

# DEVIL'S RIVER NEWS.

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SONORA, SUTTON CO., TEXAS, SATURDAY AUGUST 10, 1912.

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### SEEING WITHOUT EYES.

The Sense That Enables the Amoeba to Locate Its Prey.

Is it possible to see without eyes? Seeing is supposed to be due to the action of light on the retina of the eye, which sets up a disturbance. This is carried to the brain by means of the optic nerves. Let the idea of seeing be changed to becoming aware. An amoeba is at the bottom of the scale of living things. It is a very minute creature—a "bag of water," an expressive if homely description. A very thin membrane incloses a minute quantity of water which is a dot, called the nucleus. The contents are liquid or gelatinous, like white of an egg, and protoplasm.

The animal has no eyes, ears, brain, nerves or any sense organ that can be detected in the new high power ultra violet microscope, yet it becomes aware of the existence of food in the adjacent water at quite a distance.

Suppose a man should be shipwrecked on an island and be the only human there. Let the island be five miles wide. In a year let another man be cast up by the sea on the opposite side. Then let the first man become suddenly aware that the other was on the island. This phenomenon would be comparable to the sensitiveness of an amoeba.

Suppose the food is an animal and seeks to escape the amoeba. It will find the job to be extremely difficult. No sooner does the amoeba become conscious of the presence of the other creature than it at once gives chase. Let the fleeing animal suddenly change its course precisely as does a rabbit pursued by a dog; then the amoeba "cuts across" exactly as does the dog, overtakes its prey and swallows it—i. e., wraps itself, its substance, around the creature, which is soon digested.

The question is, Can this be explained in the literal meaning of the word? Whatever the explanation, it is unknown to science until Lucien Latkin in the New York American.

### The Oldest Metal.

A recent paper presented to the Royal Institution at London, in discussing the question of the metals used by the great nations of antiquity, pointed out that gold was probably the first metal known to man because it is generally found native. The oldest metallic objects to which we can assign a probable date are thought to be those found in a royal tomb at Nagada, in Egypt, supposed to have been that of King Menes. In one of the chambers were some bits of gold, a bead, a button and a fine wire of nearly pure copper. If the tomb has been properly identified these objects are at least 6,300 years old. Nearly all the ancient gold that has been examined contains silver enough to give it a light color. It was gathered by the ancients in the bed of the Pactolus and other streams of Asia Minor.

### Not a Suitable Job.

An old man in Vermont persisted in bringing in the nest egg every time he garnered the fruit of the hen. The results were sometimes disastrous, and his wife one day took him to task. "Pa," she began, "why is it you are always bringing in the nest egg? Can't you tell it from the rest? If you can't you'd better learn."

"No, Sarah," he said, "I can't. I guess I'll have to take a pencil out and write on the egg. This is the nest egg."

The old lady looked at him with disgust. "Now, pa," she retorted, "don't you think you are a little mite too old to be acting as private secretary to an old hen?"—Boston Post.

### Its Mark of Distinction.

"So you have been making a tour of Ireland?"

"Yes. It was very fine, too. There are some interesting cities in Ireland. Take Belfast, for instance. It is noted for its breweries and its slippers. Then there is Dublin. I found it a splendid city. It, as you know, is noted for its great university. Cork is another fine place. It was there for several days."

"What is Cork noted for?"

"For the help it has been to the poets who wanted something to rhyme with New York."—Judge's Library.

### Was It Worth It?

A lady had told a tramp that she would give him some food if he chopped up a pile of wood. Wishing to show that he was no mere loafer, he started work, but fifteen minutes later he came to the bit of wood. "Have you finished?" inquired the kindly. "No'm," he replied, "noting his perspiring brow—"no, I haven't. I just thought, if I had any more, I'd ask if I could look over your pile of fare!"

### Formula and Directions for Making Arsenical Dip.

To make 50 gallons—Dissolve 3 pounds of arsenic (Arsenicum oxide, commercial) and 24 lbs of wash soda in 30 gallons or more of water, by boiling 30 to 40 minutes, stirring frequently. Water should be free from iron and the boiler should not be of iron. Zinc is alright. Tank water is preferable to "gyp" as the latter has not been tested, and the dip made with it might burn the cattle.

(NOTE—The organic matter in tank water may cause considerable sediment in the water, but this does not indicate imperfect solution of the arsenic unless it is a VERY HEAVY BROWN SEDIMENT.)

When the arsenic is dissolved, pour in enough water to reduce the temperature below boiling, pour in the ONE GALLON of Pine Tar, in a fine stream, stirring constantly, until it is mixed. Pour the resulting mixture into the vat and add enough water to make 500 gallons.

The boiler should hold about 120 gallons. 1500 gallons of dip can be made at once in it, enough to fill an ordinary vat, only that it seems to be impossible to get three gallons of tar into that quantity of water. In that case you can stir about two gallons of tar into the 100 to 120 gallons, put that into the vat, heat about 30 gallons of water or dip from the vat, until it is very hot, but not boiling, stir in the rest of the tar, and put into vat.

For refilling the vat when it has been dipped low, I would suggest the following plan: Make up another 5.0 gallons of dip, using 100 gallons of water. Then for refilling the vat use one bucket of medicine to four buckets of water to make the dip.

The stockman should preserve the beneficial result will be noticed this year by those who dip their cattle and will be followed by other stockmen the following year.

### Quaint Signposts.

In the neighborhood of Wazemborn, in the Silesian mountains, there are to be found some very curious signposts. One seen by a writer in the Wide World represents a farm laborer sharpening his scythe, on which is inscribed in the old Silesian dialect, "To Giers village, one hour." The signpost is well carved and painted in natural colors, so that it appears very lifelike. Another signpost represents a schoolboy carrying a slate bearing the name of the nearest village, toward which the boy is pointing.

### Very Young.

A new member of the harbor board in a New Zealand town was attending its meetings for the first time, and the board was discussing a proposal to place two boys at the entrance to the harbor. "I beg to propose an amendment," said the new member, "that one man should be placed there instead of two boys, as the latter are too young for such a responsible position!"

### His Old Home.

"Now that you are famous, Mr. Rimer, we propose to place a tablet on your former home in this city."

"Well?"

"What would you wish us to say?"

"You might say that I was evicted for nonpayment of rent," replied the somewhat embittered Washington Herald.

### POPULAR SONG WRITING.

Fitting the Melody to the Words and Marking the Procead.

Popular song writing is said to be about as highly a commercialized undertaking as one finds nowadays, and the glowing amateur might feel very isolated in the cold, business-like atmosphere that prevails in the production department of some of the large music publishing concerns.

It is in this department that all of the lyric writers and composers connected with the staff of the house congregate daily to compose the melodies which the public may be singing a few months later.

A music publishing house is likely to be a perfect bedlam of melodic noises. Five or six piano rooms (little square partitioned boxes, just large enough to contain a piano and a stool) can be found in large concerns. In some departments composing has reached such a rapid fire state that even ten and twelve of these piano rooms are found insufficient for the demand.

In one of these little rooms a lyricist and a composer may be trying to "compose a new one." The lyric of most of our popular songs is written first. That is, the title and poem are already completed before the words are set to music, for, although few realize it, the lyric of a song is considered of greater importance than the melody.

The lyric writer places his new poem on the piano before the man who is to evolve the melody. The composer scans the lyric intently, studying it from every angle until he has mastered the various tricks of meter which the lyric writer has put in to give his composition a greater selling value. Although the lyric is considered the most important factor by many publishers, the melody is the thing which eventually sells the song.

After a new song is completed and ready to leave the hands of its author and composer the question of marketing is considered. Publishers have come to the conclusion that it does not always pay to advertise a song as one would a book. The publishers cannot announce that on such and such a day a new song will be on sale in the music stores entitled "so-and-so." The publisher must hear it sung, and one way that this can be accomplished is through the medium of the stage. Therefore large publishers advertise in the theatrical journals, and by impressing the different vaudeville actors and actresses that they have a new wonderful song they plan to reach the public at large who buy music.—New York Sun.

### VOICE OF THE MOB.

its Muffled Rios, its Swoell and Roar in the City of Mexico.

Folk were sitting about the tables in the patio of the Hotel de Jardine, sipping their afternoon coffee and turning the pages of the latest extras, ink smeared with hectic headlines. Two children pushed a tin train of cars over one of the gravelled paths beneath the patio oaks, writes Robert Welles Ritchie in Harper's Magazine. Waiters drowsed by the kitchen corner, and the porter at the high doors giving on to the street had his head on his breast.

Then the voice came, a murmur, far removed, muffled and indefinite, a murmur hardly to be distinguished above the plashing of the fountain; a minute and the timbre of it had strengthened and deepened; another minute and a crackling syncopation broke the monotony of sound. From afar the voice came stronger and in a strange, animal note. Folk dropped their papers and started, heads cocked, to catch the meaning of the unwonted sound. Waiters moved away from the kitchen door out into the patio so that they could hear better. The two children piloted their train safely into the station by the goldfish pond, then sat with questioning eyes on the elders about them. Nearer and louder, louder, louder, sounded the voice.

A nurse stepped out on the balcony above the patio and screamed as she ran down the stairs to the children. She gathered them into her arms and stumbled blindly back up the stairs, along the balcony and into one of the suits opening thereon. Her screams, the agitation of her flying skirts, awoke the porter at the gate. For just an instant he sat still, his face puckered in puzzlement; then he jumped to the two high wooden gates giving onto the street and slammed them shut. He slipped an oak beam through the hasps and double braced the doors by other beams upended against the cobbles of the courtyard. The maître d'hotel had rushed out of his little glass office meanwhile and was calling excitedly to the waiters. They sped through passageways, and their disappearances were followed by the banging of wooden shutters over windows, the slamming of doors, the frantic trundling of barricades into place. Then high over the clatter and the pounding of the voice snarled—a vicious, bestial snarl that was ear filling and terrible.

The voice was of the mob. On an afternoon in late May of 1911 the City of Mexico was rising against its master. Out of the kennels of mean streets, whose meaner marble palaces and flowering gardens screen, the canaille of the capital had come pouring, had whirled into mob coalescence and now were baying and coursing the streets to seek the life of that master. Don Porfirio, the once beloved—Don Porfirio Diaz, dictator and builder of Mexico for more than thirty years—was the master.

### WOOL AND MOHAIR

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The trouble is, said Wilkins as he talked the matter over with his counsel, "that in the excitement of the moment I admitted that I had been going too fast and wasn't paying any attention to the fact that before the collision I was afraid that admission would prove costly."

"Don't worry about that," said his lawyer. "I'll bring seven witnesses to testify that they wouldn't believe you under oath."—Harper's Weekly.

The Way Out.

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