

# DEVIL'S RIVER NEWS.

VOL 23

SONORA, SUTTON CO., TEXAS, SATURDAY APRIL 12, 1913.

NO. 1170

## We Cordially Invite

An Inspection of Our

## New Spring Goods

Our Showings this Season Surpass Any

Other in the History of Our Business.

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## The Sonora Mercantile Co.

THE STORE OF QUALITY

### 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  
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as second-class matter.

Sonora, Texas. April 12, 1913.

### TAILORS IN A TEMPER.

They Rose in Riot Against a Play That  
Satirized Their Art.

In 1769 Samuel Foote, the English dramatist, had produced in London a burlesque, the author of which has never been discovered, entitled "The Tailors—A Tragedy or Warm Weather." Downton, the actor, announced the revival of this piece for his benefit. As the title implies, it was a satire upon the sartorial craft, and upon the bills being issued an indignation meeting was convened by the knights of the needle, who vowed to oppose the performance by might and main.

Menacing letters were sent to Downton telling him that 7,000 tailors would attend to his piece, and one, who signed himself "Death," added that 10,000 men could be found if necessary. These threats were laughed at by the actors, but when night came it was discovered that the craft were in earnest and that with few exceptions they had contrived to secure every seat in the house, while a mob without still squeezed for admission. The moment Downton appeared upon the stage there was a hideous uproar, and some one threw a pair of shears at him.

Not a word would the rioters listen to, nor would they accept any compromise in the way of changing the piece. Within howled and hissed without intermission hundreds of exasperated tailors; outside howled and bellowed thousands of raging tailors, who attempted to storm the house. So formidable did the riot was that a magistrate had to be sent for and special constables called out, but these were helpless against overwhelming odds, so a troop of life guards was ultimately summoned, who, after making sixteen prisoners, put the riot to rest.

Conture and His Dainty Pupil.  
An old pupil of Conture told how the master came into his school-room one day when the model was in exceptionally good condition, the light especially fine and the circumstances of the scene altogether auspicious. As he entered one of

the students got up and went to the tub of water in the corner, leaving all the rest buried in their work. "What are you going to do?" asked Conture roughly. The student showed his hands, which had some paint on them, and replied that he was going to wash them. Conture dabbed his thumb in some paint on the palette of the nearest student and made a smear on the dainty pupil's forehead. "You'd better wash your face, too," he said. The face washing was the last act of the students when they had finished their work for the day. The dainty pupil took the hint to heart, apologized and sat down at his easel without visiting the tub. If he had not done so he would never have entered the school again.

### Pressed to Death.

An English court has sentenced a woman to imprisonment because she refused to speak during a trial. The old penalty for remaining mute under similar conditions was being pressed to death. The form of sentence set forth, "The prisoner shall be laid in some low, dark hole, where he shall lie naked on the earth, and one arm shall be drawn to one quarter of the house with cord and the other arm to another quarter, and in the same manner let it be done with his legs, and he there be laid upon his body iron an stone, as much as he can bear—more." There the man had to lie. On the following day he was given three morsels of bread without water, on the following water, but no bread. And this was his diet until he died.

### Mexico's Fans.

In Mexico fans were used long before the conquest, and when Montezuma heard that the Spaniards had landed and were about to visit him he sent for goldsmiths and lapidaries and ordered, among other gifts which were to be offered to Cortes, two feather fans ornamented with a sun and moon of highly polished gold. Like the Japanese and other ancient nations, the Aztecs evidently considered the fan an emblem of authority, for they generally placed it in the hands of Omotecutli, god of paradise, and of Totec, the military disciple of Quetzalcoatl.

### Puzzled Grant.

Grant and Sherman were discussing the plans of a campaign when a third general, a brigadier, entered the tent—a good soldier, but notorious for his carelessness as to his personal appearance. The brigadier finished his errand and went out. General Grant pulled upon his cigar for a few minutes in silence and then said, "Sherman, I wonder whom that man gets to wear his shirts the first week."

### DEAD MEN'S BONES.

The Making of Skeletons is Really a Work of Art.

The skeleton of man or beast is a much more useful and salable object than one would be inclined to suppose. Proof of this is the frequency with which we find these objects mounted in museums, schools of medicine, anatomical cabinets and even in the classrooms for child physiology and in the studios of painters and sculptors. Much labor is employed in separating the skeletons from the tissues and bones that cover them, whitening them and mounting them. Some of them, it is true, are prepared and sold by the medical profession, persons occasionally (in the interests of science) leaving their bodies to the care of this or that medical fraternity for whatever use they may tend to serve. This, however, explains very inadequately the supply available in response to the ever growing demand.

As a matter of fact, the greater part of the skeleton trade is carried on in France, nearly all of it originating there. Paris has a very well equipped factory for the furnishing of skeletons of men and animals for whatever purpose required, and this factory has branches in London and Berlin. Most of the human bones employed in the French manufacture belonged in life to criminals or to unknown persons whose bodies were unclaimed after death in hospitals or almshouses. After being utilized in the dissecting room the remains were removed to this factory. The proprietor of this factory is or should be a very rich man, for he practically monopolizes this industry. The factory has many departments. First comes the preliminary preparation of the skeleton in the carbolic acid tank and finally the fitting of the bones and joints together with wires.

The preparation of the skeleton takes many months from first to last and is a very expensive process in the bulk. There must be a thorough chemical treatment of the bones, in the first place, to insure their hanging together and remaining in an unaltered state. It is hardly ever the case that a skeleton seen on exhibition is made up entirely of its own original parts. The formula employed in bringing the process of the skeleton's completion to a state of relative perfection is still an industrial secret. It must be when sold as "white as marble."

In the warehouse of this factory are rows of shelves where skeletons of all forms and representative of all races may be seen. Some by accident or in virtue of dissection processes have been broken or dismounted and very carefully refitted with fine wire. Underneath are multitudes of boxes of assorted bones, with big bones, such as ribs, marked off with letters and numbers. In showcases may be seen for sale—or "to let" for whatever purposes desired—skeletons of giants, dwarfs, negroes or of strange races discovered by explorers in faroff countries. Criminals' heads with their names and the dates of their execution (some of them very remote) are seen here, and pamphlets descriptive of their crimes are held for sale, with cards in small type containing the same matter, to be attached, if desired, to the skull or skeleton.—Harper's Weekly.

### A Tree of Many Powers.

The ash tree is rich with superstition. The old charlatans of the middle ages used it in their love potions, and the dandies of ancient times believed that it would enable them to make their sweethearts true and help them to discover their future husbands. The inhabitants of Iceland still look with dread upon the use of mountain ash as fuel. Their belief that it will make enemies of all who gather round a hearthstone on which it burns is deep seated and was once almost universal in Europe.

### Too Bad.

On the occasion of her sixth birthday the daughter of a Philadelphia physician received from her father a little ring with a tiny pearl in it. A week had not passed since the presentation when the child, agitated and tearful, appeared in her father's office. In response to her parent's query as to the cause of her perturbation the youngster replied: "It's awful, father! I have lost the little pill out of my ring."—St. Paul Dispatch.

### Which Was It?

The governor was puzzled. "Look here," he said, turning to his private secretary. "Can you tell me whether this note comes from my tailor or my legal adviser? They're both named Brown."

The note was as follows: "I have begun your suit. Ready to be tried on Tuesday. Come in. BROWN."—Exchange.

### HIS GOOD GUESS.

How the Schoolmaster Calculated the Weight of the Pig.

Men wonder at what they do not understand, but a seeming marvel often becomes absurdly simple when it is explained. Many years ago a schoolmaster in the course of his travels had occasion to stay for a day or two at a country tavern. As he sat in the public room with a dozen other persons, evidently natives of the place, there came along a man with a fat hog that he was driving to market. Leaving the animal outside, he entered the inn and joined the little company. Several of the latter went to the window to look at the hog.

"That's a fine pig you've got there, neighbor," remarked one. "Do you know what he'll weigh?"

"Yes, sir," returned the pig's owner. "I had him on the scales just before I started out. What do you guess he'll weigh?"

The questioner, thus questioned in turn, looked at the pig carefully and made a guess. The owner turned to the rest of the company and said:

"Will not somebody else give a guess? Just for the fun of it let everybody have a try."

The proposal met with favor. One after another the men eyed the pig critically and after due consideration gave their estimates of his weight. The schoolmaster, who seemed deeply absorbed in his own thoughts, alone took no part in the contest. But he was not to be let off.

"Say, friend," the owner of the pig urged, "aren't we going to hear from you?"

The pedagogue, who perhaps had never in his life looked attentively at a pig, rose, went to the window and gazed out at this one. He deliberated for a moment, then, with modest hesitation, named a certain number of pounds.

At hearing it the eyes and mouth of the pig's owner opened wide in astonishment.

"Waal, I swan!" he exclaimed. "You're the champion! All the others guessed either over or under, but you've hit it almost to a pound."

Every one stared at the schoolmaster admiringly, but no one was shrewd enough to tell how he had been able to make so good a guess. It had not been a lucky hit, although he could have done quite as well without seeing the pig. He knew nothing about swine, but he knew a good deal about figures. Having heard the guesses of eleven more or less expert judges, he had added together their figures, divided the sum by eleven and "guessed" the result.—Youth's Companion.

### He Was Only Beating Time.

The conductor of the band was a ragtime enthusiast. Violently he beat time, leaning far over, now toward one instrument, now toward another, stamping his foot in his paroxysms of musical fervor and seeming about to spring from his box and carry the excitement of his own soul to one or another of the perspiring musicians.

Mike followed his every move with fascinated eyes until the close of the melody; then with a disappointed air he started to leave.

"How did ye like it, Mike?" asked Jerry. "Come away, Jerry," said Mike in disgust.

"O've been watchin' him for half an hour, and he hasn't hit one of them yet!"

### Napoleon Persuaded.

A mother sought the pardon of her son from the first Napoleon. The emperor said it was his second offense and justice demanded his death.

"I don't ask for justice," said the mother. "I plead for mercy."

"But," said the emperor, "he does not deserve mercy."

"Sire," cried the mother, "it would not be mercy if he deserved it, and mercy is all I ask for!"

"Well, then," said Napoleon, "I will have mercy!"

### The Father of All Novels.

A great branch of literature, undoubtedly the most widely popular and one in which England showed the way to the world, is the novel. In the year 1740 readers were delighted with a new kind of book, a prose romance not of legend, but of their own day and manners. It was the pioneer novel, was called "Pamela," the work of Samuel Richardson, a London printer, and the great success it met with soon brought forth a host of others.

### A Good Laugh.

Every hearty laugh tends to prolong life, as it makes the blood flow more rapidly and gives a new and different stimulus to all the organs of the body from what is in force at the other times. The saying "Laugh and grow fat" has therefore a foundation in fact.

## WOOL AND MOHAIR

CHAS. SCHREINER, BANKER,

(UNINCORPORATED)

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Individual responsibility Three Million Dollars.

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and extended.

E. B. CHANDLER, San Antonio, Tex.

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Lumber at San Angelo at San  
Angelo prices or at Sonora with  
freight added from the wagons.

From the yard in small quantities  
the cost of handling is added. Let  
me figure on your bill.

B. F. BELLOWS,  
Lumber, Sonora, Texas.

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FAMOUS HUPMOBILE

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in Texas for Texans. Try a bottle.

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MATTINGLY & MOORE Whiskeys  
and the Celebrated WOLDORF CLUB  
Sold by Trainer Bros., Bank Saloon,  
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KENNETH TALIAFERRO,  
The Tailor.

NEW SAMPLES JUST RECEIVED. LEAVE YOUR

ORDERS. CLEANING AND REPAIRING.

Shoo In the Old Bank Building.

### SEEING THE GRAND CANYON.

Look at It With Your Own Eyes, Not  
Through Those of Others.

In describing how it feels to look for the first time into the depths of the Grand canyon it has become customary for literary folk to portray their sensations in some such striking way as this:

"One glance was enough. My brain reeled, and I recoiled in grisly terror from the brink. Casting myself upon my knees and clasping my companion about his, I besought him with tears to take me away."

Now, if before visiting Arizona I had visited the travel alcove of the public library I, too, would doubtless have known some of this grisly terror on reaching the famous brink. But as my habit is not to read about places until after seeing them through eyes unobscured by literature the whole depth of the abyss actually terrorized me no more than had the depths of the smiling Yosemite.

Indeed, that first glimpse did not awe or intimidate me at all. It filled me instead with a chaotic sense of power and tranquil beauty and sublimity that deepened, strengthened, clarified as the confused masses of dome and battlement and spire, of fretted cornice and pinnacle, terrace and turret below gradually disengaged and defined themselves and as the variety and marvel of color scheme sank into my soul—a color scheme as protean as that of an ingot of white hot steel cooling rapidly under a sunset sky.

In looking over the standard accounts of literary terror at first sight of the canyon one wonders why they should be so curiously stilted. It is almost as though some pioneer word painter of the canyon had seen it first at some particularly forbidding moment; as though subsequent writers, having studied his account before the journey, had instructed their emotional systems to behave no less vividly than his had behaved.

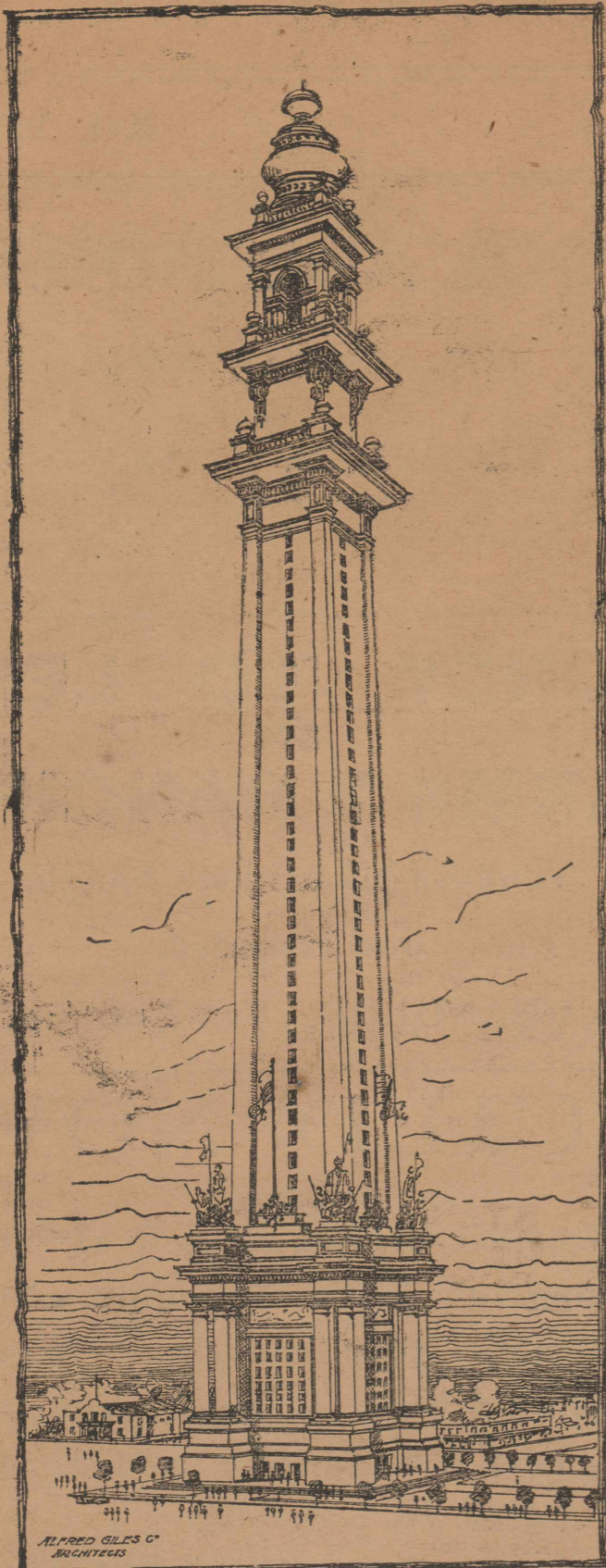
The result is that under the influence of their hysterical writings many tourists arrive expecting to shrink from a grisly inferno and accordingly shrink from a grisly inferno, while others, sincerer and less suggestible, not feeling in the least nervous, are slightly disappointed both in the place and in themselves, for this canyon has been just as much injured by having its somberness laid on too thick as that other Grand canyon up in the Yellowstone has been injured by having its gorgeousness laid on too thick.—Robert Haven Schaufler in Metropolitan Magazine.

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The Best in the World.

BUCKLER'S IS THE ONLY  
GENUINE ARNICA SALVE

Dr. King's New Discovery  
KILLS THE COUGH. CURES THE LUNGS.

# THE ALAMO HEROES' MONUMENT.



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Combining beauty, grandeur and usefulness and representing the patriotic devotion of loyal Texans to the memory of the pioneers who fought for and won liberty, the Alamo Heroes Monument, to be erected in San Antonio on ground hallowed by the blood of the fortress defenders who preferred death to surrender, will be one of the greatest works ever undertaken in Texas. Its graceful lines that emphasize rather than conceal the rugged strength of the structure will make it as a work of art; its great height and the massive character of the base, its columns and statuary within and without will give it grandeur, and its usefulness to the people of the whole state will be realized in its galleries, its auditoriums, its museums, its art gallery, its halls for state and national patriotic societies or associations and its individual rooms for each county in Texas for the maintenance of art or historical exhibits.

The Alamo Heroes Monument will rise to a height of 302 feet the highest structure in the world. It has been designed along modern lines to possess strength and stability such as would not have been possible when the tower of Babel was built, for modern engineering has made possible feats that were impossible then or, for that matter, were impossible only a generation ago; yet with all the advance the science of engineering has made this monument will be one of its greatest accomplishments. It will contain four spacious auditoriums, a museum, an art gallery and a stately hall and a separate room for every county in Texas to be devoted by each to the encouragement of art and history by the maintenance of exhibits along these lines associated with that county. Near the top, balconies will be provided for visitors that wish to take a look into the neighboring counties through the large telescopes to be provided for that purpose.

The base of the monument will be of solid granite rising to a height of fifty feet. On this base will be placed at each corner of the monument and arranged around the shaft high pillars, each eight feet in diameter and seventy feet high, of solid Texas granite. These pillars will be surmounted by heroic statues of Travis, Crockett, Bowie and Bockum, the four great leaders who died in the Alamo with the men in their company who had followed them bravely in the early days of the struggle for liberty, and who did not hesitate to follow them even to

death. Above these statues will be placed the six flags that have waved at different times over Texas, the Lone Star and the United States flag in the center, and on each side the flag of the Confederate States of America, of Mexico, Spain and France. Place will be made, too, for an emblem representing the Indian Tribes that possessed this land before the Spanish adventurers found their way here.

The exquisite grandeur of design and the architecture of the structure will impress itself on the mind whether viewed from without or within. The great lobby will focus the extent and magnitude of the monument like a beautiful and magnificent image that takes possession of the thoughts to the exclusion for the moment of all else. Everything about the structure will be on grand proportions and the lobby will be one of the most impressive sights of the monument. Visitors are to have free access to it at all times.

Its inside measurement will be 32 1/2 feet square, which also will be the inside measurements of the auditoriums, museum and art gallery, each of which will be larger than any hall in San Antonio today. The ceiling of the lobby will be 50 feet high, an opening in the ceiling 8 feet across forming its summit, and this opening is carried up through each succeeding story until it reaches a height of 700 feet. Here will be set into the ceiling, beautifully lighted by electricity, the Lone Star of Texas. The space for one hundred feet beneath the star will have no opening from without to admit the light, so this star will be almost as brilliant in the day time as at night.

Many persons may feel that they cannot afford to give anything to this great work, and others may not consider it worth fifty cents to them to live in a free country where their lives and property are safe, forgetful that Travis and his brave band gave their lives to this cause, but there are many that will contribute not only for themselves but for others also, will do far more than their share, each of them, because of being loyal Texans and above sectional pride and prejudices. That posterity may know who have helped to build this monument, a card index or register will be kept in the archives which will show each contributor to the building fund, each card bearing the signature of one donor and a record of place of birth, residence in Texas and amount contributed. These cards will be in the custody of the Super-

intendent of the monument and be preserved in the museum where they may be seen and studied by visitors.

Active work on raising the building fund was begun a few weeks ago, tickets having been placed in the banks and trust companies throughout Texas for sale to those desiring them, each bank retaining the money received on deposit until called for by the trustees to be put to the use for which it is given. Already much interest in the monument has been aroused and county agents are explaining the plan and purposes to the people in their respective territories, arousing more interest every day so the momentum of the fund is increasing rapidly. Each day bringing nearer the time when the actual work of erecting this new world wonder may be begun, each ticket purchased makes this work possible.

**Pains in the stomach.**  
If you continually complain of pains in the stomach, your liver or your kidneys are out of order. Neglect may lead to dropsy, kidney trouble, diabetes or Bright's disease. Thousands recommend Electric Bitters as the very best stomach and kidney medicine made. H. T. Alston, of Raleigh, N. C. who suffered with pain in the stomach and back, writes: "My kidneys were deranged and my liver did not work right. I suffered much, but Electric Bitters was recommended and I improved from the first dose. I now feel like a new man." It will improve you, too. Only 10 cents and \$1.00. Recommended by Nathan's Pharmacy.

**Free Wool is Deadly.**  
Kerrville Tex., April 8.—Apropos of free wool Capt. Charles Schreiber said today to an Express representative:

"Demand for wool, usually brisk at this time, is practically nil. Buyers, anticipating the proposed tariff schedule, display no interest other than to look at samples.

Captain Schreiber, to whom most of the raw wool and mohair of Texas is shipped, stated as his opinion that in the event of wool being placed on the free list the death knell would be sounded so far as the sheep raising industry under present conditions is concerned. With the practice of strict economy, good management and a duty of 15 to 20 per cent it would be possible for sheep raisers to stay in business.

Mohair is slated for separate tariff treatment from wool, and in such event it is probable that the usual market will be maintained.—San Antonio Express.

## VICIOUS PIGS OF BRAZIL

Fate of a Savage Jaguar That Fell Into Their Clutches.

The wild pigs of Central and South America have a reputation for ferocity and indomitable pluck that any forest creature might envy. They travel in large droves, and well-informed hunters know that they are exceedingly dangerous enemies to meet. Here is a pig story from Mr. J. Bigg-Wither's "Pioneering in South Brazil." Elliott, the explorer, and a Brazilian companion named Lopez were camping in the forest between two Brazilian rivers.

Suddenly they heard, close at hand, a tremendous uproar of grunting and squeaking.

"Pigs?" exclaimed Elliott. "Roast pork for supper!"

"Come on!" was the only comment of Lopez, and he led the way in the brilliant moonlight toward a little open space among the pines. In a few minutes they came to the edge of the clearing, and there they saw not one pig, but a drove of fifty or sixty, all furious with rage and vainly endeavoring to get at a jaguar that was sitting in fear and trembling on the top of an ant hill, about five feet above the ground.

"Don't fire," said Elliott. "Let's wait a minute. We haven't got too much ammunition, and we can't afford to waste any."

The jaguar, with his tail well in the air out of reach of the foe, was tottering about on the top of the ant hill, with his four feet close together and turning first in one direction and then in another to meet successive attacks.

"How long is this going to last?" said Elliott.

"Till the pigs get tired of waiting and go away or the jaguar gets tired of his uncomfortable position and makes a dash through the herd," replied Lopez.

Just then the jaguar let his tail drop. In a second the pigs had laid hold of the unlucky appendage and had pulled the beast into the midst of them. A terrible battle ensued. From time to time the massive yellow body of the jaguar would rise above the rolling herd of pigs, and his paws could be seen dealing out deadly blows on every side. Then he would sink again and be buried under the bodies of his raging foes. And after awhile the noise began to subside.

"Where's the jaguar?" asked Elliott. "I can't see him anywhere."

"Nor I, either," added Lopez. One by one the excited pigs moved off. When they had all departed the two men descended into the arena. There were fourteen pigs lying dead or dying on the ground, but there was no jaguar. Presently Lopez stooped down, picked up a fragment of something yellow and holding it up remarked, "Here he is!"

He had found a bit of the jaguar's skin, almost the only fragment of his body left. He had been literally torn to pieces and devoured by his vicious foes, and nothing was left of him except a few scraps of skin and hair.

## A PLOT THAT FAILED.

The Scheme to Blow Up Napoleon III. With Gunpowder.

An interesting story is that of a frustrated plot against Napoleon III, which has never got into the history book.

In 1860, when the frontage of the Theatre Francaise was rebuilt after the disastrous fire in which one of the most charming actresses of the Maison de Moliere lost her life, several shops disappeared, among them being that of the famous restaurant Chevet. It was not properly speaking a restaurant. Chevet used to sell liqueurs, groceries, smoked meats, etc., and in a couple of low-ceilinged rooms on the first floor he would serve a meal or two to connoisseurs. One day in 1865 or 1866 two young men of fashion, Russians both of them, came in and called for dinner in one of the little rooms which were above the shop. They asked for caviar, but when they got it they protested loudly that the caviar was of inferior quality and called for the owner of the shop. He came, apologized and was met with the remark, tendered laughingly by one of the diners, that next time they came they would bring their own caviar. They came again and brought it in a little white wooden barrel, and when they left they had it put on one side for them. From time to time the two young Russians came and dined chez Chevet, dined invariably in the same room and always began their dinner with their own caviar. One day they finished the barrel, and a few days later, in the afternoon, one of them brought another one. "Put it in the little cupboard in the room we always dine in," he said to the waiter, "and do not let anybody touch it until we come to dine." The waiter took it, but on his way upstairs something peculiar struck him.

"Look at this barrel," he said to the restaurant keeper. "There is something queer about it."

"That is no business of ours," said the master of the establishment, "and I am not going to look at it anyhow. What will our customers say if they find we have opened it?"

"Oh," said the waiter, "we can open it and close it again, and they will never know. It is certainly different from the last barrel. It is heavier, to begin with."

His insistence prevailed, and the barrel was opened. The restaurant keeper and the waiter started back in fright. There was no caviar, but gunpowder in that little barrel, which was an infernal machine. The little dining room was exactly underneath the imperial box, and there is little doubt that the emperor's next visit to the Comedie Francaise would have been his last had the carefully laid plot not been discovered. The plotters never were caught, although the secret of the plot was carefully guarded and traps were laid for them in Chevet's restaurant for several days.—St. James Gazette.

# GO TO THE

"OLD RELIABLE"

FOR YOUR MERCHANDISE

DURING NINETEEN-THIRTEEN

# E. F. Vander Stucken Co.

## Stubborn Case

"I was under the treatment of two doctors," writes Mrs. R. L. Phillips, of Indian Valley, Va., "and they pronounced my case a very stubborn one, of womanly weakness. I was not able to sit up, when I commenced to take Cardui.

I used it about one week, before I saw much change. Now, the severe pain, that had been in my side for years, has gone, and I don't suffer at all. I am feeling better than in a long time, and cannot speak too highly of Cardui."

# TAKE CARDUI The Woman's Tonic

If you are one of those ailing women who suffer from any of the troubles so common to women.

Cardui is a builder of womanly strength. Composed of purely vegetable ingredients, it acts quickly on the womanly system, building up womanly strength, toning up the womanly nerves, and regulating the womanly system. Cardui has been in successful use for more than 50 years. Thousands of ladies have written to tell of the benefit they received from it. Try it for your troubles. Begin today.

Write to: Ladies' Advisory Dept., Chattanooga Medicine Co., Chattanooga, Tenn., for Special Instructions, and 64-page book, "Home Treatment for Women," sent free. 152

## 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 Old Forester, Hill & Hill, Old Crow, Jersey Cream, Brookwood, Four Star Hennessy, T. B. Ripy, Green River, Fayuga, Barbee, Old Hermetage and twenty other different brands 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, Cuckenhelm, 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.

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TRAINER BROS, Props.,

## THE Rock Front

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Pure Wines and Liquors  
Choice Cigars, Etc.

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## The DECKER HOTEL,

Mrs. Laura Decker, Proprietress.

This House has just been Remodeled and Refurnished, and we are prepared to do a first class Hotel business. Nice clean rooms and first-class fare. Sample Room. Bath room, etc.

## Al Petty,

Blacksmith and Machinist.

ALL KINDS OF IRON AND WOOD WORK, GASOLINE ENGINE, WINDMILL REPAIRS DONE ON SHORT NOTICE. GOOD WORK REASONABLE CHARGES.

Horseshoeing a Specialty. Try Us.

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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.

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The Oldest Bank in the Devil's River Country.

OFFICERS AND DIRECTORS:

M. L. ALDWELL, President; E. F. VANDER STUCKEN, Vice Pres; G. 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 & GEO. L. ALDWELL, Proprietors.

## THE WESTERN NATIONAL BANK

SAN ANGELO, TEXAS

I. Willis Johnson, President.  
Louis L. Farr, Vice President.  
Ralph H. Harris, Vice President.  
A. B. Skerwood, Cashier,  
W. H. West, Assistant Cashier.

Capital, Surplus and Profits \$225,000.

We Solicit Your Business.

## COMMERCIAL HOTEL...

Mrs. J. C. McDonald, Proprietress.

Rates \$1.50 Per Day.  
Best accommodations, Rates Reasonable.  
HEADQUARTERS FOR COMMERCIAL MEN.  
Dinner's Sample Rooms.

SONORA, TEXAS.

THE SONORA BAKERY is now  
Ready to supply all demands  
For BREAD and PASTRY.

BUD HURST, PRO.

JOHN HURST,

EXPERIENCED WELL DRILLER

Quick, Reliable and Satisfactory

Contracts to go down 1000 feet or less.

Postoffice Address 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, - April 12, 1913.

Subscriptions taken at the News-  
office for all magazines or papers.  
Antone Gunzer was in town this  
week having the C & A Gunzer  
auto put in shape.

Jim Holland of the August Moor  
ranch was a visitor in Sonora  
Tuesday.

W. H. Collins of San Angelo  
was in the Sonora country this  
week looking over range condi-  
tions.

Fred Berger returned from Men-  
eral Wells Wednesday. Mr Berger  
was benefited by the trip.

### Special Examination For Teach- er's State Certificates.

There will be a special examina-  
tion at the courthouse in Sutton  
county, Texas for State certificate  
only, May 1, 2 and 3, 1913.

The following is the schedule of  
the examination.

Thursday, May 1st History of  
Education, Physics, Solid Geome-  
try, English and American Liter-  
ature, Psychology, Chemistry,  
Plain Trigonometry, Bookkeeping  
Friday May 2nd. Physical Geo-  
graphy, Physiology, Composition  
Arithmetic Texas History, Gram-  
mar, Descriptive Geography, Plain  
Geometry.

Saturday May 3rd. Spelling,  
Writing, Methods and Manage-  
ment, Civil Government, Reading,  
U. S. History, Algebra, Agricul-  
ture, General History

E. S. Briant  
County Superintendent.

Bad Clark of San Angelo was in  
Sonora a few days this week on  
cattle business.

### Report of the Condition OF THE First National Bank of Sonora, at Sonora,

In the State of Texas, at the close of  
business, April 4, 1913.

#### RESOURCES.

Loans and discounts	\$257,342.02
Overdrafts, secured and un- secured	5,776.01
U. S. Bonds to secure circula- tion	50,000.00
U. S. Bonds to secure Postal Savings	1,000.00
Banking house, Furniture and fixtures	4,800.00
Due from National Banks (not Reserve Agents)	22,286.93
Due from State and Private Banks and Bankers, Trust Companies, and Savings Banks	9,726.36
Due from approved reserve agents	38,092.93
Checks and other cash items Notes of other National Banks	1815.00
Fractional paper currency, nickels, and cents	11.10
LAWFUL MONEY RESERVE IN BANK, VIZ:	
Specie	\$3,476.00
Legal tender notes \$9,214.00	12,690.00
Redemption fund with U. S. Treasurer (5 per cent of circulation)	2,500.00
Due from U. S. Treasury	1,800.00
Total	\$408,687.57

#### LIABILITIES.

Capital stock paid in	\$100,000.00
Surplus fund	25,000.00
Undivided profits, less ex- penses and taxes paid	14,161.11
National Bank notes out- standing	49,907.50
Due to other National Banks Individual deposits subject to check	212,537.10
Cashier's checks outstanding	1,011.82
Total	\$408,687.57

STATE OF TEXAS, } I. W. L.  
COUNTY OF SUTTON, } Aldwell, President of the above named  
bank do solemnly swear that the above  
statement is true to the best of my  
knowledge and belief.

W. L. Aldwell, President.  
Subscribed and sworn to before me  
this 11th day of April, 1913.  
Jas. Hagerland, Notary Public,  
Sutton County, Texas.

Correct-Attest:  
D. J. Wyatt,  
G. S. Allison,  
E. F. Vander Stucken. } Directors.

#### Recapitulation.

Loans and discounts	\$263,118.03
U. S. Bonds	51,000.00
Banking House and Fixtures	4,800.00
Cash in Banks and Vault	\$6,263.44
Due from U. S. Treasurer	3,500.00
Total	\$408,687.57

#### LIABILITIES.

Capital	\$100,000.00
Surplus & Undivided profits less expenses	39,161.11
Circulation	49,907.50
Deposits	219,528.99
Total	\$408,687.57

Advertisement

List of letters remaining or  
band at the Post Office at Sonora,  
Texas for the week ending March  
29th, 1913

Domestic Letters  
Mrs Jack Daugherty,  
John Dailey,  
E. A. Lee, M.D.,  
W. H. Lee  
W. L. Jones  
Foreign Letters,  
Cruz Torres  
Fortunate Valdez  
Antonio Fijo  
When calling for the above, please  
say advertised.  
H. Thiers, P. M.

#### For Sale.

L. 45x200, three roomed new  
house, front gallery, all painted  
and papered, close in. Price \$850.  
Mrs. D. B. Woodruff.  
R. D. 9, Box 20a, Dallas, Texas.  
Advertisement

### CORNELL & WARDLAW

Attorneys-at-Law,  
SONORA, TEX.

Will practice in all the State Court

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. Meckel's residence.  
Phone 79.  
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.

H. A. McDONELL,  
PAINTER, PAPERHANGER  
SIGN WRITER.  
SONORA, TEXAS.

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

For Sale or Trade for Coats.  
Five roomed house and bath  
well improved, lot 200 by 200  
For further particulars,  
65th Apply at News office.

Money to loan on real estate  
Vendors lien notes purchased or  
extended. Write us for particulars  
and application blanks  
R. Wilbur Brown & Co.,  
61st San Angelo, Texas.

W. McCOMB  
WINDMILL  
DOCTOR  
Phone No. 2  
SONORA TEXAS

Residence For Sale  
Four roomed house and hall  
Two galleries. Lot 100 x 100 near  
school house.  
Apply to  
G. G. Stephenson,  
Sonora, Texas.

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

Bunch of Keys.  
Lost on Thursday between Main  
street and race track a bunch of  
keys. Finder will please return  
them to News office.

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

Pasturage Notico.  
Notice is hereby given that I  
will charge 5 cents per head per  
day for horses or cattle held in the  
Curt Allison trap near miles South  
of Sonora. I have this place rented  
and cannot afford to pasture  
stock without charge.  
Wiley Smith.

For Sale Dirt Cheap.  
One 4 cylinder Cadillac automo-  
bile, good as new, first cost \$2250,  
with \$75.00 Gabriel horn. Comple-  
tely \$100.00, if bought at once.  
Noah Smith,  
69  
San Angelo, Texas.

Mr. Tom Holland was visiting  
in San Angelo this week.

Mrs. J. H. Brasler entertained  
the Bible class Friday afternoon

Mr. and Mrs. Ira Wheat visited  
in San Angelo Sunday.

Don't forget about plans for the  
addition to the school house.

Mr. and Mrs. James Cornell are  
in Fort Worth this week.

L. J. Wardlaw was in Fort  
Worth this week on professional  
business.

Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Aldwell  
returned Thursday from a visit to  
Fort Worth.

Dr. and Mr. J. S. Allison, Misses  
Tillman, Estland and Hollinger  
visited San Angelo Thursday.

Ed. Fowler and J. A. Cope  
returned Thursday from a busi-  
ness trip to Angelo.

R. F. Halbert the banker and  
stockman of El Dorado was a  
business visitor in Sonora Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. E. E. Sawyer made  
a business trip to San Angelo last  
week.

L. M. Doyle of Rock Springs  
was a business visitor in Sonora  
this week.

Eddie Pfister bought the Char-  
lie Mitchell garage business this  
week.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. E. Walker  
returned Saturday from a visit to  
New Orleans.

Mack Weaver of Rock Springs  
was in Sonora this week. Mack is  
most as much at home in Sonora  
as in Rock Springs.

C. B. Wardlaw and Chas White-  
head came in from the Pecos  
ranch Thursday. They had a fine  
rain.

A. Petty has leased the Sam  
Merck blacksmith shop and wishes  
the public to give him a share of  
their business.

J. H. Brannon of Schlercher  
county was a business visitor in  
Sonora this week.

Claud Sitter the Owensville  
merchant, postmaster and stock-  
man was a business visitor in  
Sonora last week.

Eddie Deboer who has been  
employed by Chris Minicio in the  
grocery business at Ozona, arrived  
home Thursday.

Mrs. E. C. Saunders who has  
been living in Ballinger from some  
time arrived in Sonora Tuesday  
and will make her home here for  
awhile.

Dr. Chapman the dentist will  
be in Sonora until the 20 of April.  
After that date he will be in Ozona  
for a few weeks.

Lots of people were in Sonora  
Saturday to see the elephant. The  
Clark show was good and will be  
given even larger audiences on  
their next visit.

L. C. Halber of Ralston, Okla. is  
in Sonora on his annual visit. He  
says conditions are favorable for a  
good crop year in his country. The  
cushine in Texas feels good to  
him in the early spring.

Wayne Owens of Rock Springs  
was a visitor in Sonora this week.  
Mr. Owens was for 16 months in  
the employ of the E. F. Vander  
Stucken Co. He is doing fine in  
Rock Springs.

Max Vander Stucken left on  
Monday for Messilla Park, New  
Mex on a visit to relatives. Mr  
Vander Stucken may be absent  
about ten days.

Wiley Smith who has leased the  
Curt Allison ranch was in Sonora  
Saturday with his family to see  
the circus.

Oscar Little of San Angelo has  
been sending the week in the So-  
nora country. Mr. Little does not  
think free meats will make much  
change in the price of cattle.

Carl Atkinson who has been  
working on the Whitehead ranch  
for several years passed through  
Sonora Wednesday enroute to the  
Fort Worth country.

John Eaton owner of the Rock  
Springs water works and ice plant  
was in Sonora this week prospect-  
ing with a view to establishing an  
ice factory here. Mr. Eaton met  
with encouragement sufficient to  
justify him in saying that he  
would be making ice in Sonora  
about June 1st. Mr. Eaton had not  
decided whether he would drill a  
well or buy water from some of  
the wells already established.  
His plant has the capacity of  
2500 pounds per day.

### McFaddin Objects to Free Meats

Washington, D. C. April 8--  
Senator Morris Sheppard placed  
before President Wilson today  
a letter he had received from Al  
McFaddin of Victoria, as president  
of the Cattle Raisers' Association  
of Texas, in which a strong  
protest is made against removal  
of the tariff on dressed meats.

Despite that the Underwood bill,  
providing for free meats and a  
duty of about 10 per cent ad  
valorem on cattle, has been  
introduced with the sanction of  
the President, and that Senator  
Sheppard proposes to support that  
measure, the junior Senator saw  
to it that the President was fully  
acquainted with the cattlemen's  
view of the situation.

The letter of Mr. McFaddin  
argues that the cattle-raising  
industry will be given a setback  
if meats are put on the free list,  
as the 'packers trust' controls  
refrigerating lines operating be-  
tween the United States and the  
Argentine Republic and would  
not, therefore, be compelled to  
sell this food commodity more  
cheaply than now. It is shown by  
Mr. McFaddin that the packers  
likely would pounce upon an op-  
portunity to import cheap foreign  
meats, and there would be no  
competition for the American  
packers, yet there would be com-  
petition indirectly for the American  
cattlemen. The President indicat-  
ed to Senator Sheppard a determi-  
nation to stand by the Underwood  
bill, having studied the conditions  
carefully.

The sheep industry in Texas  
is an important one and millions  
of dollars are distributed over the  
State by reason of the sheep and  
wool business. Practically all of  
this industry will be crushed out,  
it is contended by the sheepmen,  
if Congress carries out the pro-  
gramme reported from Washington.  
The sheepmen have not asked for a  
high duty on wool, merely enough  
to enable them to compete with  
foreign producers, a request which  
seems reasonable enough.

The experience which followed  
the election of 1892 when wool was  
put on free list, should not be for-  
gotten. Previous to this wool had  
been selling at from 20 cents a  
pound to 22 cents a pound and  
the sheep industry was prosper-  
ous, but following the enactment  
of the Wilson bill putting raw  
material on the free list and retain-  
ing a duty on the manufactured  
products, wool dropped to 7 or 8  
cents a pound, cotton fell in price  
to and below 5 cents, and hides  
dropped to 2 1/2 cents. The wool  
industry was paralyzed, cotton  
raisers were impoverished and  
cattlemen were well nigh bank-  
rupted.

Of last years prosperity has re-  
turned and the country is in a  
flourishing condition. Then, why  
should Congress risk another  
panic? Why not let wool alone?  
Certainly a great chance  
will be taken if the proposed plan  
is carried out.

It is hoped that when the tariff  
bill is reported there will be  
enough conservative, safe men in  
the House to prevent radical  
discrimination against raw materi-  
als. Certainly the Democrats will  
not very unwisely if they persist  
in thrusting upon the country a  
policy which will be almost cer-  
tain to result in great financial  
injury to some of the most im-  
portant and meritorious interests,  
and which will also threaten the  
continuance in power of a Demo-  
cratic administration.—San An-  
tonio Express.

Cough and Consumption.  
Coughs and colds, when neglec-  
ted always lead to serious trou-  
ble of the lungs. The wisest thing to  
do when you have a cold that  
'troubles you is to get a bottle of  
Dr. King's New Discovery. You  
will get relief from the first dose,  
and finally the cough will disap-  
pear. O. H. Brown, of Musca-  
dine, Ala., writes: "My wife was  
down in bed with an obstinate  
cough and I honestly believe had  
it not been for Dr. King's New Dis-  
covery, she would not have been  
living to day." Known for forty-  
three years as the best remedy for  
coughs and colds. Price 50 cents  
and \$1.00. Recommended by Na-  
thans Pharmacy.

Silliman & Murchison bought  
this week about 1200 head of cattle  
from the following parties; Will  
Adams, 85 head, S. A. Williams, 100;  
Harold Opp 100 J. N. Craig & Son,  
700; Friend & Davis, 100. The price  
paid per head ranged from \$35 to  
\$50. Some of these cattle are black  
muleys. They are being delivered  
this week and will be put on the  
Silliman & Murchison ranch 22  
miles west of El Dorado.—Success.

A rain of from one to two  
inches fell over a large portion of  
the Sonora country Tuesday. The  
precipitation did not extend over  
five miles north but the south,  
southwest and southeast got a  
good soaking.

Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Noguera of  
El Dorado were visiting in Sonora  
this week.

Who Got the Kiss.  
There were three at table in the  
cafe, a lady and two men. Sudden-  
ly the electric lights went out, and  
the lady, quickly and noiselessly,  
drew back. An instant later there  
was the smack of a compound kiss.  
As the electric lights went up each  
man was seen to be smiling com-  
placently.

"I thought I heard a kiss," said  
the lady, "but nobody kissed me."  
Then the men suddenly glared at  
each other and flushed and look-  
ed painfully sheepish.—Cleveland  
Plain Dealer.

The Hesitant Swain.  
He—What would your father do  
if I told him I wanted to marry  
you?  
She—He'd refer the matter to  
me.  
He (hopefully)—And what would  
you do?  
She—I'd refer the matter to the  
young man who proposed to me and  
was accepted while you were trying  
to make up your mind.

### The Danger of Free Wool.

The decision said to have been  
arrived at by President Wilson  
and the Democratic members of the  
House Committee on Ways and  
Means threatens to cripple one of  
the great industries of the West  
and South west and to place Amer-  
ican wool producers at the mercy  
of foreign wool interests in which  
cheap lands and cheap labor are  
the principal factors.

If raw wool is placed on the free  
list, as it is said to have been plan-  
ned by the President and the  
Democrats on the committee that  
is to arrange the tariff schedules,  
it seems inevitable that the sheep-  
men of this country will be driven  
out of business and that America  
markets will be dependent upon  
the shepherds of Mexico and other  
countries where wool can be pro-  
duced at a low price and shipped  
into the United States free of duty.

When this is done, it will reason-  
able to expect that manufacturers  
of wooled goods will advance the  
price of their products as did the  
shoe manufacturers after the  
duty had been removed from  
hides, so that they only will be  
beneficiaries of the revised tariff.

The sheep industry in Texas  
is an important one and millions  
of dollars are distributed over the  
State by reason of the sheep and  
wool business. Practically all of  
this industry will be crushed out,  
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# ADVENTURE

By  
**JACK LONDON**

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Copyright, 1911 by the Macmillan  
Company

through the barracks, house by house, the boss boys assisting.

A wealth of loot was recovered. There were fully a dozen cane knives, big hacking weapons, with razor edges, capable of decapitating a man at a stroke, but most astonishing was the quantity of ammunition—cartridges for Lee Metfords, for Winchester and Marlin, for revolvers from 22 caliber to 45, shotgun cartridges, four boxes of 38 cartridges of prodigious bore for the ancient Salders of Malatia, flasks of black powder, sticks of dynamite, yards of fuse and boxes of detonators. But the great find was in the house occupied by Gogoomy and five Port Adams recruits. The fact



"ME FINISH ALONG YOU, YOU DIE ALONG GETHER."

that the boxes yielded nothing excited Sheldon's suspicions, and he gave orders to dig up the earthen floor. Wrapped in matting, well oiled, free from rust, and brand new, two Winchester were first unearthed. Sheldon did not recognize them. They had not come from Berande; neither had the forty flasks of powder found under the corner post of the house; and, while he could not be sure, he could remember no loss of eight boxes of detonators. The absence of any cartridges made Sheldon persist in the digging up of the floor, and a fifty pound tin was his reward. With glowering eyes Gogoomy looked on while Sheldon took from the tin a hundred rounds each for the two Winchester and fully as many rounds more of nondescript cartridges of all sorts and makes and calibres.

The contraband and stolen property was piled in assorted heaps on the back veranda of the bungalow. A few paces from the bottom of the steps were grouped the forty odd culprits, while behind them, in solid array, the several hundred blacks of the plantation. At the head of the steps Joan and Sheldon were seated.

"Look at it," Sheldon said to Joan. "We've been sleeping over a volcano. They ought to be whipped!"

"No whip me," Gogoomy cried out from below. "Father belong me big fella chief. Me whip, too much trouble along you, close up, my word."

"What name you fella Gogoomy?" Sheldon shouted. "I knock seven bells out of you. Here, you Kwaque, put 'm trons along that fella Gogoomy."

Joan and Kwaque. "Me finish along you, you catch in big fella trouble, my word. Father belong me big fella chief along Port Adams."

"That will do," Sheldon warned him. "You shut mouth belong you."

"Me no fright," the son of a chief retorted, by his insolence increasing his stature in the eyes of his fellows.

"Look him up for tonight," Sheldon said to Kwaque. "Sun he come up put 'm that fella and live fella belong him along grass cutting. Savee?"

"I wonder what has become of Tudor. It's two months since he disappeared into the bush, and not a word of him after he left Binu."

Joan Lackland was sitting astride her horse by the bank of the Baiesuna, where the sweet corn had been planted, and Sheldon was leaning against her horse's shoulder.

"Yes, it is a long time for no news to have trickled down," he answered, watching her keenly from under his hat brim and wondering as to the measure of her anxiety for the adventurous gold hunter. "But Tudor will come out all right. He did a thing at the start that I wouldn't have given him or any other man credit for—persuaded Binu Charley to go along with him. I'll wager no other Binu nigger has ever gone so far into the bush unless to be laid out."

"Look! Look!" Joan cried in a low voice, pointing across the narrow stream to a slack eddy, where a huge crocodile drifted like a log awash.

at the same time swinging his cane knife in a slicing blow that would have cut her in twain. She leaped forward under the flying steel, which cut through her riding skirt, through the edge of the saddle, through the saddle cloth, and even slightly into the horse itself. Her right hand, still raised, came down, the thin whip whishing through the air. She saw the white, crooked mark of the steel clear across the sullen, handsome face, and still what was practically in the same instant she saw another member of the band, over her shoulder, go down before her, and she heard his snarling and grinning chatter—for all the world like an angry monkey. Then she was free and away, heading the horse at top speed for the house.

Out of her sea training she was able to appreciate Sheldon's executive news. Sprung from the steamer chair in which he had been lounging while waiting for breakfast, he clapped his hands for the house boys; and, while listening to her, he was buckling on his cartridge belt and running the mechanism of his automatic pistol.

"Orenti," he snapped out his orders, "you fella ring big fella bell strong fella plenty. You finish 'm bell, you put 'm saddle on horse. Ulaburi, you go quick house belong Saalee he stop, tell 'm plenty black fella run away—ten fella two fella black fella boy."

Sheldon proceeded to arm Joan's sailors and deal out ammunition and band-aids. Adamu Adam, with loaded rifle, he placed on guard over the whatebats. Noa Noah, aided by Watabatu, was instructed to take charge of the working gangs as fast as they came in, to keep them amused, and to guard against their being stampeded into making a break for themselves. The five other Tahitians were to follow Joan and Sheldon on foot.

"I'm glad we mentioned that arsenal the other day," Sheldon remarked as they rode out of the compound gate. "A hundred yards away they encountered one of the clearing gangs coming in. It was Kwaque's gang, but Sheldon looked in vain for him."

"What name that fella Kwaque he no stop along you?" he demanded. "Here, you fella Babatani, you talk 'm mouth belong you."

Babatani stepped forward in all the pride of one singled out from among his fellows.

"Gogoomy he finish along Kwaque altogether," was Babatani's explanation. "He take 'm head 'long him run like 'm."

"Bogot, Joan counted. "It was only one gun. It must be Papehara."

"You must catch them alive," Joan chided. "The Tahitian snarled."

"How?" he queried. "I am have a smoke. I think about Tabiti, and breadfruit and jolly good time at Bora Bora. Quick, just like that, ten boy run out of bush for me. Each boy have long knife. Gogoomy have long knife one hand and Kwaque's head in other hand. I no stop to catch 'em alive. I shoot 'em. How you catch 'em alive, ten boy, ten long knife and Kwaque's head?"

"The scattered paths of the different boys, where they broke back after the disastrous attempt to rush the Tahitian, soon led together. They traced it to the Berande, which the runaways had crossed with the clear intention of burying themselves in the huge mangrove swamp that lay beyond."

"There is no use our going any farther," Sheldon said. "Sheldon will turn out his village and hunt them out of that."

Never had runaways from Berande been more zealously hunted. The deeds of Gogoomy and his fellows had been a bad example for the 150 new recruits. One by one the boys were captured. Gogoomy alone remained at large, and, as the pursuit closed in on him, he quivered with fear of the bushmen and headed straight in for the mountainous backbone of the island. Sheldon, with four Tahitians, and Seetee, with thirty of his hunters, followed Gogoomy's trail a dozen miles to the open grass lands, and then Seetee and his people lost heart. He confessed that neither he nor any of his tribe had ever ventured so far inland before, and he narrated for Sheldon's benefit most horrible tales of the bushmen.

"Gogoomy he finish along them fella bushmen," he assured Sheldon. "My word, he finish close up, kai-kai along you."

So the expedition turned back. Nothing could persuade the coast natives to venture farther, and Sheldon, with his four Tahitians, knew that it was madness to go on alone.

"The Poonga-Poonga men's laughter died down, and they regarded the spectacle with glittering eyes and glaucous expressions. The Tahitians, on the other hand, were shocked, and Adamu was shaking his head slowly and grunting forth his disgust. Joan was angry. Her face was white, but in each cheek was a vivid spray of red. Disquiet had been displaced by wrath, and her mood was clearly vengeful."

"It's nothing to be angry over," he said. "You mustn't forget that he's a bushman. Binu Charley he said."

"No fear," answered their spokesman, one Koogoo, a strapping, thick-lipped Ethiopian looking man. "Spese Poonga-Poonga boy kai-kai bush boy?"

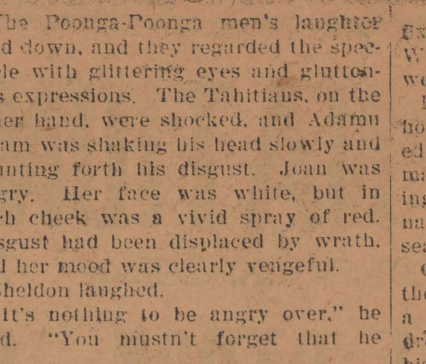
Sheldon shook his head, laughing, and dismissed them and went to overhaul the damage done by a small snake bite for Joan's leg.

It was quite a formidable expedition that departed from Berande at break of day next morning in a fleet of canoes and dingies. There were Joan and Sheldon, with Binu Charley and Lalaperu, the eight Tahitians and the ten Poonga-Poonga men, each proud in the possession of a bright and shining modern rifle.

Binu Charley led the way onward into the rolling foothills, following the trail made by Tudor and his men weeks before. That night they camped well into the hills and deep in the tropic jungle. The third day found them on the runways of the bushmen—narrow paths that compelled single file and that turned and twisted with endless convolutions through the dense undergrowth.

Here, in the midmorning, the first casualty occurred. Binu Charley had dropped behind for a time and Koogoo the Poonga-Poonga man who had boasted that he would out the bushmen, was in the lead. Joan and Sheldon heard the twanging thrum as he saw Koogoo throw out his arms, at the same time dropping his rifle, stambling forward and sinking down on his hands and knees. Between his naked shoulders, low down and to the left appeared the bone barbed head of an arrow. He had been shot through and through. "Cocked rides swept the bush with nervous apprehension, but there was no rattle, no movement, nothing but the humid, oppressive silence."

"Bushmen he no stop," Binu Charley called out, the sound of his voice startling more than one of them.



IN FRONT OF IT CROUCHED A BEARDED BUSHMAN.

backed off Kwaque's head and that he ate one of his own comrades that ran away with him.

"And don't forget," Sheldon added, "that he is the son of a chief and that as sure as fate his Port Adams tribesmen will take a white man's head in payment."

"It is all so ghastly ridiculous," Joan finally said. "And—er—romantic," he suggested slyly.

She did not answer and turned away, but Sheldon knew that the shaft had gone home.

CHAPTER XX.  
THE HEAD HUNTERS.  
"T HAT fella boy he sick," Binu Charley said, pointing to a Poonga-Poonga man whose shoulder had been scratched by an arrow an hour before.

The boy was sitting down and groaning, his arms clapping his bent knees, his head drooped forward and rolling painfully back and forth. For fear of poison, Sheldon had immediately scrubbed the wound and injected permanganate of potash; but in spite of the precaution the shoulder was swelling rapidly.

"We'll take him on to where Tudor is lying," Joan said. "The walking will help to keep up his circulation and scatter the poison. Adamu Adam, you take hold that boy. Maybe he will want to sleep. Shake him up. If he sleep he die."

Binu Charley led the way, by proxy, however, for by means of the poisoned spear he drove the captive bushman ahead. They plodded on, panting and sweating in the humid, stagnant air. They were immersed in a sea of wanton, prodigious vegetation.

"Caught by surprise fifteen feet in the air above the forest floor, and two of a many branched tree, a bushman crouched like a shadow, naked as on his natal morn. It was hard for them to realize that it was a man, for he seemed a weird jungle sprite, a goblin of the forest. Only Binu Charley was not perturbed. He flung his poisoned spear over the head of the captive at the fitting form. It was a mighty cast, well intended, but the shadow, leaping, received the spear harmlessly between the legs and, tripping upon it, was flung sprawling. Before he could get away Binu Charley was upon him, clutching him by his snow white hair. He was only a young man and a dandy at that, his face blackened with charcoal, his hair whitened with wood ashes, with the freshly severed tail of a wild pig thrust through his perforated nose and two more thrust through his ears. His only other ornament was a necklace of human finger bones. At sight of their other prisoner he chattered in a high querulous falsetto, with puckered brows and troubled, wild animal eyes. He was disposed of about the middle of the line, one of the Poonga-Poonga men leading him at the end of a length of bark rope."

"Close up he stop," Binu Charley warned them in a whisper.

Even as he spoke, from high overhead came the deep resonant boom of a village drum. But the beat was slow. There was no panic in the sound. The runway now became a deeply worn path, rising so steeply that several times the party paused for breath.

"One man with a rifle could hold it against a thousand," Sheldon whispered to Joan. "And twenty men could hold it with spears and arrows."

"They came out on the village, situated on a small, upland plateau, grass covered and with only occasional trees. There was a wild chorus of warning cries from the women, and spears and arrows began to fall among the invaders. At Sheldon's command the Tahitians and Poonga-Poonga men got into action with their rifles. The spears and arrows ceased, the last bushman disappeared, and the fight was over almost as soon as it had begun. On the main side no one had been hurt, while half a dozen bushmen had been killed.

"Four brutes," Joan said. "They act only according to their natures. To eat their kind and take heads is good morally for them."

"But they should be taught not to take white men's heads," Sheldon argued.

She nodded approval and said: "If we find one head we'll burn the village. Hey, you, Charley! What fella place here be stop?"

"Spese he stop along devil-devil fouse," he answered. "That big fella fouse, he devil-devil."

It was the largest house in the village. Into it they went. Crouched before a slow smoking fire, in the littered ashes of a thousand fires, was an old man who blinked apathetically at the invaders. His task, it seemed, was to tend the fire, and, hung in the smoke, they found the object of their search. Joan turned and stumbled out hastily, deathly sick, reeling into the sunshine and clutching at the air for support.

"See if all are there," she called back faintly and tottered aimlessly on for a few steps, breathing the air in great drafts and trying to forget the sight she had seen.

Upon Sheldon fell the unpleasant task of furling the heads. They were all there, nine of them, white men's heads, the faces of which he had been familiar with when their owners had camped in Berande compound and set up the poles. Binu Charley, hugely interested, lent a hand, turning the heads around for identification, noting the hatchet strokes and remarking the distorted expressions.

Other heads, thoroughly sun dried and smoke cured, were found in abundance, but with two exceptions, they were the heads of blacks.

"Me savee black Mary, me savee white Mary," quoth Binu Charley. "Me no savee that fella Mary. What name belong him?"

Sheldon looked. Ancient and withered, blackened by many years of the smoke of the village house, nevertheless the shrunken, mummified face was unmistakably Chinese. How it had come there was the mystery. It was a woman's head, and he had never heard of a Chinese woman in the history of the Solomon. From the ears hung two inch long earrings, and at Sheldon's direction the Binu man rubbed away the accretions of smoke and dirt and from under his fingers appeared the polished green of jade, the sheen of pearl and the warm red of oriental gold. The other head, equally ancient, was a white man's, and Sheldon wondered what forgotten beche-de-mer fisherman or sandalwood trader had gone to furnish that ghastly trophy.

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Notice to Trespassers. Notice is hereby given that any trespassers on my ranches 25 miles southeast of Sonora for the purpose of hunting, cutting timber, hauling wood, hog hunting, working live stock, injuring our wolf proof or other fences or any way trespassing upon us will be prosecuted to the full extent of the law.

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