for ten minutes!" she demurred.

"Kitty, will you marry me?"

"Could you take care of me?"

"I'll work."

"Oh, if you were only rich?"

"You don't mean that, Kitty."

"No," relenting, "I don't. But you bother me."

"All right. This will be the last time. Will you marry me? I will do all a man can to make you happy. I love you with all my heart. I know. You're afraid. You've an idea that I am feckle. But not this time, Kitty; not this time. Will you?"

Then without further hesitance, in

different to the future or the past, conscious only of the vast happiness of the present, Kitty hid her hand in his. He would have drawn her into his arms had not they both seen O'Mally pushing through the box hedges. Merrilow swore softly, and Kitty laughed.

On the terrace the tea table dazzled the eye with its spotless linen, its blue and white and its pink roses. Hillard extended his cup for a second filling. La Signorina vaguely wondered where Kitty was. She needed Kitty at this moment.

How inexplicable were the currents and cross currents of life! She had met a thousand men handsome, more brilliant. They had not awakened more than normal interest. And yet this man, quiet, humorous, ordinarily good looking, aroused in her heart discord and penetrated the barriers to the guarded sentiment. Why? Always this query.

She gathered up a handful of the roses and pressed them against her face, breathing deeply.

"If I were a poet, which I am not"—He paused irresolutely.

"You would extemporize on the beauty of the perspective," she supplemented. "How the?"

"I was thinking of your hair," he interrupted. "I have never seen anything quite like it."

She had recourse to the roses again.

"You have not told me the real reason why you sang under my window that night."

"Have I not? Well, then, there can be no harm in telling you that. I had just signed the contract to sing with the American Comic Opera company in Europe. I saw the world at my feet, for it would be false modesty to deny that I have a voice. More disillusion. The world is not at my feet," lightly.

"Will you answer a single question?" "I can make no promise."

"Is there another man?" Silence, which grew and lengthened.

"What do you mean?" she asked evenly.

"In Venice you told me that there was a barrier. I ask now if this barrier be a man."

"Yes."

A wrinkle of pain passed over his heart. "If you love him—"

"Love him? No, no! I had hoped you would not speak like this. I relied upon your honor."

"Is it dishonorable for me to love you?"

"No, but it is for me—to permit you to say so."

He was pale, but not paler than she. "I offer you nothing, Mr. Hillard, nothing—no promise, no hope, nothing. A few days longer and we shall separate finally."

Merrilow and Kitty came into view.

"It is all over," said Merrilow exultantly. "Kitty has promised to marry me as soon as we land in America."

La Signorina took hold of Kitty's hands.

"Is it true, Kitty?"

"Yes, ma'am," Kitty answered, with a stage courtesy. "I have promised to marry him, for there seemed no other way of getting rid of him."

This caused real laughter. La Signorina relighted the tea lamp, and presently they were all talking together.

They laughed quietly as they saw O'Mally gravely conducting his charge to the gates. He returned with Smith. Both were solemn visaged.

"Well, noble conierge?" inquired La Signorina. "Why, you look as if you were the bearer of ill tidings."

"I am," said O'Mally.

"What has happened?" asked Merrilow.

"Enough," said O'Mally ironically. He directed his next words to La Signorina.



Hillard spoke tensely.



She slowly removed the veil.



"Is it dishonorable for me to love you?"

(To be continued)

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