

DEVIL'S RIVER NEWS.

VOL 22

SONORA, SUTTON CO., TEXAS, SATURDAY FEBRUARY 24, 1912.

NO. 1111

New Assortment

Men's Hats

WE WANT THE MEN OF THIS COUNTRY TO KNOW THAT WE HAVE JUST RECEIVED A GOOD ASSORTMENT OF DRESS HATS IN THE POPULAR "Australian Velours", Scratch Felts, and Plain Felts in the New Shapes.

Drop in and Look at Them.

The Sonora Mercantile Co.

Devil's River News
PUBLISHED WEEKLY.
W. MURPHY, Proprietor.
EVE MURPHY, Publisher.
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Sonora, Texas, February 24, 1912.

BIRMINGHAM PICTURES.

They Wars Mers Paper, but They Subdued the Artist Turner.

Turner, the great landscape painter, was a curious mixture of parsimony and generosity, determined money grubbing and unreckoned devotion to his art. He would drive a hard bargain one day and the next refuse to sell at any price. Intending purchasers were sometimes excluded from his gallery, and the refusal of admission was communicated in anything but a polite manner.

Mr. Gillott, the wealthy pen manufacturer of Birmingham, once proved himself equal to the task of storming the castle in the teeth of the gruff artist and his doorkeeper and achieving a bargain. A book on Turner gives the story.

Mr. Gillott was met at the door of Turner's house by an old woman, who opened the door and asked the gentleman's business.

"Can't let 'em in," she snapped out when he told her and tried to slam the door.

But Mr. Gillott had put his foot inside the door and without waiting for permission pushed past the enraged janitress and hurried upstairs to the gallery. Turner met him like a spider whose web has been invaded. The intruder introduced himself and said that he had come to buy.

"Don't want to sell," was the answer.

"Have you seen our Birmingham pictures, Mr. Turner?" inquired the visitor as calmly as if he had been received as a gentleman should be.

"Never heard of 'em," said Turner.

Mr. Gillott took from his pocket some Birmingham pictures. "Mere paper," remarked the artist, who evidently enjoyed to be bargained with. "To be bargained with," said the visitor, "to indicate the value of the pictures." He pointed to the sight of the "mere paper" and the visitor departed he had bargained for several valuable pictures.

The province of Nova Scotia has built more permanent bridges than all the other provinces of Canada save the Nova Scotia bridge commissioner.

Undoubtedly Genuine.
The mistress observed one morning that her dusky butler was wearing a ring with a setting almost large enough for a beacon light if it had possessed the proper brilliancy. Later in the day she chanced to hear a conversation between the butler and the maid.

"Am dat a genuine dimont yo' is sportin', Jake?" the maid asked, suspicion and hope about equally balanced in her tone.

"An dis a dimont?" reproachfully. "Does yo' s'pose I'd buy anything else fo' a 'gagement ring? I thall dis am a dimont, an' hit am gold what hit sets in."

"If yo' mean yo' bought hit fo' me yo' will have to tell the price fo' I'll believe hit's a dimont. I was fooled once wid a brass ring, an' I don't mean to be caught again."

"Cose hit's a dimont, Lucy. Hit cost \$25.00."

"Well, gimme here. Long as hit am a genuine dimont I'll 'cept hit fo' a 'gagement ring."—Housekeeper.

Wanted Him Anyway.
A dramatic club gave a series of matinee performances of an old Greek drama—the "Antigone" of Sophocles. At the fall of the curtain there were clamorous applause and some calls for the author.

The performers came forward and bowed.

"Author, author!" yelled the "gods."

The leading actor advanced to the footlights and informed the audience in reproachful tones that "the author has been dead over 2,000 years."

Quick as thought the answer flashed back from the gallery, "Then trot us out his mammy!"—London Tattler.

Clever Idea.
At the services one Sunday morning in a church for the colored folks of a Mississippi town there was observed one dusky youngster accompanying his grandparents and sitting as wise as a young owl throughout the long sermon.

At the close of the service somebody congratulated the grandfather upon the presence of the child's

other smiled significantly. "The boy is always well," he goes in deuce.

Sobriety.
An who had grave a servant's sobriety sed him of intemperance test chalked a line for door and commanded him to walk along it.

The fellow at this line for a bit, then said, "No, sir, which line do you want me to walk on?"—London Telegraph.

He Had His Cue.
Some little time ago a stranger strolled into a billiard room of one of our largest hotels and was immediately accosted by a youth who challenged him to a game of 100 up. Nothing loath, the stranger accepted, won the toss for first shot, went to the table and did not leave it till he had amassed 102 and was still in play. He then noticed that his would be opponent had pht away his cue and was making for the door.

"Hi, hi, young fellow!" called he. "Who's paying for this game?" "Not me, you bell! No play, no pay, is my motto, and when I pay to be a spectator I'll have a reserved seat for my money and not stand holding a cue like a blooming marker!"—London Tit-Bits.

Hudson's Bay Company.
Although the Hudson's Bay company is not the power it once was in Canada, it is still a flourishing institution and owns 50,000 choice acres. In 1869 the company yielded title to all its territory, with the exception of the acreage stated, receiving from the Dominion government \$1,500,000 indemnity for its monopoly rights and political authority. Since that time it has been conducting its operations like an ordinary mercantile corporation. It was organized in 1700 by Prince Rupert and a company of noblemen and was given extraordinary powers by its operating charter.

An Unpleasant Revelation.
"My son," said the dotting parent, "it is your duty to tell the girl you hope to marry all about yourself—all your faults and weaknesses. That's the true test of love."

"I did," replied the hopeful. "It wasn't much."

"What did you tell her?" "Why, you see, dad, she didn't really know who you were, so I told her."

"Eh! And what did she say?" "She said she'd tried hard to reconcile herself to the unpleasant truth."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

The Insult.
"I'll get even with Bumpus," said Harry. "I hear that he called me a lobster the other day."

"How very insulting!" ejaculated Jarley.

"Wasn't it?" said Harry, his face red with wrath.

"It certainly was, and I'm really surprised," said Jarley. "Bumpus is so fond of lobsters, as a rule."—Harper's Weekly.

How to Cure a Cold is a question in which many are interested just now. Chamberlain's Cough Remedy has won its great reputation and immense sale by its remarkable cure of colds. It can always be depended upon. For sale by All Dealers.

BLEED ALMOST AT A TOUCH.

Sufferers From Hemophilia Rarely Get a Chance to Live Long.

There is no accident of practice more dreaded by the physician than to see a patient upon whom he has performed some trivial operation, such as lancing a boil or removing adenoids, bleed and bleed and keep on bleeding, perhaps until he dies. All the usual remedies, such as pressure, cold and the application of styptics, and all the unusual ones, such as tying a ligature around the bleeding part or searing it with the cautery, are tried and tried in vain.

Fortunately, this accident happens rarely and can happen at all only in the case of a now patient, with whose constitution the doctor is unfamiliar, but when it does happen it seems worse and more terrible than death from any other cause following operation, for it is so unlooked for that it comes like a bolt from the blue.

The constitutional state to which this accident is due is known as hemophilia. Those subject to it are called "bleeders." The disease is one of the blood solely. It consists in a reduced coagulability—that is, the clots which ordinarily close the open mouths of the minute blood vessels and stop the blood from oozing from a small wound do not form; consequently the blood continues to escape. The globules of the blood and the coloring matter are usually as they are in health, for the trouble is purely a chemical one—a deficiency of lime salts, the presence of which is essential if clots are to be formed.

In these cases it does not always require a surgeon to inflict a fatal wound. A blow on the nose, an accidental cut or a mere pin scratch may open a sufficient number of tiny blood vessels to drain away the vital fluid. A man who knows himself to be a bleeder does not dare to shave; he will suffer any pain from an aching tooth rather than allow it to be pulled, and he is most careful not to let his hands or lips chafe in winter, lest an accidental crack open the way to an uncontrollable outpouring of blood.

Why the blood is deficient in lime salts is not known. The condition is hereditary, and, oddly enough, although it affects men and boys almost exclusively, it is transmitted through the female line. Thus a man may be a bleeder; his children will escape, but the male children of his daughter will almost surely, one or all, suffer.

Most bleeders die in infancy, but not a few live to boyhood and some even to adult life before meeting with the accident that leads to the fatal hemorrhage. Some few grow out of the condition.

Treatment consists in the daily administration of lime salts, such as the lactate of calcium, through long periods of time. Gelatin has also been used, apparently with benefit.—Youth's Companion.

Understanding a Woman.
"Do you really believe," she asked, looking across the table at him, "that any man is capable of understanding a woman?"

"I believe almost any man is capable of understanding a woman at times."

"At what times, for instance?"

"Well, when she opens the conversation by assuring him that she has made up her mind to be an old maid and when she goes out into the vestibule to bid him good night and there assures him that she thinks it is foolish for a girl to let a man kiss her before he has called at least three times."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Expert Glove Cutters.
The cutters of the great glove houses in Brussels and in France earn even higher wages than the cutters of the most fashionable tailors in London and New York. So difficult is this art of cutting that most of the principal cutters are known to the trade by name and by fame, and the peculiar knives which they use in the business are so highly prized that they are handed down from generation to generation as heirlooms.

Too Smart.
"It does not always pay to be too smart," said a lawyer. "At our boarding house a new waitress was employed, and a young chap asked her what he should call her."

"Call me Pearl," she said.

"Are you the pearl of great price?" he asked.

"No," answered the girl. "I guess I am the pearl that was cast before swine."—New York Times.

Meant What He Said.
Wedderly—Let me congratulate you, old boy. This is probably the happiest day of your life.

Singleton—You are a little previous, dear boy; I'm not to be married until tomorrow.

Wedderly—I know it, and you heard what I said.

Buckley's Annals.
The best cure in the world.

EVARTS' QUIANT HUMOR.

How He Passed a Post and a Statesman Into the Senate.

During the last days of Oliver Wendell Holmes' life he visited Washington in company with Robert C. Winthrop, and both of the venerable men visited the senate chamber on the occasion of some ceremonies which crowded the galleries with people, so that they were unable to obtain seats. They sent their cards to Mr. Everts, hoping that he might arrange a place for them, and when he met them in the marble room he explained the difficulty.

"The galleries are crowded, as you know," he said, "and the rules of the senate admit to the floor of the chamber only members of the two houses of congress, members of the cabinet, justices of the supreme court, ex-senators, persons who have received the thanks of congress and private secretaries to senators. I cannot get you admission in any other capacity, but if you will accept highly respectable and remunerative employment as my private secretary I will find you seats on the floor." Both the post and the statesman accepted, and Mr. Everts took them to the door, where he addressed the doorkeeper as follows:

"My dear sir, these two young men are my private secretaries. You will observe that they are both very green and ignorant, but I am trying to have patience with them and overlook their deficiencies. I wish you would take a good look at them so that when they come here again to see me you will know them." And with that he pushed open the swinging doors and motioned Dr. Holmes and Mr. Winthrop to pass in, while the doorkeeper in a bewildered sort of way remarked in an undertone: "Well, I'll be blanked!"

The Captive Canary.

"If Job had ever tackled the job I have been at all morning he would have lost his reputation," said the bird fancier. "I have been trying to teach this little rascal of a canary to fly down. I have not yet succeeded. He will fly up a little way and straight out, but not down. That is one big difference between a canary born in freedom and one born in captivity. Under the tuition of its parents the free bird will fly down as readily as up, but when left to his own resources or taught by a human friend the prisoner fears the downward flight. If his cage hangs only a few inches from the floor the little fellow peers down in trepidation. He distrusts himself and fears a bump. The open spaces around and above seem not nearly so dangerous."—New York Sun.

Not So Marvelous.

"I tell you what it is, Silas," said Uncle Mose Peavey as he and the letter carrier sat in the postoffice discussing things in general, "old Squire Dunkley's a-bustin' good shot with a rifle. Ya can talk all ye please about those glass half shooters and your various champagne shots down in the city, but there ain't many on 'em can shoot in the same day with the squirrel. He kin hit a dollar throwed into the air at fifty yards nine times out o' ten."

"Yes, I reckon he kin," said Silas. "But what if he kin? After all, Mose, ye know as well as I do that a dollar looks ten times bigger to old Squire Dunkley than it does to most o' the rest on us."—Harper's Weekly.

Wednesday Mistake.

A Broadway actor got carried away by the spirit of the times and remained carried away for several days. He came to himself in his own room without knowing exactly how he got there. A friend sat beside him.

"Hello," he said as he opened his eyes, "what day is this?"

"This," said his friend, "is Thursday."

The invalid thought it over a minute.

"What became of Wednesday?" he asked.—Saturday Evening Post.

They Ate Him.
"Spare me!" cried the captive, "and I will be your slave for life. I am a cook by trade, and I can make you any dish you desire."

"Well," replied the cannibal king, "you do look as if you would make a good dish. I think we can use you."

This reply, being somewhat ambiguous, left the captive in doubt but not for long.

Dubious.

He—Pon my word, madam, I should scarcely have known you, you have altered so much!

She—For the better or for the worse?

He—Ah, madam, you could only change for the better!

WOOL AND MOHAIR

CHAS. SCHREIER, BANKER,
(UNINCORPORATED)
KERRVILLE, TEXAS.
Makes Liberal Advances on Sheep, Goats, Wool and Mohair
Individual responsibility Three Million Dollars.

THE SONORA BAKERY is now
Ready to supply all demands
For BREAD and PASTRY.
UD HURST, PRO.

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

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CONTRACTOR AND BUILDER.
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G. W. ARCHER,
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Cement Tanks, Troughs and Vats.
All work guaranteed.
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HAY BALING.
Give your orders to me for baling your hay. Prompt attention and satisfaction guaranteed.
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CHARGES REASONABLE.
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All kinds of labor contracted
Also Spanish Interpreting.
Charges reasonable.
Write, see or phone
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A handsome illustrated weekly. Terms, \$3 a year, four months, \$1.00, by all parcel post.
HUNN & Co. 351 Broadway, New York
Branch Office, 23 F St., Washington, D. C.

Martin Commission Co.,
THE LAND AND LIVE STOCK COMMISSION MEN,
SONORA, TEXAS.

Is offering for sale a number of ranches, and has on his 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 me a call or write me.

BUILD NOW.

Lumber at San Angelo at San Angelo prices or at Sonora with freight added from the wagons. From the yard in small quantities the cost of handling is added. Let me figure on your bill.

B. F. BELLOWES,
Lumber, Sonora, Texas.



Pilsener BEER
WHO CAN BEAT IT?
SAN ANTONIO BREWING ASSN.

Devil's River News

MURPHY, Proprietor. STEWART, Publisher. Advertising Medium of the...

Sonora, Texas. - February 24, 1913.

The Handicap Of Stilwell

A wave of righteous indignation is sweeping over the country as a result of the recent revelations concerning the efforts of Wall street bankers to embarrass A. E. Stilwell financially and to throw every obstacle in his way to prevent his finishing the Orient railroad.

The scheming, conniving and high-handed, not to say outrageous tyranny of this National Money Trust has reached such gigantic proportions as to impel Mr. Stilwell to appeal to the Department of Justice for such relief as that branch of the government is supposed to render and his honest candid statements to the chairman of the Senate Committee on Interstate and Foreign Commerce in regard to the wiles, machinations and rascality of these called money trust, has resulted in the drafting of a resolution providing for an investigation of the Wall street financial control by a joint committee of the two houses of the National Legislature.

But the relief sought by Mr. Stilwell in that direction, although entirely legitimate and most highly commendable, yet the end to be attained is so remotely distant that it precludes any hope of consummation. The finances of the nation are controlled by a few men and a majority of these hold the purse strings of Wall street.

At all events, Mr. Stilwell has touched a popular chord; he has awakened the people to a realization of the power, the despotism and the iniquity of the Money Trust and whatsoever may be the result of the proposed investigation, with all his burdens and handicaps, Mr. Stilwell will continue the work of blinding an international highway and, despite the intrigues of Wall street and the ham-stringing tactics of agents of the Money Trust, Mr. Stilwell will find willing purchasers of the new issue of \$10,000,000, ten year, 5 per cent, first mortgage, collateral bonds of the Kansas City, Mexico and Orient Railway Company, and as much more when the exigencies of the occasion requires.

The people of West Texas endorse Arthur E. Stilwell's course, they confide in his integrity, his perseverance and wonderful executive ability and the nations are becoming cognizant of the fact that he is among the mightiest builders the age has produced.

When DeLesseps finished the construction of the Suez canal, he was proclaimed the greatest engineer of modern times. The Brooklyn bridge, the Pacific railroad and the St. Louis bridge—these were held up as the most signal achievements of American genius.

But the completion of the Kansas City, Mexico and Orient railway will eclipse all of these, mainly for the reason that, while the former enterprises had unlimited backing—national and municipal—A. E. Stilwell had only the genius of a great builder, executive ability and that energy and rugged honesty that won men with capital to his side. When Egyptian sands shall have filled the Suez canal, when the same DeLesseps becomes the property only of the antiquarian, and when not even a broken arch remains as a reminder of the once stately Brooklyn bridge, the name of Stilwell will yet be on the tongues of men, and his memory will endure as long as exists that monument of his tripartite genius—the Kansas City, Mexico and Orient Railway—and that will continue until the end of time.—San Angelo Standard.

Gas in the stomach or bowels is a disagreeable symptom of a torpid liver. To get rid of it quickly take BERRINE. It is a marvelous liver stimulant and bowel purifier. Price 50c. Sold by All druggists.

Lewis Alverson Formerly of Sonora Has Patented a New Stove.

Work will begin immediately on another factory in this city. Fort Worth's latest institution is the Little Giant Stove company, which was chartered with a paid-in capital of \$40,000. A site will be purchased and a building erected immediately. Fifty men will be employed.

This company will manufacture stoves patented by Lewis Alverson of this city. "Distillite," a by-product of the oil refineries, will be used as fuel, and this will cost but 4 cents a gallon. One gallon will supply either a heater or cooking stove of the ordinary size for one day, burning continuously.

The new stoves will be placed on the market at a very reasonable price and a large sale is expected, especially in those districts where natural gas is not obtainable.

J. H. Greer is president of the company, B. W. Campbell first vice president, G. H. Colvin treasurer, D. W. Maddox secretary and manager and Lewis Alverson assistant manager.

Valuable aid was rendered Mr. Alverson in the formation of his company by the Chamber of Commerce officials. This is the third factory secured for Fort Worth by that organization in the last few weeks that didn't cost the city anything.—Fort Worth Star Telegram.

You are probably aware that pneumonia always results from a cold, but you never heard of a cold resulting in pneumonia when Chamberlain's Cough Remedy was used. Why take the risk when this remedy may be had for a trifle for sale by ALL DEALERS.

PROMPT ACTION ON WOOL TARIFF.

Washington, D C, Feb. 17. Sam H. Hill, Vice-President Wool Growers Central Storage Co., San Angelo, Texas.

Wool schedules is now being considered by majority members of Ways and Means Committee. Will probably report the action they are to take about seventh or eighth of March. A. S. Burleson.

The above telegram brings news that has been long awaited by the sheep interests of Western Texas. It indicates that the wool tariff question is soon to get some definite action at the hands of Congress, and that is what the sheepmen have been hoping for. They realize that the quicker the issue is settled permanently, the sooner they will know exactly where they stand and how they can best adjust their affairs to conform with any changes that may be made. Many of them declare they had rather have the tariff reduced than to have the situation unsettled as it has been for months.

Sam H. Hill, vice president of the Wool Growers Central Storage Company, recently received a letter from Congressman A. S. Burleson of Texas, who is a staunch free trader, and the substance of the communication was; that the United States is in debt \$25,000,000, and, while there will be some reduction made on tariff, wool could not be put on the free list at this time. Congressman Burleson also stated that no more evidence would be taken or allowed to be presented before the ways and means Committee.

A letter was received Saturday from Oscar W. Underwood, chair of the ways and means Committee in reply to the circular letter sent out by president Roberts Massie and Secretary W. D. Savers, of the Wool Growers Storage Company to all Texas members Congress as well as the members from other wool growing sections of the States. In this letter prompt action on the wool tariff was urged and reasons given why the sheep interests should be given justice at the hands of Congress. Chairman Underwood advises Messrs. Massie and Savers that their company views on the situation, as contained in their letter, would receive careful consideration in the course of further study of the wool schedule of the Tariff Act.

The Wool Growers Central Storage Company is keeping in close touch with the situation at Washington and has personal representatives there who will wire them of every move regarding the tariff on wool.

The length of the nose of the Statue of Liberty is four feet six inches. The distance across the eye is two feet six inches. The right arm, which holds the torch, is 42 feet long.

COME IN NOW.

TO REDUCE THE STOCK We are offering SPECIAL INDUCEMENTS In Many Lines of Dry Goods Clothing, Boots, Shoes, Hats, Underware, Etc. COME IN AND ASK

E. F. Vander Stucken Co.

The Understudy at School.

They were exchanging reminiscences of school days, and one contributed this. "There was a month, I remember, where my conduct at school had been most unsatisfactory to my teacher. So he gave me a letter and told me to take it to my father."

"I did. My father read it and much gloom gathered on his countenance. He sat down, wrote a note folded it, and handed to me."

"Take that to your teacher," he ordered. "I started on my way back to school, and the further I went the less I liked to think of that note. I leaned against a fence remembered, with sorrow and apprehension, the look on my father's face as he was writing it."

"Then I looked at the note. At once an irresistible desire to peruse its contents seized me. My hesitation was brief. I spread out the sheet of paper and read this: "Dear Sir, Please lick the bears!"

"I refolded the paper. Within me there were tumult and sinking of the heart. I continued on my way with extreme reluctance. "When only a short distance from the school building I stopped short. My valor had entirely oozed away. I sat down on a large stone and grew very despondent."

"Just then a friend of mine—a big Irishman—appeared upon the scene. "Pat, I called to him, 'I've turned my ankle. Won't you please help me get to the school?'"

"Sure," said the obliging Pat. "I'll carry that up to the teacher for me!" I begged. "Sure," said the kindly giant. And, murmuring to the platform with stride that shook the school room he presented the note.

"The teacher read it. Slowly he raised his eyes to Pat. Then he gazed at me. I began to foresee things. "But it was false alarm. A twinkle crept into the teacher's eye. "John," he said to me, "never do it again."

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.

Shocking Sound.

In the earth are sometimes heard before a terrible earthquake, that warn of the coming peril. Nature's warning are kind. That dull pain or ache in the back warns you the kidneys need attention if you would escape those dangerous maladies, Dropsy, Diabetes or Bright's disease. Take Electric Bitters at once and see backache fly and all your best feelings return. "My son received great benefit from their use for kidney and bladder trouble," writes Peter Bondy, South Rock wood, Mich. "It is certainly a great kidney medicine." Try it. 50 cents at Nathans Pharmacy.

Attractive Exhibits At Fat Stock Show.

Fort Worth, Texas, The 1912 National Feeders & Breeders Show, commonly known as the Fort Worth Fat Stock Show, will be held at the Stock Yards in North Fort Worth, March 18-23rd. The management promises to give the largest and finest livestock exposition ever held south of Chicago. In addition to all of the regular attractions, many new and interesting features will be added, the most important of these being a Poultry Show held under the auspices of the Fort Worth Poultry & Pigeon Association, and a Land, or Agricultural Show.

BANKER'S ARREST INTERESTS MANY WEST TEXANS.

Seattle, Wash., Feb. 21.—W. F. Buchanan, formerly a banker of Tucuman, N. M., has been arrested on the street here at the request of the sheriff of Quay county, N. M. Buchanan, who arrived here recently from Vancouver, B. C., took his arrest coolly and said a mistake must have been made, as he was not a fugitive. He said he would return to Tucuman unattended if the sheriff was willing. Buchanan has \$10,000 in a bank here and says that came to Seattle in search of a business location. He was placed in the county jail.

FERRY'S SEEDS. Plant breeding and selection has been our business for years. We market the results in the shape of improved vegetable and flower seeds. They stand good crops. 1913 SEED ANNUAL FREE ON REQUEST. R. M. FERRY & Co., Detroit, Mich.

Blamed A Good Worker.

"I blamed my heart for severe distress in my left side for two years," writes W. Evans, Danville, Va., "but I know now it was indigestion, as Dr. King's New Life Pill completely cured me." Best for stomach, liver and kidney trouble, constipation, head ache or debility. 25c. at Nathans Pharmacy.

Working in the Dark.

Secretary MacVeagh, at dinner in Washington, was urging the need of scientific financial laws. "But let us make these laws scientifically," he said, "We must let in the light. We must work in the light. If we work in the dark, you know, we will go wrong—like young Cornelius Husk. "Cornelius Husk was called one winter morning before dawn, and told to go and harness the dearborn. "The lad was so lazy to light a lantern, and in the dark he didn't notice that one of the cows was in the stable with the mule. "As he tried to harness the cow his father, impatient at the long delay, shouted from the house: "Cornel! Cornel! What ye do in?" "I can't get the collar over the mule's head," the boy replied. "His ears are frozen."—Washington Star.

THE THRICE-A-WEEK EDITION

New York World

Practically a Daily at the Price of a Weekly. No other Newspaper in the world gives so much at so low a price.

The great Presidential campaign will soon begin and you will want the news accurately and promptly. The World long since established a record for impartiality, and any body can afford its Thrice-A-Week edition, which comes every other day in the week, except Sunday. It will be of particular value to you now. The Thrice-A-Week World also abound in other strong features, serial stories, humor, markets, cartoons; in fact, everything that is to be found in a first-class daily. The Thrice-A-Week World's regular subscription price is only \$1.00 per year, and this pays for 150 papers. We offer this unequalled newspaper and Devil's River News together for one year for \$2.50. The regular subscription price of the two papers is \$3.00.

He Won't Limp Now.

No more limping for Tom Moore of Cochran, Ga. "I had a bad sore on my instep that nothing seemed to help till I used Bucklen's Arnica Salve," he writes, "but this wonderful healer soon cured me." He's old, running sores, ulcers, boils, burns, cuts, bruises, eczema or piles. Try it. Only 25 cents at Nathans Pharmacy.

In the course of champagne making the grapes are squeezed six times. It is said there are two million women smokers in the United States. Nearly 5,000 miles of nets are set nightly in the North sea.

When the bowels become irregular you are uncomfortable and the longer this condition exists the worse you feel. You can get rid of this misery quickly by using HERBINE. Take a dose on going to bed and see how fine you feel next day. Price 50c. Sold by All Druggists.

The barbers of Europe collect a crop of 1,200,000 pounds of hair annually. Camels hair brushes are not made of the hair of camels, but of hairs from the tails of Russian and Siberian Squirrels.

Sedentary habits, lack of outdoor exercise, insufficient mastication of food, constipation, a torpid liver, worry and anxiety, are the most common of stomach troubles. Correct your habits and take Chamberlain's stomach and liver tablets and you will soon be well again. For sale by All dealers.

Exports of American typewriters in 1908 were \$9,348,219; in 1909, \$7,425,070, and in 1910, \$8,848,461, with Great Britain and Germany as the best customers. The Serbian government has ordered 100 machines for use in its police offices.

At a wooden house at which a missionary called in Austria, far from the beaten tracks occupied by a man, his wife and little daughter, the little girl ran into the house excitedly crying out, "Mother, here's another thing just like daddy! The child had never seen any man but her father.

A heavy cold in the lungs that was expected to cure itself has been the starting point in many cases of disease that ended fatally. The sensible course is to take frequent doses of BALLARD'S HOREHOUND SYRUP. It checks the progress of the disorder and assists nature to restore normal conditions. Price 25c, 50c and \$1.00 per bottle. Sold by all Druggists.

Fort Worth, Texas, Feb.—The statistical bureau of the Commercial Secretaries and Business Men's Association is engaged in keeping a monthly record of the progress of Texas. The scope of the work covers construction and production and deals with the state as a whole. The total increase in wealth in the state during the month of January, 1912, approximates \$43,758,599. This amount, divided among five sources of receipts, itemizes as follows: Agricultural production, \$15,882,000; mineral production, \$1,520,000; factory, \$11,220,000; fish and oysters, \$116,500; foreign capital, \$15,000,000.

A piece of flannel dampened with Chamberlain's Liniment and bound on to the affected parts is superior to any plaster. When trouble with lame back or pains in the side or chest give it a trial and you are certain to be more pleased with the prompt relief which it affords. Sold by All dealers.

A Winner.

"I told him there were a dozen peep's right here in town who had never heard of him." "I guess that took him down a peg or two." "I guess it didn't. He started right out to find them and borrow money."—Houston Post.

A child that has intestinal worm is handicapped in its growth. A few doses of WHITE'S CREAM VERMIFUGE destroys and expels worms; the child in consequence thrives. Price 25c per bottle, druggists.

Trade at home. Buy home people. Make town prosperous. A home town to be encouraged your schools by sending you to them. In fact do everything for and nothing against your home town. Think at

A scald, burn, or cut heals slowly if neglected. The family that keeps a bottle of BALLARDS SNOW LINIMENT on hand is always prepared for such accidents. Price 25c 50c \$1.00 per bottle. Sold by All druggists.

New Phones. Cut this list out and paste it on your Phone card. C M Steel 10 J O Eastland 115 E L Hearn 121 Chas Caruthers 135 Cole & White garage 136 Please ring off E C Beam, Manager.

THE SONORA RESTAURANT,

FISH & OYSTERS IN SEASON SHORT ORDERS. Fred Jacobson, Pro.

E. P. FINNEY, ROCK MASON, Cement Tanks, Troughs and Vats. All work guaranteed. Estimates Furnished. SONORA, TEXAS.

JOHN GARRETT, ROCK MASON, Cement Tanks, Troughs and Vats. All work Guaranteed. Estimates Furnished. SONORA, TEXAS.

Bred Ewes for Sale. Between 1100 and 1200 bred ewes for sale. All in good fix. \$8.50 per head. Apply to JIM SMITH, 07.4 Rock Springs, Texas. For sale by All dealers.

BEST REGISTERED SHORT-HORNS FOR SALE. Extra fine, big-boned, heavy, thrifty, native-bred bulls and heifers. Address—Penrose E. Metcalfe, San Angelo, Texas.

Town Lots. For town lots, closest in, largest size, highest up, or lower down See T. D. Newell, owner. 54 tf Sonora Texas.

JACKS FOR SALE. I have for sale 15 Jacks from 3 to 6 years old. They are of the J. K. Thomson stock. Can be seen at my place at Eldorado. CHARLIE WEST, 05 12t Eldorado, Texas.

Notice to Trespassers. Notice is hereby given that all trespassers on my ranch 21 miles south of Sonora for the purpose of cutting timber, hauling wood, working live stock, hunting hogs or injuring fences, without my permission, will be prosecuted to the full extent of the law. D. B. CUSENBARY, 91 Sonora, Texas.

Notice to Trespassers. Notice is hereby given that all trespassers on my ranch 2 1/2 miles below Owenville, for the purpose of cutting timber, hauling wood, working stock, hunting hogs will be prosecuted to the full extent of the law. Max Luckie, 98-12 Owenville, Texas.

Notice to Trespassers. Notice is hereby given that all trespassers on my ranch 6 miles south of Sonora, for the purpose of cutting timber, hauling wood or hunting hogs without my permission, will be prosecuted to the full extent of the law. J. T. Evans, Sr. 58-tf.

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

Ranch Bargain. 8,000 acres, improvements cost \$6,000; well watered, splendid, money maker, nice valley; desirable railroad, irrigated orchard; magnificent trade. Will sell for \$3 bonus. LAND CO., Mead, Texas.

Town lots in Sonora are for sale by the Martin Commission Co. Buy one now and get in on the ground floor. Do it now before prices advance. The new maps are being made and the dedication of the streets and alleys will be made as soon as possible. Perfect title. No trouble to show you. See Martin Commission Co.

FIRST NATIONAL BANK

OF SONORA, TEXAS.

CAPITAL STOCK \$100,000.00
SURPLUS - - 34,500.00

The Oldest Bank in the Devil's River Country.

OFFICERS AND DIRECTORS:

W. L. ALDWELL, President; E. F. VANDER STUCKEN,
Vice Pres; **C. S. Allison, Will Whitehead, E. E. Sawyer,**
ROY E. ALDWELL, Assistant Cashier.

We pay 4 per cent on saving deposits.

No Substitutes-- YOU GET WHAT YOU CALL FOR at the
CORNER DRUG STORE

C. S. HOLCOMB, Proprietor.

NATHAN'S PHARMACY

(The place where you get the best for your money.)

Exclusive agent for Jacob's Candles (The best in the South.) Eastman's Kodaks (the only Kodak.) Mulford Pharmaceutical (the World's Highest Standard.) These combined with courteous treatment, experience and conscientious scruples, make it worth your while to let him do your drug store business.

A pretty line of Diamonds, CUT-CLASS, JEWELRY and WATCHES always on display.

A. H. NATHAN, Proprietor, Sonora, Texas.

SUMMER SCHOOL.

Special review classes in all subject for certificate. Excellent opportunity for review work. Examination for State and County certificates, will be held during the term.

TERM OF TEN WEEKS

Only a limited number will be enrolled, which insures opportunities superior to a Summer Normal.

Pupils of the 7th grade and above enrolled.

Tuition reasonable, Excellent boarding facilities for non-resident pupils. See or write

J. A. WOODFORD, Superintendent,
Term Opens April 30. Sonora, Texas.

LATEST!

Cardinals approve Compromise.

San Angelo gets the Orient Shops.

Sam Stokes was in from his ranch several days this week.

W. H. Lezrine oil well driller ranch was traded this week.

R. L. Halber Dorado, was back on business.

Walter and Will Whitehead the Val Verde county ranchmen were in Sonora this week.

Dr. Robichaux the dentist will arrive home Monday from Rock Springs, where he has been on professional business.

Geo. Black the kandy kid was in Sonora Monday on his regular visit. George is one of the most popular drummers on the road.

STOCK NEWS.

A. T. Stuart of Sonora bought 4000 bred nannies, mohair on, at \$3.50 per head from T. J. Stuart.

Oscar Appelt owner of the Stanly Green ranch was in Sonora Friday and reports having sold to Silliman & Murchison of Eldorado, 400 cows at \$20; 100 yearling steers at \$20; 125 two year old steers at \$27 and 75 three at \$31.

The 28th Annual Convention of the Cattlemen's Association of the State was held in Ft. Worth, Texas, Feb. 19th, 20th and 21st.

Reading requires more time and is more profitable if you read and involve larger losses than any other kind of reading.

A farmer who wants to go into business of breeding for pure bred horses is much better than any other kind of business.

Lee and Jim Stevens well known in Sonora, were in for a few days. They are looking for stock.

John Moran of Junction, was in Sonora several days this week prospecting.

The Jackson Will.

The will of the late E. R. Jackson was offered for probate Monday morning February 19 1912 by Fayette Tankersley of Mertzon and John W. Riley of San Angelo named in the will as executors of said estate. The hearing was before County Judge E. S. Briant, Judge of the Probate Court. The real and personal property of the late E. R. Jackson is estimated at \$1,000,000 more or less and his bequests are covered by \$200,000; the residue of the estate being left to the Cardinals of the Catholic Church in the United States and to their successors for the maintenance of the orphanages under the management of the Catholic church.

On the death of E. R. Jackson County Judge E. S. Briant appointed W. L. Aldwell, temporary administrator of said estate, giving bond in the sum of \$400,000. The law is that the office of temporary administrator ceases with the expiration of the first day of the first regular term of the Probate Court following the filing of a will, but in case of a contest, it appears that the Probate Judge may continue the temporary administrator in office or appoint another.

Those offering the will for probate asked that as there was a contest to its probate that the office of temporary administrator be placed in the hands Fayette Tankersley.

There considerable discussion but the Judge ruled to continue Mr. Aldwell in office as temporary administrator.

The following morning session was taken up with a discussion as to the matter of a contract entered into by contestants; Mrs. W. L. Aldwell and Mary Luna Jackson, and as to under such circumstances the right of Mrs. Aldwell to appear as the contestant.

The question was ably and very thoroughly fought out and the Judge rendered in favor of the contestants—which we understand means that the contract entered into does not invalidate the interests of either.

The proceedings at the afternoon session were the examination of Attorneys Alex Collins and H. E. Jackson members of the firm of Blanks, Collins & Jackson of San Angelo who drew the will of the late E. R. Jackson offered for probate.

Those favoring the probate of the will here rested and those opposed offered expert testimony to show that from the condition of decease organism and physical powers bearing on his mental capacity at the time he made the will was unaccountable for what he may have done.

Numerous witnesses have been examined by the opponents of the will and cross examined by the proponents.

After four days ably contested action in the matter of Probating the will of the late E. R. Jackson the lawyers agreed to a recess which the court granted.

During the recess the attorneys representing the interested parties made preliminary suggestion as to a compromise to which agreement was finally based on the withdrawal of the testimony introduced as to the mental incapacity of deceased, and the will admitted to probate under the conditions of agreement.

Legatees mentioned in the will are to be settled with according to the supposed wishes of deceased which includes the paying of all debts.

John W. Riley is not to qualify either as executor of the will or as trustee of the child Fanny Jackson.

Fayette Tankersley to qualify as executor but to refuse to qualify as trustee.

J. Willis Johnson of San Angelo who is now guardian of the child's estate, to qualify as trustee of the child's portion which is \$100,000 to be placed in trust but to be hers and pass to her children or those entitled to it upon her death, the Cardinals of the Catholic Church relinquishing the revisionary interest specified in the purport of will.

The Cardinals of the Catholic Church are to receive \$225,000 for use in the maintenance of the Catholic orphanages in the United States.

The remainder of the estate to be divided between Mrs. W. L. Aldwell and Mary Luna Jackson on equal portions, each an undivided one-half interest therein.

In the division or disposal of the estate or the winding of the business it is agreed that W. L. Aldwell and J. Wardlaw represent Mrs. Aldwell and C. B. Hudspeth and Rome Shields represent Mary Luna Jackson with the understanding that in case of a disagreement they call a fifth person.

The attorneys representing the contestants to the probate of the E. R. Jackson will are W. E. Linden, W. A. Morris, W. H. Lipscomb of San Antonio; C. B. Hudspeth of El Paso and Cornell & Wardlaw of Sonora.

A Good Man Gone.

Last Friday at 3:30 P. M. the phone rang and I took down the receiver, and the message that came to my ear shocked and almost prostrated me, for it was a telegram from Brother Will T. Burns at Tyler, Texas, conveying the sad news that my brother Jeff D. Buras at that city was "very ill of pneumonia, no hope." I wanted to go to him, yes, I wanted to see my noble and much loved brother, but when brother Will said there was no hope, I knew that there was absolutely none, therefore I decided not to go, for how could I view the corpse—the cold and silent form of my precious brother, whom the last I saw was in perfect health and so handsome to me! He died that night, Feb 16th, 1912, at 7:40 o'clock. Yes, the cruel angel of death entered his happy home and took from it the head of the household—my brother! The wholehearted, angelic brother (oh mine!) How can I give him up? He is my brother! yes is yet, for I can not give him up. He will always be my brother, and I feel his presence near me all the time. I have suffered untold heart ache but if it is God's will I will have to submit. It does not seem to me, that he can go on without him, he is so dear to me, such a valuable man.

Jeff D. Buras, has been a great benefactor to his family, relatives and friends. He did a father and brothers part for his younger brothers and sisters, his father having died when most of them were comparatively small. He helped I provide for them, helped educate them, helped and consoled his widowed mother every way possible and raised and educated his own children, did a husband's and father's part by his own family. He was very charitable to every one calling on him, if they were in the right, was generous, kind and true to his friends. He leaves a widow and three daughters, two brothers and four sisters, who lament and grieve in a way that is awful. He also leaves many, many friends, who will mourn his loss.

Mr. Jeff D. Buras, was postmaster at Tyler at the time of his death and had served in that capacity for over nine years, prior to that he was supervisor of the census and was county clerk of Smith Co. Texas, after serving as deputy clerk under his father, who was county clerk for a number of years. He was a True Blue Republican, a member of the Presbyterian Church.

I will pen a little verse as it seems appropriate and is my sentiment.

"When forced to part from those we love,
Though sure to meet to-morrow,
We yet a sort of anger prone
And feel a touch of sorrow."

But Oh! what words can paint the scene,
When from those friends we sever
Perhaps to part for years, for year,
Perhaps to part forever!"

From the pen of his affectionate sister
[Mattie] Mrs. D. B. Woodruff.

Hays Winn of Edwards County was trading in Sonora this week.

Mr. and Mrs. R. J. Glaser were in from the Cattle ranch Tuesday shopping.

Sid Martin of Angelo is visiting his brother J. W. Martin this week.

F. C. Bates Sr of Eldorado was in Sonora several days this week visiting his daughters Mrs. Will Hayes and Mrs. Tom Holland.

Mr. and Mrs. Al Schwiening and baby were in from their ranch on the Llano Tuesday, the guests of Mrs. Schwiening's parents, Mr and Mrs. G. S. Allison.

When her child is in danger a woman will risk her life to protect it. So great act of heroism or risk of life is necessary to protect a child from eroup. Give Chamberlain's Cough Remedy and all danger is avoided. For sale by All Druggists.

A. P. Belcher came in from the ranch Monday.

T. J. Coffman, wife and baby were in from their Carta Valley ranch Monday.

J. B. Murrab of Juno was renewing old acquaintances in our city Tuesday.

Will Whitehead president of the Del Rio Bank & Trust Co. came in last week to attend the monthly meeting of the directors.

Col. E. E. ... returned in the former auto last Tuesday from San Angelo where they attended the funeral of Mr. A. C. Wright the beloved father of Mrs. Hatton.—Del Rio News.

Among the lawyers representing the probate of the last will of E. R. Jackson deceased are W. A. Wright, J. W. Hill, Brown F. Lee, W. C. Blanks, Alex Collins, H. E. Jackson of San Angelo, C. L. McCartney of Brownwood and T. R. Sluigley of Baltimore, Md.

MOHAIR.

Washington, D. C. Feb 8, 1912.

Mr. J. N. Ross, Sonora Texas.

I have been here for sometime and I have not heard a word from you. Do you know the way the Mohair Mills treat us make me sore. Now the Mills are necessary to our industry, if we had no mills we would have to sell our mohair in Bradford in competition with South Africa and Turkey. Personally I wish to be fair to the Mohair Mills and lend my influence to have my brother go along to be fair but I wish to give you a few figures. The tariff board finds the average shearing weight of the Angora in the United States to be 2 1/2 pounds per head or less, to use their language. They also find the average price of mohair to be 29 cents per pound in the United States. This gives our goats an average shearing value of 72 1/2 cents.

The American Sheep Breeder and Wool Grower, January issue, page 26 in quoting from The Wool Review, says that the average price paid in the United States for Scoured wool for the years of 1909, 1910 and 1911 was as follows: 1909 63¢ 1910, 51¢ and for 1911, 47¢. The average for the said 3 years being .541. This gives the average shearing weight of the sheep in the grease to be 6.08 per lb. or 2.79 per lb. of scoured wool. This gives the sheep an average of \$1.50. Now for the 3 years it is as follows: 1909 \$1.77, for 1910 \$1.42, and for 1911 \$1.32 per head. Sheep mutton brings from \$3 1/3 to 50 per cent more upon the market than Angora muttons and the sheep men claim they are being unjustly dealt with wool so that they receive only \$1.32 per head shearing value, and we goat men are struggling along with our goat with an average shearing value of 72 1/2 cents.

Except for the year of 1911. Scoured wool has brought in the United States an excess of over England of something like 25¢ per lb. I compare mohair with scoured wool because raw mohair is about the same thing as scoured wool, mohair losing approximately 10 per cent. I have no data at hand but I believe I will change the assertion that mohair for the several years up to recently has brought less in the United States, on an average, than what mohair brought in England, and at time very much less. It is true that mohair at this time is worth more in the United States and has been since the National Mohair Growers Ass'n perfected its organization.

This fact, however, is a discredit to our Mills, showing that they pay no more than they have to, without regard to cost of production. Mohair fabrics will weigh something like 83 1/3 less to the yard as an average than wool, yet mohair fabrics will average more than 50 per cent more in sale value upon the market than wool. I wish to further say that I am informed by S. W. McClure, Sec'y of the Wool Growers Ass'n that the largest profits made by any textile mill in the U. S. was made by a mohair mill.

Now these figures and facts show to me that we must not look to the mills for fair treatment, but rather put ourselves in an attitude to demand it and back this demand up. The Woolen Mills is aiding the Wool Growers in their fight before congress for a high tariff, the Mohair mills is mouthing, criticizing and I believe have their emissaries here to work against me, in secret. I have had a hint of this several times. The two things we must have is a good sized tariff and a compact organization. The people who control the Mills are human beings and are born with the usual greed of the present human being, and we all know what that is. There is one way to demand our rights and that is through an organization. Without cooperation of action such as we have in effect.

Under the Payne Aldridge bill, which is the present law on the statute book, the duty levied is what is called a specific duty and is 11 cents on wool in the grease, 22 cents on washed wool and 33 on scoured wool. They proceeded upon the idea that wool would lose 1/3 of its weight in washing and 2/3 of its weight in scouring. They gave raw mohair 12 cents per pound and scoured mohair 36¢ per lb going upon the theory that mohair like wool would lose 10 per cent. Now had we a representative in Washington at the time of the framing and passage of this bill, we would have had no difficulty in getting 20 to 26 cents per lb. on mohair. I talked personally

with Mr. Payne the author of this bill and he frankly told me that he nor none of the committee knew anything about mohair, remarked to me that we ought to have had a man here to educate them as to mohair and its needs. The only information that congress has ever gotten of and concerning mohair has been given through Jao. Gardner, who has been the only friend and I must say a true one too, of the goat men.

You mention mohair to any congressman and he will at once ask you if you have seen Jao. Gardner. He is known by every lawmaker and politician from Taft down as the goatman's friend. Now the democrats are committed to what is known as an ad valorem duty, that is to levy a duty in accordance with the value of the article imported. For instance if wool was imported at a valuation of 40 cents per lb. at 20 per cent ad valorem duty it would bring a revenue to the government of 80¢ per lb. If mohair of the value of 30 cents per lb should be imported at same ad valorem, then mohair would pay a duty of six c. per lb. I believe that at some day about middle of March the Democratic Ways and Means committee will report out a bill giving to wool a 20 per cent ad valorem, I have hope of getting a 40 to 50 per cent ad valorem for mohair, because the products of mohair is largely a luxury wool being largely a necessity, and because the Government of Turkey and South Africa have passed those measures not allowing us to have their fresh blood. One prominent democrat on the ways and means committee said to me to day that "Mohair ought to be put on prohibitive tariff, until these countries come through." I was told before seeing this same democrat that I could not do anything with him, but he was right in his reformation for our unjust treatment. The wool men are making the fight of their lives and I think should win out, but it is my guess they will lose out with the lower house. I believe however they will get the Senate to materially raise the house bill and in joint conference will get a tariff that will afford considerable protection if not then likely Taft will veto the bill. I am working hard for mohair and hope to have it retain about the same tariff as it now has possibly some better, with a tariff upon Angoria Ruggie. I also hope to have wool and Mohair exempted from the Henry Anti trust bill, which makes it a penitentiary offense against most any kind of a combination and I fear the provisions of this act is broad enough to catch our Mohair Organization. Let me hear from you. No. 1212 New York, Ave. Your friend,
J. E. MCCARTY.

Almost Lost His Life.
S. A. Stud, of Mason, Mich., will never forget his terrible exposure to a marvellous storm. "It gave me a dreadful cold," he writes, "that caused severe pains in my chest, so it was hard for me to breathe. A neighbor gave me several doses of Dr. King's New Discovery which brought great relief. The doctor said I was on the verge of pneumonia, but to continue with the Discovery. I did on and two bottles completely cured me." Use only this quick, safe, reliable medicine for coughs, colds, or any throat or lung trouble. Price 50c and \$1.00. Trial bottle free. Guaranteed by Nathans Pharmacy.

Best An Editor.
Most any one can be an editor. All that an editor has to do is to sit at a desk six days out of the month and twelve months out of the year, and "edit" such stuff as this:
"Bill Jones of Cactus Creek let a can opener slip last week and cut himself in the pantry."
"A mischievous lad of Pike County stole a stone from Mr. Pike in the mill last Tuesday."
"John Doe climbed on the roof of his house last week locking for teak and fell, striking himself on the back porch."
"While Harold Green was escorting Miss Violet Wise from the social last Saturday night a savage dog attacked them and bit Mr. Green several times on the public square."
"Isiah Trimmer, of Running Creek, was playing with a cat Friday when it scratched him on the forehead."
"Mr. Fong, while harnessing a tractor last Saturday, was kicked just south of the corn crib."—Exchanged.

Dr. King's New Life Pills
The best in the world.

DR. KING'S NEW DISCOVERY
Will Surely Stop That Cough.

Stuckton's Arnica Salvo
The Best Salvo in The World.

Devil's River News.
PUBLISHED WEEKLY.
MIKE MURPHY, Proprietor.
STEVE MURPHY, Publisher.
Advertising Medium of the
Stockman's Paradise.
Subscription \$2 a Year in Advance.
Entered at the Postoffice at Sonora,
second-class matter.
SONORA, TEXAS, February 24, 1912.

SPLENDID HAZARD

BY
Harold McGrath.
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MERRILL COMPANY.

SHERLOCK HOLMES.

His Original Was Dr. Bell, a Master of Inductive Reasoning.
Dr. Joseph Bell, the distinguished Scottish surgeon, was the original of Sir A. Conan Doyle's Sherlock Holmes. Dr. Bell, who was born in 1837, came of a family which for three generations had been distinguished in surgery. For a quarter of a century he was surgeon at the Royal Infirmary, Edinburgh, and Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, then a young man, was one of his students. He was greatly impressed by his professor's display of inductive reasoning, and he has told many stories in illustration of them. Many stories are told of Dr. Bell's wonderful powers of observation and analytical reasoning. For instance, he could tell from the mud on a patient's boots the part of the city or surrounding country he had come from. When giving gratuitous advice to outdoor patients at the Edinburgh Royal Infirmary he was fond of mystifying them by giving them little intimate tidbits regarding their occupation or past lives. "I see," he would observe slyly to a patient, "you are suffering from drink, you even carry a flask on the inside breast pocket of your coat. Throw it away."
To another he would nonchalantly remark, "Cobbler, I see," having quickly observed the mark where the lapstone had worn the man's trousers. To an anxious neighbor he would quietly observe, "Your first child, my good woman, the mystified, simple soul wonderingly replying, as he had foreseen, in the affirmative. She would go away still marveling at the intuition of the great surgeon, having no idea that there could be any significance in the brilliant tartan cape she had bought with such pardonable extravagance for her firstborn.
Then a bricklayer would appear in the consulting room suffering from spinal complaint, and the doctor's kindly sympathy was instant and comprehensive. "It aches, does it? I have no doubt it does, and carrying a hod of bricks won't improve it, will it?" he would observe in his brisk fashion. The afflicted bricklayer, being a reticent Scot, kept his surprise to himself till the end of the interview, when he asked somewhat caustically, "I am no saying you're wrong, but what's tell me I was a bricklayer to trade?"
Dr. Bell was well aware of the part he had played in creating the great detective of fiction and was proud of the fact. One winter evening some ladies were sitting round the fire reading and discussing Conan Doyle's hero when they entered the great surgeon. He asked what they were reading, and they told him that it was the "Adventures of Sherlock Holmes." "I know the man," observed the doctor quietly. Returning shortly from seeing his patient, he came back to announce with as much modesty as might be, "I am Sherlock Holmes."
—London Chronicle.

Impressionable heart. Still carrying the tray before him, he hastened over to the club, where there was something of an exaction. Instead of a dinner for three it became one for a dozen, and Fitzgerald passed the stinnettes round as souvenirs of the most unique bet of the year. There were lively times. Toward midnight, as Fitzgerald was going out of the coat room, Cathewe spoke to him.
"What was her name, Jack?"
"Hanged if I know."
"She dropped a card on your tray."
Fitzgerald scratched his chin. "There wasn't any name on it. There was an address and something more. Now, wait a moment, Arthur; this is no ordinary affair. I would not show it to any one else. Here, read it yourself."
Come to the house at the top of the hill in Dalton tomorrow night at 8 o'clock. But do not come if you lack courage.
That was all. Cathewe ran a finger, comb fashion, through his mustache. He almost smiled.
"Where the deuce is Dalton?" Fitzgerald inquired.
"It is a little village on the New Jersey coast; not more than forty houses, postoffice, hotel and general store; perhaps an hour out of town."
"What would you do in my place? It may be a joke, and then again it may not. She knew that I was a rank impostor."
"But she knew that a man must have a certain kind of dardwell courage to play the game you played. Well, you ask me what I should do in your place. I'd go."
"I shall. It will double discount fishing. And the more I think of it, the more certain I become that she and I have met somewhere. By-by."
Cathewe lingered in the road, pondering. There was a twist in the wager he was rather impetuous for, and if the truth must be told, he was far more perplexed than Fitzgerald. He knew the girl, but he did not know and could not imagine what purpose she had in siding Fitzgerald to win his wager or luring him out to an obscure village in this detective story manner.
"Well, I shall hear all about it from her father," he concluded.
And all in good time he did.

CHAPTER IV.

PIRATES AND PRIVATE SECRETARIES.

IT WAS a little station made gloomy by a single light. Once in so often a fast train stopped, if properly flagged. Fitzgerald, feeling wholly unromantic, now that he had arrived, dropped his handbag on the damp platform and took his bear bags. It was after sundown. The sea, but a few yards away, was a murreting, heaving blackness, save where here and there a wave broke. The wind was chill, and there was the hiss of a storm coming down from the northeast.
"Any hotel in this place?" he asked of the ticket agent, the telegraph operator and the baggage man, who was pushing a crate of vegetables off a truck.
"Swan's hotel, only one."
"Do people sleep and eat there?"
"If they have good digestions."
"Much obliged. Is there a house hereabouts called the top of the hill?"
"Come over here," said the agent, "see that hill back there, quarter of a mile above the village; those three lights? Well, that's it. They usually have a carriage down here when they're expecting any one."
"Who owns it?"
"Old Admiral Killigrew. Didn't you know it?"
"Oh, Admiral Killigrew; yes, of course. I'm not a guest. Just going willows, isn't he?"
"Worth about ten thousand dollars."
"That and more. There's his yacht in the harbor. He could burn up the village, pay the insurance, and not even knock down the quality of his cigars. He's the best old chap out. None of your red faced, yo-hoing, growling seedlings; just a kindly, generous old sailor, with only one bee in his bonnet."
"What sort of bee?"
"Pirates! In a ghostly whisper, 'Pirates? Oh, say, now!' with a protest."
"Straight as a die. He's got the finest library on piracy in the world, everything from the 'Pirates of Penzance' to 'The Life of Morgan.'"
"But there's no pirate about these days."
"Not on the high seas, no. It's just the old man's pastime. Every so often, he coils up the yacht, which is a seven-ton knoter, and goes off to the south seas, hunting for treasures."



HER TOOK OUT A CARD AND LAID IT ON THE TRAY.
was far more perplexed than Fitzgerald. He knew the girl, but he did not know and could not imagine what purpose she had in siding Fitzgerald to win his wager or luring him out to an obscure village in this detective story manner.
"Well, I shall hear all about it from her father," he concluded.
And all in good time he did.

Tennyson as a Star Gazer.
Star gazing had a tonic effect upon Tennyson. In some reminiscences of the poet Sir Norman Lockyer remarks that Tennyson was a frequent visitor to Fairfax road, West Hampstead, where Sir Norman had erected his Cooke Equatorial in the garden. "One night when the moon's terminator swept across the broken ground around Tycho he said, 'What a splendid hell that would make!' Again, after being shown the clusters in Hercules and Perseus he remarked musingly, 'I cannot think much of the county families after that.'"

A Spirit to Be Deplored.
Just where honorable industry ends and aridacious piling up of treasure begins no one can take it upon himself to say. The spirit, however, that impels a young man to sacrifice all the nobler aims of life in order to turn a liberal competence into wealth too great to be spent and the giving away of which unless carefully regulated, is a doubtful blessing, is not Gregory.

Wanted to Pay.
Very much indebted customer enters a butcher's shop, remarking, "I'll take a leg of mutton, and I want to pay for it."
"All right," replies the butcher, handing forth the meat, which customer takes and starts to go. "Look here," cries the butcher, "I thought you said you wanted to pay for it?"
"So I do," was the reply, "but I can't."
—London Telegraph.

A Phenomenon.
"What's this word, pa?" asked Willie, pointing it out in his book.
"Phenomenon," replied pa.
"Well, what is that?"
"That, my son, is exactly what you would be if you never disturbed your father with questions."

"By George!" Fitzgerald whistled softly. "Has he ever found any?"
"Not to much as a postage stamp, so far as I know. Money's always been in the family, and his Wall street friends have shown him how to double what he has, from time to time. Just for the sport of the thing some old fellows go in for crockery, some for pictures, and some for horses. The admitted just bounties treasures. Half past 6; you'll excuse me. There'll be some train dispatches in a minute."
Fitzgerald gave him a good cigar, took up his bag, and started off for the main street; and once there he remembered with chagrin that he had not asked the agent the most important thing of all: Had the admiral a daughter? Well, at 8 o'clock he would learn all about that. Pleased! It would be as good as a play. But where did he come in? And why was courage necessary? His interest found new life.

Swan's hotel was one of those non-descript buildings of wood which are not worth more than a three line paragraph even when they burn down. The landlord himself lifted Fitzgerald's bag to the counter.
"A room for the night and supper, right away."
"Here, Jimmy," called the landlord to a growling, lumbering boy, "take this satchel up to No. 5."
The boy went his way, vying the labels respectfully and with some awe. This was the third of its kind he had ported upstairs in the past twenty-four hours.
Fitzgerald cast a furtive glance at the loungers. There were half a dozen of them, some of them playing cards and some displaying talent on a pool table, badly worn and beer stained. There was nothing distinctive about any of them excepting the little man who was reading an evening paper, and the only distinctive thing about him was a pair of bright eyes. Behind their gold rimmed spectacles they did not waver under Fitzgerald's scrutiny. So the latter dismissed the room and proceeded into his room. As he was late he dined alone on mildly warm chicken, greasy potatoes and mucky coffee. He was used often to work fare than this, and no complaint was even thought of. After he had changed his linen he took the road to the house at the top of the hill. Now, then, what sort of an affair was this going to be, such as would bend a girl of her bearing to speak to him on the street? He thought at a moment when he was playing a grown-up child's game? It could not be a joke. Women never rise to such extravagant heights of Plutus and treasures! He wouldn't have been surprised at all had Old Long John Silver bobbed out from behind any one of those vine grown "boxes and demanded his purse.

The street was dim, and more than once he stumbled over a loose board in the wooden walk. If the admiral had been the right kind of philanthropist he would have furnished stone steps, then, it was one thing to give a country town something and another to force the town council into accepting it. The lampposts, also of wood, stood irregularly apart, often less than a hundred feet, and sometimes more, lighting nothing but their immediate vicinity. Fitzgerald could see the lamps plainly, but could separate none of the objects round or beneath them. Is why he did not see the face of the man who passed him in a hurry. He never forgot a face if it were a man's. His only difficulty was in placing it at once.

Fitzgerald trapped on cheerfully. It was not an unpleasant climb, only dark. The millionaire's home seemed to grow up out of a fine park. There was a great iron fence enclosing the grounds, and the lights on-top of the gates set the dull red trunks of the pines aglowing. There were no pretty things in the windows of the pretty lodge. Still, the pedestrian's gate was ajar. He passed it, fully expecting to be greeted by the growl of a dog. Instead he heard mysterious footsteps on the gravel. He listened. Some one was running.
"Hello, there!" he called.
No answer. The sound ceased. The runner had evidently taken to the silent going of the turf. Fitzgerald came to a stand. Should he go on or return to the hotel? Whoever was running had no right here. Fitzgerald rarely carried arms, at least in civilized countries. A stout case was the best weapon he conducted for purposes He swung this lightly.
"I am going on. I should like to see the library."
He was not overfond of unknown dangers in the night, but he possessed a keen ear and a sharp pair of eyes, being a good hunter. A poacher, possibly. At any rate, he determined to go forward and ring the bell.
Both the park and the house were old. Some of those well trimmed pines had scored easily a hundred and fifty years, and the oak standing before the house and drifing the view into halves was older still. No iron floor or marble hall marred the lawn which he was now traversing. A sign of good taste. Gardeners had been at work here, men who knew their business thoroughly. He breathed the odor of trampled pine needles mingled with the harsher essence of the sea. It was tonic.

In summer the place would be beautiful. The house itself was built on severe and simple lines. It was quite apparent that in no time of its history had it been left to run down. The top and lower left wing were lighted, but the rest of the house was dark. He was exactly 8 o'clock when he stepped up to the door and pulled the ancient wire bell. At once he saw signs of life. The broad door

opened, and an English butler, having scrutinized his face, silently motioned him to be seated. The young man in search of an adventure selected the far end of the hall seat and dangled his hat. An English butler was a good beginning. Perhaps three minutes passed, then the door to the library opened and a young woman came out. Fitzgerald stood up. Yes, it was she.
"So you have come?" There was welcome neither in her tone nor face, nor was there the suggestion of any other sentiment.
"Yes. I am not sure that I gave you my name, Miss Killigrew." He was scarcely conscious of this enigmatical reception.
She nodded. She had been certain that did he come at all, he would come in the knowledge of who she was.
"I am John Fitzgerald," he said.
She thought for a space. "Are you the Mr. Fitzgerald who wrote the long article recently on the piracy in the Chinese seas?"
"Yes, full of wonder."
"Interest began to stir her face. "It turns out, then, rather better than I expected. I can see that you are puzzled. I picked you out of many yesterday on impulse because you had the sard frown necessary to carry out your jest to the end."
"I am glad that I am not here under false colors. What I did yesterday was the danger of the day. Tell me, what I am armed?"
"I shall proceed to say it some way. This will be no jest. Did you come armed?"
"Oh, indeed, no," smiling.
She rather liked that. "I was wondering if you did not believe this to be some silly intrigue."
"I gave thought to but two things, that you were jesting or that you were in need of a gentleman as well as a man of courage. Tell me, what is the danger and why do you ask me if I am armed?"
"It occurred to me that her own charm and beauty might be the greatest danger he could possibly face. More and more grew the certainty that he had seen her somewhere in the past."
"Ah, if I only knew what the danger was! But that it exists I am positive. Within the past two weeks on odd nights there have been strange noises here and there about the house, especially in the chimney. My father, being slightly deaf, believes that these sounds are wholly imaginative on my part. This is the first spring in years we have resided here. It is really our summer home. I am not more than normally timorous. Some one do not know enters the house at will. How or why I can't unravel. Nothing has ever disappeared, other than jewelry or silver, though I have laid many traps. There is the huge fireplace in the library, and my room is above. I have heard a tapping like some one hammering gently on stone. I have examined the bricks and so has my father, but neither of us has discovered anything. Three days ago I placed four traps on the flagstone before the fireplace. There were footprints in the morning of rubber shoes. When I called in my father the maid had unfortunately cleaned the stone without observing anything. So my father still holds that I am subject to dreams. His secretary, whom he had for three years, has left him. The butler's and servants' quarters are in the rear of the other wing. They have never been disturbed."
"I am not a detective, Miss Killigrew," he remarked as she paused.
"No, but you seem to be a man of invention and good spirit. Will you help me?"
"In whatever way I can." His opinion at that moment perhaps agreed with that of her father. Still, a test could be of no harm. She was a charming young woman, and he was assuredly interested in her present concern. There was a lively, humorous disposition. He had a month for idleness, and why not play detective for a change? Then he recalled the trespasser in the park. By George, she might be right!
"Come, then, and I will present you to my father. His deafness is not so bad that one has to speak loudly. To speak distinctly will be simplest."
She thereupon conducted him into the library. His quick glance, thrown here and there absently, convinced him that there were at least 5,000 volumes in the cases. He was glad to see that some of his old friends were here, too, and that the shelves were not wholly given over to piracy. What a hobby to follow! What adventures all within thirty square feet! He saw several patterned black bags hanging from the walls, the rest of articles, too, now faded to a rusty brown.
Behind a broad, flat mahogany desk, with a green shaded student lamp at his elbow, sat a bright cheeted, white haired man, writing. Fitzgerald instantly recognized him. Abruptly his gaze returned to the girl. Yes, now he knew. It was stupid of him not to have remembered at once. Why, it was she who had given the bunch of violets that day to the old veteran in Napoleon's tomb. To have remembered the father, and to have forgotten the daughter!
"I was wondering where I had seen you," he said lowly.
"Where was that?"
"In Napoleon's tomb nearly a year ago. You gave an old French soldier a bouquet of violets. I was there."
"Were you?" As a matter of fact his face was absolutely new to her. "I am not very good at recalling faces. And in the telling one sees so many."
"That is true." Queer sort of girl not to recall a little more interest. The moment was passing, and she knew it. "Father," she called in a clear, sweet

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Sonora, Texas

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A. F. CLARKSON,
Sonora, Texas

voice, for the admiral had not heard them enter.
At the call he raised his head and took off his Mandarin spectacles. Like all sailors, he never had any trouble in seeing distances clearly. The difficulty lay in books, letters and small type.
"What is it, Laura?"
"This is Mr. Fitzgerald, the new secretary," she answered blandly.
"Ah! Bring a chair over and sit down. What did you say the name is, Laura?"
"Fitzgerald."
"Sit down, Mr. Fitzgerald," repeated the admiral cordially.
Fitzgerald desired but one thing—the privilege of laughter!

CHAPTER V.

NO FALSE PRETENSES.

A PRIVATE secretary, and only one way out! If the girl had been kind enough to stand her ground with him he would not have cared so much. But there was vanishing beyond the door. There was a suggestion of feline cruelty in thus abandoning him. He dared not call her back. What should he say to the admiral? There was one thing he knew absolutely nothing about, and this was the duties of a private secretary to a retired admiral who had riches, a yacht, a hobby and a beautiful, though impulsive, daughter. His thought became irrelevant, as is frequent when one faces a crisis, humorous or tragic. Here, indeed, was the coveted opportunity to study at close range the habits of a man who spent less than his income.
"Come, come, draw up your chair, Mr. Fitzgerald. Are you a sailor?"
"Not in the technical sense," answered Fitzgerald. "I know a stanchion from an anchor and a rope from a smokestack. But, as for travel, I believe that I have crossed all the high and middle seas."
"Sounds good—Australia, East Indies, China, the Antilles, Guif and the south Atlantic."
"Yes; round the Horn, too, and east Africa." Fitzgerald remembered his instructions and spoke clearly.
"Well, well, you are a find. In what capacity have you taken these voyages?"
Here was the young man's opportunity. This was a likable old sea dog, and he determined not to impose upon him another moment. Some men, for the sake of the adventure, would have left the truth to be found out later, to the disillusion of all concerned. The abrupt manner in which Miss Killigrew had abandoned him merited some revenge.
"Admiral, I'm afraid there has been a mistake, and before we go any further I'll be glad to explain. I'm not a private secretary and never have been one. I should be less familiar with the work than a Chinaman. I am a special writer for the magazine and have been at odd times a war correspondent."
And then he went on to describe the little comedy of the statuettes, and it was not without some charm in the telling.
Plainly the admiral was nonplused. That girl, that mix, with her innocent eyes and placid face! He got up and Fitzgerald awaited the explosion. His expectancy missed fire. The admiral exploded, but with laughter.
"I beg pardon, Mr. Fitzgerald, and I beg it again on my daughter's behalf. What would you do in my place?"
"Show me the door at once and have done with it."
"In the name of God, you shall have a toddy for your pains, and by cracky, Laura shall mix it." He pushed the butler's bell. "Tell Miss Laura that I wish to see her at once."
"Very well, sir."

She appeared shortly. If Fitzgerald admired her beauty he yet more admired her perfect poise and unconcern. Many another woman would have evinced some embarrassment. Not she.
"Laura, what's the meaning of this boner?" the admiral demanded sternly.
"Mr. Fitzgerald tells me that he had no idea you were hiring him as my secretary."
"I am sure he hadn't the slightest!" The look she sent Fitzgerald was full of approval. "He hadn't any idea at all save that I asked him to come here at 8 o'clock. And his confession proves that I haven't made any mistake."
"But what in thunder—"
"Father!"
"My dear, give me credit for resisting the desire to make the term stronger. Mr. Fitzgerald's joke, I take it, bothered no one. Yours has put him in a peculiar embarrassment. What does it mean? You went to the city to get me a first class secretary."
"Mr. Fitzgerald has the making of one, I believe."
"But on your word I sent a capable man away half an hour gone. He could speak half a dozen languages."
"Mr. Fitzgerald is, perhaps, as effolent."
Fitzgerald's wonder grew and grew. "But he doesn't want to be a secretary. He doesn't know anything about the work. And I haven't got the time to teach him, even if he wanted the place."
"Father," began the girl, the fun leaving her eyes and her lips becoming grave. "I do not like the noises a night. I have not suggested the police because robbery is not the motive."
"Laura, that's all tommyrot. This is an old house, and the wood always creaks with a change of temperature. But this doesn't seem to touch Mr. Fitzgerald."
The girl shrugged.
"Well, I'm glad I told that German chap not to leave till he heard again. I'll hire him. He looks like a man who wouldn't let noises worry him."
(Continued next week)

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