

# DEVIL'S RIVER NEWS.

VOL 23

SONORA, SUTTON CO, TEXAS, SATURDAY MARCH 1, 1913.

NO. 1164

Rather than Carry Over Till

Next season we offer all

## Womans Coats and Coat Suits and Misses and Childrens Coats AT COST

These are all this seasons garments and present a  
Rare Opportunity for a Substantial Saving. We also  
Place on sale

**EIGHTY BOYS KNEE TROUSER SUITS**

These Suits have straight bottom trousers and of course not the height of  
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IT WILL PAY YOU TO INVESTIGATE

# The Sonora Mercantile Co.

THE STORE OF QUALITY

### Devil's River News

PUBLISHED WEEKLY.

MIKE MURPHY, Proprietor.  
STEVE MURPHY, Publisher.

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Sonora, Texas. March 1, 1913.

### THE WORLD'S OLDEST CITY.

Damascus is Still What it Was Before  
the Days of Abraham.

If you were suddenly asked to  
name the oldest city in the world  
which is still in a flourishing con-  
dition, what would be your answer?

In nine cases out of ten the per-  
son to whom such a query might  
be propounded would hark back to  
Egypt, Greece or Rome. He would  
be wrong. The oldest city in the  
world is Damascus.

Tyre and Sidon have crumbled  
on the shore, Baalbec is a ruin, Pal-  
myra is buried in a desert, Ninevah  
and Babylon have disappeared from  
the Tigris and the Euphrates. Da-  
mascus remains what it was before  
the days of Abraham—a center of  
trade and travel—an isle of verdure  
in the desert, a presidential cap-  
ital, with martial and sacred as-  
sociations extending through thirty  
centuries.

It was near Damascus that Saul  
of Tarsus saw the light above the  
brightness of the sun. The street  
which is called Straight, in which  
it was said "he prayed," still runs  
through the city.

The city which Mohammed sur-  
veyed from a neighboring height  
and was afraid to enter "because  
it was given to man to have but one  
paradise, and for his part he was  
resolved not to have it in this  
world," is today what Julian called  
the "Eye of the East," as it was in  
the time of Isaiah "the head of  
Syria."

From Damascus came the dam-  
son, our blue plums, and the deli-  
cious apricot of Portugal called  
damasco; damask, our beautiful  
fabric of cotton and silk, with vines  
and flowers raised upon a smooth,  
bright ground; the damask rose in-  
troduced into England in the time  
of Henry VIII; the Damascus  
blade, so famous the world over for  
its keen edge and wonderful elas-  
ticity, the secret of whose manu-  
facture was lost when Tamerlane  
carried the artist into Persia, and  
that beautiful art of inlaying wood  
and steel with gold and silver, a  
kind of mosaic engraving and sculp-  
ture united—called damaskeening  
—with which boxes, bureaus and  
swords were ornamented.—Exchange.

### Here's a Spelling Lesson.

Students in a London school were  
recently asked to write this: "A  
gluttonous sibil with her glutinous  
hand complementarily seized a sieve, a  
plithisical ichneumon, a noticeably  
supercilious, insensible and cynical  
sergeant, an embarrassed and har-  
assed chrysalis, a shrieking sheik,  
a complaisant proselyte and an  
anonymous chrysolite. These all  
suddenly disappeared down her re-  
ceptive esophagus. She simply said:  
"Pugh! Not saccharin!" She then  
transferred a billion of bilious mos-  
quitoes, an unsalable bouquet of  
fuchsias, lilies, dahlias, hyacinths  
and phlox, a liquefied bellidium, an  
indelible defamatory inflammatory  
synchronism and a debatable syllo-  
gism to the same capacious recepta-  
cle. Peaceably surrendering her  
daguerreotype to the ecstatic aéro-  
naut, she descended with her para-  
chute—a synonym for barouche—  
and grievously terrified the stolid,  
squalid yomanry already tormented  
by the heat, 101 Fahrenheit."

### Reasonable Grounds.

Poor old Mrs. Giles was looking  
very sad and tearful when the vicar  
met her in the village street, but  
the latter, knowing the cause of her  
trouble, stopped her and, laying a  
hand on her shoulder, asked sym-  
pathetically:  
"Well, Mrs. Giles, how's your hus-  
band this morning? Better, I  
hope?"  
"No, no, sir; 'e's terrible bad, is  
poor old Giles—terrible bad. 'Ow-  
ever, doctor do say as 'ow if 'e lives  
till mornin' 'e'll 'ave some 'ope for  
'im, but if 'e don't 'e's afeared 'e'll  
'ave to give 'im up!"—Pearson's.

### Alexis Piron.

Alexis Piron, a native of Dijon,  
is perhaps most notorious for his  
epitaph, "Here lies Piron, who was  
nothing—not even an academicien."  
One night he was asked at a party  
if he could tell the difference be-  
tween a woman and a mirror. "A  
woman," he replied, "talks without  
reflecting; a mirror reflects without  
talking." Upon this a lady asked,  
"Can you now, M. Piron, tell me  
the difference between a man and a  
mirror?" And as Piron remained  
silent she went on, "A mirror is al-  
ways polished, while a man some-  
times is not."

### He'll Get the Girl.

Tommy Rattles was turned down  
when he asked Elsie's father for his  
consent. The old man said that  
Tommy was a good boy, but lacked  
persistence.  
What is Tommy going to do  
about it?  
He goes to the old man and asks  
him for his daughter three even-  
ings every week.—Cleveland Plain  
Dealer.

### Catching Rats in a Tub.

Put seven inches of water in a  
tub or barrel and set a brick on end  
in the center. Cover over the top  
of the tub with a sheet of stout pa-  
per and fasten it securely with a  
hoop or string, then spread several  
pieces of bacon rind on the paper  
and give the rats a feast. After a  
few lanches have established the  
popularity of this place, cut some  
slits in the paper through which a  
rat can fall. The first rat that goes  
through will crawl up on the brick  
and set up such a squealing that  
others will quickly follow. It is  
said that in one factory 300 rats  
were caught in a single night by  
this device.—Farm and Home.

### To Make the Job Complete.

"I wish you would see what is  
the matter with this," said the cus-  
tomer, handing his watch across the  
showcase. "It has stopped. Per-  
haps there's a hair tangled up in  
the balance wheel."  
The jeweler opened it, screwed  
his eyeglass into place and made  
the customary horrible grimace at  
the helpless watch.  
"A hair!" he said. "There's a  
lock of 'em."  
"Well, give it a shampoo."

### Worse Than That.

"Your honor," said the prisoner,  
"you don't know how heartrending  
it is to have a wife who can cook,  
but won't do it."  
"No," said his honor and then  
added feelingly, "Thank goodness,  
man, you haven't one that can't  
cook and will do it."—Ladies' Home  
Journal.

### A Dream of a Hat.

She—I dreamt last night that  
you bought me a new hat.  
He—Well, that's the first dream  
of a hat you ever had that didn't  
cost me money.—London Telegraph.

### Notice to Trespassers.

Notice is hereby given that any  
one trespassing on our ranches 25  
miles southeast of Sonora for the  
purpose of hunting, cutting timber,  
hauling wood, hog hunting, work-  
ing live stock, injuring our well  
proof or other fences or any way  
trespassing upon us will be prose-  
cuted to the full extent of the law  
E. F. & A. Vander Stucken.

### 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  
hauling logs without my permis-  
sion, will be prosecuted to the full  
extent of the law.  
J. T. Evans, Sr.

### LAMARTINE'S PRESENT.

It Won the French Author a Big Price  
For a Little Poem.

François Buloz, the founder and  
editor of the famous French jour-  
nal, La Revue des Deux Mondes,  
was by no means celebrated for his  
generosity to contributors. One  
day shortly after the publication of  
Lamartine's "Les Girondins," and  
while the literary world was ringing  
with the fame of its great author,  
Buloz called on him and asked him  
to write an article for his magazine.  
Lamartine consented, but stated  
that he could not have it ready for  
some weeks.

Buloz, fearing that this was only  
an excuse and that he would never  
get the article, offered Lamartine  
an advance. It so happened that  
the author was in need of 4,000  
francs at that time, and he so in-  
formed the editor, who at once  
handed over the money. Three  
months later he called Lamartine's  
attention to the fact that the con-  
tribution had not yet been received.  
It was toward the end of 1847, and  
the great author was devoting his  
entire time to politics.

"While you are waiting for this  
article would you care for a little  
poem I have here?" he asked Buloz.  
He enthusiastically replied in the  
affirmative.

Months later, when Lamartine  
had become minister of foreign af-  
fairs, Buloz again called upon him  
to remind him of the promised con-  
tribution.

"But you see my position," an-  
swered the minister, "how busy I  
am!"

Buloz frowned.  
"But, citizen minister, a certain  
amount of money was advanced,  
and the interests of my magazine do  
not permit me to—"

"How much was it?"

"Four thousand francs."  
Lamartine took this amount of  
money from the drawer and laid it  
upon his desk.

The editor, however, looked some-  
what embarrassed.  
"Well, what more can I do for  
you? You have your money."

"The fact is, I owe you for a small  
poem."

"Oh, that's not worth mention-  
ing! I'll make you a present of it."  
Buloz drew himself up laughingly.  
"Citizen minister, La Revue des  
Deux Mondes does not accept pres-  
ents. How much do I owe you?"

"Oh, well, if you insist," answered  
Lamartine dryly as he took up the  
4,000 francs and replaced them in  
his drawer, "we will call it square!"

### Late News.

In earlier days it was a custom in  
many households for each child to  
learn a verse from the Bible each  
Sunday. In this way the children  
became familiar with the wonderful  
book, and to them the experience  
described in "The Unvarying East,"  
by Rev. E. J. Hardy, could not have  
happened.

Sir Ernest Shackleton said one  
morning to a little waiting maid  
who brought him tea, "What a  
rainy day, Mary! It is almost like  
the flood."  
"The flood, sir?" responded the  
little maid, with a puzzled smile.

"Yes, the flood, Noah, you know,  
the ark, Mount Ararat."

She shook her head and murr-  
ered, apologetically, "I ain't had time  
to read the papers lately, sir."

### A "Jumbie Bird."

In the West Indies is found a  
bird called the sunset bird, because  
half an hour before sunset and half  
an hour before sunrise it utters its  
peculiar cry of "Soleil coucher!"  
The natives call it a "jumbie bird"  
(a bird possessed of the devil) and  
say that to kill it would bring death  
to its slayer. Another bird found in  
the same region is the "Soufriere  
bird," which makes its home near  
the volcano of Soufriere, and among  
the natives there is a strong belief  
that the first individual to see this  
bird will die, while the most horrible  
torment by evil spirits awaits the  
man who kills it.

### Willing to Conform.

"Richard," said his precise wife  
in an undertone, "it is all right for  
you to avoid elaborate ceremony in  
introducing the guests to one an-  
other, but I wish you would not say,  
"Mr. Throgson, shake hands with  
Mr. Wigmore." I do not approve of  
that style of introduction."  
"All right, Amaryllis," heartily  
responded the host. "I'll cut that  
out. Hello, Flatbush! Awfully glad  
to see you. Mr. Flatbush, wiggle  
flippers with Mr. Skimmerhorn."  
Chicago Tribune.

### Judicial Sarcasm.

"All I demand for my client," de-  
manded the prisoner's counsel in  
the voice of a man who was paid  
for it, "is justice."  
"I am very sorry I can't accom-  
modate you," replied the judge, "but  
the law won't allow me to give him  
more than fourteen years."—Stray  
Stories.

### DO YOU KNOW YOURSELF?

Ask a True Friend to Picture You as  
You Appear to Him.

Few people—in fact, very few  
people indeed—ever realize the  
priceless value of the ancient coun-  
sel, "Know thyself." It seems so  
trite, so ordinary. It seems so easy  
to acquire—this knowledge. Does  
not every one possess it? Can it  
not be got by simply sitting down  
in a chair and yielding to a mood?

And yet this knowledge is just  
about as difficult to acquire as a  
knowledge of Chinese. Certainly  
nine hundred and ninety-nine peo-  
ple out of a thousand reach the age  
of sixty before getting the rudimen-  
ts of it. The majority of us die  
in almost complete ignorance of it.  
And none may be said to master it  
in all its exciting branches. Why,  
you can choose any of your friends  
—the wisest of them—and instantly  
tell him something glaringly obvi-  
ous about his own character and  
actions and be rewarded for your  
trouble by an indignantly sincere  
denial! You had noticed it; all his  
friends had noticed it. But he had  
not noticed it. Far from having  
noticed it, he is convinced that it  
exists only in your malicious imagi-  
nation. For example, go to a friend  
whose sense of humor is notoriously  
imperfect and say gently to him,  
"Your sense of humor is imperfect,  
my friend," and see how he will re-  
ceive the information. So much for  
the rarity of self knowledge.

Self knowledge is difficult because  
it demands intellectual honesty. It  
demands that one shall not blink  
the facts, that one shall not hide  
one's head in the sand and that one  
shall not be afraid of anything that  
one may happen to see in looking  
around. It is rare because it de-  
mands that one shall always be able  
to distinguish between the man one  
thinks one ought to be and the man  
one actually is. And it is rare be-  
cause it demands impartial detach-  
ment and a certain quality of fine  
shamelessness—the shamelessness  
which confesses openly to oneself  
and finds a legitimate pleasure in  
confessing. By way of compensa-  
tion for its difficulty the pursuit of  
self knowledge happens to be one of  
the most entrancing of all pursuits,  
as those who have seriously prac-  
ticed it are well aware. Its interest is  
inexhaustible and grows steadily—  
Arnold Bennett in Metropolitan.

### Touching Memories.

"A friend of mine traveling in  
Ireland," said a federal official,  
"stopped for a drink of milk at a  
white cottage with a thatched roof,  
and as he sipped his refreshment he  
noted on a center table, under a  
glass dome, a brick with a faded  
red rose upon the top of it."  
"Why do you cherish in this  
way," my friend said to his host,  
"that common brick and that dead  
rose?"

"Shure, sir," was the reply,  
"there's certain memories attachin'  
to them. Do ye see this big dent in  
my head? Well, it was made by  
that brick."

"But the rose?" said my friend.

"His host smiled quietly.  
"The rose," he explained, "is off  
the grave of the man that threw  
the brick."—New York Tribune.

### Languages in the Balkans.

Albania, Bulgaria and Roumania,  
although contiguous to one an-  
other, speak three totally different  
languages. The Bulgarian tongue  
is that of ancient Thracian, and  
Romanian resembles that of ancient  
Dacian more closely than modern  
Italian does. Albanian has no mark-  
ed affinity with any other language,  
though philologists have discovered  
in it some slight traces of Basque  
and Hungarian influence. Yet,  
strangely enough, the three lan-  
guages have one peculiarity in com-  
mon—that of putting the article at  
the end of the word it qualifies.  
Thus the title of the leading finan-  
cial paper of Bukharest is Currier  
Financier—the Financial Courier,  
"ul" being Roumanian for "the."

### Heroic Rescue.

Three-year-old Montague and  
two-year-old Harold were having a  
bath together in the big tub.  
Mother left them a moment while  
she went into the next room. Sud-  
denly a succession of agonized  
screams recalled her. Two dripping,  
terror stricken little figures stood  
clashed in each other's arms in the  
middle of the bathroom floor.  
"Oh, mother," gasped Montague,  
"I got him out! I saved him! The  
stopper came out, and we were go-  
ing down!"

### A Substitute Support.

"Our honeymoon is over, I must  
get back to business," opined the  
groom.  
"I cannot let you leave me," de-  
clared the bride. "I must have  
something to lean on."  
"Well, my dear, I must earn our  
living. You'll have to lean on the  
mantelpiece for a few hours every  
day."—Kansas City Journal.

## WOOL AND MOHAIR

CHAS. SCHREINER, BANKER,

(UNINCORPORATED)

KERRVILLE, TEXAS.

Makes Liberal Advances on Sheep, Goats, Wool and Mohair  
Individual responsibility Three Million Dollars.

## MONEY TO LEND ON FARMS & RANCHES

Vendors Lien notes bought  
and extended.

E. B. CHANDLER, San Antonio, Tex.

## 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.

## Oakland

"THE CAR WITH A CONSCIENCE"

AND THE

FAMOUS HUPMOBILE

The car within reach of everybody.

For further information apply to

**W. L. ALDWELL,**  
Sonora, Texas.

## SOUTHERN SELECT Bottled Beer.

Pure, Wholesome Bottled Beer, Made  
in Texas for Texans. Try a bottle.

For sale at all the saloons in Sonora.

**MATTINGLY & MOORE** Whiskey  
and the Celebrated **WOLDORF CLUB**  
Sold by Trainer Bros., Bank Saloon,  
Sonora, Texas.

**KENNETH TALIAFERRO,**  
The Tailor.

NEW SAMPLES JUST RECEIVED. LEAVE YOUR  
ORDERS. CLEANING AND REPAIRING.

Shop in the Old Bank Building.

**ELECTRIC BITTERS** THE BEST FOR  
BILIOUSNESS  
AND RHEUMS.

**BUCKLEN'S** IS THE ONLY  
GENUINE **ARNICA SALVE**

**DR. NEW LIFE PILLS**  
The Pills That Do Cure.



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SONORA, TEXAS, March 1, 1913.

**WOMEN WILL DRIVE  
IN TAN BARK ARENA**  
Miss Loula Long and Others  
Are Coming  
TO HORSE SHOW MARCH 10

Night Attraction Opens on Monday  
In Glare of Light—New Features For  
Each Performance Scheduled by  
Management.

Classification and prize lists are out  
announcing the Fort Worth Horse  
Show, which opens the night of March  
10, and closes March 15. The show  
will be held in connection with the  
Fat Stock Show, as usual, but will not  
open on the same date with the Fat  
Stock exhibit.

In years previous it has been the  
custom to start off with two big shows  
together, but this year the Fat Stock  
Show will give its doors open to the  
public on Saturday, March 8, and the  
Horse Show will not open until Mon-  
day night following.

But the Horse Show, which has become  
the one great society event in  
Texas, will be built along more exten-  
sive lines this year than ever before.  
The show in the spring  
of 1912 was the biggest and most com-  
plete exhibition of trained horses to  
ever exhibit in the South, and already  
the entries this year are such that the  
management is confident of the big-  
gest success in the history of the  
show.

The Horse Show ring has become a  
great fashion attraction for the women  
of the United States, and of late years  
a great number of women have be-  
come devotees of the ring. The Fort  
Worth show has been an attraction for  
the women exhibitors for several years  
and last year the competition was ve-  
hement.

Miss Loula Long of Kansas City has  
been the most famous string of blood  
horses in the world. To her lot  
fell the most famous of the harness  
prizes, the "Blue Ribbon" of the  
American Show, Chicago, Kansas  
City, St. Louis and Madison 1912.  
Gardner has placed her in the Iron  
Horse Show, Chicago, Kansas City,  
St. Louis and Madison 1912. With this  
Miss Long has captured everything in  
harness horse and carriage shows  
in the United States. She has been a  
winner at Fort Worth. The famous horse  
was purchased by Miss Long in the  
North during the 1910 Horse  
Show.

Last year Miss Long came to the  
Fort Worth Show with an increase  
in price. She had added to her coach  
and Hackney strings, and for the first  
time presented a young saddle that  
has since won the big money show.  
Miss Long does all her own driving,  
and is considered to be a master of  
blooded horses.

Miss Juliet Walsh, a Kentucky bred  
woman, but now of New York, was  
a contender in the 1912 show. Her  
string of drivers and harness horses  
and at five different times defeated  
some of the noted Long strings. It is  
possible that Miss Walsh will again  
appear in Fort Worth.

Besides these two women, Fort  
Worth women will be seen driving  
the ring. There has been a sprinkling  
of women drivers for years, but in  
1912 show a present the greatest ar-  
ray of all.

The best stable in the South will  
show in the ring at the coliseum, and  
this year will present the largest num-  
ber of Texas horses since the besting  
of the show. Texas breeders have  
been adding to their stables gradu-  
ally for the last few years, and only  
a year or two ago the breeders who  
have been constant exhibitors, increased  
their stables to a considerable extent.

Blue-blooded horses from Kentucky  
and the best stock in every section  
of the South will compete. Many  
Fort Worth horse men are now training  
their youngsters for the exhibition,  
and nearly every Sunday the Fort Worth  
Driving Club's grounds are crowded  
with drivers of every description. One  
Fort Worth man, who has never be-  
fore exhibited in the show ring, is now  
grooming a stable of six youngsters,  
which he expects to be in shape for  
bringing about stiff competition in the  
classes.

The fat horse exhibition for 1913 will  
be bigger than ever before. The horse  
business in the Southwest has been on  
the up grade during the last year, and  
a large number of the Eastern breed-  
ers are seeking favors in Texas. This  
management has the assurance of all  
the old time exhibitors, and at the  
time has several applications for full  
room from new exhibitors.

**1913 CATTLE SHOW  
GREATEST IN SOUTH**

Will Be a History Making Ex-  
hibition For Southwest.  
**MEXICAN STEERS COMING**

Prize List Largest in History—Sev-  
enteen Years Since Organization—Bril-  
liant Array of Blue Blooded Stock  
Will Be Seen.

March 8th marks the opening of the  
Seventeenth annual exhibition of the Na-  
tional Feeders' and Breeders' Show,  
known to Texans as the "Fort Worth  
Fat Stock Show."  
This show, the biggest of its nature  
south of the International Fat Stock  
Show of Chicago, opens earlier this  
year than usual and continues in ses-  
sion just one week to the day. Opening  
its doors on Saturday, the show will  
receive the public until the last Sat-  
urday of the show the following Saturday  
afternoon.

Everything is to be offered to the  
lover of stock and there will be the  
greatest collection of domestic live  
stock gathered under the roof of the  
Coliseum ever brought together un-  
der one roof in the entire South. As soon  
as the 1912 show had finished its labor  
the management began at once to pre-  
pare for the 1913 exhibit, and this year  
the management has gone out to the ex-  
hibitor and customer that the National  
Feeders' and Breeders' Show for 1913 will  
eclipse all past efforts.

There is not a breeder in any of the  
States of the Southwest who amounts  
to anything that will not be repre-  
sented in the show ring at Fort Worth.  
Besides these, the stables of the  
Central States farther North, will con-  
tribute heavily. The Horse Division  
will be crowded with fancy stuff from  
Northern States; the Cow lots will  
have an abundance of high-class stock  
from all pastures and best lots of  
Iowa, Ill., Kansas and Nebraska,  
and the sheep and hog pens will re-  
ceive their share from outside exhib-  
itors.

**Mexican Cattle.**  
But the Fort Worth Fat Stock Show  
has become an international show as  
well as the far famed Chicago affair.  
While the attraction for Canadian cattle  
is small, yet just to the South of  
Texas lies the land of the Mammoth,  
and from this sunny clime the Fort Worth  
packing houses have drawn thousands  
upon thousands of butchering stock.  
This year the little Mexican steer will  
be seen in the quarantine division and  
keen competition is expected from the  
South.

Security of cattle on the Texas range  
and feed lots has made the Mexican  
steer a competitor on the Fort Worth  
market, and this year he has crossed  
into the big show ring never to be  
driven. His place at the Fort Worth  
Fat Stock Show will be exactly the  
same as that of the big steer from To-  
ronto at the International at Chicago.

No place outside of the show ring  
of the International will there be such  
a gathering of the purple strain of beef  
as will be the gathering in Fort Worth  
on March 8. The herdsmen of Texas,  
Arkansas, Louisiana, New Mexico  
and even into Missouri, are straining  
a point to get a creditable repre-  
sentation before this show. The time  
has come when a blue ribbon from  
the National Feeders and Breeders Show  
means as much to the breeder as it  
would from any other show, and every  
effort is being put forth by the atten-  
tion of the Southwest to merit the  
winning.

**Great Sale Show.**  
Besides being one of the greatest fat  
stock exhibits the National Feeders' and  
Breeders' Show at Fort Worth has  
grown into a great sale show. Its reputa-  
tion in this line has been made and  
maintained for many years. Its repu-  
tation in this respect is greater than ever be-  
fore and a special effort has been made  
to secure the largest numbers of buyers  
to come together in several years.  
Many of the herdsmen of old Mexico  
and the best of the breeders who have  
grown into a great sale show. Its repu-  
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tation in this respect is greater than ever be-  
fore and a special effort has been made  
to secure the largest numbers of buyers  
to come together in several years.

There is a place for everybody at  
the show, exhibition, and the  
man of color will be taken care of  
just the same as the man who raises  
fine stock. The Fort Worth Fat Stock  
Show has made the livestock industry  
of the Southwest. It has been the in-  
centive for the production of the im-  
proved breeds down in the piney woods  
and hills of East Texas, Arkansas and  
Louisiana, just the same as it has been  
the one factor in bringing about the  
prairie and plains of West Texas,  
Oklahoma and New Mexico.

This year a cosmopolitan crowd will  
gather under the roof of the Coliseum  
the biggest building in Texas to swan  
West Texas steers for East Texas hogs  
and the big fancies will try their sel-  
lers and hounds on the bench and the  
meat buyer will chat chicken until  
his heart's content.

**WILL PLAY PUSH BALL.**  
Horseback Games Will Be Attraction  
at Fat Stock Show.  
Football on horseback will be one  
of the attractions at the next Horse  
Show, which is held in connection with  
the National Feeders and Breeders' Show  
each year in Fort Worth, when the  
night attraction is thrown open  
to the public on March 10, 1913.  
The game to be played on horseback  
is not really football, but is known as  
push ball, and is one of the new games  
in American sport. The game was  
staged every night at the 1912 show  
between a team from Fort Bliss, Okla.,  
and a team of Texas cowboys. This  
will be a feature of the 1913 show.

**GO TO THE**

**"OLD RELIABLE"**

**OR YOUR MERCHANDISE**

**DURING NINETEEN-THIRTEEN**

**F. Vander Stucken Co.**

**FAT STOCK SHOW  
OPENS MARCH 8**

Big Premium List Is Now In  
Readiness.  
**SEVEN DAYS OF PLEASURE**

Committee Chosen From Breeding As-  
sociations Make Rules Governing All  
Contests—Beef and Dairy Deeds to  
Exhibit.

When the National Feeders and Breed-  
ers' Show at Fort Worth, Tex., swings  
open its doors Saturday morning,  
March 8, the greatest cattle show ever  
presented to the American people and  
over Southern skies will begin a history  
making exhibition.

Cattle fattened on the ranges of West  
Texas and Oklahoma, those from the  
pasture lands of the settled East, and  
but not least, from across the border  
in Old Mexico, will pass under the  
careful eye of the most skilled judges  
known to the different breeding as-  
sociations for honors which means every-  
thing to their owners. The cattle classi-  
fication this year includes every known  
breed of consequence, and suitable  
prizes will be given to each division.

All the cattle entering for competi-  
tion will come under the rules of the  
"Sitting Committee." This committee  
is composed of members to be nomi-  
nated by the various breeding associa-  
tions and will pass upon the ages  
and eligibility of all entries and see  
that such entries are within the age  
limit. The age limit on both breeding  
and fat cattle will be rigidly enforced.

**Special Days for State.**  
Special days will be given states of  
the Southwest at the National Feeders  
and Breeders' Show in Fort Worth,  
March 8 to 15 inclusive. Already Ar-  
kansas and Texas have been designated  
days and other special days will be an-  
nounced later by the management.

**RAILROAD RATES.**  
All Railroads Give Reduced Rates to  
Fort Worth Show.  
The Texas Passenger Association an-  
nounces reduced rates on all railroads  
for the Fort Worth Fat Stock Show,  
March 8 to 15 inclusive. The selling  
dates of the tickets will be made ac-  
cording to the distance and will be an-  
nounced later.

Excursion rates will be given from  
every city and town in Texas and the  
trains will be run so that people liv-  
ing in the remotest places can reach  
Fort Worth in sufficient time to see all  
of the show. There are many fat stock  
exhibits in the South, but the railroads  
and business men consider none of  
them in comparison with the Fort  
Worth Show, and for this reason spe-  
cial rates have been granted.

more than 5,000 entries were made  
in the Livestock Department of this  
show in 1912. This record will be  
eclipsed by more than 2,000 in March,  
and one of the biggest increases will  
be registered in the cattle division. The  
cattlemen of the West and the exhibitors  
have been breeding for perfection for  
several years and these herds will be  
represented as never before.

An addition to the Cattle Division is  
the Baby Beef exhibits which have been  
given a place. This class of beef is  
grown by the boys on the farm and to  
them goes all the credit and the prize  
money. In less than a year Baby Beef  
Clubs have sprung up all over the  
Southwest, and the rivalry between the  
individual boys and the clubs promises  
to be keen. Boys from Oklahoma, Tex-  
as, Arkansas, Louisiana and New Mex-  
ico have already sent in their entries  
and this feature promises to be one of  
the principal drawing cards in the Cat-  
tle Division. Places in both sections  
above and below the quarantine line  
have been provided for the proper hous-  
ing of exhibits.

The Fort Worth Stock Yards Com-  
pany, Armour & Company, Sears, Ro-  
buck & Co. and Chas. Robinson & Co.  
are offering prizes ranging from \$250  
to \$500. In all nearly \$500 will be paid  
in Old Mexico, will pass under the  
careful eye of the most skilled judges  
known to the different breeding as-  
sociations for honors which means every-  
thing to their owners. The cattle classi-  
fication this year includes every known  
breed of consequence, and suitable  
prizes will be given to each division.

From the pure blood herds of the  
Southwest a great array of Shorthorns,  
Herefords, Red Polled, Aberdeen-Angus  
and others will compete for the largest  
stakes hung up in the history of the  
show. From year to year the contest  
prizes go with the best of the best in  
the Shorthorn Division, but this year the  
Aberdeen-Angus will play for honors  
in every class.

The Bureau cattle from South Tex-  
as and a herd or two from India will  
be on exhibition. This grade of stock  
has not been entered for competition, but  
simply brought to the show for exhibi-  
tion purposes.

The National Feeders and Breeders'  
Show will be given states of the  
Southwest at the National Feeders  
and Breeders' Show in Fort Worth,  
March 8 to 15 inclusive. Already Ar-  
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days and other special days will be an-  
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of the show. There are many fat stock  
exhibits in the South, but the railroads  
and business men consider none of  
them in comparison with the Fort  
Worth Show, and for this reason spe-  
cial rates have been granted.

**M. E. FINNEY WILL  
LEAD POULTRY SHOW**

Prominent Business Men Are Interest-  
ing in Coming Event.

The Poultry Show in 1912 was such  
a decided success that contract has  
already been let to exactly double the  
capacity of the poultry building for  
the 1913 show to be held by the Fort  
Worth Poultry and Pigeon Association  
in connection with the Fat Stock Show  
March 8th to 15th.

Officers for this year will be as fol-  
lows:  
President, H. E. Finney, vice presi-  
dent, Amos L. Carter, treasurer, Ber-  
O. Smith, secretary, Emmett Curran.  
All inquiries, entries and communi-  
cations should be addressed to secre-  
tary.

Special prize list for Poultry and  
Pigeon Show:  
\$500.00 in cash and cups as specials,  
in addition to the regular pen and  
single prizes, which will be the largest  
offered by any association in Texas.  
Open to the member of the Fort  
Worth Poultry & Pigeon Association  
only. You can become a member an-  
d compete for these grand specials at  
payment of the membership fee of two  
dollars. Write the secretary about  
joining.

The Finney Cup, valued \$25.00, do-  
nated by President H. E. Finney for  
the best cock, cockerel, hen and pullet  
any variety.  
\$50.00 in gold for the largest and  
best display, limited to two varieties  
by one exhibitor.  
\$25.00 in gold for the second best  
and largest display, limited to two va-  
rieties, by one exhibitor.

\$100.00 in gold for the largest and  
best display in the English classes.  
\$100.00 in gold for the largest and  
best display in the Mediterranean  
classes.  
\$100.00 in gold for the largest and best  
display of the Asiatic classes.  
\$50.00 in gold for the best male in  
the show, any variety.

\$50.00 in gold for the best female in  
the show, any variety.  
The Pratt Cup, value \$15.00, do-  
nated by Raymond Pratt for the best  
and largest display of S. C. Brown Leg-  
horns.  
The Con Rines Cup, value \$15.00, do-  
nated by Con Rines for the best cock,  
cockerel, hen and pullet, Buff Orpingtons.  
The Curran Cup, value \$15.00, do-  
nated by Emmett Curran for the best  
S. C. Brown Leghorn male.  
The Pollock Cup, value \$15.00, do-  
nated by H. C. Pollock for the best  
cock, cockerel, hen and pullet, Buff  
Rocks.  
The Bower Cup, value \$10.00, do-  
nated by T. B. Bower for the best  
cock, cockerel, hen and pullet, White  
Rocks.  
The Winter Cup, value \$10.00, do-  
nated by John Lewis Winter for the  
best cock, cockerel, hen and pullet,  
White Wyandottes.  
The Carter Cup, value \$10.00, do-  
nated by Amos L. Carter for the best  
cock, cockerel, hen and pullet, Rhode  
Island Red.  
The Burton Cup, value \$10.00, do-  
nated by Walter Burton for the best  
cock, cockerel, hen and pullet, White  
Leghorns.  
The Smith Cup, value \$10.00, do-  
nated by Ber O. Smith for the best cock,  
cockerel, hen and pullet, Black Minors.  
The Hunt Cup, value \$10.00, do-  
nated by P. W. Hunt for the best cock,  
cockerel, hen and pullet, White Or-  
pingtons.  
The Wheeler Cup, value \$10.00, do-  
nated by W. B. Wheeler for the best  
cock, cockerel, hen and pullet, Barred  
Rocks.  
The Alison Cup, value \$10.00, do-  
nated by M. C. Alison for the best cock,  
cockerel, hen and pullet, Black Lang-  
shires.  
The Graham Cup, value \$10.00, do-  
nated by Mrs. C. M. Graham for the  
best cock, cockerel, hen and pullet,  
Buff Orpingtons.  
The Finney Cup, value \$25.00, do-  
nated by H. E. Finney for the best  
and largest display of fancy pigeons.  
The Association Cup, value \$10.00,  
given by the Fort Worth Poultry &  
Pigeon Association for the largest and  
best display of Homer pigeons.  
The Association Cup, value \$10.00,  
given by the Fort Worth Poultry &  
Pigeon Association for the best and  
largest display of Carneau pigeons.

**Couldn't Walk!**  
"I used to be troubled with a weakness peculiar to women," writes Mrs. Anna Jones, of Kenny, Ill. "For nearly a year, I could not walk, without holding my sides. I tried several different doctors, but I grew worse. Finally, our druggist advised Cardui for my complaint. I was so thin, my weight was 115. Now, I weigh 163, and I am never sick. I ride horseback as good as ever. I am in fine health at 52 years."  
**TAKE THE CARDUI Woman's Tonic**  
We have thousands of such letters, and more are arriving daily. Such earnest testimony from those who have tried it, surely proves the great value of this vegetable, tonic medicine, for women.  
Cardui relieves women's sufferings, and builds weak women up to health and strength. If you are a woman, give it a trial. It should help you, for it has helped a million others. It is made from pure, harmless, herb ingredients, which act promptly and surely on the womanly organs. It is a good tonic. Try it! Your druggist sells it.  
Write to: Ladies' Advisory Dept., Chattanooga, Medicine Co., Chattanooga, Tenn., for Special Instructions, and 64-page book, "Home Treatment for Women," sent free. 138

**Go To THE FAVORITE SALOON**  
For all kinds of wines, beers, cigars and mineral waters also all the leading and popular brands of whiskies such as O. I. Forrester, Hill & Hill, Old Crow, Jersey Cream, Brookwood, Four Star Hennessy, T. B. Ripy, Green River, Faymou, O. d. Bubees, Old Hermetags and twenty other d. Heren brands to select from.  
Your patronage will be appreciated.  
**Theo. Savell, Proprietor.**

**BANK SALOON,**  
Wants some of your trade. Everything new and up to date.  
We sell such whiskies as the celebrated  
**Edgewood, Waldorf Club, Cuckenhelmer, Green River, Jersey Cream and many other whiskies of Standard brands. We also carry in stock, Paxton Rye Malt, Corn and Scotch Whiskey.**  
Anything in the wine line we can fill your order. Our cigars are good, Flor D Milton and El Palencia are our leaders. Our Schlitz and Texas Pride is always cold.  
Give us a call and be satisfied.  
**TRAINER BROS., Props.,**  
**THE ROCK FRONT**  
**J. G. Barton, Proprietor.**  
**Cold Beer and Soft Drinks**  
**Pure Wines and Liquors**  
**Choice Cigars, Etc.**  
PHONE ORDERS TO 97 WILL RECEIVE PROMPT ATTENTION. YOUR TRADE COURTEOUSLY APPRECIATED

**The DECKER HOTEL,**  
**Mrs. Laura Decker, Proprietress.**  
This House has just been Remodeled and Re-furnished, and we are prepared to do a first class Hotel business. Nice clean rooms and first-class fare. Sample Room. Bath room, etc.  
**Sam Merck,**  
**Blacksmith and Machinist.**  
ALL KINDS OF IRON AND WOOD WORK, POLERS REFLUED. GASOLINE ENGINE, WINDMILL REPAIRS DONE ON SHORT NOTICE. GOOD WORK REASONABLE CHARGES.  
**Horseshoeing a Specialty. Try Us.**

**Sonora, Eldorado & San Angelo**  
**Mail, Express and Passenger Line.**  
**L. L. Craddock, Proprietor.**  
**AUTOMOBILE OR STAGE SERVICE**  
AUTOMOBILE—Leaves Sonora daily, except Sunday, at 7 o'clock a. m., arrives at San Angelo the same evening. Leaves San Angelo at 7 o'clock a. m. and arrives in Sonora in the evening.  
**Automobile Fare \$6 one way. Round Trip \$10.**  
STAGE leaves Sonora Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 7 o'clock a. m. arriving in San Angelo that night.  
Leaves San Angelo Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday at 7 o'clock a. m. arriving in Sonora that night.  
**STAGE FARE, \$4.00, ROUND TRIP \$7.00.**  
**OFFICE AT NATHAN'S DRUG STORE, NEXT TO BANK.**



# FIRST NATIONAL BANK

OF SONORA, TEXAS.

CAPITAL STOCK \$100,000.00

SURPLUS - - 38,500.00

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**  
J. S. ALLISON & CEO. L. ALDWELL, Proprietors.

**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,  
a second-class matter.

Sonora, Texas. - March 1, 1913.

Subscriptions taken at the News office for all magazines or papers.  
L. J. Wardlaw and family returned Thursday from a month's visit to Mineral Wells.

L. D. Sparks of the firm of Sparks Bros. left for Wichita, Kan., Monday on a visit to his family.

J. J. Ford of San Antonio was a business visitor in Sonora this week.

Carl Mayfield of the Juno country was in Sonora Wednesday evening.

Miss Phillips' musical at the Cape Opera house Saturday night was appreciated by a full house. The pupils showing skill and talent.

C. F. Adams elected himself a Civic League and is seeing that Main street and Concho avenue are cleaned of rocks, etc.

Judge James Cornell returned from a professional trip to Austin and a visit to Brackettville. Mr. Cornell while in Austin interested himself in the Sonora Independent school district matter. The title has been introduced in both houses and he is almost confident it will pass.

Mrs. Wilber of the P. W. ranch near Juno is visiting Mrs. T. B. Bond on the ranch. Mrs. Walker was accompanied to Sonora Monday by Mr. Bond and son Thomas in their auto.

**Dr. King's New Discovery**  
Soothes irritated throat and lungs, stops chronic and hacking cough, relieves tickling throat, tastes nice. Take no other, once used, always used. Buy it at Nathan's Pharmacy—Adv.

The Mask Ball given at the Sonora Club hall Friday night was a pronounced success and the number of maskers larger than usual. The maskers in the spirit of the fun and created much merriment. Mrs. Joe Briggs and Miss Ruby Bridges were awarded the prizes. There was a number of visitors present.

**Surprise Your Friends**  
For four weeks regularly use Dr. King's New Life Pills. They stimulate the liver, improve digestion, remove blood impurities, pimples and eruptions disappear from your face and body and you feel better. Begin at once. Buy at Nathan's Pharmacy—Adv.

An oil stove in the W. Eastland residence might have caused a disastrous fire Friday morning about 11 o'clock. Mrs. Eastland however phoned for help and men from town removed the burning stove. The damage was trivial.

## NOTICE.

To the Citizens of Sonora interested in Fire Protection:  
Notice is hereby given that water will be withdrawn for fire protection on and after March 10, 1913 unless some compensation is received.

The citizens have had the protection and the reduction (as shown by the following letter) saving the town far in excess of the meager amount asked by the water works for this saving of cash to those carrying insurance together with the additional protection furnished.

For the past eighteen months not a penny has been paid to us for this protection you have received.

Equipment for a larger pumping on it is ordered and are on the way, for the purpose of being able to supply all demands for irrigating and beautifying our lawns.

All parties using meters can in the near future, be supplied all their demands for water for lawn purposes at 35 cents per one thousand gallons, when they use an excess of three thousand gallons per month, less than three thousand gallons the flat rate will be charged as now. Bear in mind that we will cut off any customer using water for irrigation without meters or a special contract.

We desire to please all our patrons and are determined to do our part—but good services can only be had by proper compensation and not by kicks and bad accounts. Respectfully,  
T. D. NEWELL.

**Key Rate—Sonora, Texas.**

Mr. T. D. Newell, Sonora, Texas. Dear Sir: In reply to your favor of the 16th instant. I direct your attention to the fact that the cutting off of your water works system would materially increase rates on the property of your citizens, owing to the fact that it would be necessary to raise the Key Rate to \$1.00, making a 25% increase, in addition to which, the exposure charge would be materially increased in view of the fact that no fire protection would be available.

Yours truly,  
C. E. Roulet  
Fire Insurance Agent.  
Dallas, Texas, Feb 24, 1913.

Mrs. Hollie McGonigill left for Dallas Thursday to buy spring goods for B. F. Mckel & Co.

Born on Wednesday February 26, 1913 to Mr. and Mrs. C. B. Ward a baby boy.

W. L. Aldwell, president of the First National Bank returned Tuesday from a business visit to Dallas and Fort Worth.

Mrs. C. C. Yaws of the Middle Valley country was in Sonora Thursday accompanied by her son D. T. Yaws.

W. M. Hegwood manager of the Jackson ranch for the Ward Cattle Co was a business visitor in Sonora Saturday. Mr. Hegwood says the cattle are doing very well and was surprised to note the difference 30 miles made in range conditions.

**CORNELL & WARDLAW**  
Attorneys-at-Law,  
SONORA, TEXAS.  
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.

**DR. W. T. CHAPMAN**  
DENTIST  
Hours 9 to 12 a.m. 3 to 6 p.m.  
Office in B. F. Mckel's residence.  
Phone 79.  
Sonora, Texas.

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

**W. McCOMB**  
WINDMILL  
DOCTOR  
Phone No. 2  
SONORA TEXAS

**G. W. ARCHER,**  
ROCK MASON.  
Cement Tanks, Troughs and Vats.  
All work guaranteed.  
SONORA, TEXAS.

**E. A. McDonell,**  
PAINTER, PAPERHANGER  
SIGN WRITER.  
SONORA - TEXAS.

1126 West Houston  
**REX HOTEL**  
San Antonio, Texas.  
One block from I & C. N. Depot.  
**T. A. KOON, Prop.**

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

Money to loan on real estate. Vendors lien notes purchased or extended. Write us for particulars and application blanks.  
R. Wilbur Brown & Co.,  
611f San Angelo, Texas.

**For Sale.**  
A four roomed house corner lot 50 & 140 near school house. Price \$750. Apply at news office 31 f.

## Ten Millions Will Be Spent On The Orient.

The following from the Kansas City Star is the latest that has been given out on the re-financing of the Orient railroad.

On his return from New York to day, D. J. Hoff, attorney for the Orient, said the plan for refinancing the Kansas City, Mexico & Orient Railroad and taking it out of a receivership was perfected as to detail.

Lord Monson, chairman of the reorganization committee in London is to come to America soon. Mr. Hoff said. "He expects to be in Kansas City next month."

Subscriptions to the new bonds are being taken now broad. I will require between 10 and 15 million dollars to re-finance and finish the Orient. Those who have the plans in charge are very optimistic.

## Good News For Texas Flock-masters.

Although there was an enormous crop of feed raised in the corn growing states last season, feeders were unable to secure either lamb- or aged sheep for feeding in any great numbers, and there was a big shortage of both in feed lots in those states this winter as a result. Colorado fed a large number of lambs, but not many aged sheep. Advancing prices since December have had a magnetic influence on such mutton sheep as were being fattened, and they have been put on the market as fast as they were ready, owners as a rule preferring to cash them rather than to hold till after shearing time. The third week in February wethers sold at \$6.15 to \$6.40 in Kansas City, and ewes up to \$5.75. The tendency is upward, and some extravagant predictions have been made with respect to spring prices for shorn sheep.

With cattle approaching a bare spot, and hogs notoriously short all over the farming districts, consumers will require more mutton than usual next spring, and packers at Kansas City will want Texas muttons very much so far, weather conditions have been favorable, starting the weeds early and what sheep Texas will have to market will be fat. Hards were sold out closely last season, but since then a great many wethers have been brought onto Texas ranges from New Mexico. These are better bred, if anything, than the muttons marketed last season and will sell very close to fee natives or westerns at the Northern market.

## Tim O'Connor Killed.

Corpus Christi, Texas, February 21. In a quarrel on the ranch of E. T. Russell, located about 50 miles south of Hebbronville, Tim O'Connor, one of the most prominent stockmen in Southwest Texas, was instantly killed at an early hour this morning.

Lee Martin, an employee of the ranch, was shot in the leg and has been removed to Alice. He is charged with killing O'Connor. The ranch is 50 miles from a railroad and the first learned of the trouble was this afternoon.

Martin and O'Connor were at tending a Mexican fandango. Both are said to have pulled automatic guns and began firing and when the smoke cleared away O'Connor was dead and Martin was wounded.

Lee Martin a former Sutton county boy was known to be in Corpus Christi country and it was first thought that he might have been the one involved in the difficulty above referred to. Parties from Schleicher county Thursday had heard nothing of the affair and the News is pleased to believe that it is not our Lee Martin.

James Alford was in Sonora Friday trading.

Mr. and Mrs. Appel were in from the ranch Friday, shopping.

Mrs. Chas. Lomax and Mrs. John Sims are visiting in Eldorado.

Herbert Pawson the druggist left for Kerrville Wednesday on a business visit.

El Mayfield returned Friday from a trip to the Pecos and Juno country.

W. E. Dunbar, was in town Friday and reports a good rain over part of his pasture Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Bridge and W. R. Word were in Sonora on a visit this week from the ranch in Val Verde county.

## Called to Washington.

Johnston Robertson will not address the goat men and citizens in Sonora on March 7 as had been planned owing to the fact that he has been called to Washington to appear before the ways and means committee on March 6. It is understood that Congressman Garner has also requested the presence of Judge McCarty of Dublin.

R. H. Martin of Sonora sold to A. G. Bell of Hereford, for Abbe Rose of Val Verde county 1500 muttons, two up at pt. Mr. Bell is a feeder and fuisber in the Panhandle.

Russel & Martin of Sonora this week bought all of August Moot's one and two year old steers and heifers; also all of A. F. Clarksons 1, 2 and 3 year old steers; also 25 steer yearlings from Henry Wilson and 20 steer yearlings from E. Steen. Mr. Martin preferred not to give the price.

The Receivers of the Orient Railway have secured the services of H. H. Sparks as General Live Stock Agent with headquarters in San Angelo. Mr. Sparks is already in harness and left for the Stockton country Monday.

F. C. Bates Jr. sold this week 800 head of young ewes to F. F. Johnson of San Angelo at \$4.50 per head, also sold Joe Tiedale 415 head out of the same flock at \$4.50 per head these are all young ewes and are high grade sheep with 12 months clip of wool on, they will be delivered the first of March. Mr. Bates is one of the largest sheep dealers in this section and raises the Delaine sheep—Eldorado Success.

The latest report from Galveston is that Dollie Allison is improving nicely.

I. H. Eder was up from his ranch on Devil's River Monday on his way to Eldorado.

Miss Georgia Hill of San Angelo is visiting Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Morris.

Newt Wardlaw of Ballinger is here to join his brother Jack on the Pecos ranch.

H. P. Opp the cattleman from Menard was a business visitor in Sonora Tuesday.

Duck W. L. who ranches 20 miles west of Sonora was in town Wednesday trading.

Louis Farr of San Angelo administrator for the estate of the E. R. Jackson was in Sonora Friday attending to some business.

Mrs. Aug Mckel returned from Mason Wednesday where she had been to attend the funeral of her mother.

R. Wilbur Brown of San Angelo who lends money on lands etc, was a business visitor in Sonora Tuesday.

Mrs. H. V. Sharp returned Tuesday from a visit to her parents Mrs. and Mrs. W. N. Kelley at Eldorado.

Pess Childress, Ryger Blaine C. L. Williams prominent stockman from the Ozark country were in Sonora Thursday.

Floyd Kellis who is interested in cattle was in Sonora Tuesday trading.

M. V. Sessom was in Sonora Thursday from the ranch 20 miles southwest of town and reports a very heavy rain over a large part of the country Wednesday.

W. T. O. Holman who ranches 30 miles southeast of Sonora was informed by wire and also that his son John was seriously ill at Brownwood. Joe Norths car took the information to him and brought Mr. Holman to town Sunday night. Mr. Holman left for Brownwood Monday on the Mail Car.

It was reported in Sonora Friday that the Madero family occupying three coaches passed through San Antonio. Associate Press dispatches had them reported as enroute to Cuba.

Put eyes glasses on the picture of Huerta and you will find almost a duplicate of Roosevelt. The Mexican trouble in our opinion is over. Huerta is the active "Iron Hand" provisionally, and Felix Diaz will be the next president. The Mexican people are accustomed to the shooting of fugitives as much as they are to bull fights and think not much more of them. With Felix Diaz as president and Huerta as Commander of the army there will be peace in Mexico—but at a great sacrifice to life probably the most enlightened in Mexico.

# THE WESTERN NATIONAL BANK

SAN ANGELO, TEXAS

J. Willis Johnson, President.  
Louis L. Farr, Vice-President.  
Ralph H. Harris, Vice President.  
A. B. Sherwood, Cashier.  
W. H. West, Assistant Cashier.

Capital, Surplus and Profits \$225,000.

We Solicit Your Business.

## COTTON SEED CAKE, MEAL & HULLS

WRITE OR PHONE US FOR PRICES DELIVERED AT YOUR NEAREST RAILROAD STATION.

## THE SAN ANGELO COTTON OIL CO.

We will pay five cents each for second hand cake or meal sacks returned to the mill in good condition, while we are in operation. Send them into us.

## COMMERCIAL HOTEL

Mrs. J. C. McDonald, Proprietress.  
Rates \$1.50 Per Day.  
Rest accommodations, Rates Reasonable.  
HEADQUARTERS FOR COMMERCIAL MEN.  
Dinner's Sample Rooms.  
SONORA, TEXAS.

## JOHN HURST,

EXPERIENCED WELL DRILLER  
Quick, Reliable and Satisfactory  
Contracts to go down 1000 feet or less.  
Postoffice Address SONORA, TEXAS.

## THE SONORA BAKERY is now

Ready to supply all demands For BREAD and PASTRY.

## BUD HURST, PRO.

### Madero and Suarez Killed.

City of Mexico, Feb. 23.—Francisco I. Madero, former President of Mexico, and Jose Pino Suarez who served as Vice President until the overthrow of the Madero regime, were shot and killed while being taken from the National Palace to the penitentiary early this morning.

Groups of friends of the deposed President gathered along the route followed by the guards, making demonstrations of sympathy and, at times, threatened to free the prisoners by force.

During a period of excitement the officers in command of the party gave an order and several soldiers emptied their rifles into the body of the men who were but lately in authority over those who in this way wreaked vengeance on their former executive.

Madero and Suarez died almost without a murmur. Agast at the terrible work their friendship had wrought, the men and women who but a moment before had been crying their sympathy and promising woe for those who harmed a hair of the ex President, fell back before the guns of the soldiery that were turned menacingly in their direction.

### No Need to Stop Work

When the doctor orders you to stop work it staggers you. I can't you say. You know you are weak, run down and failing in health day by day, but you must work as long as you can stand. What you need is Electric Bitters to give tone, strength and vigor to your system, to prevent break down and build you up. Don't be weak, sickly or ailing when Electric Bitters will benefit you from the first dose. Thousands bless them for their glorious health and strength. Try them. Every bottle is guaranteed to satisfy. Only 50c, at Nathan's Pharmacy—adv.

### Residence For Sale

Four roomed house and bath. Two galleries. Lot 100 x 100 near school house.

Apply to G. G. Stephenson, Sonora, Texas.

### For Sale.

Lot 50x200, three roomed new house, front gallery, all painted and papered, close in. Price \$950. Mrs. D. B. Woodruff, R. D. 9, Box 204, Dallas, Texas. Advertisement.

### For Sale

Two Registered Percheron Stallions, coming three and four years old, both in fine shape and can be turned loose on the range. Two jacks, one of which is registered, a good worker, 15 hands, large bone. 60 head of mares bred to the above mentioned horse and jack. Three registered Herford Bulls.  
J. H. Jackson, Rudd, Texas.

### 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.

### Notice to Trespassers.

Notice is hereby given that all trespassers on the T. H. half circle ranch, also called the St. Mayer ranch west of Sonora, for the purpose of hunting, cutting timber, hauling wood, without our permission will be prosecuted to the full extent of the law.  
T. W. Ellis & Sons,  
Mears & Wilkins,  
Sonora, Texas.



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, March 1, 1917.

ADVENTURE

By JACK LONDON. Copyright, 1910 by Street & Smith Company. Copyright, 1911 by the Macmillan Company.

He crawled out on the veranda. The rain had ceased, but the wind, which had dwindled to a half gale, was increasing. A big sea had sprung up, and the mile long breakers, curling up to the overfall 200 yards from the shore, were crashing on the beach. The Jessie was plunging madly to two anchors, and every second or third she broke clear over her bow. Two flags were still under the canvas, and the masts were flying like sheet from the masts. One was blue, the other red. He knew their meaning in the Bernade private code: "What are your instructions? Shall I attempt to land boat?" Tacked on the wall between the signal locker and the billiard room was the code itself, by which the vessel was to be guided.

At last, speaking to two of the men, who turned and followed her, she started up the path. Sheldon attempted to rise, but he fell back helplessly. He was surprised at the size of the men, who looked like giants behind her. Both were six footers, and they were heavy in proportion. He had never seen islanders like them. They were not black, like the Solomon Islanders, but light brown, and their features were larger, more regular and even handsome.

The woman—or girl, rather, he decided—walked along the veranda toward him. The two men waited at the head of the steps watching curiously. The girl was angry. He could see that. Her gray eyes were flashing and her lips were quivering. That she had a temper was his thought. But the eyes were striking. He decided that they were not gray after all, or, at least, not all gray. They were large and wide apart, and they looked at him from under level brows. Her face was camoufled, so clear cut it was. There were other striking things about her—the coxswain Stetson had seen her—braids of brown hair and the long barrelled .38 Colt's revolver that hung in its holster on her hip.

"Trery hospitably, I must say," was her greeting, "nothing strangers slink or swim in your front yard." "I beg your pardon," he stammered, by a supreme effort dragging himself to his feet. His legs wobbled under him, and with a suffocating sensation he began shaking to the floor. He was aware of the coxswain Stetson but he saw only the girl's eyes; they were black, and at the moment of smiling him his thought was that at last and for the first time in his life he had fainted.

The ringing of the big bell aroused him. He opened his eyes and found that he was on the couch indoors. A glance at the clock told him that it was 9, and from the direction the sun's rays streamed into the room he knew that it was morning. At first he puzzled over something unaccounted for as he had happened. Then, on the wall, he saw a Stetson hat hanging and beneath it a full cartridge belt and a long barrelled .38 Colt's revolver.

The slender girl of the belt told its feminine story, and he remembered the whaleboat of the day before and the gray eyes that flashed beneath the level brows. She, it must have been, who had just rung the bell. The coxswain of the plantation rushed upon him, and he sat up in bed, clutching at the wall for support as the mosquito screen lurched dizzily around him. He was still sitting there, holding on, with eyes closed, striving to master his giddiness, when he heard her voice. "You'll be right down again, sir," she said. It was sharply imperative, a voice used to command. At the same time one hand pressed him back toward the pillow while the other caught him from behind and eased him down.

saw right into it as it rose to the crest of a wave. He saw six sweeps at work, and in the stern, clearly outlined against the overhanging wall of white, a man who stood erect, gigantic, gazing with his weight on the steering sweep. This he saw, and an eighth man who crouched in the bow and gazed shoreward. But what startled Sheldon was the sight of a woman in the stern between the stroke oar and the steersman. A woman she was, for a braid of her hair was flying, and she was just in the act of recapturing it and stowing it away beneath a hat that for all the world was like his own "Baden-Powell."

The boat disappeared behind the wave and rose into view on the face of the following one. Again he looked into it. The men were dark skinned and larger than Solomon Islanders, but the woman, he could plainly see, was white. Who she was and what she was doing there were thoughts that drifted vaguely through his consciousness. He was too sick to be vitally interested, and, besides, he had a half feeling that it was all a dream.

"Good boatmen," was Sheldon's verdict, as he saw the boat leap forward on the face of a huge breaker, the sweeps flying swiftly to keep her on that front of the moving mountain of water that raced madly for the shore. It was well done. Part full of water, the boat was hung upon the beach, the men springing out and dragging its nose to the gate posts. Sheldon had called vainly to the house boys, who, at the moment, were dosing the remaining patients in the hospital. He knew he was unable to rise up and go down the path to meet the newcomers, so he lay back in the steamer chair and watched for ages while they cared for the boat. The woman stooped to one side, her hand resting on the gate. Occasional surges of sea water washed over her feet, which he could see were incased in rubber sea boots. She scrutinized the house sharply, and for some time she gazed at him steadily. At last, speaking to two of the men, who turned and followed her, she started up the path.

"My name is Sheldon, David Sheldon," he said, with direct relevance, holding out a thin hand. Her hand started out impulsively, then checked. "My name is Lackland, Joan Lackland." The hand went out. "And let it be friends." "It could not be otherwise"—he began lamely. "And I can find my men all the time," she said, as he turned away. "All the time," she said, as he turned away. "All the time," she said, as he turned away.

"It's my own fault," he confessed. "I shouldn't have baited you. I'll be careful in the future." "In the meantime go on laughing and I'll see about breakfast. Is there anything you would fancy?" He shook his head. "It will do you good to eat something. Your fever has burned out and you are merely weak. Wait a moment."

She hurried out of the room in the direction of the kitchen, tripped at the door in a pair of sandals several times too large for her feet and disappeared in a noisy confusion. "By Jove, those are my sandals," he thought to himself. "The girl hasn't a thing to wear except what she landed on the beach in and she certainly landed in sea boots."

CHAPTER V. SHE WOULD A PLANTER BE. Sheldon mended rapidly. The fever had burned out, and there was nothing for him to do but gather strength. Joan had taken the cook in hand, and for the first time, as Sheldon remarked, the chop at Bernade was white man's chop. With her own hands Joan prepared the sick man's food, and between that and the cheer she brought him he was able after two days to totter feebly out upon the veranda. The situation struck him as strange, and stranger still was the fact that it did not seem strange to the girl at all. She had settled down and taken charge of the household as a matter of course, as if he were her father or brother or as if she were a man like herself.

"It's just too delightful for anything," she assured him. "It is like a page out of some romance. Here I come along out of the sea and find a sick man all alone with 200 slaves!" "Recruits," he corrected. "Contract laborers. They serve only three years, and they are free agents when they enter upon their contracts." "Yes, yes," she hurried on; "a sick man alone with 200 recruits on a cannibal island—they are cannibals, aren't they? Or is it all talk?" "Talk," he said, with a smile. "It's a trifle more than that. Most of my boys are from the bush, and every bushman is a cannibal." "But not after they become recruits? Surely the boys you have here would not be guilty." "They'd eat you if the chance afforded."

I don't understand the meaning of your speech of your people. What time do they knock off?" "At 11—go on again at 1." "That will do, thank you. And now, where do you keep the key to the provisions? I want to feed my men." "Your men?" he gasped. "On them goods? No, no. Let them go out and eat with my boys." Her eyes flashed as on the day before, and he saw again the imperative expression on her face.

"That I won't. My men are men. I've been out to your miserable barracks and watched them eat. Fought! Potatoes! Nothing but potatoes. No salt. Nothing. Only potatoes. I may have been mistaken, but I thought I understood them to say that that was all they ever got to eat. Two meals a day and every day in the week." "Well, my men wouldn't stand for that a single day, much less a whole week. Where is the key?" "Hanging on that clothes hook under the clock."

He gave an easily enough, but as she was reaching down the key she heard him say: "Fancy diggers and thinned provisions." This time she really was angry. The blood was in her cheeks as she turned on him. "My men are no diggers. The sooner you understand that the better for our acquaintance. As for the thinned goods, I'll pay for all they eat. Please don't worry about that. Worry is not good for you in your condition. And I won't stay any longer than I have to just long enough to get you on your feet, and get you away with the treat of having deserted a white man."

"You're American, aren't you?" he asked quietly. "Yes," she confessed with a debent look. "Why?" "Nothing. I merely thought so." "Anything further?" He shook his head. "Why?" she asked. "Oh, nothing. I thought you might have something pleasant to say."

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"Are you just saying so, on theory, or do you really know?" she asked. "I know." "What makes you think so? Your own men here?" "Yes, my own men here, the very house boys, the cook that at the present moment is making such delicious rolls thanks to you. Not more than three months ago eleven of them smoked a whaleboat and ran for Malaita. Nine of them belonged to Malaita. Two were bushmen from San Cristoval. They were fools, the two from San Cristoval, I mean; so would any two Malaita men be who trusted them."

gives in a boat with nine from San Cristoval." "Yes?" she asked eagerly. "Then what happened?" "The nine Malaita men ate the two from San Cristoval, all except the heads, which are too valuable for mere eating. They stowed them away in the stern locker until they landed. And those two heads are now in some bush village back of Langa Langa." She clapped her hands and her eyes sparkled.

"They are really and truly cannibals. And just think, I thought the twentieth century! And I thought romance and adventure were fossilized!" He looked at her with mild amusement. "What is the matter now?" she queried. "Oh, nothing. I don't fancy being eaten by a lot of filthy niggers is the least bit romantic."

"No, of course not," she admitted. "But to be among them, controlling them, directing them, 200 of them, and to escape being eaten by them—that, at least, if it isn't romantic, is certainly the quintessence of adventure. And adventure and romance are allied, you know?" "By the same token, to go into a nigger's stomach should be the quintessence of adventure," he retorted. "I don't think you have any romance in you," she exclaimed. "You're just dull and somber and sordid, like the business man at home. I don't know why you're here at all. You should be at home placidly cogitating as a bank clerk or an—"

"A shopkeeper's assistant, thank you." "Yes, that anything. What under the sun are you doing here on the edge of things?" "Earning my bread and butter, trying to get on in the world." "By the bitter end the youngest son must tread ere he win to hearth and saddle of his own," she quoted. "Why, if that isn't romantic, then nothing is romantic. Think of all the younger sons out over the world, on a myriad of adventures, winning to those same hearths and saddles. And here you are in the thick of it, doing it, and here am I in the thick of it, doing it."

"I beg pardon," he drawled. "Well, I'm a younger daughter, then," she amended; "and I have no hearth nor saddle. I haven't anybody or anything—and I'm just as far on the edge of things as you are." "In your case, then, I'll admit there is a bit of romance," he confessed. "It could not help but think of the preceding nights and of her sleeping in the hammock on the veranda under mosquito curtains, her bodyguard of Tahitian sailors stretched out at the far corner of the veranda within call. He had been too helpless to resist, but now he resolved she should have his couch inside while he would take the hammock."

"You see, I had read and dreamed about romance all my life," she was saying, "but I never in my wildest fancies thought that I should live it. It was all so unexpected. Two years ago I thought there was nothing left to me but— She faltered and made a move of distaste. "Well, the only thing that remained, it seemed to me, was marriage."

"And you preferred a cannibal island and a cartridge belt?" he suggested. "I didn't think of the cannibal island, but the cartridge belt was blissful." "You wouldn't dare use the revolver if you were compelled to. Or," noting the glint in her eyes, "if you did use it well, to hit anything."

She started up suddenly to enter the house. He knew she was going for her revolver. "Never mind," he said, "here's mine. What can you do with it?" "Shoot the block off your flag headquarters." He smiled his disbelief. "I don't know the gun," she said dubiously. "It's a light trigger and you don't have to hold down. Draw fire."

"Yes, yes," she spoke impatiently. "I know automobiles—they jam when they get hot—only I don't know cars." She looked at it a moment. "It's cool. Is there a cartridge in the chamber?" She drew, and the block remained intact. "It's a long shot," he said, with the intention of easing her chagrin. But she bit her lip and fired again.

Mothers Can Safely Buy Dr. King's New Discovery and give it to the little ones when ailing and suffering with colds, coughs, throat or long troubles, tastes nice, harmless, once used always used. Mrs. Bruce Crawford, New Discovery changed our boy from a pale weak sick boy to the picture of health. Always helps. Buy it at Nathan's Pharmacy. Adv

The bullet emitted a sharp shriek as it ricocheted into space. The metal block rattled back and forth. Again and again she fired, till the clip was emptied of its eight cartridges. Six of them were his. The block still swayed at the gap end, but it was battered out of all usefulness. Sheldon was astonished. It was better than he or even Huggle Drummond could have done.

"That's really good shooting for a woman," he said. "You only missed it twice, and it was a strange weapon." "But I can't make out the two misses," she complained. "The gun worked beautifully too. Give me another clip and I'll hit it eight times for anything you wish."

"I don't doubt it. Now I'll have to get a new block. Viaburi! Here, you fella, catch one fella block along store room." "I'll wager you can't do it eight out of eight anything you wish," she challenged. "No fear of my taking it on," was his answer. "Who taught you to shoot?" "Oh, my father at first and then Von and his cowboys. He was a shot—dad, I mean, though Von was splendid too."

Sheldon wondered secretly why Von was, and he speculated as to whether it was Von who two years previously had led her to believe that nothing remained for her but matrimony. "What part of the United States is your home," he asked—"Chicago or Wyoming or somewhere out there?" "No, Hawaii. I was born there. It is a beautiful land. My, I'm almost homesick for it already. Not that I haven't been away. I was in New York when the crash came. But I do think it is the sweetest spot on earth. Hawaii, I mean."

"I might as well begin at the beginning," she lifted her head with a proud air of dismissing sadness after the manner of a woman qualified to wear a Baden-Powell and a long barrelled Colt's. "I was born at Hilo. That's on the island of Hawaii, the biggest and best in the group. I can't remember when I first got on a horse nor when I learned to swim. That came before my A B C's. Dad owned cattle ranches on Hawaii and Maui—200,000 acres, almost. He extended it between Mauna Kea and Mauna Loa, and it was there I learned to shoot goats and wild cattle."

"You had been in the army, and dad was an old soldier, and they were both stern disciplinarians—only Von's girls had no mother, and neither had I, and they were two men, after all. They spoiled us terribly. You see, they didn't have any wives, and they made clumps out of us—when our tasks were done. We had to learn to do everything about the house twice as well as the native servants did it—that was so that we should know how to manage some day."

"More than once one or the other of us had our rifles taken away for a week just because of a tiny speck of rust. We had to know how to build fires in the driving rain, too, out of wet wood when we camped out, which was the hardest thing of all—except grammar. I do believe. We learned more from dad and Von than from the governesses; dad taught us both languages passably well, and we learned them wholly in the saddle or in camp. When I was sixteen we three girls were all sent up to California to Mills seminary, which was quite fashionable and staid. How we used to long for home! We didn't chum with the other girls, who called us little cannibals, just because we came from the Sandwich Islands and who made invidious remarks about our ancestors being historically untrue, and besides, our ancestors hadn't lived in Hawaii."

"I was three years at Mills seminary, with trips home, of course, and two years in New York, and then dad went smash in a sugar plantation on Maui. Dad had nothing left, and he decided to return to the sea. He'd always loved it, and I had believed that he was glad things had happened as they did. He was like a boy again—bush with plans and preparations from morning till night. He used to sit up half the night talking things over with me. That was after I had shown him that I was really resolved to go that I was ready to start to Tahiti, where a lot of repairs and refitting for the Miele were necessary, when poor dad came down sick and died."

"And you were left all alone?" Joan nodded. "Very much alone. I had no brothers or sisters, and all dad's people were drowned in a Kansas cloudburst. That happened when he was a little boy. Of course I could go back to Von. There's always a home there waiting for me. But why should I go? Besides, there were dad's plans, and I felt that it devolved upon me to carry them out. It seemed a fine thing to do; also I wanted to carry them out. And here I am. "Take my advice and never go to Tahiti. It is a lovely place, and so are the natives, but the white people! Now, Barbabans lived in Tahiti. Thieves, robbers and liars—that is what they are. The honest men wouldn't require the fingers of one hand to count. The fact that I was a woman only simplified matters with them. They robbed me on every pretext, and they fled without pretext or need. Poor Mr. Erlison was corrupted. He joined the robbers and O. K. had all their demands, even up to a thousand per cent. If they robbed me of 10 francs, his share was 2." "But when the robbers felt to cheating me another I got my first clew to the state of affairs. One of the

robbed robbers came to me after dark with facts, figures and assurances. I knew I was ruined if I went to Tahiti. The judges were corrupt like everything else. But I did do one thing in the dead of night I went to Erlison's house. I had the same revolver I've got now, and I made him stay in bed while I overhauled his things. Nineteen hundred and odd francs was what I carried away with me. He never complained to the police.

"Then I went to New Zealand and got a German mate. He had a master's certificate, and was on the ship's papers as captain, but I was a better navigator than he, and I was really captain myself. I lost her, too, but it's no reflection on my seamanship. The German mate was drowned. We lay all night to a sea drag, and next morning sighted your place here."

"I suppose you will go back to Von now?" Sheldon queried. "Nothing of the sort. Dad planned about for some time and start a small plantation. Do you know of any good land around here—cheap?" "By George, you Yankees are remarkable—really remarkable," said Sheldon. "I should never have dreamed of such a venture."

"Adventure," Joan corrected him. "That's right—adventure it is. And if you'd gone ashore on Malaita in stead of Guadalcanar you'd have been full half long ago, along with your no big Tahitian sailors."

Joan shrugged. "To tell the truth," she confessed, "we were very much afraid to land on Guadalcanar. I read in the Sailing Directions that the natives were treacherous and hostile. Some day I should like to go to Malaita. Are there any plantations there?" "Not one, not a white trader even."

"Then I shall go over on a recruiting vessel some time." "Impossible!" Sheldon cried. "It is no place for a woman." "I shall go just the same," she repeated.

CHAPTER VI. TEMPEST. It was the first time Sheldon had been at close quarters with an American girl, and he would have wondered if all American girls were like Joan Lackland had he not had wit enough to realize that she was not at all typical. Her quick mind and changing moods bewildered him, while her out-of-door life was so different from what he conceived a woman's outlook should be that he was more often than not at sixes and sevens with her. He could never anticipate what she would say or do next. Her temper was quick and stormy, and she relied too much on herself and too little on him, which did not approximate at all to his ideal of woman's conduct when a man was around. Her assumption of equality with him was disconcerting, and at times he half consciously resented the impudence and bigness of her intrusion upon him, rising out of the sea in a howling norwester, fresh from poking her revolver under Erlison's nose, protected by her gang of huge Polynesian sailors and settling down in Bernade like any shipwrecked sailor. It was all on a par with her Baden-Powell and the long .38 Colt's.

At any rate, she did not look the part. And that was what he could not forgive. Had she been short haired, heavy jawed, large unsmiled, hard bitten and utterly unlovely in every way all would have been well, instead of which she was hopelessly and deliciously feminine. Her hair worried him, it was so gorgeously beautiful. And she was so slenderly and prettily the woman—the girl, rather—that it cut him like a knife to see her with quick, comprehensive eyes and sharply imperative voice superintending the launching of the whaleboat through the surf. In imagination he could see her roping a horse, and it always made him shudder. Then, too, she was so many sided.

Sheldon certainly was not happy. The unconventional state of affairs was too much for his conservative disposition and training. Bernade, in habit by one lone white man, was no place for Joan Lackland. Yet he racked his brain for a way out, and even talked it over with her. In the first place, the steamer from Australia was not due for three weeks. "One thing is evident, you don't want me here," she said. "I'll fill the whale boat tomorrow and go over to Tulagi." "But as I told you before, that is impossible," he cried. "There is no one there. The resident commissioner is away in Australia. There is only one white man, a third assistant understrapper and ex-soldier, a common sailor. He is in charge of the government of the Solomons, to say nothing of a hundred or so niggers—prisoners. Besides, he is such a fool that he would fine you 50 for not having entered at Tulagi, which is the port of entry, you know. He is not a nice man, and, I repeat, it is impossible."

"There is Guvutu," she suggested. "There's nothing there but fever and five white men who are drinking themselves to death. I couldn't permit it." "Oh, thank you," she said quickly. "I guess I'll start today—Viaburi! You go along Noah; speak in come along me." Noah Noah was her head sailor, who had been boatswain of the Miele. "Where are you going?" Sheldon asked in surprise. "Viaburi! You stop." "To Guvutu—immediately," was her reply. "But I won't permit it." "That is why I am going. You said it once before, and it is something I cannot brook."

"What?" He was bewildered by her sudden anger. "If I have offended in any way?" "Viaburi, you fetch 'n one fella Noah along me," she commanded. The black boy started to obey. "Viaburi! You no stop I break 'n head belong you. And now, Miss Lackland, I insist; you must explain. What have I said or done to merit this?" "You have presumed, you have dared!"

"She choked and swallowed and could not go on. Sheldon looked the picture of despair. "I confess my head is going around with it all," he said. "If you could only be explicit." "But you have no right—no man has the right—to tell me what he will permit or not permit. I'm too old to



A GENTLEMAN IS EVERY WOMAN'S GUARDIAN.

have a guardian, nor did I sell all the way to the Solomons to find one." "A gentleman is every woman's guardian." "Well, I'm not every woman—that's all. Will you kindly allow me to send your boy for Noah Noah? I wish him to launch the whaleboat. Or shall I go myself for him?"

Both were now on their feet, she with flushed cheeks and angry eyes, he puzzled, vexed and alarmed. The black boy stood like a statue—a plumb black statue—taking no interest in the transactions of these incomprehensible whites. "But you won't do anything so foolish!" he began.

"I don't mean it that way, and you know I didn't." He was speaking slowly and gravely. "And that other thing, that not permitting—it is only a manner of speaking. Of course I am not your guardian. You know you can go to Guvutu if you want to—or to the devil, he was always tempted to add. "Only, I should deeply regret it, that is all. And I am very sorry that I should have said anything that hurt you. Remember, I am an Englishman."

Joan smiled and sat down again. "Perhaps I have been hasty," she admitted. "You see, I am intolerant of restraint. If you only knew how I have been compelled to fight for my freedom. It is a sore point with me, this being told what I am to do and not to do by you, self constituted lords of creation! Viaburi! You stop along kitchen. No bring 'n Noah Noah. And now, Mr. Sheldon, what am I to do? You don't want me here, and there doesn't seem to be any place for me to go."

"That is unfair. Your being wrecked here has been a godsend to me. I was very lonely and very sick. I really am not certain whether or not I should have pulled through had you not happened along. But that is not the point. Personally, purely selfishly personally, I should be sorry to see you go. But I am not considering myself. I am considering you. It is hardly the proper thing, you know. If I were married—"

She threw up her hands in mock despair. "I cannot follow you," she said. "In one breath you tell me I must go, and in the next breath you tell me there is no place to go and that you will not permit me to go. What is a poor girl to do?" "That's the trouble," he said helplessly. "And the situation annoys you."

"Only for your sake." "Then let me save your feelings by telling you that it does not annoy me at all—except for the row you are making about it. I never allow what can't be changed to annoy me. I can't go elsewhere, by your own count. You certainly can't go elsewhere and leave me here alone with a whole plantation and 200 woolly cannibals on my hands. Therefore, you stay, and I stay. It is very simple. Also, it is adventure. And furthermore, you needn't worry for yourself. I am not matrimonially inclined. I came to the Solomons for a plantation, not an husband."

Sheldon dashed, but remained silent. "I know what you are thinking," she laughed gaily. "That if I were a man, you'd wring my neck for me. And I deserve it, too. I'm so sorry. I can't not to keep on hurting your feelings." "I'm afraid I rather invite it," he said, relieved by the signs of the tempest subsiding.

Continued next week.

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