

DEVIL'S RIVER NEWS.

VOL 22

SONORA, SUTTON CO., TEXAS, SATURDAY APRIL 27, 1912.

NO. 1120

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 awls. see 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 MURPHY, Proprietor.
STEVE MURPHY, Publisher.

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

Sonora, Texas, April 27, 1912.

THE RED SQUIRREL.

Ingenious Method by Which He Secures His Pine Cone Rations.

The chickaree, or red squirrel, lives chiefly upon the seeds of the black and the white spruce. His method of operation is ingenious, as would be expected of such a wide awake and enterprising creature.

He comes grow principally at the tops of the spruce trees, and the largest and the finest are always to be found there. The chickaree selects a tree distinguished either for the steepness and density of its upper part or for its leaning to one side, as either of these characteristics makes it certain that the cones, if detached, will fall to the ground. Then he cuts off the heavily laden twigs and lets them drop. This is done with an impatient rapidity.

Should a person be sitting quietly under a tree, while one of these busy little creatures is at work at the top he would see the bunches of cones come tumbling down in such quick succession that he might suppose that half a dozen squirrels were at work instead of only one industrious little fellow. These bunches seldom lodge in the branches below, but if the squirrel on his way down notices one of them arrested in a hopeful position toward the end of a bough he will sometimes run out and give it a second sendoff.

Those who have climbed tall spruce trees, especially in Canada, for observations of the surrounding country have often noticed bunches of cones lodged where, if started off a second time, they would be certain to catch again in the thick branches before reaching the ground. The squirrels seem to understand the situation perfectly and leave such bunches to their fate.

The chickaree, having thrown down a sufficient quantity for a few days' use, proceeds to carry them to his favorite feeding place nearby. He peels off the scales in succession and nibbles out the seed with great rapidity.—Exchange.

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

Washing the Windows.

"I have washed every window in my house myself and all in one forenoon," said a young woman who is noted for knowing the easiest and quickest ways to do housework. "And, what's more, I did not use a drop of water. No slopping around with wet rags for me."

"How do you manage it?" asked the friend.

"Just this way," was the reply. "I buy a pint of denatured alcohol, which will wash two dozen windows. Then I simply put a little on a cloth and rub the window briskly a moment. The dirt comes off in a twinkling and the windows are left clean and bright. It takes just one-half the time and is only one-quarter the work of the old soap and water way."—New York Sun.

One Way.

One cold day a man entered the bar parlor of an English country inn. Several habitués were huddled about the fire, and the stranger could not get near enough to warm himself. "Got any oysters?" he asked the landlord and, receiving an affirmative reply, added, "Open a dozen and take them out to my horse." All present crowded to the door to see a horse eat oysters, and the stranger took the most comfortable seat near the fire. Before long the landlord returned and said the horse refused to eat the shellfish. "Well, give 'em to me here, then!" said the traveler.

Made Him Careful.

"I tell you, Edgely," said Mr. Todd as they sat in the park, "the way women dress these days is absurd! And nine times out of ten it is the fault of men. Just for instance, take that woman coming down the path. Some fool husband has told her she looks perfectly charming in that outrageous getup, lacking the stamina to come right out bluntly and tell her that she looks positively ridiculous." Since this remark Mr. Todd has never been seen in public without his glasses. The woman was Mrs. Todd.—Judge.

A Job He Could Fill.

Papa—But hasn't your fiance got a job? Daughter—Not yet, but he's going to get one at \$25,000 a year. Papa—Indeed! Glad to hear it! What is he doing? Daughter—Well, he reads the paper of some man who has paid \$50,000 a year by the Bakers' association not to forge checks, and George is going to do it not to do it for half that.—Lack.

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

FAMOUS AMERICAN BELLS.

A Charleston Peal That Crossed the Ocean Five Times.

The old world boasts of many famous bells and chimes to which clings the association of romance and of poetry, but of all bells in the world none, perhaps, have had a more adventurous career than those of St. Michael's, at Charleston, S. C. The well authenticated story of this famous peal shows that the bells composing it have crossed the ocean no less than five times—once as a heap of twisted metal.

The St. Michael bells were cast in England some time before our Revolutionary war and brought to this country. When war against the old country began the Charleston peal was sent back to England so that it might not be injured. When the war was concluded the Charlestones clamored for their bells, and it became the duty of our first minister to the court of St. James to see that they were returned. His negotiations were successful, and the bells were, with much ceremony, reinstalled in the church.

Their next adventure came with the war between the states when the steeple of St. Michael's was made a target for the guns of the besiegers. The bells were removed for safety to Columbia, but later the sheds of the yard of the state-house wherein the bells had been stored were broken into and the bells smashed into fragments, the sheds being fired.

The bells were not, however, completely "done for." At the close of the war the pieces were carefully gathered and shipped to Liverpool, together with directions as to how they should be recast, the specifications being taken from the records of St. Michael's, which showed where the bells had been cast and the proportions.

It was found that the firm of bell founders which had cast the bells in the first place was still in existence, consisting of descendants of the original firm. The records of this firm showed that the proportions of the casting corresponded with those of record at St. Michael's, and so, under these circumstances, the recasting of the bells was not so difficult a matter. Accordingly, for the fifth time, they crossed the ocean and were set up at Charleston.—Philadelphia Record.

Rub the joints with BAL-LARD'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.

JUPITER'S RED SPOT.

May Be the First Continent Forming on That Liquid Planet.

Red spots have long been known to exist on the planet Jupiter, one of which is nearly as large as our own world. It is a little over 20,000 miles long and is oval in shape, and it appears regularly as the planet turns on its axis. This red spot is said to be the beginning of a new period in the history of Jupiter.

It is believed Jupiter is still a liquid mass owing to its intense heat and that this red spot represents a collection of matter that is forming the first island or continent on that globe. But it will be many millions of years yet before that immense planet will be adapted to the natural conditions that will produce either vegetable or animal life.

The red spot is being watched with interest. It has been found to have changed its location, moving almost the length of itself, and another feature of note is the even edges of the formation, which would indicate that it is being swept by a continual wave, which, of course, would keep the outline more regular than it will possibly be in time to come.

Many have wondered what color the earth would appear to be to a person thousands of miles out in space. It would be natural enough to suppose it would appear to be green. The sea has a greenish tint, and the major part of the surface of the land is covered with green vegetation, except during the winter seasons, when it might be reasonable to think at least a part of the planet would appear white.

The mists that form the fogs and clouds might change the aspect entirely and cause the world to look very different from what it would if viewed through a clearer atmosphere.

Some scientists advance the theory that the forty-five or more miles of atmosphere, filled with vapors of different kinds, would prevent the earth from being seen at all.

The fact is no one knows exactly how our globe would look to a human eye in space.

Mars has a red tint. The polar regions show white, and each of these increases and decreases as the season is supposed to change on that planet. The natural conclusion is that the vegetation or soil on Mars is red. This may be wrong, however, for there may exist conditions that would change the real appearance of that distant world.—Harper's Weekly.

Earthquake Myths.

Although earthquakes frequently occur side by side, it is believed that relationship between them is comparatively rare. In general earthquakes are more frequent in winter than in summer, and for certain regions subject to seismic disturbance there seems to be a sort of semi-annual period of activity for which as yet no satisfactory explanation has been given. Myths attributing earthquakes to underground monsters, or personages are frequent. Thus beneath Japan there is said to be a catfish, which is replaced elsewhere by a mole, a leg, an elephant or some other creature, which now and again becomes restless and shakes the globe. These mythical animals must indeed be of a restless habit, for science declares that some portion of the planet is shaking on the average every half hour.—New York Post.

Rain Gauge.

The simplest form of a rain gauge consists of a funnel with a definite area, say, of twelve inches, which fits in the mouth of a bottle. The rain that falls into the funnel runs or drips into the bottle, and the quantity is measured by means of a graduated glass. Suppose, for example, that in twenty-four hours the quantity collected measured two and three-tenths fluid ounces. This is equal to four cubic inches, and if the area of the funnel be twelve inches it follows that there has been a rainfall of one-third of an inch.

Engraving With Dynamite.

In the course of experiments to determine the strength of high explosives a curious effect was produced by placing freshly plucked flower leaves between two plates of panel steel and then exploding dynamite cartridges on the upper plate. The recoil drove the upper plate downward with such force as to catch exact impressions of the leaves before their delicate ribs had time to give way to the violence of the blow.—New York Press.

The Retort Gallant.

"At what age," she asked, "do you consider a woman to be most beautiful?" "At your age," he replied. "But any one might have said it. Her father had a million.—Exchange.

ELECTRIC BITTERS The Best Tonic, Mild Laxative, Family Medicine.

A MYSTERIOUS VISION.

Singular Dream That Foretold the Fate of Major Andre.

The following instance may serve to strikingly justify Colquhoun's theory that there is an original spiritual energy expressed in dreams which has nothing to do with the state of the body and is beyond the power of the soul when it has been reabsorbed by the material organization on awaking.

Prior to his embarkation for America at the outbreak of the Revolutionary war Major Andre went to visit a friend, Miss Rebecca Steward, who lived in Derbyshire. During his stay it was arranged that they should ride over to view the wonders of the famous peak. It was also Miss Steward's desire to introduce the major to some friends in the neighborhood, including a Mr. Newton and the curate of the parish, Mr. Cunningham. She had given both these gentlemen notice of her intention, and while awaiting her arrival Mr. Cunningham took occasion to tell Mr. Newton the circumstances of a dream he had had the night before which affected him so that he could not shake off the recollection of it.

He said that he was standing in the midst of a forest that was entirely strange to him. After gazing listlessly around him for a few moments he perceived a horseman approaching at great speed. As the latter came opposite the spot where the dreamer stood three men who seemed to have been lying in ambush sprang from their place of concealment and, seizing the bridle of the horse, ordered the rider to dismount. They then carefully searched his person and led him away. The face, figure and bearing of the horseman made so deep an impression upon Mr. Cunningham's mind that he awoke, but, falling asleep again presently, he dreamed that he was one of a throng of spectators near a great city; that he saw the same person he had seen seized in the wood brought out between files of soldiers, who marched him to a gallows and there hanged him. When Major Andre and Miss Steward arrived, Mr. Cunningham was horror struck to discover in the person of Miss Steward's friend the very man whose seizure and execution he had witnessed in his dream.

Here was an accurate anticipation of events that actually happened within twelve months from the date of the dream. The capture of Andre, the search of his person for documents that convicted him for acting the part of a spy and his public execution constitute one of the most dramatic episodes of the contest with the mother country. How is it imaginable that so definite a vision of coming events could arise from the influence of any physical condition on the mind of the sleeper? What possible state of the body could confer upon the soul the power to describe future occurrences with such exact fidelity to details?

Slaughter of the Buffalo.

In 1881 the hide hunters shipped 50,000 buffalo hides to the east. The next year the number was 200,000 and in 1883, 40,000. Only 300 were reported in 1884, and after that there were none at all. In 1883 Sitting Bull and his band, with some white hunters, killed the last 10,000 of the northern herd. The last survivors, twenty-eight in number, were killed on the Big Horn pine in 1886 and were mounted for the National museum. With that the wild buffalo of North America practically ceased to exist.

The First Gingerbread.

The homely luxury, gingerbread, has been popular ever since the fourteenth century. It was then made and sold in Paris. In those days it was prepared with rye meal made into a dough, and ginger and other spices, with sugar or honey, were kneaded into it. It was introduced into England by the court of Henry IV. for their festivals and was soon brought into general use, treacle being after a time employed in the manufacture instead of honey.

Not So Fabulous, After All.

"Father," said Teddy, "is it true about the Pied Piper of Hamelin? Is it true that he could play on his pipes so well that the rats would come out of their holes and drown themselves?" "Well, I don't know," was the evasive answer—"it might be. Your uncle John can play a cornet so that it will frighten a cow into a river and make the dog within five miles growl like an angry bull. Yes, I dare say it's true!"—London Globe.

Well Connected.

"Yes," remarked the telephone girl as she gazed out at the waves and wondered what their number was, "I am connected with the best families in our city."—Catholic Universe.

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

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. BELLOWES,
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 1000 feet or less.

Postoffice Address SONORA, TEXAS.

San Antonio Brewing Assn.

"Texas Pride"
Beer



Who can beat it?

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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, as second class matter.

Sonora, Texas, April 27, 1912.

Carl Gunser was in from his ranch Tuesday in his auto.

Boost the sky line with a smoke stack.

A busy city is sure to become a big city.

Nothing builds a city like buildings of some sort.

When you contemplate buying any thing, try at home first.

C. C. Yaws is recovering speedily from his operation for appendicitis.

Shipping facilities are the thing to consider in the building of a great city.

Mrs. C. S. Holcomb returned Wednesday from a visit to Galveston.

John Bryden who ranches about 12 miles west of Sonora was in Sonora Tuesday trading.

"The old town is all right after all" as you will find out when you leave it for new fields of labor.

Miss Edna Wheat of Deming New Mex., arrived this week on a visit to relatives and friends.

Miss Sadie Tillman has gone to Fort Worth on a visit to her father.

Mrs. Rosco Sawyer of Mercury was called to Sonora Tuesday because of the serious illness of her brother Teleus Johnson. Little Thelma Johnson accompanied her.

A. C. Waters, manager of the Boston Grain Co., of San Angelo, is in Sonora. Mr. Waters is pushing the sale of Golden Oats Flour.

Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Waters of San Angelo are in Sonora because of the serious illness of their niece Mrs. C. C. Parker. Mrs. Parker is doing as well as could be expected.

Be loyal to your home town stand up for it at all times and in the long run you will receive your reward.

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

Mrs. C. J. Nichols of San Angelo was in Sonora several days this week visiting and looking after her property here.

Arthur Martin member of the Crowther Hardware Co., was soliciting business in Sonora this week.

W. A. Ogle who ranches in the Middle Valley Country east of Sonora was a business visitor in town Saturday.

E. C. Beam manager of the Sonora Phone line returned from a business and pleasure trip to San Angelo Tuesday.

Three trustees of the Sonora Independent School District are to be elected Saturday May 4. The retiring members are James Cornell, G. B. Hamilton and S. L. Merck.

E. J. McBroom was in from the Claud Hudspeth ranch Monday to receive a Percheron horse Mr. Hudspeth recently purchased from Sparks & Wardlaw.

Black and white check skirt and white waist fast on April 18 between Geo. Trainers and Joe Trainers residences. Please leave at Mrs. Geo. Trainers residence.

Mrs. L. LeMin sister of Mrs. Thos. Bond left on Wednesday for Galveston to take a steamer for England where she will visit friends and relatives for some time.

E. P. Finney the rockmason and the Big Boy Henderson were in from the Joe Ross ranch this week having a time. They have just finished several rock and cement troughs for Mr. Ross.

O. P. Treadwell and W. S. Wilkenson of Mound were in Sonora Friday on their way to the Joe Wyatt ranch to receive about 200 yearling steers they recently bought.

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

Gay McCordigan, the former world's champion paper, has been placed under \$10,000 bond for alleged complicity in the robbery of the Semple National Bank of Dallas, Texas, on April 19, 1912.

Baker Would be Candidate For Vice President.

San Angelo, Tex., April 20 — In an address to the Democrats of the State Andrew J. Baker, formerly State Land Commissioner and well known throughout Texas, called on the Democrats of the South to urge the nomination of a Southern man for the office of Vice President of United States at the Baltimore convention. He says it would be even better were such a man to be a veteran of the "lost cause," one of the men who followed Lee and Jackson.

Mr. Baker says he knows of no other Southern man who has been suggested in this connection and he believes Southern Democrats everywhere will fall in line behind him if the Texas Democratic convention, to meet at Houston May 28, will lead him the weight of its endorsement.

It is argued that the selection of an ex-Confederate soldier on the presidential ticket of the Democracy as the nominee for second place would add strength to the organization. Mr. Baker contends with eloquence there is no feeling in the North or anywhere else against the men who went to Appomattox firm in the belief they were right. All that remained of sectionalism, he says, was wiped away by Southern blood shed in behalf of a common country on the fields of the Spanish-American War and in the far off jungles of the Philippines.

Mr. Baker says he makes "this bold statement" for the purpose of giving the Democrats of Texas opportunity to decide whether they desire to have a representative on the National Democratic ticket, and if they do, whether they are willing to use his name. In either event and whatever consequences may be, he declares, he is willing to offer his name.

The unique announcement of Mr. Baker is expected to attract attention throughout the country. He is firm in his belief the South can force the nomination of a Southern man, and an ex-Confederate at that, at the Baltimore convention in June.

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

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.

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

Comfort For the Invalid. A great comfort to one confined to the bed for a period of time is a stout ticking pocket securely tacked to the under side of one of the pillows, with the opening at the end, says the Designer. Here small articles may be tucked, with the assurance that they may be found again when wanted. Handkerchiefs, pencil and tiny tablet, pictures, cards from thoughtful friends or the verse that brings comfort and cheer are some of the things that will find their way into it. Not only is it a comfort to the invalid, but it keeps these many little things from littering the sickroom, and nothing is more annoying there than disorder.

Out of the Ordinary. An M. P. was discussing votin' fraud—impersonation and the duplication of votes generally. He instanced one duplicator, an ignorant fellow who had the stolid and unmoved look of an animal.

"When they arrested him he asked what crime lay at his door."

"You are charged," said the policeman, "with being a catch twice."

"I charged," said the dupli-

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Spring & Summer Dry Goods

The prospects for a beautiful and prosperous Summer in the Sonora country is most flattering. There will be picnics and amusements of all kinds.

White and light colored goods will be very much worn and the Big Store has a most Complete assortment of

Flaxon all colors, Lawns, Dimitees and Linen Skirt length Embroidery Flouncing, Embroidery and Laces, Muslins Underwear, Ladies Hose all shades.

Ladies and Misses slippers.

SEE OUR BARGAINS IN Shoes at 50 cents Shirts 50cts.

Hats at Your Price

E. F. Vander Stucken Co.

Popular Phrases. Here are a few examples from Basil Hargrave's "Origins and Meanings of Popular Phrases and Names." The phrase "every man Jack of them" is explained as a corruption of the archaic "everich" or "every chon" (every one) into "every John" and then "every Jack." "Hobson's choice" goes back to the seventeenth century—to Tobias Holson, who kept a livery stable at Cambridge, England, and who "would only let out his horses in strict rotation, saying, "This or none." "Mind your P's and Q's" is said to be a reference to pints and quarts in the old alehouse score and an admonition "not to allow the score to run too long." "Point blank" was the white spot in the center of the target, from the French blank.

Street Car Gallantry. Lafayette Iowa, for awhile senator from Iowa, gave the following account of an incident on a street car in Des Moines: "The car was crowded and mostly by women who were bent on shopping. When all had been seated the three or four men who indulged in the luxury of seats looked at one another as though to say, "We are next to get up." In fact, three women got on at the next stop, and a business man rose to offer his seat to one of them, who was young and very pretty.

You are a jewel," the latter said, smiling as she thanked him. "No, madam, I am a jeweler," he said. "I set jewels."

And now he is married to that lady.—Cosmopolitan Magazine.

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ANNOUNCEMENTS. The DEVIL'S RIVER NEWS is authorized to announce. The News rates for announcements: Congressional, Legislature and Judicial Districts 25. County officers \$10. Precinct officers \$2.50. All announcements are payable in cash in advance.

SHERIFF AND TAX COLLECTOR T. B. 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 Merck 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. Binyon, 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 re-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 re-election to the office of County Judge, of Sutton County, subject to the action of the Democratic primaries.

DISTRICT AND COUNTY CLERK. J. D. Lowery as a candidate for re-election to the office District and County Clerk 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 Chamberlain's Hotel. 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.

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 for any other purpose, will be prosecuted to the full extent of the law.

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What is a man. An average man of 150 pounds contains the constituents found in 1,200 eggs. There is enough gas in him to fill a gasometer of 3,649 cubic feet. He contains enough iron to make four tenpenny nails. His fat would make 75 candles and a good-sized cake of soap. His phosphate content would make 8,064 boxes of matches. There is enough hydrogen in him in combination to fill a balloon and carry above the clouds. The remaining constituents of a man would yield, utilized, six teaspoonfuls of salt, a bowl of sugar and ten gallons of water. A Physiological and Anatomical View—A man has 500 muscles, one billion cells, 200 different bones, 4 gallons of blood, several hundred feet of arteries and veins, over twenty-five of intestines and millions of pores. His heart weighs from 8 to 12 ounces, its capacity is from 4 to 6 ounces in each ventricle, and its size is 5x3 1/2 x 2 1/2 inches. It is a hollow, muscular organ and pumps 22 1/2 pounds of blood every minute. In one year an average man's heart pumps 11,680,000 pounds of blood. The heart is a willing slave, but sometimes strikes—and it always wins.—Practical Druggist.

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 scour 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.

Orders From Headquarters. Murphy was a new cavalry recruit and was given one of the worst horses of the troop. "Remember," said the Sergeant, "no one is allowed to dismount without orders." Murphy had no sooner in the saddle than the horse kicked and Murphy went over his head. "Murphy!" yelled the sergeant when he discovered him lying breathless on the ground, "you dismounted?" "I did." "Did you have orders?" "I did." "From headquarters?" "No, sir from headquarters."—Ladies' Home Journal.

Almost A Miracle. One of the most startling changes ever seen in any man, according to W. B. Holeslaw, 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.

Some men are boosters away from home and knockers in their own community. A cure for this is to agree to anything they say, but go a head and do the right thing anyway.

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.

Capt. Charles Schreiner of Kerrville stated yesterday he had sold about 300,000 pounds of mohair already and that he would have about 200,000 pounds more as soon as the accumulation was complete. While he did not state the selling price, it is generally understood that it was about 30 cents per pound. "Mohair prices were good bid for," said he, "and I believe that the next sale will bring even higher prices. This seems to be according to the statement of growers here, for the mohair growers have been faithful of late years, and the market has been extended to all times."

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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 for any other purpose, will be prosecuted to the full extent of the law.

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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.

C. 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. PFISTER. Sonora, Texas.

FRED BERGER, BOOT AND SHOE REPAIRER. REPAIRING NEATLY DONE. CHARGES REASONABLE. Sonora, Texas.

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

Wylie Smith, Proprietors, City Meat Market. The best beef, mutton, pork, sausage, etc., that can be obtained. Your patronage now will help us furnish you when warm weather comes. Phone 57.

Millard Parker, G. M. McDonald, 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 CARRETT, 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. 54th Sonora Texas.

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Get your clean Up DOPE At The CORNER DRUG STORE

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 Candles (The best in the South.) Eastman's Kodaks (the only Kodak.) Muirford 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.

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 57.

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 27, 1912.

Joe P. Logan was in Sonora Saturday and the Sam McKnight ranch.

J. H. Luckie was a Sonora this week from the West in the Franks outfit.

A valuable dressing for wounds, burns, scalds, old sores, rash, chafes, etc. HALL'S SNOW EXTRACT. It is made of healing and antiseptic. Price 25c and \$1.00 per bottle. Sold by All Druggists.

The Danger After Grip

lies often in a run-down system. Weakness, nervousness, lack of appetite, energy and ambition, with glaucous 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.

Dr. E. F. Robichaux, San Angelo, was a visitor in Sonora this week. The Doctor was a special witness for the State at El Paso in the trial of the "Red" case. He came down to Sonora and a few days among his friends.

Telefus E. Johnson.

Died at the home of father, in West Sonora on Tuesday morning April 23, 1912, Telefus Edgar Johnson in his 21st year. Deceased was born in Sonora, January 18 1892. He was of a retiring and temperate disposition.

Funeral services were conducted at the Methodist Church at 4 p m Tuesday by Rev. J. D. Worrell, after which the body was interred in the Sonora Cemetery.

The attendance at the funeral was very large. The pall bearers were: R. E. Aldwell, E. S. Long, Liven Rogers, B. C. DeWitt, Geo. McDonald, Isa Adams, Wallace Keesee, Marion Stokes.

Young girl friends sang very and effectively in the church and at the grave. They were Misses Jessie Smith, Tenzi Owens, Lucille Grimland, Little Maddox, Hattie Cusenberry, Estella McDonald, Lotie Rogers, Pearl Parkerson, Miss Phillips, organist.

The young man was the son of John O. Johnson, and a member of the Angora graft raising firm of L. E. & T. E. Johnson. The News extends its sympathy to the family and relatives particularly to the grandmother Mrs. Martha Roberts.

Curd of Thanks.

We wish to thank our neighbors, friends and citizenship of Sonora for the favors and assistance extended us during the illness of Telefus.

Mrs. Martha Roberts,
J. C. Johnson,
and family,

Devoc Takes Least Gallons: Always.

Paint Devoc; 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. E. Watkins, Lott, Texas, used 13 gallons on his house before; bought 13 gallons Devoc for the same house and had 6 left.

C. B. Edwards, of Edwards & Broughton, printers, Raleigh, N. C. used 30 gallons Devoc paint on his house; bought 30 gallons Devoc for the same and had 16 left.

That's how.

B. M. Halbert, J. D. Lowery, R. W. Davis and J. North returned from a successful fishing trip to Devil's River Wednesday. Joe struck one he could not handle and is going back some day.

James Glasscock and family have returned from the Oklahoma country. They are in good health and prospects are good for a fine crop year but the winter was very severe.

R. L. DENMAN.

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
Headquarters Nathan's Drug Store.
Phones: Office 31, Residence 28.
SONORA, 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.

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.

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. E. F. ROBICHAUX,
DENTIST

Office in residence, 5th and 6th. Phone connecting.
Sonora, Texas.

Clean up.

Naturally, we the people of Sonora know that we must have clean premises. Nature has given this town location and many advantages as to drainage etc., but it has become necessary not to wait on Nature and it now becomes necessary for the County Health Officer endorsed by the Sheriff—who also is a graduate in medicine, to require all residents of Sonora to have their premises cleaned. Not only in front of the house but at the back also. As the News understands the proposition from the Doctors, all fifth must be removed. Those who have homes not entirely up derpined must haul and rate all dead cats or chickens or other carriers of disease from under their homes. It also will be necessary to thoroughly fumigate your homes and the premises occupied by you. See that the dumping ground two miles south of town is the receptacle for the fifth and germ holding debris that surrounds your habitation. Do it now—and at once. Two Doctors armed with the law are on your trail. If not satisfied with this clean up notice phone Dr. H. R. Wardlaw County Health Officer or Dr. J. S. Allison Sheriff.

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.

Henry Diebitsch was in from the ranch Saturday trading.

Mr. and Mrs. A. R. Cauthorn were in from their ranch Friday.

Mrs. Robt. Duncan sister of Mrs. Thos. Bond is visiting friends in Sanderson.

Roy Hudspeth was in Sonora several days this week, buying supplies for his ranch.

Mr. and Mrs. W. P. Humphries and son Joe Bailey, were in Sonora Tuesday on their way to the Bond ranch.

Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Holland were in from their ranch east of town Thursday shopping.

Clean up—It must be done—and at once—Do it now—you may save the life of a loved one—or a doctor's bill.

A prudent mother is always on the watch for symptoms of worms in her children. Paleiness, 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 eat naturally. Price 25c per bottle. Sold by All Druggists.

Mrs. J. B. Blakensy and daughter Miss Marion of Del Rio are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Allison this week.

J. E. Boog-Scott the well known Hereford breeder of Colman, was in Sonora Sunday on his way to Ozona.

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

Simbo Di Mayo.

The Sonora citizenship of Mexican or of Mexican decent are preparing for a Simbo Di Mayo Celebration on May 5th. They will have speaking, recitations, tableaux, refreshments and a grande baile.

Suits ordered at a 10 per cent discount for cash in advance. The Sonora Pantorium.

LADIES
Way, not use the best
It costs no more.

STOCK NEWS.

C. C. Yaws bought 100 cows from R. E. Taylor as \$20.

R. E. Taylor was in Sonora this week delivering cows as recently sold to C. C. Yaws.

Sam Green bought from Bart Bellows the John Hurst home in East Sonora for \$1,200.

Dock Simmons sold to Geo. Cauble 700 mutton goats at about \$3.50 per head.

R. H. Martin bought 140 head of yearling steers from R. E. Taylor at \$20.

Cooper & Gilbert of Sonora sold to Siliman & Johnson of El Dorado 160, 3 year old and up steers at \$33.

T. D. Newell bought 600 muttons from R. F. Halbert at \$3.25; 300 from R. E. Taylor at \$3.25 and 160 from Henry Diebitsch wool on at \$3.50.

W. A. Glasscock and Curt Allison bought 111 cows from J. T. Evans Sr., at pt. They also bought from Frank Claudt 500 cows and 250 two year old steers at pt.

W. N. Kelley the fine sheep raiser of Schleicher county was in Sonora this week. Mr. Kelley reports the purchaser of a small ranch, 1120 acres 8 miles from El Dorado for \$8,000.

C. B. Wardlaw of Sonora bought the A. B. Priour ranch in Edwards county containing 13 sections. He also bought 3000 sheep and 125 head of cattle.

The following is a list of sales made by the West Texas Central Storage Co., at San Angelo of mohair clips of the Sonora country. The Company sold about 240,000 pounds of which at least 150,000 pounds originated in the Sonora country. C. D. Stokes of Lampasas representing Boston people was the purchaser.

At 30 Cents.
G. C. Earwood, Allison & Glasscock, T. E. & L. E. Johnson, G. S. Allison, (Ford) W. C. Strackbein, (kid) Wm. Mittle, (kid) L. J. Wardlaw, (kid) Wardlaw & Glasscock (kid)

29 1-2—H. P. Allison, G. G. Stephenson, E. E. Stricklen, S. H. Hill, D. J. Wyatt, Coleman Whitfield, Glasscock & Wardlaw, Robt. Cruthorn, Halbert & Hoisacre, V. J. Turney, B. M. Halbert, J. L. Davis, B. F. Meckel, T. L. Benson, A. F. Clarkson, H. Johnson, R. H. Earwood, Aug Meckel, Robt. Holland, J. T. Evans Jr., W. B. Smith.

29 1-3—R. F. Halbert, G. W. Whitehead & Sons, B. B. Dunbar, W. E. Dunbar, J. S. Brown, Lee Merok, D. T. Yaws, W. F. Luckie, J. R. Robbins.

28 3-4 T. A. Kincaid, W. A. Miers, A. H. Mittle, L. C. Stokes, S. H. Stokes & Son.

28 1-4 W. Hodges, Wardlaw Bros., S. N. Holland, G. E. Cauble, E. L. Martin.

28 1-4—W. L. Aldwell, Jackson estate, Wert Stephenson, Doo Simmons, Jim Sazsom, Sam Allen, Mayfields & Fields, Massie & Pockett.

28—Dick Turner, G. W. Stephenson, Frank Murphy.

Jack For Sale.
Seven year old, 24 Maltese. Colts can be seen at my ranch 18 miles south of Sonora. Range Service. Price \$200.

Apply to:
W. C. Strackbein
Sonora, Texas.

For Sale --- At a Bargain
NEW RACINE HACK AND
DOUBLE SET OF HARNESS
J. J. NORTH.

Sheepmen Break Record.

The largest single shipment of sheep ever seen on the Fort Worth market was received Thursday from Pecos county. They were owned by J. R. Hamilton and his sons, who are among the biggest sheep raisers and shippers of all West Texas. In the consignment were 3450 mixed ewes and wethers, in the wool. They averaged 108 pounds and sold for a price of \$5.90.

The eyes of sheep buyers, salesman and market reporters bulged when they saw the big shipment arrive and a general run was made for the records of the market. There was considerable jubilation when it was learned that records for individual shipments had been broken.

Russ Hamilton, who has been associated with his father in the sheep business for the past fifteen years and knows every wrinkle of the industry as applied to his section of the country, was pleased with the sensation he had created on the market as well as the good stuff figure his stuff brought. In all, he received about \$22,000 for his shipment.

"My sheep were good and a sample of what West Texas and the Pecos country especially producing this year," he said. There are perhaps more sheep down in the Pecos country and other sheep producing sections of West Texas this year than for the past fifteen years. Sheep conditions were never better and the wool crop is going to be heavier than ever.

"The day of the sheepman in West Texas certainly arrived. With the centralization of storage facilities at San Angelo, with the proper officials in charge and concessions received from railroads and consideration accorded by the big wool-buyers, there appears to be no reason that we shouldn't have a big year.

"It is also certain in my mind that the shipment of sheep to the Fort Worth market will be greater than last year. That is what all the sheepman in our section think."—Live Stock Reporter.

R. A. Stewart and D. L. Ross have sold their spring clip of mohair, comprising about five thousand pounds to a San Antonio buyer at 28c. Another consignment of about an equal amount has been received here and is in storage in the railroad warehouse. —Sanderson Times.

Jones Miller sold to Childress & Williams 1000 yearling sheep at \$3 a head. Mayer & Noelke bought from M. H. Guode 1050 mutton sheep at \$4.00 a head, and 264 goats at \$3 a head. Williams & Co. bought about 400 whether lambs from B. B. Ingham. Price \$2 per head at weaning time. J. W. Henderson sold to Carroll and Bevans of Menard 1200 coming two and three year old steers at top prices. Immediate delivery. Will Drake bought 200 stock cattle from Dudley & Ingham at \$20 around. He took them to San Angelo and sold them to other buyers at good profits. Early Baggett has sold his interest in the live stock on the Blue & Early Baggett ranch to his sister, Mrs. Chris Hagelstein. The livestock consisted of horses and sheep. We did not learn the prices paid.—Ozona Optimist.

The Chicago Live Stock World joins in the warning of the live stock press of the country, that it is time to act rather than sit around and talk about the beef shortage. It says: "Too many people are scratching the surface of their opportunities. It is a good deal more important that our people learn the needed lesson of better farming and wise conversation of soil already under cultivation that is producing dime where it should produce dollar, than to encourage ill-prepared settlers to spread over the face of the earth, where they can not permit the land to be used for what it for decades would be best fitted for producing—sheep. The best of the millions. What of the best supply of North America? Unless something quite radical is done to counteract the influence now at work it will not be many years before even stoned and trodden rock from South America will be opened among the luxuries and sold the country will be able to this country to have fresh beef on the table at 10c."

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Advertising Medium of the
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S. SONORA, TEXAS. April 27, 1912.

AFGHAN FEUDS.

Towers of Refuge From Which the Warfare is Conducted.

In Afghanistan the people are good haters. The blood feud exists in all Afghan tribes. When a murder occurs the avenger does not limit his reprisal to the murderer, but kills any relative that comes handy. This, in turn, calls for a counter attack, and in time matters become so complicated that whole families are wiped out. When the tribe is called upon to meet a common enemy the heads of the families who have had a quarrel bury two stones side by side in the presence of the mullah, as symbolic of the feud being put out of sight during the public danger. When affairs revert to their normal state the stones are solemnly disinterred and the two parties are free to go on shooting at each other again.

Every Afghan villager of moderate means owns a tower of refuge standing at the corner of his courtyard. These towers, made of stone and mud, are perfectly solid for the lower twenty feet or so, the top being surrounded by a loopholed wall and covered over to make it habitable. The base is protected by a gallery, and the only means of ascent is by a rope and a hole just large enough for one man to crawl through. Whenever a man has made things too hot for himself he takes refuge in his tower, and by the unwritten law of the country he can never be starved out so long as food and water are brought to him by a woman.

A traveler in Afghanistan tells of seeing one tower of refuge whose occupant had not stirred outside for ten years. His only amusement was taking shots at the occupant of another tower, which were duly returned. In the meantime their wives visited each other and gossiped and were on terms of perfect amity.

A Good Big Job.

Several New York schoolteachers paid a visit to Bloomingdale insane asylum and were approached by a gentleman who showed them about the grounds. In the course of his remarks he dwelt with particular emphasis on the fact that some insane people were of such cunning that one could not discover their condition except by some strange remark let fall by chance. After two pleasant hours spent in the company of their guide the teachers were about to return when one of them, wishing to take a not too abrupt leave, remarked:

"Time must pass slowly here for you among so many lunatics."

"There is where you are wrong," replied the man. "I am engaged five hours a day in my life work."

"How interesting!" cooed the teachers.

The man produced a roll of manuscript.

"See; I am making an index to Webster's Dictionary."—New York World.

Official Graft in Morocco.

The Moorish officials are inadequately paid and are liable at any moment to be stripped and cast into prison at the caprice of their overlord. The natural result is that they make hay while the sun shines and by their "pickings" provide against the evil days which are almost certain to be in store for them. Says a writer: "Before they take office they may be honest and kindly men, but the knowledge that they may at any moment fall victims to a higher power quickly corrupts them and they proceed to do as they are likely to be done by. Each official preys on the one below him, but while each, for a short time at least, enjoys power and prosperity, the poor peasant is squeezed uncessantly."

The General Scapegoat.

"Yes, yo' honah, dat cullud pusion ovah dah made some disparagements of de way I was whitewashin' de fence, an' I smacked him wif de brush."

"Then you struck him in your anger?"

"No, sah, I struck him in de mouf."

"And is that your only excuse for committing the assault?"

"No, indeed, sah. De whole trouble is wif de artistic temperament, judge, an' I got in 'an' got it strong!"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

The Day Came.

His chest heaved convulsively and the veins stood upon his forehead. In his anger he advanced toward the other with outstretched fist, but by a strenuous effort he controlled himself.

"No matter!" he muttered savagely. "The day will come!"

Sure enough, at dawn the next morning faint streaks of gray penciled the east. Later, at its accustomed hour, the sun arose.

Thus was the prophecy fulfilled. —Pearson's.

SPLENDID HAZARD

BY
Harold McGrath.

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"Tell it," murmured M. Ferraud. "I don't think that any of you have heard it."

"That will interest me," Fitzgerald cried. "Tell it."

"I say to you at once that the tale is known to few and has never had any publicity, and must never have any. Remember that, if you please, Mr. Fitzgerald, and you also, Mr. Brettmann."

"I beg your pardon," said Brettmann. "I was not listening."

"M. Ferraud repeated his request clearly.

"I am no longer a newspaper writer," Brettmann affirmed, clearing the fog out of his head. "A story about Napoleon. Will it be true?"

"Every word of it," M. Ferraud folded his arms and sat back.

"During the pause Hildegarde shivered. Something made her desire madly to thrust a hand out and cover M. Ferraud's mouth.

"We have all read much about Napoleon. The emperor as a soldier was the peer of all the Caesars. As a husband he was vastly inferior to any of them. This story does not concern him as emperor. In my narrative there occurs anything offensive correct me instantly. I speak English fluently, but there are still some idiosyncrasies."

"I'll trust you to steer straight enough," said the admiral.

"Thank you. Well, then, once upon a time Napoleon was in Bavaria. The country was at that time his slightest ally. There was a pretty peasant girl. A knife clattered to the floor. "Pardonnez-moi," whispered Hildegarde to Catherine. "I am clumsy." She was as white as the linen.

Brettmann went on with his crumbs. "I believe," continued M. Ferraud, "that it was in the year 1813 that the emperor received a peculiar letter. It begged that a title be conferred upon a pretty little peasant boy. The emperor was a grim humorist. I may say in passing, and for this infant he created a baronetcy, there in a parcel of land and a purse. That was the end of it as far as it related to the emperor. Waterloo came and with it vanished the empire, and it would be a long time before a baron of the empire returned to any degree of popularity. For years the matter was forgotten. The documents in the case, the letters of patent, the deeds and titles to the land and a single Napoleonic scrawl, these gathered dust in the loft. When I heard this tale the thing which appealed to me most keenly was the thought that over in Bavaria there exists the only real, direct strain of Napoleonic blood—a Teuton, one of those who had brought about the downfall of the empire."

"You say exists?" interjected Catherine.

"Exists," laconically.

"You have proofs?" demanded Fitzgerald.

"The very best in the world. I have not only seen those patents, but I have seen the man."

"Very interesting," agreed Brettmann, brushing the crumbs into his hand and dropping them on his plate. "But go on."

"What a man!" breathed Fitzgerald, who began to see the drift of things.

"I proceed, then. Two generations passed. I doubt if the third generation of this family has ever heard of the affair. One day the last of his race, in clearing up the salable things in his house—for he had decided to leave it—stumbled on the scant history of his forebears. He was at school then, a promising youngster, brave, cheerful, full of adventure and curiosity. Contrary to the natural sequence of events he chose the navy, where he did very well. But in some way Germany found out what France already knew.

"There was a fine chance for a stroke of politics. France had always watched; without fear, however, but with half formed wonder. Germany considered the case. Why not turn this young fellow loose on France, to worry and to harry her? So, quietly Germany bore on the youth in that cold blooded, Teutonic way she has, and forced him out of the navy.

"He was poor, and poverty among German officers, in either branch, is a bad thing. Our young friend did not penetrate the cause of this at first, for he had no intention of utilizing his papers, save to dream over them. The blood of his great forebear refused to let him bow under this unjust stroke. He sought a craft, an interesting one. The net again closed in on him. He began to grow desperate, at desperation was what Germany desired. Desperation would make a fool of the young fellow. But our young Napoleon was not without wit. He plotted, but so cleverly and so secretly that never a hand could reach out to stay him. Germany finally offered him an immense bribe. He threw it back, for now he hated Germany more than he had France? If France had not discarded her empire, I do not refer to the second empire—he would have been a great personage today. At least this must be one of his ideas.

"And there you are," abruptly "Here we have a Napoleon, indeed with all the patience of his great forebear. If Germany had left him alone he would today have been a good citizen, who would never have permitted futile dreams to enter his head, and who would have contemplated his greatness with the smile of a philosopher. And who can say where this will end? It is pitiful."

"Pitiful?" repeated Brettmann. "Why that?"—calmly.

M. Ferraud repeated the admiration to his eyes. It was a singular duel. "When we see a madman rushing blindly over a precipice it is a human instinct to reach out a hand to save him."

"But how do you know he is rushing blindly?" Brettmann smiled at this question.

Hildegarde sent him a terrified glance. But for the stiff back of her chair she must have fallen.

M. Ferraud demolished an olive before he answered the question. "He has allied himself with some of the noblest houses in France—that is to say, with the most heartless spendthrifts in Europe. Napoleon IV? They are laughing behind his back this very minute. They are making a catastrophe of his really magnificent fight for their own ignoble ends, the Orleanist party. To wreak petty vengeance on France, for which none of them has any love; to embroil the government and the army that they may tell of it in the boudoirs. This is the aim they have in view. What is it to them that they break a strong man's heart? What is it to them if he be given over to perpetual imprisonment? Did a Bourbon ever love France as a country? Has not France always represented to them a purse into which they might thrust their dishonest hands to pay for their base pleasures? Ob, beware of the conspirator, whose sole portion in life is that of pleasure! I wish that I could see this young man and tell him all I know. If I could only warn him!"

Brettmann brushed his sleeve. "I am really disappointed in your climax, M. Ferraud."

"I said nothing about a climax," returned M. Ferraud. "That has yet to be enacted."

"Ah!"

"A descendant of Napoleon direct! Poor devil! The admiral was thunderstruck. "Why, the very spirit of Napoleon is dead. Nothing could ever revive it. It would not live even a hundred days."

"Less than that many hours," said M. Ferraud. "He will be arrested the moment he touches a French port."

"Father," cried Laura with a burst of generosity which not only warmed her heart, but her cheeks, "why not find this poor, deluded young man and give him the treasure?"

"What, and ruin him morally as well as politically? No, Laura; with money he might become a menace."

"On the contrary," put in M. Ferraud, "with money he might be made to put away his mad dream. But I'm afraid that my story has made you all gloomy."

"It has made me sad," Laura admitted. "Think of the struggle, the self denial, and never a soul to tell him he is mad."

The scars faded a little, but Brettmann's eyes never wavered.

"The man hasn't a ghost of a chance," said Fitzgerald. It was now no puzzle why Brettmann's resemblance to some one else had haunted him. He was rather bewildered, for he had not expected so large an order upon M. Ferraud's promise. "Fifty years ago—"

"Ah! Fifty years ago," interrupted M. Ferraud eagerly. "I should have thrown my little to the cause. Men and times were different then. The world was less sordid and more romantic."

"Well, I shall always hold that we have no right to that treasure."

"Fiddlisticks, Laura! This is no time for sentiment. The questions buzzing in my head are, Does this man know of the treasure's existence? Might he not already have put his hand upon it?"

"Your own papers discredit that supposition," replied Catherine. "A stunning yarn, and rather hard to believe in these skeptical times. What is it?"

"I should like to know the end of the story," said Brettmann musingly.

"There is time," replied M. Ferraud. "And of them all only Fitzgerald caught the sinister undercurrent."

The dinner came to an end, or rather the dinner rose, the dinner having this hour or more been cleared from the table, and each went to his or her stateroom mastered by various degrees of astonishment. Fitzgerald moved in a kind of waking sleep. Napoleon IV! That there was bar sinister did not matter. The dazzle radiated from a single point—a dream of empire. M. Ferraud had not jested. Brettmann was mad, obsessed, a monomaniac. It was grotesque; it troubled the senses as a harlequin's dance troubles the eyes. A great-grandson of Napoleon and plotting to enter France! And, good Lord, with what two million francs and half a dozen spendthrifts. Never had there been a wilder, more hopeless dreamer than this. Whatever antagonism or anger he had harbored against Brettmann evaporated. Poor devil, indeed!

He understood M. Ferraud now. Brettmann was mad, but still he made a decisive stroke no man could stay him. So many things were clear now. He was after the treasure, and he meant to lay his hands upon it, peacefully if he could, violently if no other way opened. Like the admiral, Fitzgerald wished that there were no women on board. There would be a contest of some order going forward where only men would be needed. Pirates! He rolled into his bunk with a dry laugh.

Meanwhile M. Ferraud walked the deck alone, and finally when Brettmann approached him it was no more than he had been expecting.

"Among other things," began the secretary, with ominous calm, "I should like to see the impression of your thumb."

"That lock was an ingenious con-

trivance. It was only by the merest accident I discovered it."

"It must be a vile business."

"Serving one's country? I do not agree with you. Wait a moment, Mr. Brettmann. Let us not misunderstand each other. I do not know what fear is, but I do know that I am one of the few living who put above all other things in the world France—France with her wide and beautiful valleys, her splendid mountains, her present peace and prosperity. And my life is nothing if in giving it I may confer a benefit."

"Why did you not tell the whole story? A Frenchman and to deny oneself a climax like this?"

M. Ferraud remained silent.

"If you had not maddled. Well, you have, and these others must bear the brunt with you should anything serious happen."

"Without my permission you will not remain in Ajaccio a single hour. But that would not satisfy me. I wish to prove to you your blindness. I will make you a proposition. Tear up those papers, erase the memory from your mind, and I will place in your hands every franc of those two millions."

Brettmann laughed harshly. "You have said that I am mad. Very well, I am. But I know what I know, and I shall go on to the end. You are clever. I do not know who you are nor why you are here with your warnings. But this I will say to you, Tomorrow we land, and every hour you and your death shall look at your elbow. Do you understand me?"

"Perfectly. So well that I shall let you go freely."

"A warning for each, then, only mine has death in it."

"And mine nothing but good will and peace."

CHAPTER XVI.

CAPTAIN FLANAGAN MEETS A DUKE.

A LITTLE BEFORE sunrise the yacht Laura swam into the gulf of Ajaccio. The Corsican mountains, their bulks in shadowy gray, their undulating crests threaded with yellow fire, cast their images upon the smooth, tideless, silver dulled waters. Forward a blur of white and red marked the town.

"Isn't it glorious!" said Laura, rubbing the dew from the tear rack. "And, oh, what a time we people waste in not getting up in the mornings with the sun!"

"I don't know," replied Fitzgerald. "Scenery and sleep; of the two I prefer the latter. I have always been routed out at dawn and never allowed to turn in till midnight. You can always find scenery, but sleep is a coy thing."

And as he looked into her clear bright eyes he knew that before this quest came to its end he was going to tell this enchanting girl that he loved her "better than all the world," and, moreover, he intended to tell it to her with the daring hope of winning her, money or no money.

Money wasn't everything. She herself had made that statement the first night on board. He had been afraid of Brettmann, but somehow that fear was all gone now. Did she care, if ever so little?

He veered his gaze round and wondered where Brettmann was. Could he be asleep on a morn so vital as this? No; there he was, on the very bowsprit itself. Fitzgerald determined, once they touched land, never to let him go beyond sight. It would not be human for him to surrender any part of the treasure without making some kind of a fight for it, cunning or desperate, if only the woman folk remained on board!

Brettmann gazed toward the town motionless.

It was difficult for Fitzgerald not to tell the great secret then and there, but his caution whispered warningly. There was no knowing what effect it would have upon the impulsive girl at his side. And, besides, there might have been a grain of selfishness in the repression. All is fair in love or war, and it would not have been politic to make a hero out of Brettmann.

"You haven't said a word for five minutes," she declared. How boyish he looked for a man of his experience!

"Silence is some times good for the soul," sententiously.

"Of what were you thinking?"

His heart struck hard against his breast. What an opening, what a moment in which to declare himself! But he said: "Perhaps I was thinking of breakfast. This getting up early always makes me ravenous. The smell of the captain's coffee may have had something to do with it."

"You were thinking of nothing of the sort," she cried. "I know. It was the treasure and this great-grandson of Napoleon. Sometimes I feel I only dreamed these things. I never read nor heard of such a thing."

"Nor I. But there's land yonder," he said without an answering smile.

"Then," in an awed whisper, "you believe something is going to happen there?"

"One thing I am certain of, but I cannot tell you just at this moment."

A bit of color came to her cheeks, as if, reading his eyes, she did not know this thing he was so certain of. Should she let him tell her? "There's only one thing lacking," the great-grandson himself. He will be yonder somewhere. For the man in the chimney was he or his agent?"

"And aren't you afraid?"

"Of what?" proudly.

"It will not be a comedy. It is in the blood of those Napoleons that nothing shall stand in the path of their desires, neither men's lives nor woman's honor."

"I am not afraid. There is the sun at last. What a picture! And the shame of it—I am hungry!"

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