

# DEVIL'S RIVER NEWS.

VOL 22

SONORA, SUTTON CO., TEXAS, SATURDAY APRIL 13, 1912.

NO. 1118

## According to the Calendar Spring is Here And 'tis House Cleaning Time.

Nothing adds more to the attractiveness and comfort of the home than its floor coverings and draperies—and we are fully prepared to furnish them at normal prices.

We have just received our new stock of matings, linoleums, curtain materials, etc., which we would be glad to show you.

Armstrong's printed linoleum, tiling and floral patterns, fresh stock, 2 yards wide—per square yard 75 cents.

Armstrong's genuine inlaid linoleum, tiling, patterns, fresh stock, 2 yards wide—per sq. yd. \$1.50

Japanese and Chinese matings—plain and fancy—full yard wide, fresh stock—per yard 35c

Genuine Fibre Matings—fancy patterns, full yard wide—fresh stock—per yard—35c

A beautiful line of "Colonial Draperies"—Eoru scrim, stencil borders—40 inches wide—per yard 25c.

Plain and fancy scrims and swisses 36 to 42 inches wide, per yard—15c to 40c

We also carry a good line of window shades, curtain poles, etc.

## The Sonora Mercantile Co.

### Devil's River News

PUBLISHED WEEKLY.

MIKE M. P. V. Proprietor.  
STEVE M. P. H. Y. Publisher.

Advertising Medium of the  
Stockman's Paradise.  
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Entered at the Postoffice at Sonora,  
a second-class matter.

Sonora, Texas. April 13, 1912.

### SNARED BY A TRUST.

It Was a Nice Little Family One, and  
He Couldn't Beat It.

"Owing to a railway smashup I got left in a little town one night a year ago," said the commercial traveler, "and the way I came in contact with a trust almost made my hair stand on end.

"It was a wretched town and a still worse hotel. My room was small, and the bed was as hard as a board. I got up feeling mad, and, after a miserable breakfast, I was ready to boil over. The boiling came when the landlord presented me with a bill of \$4.

"Is this correct?" I asked as I look at the figures.

"Entirely so," he replied.

"Then you are an old highway robber?"

"The landlord had three sons, and when they began to take a share in the altercation I turned on them and made a number of fiery remarks. When I stopped for breath the old man, who turned out to be a justice of the peace, sat down in a chair and calmly announced:

"Hear ye! Hear ye! I now declare this court duly opened. James, have you any business?"

"I have," replied his eldest son, who announced to me that he was a constable and that I was under arrest. He then made a charge against me. One of the other brothers testified as to my language, and his honor fined me \$10. As the third brother hadn't taken any part I turned to him and sarcastically asked:

"Where do you come in?"

"Me?" he replied. "Oh, I'm the local marshal, and as you are evidently a desperate character I shall lock you up for a couple of days."

"Then run you out of town."

"It was a nice little family trust, you see," smiled the commercial traveler, "and I couldn't beat it. I locked up for forty-eight hours, and had to pay the hotel bill and the fine, and when I was at liberty I got my mouth open to say something else the jailer laid a hand on my arm and whispered:

"Don't do it. I am the old man's son-in-law, and if you kick against my jail he'll make your next stop twenty days."—Boston Herald.

### To Settle the Question.

He was engaged to be married, and every one knows how the engaged man talks when he gets a friend cornered.

"She is the loveliest and best girl that ever lived," he asserted.

"Sure?" inquired the friend.

"Sure! Of course I'm sure. You don't doubt it, do you?"

"Certainly not," replied the friend hastily, "only—"

"Only what?"

"Oh, I suppose it's all right, but I'd like to introduce you to Dobby."

"Who's Dobby?"

"Oh, another friend of mine who told me yesterday that he was engaged to the loveliest and best girl that ever lived, and I'd like to have you two get together and settle the matter."

### Plants That Wear Overcoats.

Plants have developed almost as many dodges for perpetuating their existence as animals, only we don't so easily recognize them. Did it ever strike you that every seed, bulb or tuber is not merely a reservoir of material for the plant that is to grow out of it, but also a mass of fuel for supplying heat necessary to the sprouting seedlet?

More than this, if you look at the early spring buds and flowers you will notice that those which are likely to be exposed to frost, such as catkins or willow and hazel, are well protected by a thick covering of soft material, a regular plant overcoat.

### Postage Stamps.

For all practical purposes the history of postage stamps begins in the United Kingdom about the year 1839-40. The adhesive stamp such as we know today was made experimentally by James Chalmers in his printing office at Dundee, Scotland, in August, 1834. These stamps were printed with ordinary type and were made adhesive by a wash of gum. The idea "took" at once, and by 1837 the commissioners of the postoffice authorized their general employment. From Great Britain the invention spread over the continent and the world.—New York American.

### Training Her.

"Yes," said the mother, "Mary is very ambitious. She vows she will marry a foreign count or a grandee of some kind, and she wants to be accomplished, and"

"Accomplished?"

"Yes. Nothing will satisfy her unless she is being fitted to become the wife of a nobleman."

"Are you educating her?"

"Yes; I am teaching her to wash and iron, and exchange."

"ELEGANT THE BEST TONIC, MILD LAXATIVE, FAMILY MEDICINE. 13 17

### SLEEPWALKING.

Curious Nocturnal Pranks Played by Victims of Somnambulism.

"Somnambulism, sleepwalking," said a medical man to an Indianapolis News reporter, "is more common than most persons think. It prevails among children and to a much less extent among young adults. A case over thirty is rare and over forty pure somnambulism, without alcoholic accompaniments, is almost unknown.

Three cases came to my mind now. One was that of a young fellow, about twenty years old, who would get out of bed a little after midnight and make his way to a stream a quarter of a mile from his home. There he would crawl out on a tree, a large branch of which leaned over the stream, and there he would swing five minutes or more, after which he would make his way home and get into bed. He never had any recollection of these nocturnal journeys, of which he made several. The members of the family knew of them and got tired of watching him. So one evening they sawed his swinging limb nearly through and when the somnambulist came to do his usual trapeze act it broke and dropped him into the water. The shock he received by this rude awakening cured him. He gave up sleepwalking.

"The next case was that of a young attorney. One night he gave the police wagon a run. He arose from his bed, dressed and stepped out of his window on the roof of a porch. There in the light of the moon he was observed by two vigilant policemen. When he stepped back through the window they were certain of their prey. Burglar, of course. The police wagon was called, the place was guarded, the house searched. They found the burglar in his bed fast asleep, when proper explanations were made by the family.

"The third case is that of a young physician, a married man. His wife knew of his sleepwalking, which was not of frequent occurrence, and kept a light in the room. One night she was awakened by a noise in an adjoining room. She went to the door. There stood the husband in the middle of the room, a dreadful, agonizing look on his countenance. She did not see at first that he was asleep. What on earth is the matter with you, Fred?" Then, in a sepulchral voice, came the answer, "I have swallowed my watch and chain!" The burst of laughter from the wife awoke the dreamer."

Suits and skirt hangers, also Kirk cleaning fluid for kid gloves, For sale at the Sonora Pantitorium. 13 17

### CASTING LOTS.

Curious Military Custom That Was Once in Vogue in Europe.

In the armies of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries the custom of casting lots to decide what soldiers should be punished for the offenses of all was common. At Winchester, England, in 1645, complaint was made that after the surrender there had been unfair plundering. Six soldiers were tried and found guilty, and it was decided by lot which one of the six should be hanged. At Tangier in 1663 and again in 1665 two soldiers had to cast dice on a drumhead, and he who threw the least was executed. Thomas May's translation of Barclay's "Icon Animorum" gives a curious story of this sort. Speaking of English courage, he says that during the war in the Netherlands some soldiers of the Spanish party were taken prisoners by the Dutch, who decided to make reprisals for the previous cruelty of their enemies. Out of four and twenty men eight were to be hanged. "There were lots, therefore, thrown into a helmet," says May, "and the prisoners were commanded to draw their fortunes. Whoever should draw a blank was to escape, but whoever should draw a black lot was to be hanged presently.

"They were all," says May, "possessed with a great apprehension of their present danger, especially one Spaniard. Their pitiful wishes and tears in some of the standers-by did move pity, in others laughter. There was besides in that danger an Englishman, a common soldier, who, with a careless countenance, expressing no fear of death at all, came boldly to the helmet and drew his lot. Chance favored him; it was a safe lot. Being free himself from danger, he came to the Spaniard, who was yet timorous and trembling to put his hand into the fatal helmet, and, receiving from him 10 crowns, he entreated the judges—oh, horrible audacity!—that, dismissing the Spaniard, they would suffer him again to try his fortune."

May further relates that "the judges consented to the madman's request, who valued his life at so low a rate, and he again drew a safe lot." May seems rather to regret the second escape of the foolhardy Englishman, whom he denounces as "a wretch unworthy not only of that doubt but even of a single preservation, who so basely had undervalued his life."

Rossetti's Awful Breakfast.

It was at one time arranged that Dante Gabriel Rossetti, his brother William and Swinburne and George Meredith should live together in a certain house. Meredith happened to see Dante Gabriel Rossetti at breakfast and changed his plans. Meredith himself tells the story. "It was past noon," says he. "Rossetti had not yet risen, though it was an exquisite day. On the breakfast table on a huge dish rested five thick slabs of bacon, upon which five rigid eggs had slowly bled to death. Presently Rossetti appeared in his dressing gown, with slippers down at heel, and devoured the dainty repast like an ogre." That meal was too much for Meredith, and he sacrificed three months' rent rather than see it repeated.

Without Ceremony.

More or less ceremony usually attends the laying of a cornerstone, but in one case at least it was laid quite simply.

Two Chicago men were talking of the fortune of a third when one said:

"He made his first lucky strike in eggs. He bought 10,000 dozen at a low figure, put them in cold storage and sold them at a profit of more than 300 per cent. That was the cornerstone of his present fortune."

"Ah," exclaimed the other man. "Then the lens laid it!"—New York Herald.

His Successful Son.

"And how is your excellent son, the divinity student? He graduated from the theological academy about a year ago, I believe."

"Yes, just a year ago. And he's doing so well! They pay him a wonderfully large salary, and next year he's to get more."

"Indeed! That's very unusual. Perhaps it is his excellent delivery that nets him the large emolument."

"Yes, that's it. He's one of the pitchers in the big league."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Houses in China.

The Chinese, as a rule, are poorly housed. In the towns the buildings are mostly brick with tiled roofs, but many are built of wood. There is practically no attempt at internal decoration. The windows are papered, but glass is coming into use among the well to do. The laboring classes live in mud or wattle huts, tiled, thatched or roofed with matting.

### SUBMARINE CABLES.

The Complicated Work of Laying Them on the Ocean's Bed.

The laying of an ocean cable is a complicated operation. First, the route of the proposed cable must be determined. This can usually be done by reference to charts of the ocean. It often happens, however, that there are no reliable charts in existence. Then the whole route must be surveyed in order to determine along which path the cable can be laid with the least risk of disturbance and strain.

What is sought is a fairly level platform at the least practicable depth below the surface free from ridges which might cut, or chafe the cable, and from hollows or ravines across which the cable might not be able to support its weight. The ocean, as we all know, has its hills, mountains and valleys just as the land has. It is important to have the route as short as possible, for every extra mile means an expenditure of about \$1,000.

Then comes the making of the cable. This is a very tedious job. First there are the copper wires forming the conductor of electricity, which are covered with four distinct coatings of gutta percha. Over this are wound two layers of tape. Then come two layers of Russian hemp. After this comes a covering of steel wire. And over all there are two coatings of very strong canvas ribbon, coated with a mixture of pitch and gutta percha.

Each set of cable machines can make three miles of cable a day. That part of the cable near the shore is protected by additional thicknesses of steel wire to prevent injury from anchors. As fast as the cable is made it is coiled down in immense tanks of water and tested continually to see if its electrical condition is perfect.

When complete the cable is coiled away on board the ship that is to lay it in its ocean bed. Cable ships are twin screw steamers of great size, with their holds occupied by tanks in which the cable is coiled down.

When everything is ready the cable ship proceeds to the point where the laying of the cable is to begin. The shore end is landed, spliced to the deep sea portion and connected up to a set of instruments in a house on the shore.

Part of the electrical staff is left in this house, and a series of signals is passed between the ship and the house all the time that the cable is being paid out. As the cable may be and often is as much as 2,000 miles long, it will be imagined what close attention to their duty must be given by the electricians.

The ship meanwhile goes on to its destination at the rate of five miles or so an hour. It is not possible to go faster than this or the lives and limbs of the men in the cable tanks who are handling the cable and seeing that it runs out freely might be endangered.

The work, of course, goes on night and day without stopping until at last the farther shore is reached and the second short end is spliced on and landed.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

### His Idea of Art.

Robert Henri, the New York painter, was talking about those millionaires who buy, merely to show off, doubtful "old masters" at fabulous prices.

"Their knowledge of art," Mr. Henri said, "is about equal to that of the sausage manufacturer who said to Whistler:

"What would you charge to do me in oil?"

"Ten thousand," said Whistler promptly.

"But suppose I furnished the oil?" said the millionaire."

### Wanted It Up to Date.

Vincent, having his first lessons in geography, and when he returned home from school the other day he asked his mother how often the world turns around.

"When I went to school," replied his mother "it turned around once in twenty-four hours."

"But, mamma," insisted Vincent, "how often does it turn around now? Ever since it has changed since you went to school."—Indianapolis News.

### Worse Than That.

She had just finished reading Edward Everett Hale's "The Man Without a Country," and as she laid it down she sighed and said:

"I cannot imagine anything worse than a man without a country."

"Oh, I can," said her friend.

"Why, what?"

"A country without a man."—Ladies' Home Journal.

### Returned His Love.

Friend—What's the matter, old man? Doesn't she return your love? Jilted One—That's just the trouble. She returned it and told me to give it to some other girl.

## WOOL AND MOHAIR

CHAS. SCHREINER, 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.

## BUD HURST, PRO.

## 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. BELLOWS,  
Lumber, Sonora, Texas.

## THE SONORA PANTITORIUM,

I. C. ADAMS, Proprietor.

Shop in the Martin Commission Office, Main Street.

I have an expert cleaner and presser to do first class work.

All work guaranteed. Called for and delivered.

Phone 117.

## KENNETH TALIAFERRO, The Tailor.

NEW SAMPLES JUST RECEIVED. LEAVE YOUR

ORDERS. CLEANING AND REPAIRING.

Shoo in the Old Bank Building.

## JOHN HURST,

EXPERIENCED WELL DRILLER  
Quick, Reliable and Satisfactory  
Contracts to go down 1,000 feet or less.

Postoffice Address SONORA, TEXAS.

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



Devil's River News

PUBLISHED WEEKLY. MIKE MURPHY, Proprietor. STEVE MURPHY, Publisher.

Advertising Medium of the Stockman's Paradise. Entered at the Postoffice at Sonora, second-class matter.

Sonora, Texas. April 13, 1912.

ETHICS AND THE SCHOOL.

We are emancipated in spots. We have gone to extremes on some things and utterly neglected others. We have invented photography and the scientific method and are about getting ready to fly. We have transformed the reaper into the harvester and the loom into the factory and become so skilled in clerical exploration that we can tell the composition of a world so far away that it takes centuries for its light to get to us. But in the manufacture of men and women we are using the same old machinery and the same old recipes that have been used by mankind for hundreds of years.

If the whole human race would only sit down and think for awhile, and see where we have come from and where we are going, and then go to work in a business-like way and formulate a scheme that will land us at our destination—that's what we need—meditation, consciousness.

The original organ of education was the home. The mother is the first teacher. Among the higher societies of men, however, a new organ has arisen. It is the school. Education is rapidly becoming the business of a class specialized for this work. And upon this class is destined to devolve more and more as goes by the function of transforming the raw material of human infancy into the finished product of intelligent, useful, healthful, and right loving men and women.

The ability to weigh the stars is all right, but it is not more important than the disposition to be just.

Teach German or geography or algebra or any other subject now taught in our schools to a class of boys and girls for a year. Then go to work and teach morals and humanity for the same length of time and with the same skill and persistence, and compare the efforts of the two different kinds of instructions on the lives of those boys and girls. Is there any doubt which subject would be the most useful? A human being may be jammed full of German or biology, and yet be a barbarian. In fact, a being without moral character is worse off "educated" than if he were ignorant. For "education" merely effectualizes an individual's power for evil. To "educate" an enormity is to confer teeth upon a monster. Let the intellect sleep or civilize it.

We need a new science and a new enthusiasm. We need texts and courses of study designed to correct the imperfections of human heredity. Human young should be revised, not simply intellectualized. The rational and emotional tendencies should be scientifically and systematically assorted, the evil ones weeded out and the good encouraged. Schools should be reformatories. Illumination is not enough for beings who come into the world fashioned for erroneous conduct. Cephalization is not civilization.

It is a commonplace that it is not possible to teach morals—that if we get them at all it must be in some such subconscious way as we get the measles. Another commonplace is that morals are already taught in the schools all of the time. And not infrequently the same individual is found promoting both of these commonplaces at the same time.

Ethical culture is more than the training which comes from telling a child how to sit down or stand up or apologize or be punctual. These things are well, but the effects are superficial. They are merely supplementary to what should be taught in order to lay in the minds of the young anything like a firm basis for civilization. The mainsprings of human character lie in the great centers of feeling and conviction, and these are left untouched by mere formal obedience to school rules.

Children should be taught the science of ethics as well as the technique. They should be taught why they should do certain things and why they should refrain from doing other things. They should be taught the utility of truth, honesty, kindness, and the exaltation

of life, and the inutility of their opposites. They should be supplied with moral standards and moral ideals to act as anchors in times of storm. They should understand what they are composed of and where the various ingredients in their composition came from. Teach these things to the young along with a knowledge of the nature of habit, and you will lay a foundation for character and civilization which will be as rock to quicksands, compared with that incidental traing from mere conformity to school rules.

Kindness, humanity, truthfulness, and moral courage can be taught to young minds just as easily and effectively as Latin or arithmetic. All that is necessary is to begin early enough, use ingenuity, and keep at it. It is not possible to teach morality to all with complete success. Mournful as the fact is, there are beings who come from the loins of men with such a wealth of evil impulses, with such an aptitude for doing the wrong thing, that the most determined efforts to correct them sometimes seem futile. Happily, however, we are far enough along in our evolution for such beings to be exceptional in the human race and not the rule. But there are boys and girls who can't learn geometry to save their lives. Yet we go on teaching it for 200 hours every year even though our teaching often lands in stormy places. We cannot hope to make every human being healthy and athletic, even with the best methods that we can think of now, but this should not weaken our faith in physical culture.

The time when character should be revised, the only time when it can be revised, is in the ductile days of the childhood. The child is clay. The adult is rock, or nearly so, the degree of solidification increasing usually with the passing years. Few beings are free after about 25 or 30. The trunk tendencies of the mind become established by that time and we settle down to the vocation of going round and round—of repeating heretically and with machine like precision the refrains which we have learned to repeat in the formative years of life. "Give me the child," some one has said, "and you may have the man." He was a psychologist.

William T. Hornaday hits the nail on the head in his "American Natural History" in a reminiscence regarding the mourning dove.

"To me the mourning-dove has always seemed like a sacred bird," says he, "and although I could have killed thousands of them, I have never taken the life of one. When a very small boy at my mother's knee she related to me the story of the winged messenger sent out by Noah to look for real estate. She told me that doves were innocent and harmless little birds, and that I must never wrong one in the least. Had my good mother issued an injunction covering the whole animal kingdom, I think I would have grown up as harmless to animals as any Hindu; for her solemn charge regarding mourning-doves has always seemed as binding as the Ten Commandments. I mention this in order to point out to parents and teachers the vast influence they may easily wield in behalf of our wild creatures, which are in sore need of protection."

Altruism is developed in individuals in the same way as it has been developed in the race—by selections, selection among the ideas, habits, and impulses of which individuals are physiologically composed. The mind grows on what it feeds.

The world is growing. Humanism is its teens. Out of the future are certain to come beings of far higher character and understanding than we are—beings who will reverse present-day judgment and ideals.

Lying, cheating, stealing, revenge, pugnacity, and laziness were all honorable and more or less useful among primitive men but are anachronistic in these more materialistic times. They are vestiges. They survive in spite of their inconvenience, like the vermiform appendix and the sheep-killing propensity of the dog. We are compelled to endure and deal with them today. But they are destined to pass away as the ages go by under the influence of a tireless and unending selection.

J. Howard Moore, instructor in the Crane Technical High School, Chicago is the author of "The Universal Knighthood," "The New Ethics," etc., and is well known as a lecturer on humane topics. The above article is condensed from two addresses delivered by him in 1912.

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.

"Our baby cries for Chamberlain's Cough Remedy, Remedy," writes Mrs. Kendrick, Rasaca, Ga. "It is the best Cough Remedy on the market for coughs, colds and croup. For sold by All Dealers

R. F. Halbert received this week 17 head registered Shropshire sheep which he bought at the Fat Stock Show at Ft. Worth for \$50 per head, the sheep being prize winners. Mr. Halbert will put these sheep on his ranch and breed his other sheep up to a better Standard.—El Dorado Times.

A prudent mother is always on the watch for symptoms of worms in her children. Paleless, lack of interest in play, and peevishness is the signal for WHITE'S CREAM VERMIFUGE. A few doses of this excellent remedy puts an end to the worms and the child soon act naturally. Price 25c per bottle. Sold by All Druggists.

While en route to receive 1,600 head of cattle bought from the Val Verde Land & Cattle Company, Rufe Carroll of Oklahoma, bought 900 head of three and four from Oawley & Marsh of this city at \$85 round. Mr. Carroll is now at Burnhart accepting the Val Verde cattle. Marsh cattle will be made after Mr. Carroll finishes receiving the Val Verde stuff.—Standard.

To have a fine healthy complexion—the liver must be active, the bowels regular and the blood pure. All this is brought about by using HERBINE. It thoroughly secures the liver, stomach and bowels, puts the body in fine condition and restores that clear, pink and white complexion so much desired by ladies. Price 50c. Sold by All Druggists.

E. J. Kyle, professor of horticulture of the A. and M. college, says that whitewash, especially when applied to the main trunk of fruit trees, does not do them any harm, and in many instances might be of some benefit. It does not delay them in starting into growth, however, as a great many people imagine, nor is it a preventive against the peach tree borer. The ordinary mixture made for whitewashing fences, barns, etc., is about the right proportion to use on trees. A coarse brush should be used so as to work it in thoroughly on the rough bark, and it should extend from the ground to a foot or two on the main branches.

DR. KING'S NEW LIFE PILLS The Pills That Do Cure.

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

The DEVIL'S RIVER NEWS is authorized to announce. The News rates for announcements: Congressional, Legislature and Judicial Districts \$5. County officers \$2.50. Precinct officers \$1.50. All announcements are payable in cash in advance.

SHERIFF AND TAX COLLECTOR T. E. Adams as a candidate for election to the office of Sheriff and Tax Collector of Sutton County, subject to the action of the Democratic primaries.

Will Perry as a candidate for election to the office of Sheriff and Tax collector of Sutton County, subject to the action of the Democratic primaries.

Sam Merok as a candidate for election to the office of Sheriff and Tax Collector of Sutton County, subject to the action of the Democratic primaries.

TAX ASSESSOR. Geo. J. Trainer, as a candidate for election to the office of Tax Assessor of Sutton County, subject to the action of the Democratic primaries.

James Pharis as a candidate for election to the office of Tax Assessor of Sutton County, subject to the action of the Democratic primaries.

B. L. Blynon, as a candidate for election to the office of Tax Assessor of Sutton County, subject to the action of the Democratic primaries.

COUNTY TREASURER. C. S. Holcomb, as a candidate for election to the office of County Treasurer of Sutton County, subject to the action of the Democratic primaries.

J. E. Grimland, as a candidate for election to the office of County Treasurer of Sutton County, subject to the action of the Democratic primaries.

COUNTY JUDGE. E. S. Briant as a candidate for election to the office of County Judge of Sutton County, subject to the action of the Democratic primaries.

COUNTY CLERK. J. D. Lowery as a candidate for election to the office of County Clerk of Sutton County, subject to the action of the Democratic primaries.

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 Sealy Hospital) Galveston, Texas. OFFICE CORNER DRUG STORE. Night Commercial Hotel. Sonora, Texas.

R. L. DENMAN, PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, Headquarters Nathan's Drug Store. Phones: Office 31, Residence 22. SONORA, TEXAS.

THE THRICE-A-WEEK EDITION

OF THE 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 156 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.

Very Serious It is a very serious matter to ask for one medicine and have the wrong one given you. For this reason we urge you in buying to be careful to get the genuine—

THE FORD'S BLACK-DRAUGHT Liver Medicine The reputation of this old, reliable medicine, for constipation, indigestion and liver trouble, is firmly established. It does not irritate other medicines. It is better than others, or it would not be the favorite liver powder, with a larger sale than all others combined. SOLD IN TOWN F2

EARL DENMAN Is running a service car. Day or night.

Surprise Tailoring Co., Morris Block. Phone 87. We will be prepared to entertain your wants in all branches of the tailoring line on or about April 1st. A fit guaranteed with goods of quality. Cleaning and pressing our specialty. Under management of Geo. McDonald.

When you go to San Angelo call on Eddie Maier, at the Favorite Saloon, he will treat you O. K. 72-47

Tuesday Battle near Langtry.

Langtry, Val Verde county, Texas April 9—Border guards in the service of the Madero Government were ambushed by about fifty scouting rebels from Gen. Orozco's forces opposite this city at the mouth of the Sora Canyon early this morning and nearly a score were killed in the conflict.

The fight began in plain sight of Langtry and bullets from the combatants fell on Texas soil, one shot shattering a window on the south side of town, and others striking outhouses in the same section.

The Mexican Federal guard was composed ten mounted men, all attached to the customs or secret service. As this party neared the mouth of the canyon, the rebels opened fire and one guard fell at the first volley. The guards then made for the line, halted at a point where the land is covered with boulders, affording good protection and replied to the fire of the insurgents.

The firing was heard by citizens of Langtry and the more venturesome went out to watch the fight through field glasses. For two hours the battle continued, the rebels were unable to dislodge the guards and finally gave up the fight and galloped toward the interior, leaving eighteen dead on the field.

It is presumed they were a party of scouts sent out to reconnoiter from a rebel post twenty miles from Langtry. Besides the one guard killed, two Esderals were wounded and all their horses killed by the rebels' riflemen.

The Danger After Grip

lies often in a run-down system. Weakness, nervousness, lack of appetite, energy and ambition, with disordered liver and kidneys often follow an attack of this wretched disease. The greatest need then Electric Bitters, the glorious tonic, blood purifier and regulator of stomach, liver and kidneys. Thousands have proved that they wonderfully strengthen the nerves, build up the system and restore the health and good spirits after an attack of grip. If suffering, try them. Only 50 cents. Sold and perfect satisfaction guaranteed by Nathan's Pharmacy.

Return Good For Evil.

The world moves, but moves slowly. Especially does it take a moral fact, a psychological law, a spiritual truth a long, long time to soak into the common mind of men, says Dr. Frank Crane.

For a hundred years or so there is a fact about humanity that has been trying to find lodgment in the consciousness of civilization. It is the fact that punishment never does any good.

This we admit, perhaps, in church, but deny in the courthouse. Yet it is as true one place as another.

When society hangs a man it is simple gratifying its lust for vengeance. The action is on a level with kicking a horse in the stomach because he has kicked a you.

When we sentence a man to ten years or more in the penitentiary we say in substance: "This man has wronged the community, therefore will we imbrute him, crush out all his better nature and make of him a beast and a hardened criminal."

What's the use? What good does that do us? None, except to gratify our desire for retaliation.

The fundamental cure of crime is the ethical education of the youth. Education that is not moral training is a humbug. Only when the affections and the will are developed, as carefully as schools now develop the intellect, will we get at the root of crime-prevention.

We must learn that a wrongdoer is a diseased soul and needs not torture but training, for our own sake as well as his.

In a hundred years from now our barbarous, ignorant system of jails, penitentiaries and gallows trees will be relegated to the limbo of the stocks, the wheel and the rack; in their stead we shall have schools for the healing of perverted wills and emotions.

Notice to Trespassers.

Notice is hereby given that all trespassers on my ranch 12 miles south of Sonora, for the purpose of cutting timber, hauling wood, hunting hogs or fishing without my permission, will be prosecuted to the full extent of the law.

O. T. WARD, Sonora, 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, hunting hogs or fishing without my permission, will be prosecuted to the full extent of the law.

The RED FRONT STABLE

Robert Anderson, Prop., HAY AND GRAIN. Your Patronage Solicited. Will buy hides.

JOE BERGER.

CONTRACTOR AND BUILDER. ESTIMATES FURNISHED, Sonora, Texas.

G. W. ARCHER.

ROCK MASON. Cement Tanks, Troughs and Vats. All work guaranteed. SONORA, TEXAS.

HAY BALING.

Give your orders to me for baling your hay. Prompt attention and satisfaction guaranteed. ED. PFIESTER. Sonora, Texas.

FRED BERGER,

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

THE SONORA RESTAURANT,

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

Wyllie Smith, Will Hite, Proprietors

City Meat Market,

The best beef, mutton and pork, Sausage, etc., that can be obtained. Your patronage now will help us furnish you when warm weather comes. Phone 57.

PARKER & McDONALD

Painters & Paper Hangers, SONORA, TEXAS. Work Guaranteed. Charges Reasonable. Estimates Furnished on Request.

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.

Town Lots.

For town lots, closest in, largest size, highest up, or lower down. See T. D. Newell, owner. 54-47 Sonora, 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.

58-41 J. T. Evans, Sr.

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. R. COUSENBARY, Sonora, Tex.

H. A. Mc... PAINTER, HAFERBA... SIGN WRITER.

SONORA, TEXAS.



# 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, D. J. Wyatt.

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 Candies (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. N. NATHAN, Proprietor, Sonora, Texas.

## COMMERCIAL HOTEL,...

Mrs. J. C. McDonald, Proprietress.

Rates \$1.50 Per Day.

Best accommodations, Rates Reasonable.

HEADQUARTERS FOR COMMERCIAL MEN.

Drummer's Sample Rooms.

SONORA,

TEXAS.

## GRIMLAND & ALLISON. STAR BRAND SHOES ARE BETTER.

Our Spring stock of Mens, Ladies and Childrens Low Cut Shoes are here. They consist of the Latest Styles, Shapes and Colors, for Spring and Summer wear.

Also new line of Mens and Boys Straw Hats and Caps, Dress Pants and Shirts. Ladies and Mens Hosiery. Give us a Call.

YOURS TO PLEASE.

## Grimland & Allison.

SPECIAL ATTENTION GIVEN FOR ORDERS FOR MADE TO MEASURE CLOTHING.

## SurpriZe Tailoring Company

Geo. M. McDonald, Proprietor,

I AM A BOOSTER FOR SONORA—HELP ME FRIENDS AND WATCH THE "SURPRIZE" GROW.

Coats, Pants, Suits, Skirts, and Dresses Ordered, Altered, Cleaned, Pressed and Dyed Ladies Work a Specialty.

Satisfaction Guaranteed

Old Hats Made New.

Work Called For and Delivered

Morris Block, Sonora, Texas

Phone 87.

## 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, April 13, 1913.

John D. Lowrey

John D. Lowrey is a candidate for re-election to the office of District and County Clerk of Sutton county. His office and records are in good shape and he is asking the support of the voters on his record and attentiveness to his official duties.

Quite ordered at a 10 per cent discount for cash in advance. The Sonora Pantitorium.

## Accidentally Killed.

It was reported in Sonora Sunday that Lon Cowser while out turkey shooting near his farm on the North Llano was killed by the discharge of his shot gun while crawling through a wire fence. Mr. Cowser a few years ago drove the stage for Mr. Ames between Sonora and San Angelo. He was between 45 and 50 years of age.

Dr. Robichaux the dentist in Eldorado on professional business.

W. L. Souther of Big Springs was in Sonora Friday on business.

E. E. Sawyer, banker and ex stockman, has donated two lights for the Sonora Club Hall. They will be here for the 26th.

Ladies fine work done at the Sonora Pantitorium by an expert workman.

J. G. Barton bought a run-around Buick auto this week from Montague Edo auto Co., of San Angelo, J. S. Barton and Sherry Johnson made the

## Devote Takes Least Gallons: Always.

Paint Devote; it's the cheapest paint in the world; never mind the price; it may or may not be more. Less gallons will paint the house; and the paint will outwear anything.

Skip wear; you've got to wait, to find that out. It covers more; you haven't got to wait to find that out.

It's the cheapest of all; no matter about the price.

N. R. Watkins, Lott, Texas, used 13 gallons on his house before; bought 13 gallons Devote for the same house and had 6 left.

C. B. Edwards, of Edwards & Broughton, printers, Raleigh, N. C. used 30 gallons Devote on his house; bought 30 gallons Devote for the same and had 16 left. That's how.

Sold by E. F. Vander Stucken Co.

## After the 19th

The Sonora Mercantile Co. and E. F. Vander Stucken Co's will close their stores at 7 o'clock in the evenings. Place your orders early.

## Jack For Sale.

Seven year old, 3-4 Maltese. Colts can be seen at my ranch about 15 miles south of Sonora. Range Service. Price \$200.

Apply to,  
W. C. Strackbain  
Sonora, Texas.

184t

## 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.

45

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.

## Motorcycle For Sale.

Excelsior make—4 horse power, in first class conditions at a bargain. Can be seen at Cole & Whites garage.

S. L. Kirk  
Sonora, Texas.

Max Mayer of El Paso was a visitor in Sonora this week. His many friends were pleased to see him.

The Sonora Postoffice opened its Postal Saving Bank department Friday. No run was made for the office until the mail was distributed.

A valuable dressing for flesh wounds, burns, scalds, old sores, rash, chafed skin, is BALLARD'S SNOW LINIMENT, it is both healing and antiseptic. Price 25c, 50c and \$1.00 per bottle. Sold by All Druggists.

Trade at home. Buy from your home people. Make your home town prosperous. Assist your home town to be progressive. Encourage your home town schools by sending your children to them. In fact do every thing for and nothing against your home town. Think about it.

## Almost A Miracle.

One of the most startling changes ever seen in any man, according to W. B. Holsclaw, Clarendon, Tex., was effected years ago in his brother. "He had such a dreadful cough," he writes, "that all our family thought he was going into consumption, but he began to use Dr. King's New Discovery, and was completely cured by ten bottles. Now he is sound and well and weighs 218. For many years our family has used this wonderful remedy for Coughs and Colds with excellent results." It's quick safe, reliable and guaranteed. Price 50c and \$1.00. Trial bottle free at Nathan Pharmacy.

## After the 19th

The E. F. Vander Stucken Co., and Sonora Mercantile Co., will close their stores at 7 o'clock in the evenings. Place your orders early.

## DR. L. F. ROBICHAUX.

DENTIST

Hours 9 to 12 a. m., 3 to 6 p. m.

Office in residence.

Phone connection.

Sonora, Texas.

## San Antonio, Mexico & Rockport

There is an English syndicate that desires to build or is building a railroad from San Antonio to Rockport and is also looking for an outlet north. Presumably they have an objective point in the great north west. The Western part of Texas needs all the railroads it can get and in this connection the News would suggest that Sonora is the gateway for railway extensions north from San Antonio to Big Springs, Midland or Pecos. The Johnson Park of the Guadalupe from Kerrville to the Live Oak ranch, owned by Captain Charles Schriener of Kerrville, thence along the divide to Rock Springs to Sonora and the north-west. Some few miles would be necessary but there would be no rivers to cross and the cost of keeping up the road would practically nothing. Why not have the Commercial Club of Sonora get in touch with the officers of the San Antonio Mexico & Rockport Railway. R. R. Russell of San Antonio is an officer of the company and it should be an easy matter to show him that the Kerrville, Rock Springs and Sonora route is more feasible than the Junction, Menard or Mc Kavett route. Naturally of course it depends on where is their destination. Sonora is naturally a place for North and South and East and West connection and could afford to pay a handsome bonus for the Rockport road.

C. E. Walker of Uvalde who was in Sonora this week says the interests who own the Uvalde to Crystal City railroad are looking for an outlet to the north and they intend coming through Sonora via Barkedale and Rock Springs. Mr. Walker says Sonora is about 135 miles from Uvalde and that there is nothing to keep the road from coming this way.

Lame Shoulder is nearly always due to rheumatism of the muscles, and quickly yields to the free application of Chamberlain's Liniment. For sale by All Dealers.

Easter services were held at the Methodist Church Sunday by Rev. J. D. Worrell.

Phone 117 The Sonora Pantitorium for cleaning, pressing, altering and dyeing.

The Sonora boys play ball in Eldorado today. Here's wishing them luck.

20 per cent discount on boys knickerbocker suits, where cash is paid in advance, at the Sonora Pantitorium.

Mrs. E. L. Hearn and baby are visiting relatives of Mr. Hearn in San Angelo.

In cases of rheumatism relief from pain makes sleep and rest possible. This may be obtained by applying Chamberlain's Liniment. For sale by all Dealers.

The dining room of the Commercial Hotel was the scene of pleasure Monday night. An impromptu hop participated in by about 10 couples being the occasion. The Uvalde band furnished the music.

The San Angelo Standard says "the unidentified" in the Dryden train robbery whose linen was marked "H. C. B." has been identified as J. B. Flood, alias H. C. Benson who was in the pen with Kilpatrick.

Rub the joints with BALLARD'S SNOW LINIMENT to relieve rheumatism. It penetrates the flesh to the bone conveying its soothing and restorative influence to the spot where the pain exists. Price 25c, 50c and \$1.00 per bottle. Sold by All Druggists.

M. L. Wyatt and President Bacon of the Wooten Grocery Co., of Abilene and San Angelo were in Sonora this week. Mr. Wyatt knows the Sonora trade is and brought the President down to show him. Mr. Wyatt thinks the Orient receivers will build into Sonora at an early date.

Bad breath, bitter taste, dizziness and a general "no account" feeling is a sure sign of torpid liver, HERBINE is the medicine needed. It makes the liver active vitalizes the blood, regulates the bowels and restores a fine feeling of energy and cheerfulness. Price 50c. Sold by All Druggists.

H. H. Sparks and son Fred of Kansas City were in Sonora this week. Mr. Sparks who rustled so much business for the Orient while livestock agent for the company is prospecting for a small ranch in the Sonora country. The News hopes Mr. Sparks will find a suitable location.

## BRIGHT EASTER. Fine Rain Falls.

The rain which began falling in Sonora about 6 o'clock Saturday night was probably the heaviest down pour that has occurred here in 20 years. Within 24 hours 3 and a third inches fell, and in places within a mile to twelve miles east of Sonora the precipitation must have been as much as 5 inches; in fact a cloud burst, both the draws in the Murphy pasture came down in full force and washed away fences enroute to the main draw. The cloud burst seems to have headed between College Hill and H. B. Harris Heights and the draws in the Murphy section came down with such force joined by the drainage from the College Hill made it necessary for some people to move out.

The hail which accompanied the rain made it very unpleasant for those who were out in it. Cal Ory started to do the heroic act of saving the women and children when a broncho broke loose and maddened by the hail jumped over the Mercantile Co's new wagon, Mr. Ory however did not know that his wagon was damaged and continued on to the rescue.

The rain continued almost all night and the McKavett and San Angelo draws were running Sunday morning. The washing out of Sonora's natural drainage channels should greatly improve the health of the community—IF THE PEOPLE WILL ONLY DO THEIR DUTY by cleaning, fumigating and disinfesting their premises.

Remember that the brush, cat claw or merquite or even a wire fence that catches a drift of old papers, rags or debris is the home of germs. The life of yourself or children is at stake. Clean up and advise your neighbors to do like wise. Just a little oil on a pool of water will kill the Mosquito but it's a good thing to screen the house.

The goat men were the heaviest losers on account of the storm that came when it was not reasonable for the goat business. The losses, however, we do not think were confined to the goat raisers. Some kinds of all classes of live stock suffered but what has survived will make good the loss as there is now a certainly of a good spring and grass will once again grow on the hills and in the valleys of the Stockman's Paradise.—But don't forget to clean up—Not only in town but on the ranches.

Constipation brings many ailments in its train and is the primary cause of much sickness. Keep your bowels regular madam, and you will escape many of the ailments to which woman are subject. Constipation is a very simple thing but like many simple things it may lead to serious consequences. Nature often needs a little assistance and when Chamberlain's Tablets are given at the first indication much distress and suffering may be avoided. Sold by All Dealers.

Misses Clara and Dollie Allison returned Monday from Galveston where the latter has successfully operated upon and is much improved in health. It will be necessary, however for her to again visit the hospital in a month or six weeks.

When a medicine must be given to young children it should be pleasant to take. Chamberlain's Cough Remedy is made from loaf sugar, and the roots used in its preparation give it a flavor similar to maple syrup, making it pleasant to take. It has no superior for colds, croup and whooping cough. For sale by All Dealers.

The jury in the George Brown case at Eastling, charged by indictment with killing his wife near Brownwood, found defendant guilty and assessed his punishment at life imprisonment. Brown was formerly of San Saba county.

## Jennet Owners.

We are the owners of the Big Black Missouri Jack formerly owned by G. S. Allison named "John." Many enquiries were made about this Jack last year and we take this means of letting Jennet owners know that his service will be available for Jennets after June 1st at our ranch of the North Llano. No Mares taken. Fees \$25 the season with privilege of return.

Q. Linn & Mat Adams,  
P. O. Roosevelt, Texas.

## A Mexican K Ued.

His East end, lease of the Taylor ranch 30 miles southeast of Sonora became involved in a difficulty with a goat herder, Saturday afternoon. Mr. Eastland did not have a phone at the ranch but phoned the officers Sunday morning. B. C. DeWitt Justice of the Peace of Precinct, No 7, was required to make the trip to hold the inquest because there was no J. P. in that community. Deputy Sheriff Steadham accompanied. The roads were very heavy and it was Monday before the coroner reached the scene.

The name of the Mexican, who was from Harper, Texas, was Amanda Salinas and was between 30 and 35 years of age. The bullet that caused his death was in the opinion of the officers one that entered the middle of the back and raged downward through the vital organs. One shot grazed the left side setting fire to his shirt and another entered the left thigh. Mr. Eastland was placed under \$2,500 bond to await action of grand jury. Deputy Sheriff Steadham remained at the ranch to care for the live stock interests.

The herder had been employed by Mr. Eastland about 28 days and had been bringing in the goats earlier than Mr. Eastland wished and became angry when cautioned not to do so again. When Mr. Eastland was leaving the camp the Mexican sprang and grappled for Eastlands gun. The combat resulted as stated above. Mr. Eastland phoned the officers from the Guzman ranch.

## STOCK NEWS.

J. B. Shurley of Sonora received the Jack bought from Stanley Turner of Water Valley Wednesday. He was a big fine looking two year old and cost \$600.

Roy Henderson and Joe McKee were in Sonora Friday enroute to the John Henderson ranch in Crockett county with 18 head of Registered Herefords bought at Menard sale conducted by Messrs. Bunker, Eddings and Latham. These ages were ones to 4's and the average price was \$93.

## REGISTERED HEREFORDS BULLS FOR SALE.

80 head of Registered Hereford Bulls 1, 2, 3 year old. All Acclimated.

For further particulars write, phone, or see.

C. C. Yaw,  
Mayer, Texas.

## For Sale-- At a Bargain

NEW RACING HACK AND  
DOUBLE SET OF HARNESS

J. J. NORTH.

## Read This.

If you have any stock or cattle not doing well, it will pay you to see C. O. Parker, U. S. Veterinary surgeon and dentist. Will be in Sonora the 15th to 20th of April, prepared to do all kinds of Veterinary work.

## Ranch Loans.

I am prepared to make ranch loans in any part of Texas. No loans too large where the security is satisfactory. If interested write me.

B. E. Hurlburt,  
Loans & Investments,  
182 Brownwood, Texas.

Thursday 300 head of yearlings bought by Fayette Tankersley in Tom Green county of Dr. DeLong and Mr. Adams, arrived here over the Orient and were driven to Mr. Tankersley's pasture southeast of town. Mr. Tankersley was present at San Angelo to receive the cattle. —Merton Star.

For the purpose of improving the standard of his cattle on his Menard county ranch, H. B. Opp of San Angelo, has purchased fifteen head of pure blooded young Hereford bulls from the J. E. Boog Scott herd of Coleman county. The terms of the sale are private. —Standard.

Z. Bors of Benbrook Texas, bought this week from Sam Williams 245 head of three-year-old steers at \$35.50 per head.

W. W. Barbee sold last week to H. W. Finley, 840 acres of land 7 miles south of Eldorado, considerable being \$3,840.

On last Saturday night during the rain a terrible stroke of lightning killed one of Ed Bratton's best horses. Mr. Bratton says the ground was torn up for yards around the spot where the horse was killed, and looks as if it had been blasted. —Eldorado Times.



Advertising Medium of the  
Stockman's Paradise.  
Subscription \$2 a Year in Advance  
Entered at the Postoffice at Sonora  
second-class matter.

SONORA, TEXAS, April 13, 1912.

### BLUFFING IN BUSINESS.

American Traits as Seen by a Caustic  
English Critic.

If the amount of talk were any  
criterion of the amount of business  
done or of the quickness in doing  
it, then indeed the American would  
have the palm. How many business  
conversations in America begin  
with, "I want to say to you right  
now, before we go any further—"  
and what is that said? Generally,  
if the conversation is opening  
some business transaction, a great  
overture of bluff and bounce and  
brag.

Briefly summarized, what the  
American wants to say to his business  
friend or opponent is (a) to give  
him a brief account of his life and  
career; (b) to explain that the  
issue of this transaction is not of  
great importance to him one way  
or the other; (c) that price is not  
of importance and that it is not his  
habit to let a thousand dollars here  
and there stand in his way if he  
wants a thing; (d) that no other  
person in that particular trade is in  
that fortunate position and that  
most of his rivals are on the verge  
of bankruptcy; (e) that the other  
party will find that it will pay to  
put himself entirely in the speaker's  
hands, that this is only one transac-  
tion and that many others may fol-  
low it; (f) that what the speaker  
does not know about this particular  
business is not worth knowing and  
has probably happened since break-  
fast; (g) that they had better go  
out to lunch and talk it over; (h)—  
some hour and a half later—that he  
has no more time that day to talk  
about it, but that they had better  
make an appointment for the mor-  
row and go right into the whole  
matter, with the result that a simi-  
lar interview takes place on the  
morning and the deal is probably  
broken off on a question of \$50.

And that particular man will go  
home feeling that he has had a  
busy and important day and that  
the pace at which he lives is fright-  
ful—"American Traits," by Filsen  
Young, in Metropolitan Magazine.

### Enter the Villain.

Scene—Dinner party at the house  
of a well known peer.

"When I took my first brief,"  
said the prosperous barrister, re-  
counting his career, "I was very  
nervous and excited, especially as  
my client was a bad egg. He was a  
man of good family, whose name  
would have been fatally tarnished  
had the rascal been convicted. Happi-  
ly, I managed to get the beggar off."

After dinner a multimillionaire  
entered. He was a friend of the  
host, who presented the K. C. to him.  
"I do not need to be introduced to  
this gentleman," observed the  
millionaire patronizingly. "I met  
him long ago. In fact, I gave him  
his start in life. I was his first  
client."

The noisy hilarity which greeted  
this announcement was never ex-  
plained to the late comer.—London  
Tit-Bits.

### A Lucid Explanation.

When the Lexington avenue car  
was near Fifty-ninth street a short,  
rotund woman signaled to the con-  
ductor. He rang the bell. The wo-  
man arose, walked forward, sat  
down beside another woman, and  
they began to talk. Meanwhile the  
car stood still.

"Do you wish to get off the car,  
lady?" the conductor inquired.

"No," she said.

"May I ask why you gave the sig-  
nal?"

"Yes, you may, and I'll tell you.  
I wanted to change my seat, but I  
didn't want to be thrown off my  
feet while I was making the  
change." And she calmly resumed  
her interrupted conversation.—  
New York Herald.

### Knew Human Nature.

A physician of France was in the  
habit of employing a very ingenious  
artifice. When he came to a town  
where he was not known he pre-  
tended to have lost his dog and or-  
dered the public officer to offer, with  
beat of drum, a reward of 25 louis  
to whoever should bring it to him.  
The officer took care to men-  
tion all the titles and academic hon-  
ors of the doctor, as well as his  
place of residence. He soon became  
the talk of the town. "Do you  
know," says one, "that a famous  
physician has come here, a very  
clever fellow? He must be very  
rich, for he offers 25 louis for find-  
ing his dog." The dog was not  
found, but patients were.

### From His Own Experience.

A west end schoolteacher was at-  
tempting to drill the class in the  
use of the word "felt." She ex-  
pected some of the children to say  
"The ice felt cold" or "The stove  
felt hot," or something of that sort.  
She was much discouraged when  
one little alien who had raised his  
hand to volunteer a sentence said,  
"I felt down stairs."—Boston Post.

## SPLENDID HAZARD

BY

### Harold McGrath.

COPYRIGHT, 1910, BY BOBBS  
MERRILL COMPANY.

on the waters which had released it so  
grudgingly.

"I guess it ain't gold 't' be any of  
prate this time," replied Mr. Donovan  
with a pleasurable squeeze of the pocket  
book over his head.

"Hi! There she goes! Good luck!"  
cried the station agent, swinging his  
hat with gusto.

The voyagers were gathered about  
the stern rail, and a handkerchief or  
two fluttered in the wind. For an  
instant the green wooded hills and the  
white cottages nesting at their base  
and turning by turns were glimpses  
of the noble old house at the top of  
the hill. And some looked upon it for  
the last time.

"I've had a jolly time up there,"  
said Fitzgerald. The gulls swooped  
as they crossed and recrossed the  
milky wake. "Better time than I de-  
served."

"Are you still worried about that  
adventure?" Laura demanded. "Dis-  
miss it from your mind, and let it be  
as if we had known each other for  
many years."

"Do you really mean that?"  
"To be sure I do," promptly. "But  
Mrs. Goldfield had given me a guar-  
antee before I addressed you."

"There never was a girl quite like  
this one. He purlined a sidelong  
glance at her. The rich pigment in  
the blood mantled her cheeks, and in  
her eyes there was still a bit of cap-  
tive sunshine. He knew now that  
what had been only a possibility was  
an assured fact. Never before had he  
cursed his father's friends, but he did  
so now silently and earnestly, for  
their pilfering fingers and their plausi-  
ble lies had robbed his father's son  
of a fine inheritance. Money, never  
had he desired it so keenly. What  
earthly chance had he? Unconsciously  
he shrugged.

"You are shuddering!" she cried, not-  
ing the expression, for if he was se-  
cretly observing her she was surrepti-  
tiously contemplating his own advan-  
tages.

"Did I shrug?"  
"You certainly did."  
"Well, candidly, 't was the thought  
of money that made me do it."  
"I detest it too."

"Good heavens, I didn't say I de-  
tested it! What I shrugged about  
was my own dreary lack of it."

"Bachelors do not require much."

"That's true, but I no longer desire  
to remain a bachelor." The very thing



"GRACIOUS! THAT SOUNDS HORRIBLY LIEK  
A PROPOSAL."

that saved him was the added laughter,  
forced, miserably forced. Fool! The  
words had slipped without his think-  
ing.

"Gracious! That sounds horribly like  
a proposal." She beamed upon him  
merrily.

And his heart sank, for he had been  
expecting enough for all his blunder.  
Mankie, he did not grasp the fact that  
under the circumstance meritment was  
all she could offer him if she would  
save him from his own stupidity.

Then of a sudden the red rim of the  
sun vanished behind the setting land-  
scape, and all the grim loveliness of  
the sea rose up to greet them.

"It is lonely. Let us go and prepare  
for dinner. Look!" pointing to a  
bright star far down the east. "And  
Corcoran lies that way."

"And also madness?" was his  
thought.

"Oh, it seems not quite true that we  
are all going a-venturing as they do in  
the story books. The others think we  
are just going to Funchal. Remember,  
you must not tell. Think of it. A  
real treasure, every franc of which  
must tell a story of its own—love, hero-  
ism and devotion."

"Beautiful! But there must be a  
rescuing of princesses and fighting  
and all that. I choose the part of re-  
maining by the princess."

"It is yours." She tilted back her  
head and breathed and breathed. She  
knew the love of living.

"Lucky we are all good sailors!"  
he said. "There will be a fair sea on  
all night. But how well she rides!"  
"I love every beam and bolt of her."

Shoulder to shoulder they bore for-  
ward to the companionway, and im-  
mediately the door banged after them.

Bretmann came out from behind  
the funnel and walked the deck for a  
time. He had studied the two from  
his shelter. What were they saying?  
Oh, Fitzgerald was clever and witty  
and good to look at, but—Bretmann  
straightened his arms before him,  
opened and shut his hands vio-  
lently. Like that he would break him  
if he interfered with any of his de-  
sires. It would be fully twenty days  
before they made Ajaccio. Many  
things might happen before that time.  
Two or three of the crew were lath-  
ing on the rail canvas, and the snap

and flap of it jarred on Bretmann's  
nerves. For a week or more his  
nerves had been very close to the sur-  
face, so close that it had required all  
his will to keep his voice and hands  
from shaking. As he passed one of the  
sailors doffed his cap and bowed with  
great respect.

"That's not the admiral, Alphonse,"  
whispered another of the crew, chuck-  
ling. "It's only his private secretary."

"Ah, I had mistaken!"

But Alphonse had made no mistake.  
He knew who it was. His mates did  
not see the smile of irony, of sly rid-  
icule, which stirred his lips as he bowed  
to the passer. Immediately his  
rather handsome effeminate face re-  
sumed a stolid vacancy.

His name was not Alphonse. It was  
a captain offering by the crew, which  
on this yacht never went further than  
to tolerate the addition of a foreigner  
to their mess. He had signed a day or  
two before sailing. He had even beg-  
ged for the honor to ship with Cap-  
tain Flanagan, and he gave his name  
as Pierre Picard, to which he had no  
more right than to Alphonse. As Cap-  
tain Flanagan was too good a sailor  
himself to draw distinctions, he was  
always glad to add a foreign tongue  
to his crew. You never could tell  
when its use might come in handy.

That is why Pierre Picard was al-  
lowed to drink his soup in the fore-  
castle mess.

Bretmann continued on, oblivious to  
all things save his cogitations. He  
swung round the bridge. He believed  
that he and Cathewe could henceforth  
proceed on parallel lines, and there was  
much to be grateful for. Cathewe was  
quiet, but deep, and he, Bretmann,  
had knocked about among that sort and  
knew that they were to be respected.

In all he had made only one serious  
blunder. He should never have per-  
mitted the vision of a face to deter him.  
He should have taken the things from  
the safe and vanished. It had not been  
a matter of compunction. And yet—  
ah, he was human, whatever his dream  
might be!

And he loved this beautiful Ameri-  
can girl with all his heart and mind. It  
was not loveless love, but it was ruth-  
less. When the time was ripe he would  
speak. Only a little while now to wait.  
The course had smoothed out; the sail-  
ing was easy. The man in the chim-  
ney no longer bothered him. Whoever  
and whatever he was, he had not shot  
his bolt soon enough.

Hildegarde von Mitter—was she to  
be the flaw in the chain? No, no; there  
should be no regret. He had steeled  
his heart against any such weakness.  
She had not been necessary, and he would  
be a fool to pause over a bit of senti-  
mentality. Her appearance had de-  
organized his nerves; that was all.

Peering into his watch, he found that  
he had only half an hour before dinner.  
And it may be added that he dressed  
with singular care.

So did Fitzgerald, for that matter,  
and it took Cathewe just as long.

And this night Hildegarde von Mitter  
was meditating on the last hour for  
her hopes. She determined to cast once  
more the full sum of her beauty into  
the face of the man she loved, and if she  
failed to win the fault would not be  
hers.

Never again would the splendor of  
her beauty burn as it did this night.

Laura, alone among them all, went  
serenely about her toilet. She was  
young and love had not yet spread its  
puzzles before her feet.

On the bridge the first officer was  
standing at the captain's side.

"Captain," he shouted, "where did  
you get that Frenchman?"

"Picked him up day before yesterday.  
Speak fair English an' a bit o' dago.  
They're allus handy on a pleasure  
boat. He'll keep off the reef, but  
men. An' you know what persistent  
cusses they be in the Mediterranean  
Why?"

"Oh, nothing, if he's a good sailor.  
Notice his hands?"

"Why, no!"

"Soft as a woman's."

"Y' don't say! Well, we'll see 'em  
tough enough before we sight Fun-  
chal."

There was one vacant chair in the  
dining saloon. M. Ferraud was indis-  
posed. He could climb the highest  
peak, he could cross ice ridges with a  
sheer mile on either side of him, with  
never an attack of vertigo, but this  
heaving mystery under his feet always  
got the better of him the first day out.  
He considered it the one flaw in an  
otherwise perfect system. Thus he  
missed the comedy and the tragedy  
of the eyes at dinner nor saw a wo-  
man throw her all and lose it.

"Is there anything I can do for you?"  
asked Fitzgerald, venturing his head  
into M. Ferraud's cabin.

"I am always so. I will all be  
gone. I am always so. The miserable  
water!" M. Ferraud drew the blanket  
under his chin.

"When you are better I should like  
to ask you some questions."

"My friend, you have been very good.  
I promise to tell you all when the time  
comes. It will interest you."

Fitzgerald shut the door and returned  
to the smoking room. Something of  
other concerning Bretmann—he was  
sure of it. What had he done or what  
was he going to do that France should  
watch him? There was no doubt in  
his mind now. Bretmann had known  
of this treasure and had come to the  
Pines simply to put his hands on the  
casket.

Then M. Ferraud had tried to fore-  
stall him. This much of the riddle was  
plain. But the pivots upon which these  
things turned? There was something  
more than a treasure in the balance.

Well, M. Ferraud had told him to  
wait. There was nothing else for him  
to do.

A little rubber at bridge was in pro-  
gress. The admiral was playing with

It Looks Like a Crime  
to separate a boy from a box of  
Bucklen's Arnica salve. His  
pimples, boils, scratches, knocks,  
sprains and bruises demand it, and  
its quick relief for burns, scalds,  
or cuts is his right. Keep it handy  
for boys, also girls. Heals every-  
thing healable and does it quick.  
Unequaled for piles. Only 25c.  
at Nathan Pharmacy.

Puts End to Bad Habit.  
Tingals never look bright to one  
with "the blues." Ten to one the  
trouble is a sluggish liver, filling  
the system with bilious poisons,  
that Dr. King's New Life Pills  
would expel. Try them. Let the  
joy of better feelings end "the  
blues." Best of stomach, liver and  
kidneys. 25c. Nathan Pharmacy.

Mrs. Goldfield, and Cathewe sat oppo-  
site Hildegarde. The latter two were  
losing. She was ordinarily a skillful  
player, as Cathewe knew; but tonight  
she lost constantly, was reckless with  
her leads and played carelessly into her  
opponents' hands. Cathewe watched  
her gravely. Never had he seen her  
more beautiful, and the apprehension  
that she would never be his was like a  
hand straining over his heart.

How many times he stood on the  
precipice during the dinner hour  
Bretmann doubtless would never be  
told. A woman scorned is an old story.  
Still, the story goes on, retold each  
day. The red fires of revenge danced  
before Hildegarde von Mitter's eyes,  
blurring the spots on the cards, the  
blackness of despair crowding upon  
each flash. Let him beware! With a  
word she could shatter his dream—aye,  
and so she would. What—sit there and  
let him turn the knife in her heart  
and receive the pain meekly? No. It  
was the thoughtless brutality with  
which he went about this new affair  
that bit so poignantly. With all her  
beauty, intellect, genius and generos-  
ity, she had not been able to stir him  
as this young girl was unconsciously  
doing. She held no animosity for the  
daughter of her host. She was clear  
visioned enough to put the wrong  
where it belonged.

"It is your lead," said the admiral  
patiently.

"Pardon me," contritely. The gen-  
tle reproach brought her back to the  
surroundings. "It is the motion of the  
boat," hazarded Cathewe as he saw  
her lead the ace. "I often find myself  
losing count in waiting for the next  
roll."

"Mr. Cathewe is very kind," she re-  
plied. "The truth is, however, I am  
simply stupid tonight."

Bretmann continued to speak lovingly  
to Laura. He was evidently amusing,  
for she smiled frequently. Neverthe-  
less she smiled as often upon Fitz-  
gerald—never a glance toward the wo-  
man who held his fortunes, as they  
both believed, in the hollow of her  
hand. Bretmann appeared to have  
forgotten her existence.

When the rubber was finished Cath-  
ewe came into the breach by sug-  
gesting that they two, he and his part-  
ner, should take the air for awhile,  
and Hildegarde thanked him with her  
eyes. They tramped the port side, say-  
ing nothing, but thinking much. His  
arm was under hers to steady her, and  
he could feel the catch each time she  
breathed, as when one stifles sobs that  
are tearless. Ah, to hold her close  
and to shield her, but a thousand arms  
may not intervene between the heart  
and the pain that stabs it. He knew—  
he knew all about it, and there was  
murder in his thought whenever his  
thought was of Bretmann. To be  
alone with him somewhere and to fight  
it out with their bare hands!

She had been schooled in the art of  
acting, but not in the art of dissim-  
ulation. She had been of the world  
without having been worldly, and  
sometimes she was as frank and sin-  
cere as a child. And worldliness makes  
a buffer in time like this. Cathewe  
thanked God for his own shell, tough-  
ened as it had been in the war of  
life.

They paused by the rail. Without  
warning she bent swiftly and kissed  
his hand, which lay upon the rail.

"How kind you are to me!"

"Oh, please!" But the touch of her  
lips shook his soul.

Cathewe was one of those sure,  
quiet men, a staff to lean on, that a  
woman may find once in a lifetime.  
They are as a usual thing always lov-  
ing deeply and without success, but  
always invariably cheerful and buoy-  
ant—genuine philosophers. He knew  
that the whole heart of Hildegarde  
von Mitter had yielded to another.  
But it had been thrown, as it were,  
against a wall. There was this one  
hope, dimly burning, that some day  
he might catch it on the rebound.

"Why are not all men like you?" she  
asked.

"The world would not be half so in-  
teresting. Some men shall be fortune-  
ate and others shall not. Everything  
has to balance in some way."

"To have met you," childishly.

"Don't talk like that. It always  
makes me less sad than furious.  
We'll go on as we have done in the  
past, good friends. Call me when you  
need me, and wherever I am I shall  
come."

"How pitifully weak I must seem to  
you?"

"You would be no happier if you  
wore a mask. Hildegarde, what has  
happened? What power has this ad-  
venturer over you? I cannot under-  
stand. He was man enough to say  
that you were guiltless of any wrong."

"He said that?" turning upon him  
sharply. She could forgive much.

He could not see her face, but by  
the tone of her voice he knew it had  
brightened. "Hildegarde," and he  
pressed his hand down—hard over  
hers, "I could find a place for you  
and I would love you. The day  
will always remember that."

"As if I could ever forget your kind-  
ness! Much as I know him there are  
still some unfiled pages. I would  
call him a scoundrel did I not know  
that in parts he has been a hero.  
What sacrifices the man has made  
and with what patience!"

"To what end?" quietly.

"No, no, Arthur! I have promised  
him."

He took her by the arm roughly.  
"Let us make two or three rounds  
and go back. We shan't grow any  
more cheerful talking this way."

"He loves her. I saw it in his eyes,  
and I must stand aside and watch!"

"So must I," he said. "Aren't you  
just a little selfish, Hildegarde?"

"I am wretched, Arthur, and I am a  
fool besides. Oh, that I were cold  
blooded like your women that I could  
put out my heart in secret, but I can't,  
I can't!"

"But you have courage. Only use it.  
If what you say of him is true rest  
easy. She is not in his orbit. She will  
not be impressed by an adventurer of  
his breed."

"Thank you!" with a broken laugh.

"I am only an opera singer, here on  
a pleasure."

"Oh, I did not mean it that way.  
Let us finish the walk," savagely.

On the afternoon of the second day  
out tea was served under the awning,  
and Captain Flanagan condescended  
to leave his bridge for half an hour.

"Say," said the captain, drinking his  
tea, not because he liked it, but be-  
cause it was customary. "I've got a  
character forwards. I'm allus shippin'  
lands like a lady."

Bretmann leaned forward, and M.  
Ferraud sat up.

"Yessir," continued the captain,  
"speaks Italian an' English. An' if

WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH HIS HANDS?"  
ASKED THE ADMIRAL.

I ever meets a lady with long, soft  
fingers like his'n I'm for a pert talk  
straightaway."

"What's the matter with his hands?"  
asked the admiral.

"Why, commodore, they're as soft as  
Miss Laura's here, an' yet when th'  
big Swede who handles th' baggage  
was a foolin' with him this mornin' it  
was the Swede who begs off. Nary a  
callous, an' yet he bows th' big one  
round th' deck like he was a liner  
boin' plerced by a sassy tug. An'  
what gets me is he knows every bolt  
from stem to stern, sir, an' an all  
around good sailor int' th' bargain, an'  
it don't take me more'n twelve hours t'  
find that out. Well, I'm off t' th'  
bridge. Good day, ladies."

Bretmann rose presently and saun-  
tered forward, while M. Ferraud  
snuggled down in his rug again. The  
others entered into a game of deck  
cricket.

But M. Ferraud was not so ill that  
he was unable to steal from his cabin  
at half after 9 at night without even  
the steward being aware of his de-  
parture. It cannot be said that he  
roamed about the deck, for whenever  
he moved it was in the shadow and  
always forward. By and by voices  
drifted down the wind. One he knew  
and expected, Bretmann's. Of the  
other he was not sure, though the  
French he spoke was of classic  
smoothness. M. Ferraud was exceed-  
ingly interested. He had been wait-  
ing for this meeting. Only a phrase  
or two could be heard distinctly. But  
words were not necessary. What he  
desired above all things was a glimpse  
of this Frenchman's face. After sev-  
eral minutes Bretmann went aft. M.  
Ferraud stepped out cautiously, and  
luck was with him. The sailor to  
whom Bretmann had spoken so car-  
nestly was looting against the rail in  
the act of lighting a cigarette. The  
light from the match was feeble, but  
it sufficed the keen eyes of the watch-  
er. He gasped a little. Strong hands  
indeed! Here in the garb of a com-  
mon sailor was one of the foremost  
Orientalists in France!

CHAPTER XIV.  
LIKING IS NEVER LOVING.

BREITMANN and the admiral  
usually worked from 10 till  
luncheon unless it was too  
stormy, and then the admiral  
took the day off. The business under  
hand was of no great moment. It  
was rather an outlet for the admiral's  
energy and gave him something to  
look forward to in each day come  
round. Many a morning he longed  
for the quarterdeck of his old battle-  
ship. Since his country had no fur-  
ther use for him and as it was as ne-  
cessary as air to his lungs that he  
tread the deck of a ship he had pur-  
chased the Laura.

"That will be all this morning, Mr.  
Bretmann," he said, rising and look-  
ing out of the porthole.

"Come in, Laura, come in."

The girl stood framed in the low  
foorway, a charming picture to the old  
man, and a lovely one to the secretary.  
She balanced herself with a hand on  
each side of the jam.

"Father, how do you work when  
the sun is so beautiful outside? Good  
morning, Mr. Bretmann," cooingly.

"Good morning."

"Work is over, Laura. Come in."

The admiral reached forth an arm and  
caught her, drawing her gently in and  
finally to his breast.

Bretmann would have given an eye  
for that right. The picture set his  
nerves twitching.

"I am not in the way?"

"Not at all," answered the secretary.  
"I was just leaving." And with good  
forethought he passed out.

"A thing of beauty is a joy forever,"  
murmured the admiral.

"Fudge!" And he looked at  
(continued next week)

Notice to Tresspassers  
Notice is hereby given that all  
trespassers on my ranch east of  
Sonora for the purpose of cutting  
timber, hauling wood or hunting  
hogs without my permission, will  
be prosecuted to the full extent of  
the law.

W. J. FIELDS,  
Sonora, Texas.

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I gave up and thought I would die, but my husband urged me to try Cardui, so, I began, and the first bottle helped me. By the time the third bottle was used, I could do all my work. All the people around here said I would die, but Cardui relieved me."

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