

DEVIL'S RIVER NEWS.

VOL 29

SONORA, SUTTON CO., TEXAS, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 27, 1919.

NO 1506.

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R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO COMPANY, Winston-Salem, N. C.



The Devil's Own

A Romance of the Black Hawk War

By Randall Parrish

Author of "Contraband," "Shea of the Irish Brigade," "When Wilderness was King," etc. Illustrated by Lewin Myers

SYNOPSIS.

CHAPTER I.—In 1832 Lieutenant Knox of the regular army is on duty at Fort Armstrong, Rock Island, Ill., in territory threatened by disaffected Indians. Knox is sent to the frontier to disperse the warriors and makes the acquaintance of Judge Beaucare, rich planter, and of Joe Kirby (the Devil's Own), notorious gambler.

CHAPTER II.—Knox learns Judge Beaucare has a daughter, Eloise, and a granddaughter, Rose, offspring of a son whom the judge has disowned. Rose's mother is a negress, and she and her daughter, never having been freed, are slaves under the law, although the girls have been brought up as sisters.

CHAPTER III.—Kirby induces the judge to stake his plantation and negro servants on a poker hand unfairly dealt by Joe Carver, Kirby's partner. The two hands contain five aces, and Kirby accuses the judge of cheating. Beaucare, infuriated, arises to attack Kirby, and drops dead.

CHAPTER IV.

Kirby Shows His Hand.

That scene, with all its surroundings, remains indelibly impressed upon my memory. It will never fade while I live. The long, narrow, dingy cabin of the little Warrior, its forward end unlighted and in a shadow, the single swinging lamp, suspended to a blackened beam above where the table had stood, barely revealing through its smoky chimney the after-portion showing a row of stateroom doors on either side, some standing ajar, and that crowd of excited men surging about the fallen body of Judge Beaucare, unable as yet to fully realize the exact nature of what had occurred, but conscious of impending tragedy. The overturned table and chairs, the motionless body of the judge, with Kirby standing erect just beyond, his face as clear-cut under the glare of light as a cameo, the revolver yet glistening in



The Revolver Yet Glistening in His Extended Hand.

his extended hand, all composed a picture not easily forgotten.

Still this impression was only that of a brief instant. With the next I was upon my knees, lifting the fallen head, and seeking eagerly to discern some lingering evidence of life in the inert body. There was none, not so much as the faint flutter of a pulse, or suggestion of a heart throb. The man was already dead before he fell, dead before he struck the overturned table. "Judge Beaucare is dead," I announced gravely. "Nothing more can be done for him now."

The pressing circle of men hemming us in fell back silently, reverently, the sound of their voices sinking into a subdued murmur. As if hooded there almost unconscious of their presence still staring down at that upturned face, now appearing manly and patriarchal in the strange dignity of its death mask, a mad burst of anger swept me a fierce yearning for revenge—a feeling that this was no less a murder because nature had struck the blow with hot words of reproach upon my lips I gazed across toward where Kirby had been standing a moment before. The gambler was no longer there—his place was vacant.

"Where is Kirby?" I asked, incredulous of his sudden disappearance.

For a moment no one answered; then a voice in the crowd croaked hoarsely:

"He just slipped out through that after door to the deck—him and Bill Carver."

"And the stakes?"

Another answered in a thin, piping treble:

"I reckon them two cusses took along the most ov it. Enyhow 'tain't yere, 'cept maybe a few coins that rolled under the table. It wasn't Joe Kirby who picked up the swag, fer I was a watchin' him, an' he never once let go ov his gun. That damn sneak Carver must a did it, an' then the two ov 'em just sorter naturally faded away through that door then."

McAfee swore through his black beard, the full truth swiftly dawning upon him.

"Hell!" he exploded. "So that's the way of it. Then them two was in cahoots from the beginnin'. That's what I told the judge last night, but he said he didn't give a whoop; 't he knew more poker than both ov 'em put together. I tell yer them fellers stole that money, an' they killed Beaucare—"

"Hold on a minute," I broke in, my mind cleared of its first passion, and realizing the necessity of control. "Let's keep cool, and go slow. While I believe McAfee is right, we are not going to bring the judge back to life by turning into a mob. There is no proof of cheating, and Kirby has the law behind him. When the judge died he didn't own enough to pay his funeral expenses. Now see here; I happen to know that he left two young daughters. Just stop, and think of them. We saw this game played, and there isn't a man here who believes it was played on the square—that two such hands were ever dealt, or drawn, in poker. We can't prove that Kirby manipulated things to that end; not one of us saw how he worked the trick. There is no chance to get him that way. Then what is it we ought to do? Why, I say, make the thief disgorge—and hanging won't do the business."

"Leave this settlement with me. Then I'll go at it. Two or three of you pick up the body, and carry it to Beaucare's stateroom—forward there. The rest of you better straighten up the cabin, while I go up and talk with Throckmorton a moment. After that I may want a few of you to go along when I hunt up Kirby. If he proves ugly we'll know how to handle him. McAfee!"

"I'm over here."

"I was just going to say that you better stay here, and keep the fellows all quiet in the cabin. We don't want our plan to leak out, and it will be best to let Kirby and Carver think that everything is all right; that nothing is going to be done."

I waited while several of them gently picked up the body, and bore it forward into the shadows. I slipped away, silently gained the door, and, unobserved, emerged onto the deserted deck without. The sudden change in environment sobered me, and caused me to pause and seriously consider the importance of my mission. Nothing less potent than either fear, or force, would ever make Kirby disgorge. Quite evidently the gambler had deliberately set out to ruin the planter, to rob him of every dollar. Even at the last moment he had coldly insisted on receiving a bill of sale so worded as to leave no possible loophole. He demanded all. The death of the judge, of course, had not been contemplated, but this in no way changed the result. That was an accident, yet I imagined, might not be altogether unwelcome, and I could not rid my memory of that shining weapon in Kirby's hand, or the thought that he would have used it had the need arose. Would he not then fight just as fiercely to keep, as he had to gain? Indeed, I had but one fact upon which I might hope to base action—every watcher believed those cards had been stacked, and that Beaucare was robbed by means of a trick. Yet, could this be proven? Would any one of those men actually swear that he had seen a suspicious move? If not, then what was left me except a mere bluff? Absolutely nothing.

Unarmed, never once dreaming of attack, I advanced alone along the dark, narrow strip of deck, leading toward the ladder which mounted to the wheelhouse. There were no lights, and I was practically compelled to feel my way by keeping one hand upon the rail. I had reached the foot of the ladder, my fingers blindly seeking the iron rungs in the gloom, when a figure, vague, suddenly emerged from some denser shadow and confronted me. Indeed the earliest realization I had of any other presence was a sharp pressure against my breast, and a low voice breathing a menacing threat in my ear.

"I advise you not to move, you young fool. This is a cocked pistol tickling your ribs. Where were you going?"

The black night veiled his face, but language and voice, in spite of its low grumble, told me the speaker was Kirby. The very coldness of his tone served to send a chill through me.

"To have a word with Throckmorton," I answered, angered at my own fear, and rendered reckless by that burst of passion. "What do you mean by your threat? Haven't you robbed enough men already with cards without resorting to a gun?"

"This is not robbery," and I knew by the sharpness of his reply my words had stung, "and it might be well for you to keep a civil tongue in your head. I overheard what you said to those men in the cabin. So you are going to take care of me, are you?" There was a touch of steel in the low voice. "Now listen, you brainless meddler. Joe Kirby knows exactly what he is doing when he plays any game. I had nothing to do with Beaucare's death, but those stakes are mine. I held them, and I will kill any man who dares to interfere with me."

"You mean you refuse to return any of this property?"

"Every cent, every nigger, every acre—that's my business. Beaucare was no child; he knew what he was betting, and he lost."

Continued on page 4.

WOOL AND MOHAIR

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CAPITAL PAID IN \$200,000.00

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DIRECTORS:

Individual Responsibility over \$1,500,000.00.

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IS NOW PREPARED TO QUENCH YOUR THIRST!

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Windmill Erector and Repairer

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Can order any kind of Windmill or Gas Engines, also repairs for same.

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QUALITY and SERVICE.

Devil's River News \$2.00 a year

A Voice From Sioux City, Iowa, says

PE-RU-NA

Worth Its Weight in Gold

You cannot mistake the words of Mr. W. W. Northrup, of 908 Fourth Street, Sioux City, Iowa. He is enthusiastic about his present health and the merits of PE-RU-NA and wants everyone to know it. Here is a recent letter from him:



"PE-RU-NA is worth its weight in gold and then some. I used to think it only a woman's remedy but have changed my mind. I had a cough, especially in the morning. After using half a bottle of PE-RU-NA was much better. I would cough up chunks of phlegm and mucus, my eyes itched and bothered me. Judging from the symptoms given in your literature it was catarrh. My stomach is in much better condition since using your medicine."

"Use this testimonial, if you wish. Don't hesitate to advertise the merits of PE-RU-NA." (Signed) W. W. NORTHROP.

There are thousands just like Mr. Northrup, skeptical at first but convinced by a trial of PE-RU-NA.

DON'T BE AN UNBELIEVER.

If your trouble is of a catarrhal nature, try PE-RU-NA, then tell your friends. It is fine after an attack of grip or Spanish Flu.

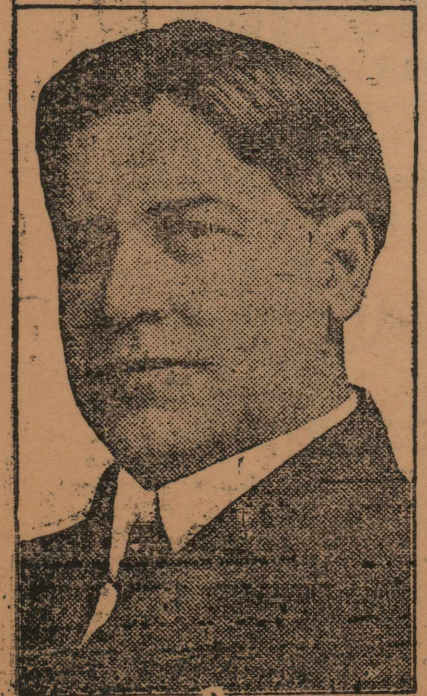
Sold Everywhere Tablets or Liquid

FOR CATARRH AND GYARRHAL CONDITIONS

AUTHOR OF 'THE DEVIL'S OWN'

Short Sketch of Randall Parrish Whose Pen Produced Our New Serial Story.

Few American authors have succeeded better than Randall Parrish in winning the popular favor, and few are better fitted, by education and experience, to write novels of life in America, past or present, than the author of "The Devil's Own." Born in



Randall Parrish.

1856 in Henry county, Illinois, Mr. Parrish attended the University of Iowa, which granted him an honorary degree in 1911, and also studied law. He was admitted to the bar in Iowa and practiced for several years in Wichita, Kan., but the mining fever seized him and he spent two years prospecting in Arizona and New Mexico when that region was wild and woolly. Newspaper work next attracted him and he engaged in that profession in Sioux City, Omaha and Chicago. Also at times he was managing editor of country papers in Nebraska and Illinois. He now makes his residence at Keosauqua, Ill.

Much of his spare time has been devoted to close study of the early history of America, and this has made him thoroughly familiar with the period when our nation was in the making and in which the plots of many of his fascinating stories are laid. He also has made himself an authority on civic work and is in great demand as a lecturer on topics concerning town development, as well as on American history and literature.

SALVATIONISTS IN INDIA.

The Salvation Army in India had, in 1909, 100 European workers and 2,000 native missionaries in some 2,000 villages. In 1918, the number had risen to 280 Europeans and 3,250 Indians at work in 3,059 centers. The Army has imported silk-worm eggs from China which have given good results in various parts of India. Its agents have visited some of the principal silk centers in China, Japan, Korea, Manchuria and French Tonquin, and from their investigations are convinced that India could easily become one of the great silk-producing countries of the world. They are working toward a rehabilitation of two of India's greatest cottage industries—silk-growing and weaving.

W. McCOMB
WINDMILL
DOCTOR
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SONORA TEXAS

San Angelo Fair,
Carnival and Race
Meet October 28,
to November 1

Limit Baby Loans

Money to Uncle Sam



Emil Vaughan Szaffir

While this tiny lad is ringing the bell he holds in his hand, Uncle Sam is working for him. The lad, only 13 months of age, is Emil Vaughan Szaffir of Beaumont. He is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Alex Szaffir and the grandson of Mrs. Eva Vaughan.

Shortly after Emil was born, \$1,000 worth of 1918 War Savings Stamps were bought for him and his parents and grandmother have now added \$1,000 worth of the 1919 issue of War Savings Stamps to them, so the be-lying baby belongs to the Treasury department's W. S. S. \$1,000 Savings Club for both years.

War Savings Stamps and the new \$100 and \$1,000 Registered Treasury Savings Certificates are ideal gifts for every one and especially for children of tender years. The baby does not understand that he is being given a present, no matter what it is, his little mind cannot grasp it. But when he becomes older and is told that Father and Mother, Grandmother or Uncle John gave him a Registered Treasury Savings Certificate or \$1,000 worth of War Savings Stamps or smaller amounts in the same securities, he will appreciate the gift far more than if it had been some toy which he had already destroyed.

The new \$100 and \$1,000 Registered Treasury Savings Certificates may be purchased for the baby and registered in his name and will then be a reminder to him in years to come that, although young, he helped finance the Government when it was in need of help. "Sneak your children for the future! An investment in Registered Treasury Savings Certificates or War Savings Stamps means a college education or a start in business. Buy Registered Treasury Savings Certificates or War Savings Stamps."
—W. S. S.—

Sipe Springs Oil Money Is Going into Safe Investments.

Bringing in of new oil wells at Sipe Springs, Texas, naturally brought large amounts of money to many of its inhabitants and a goodly portion of this has already been invested in Registered Treasury Savings Certificates, which have just been put on sale by the U. S. Treasury Department. The State Bank of Sipe Springs and three individuals each bought a \$1,000 Certificate on the same day. On the first of August, enough \$100 and \$1,000 Registered Treasury Certificates were held in Sipe Springs to represent \$8 invested by every man, woman and child in the town and the surrounding township. This money is now safe, is earning interest for its owners and can be turned into cash with the interest, if desired. The new Registered Treasury Savings Certificates can be gotten from banks and first and second class postoffices, so can Government War Savings Stamps.

EYES TESTED FREE.

Have your eyes tested and old lenses changed or glasses fitted throughout. Ask me for the new style spectacle frame.

T. L. MILLER, Jeweler,
414 Sonora, Texas.

OLDEST PAPER IN SCOTLAND HAD THE VALET GUESSING

Aberdeen Journal, Still "Going Strong" Made its First Appearance April 18, 1746.

A recent issue of the Aberdeen Journal was the 20,000th number of that venerable newspaper—now the oldest in Scotland. The first issue of the Journal was published on April 18, 1746, and contained an account, by an eyewitness, of the battle of Culloden; fought two days previously. This narrative, however, offended the Jacobites, and James Chalmers, the editor, narrowly escaped falling a victim to their wrath. He was a fellow apprentice of Benjamin Franklin. Another notable incident in the Journal's history was its being publicly burned at the hands of the common hangman in October, 1753—"an excellent advertisement," we are told.

But perhaps the outstanding event in the career of the newspaper was in 1787, when the Aberdeen Journal was visited by Robert Burns during his northern tour. In the office, on this occasion, Burns met Bishop Skinner, son of the author of "Tullochgorum" and "The Yowie wi' the Crookit Horn," masterpieces of literature, which evoked the admiration of the Ayrshire poet. Afterward Burns and Chalmers (son of the founder) adjourned to the New inn, where Doctor Johnson also stayed on his way north.

NERO SHOWN IN NEW LIGHT

Historian Pictures Emperor as a Friend of Suffering Rome After the Great Fire.

After all it is pleasanter to think of Nero hustling about and trying to mitigate the calamity than to picture him afar off and fiddling by the light of burning Rome, remarks the Christian Science Monitor. Thus Ferrero, who, most historians agree, is a reliable interpreter of historic evidence, presents him in his recent "Short History of Rome." Hearing of the disaster, he says, "Nero returned hastily to the capital, where, however, he was unable to prevent the destruction of his own house. He did all he could to mitigate the irreparable loss which had been sustained. He opened the public buildings and his own gardens to the people who had been made homeless; from the neighboring towns he sent for everything necessary for the repair and equipment of these temporary shelters as far as that was possible, and he took energetic measures to provide against the still greater calamity of famine." Nero, the fiddler, was a more spectacular figure, but one may probably accept Ferrero's description as reasonably close to what actually happened.

CALMING HER FEARS.

"Henry," said Mrs. Cadder, as she bade her spouse good-by at the station, "don't forget to have a notice in all the papers that I have gone to spend six weeks at the fashionable Yarrow beach."
"All right, my dear."
"I don't suppose it would be possible to mention the fact that I am talking along all trunks?"
"No, my dear. But the neighbors saw them leave the house and other ladies who scan the society page with envious hearts will take it for granted that you will wear something else at Yarrow beach besides 'abathing suit.'"—Birmingham Age-Herald.

WELCOME RELIEF.

"Well, girlie, you have graduated."
"Yes."
"Chock-full of wisdom and erudition, what shall you do first?"
"Plunge right into the silly season."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

READY FOR ANYTHING.

"What kind of a mine you got?"
"Dunno yet, just started to bore. Maybe copper, maybe gold, perhaps oil. We'll capitalize whatever we strike."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

EARLY EXAMPLES.

"The Kilkenny cats kept fighting until there was nothing left of them."
"Yes. They were the original bolsheviks."

THOUGHT CONTROL.

"You never grumble about your taxes."
"No. I don't like to think about them even enough to grumble."

PRINTING AND OFFICE SUPPLIES.

Blank Books, Loose Leaf Systems and Binder, Penell Sharpens, Ink, Pens, (Nemco) Waste Baskets, Indestructible, Penicils, Paste, Glue Paper Fasteners, Let or and Invoicing Files, Typewriter Paper, Adding Machine Paper, Carbon Paper or anything in the printing or office supply line.
HOLCOMB-BLANTON,
28 West Beaugard, San Angelo.

How an American serving in the British army gave a London valet the shock of his life was related by a soldier returning from England. A ragged, penniless American, worn by a year's fighting with the British in France, wandered into Y. M. C. A. Eagle hut, London, and seemed so forlorn and needy that Mrs. Gowers, head of the Y. M. C. A. Hospitality league, and wife of Lloyd George's secretary, took him into their home for his leave.

After a good night's rest the American put the valet "over his jumps," ordering his uniform pressed and generally bossing the houseman in a manner far from what that factotum thought a humble soldier should assume. Finally the servant went to Mr. Gowers to ask who the American was. Mr. Gowers did not know why the valet asked.

"Hif I may say so, sir, 'e's makin' 'imself very muh at 'ome, sir, makin' us all jump about a bit, and 'e told me to send th' cablegram," said the valet, handing over a message which read as follows:
"Dad, I'm busted. Send another thousand. War is hell."
The ragged soldier was a California millionaire's son.—Chamberlain's Magazine.

PLAN TO SALVAGE MUCH COAL

Valuable Fuel Now at the Bottom of the Sea May Be Brought to Surface.

Coal estimated at 1,000,000 tons will be salvaged from the bottom of Long Island sound with five specially constructed boats built by Simon Lake, submarine inventor, according to plans announced by the Lake Engineering company of Bridgeport, Conn. If first salvage operations are successful, it is planned to salvage coal all along the New England coast.

The work promises to be one of the most interesting after-war industries in that section of the country. Simon Lake, who invented the Lake submarine, now in extensive use by the United States government, said that the possibilities are unlimited. A new era in national thrift and conservation of wasted public utilities heretofore overlooked or ignored is heralded by Mr. Lake.

Thousands of tons of coal are at the bottom of the sound within 150 feet of the surface, according to Mr. Lake. The amount of coal in the sound is insignificant compared with the vast tonnage at the bottom of the Atlantic near the New England coast, the result of hundreds of wrecks.

AUTHOR'S MEMORY A WONDER

Gautier Said to Have Used No Notes of Any Kind in Writing His Book of Travels.

Theophile Gautier was a master of literary style. Here is the account of how he wrote his "Travels in Italy," given by his friend, Maxime du Camp:
"This book, which one would suppose to have been thought out in retirement, in a library of works of reference, was actually written in a printing house, amidst the clatter of compositors, the noise of printing presses, the hum of machinery, slamming of doors, and hubbub of a busy workshop. Not a note, book, or document did the author make use of. His memory surpassed belief, and he could draw on it at will without fear of being led astray. He composed without erasing or correcting. When he had finished ten lines, the overseer would clip them from the MS. and hand them to the compositor, repeating the process until the article or chapter was complete. Then, when the proofs were set before him, Gautier would indicate errors by marking them with his nail, and would go on his way, breathing deeply, like a miner released from his subterranean gallery at the end of a day's work."

LIKE REAL ORIENTAL RUGS

British Factory Said to Be Turning Out Perfect Imitations of Rare Eastern Products.

Considerable interest has been aroused in London over the showing of a new type of imitation-oriental carpet by Harrod's, Ltd., according to H. G. Brock, United States trade commissioner at the English capital. "The carpets," he writes in a consular report, "are claimed to be exact reproductions of rare Eastern carpets and are being offered at prices not much higher than those of ordinary loom productions. The most remarkable feature about them is considered to be the true rendering of that Eastern luster which has hitherto defied successful copying. Some of the most notable reproductions are those of the seventeenth-century coronation carpets which were made for the shah of Persia; the Khorassan rug, and the famous carpet manufactured for the Sheik Ismail, the original of which hangs in the Victoria and Albert museum of London; and there are copies of others from the cathedrals and art galleries of the world. The carpets vary in size and have all been made in a British factory during the last three or four years."
W. D. Ager, American agent for Harrod's, explained that his firm has secured the exclusive agency for these rugs in England and has trademarked them under the name "Ori-ange." He said that Queen Mary recently visited the store and placed a substantial order for these rugs for her own use.

THE RUB

"You won't have me because I'm poor."
"Well?"
"Yet all poets speak highly of love in a cottage."
"Love is a delirium of joy anywhere," responded the wise girl. "It's the long stretch of married life in poverty that makes me hesitate."
—Louisville Courier-Journal.

LAST CALL ON BOOZE JOKES

"You were in such good spirits last night, Richard; what makes you so depressed this morning?"
"The spirits."—Boston Post.

HOUSE FOR SALE.

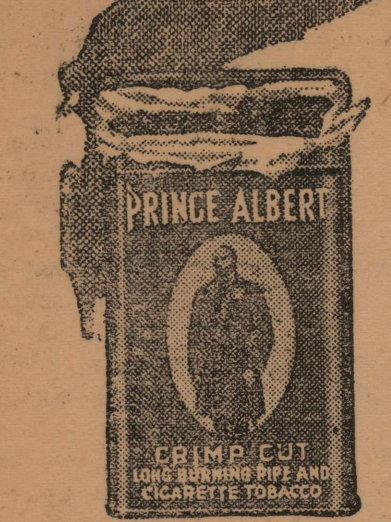
I offer for sale my house on East Crockett avenue, Sonora, at terms to suit purchaser. This is a desirably located home of seven rooms, on four lots, two car garage and other improvements.
Address, John S. Allison,
San Angelo, Texas.

NO TRESPASS.

Notice is hereby given that trespassers on my farm and pasture adjoining Sonora on the east, will be prosecuted according to law. Please tell your friends and relatives of this notice and they will avoid prosecution.
T. L. B'NSON,
Sonora, Tex., Oct. 1, 1918.

PRINCE ALBERT

the national joy smoke



PUT it flush up to Prince Albert to produce more smoke happiness than you ever before collected! P. A.'s built to fit your smokeappetite like kids fit your hands! It has the jimdandiest flavor and coolness and fragrance you ever ran against!

Just what a whale of joy Prince Albert really is you want to find out the double-quickest thing you do next. And, puff it down how you could smoke P. A. for hours without tongue bite or parching. Our exclusive patented process cuts out bite and parch.

Realize what it would mean to get set with a joy's jimmy pipe or the papers every once and a while. And, puff to beat the cards! Without a comeback! Why, P. A. is so good you feel like you'd just have to eat that fragrant smokel R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, N. C.

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For Quick Sale.

18 BILLIES 18
\$25 Per Head 25¢
See them at the Gun-zer ranch. May be just what you need.

J. M. STEWART & CO.

Sonora, Texas.

DENTAL NOTICE.

I expect to make Sonora every other month and spend a week or more.
Dr. J. A. McDonald,
Del Rio, Texas.

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Deals In
Choice Beef, Mutton & Pork,
Buts and Sells
Poultry, Butter, Eggs, Etc
Bays Dry and Green Hides
COOPER & SIMS.

W. J. FIELDS, Sonora, Texas



THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK
OF SONORA, TEXAS.
CAPITAL & SURPLUS \$175,000.00
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PUT YOUR MONEY
where it will be safe. Open an account here and you can say good-bye to worry about your cash. Besides paying by check will give you a better standing in the business world. A check drawn on this bank is a far more dignified and business-like way of paying a bill than paying it in currency.

W. L. Aldwell, President; E. F. Vander Stucken, Vice President; E. E. Sawyer, D. J. Wyatt, Geo. S. Allison, Will F. Whitehead, E. F. Vander Stucken, W. L. Aldwell Directors.

DEVIL'S LIVER NOW!
UNBLENDED WHOLELY.
MIKE MURPHY, Proprietor.
S. E. MURPHY, Publisher.
But sold at the Postoffice at Sonora as second-class matter.
Subscription \$2 a year in advance.
Sonora, Texas, - September 27, 1919

All Resolutions of Respect, Cards of Thanks, Notices of Entertainments where an admission fee is charged, Etc., will be charged for at our regular advertising rates.

TURNER-ESPY.
Miss Thelma Turner and Thos. H. Espy were married at the Methodist parsonage, Saturday, Sept. 20th, Rev. S. C. Dunn officiating. The parents of the bride and a few friends witnessed the ceremony. The bride is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. V. J. Turner who ranch 35 miles south of Sonora, and a graduate of the Sonora High school with courses at Waco and Tyler. The groom is a young ranchman of the head of the Middle Valley country. The News extends its best wishes to the happy couple.

When in need of fruit jars, remember Morris-Gilmore Hardware Co. keep all kinds. 1-17

Shilong Parker of Del Rio was married to Miss Mary Evelyn Guile daughter of Captain and Mrs. M. H. Guile of Des Moines, Iowa, on August 30th.

Paul Rosenow of Carta Valley and Miss Alice Glenn of Del Rio were married at Del Rio Wednesday September 10th and on the same day J. D. Varga also of Carta Valley was married to Miss Rose Mary Glenn at Rocksprings. The brides are sisters.

Morris-Gilmore Hardware Co. have in stock, Balg wire and Binder, Twine. 1-17

Claude Stites who ranches 20 miles east of town was visiting in Sonora Sunday.

S. E. McKnight who ranches 16 miles east of Sonora was in town Sunday visiting.

Frank Decker, Notary Public Sutton County, Texas, office with T. L. Benson Agency

B. M. Halbert left on Sunday for Dallas where he will be under treatment of a doctor in an effort to restore his hearing.

MARTIN'S EGG PRODUCER
Starts Baby Chicks Right and Makes Hens Lay More Eggs. Your Money back if not perfectly satisfied. Ask your Dealer. 88-6m.

Mr. and Mrs. E. M. Kirkland returned last Friday from Marlin where they were very much benefited by the water and baths. Mr. Kirkland was suffering intensely from rheumatism before leaving here and he attributes his improvement to the baths and the treatment given him by an Osteopathist.

J. R. Benson was exhibiting in town last week a vegetable plant called the New Guinea Butterbean grown on his place in West Sonora. The fruit resembles a gourd, was 31 inches long and weighed seven pounds and two ounces. They are known to grow as large as 25 pounds and several of them to a vine, which is ornamental. The fruit when cooked properly has a butterbean flavor, or when preserved is like citron or watermelon rind. As a means to reducing the H. C. L. its advantages are most numerous.

BEST SEASON IN MANY YEARS.

In ten days the rain at Sonora measured seven and a half inches distributed as follows: On 15th, 2.25; on 21st, 0.90; on 22nd, 3.50; on 23rd, 0.70; and on 24th, 0.20 or a total of 7.55. Practically all this rain fell slowly and soaked into the ground making the roads softer than they were even in the spring. The water courses at Sonora were bank full Monday and Tuesday and south and east the precipitation is reported to be heavier. The entire Western country seems to have received very rains and it will be several days before freight trucks can navigate the roads. There was some small losses reported in freshly shorn goats and shearing will be delayed materially, in fact it is doubtful if more than half the sheep will be shorn this fall. With the excellent condition of the range it will not be specially disadvantageous to the wool grower to miss the fall shearing but with the goat raiser, without herding, it is different as the animals with long silky fleeces are liable to become entangled in the brush or have a lot of their hair pulled out.

PREPARED FOOD SALE.

The Ladies of the Methodist church will sell prepared cooked food at Vander Stucken's store on Saturday October 4th. Get something for your Sunday dinner.

Just received at Morris-Gilmore's Beds, Chairs, Mattresses, Pillows and Window Shades. 1-17

Mr. and Mrs. Ed Mayfield and the "Boss" were in from the ranch Thursday.

Boy Crothers and Tommy Bond were in town several days this week.

KILL THE BLUE BUGS By Feeding "Martin's Wonderful Blue Bug Killer" to your chickens. Your money back if not absolutely satisfied. Ask your Dealer. 88-6m.

Mr. and Mrs. Paul Turney came in from the ranch in Edwards county Saturday and extended their visit until Thursday.

Date for the Lyceum course to be rendered in Sonora, are as follows: Oct. 31st, Derrault; Jan. 2, Columbus; Feb. 9, h. Yanks; Feb. 19th, Lewis Co. Remember and ask about season tickets real early.

N. Dow Chapman of San Angelo who is connected with the Internal Revenue Department was in Sonora several days this week.

For the stomach and bowel dia orders of babies **McGEE'S BABY ELIXER** is a remedy of genuine merit. It acts quickly, is pure, wholesome and pleasant to take. Sold by Sonora Drug Co.

J. F. Morrow and daughters, Mrs. J. S. Craddock and Miss Viva Morrow of Robert Lee were here last week visiting their son and brother, Carl Morrow.

Eds. Clyde Hicks and Geo. M. Smithson, and S. E. Van Diver of Fort Bliss, were a recruiting party here Thursday. They were wanting men for Truck Transport service.
When the bowels feel uncomfortable and you miss the exhilarating feeling that always follows a copious morning operation, a dose of **HERBINK** will set you right in a couple of hours. If taken at bedtime you get its beneficial effect after breakfast next day. Sold by Sonora Drug Co.

START NOW FOR A RAILROAD BEFORE NEXT WINTER.

The Austin correspondent of the San Antonio Express in reviewing the proposed extension of Texas railroads has this to say of the Orient:
"Further steps have been taken recently by the Kansas City, Mexico & Orient Railroad looking to the early resumption of construction of its branch line that is to run from San Angelo south through Sonora to Del Rio, about a hundred and fifty miles. The grade for most of the distance was built a few years ago. It is also planned by the Orient to start construction of the extension of its main line to run from Alpine south to the proposed crossing of the Rio Grande about five miles below Presidio, at an early date. The distance is about fifty miles."
Fortunately the Sonora country has abundant range and the assurance of a good winter due to the heavy rains of the past week, but our memory is not so short that we do not recall the conditions of two years ago, when with all classes of live stock at deaths door a rain such as this would have put the country out of the stock business. It has been estimated that the freight and feed bill in the Sonora country alone was \$500,000 and strange as it may seem the continued dry winter was all that saved us.

It is not pleasant to recall these things but it is some times necessary that we remember in order to provide against a recurrence and the most practical provision would be a railroad and the necessity for it so impressed itself on the minds of our people that they would supplement their former contribution to the Orient Railway if assured of the road before next winter.

The Santa Fe railroad did construction work during the war, and the Jakehamon road, through political influence, prevailed upon the Federal Railway Administration to allow them to build an entirely new railroad, one planned since the war. Under these circumstances why not try to have the Orient complete its contract and in the event of failure or lack of political influence on their part make a proposition to the Frisco to extend from Menard or the Santa Fe from Eden. In any event we should be assured of a railroad before next winter.

Rosco Morris returned last week from a visit to his old home at Red Rock.

Morris-Gilmore want the people to get prices on their furniture before buying elsewhere. 1-17

D. H. Mitchell has bought from F. F. Cocke the Gilbert place in West Sonora.

Will Wilkinson of the T half circle ranch was a business visitor in Sonora Saturday.

Wade Grimland left on Sunday for Austin to enter the State University. He makes the sixth of the Sonora High School graduates to go to the University this year. Two of the other Sonora boys graduated at San Antonio.

Miss Helen Lewenthal accompanied by her brother, Willie, left Saturday for the Masonic Home at Fort Worth to again enter school. She will finish there this term. - Del Rio Herald.

Court Will Convene At Any Time

Because of the heavy rains District court was not convened Monday but as no Juries had been summoned there has been no inconvenience. The term is for three weeks and it is understood that as soon as the weather permits to Court will be convened. District Attorney Blaydes of Fort Stockton got as near as Mertzon but became mud bound and returned home.

To Build Concrete Walk to School House.

Necessity being the mother of invention a subscription list is being circulated to raise \$1600 to build a concrete walk from the T. L. Benson corner to the school house. The necessity for this became very evident this week and all parents are interested and should as list in this matter. The property owners on the East side should be especially liberal in this matter as it will enhance the value of their property and the entire community will be benefited.

BETTER BE SAFE THAN SORRY.

Insure now, before your house burns up, in some good old line company.
92 T. L. Benson, Agent.

Rev. Mercer will hold services at the Episcopal church Sunday.

The Womens Club will hold a social meeting Oct 4th.

Morris-Gilmore Hardware Co., have just received a shipment of Linoleum in shades of Tan, Blue and Red.

Mrs. M. J. Hanna of San Saba is here on a visit and will probably spend the winter with her daughter, Mrs. Joe Leach.

Bryan Hunt and H. V. Stokes returned Wednesday from San Angelo. The reports of rain were general throughout the country they said.

MARTIN'S SCREW WORM KILLER Kills Worms, Keeps off Flies, Heals wounds. 6 oz. bot 35 cents. Your money back if not satisfied. Ask your Dealer. 88-6m.

Mr. and Mrs. Joe Turney have been water bound in town all week but reports from the ranch which is in the north western part of Val Verde county is to the effect that the valley is flooded from bank to bank.

In every home where there are children there should be a bottle of **WHITE'S CREAM VERVET FUGE** It destroys worms and acts as a tonic in the debilitated system. Sold by Sonora Drug Co.

J. C. Ramsey and J. C. Fox of the Devil's River Oil & Gas Co., are here this week from Edinburg looking after adjoining acreage. Part of the rig timber is stuck in the mud between here and San Angelo.

Swellings of the flesh caused by inflammation, cold, fractures of the bone, toothache, neuralgia or rheumatism can be relieved by applying **BALLARD'S SNOW LINIMENT**. It should be well rubbed in over the part affected. Its great healing and penetrating power eases the pain, reduces swelling and restores natural conditions. Sold by Sonora Drug Co.—Ad

J. H. Luckie was in Sonora several days this week. He has shorn 12000 goats in this part of the country this season and says it will be impossible to move his plant from the Holman ranch for a week. This will delay him keeping up with his contracts and other crews are in the same fix.

EXTRA LOST

Lost—between Junction and Roosevelt on the Sonora road on August 1st—one Cold casing and rim, size 34x4. Finder will please notify or leave at City Garage, and receive reward. wfo

NOTICE

The San Angelo-Sonora Mail car leaves each end of the line about 7 a m., and arrives at destination about 2 p m. I keep honest, careful drivers and we will give strict attention to passengers and packages entrusted to our charge.
Fares from San Angelo to Christoval \$2.00
Fares from San Angelo to Edorado \$4.00
Fares from San Angelo to Sonora \$6.00
Small out on round trip for cash in advance.
G. W. C. Massie Jr., Proprietor.
Passes 51 San Angelo, Tex.

STOCK NEWS.

Frank Baker sold from his Sonora ranch 2,530 ewes, one to five years old, wool on, to Fields & Johnson of Sonora, at \$15.

Wyatt & Allison received last week from Frank Baker 2,000 lambs contracted for in the Spring at \$8.25.

CALVES DYING?

Perhaps it is black leg. Continental Germ Free Vaccine will stop it. One dose immunes for life. For sale by
92 T. L. Benson.

The Junction Eagle reports that W. C. Jones and Jack Black bought 1000 ewes and lambs from Joe Bissett at \$24 for the ewes and \$15 for the lambs. This is the highest price quoted this season for range sheep we have heard of.

According to the Junction Eagle Ross Beasley bought 4,200 acres of land known as the Duncan ranch in Kerr county, at \$11 per acre, from Robert Real and Chas Vann.

BLACK LEG

is worse during good seasons and can be prevented by using Continental Germ Free Vaccine. One dose immunes for life. For sale by
T. L. Benson. 9-2

Ed Glasscock came in on horse back Wednesday evening. Having his mind on his business—even while he sleeps—Ed got up the other night and put a flock of freshly shorn goats in the shed. The Mexican in charge had his mind elsewhere and was not disturbed by the storm.

Little time will be lost if you wash out the wound with **BORO-ZONE ANTISEPTIC LIQUID** and dress it with **BORO-ZONE POWDER**. It purifies the wound and heals quickly. Use it on your stock for sore-worms, dehorned cattle or any kind of cut or bruise. For man or beast. Sold by the Sonora Drug Co.

WINTER RANGE ASSURED.

The rainfall at Sonora, Monday the 15th report of which was omitted in last weeks issue, measured two and one-fourth inches and assured grass and range for winter.

There are comparatively few sheep that will bring \$150, but O. W. Cardwell, ranchman at Christoval, had 8 in this class, which he sold a few days ago. The average price, in fact, was over \$150. Frank Baker of Junction bought four of the animals, and Coke Westbrook of Lorena and C. A. Broome of San Angelo each purchased two. Mr. Cardwell is of the opinion that inferior grade rams ultimately cost the purchaser and the sheep industry far more than higher grade registered animals which sell at bigger prices.—Standard.

BUCKS FOR SALE.

The Adams Sheep Company of New Mexico, has for sale at Tankerton, near San Angelo, 500 pure bred Rambouillet Rams. Robert Halbert says they should be seen by those wanting rams.

FOR LEASE.

Ten section pasture south west part Pecos Co. Fine grass and well watered and well improved. For terms and further particulars address.
P.O. Box 53, Fort Stockton, Texas.

Jack Pierce News Agent.

The San Angelo Standard, San Antonio Express, El Paso Herald, Fort Worth Star-Telegram and Dallas News for sale at the Horn Palace. 92

SAN ANGELO FAIR, CARNIVAL AND RACE MEET OCT 28-NOV. 1

The San Angelo Fair will open on October 28th. This is only a few days from now. It will be our 11th annual fair, so we all have a pretty good idea of what it is. There is no necessity of recalling its purpose, its advantage, or its importance. Each of these is appreciated.
But there is a necessity of remembering that the Fair is a community enterprise and without the support of each and every person it cannot be made worthy of its name. When this is remembered creditable exhibits and a large attendance are assured. This is all that is necessary for the success of any Fair.

H. P. ALLISON CLAUDE KEENE

THE CITY GARAGE
GASOLINE, OILS,
TUBES, CASINGS

COMPETENT MECHANICS.
YOUR PATRONAGE SOLICITED.
East of Hotel. Sonora, Texas

MORRIS-GILMORE HARDWARE
PLUMBING SUPPLIES, QUEENSWARE, FURNITURE

Oil Stoves and Ranges
Fishing Tackle
Camp Cots and Chairs
Paints and Oils.

"WATCH US GROW & HELP US GROW."

THE COMMERCIAL HOTEL,
MRS. JOSIE McDONALD, Proprietress.
Rates \$2.50 Per Day.
HEADQUARTERS FOR COMMERCIAL MEN.
Best accommodations, Rates Reasonable.
Sonora, Texas.

BUY A SEASON TICKET NOW
ON SALE AT
PIERCE'S CONFECTIONERY
FOR THE

LYCEUM COURSE
FOUR NIGHTS

October 31, January 2,
February 9, February 19

Reserved seats for Season:
Adults \$2.25 and \$2
School children \$1.25 and \$1
Single night tickets:
Adults 75 cents, Children 50 cts.

Under the Auspices of the
PARENT-TEACHERS ASSOCIATION.
Benefit of the Public School.

BIG CIRCUS WILL BE AT SAN ANGELO SATURDAY Oct 4th.

LADIES

LOOK in your Fashion Book
SEE our Goods Get Our Prices
BE Stylishly Dressed on All Occasions
READY to Wear And Millinery.

THE STYLE SHOP.
SONORA.

The Sells-Flato Circus, the newest big tent show, will exhibit in San Angelo, Saturday, October fourth. This will be good news to those who thoroughly enjoy a modern, up-to-date circus, with all the thrills that go to make up a big three-ring uring exhibition and especially for children and those grownups who never have had the opportunity to see a real big show. Some idea of the magnitude of the show may be gained from the fact that the performances are given in three rings and on three circular stages, on a broad esplanade completely encircling the rings, and in immense air-spaces which at times, it is declared, are fairly alive with clever and daring aerialists.
There is a beautiful spectacle, three herds of trained elephants and other cleverly educated animals and forty clowns to inject merriment into the exhibition.
Two performances take place at 2 and 8 o'clock. Doors open one hour earlier, to afford opportunity to visit the menagerie.

DEVIL'S RIVER NEWS
PUBLISHED WEEKLY.
MIKE MURPHY, Proprietor.
STEV & MURPHY, Publisher.

Entered at the Postoffice at Sonora as second-class matter.
SUBSCRIPTION \$2 A YEAR IN ADVANCE

Sonora, Texas, September 27, 1919.

Notice to Bond Buyers.

Series A, \$100,000 of the Road Bonds of Sutton county will be offered for sale.

On the 13th day of October, 1919, at Sonora, Texas, the Commissioners' Court of Sutton County will receive sealed bids for the purchase of \$100,000 of the Road Bonds, and if you desire you may have a representative present at that time.

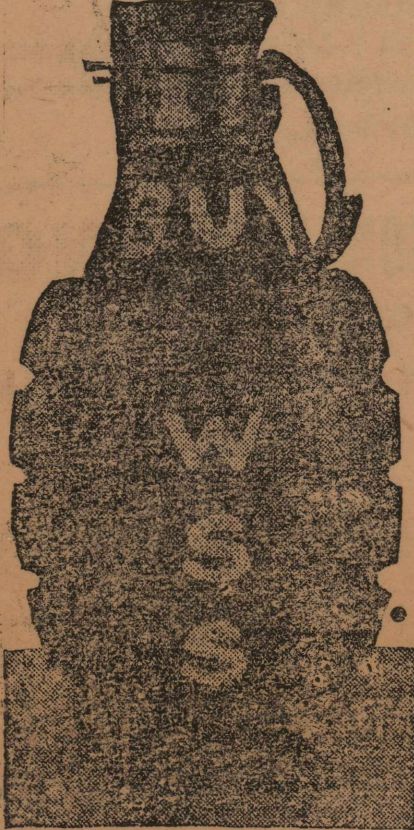
No bid less than par will be considered, and the Commissioners court reserves the right to reject any and all bids.

Your bid should be directed to
W. E. HODGES,
County Judge, Sutton county,
Sonora, Texas.

Transcript of proceedings had in the Commissioners Court of Sutton county, relative and precedent to the issuance of Special Road Bonds may be had on request.

J. D. LOWREY,
County Clerk, Sonora, Texas.

Got a Hand Grenade; Is Rarest Souvenir of Great World War



Hammering the Hun line until it bent and broke, bearing the Kaiser and his clans down to inglorious defeat, the American soldiers used one weapon in greater numbers than any other. It was a weapon they had never used before, one that had been obsolete for centuries—the hand-grenade—but when the bravest lads from the U. S. A. sent the old "eggs," as they were called, spinning into dugout and pill-box, the only Boches remaining on the ground were those ready to be buried.

Grenades were known to have been used five centuries ago. In 1427, at the siege of the Fortress of Casimigore on the River Po in Italy, the defenders used a primitive grenade, made of a glass bottle filled with powder. For a time, grenades were made out of heavy paper, then out of glass and then out of metal. With the close of the eighteenth century, the grenade began to be discarded and little use had been made of it until the Russo-Japanese war in 1904. It remained for the Great World War to see the grenade developed into its present efficiency. The grenades used by the American doughboys were as carefully manufactured as their rifles. But the end of hostilities found a limited supply on hand and these were turned over to the Savings Division of the Treasury Department, the explosives extracted and they have been made over into savings banks.

Thus a weapon of war has been transformed into a "weapon of peace." Instead of being used to battle the Hun, it is now being used in the fight against the High Cost of Living and the arch-enemy, Thriftlessness. Any boy or girl can secure a grenade by purchasing a \$5 War Savings Stamp; any adult by investing in three or more War Savings Stamps, but these must have been bought after July 25, 1919. These hand grenades will be distributed through local banks and by a few merchants.

If you want a grenade, get busy. Make arrangements with your banker immediately. Only a limited number of these rare and unique souvenirs of the World War could be secured and when they are gone there will be no chance of obtaining one. You don't have to wait until the grenade is received to begin saving. Do that now. Then when the grenade arrives you will have that much of a start toward owning it. Ask your banker about it today.

Buy War Savings Stamps regularly. After you get your grenade, keep on buying. Don't let your "weapon of peace" remain idle.

BUYING AT HOME HELPS

The Devil's Own
By Randall Parrish

"That may be true, Kirby. I am not defending his action, but surely this is no reason, now that he is dead, why you should not show some degree of mercy to others totally innocent of



"I Advise You Not to Move, You Young Fool."

any wrong. The man left two daughters, both young girls, who will now be homeless and penniless."

He laughed, and the sound of that laugh was more cruel than the accompanying words.

"Two daughters!" he sneered. "According to my information that strains the relationship a trifle, friend Knox—at least the late judge never took the trouble to acknowledge the fact. Permit me to correct your statement. I happen to know more about Beaucaire's private affairs than you do. He leaves one daughter only. I have never met the young lady, but I understand from excellent authority that she possesses independent means through the death some years ago of her mother. I shall therefore not worry about her loss—and, indeed, she need meet with none, for if she only prove equal to all I have heard I may yet be induced to make her a proposition."

"A proposition?"

"To remain on the plantation as its mistress—plainly, an offer of marriage, if you please. Not such a bad idea, is it?"

I stood speechless, held motionless only by the pressing muzzle of his pistol, the cold-blooded villainy of the man striking me dumb. This then had probably been his real purpose from the start. He had followed Beaucaire deliberately with this final end in view—of ruining him, and thus compelling his daughter to yield herself.

"And you actually mean that you propose now to force Judge Beaucaire's daughter to marry you?"

"Well, hardly that, although I shall use whatever means I possess. I intend to win her if I can, fair means, or foul."

I drew a deep breath, comprehending now the full iniquity of his plot, and bracing myself to fight it.

"And what about the other girl, Kirby? for there is another girl."

"Yes," rather indifferently, "there is another."

"Of course you know who she is?"

"Certainly—a nigger, a white nigger; the supposed illegitimate daughter of Adelbert Beaucaire, and a slave woman. There is no reason why I should fret about her, is there? She is my property already by law. He laughed again, the same ugly sneering laugh of triumph. "That was why I was so particular about the wording of that bill of sale—I would rather have her than the whole bunch of field hands."

"You believe then the girl has never been freed—either she, or her mother?"

"Believe? I know. I tell you I never play any game with my eyes shut."

"And you actually intend to—hold her as a slave?"

"Well, I'll look her over first before I decide—she would be worth a pot full of money down the river."

The contemptuous, utterly indifferent manner in which he voiced his villainous purpose, would have crazed any man. To me this utterance was the last straw, breaking down every restraint, and leaving me hot, and furious with anger. I forgot the muzzle of the pistol pressed against my side, and the menacing threat in Kirby's low voice. The face of the man was indistinct, a mere outline, but the swift impulse to strike at it was irresistible, and I let him have the blow—a straight-arm jab to the jaw. My clenched knuckles crunched against the flesh, and he reeled back, kept from falling only by the support of the deckhouse. There was no report of a weapon, no outcry, yet, before I could strike again, I was suddenly gripped from behind by a pair of arms, which closed about my throat like a vise, throttling me instantly into silent helplessness. I struggled madly to break free, straining with all the art of a wrestler, exerting every ounce of strength, but the grasp which held me was unyielding, robbing me of breath, and defeating every effort to call for help. Kirby, dazed yet by my sudden blow, grew eager to take a hand in the affair, struck me a cowardly blow in the face, and swung his undischarged pistol to a level with my eyes.

"D— you!" he ejaculated, and for the first time his voice really exhibited temper. "I'll kill you with this, but for the noise. No, by God! there is a safer way than that to settle with you. Have you got the skunk, Carver?"

"You can bet I have, Joe. I'll choke the life out of him—shall I?"

"No; let up a bit—just enough so he can answer me first. I want to find out what all this means. Now look

here, Knox, what is all this to you? Why are you butting in on my game? Was Beaucaire a friend of yours?"

"I can hardly claim that," I admitted. "We never met until I came aboard this steamer. All I am interested in is justice to others."

"To others? Oh, I suppose you mean those girls—you know them then?"

"I have never even seen them," I said.

"I see a self-appointed squire of dames; actuated merely by a romantic desire to serve heavily in distress. Extremely interesting, my dear boy. But, see here, Knox," and his tone changed to seriousness. "Let the romance go, and talk sense a minute. You are not going to get very far fighting me alone. You haven't even got the law with you. Even if I cheated Beaucaire, which I do not for a moment admit, there is no proof. The money is mine, and so is the land and the niggers. You can be ugly, of course, but you cannot overturn the facts. Now, you acknowledge that what has occurred is personally nothing to you; Beaucaire was no special friend, and you don't even know the two girls—all right then, drop the whole matter. I hold no grudge on account of your striking me, and am even willing to share up with you to avoid trouble."

"And if I refuse?"

"Then, of course, we shall be compelled to shut your mouth for you. Self-preservation is the first law."

I looked about at them both, scarcely able to distinguish clearly even their outlines in the dense gloom. The seriousness of the situation, coupled with my helplessness, and inability to achieve the object proposed, was very evident. It might, under the circumstances, have been the part of wisdom for me to have sought some means of compromise, but I was young, and hot, fiery blood swept through my veins. The words of Kirby stung me with their breath of insult—his sneering, insolent offer to pay me to remain still.

"You must rank me as one of your own kind," I burst forth. "Now you listen to a plain word from me. If that was intended as an offer, I refuse it. You, and your confederate, have coolly robbed Beaucaire, and propose to get away with the spoils. Perhaps you will, but that end will not be accomplished through any assistance of mine. At first I only felt a slight interest in the affair, but from now on I am going to fight you fellows with every weapon I possess."

Kirby chuckled, apparently greatly amused.

"Quite glad, I am sure, for the declaration of war. Fighting has always agreed with me. Might I ask the nature of those weapons?"

"That remains for you to discover," I ejaculated sharply, exasperated by his evident contempt. "Carver, take your dirty hands off of me."

In spite of the fact of their threat, the ready pistol pressing against my ribs, the grip of Carver's fingers at my throat, I did not anticipate any actual assault. That either would really dare injure me seemed preposterous. Indeed, my impression was that Kirby felt such indifference toward my attempt to block his plan, that he would permit me to pass without opposition—certainly without the slightest resort to violence. The action of the two was so swift, so concerted, as though some secret signal, that, almost before I realized their purpose, they held me helplessly struggling, and had forced me back against the low rail. Here I endeavored to break away, to shout an alarm, but was already too late. Carver's hand clamped ruthlessly on my throat, and when I managed to strike out madly with one free fist, the butt of Kirby's pistol descended on my head, so lacerating my scalp the dripping blood blinded my eyes. The blow partially stunned me, and I half fell, clutching at the rail, yet dimly conscious that the two straining men were uplifting my useless body, Carver swearing viciously as he helped to thrust me outward over the wooden pier. The next instant I fell, the sneering echo in my ears until drowned in the splash as I struck the black water below.

I came back to the surface dazed and weakened, yet sufficiently conscious to make an intelligent struggle for life. The over-hang of the rapidly passing boat still concealed me from the observation of those above on the deck, and the advantage of permitting them to believe that the blow on my head had resulted in drowning, together with the knowledge that I must swiftly go beyond the stroke of that deadly wheel, flashed instantly through my brain. It was like a tonic, reviving every energy. Waiting only to inhale one deep breath of air, I plunged back once more into the depths, and swam strongly under water. The effort proved successful, for when I again ventured to emerge, gasping and exhausted, the little Warrior had swept past, and become merely a shapeless outline, barely visible above the surface of the river.

Slowly treading water, my lips held barely above the surface, I drew in deep draughts of cool night air, my mind becoming more active as hope returned. The blow I had received was a savage one, and pained dully, but the cold water in which I had been immersed had caused the bleeding to cease, and likewise revived all my faculties. The very fact that no effort was made to stop was sufficient proof that Throckmorton in the wheelhouse remained unconscious of what had occurred on the deck below. My fate might never be discovered, or suspected. I was alone, submerged in the great river, the stars overhead gleaming through the night shadows. A fog swept by me, white bursts of spray illuminating its sides, and I grasped it

gratefully, my fingers finding grip on the sodden bark. Using this for partial support, and ceasing to battle so desperately against the down-sweep of the current, I managed finally to work my way into an eddy, struggling onward until my feet at last touched bottom at the end of a low, out-crooping point of sand. This proved to be a mere spit, but I waded ashore, water streaming from my clothing, conscious now of such complete exhaustion that I sank instantly outstretched upon the sand, gasping painfully for breath, every muscle and nerve throbbing.

The night was intensely still, black, impenetrable. It seemed as though no human being could inhabit that desolate region. I lifted my head to listen for the slightest sound of life, and strained my eyes to detect the distant glimmer of a light in any direction. Nothing rewarded the effort. Yet surely here on this long-settled west bank of the Mississippi I could not be far removed from those of my race, for I knew that all along this river shore were cultivated plantations and little frontier towns irregularly served by passing steamboats.

The night air increased in chilliness as the hours approached dawn, and I shivered in my wet clothes, although this only served to arouse me into immediate action. Realizing more than ever as I again attempted to move my weakness and exhaustion from the struggle, I succeeded in gaining my feet, and stumbled forward along the narrow spit of sand, until I attained a bank of firm earth, up which I crept painfully, emerging at last upon a fairly level spot, softly carpeted with grass, and surrounded by a grove of great trees. The shadows here were dense, but my feet encountered a depression in the soil, which I soon identified as a rather well-defined path leading inland. Assured that this must point the way to some door, as it was evidently no wild animal trail, I felt my way forward cautiously, eager to attain shelter, and the comfort of a fire.

I came suddenly to a patch of cultivated land, bisected by a small stream, the path I was following leading along its bank. Holding to this for guidance, within less than a hundred yards I came to the house I was seeking, a small, log structure, overshadowed by a gigantic oak, and standing isolated and alone. Believing the place to be occupied by a slave, or possibly some white squatter, I advanced directly to the door, and called loudly to whoever might be within.

There was no response, and, believing the occupant asleep, I rapped sharply. Still no voice answered, although I felt convinced of some movement inside, leading me to believe that the sleeper had slipped from his bed and was approaching the door. Again I rapped, this time with greater impatience over the delay, but not the slightest sound rewarded the effort. Shivering there in my wet clothes, the stubborn obduracy of the fellow awakened my anger.

"Open up, there," I called commandingly, "or else I'll break down your door."

In the darkness I had been unobservant of a narrow slide in the upper panel, but had scarcely uttered these words of threat when the flare of a discharge almost in my very face fairly blinded me, and I fell backward, aware of a burning sensation in one shoulder. The next instant I lay outstretched on the ground, and it seemed to me that life was fast ebbing from my body. Twice I endeavored vainly to rise, but at the second attempt my brain reeled dizzily and I sank back unconscious.

CHAPTER V.

Picking Up the Threads.

I turned my head slightly on the hard shuck pillow and gazed curiously about. When my eyes had first opened all I could perceive was the section of log wall against which I rested, but now, after painfully turning over, the entire interior of the single-room cabin was revealed. It was humble enough in all its appointments, the walls quite bare, the few chairs fashioned from half-barrels, a packing box for a table, and the narrow bed on which I lay constructed from saplings lashed together, covered with a coarse ticking, packed with straw. I surveyed the entire circuit of the room wonderingly, a vague memory of what had lately occurred returning slowly to mind. To all appearances I was there alone, although

close beside me stood a low stool, supporting a tin basin partially filled with water. As I moved I became conscious of a dull pain in my left shoulder, which I also discovered to be tightly bandaged.

Continued next week.

Notice to Trespassers.

Notice is hereby given that all trespassers on my ranch known as the Lost Lake ranch 12 miles south of Sonora, and other ranches owned and controlled by me for the purpose of cutting timber, hauling wood, working live stock, hunting hogs or injuring fences, without my permission, will be prosecuted to the full extent of the law.

A. F. CLARKSON,
Sonora, Texas.

Notice to Eastern Sta. Members

The time of meeting has been changed to the third Tuesday of each month.

United States Tires are Good Tires

Most Economical

Wear—life—service—mileage—safety—comfort. These are the things that count in a tire.

These are exactly what you get in United States Tires,—general all-round tire satisfaction.

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Car owners who do their own thinking prefer United States Tires. Their merit is recognized everywhere.

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We know United States Tires are good tires. That's why we sell them

Sonora Garage,
City Garage, Sonora.
W. H. Parker, Merchandise Co.—Eldorado

Life Was a Misery

Mrs. F. M. Jones, of Palmer, Okla., writes: "From the time I entered into womanhood . . . I looked with dread from one month to the next. I suffered with my back and bearing-down pain, until life to me was a misery. I would think I could not endure the pain any longer, and I gradually got worse. . . Nothing seemed to help me until, one day, . . . I decided to

TAKE CARDUI

The Woman's Tonic

"I took four bottles," Mrs. Jones goes on to say, "and was not only greatly relieved, but can truthfully say that I have not a pain."

"It has now been two years since I took Cardui, and I am still in good health. . . I would advise any woman or girl to use Cardui who is suffering from any female trouble."

If you suffer pain caused from womanly trouble, or if you feel the need of a good strengthening tonic to build up your run-down system, take the advice of Mrs. Jones. Try Cardui. It helped her. We believe it will help you.

All Druggists

Notice to Trespassers.

Notice is hereby given that all trespassers on my ranch 21 miles south of Sonora for the purpose of cutting timber, hauling wood, working live stock, hunting hogs or injuring fences, without my permission, will be prosecuted to the full extent of the law.

D. E. CUSENBARY,
Sonora, Texas.

Notice to Eastern Sta. Members

The time of meeting has been changed to the third Tuesday of each month.

DEVIL'S RIVER OIL & GAS COMPANY.

INCORPORATED IN EDWARDS COUNTY, TEXAS.
DOES THING A DIFFERENT.
STUDY OUR PLAN

A careful study of the Devil's River Oil & Gas Company's plan will convince the close student of investments that we are offering the BEST inducement in the OIL fields. Oil production in Texas fades the total gold production of Alaska in its best days into insignificance. Alaska's best production of gold was only \$15,000,000.00 while Texas is producing about \$150,000,000.00 worth of oil. The production is increasing so rapidly that it is conservatively estimated that the output will be close to \$300,000,000.00 in 1920.

NOW is the time to get in the oil business in order to reap the early harvest. With 600 acres of oil lands to draw from, we anticipate making big profits on our most liberal plan, PROFITS that will make fast friends for our company in future enterprises which we have in mind when The Company's present plans are in operation.

DO NOT DELAY your subscriptions. There is nothing to gain and MUCH to lose by deferring until some future date. NOW is the time to INVEST, and OUR company is the ONE to be in, for it gives you the biggest run for your money in the race for MILLIONS.

Fill in the subscription blanks NOW and sail in the good ship PROSPERITY.

See our Agent,
GEO. J. TRAINER,
Sonora, Texas.

PE-RU-NA
Worth Its Weight in Gold

You cannot mistake the words of Mr. W. W. Northrup, of 908 Fourth Street, Sioux City, Iowa. He is enthusiastic about his present health and the merits of PE-RU-NA and wants everyone to know it. Here is a recent letter from him:—

"PE-RU-NA is worth its weight in gold and then some. I used to think it only a woman's remedy but have changed my mind. I had a cough, especially in the morning. After using half a bottle of PE-RU-NA was much better. I would cough up chunks of phlegm and mucus, my eyes itched and bothered me. Judging from the symptoms given in your almanac it was catarrh. My stomach is in much better condition since using your medicine."

"Use this testimonial, if you wish. Don't hesitate to divert the merits of PE-RU-NA." (Signed) W. W. NORTHROP.

There are thousands just like Mr. Northrup, skeptical at first but convinced by a trial of PE-RU-NA. DON'T BE AN UNBELIEVER. If your trouble is of a catarrhal nature, try PE-RU-NA, then tell your friends. It is fine after an attack of grip or Spanish Flu.

Sold Everywhere Tablets or Liquid FOR CATARRH AND CATARRHAL CONDITIONS