

DEVIL'S RIVER NEWS.

VOL 31

SONORA SUTTON CO., TEXAS, SATURDAY, MARCH 26, 1921,

NO. 1585

EXCEPTIONAL PRICES AND VALUES

To reduce our stock of

General Merchandise

We are offering Everything in the store

AT THE MOST ATTRACTIVE PRICES AND EXCEPTIONAL VALUES FOR CASH

The Goods are Standard, New and First Class and this is Your Great Opportunity.

Find out What Your Cash will Buy
By Getting Our Prices.

Our Grocery stock is kept fresh and our Low Cash Prices justifies us in asking for a Continuance of your trade.

SONORA MERCANTILE CO.
W. D. BARTON, Manager.

REGISTERED HEREFORD BULLS

7 Two and Three Year Olds
12 Yearlings for sale.

All Good Individuals \$150 to \$200.
Cash or Terms to Suit Purchaser.

John F. Allison, Menard, Tx

Registered BULLS For Sale.

Forty head of Registered Hereford Bulls,
From Calves to Three year olds, for sale.
Prices \$100 to \$175. See them.

G. F. STEWART, Sonora, Texas



The Ford Model T One Ton Truck is really the necessity of farmer, manufacturer, contractor and merchant. It has all the strong features of the Ford car made bigger and stronger. It has the powerful worm drive, extra large emergency brakes acting on both rear wheels and controlled by hand lever, 124 inch wheelbase yet turns in a 46 foot circle, and has been most thoroughly tested. We know it is absolutely dependable. We advise giving your order without delay that you may be supplied as soon as possible. The demand is large and orders are filled in rotation. Leave your order today.

FORD MOTOR COMPANY.

The Voice of the Pack

"I've found that the body's been uncovered—and men are already searching for clues. And moreover—I think they've found them." He paused, weighing the effect of his words. His eyes glittered with cunning. But that he was, he was wondering whether the time had arrived to leave the ship. He had no intention of continuing to give his services to a man with a reputation closing about him. And Cranston, knowing this fact, hated him as he hated the buzzard that would claim him in the end, and tried to hide his apprehension.

"Go on. But it out," Cranston ordered. "Or else go away and let me sleep." It was a bluff; but it worked. If Gibbs had gone without speaking, Cranston would have known no sleep that night. But the man became more fawning.

"I'm tellin' you, fast as I can," he went on, almost whining. "I went to the cabin, just as you said. But I didn't get a chance to search it—"

"Why not?" Cranston thundered. His voice re-echoed among the snow-wet pines.

"I'll tell you why! Because some one else—evidently a cop—was already searchin' it. Both of us know there's nothin' there, anyway. We've gone over it too many times. After a while he went away—but I didn't turn back yet. That wouldn't be Jim Gibbs, I shadowed him, just as you'd want me to. And he went straight back to the body."

"Yes?" Cranston had hard work curbing his impatience. Again Gibbs' eyes were full of ominous speculations.

"He stopped at the body, and it was plain he'd been there before. He went crawling through the thickets, looking for clues. He done what you and me never thought to do—lookin' all the way between the trail and the body. He'd already found the brass shell you told me to get. At least, it wasn't there when I looked, after he'd gone. You should've thought of it before. But he found somethin'—a whole lot more important—a roll of papers that Hildreth had checked into an old pine stump when he was drivin'. It was your fault, Cranston, for not gettin' them that night. This detective stood and read 'em on the trail. And you know—just as well as I do—what they were."

"D—n you, I went back the next morning, as soon as I could see. And the mountain lion had already been there. I went back lots of times since. And that shell ain't nothing—but all the time I supposed I put it in my pocket. You know how it is—a fellow throws his empty shell out by habit."

Gibbs' eyes grew more intent. What was this thing? Cranston's tone, instead of commanding, was almost pleading. But the leader caught himself at once.

"I don't see why I need to explain any of that to you. What I want to know is this: why didn't you shoot and get those papers away from him?"

For an instant their eyes battled. But Gibbs had never the strength of his leader. If he had, it would have been asserted long since. He sucked in his breath, and his gaze fell away. It rested on Cranston's rifle, that in some manner had been pulled up across his knees. And at once he was cowed. He was never so fast with a gun as Cranston.

"Blood on my hands, eh—same as on yours?" he mumbled, looking down.

"What do you think I want, a rope around my neck? These hills are big, but the arm of the law has reached up before, and it might again. You might as well know first as last I'm not goin' to do any killin' to cover up your murders."

"That comes of not going myself. You fool—if he gets that evidence down to the courts you're broken the same as me."

"But I wouldn't get more'n a year or so, at most—and that's a heap different from the gallows. I did aim a him—"

"But you just lacked the guts to pull the trigger!"

"I did, and I ain't ashamed of it. But besides—the snows are here now and he won't be able to even get work to the valleys for six months. If you want him killed so bad, do it your self."

This was a thought indeed. On the other hand, another murder might not be necessary. Months would pass before the road would be opened, and in the meantime Cranston would have a thousand chances to steal back the accusing letters. He didn't believe for an instant that the man Gibbs had seen was a detective. He had kept too close watch over the roads for that.

"A tall story, in outlin' clothes—dark-hair'd and clean-shaven?"

"Yes?"

"Wears a tan hat?"

"That's the man."

"I know him—and I wish you'd punctured him. That's Felling—the tenderfoot that's been staying at Lennox's. He's a huzger."

"He didn't look like no huzger to me."

"But no matter about that—it's just as I thought. And I'll get 'em back—mark my little words."

In the meantime the best thing to do was to move at once to his winter trapping grounds—a certain neglected region on the lower levels of the North Fork. If at any time within the next few weeks, Dan should attempt to carry word down to the settlements, he would be certain to pass within view of his camp. But he knew that the chance of Dan starting upon any such journey before the snow had melted was not one in a thousand. To be caught in the Divide in the winter means to be snowed in as completely as the inmates of upper Greenland. No word could pass except by man on snowshoes.

Yet if the chance did come, if the house should be left unguarded, it might pay Cranston to make an immediate search. Dan would have no reason for supposing that Cranston suspected his possession of the letters; he would not be particularly watchful, and would probably pounce them until spring in Lennox's desk.

And the truth was that Cranston had reasoned out the situation almost perfectly. When Dan awakened in the morning, and the snow lay already a foot deep over the wilderness world, he knew that he would have no chance to get upon the Cranston case until the snows melted in the spring. So he pushed all thought of it out of his mind and turned his attention to more pleasant subjects. It was true that he read the documents over twice as he lay in bed. Then he tied them into a neat packet and put them away where they would be quickly available. Then he thrust his head out of the window and let the great snowflakes sift down upon his face. It was winter at last, the season that he loved.

He didn't stir from the house that first day of the storm. Snowbird and he found plenty of pleasant things to do and talk about before the roaring fire that he built in the grate. He was glad of the great pile of wood that lay outside the door. It meant life itself, in this season. Then Snowbird led him to the windows, and they watched the white drifts pile up over the low underbrush.

When finally the snowstorm ceased, five days later, the whole face of the wilderness was changed. The backbrush was mostly covered, the fences were out of sight; the forest seemed a clear, clean sweep of white, broken only by the occasional tall thicket and by the great, snow-covered trees.

When the clouds blew away, and the air grew clear, the temperature began to fall. Dan had no way of knowing how low it went. Thermometers were not considered essential at the Lennox home. But when his eyelids congealed with the frost, and his mittens froze to the logs of firewood that he carried through the door, and the pine trees exploded and cracked in the darkness, he was correct in his belief that it was very, very cold.

But he loved the cold, and the silence and austerity that went with it. The wilderness claimed him as never before. The rugged breed that were his ancestors had struggled through such seasons as this and passed a love of them down through the years to him.

When the ice made a crust over the snow, he learned to walk on snowshoes. At first there were pained ankles and endless floundering in the drifts. But between the fall of fresh snow and the thaws that softened the snow, he slowly mastered the art. Snowbird—and Dan never realized the full significance of her name until he saw her flying with incredible grace over the snow—laughed at him at first and ran him races that would usually end in his falling headfirst into a ten-foot snowbank. She taught him how to ski and more than once she would stop in the middle of an earnest bit of pedagogy to find that he wasn't listening at all. He would seem to be fairly devouring her with his eyes, delighting in the play of soft plinks and reds in her cheeks, and drinking, as a man drinks wine, the amazing change of light and shadow in her eyes.

She seemed to blossom under his gaze. Not one of those short winter days went by without the discovery of some new trait or little vanity to astonish or delight him—sometimes an unlooked-for tenderness toward the weak, often a sweet, unattained philosophy of life, or perhaps just a lowering of her eyelids in which her eyes would show lustrous through the lashes, of some sweeping, exuberant

gesture startlingly graceful.

Lennox awakened one morning with the realization that this was one of the hardest winters of his experience. He began to be very glad of the abundant stores of provisions that overcrowded his pantry—savory hams and bacon, dried venison, sucks of potatoes and evaporated vegetables, and, of course, canned goods past counting. With the high fire roaring in the grate, the season held noills for them. But sometimes, when the bitter cold came down at twilight, and the moon looked like a thing of ice itself over the snow, he began to wonder how the wild creatures who wintered on the Divide were faring. Of course most of them were gone. Wolf, long since, had grunted and mumbled his way into a winter lair. But the wolves remained, strange gray shadows on the snow, and possibly a few of the harder smaller creatures.

More than once in those long winter nights their talk was chopped off short by the song of the rick on some distant ridge. Sometimes, when the world is old, possibly a man will be born that can continue to talk and keep his mind on his words while the wolf pack sings. But he is certainly an unknown quantity today. The cry goes in vibration curious memory chords, and for a moment the listener sees in his mind's eye his ancient home in an ancient world—Darkness and Fear and Eyes shining about the cave. It carries him back, and he knows the wilderness as it really is; and to have such knowledge dries up all inclination to talk, as a sponge dries water. Of course the pleasure isn't entirely plain. It is more a thing

guessed at, a photograph in some dark part of an under-consciousness that has constantly grown more dim as the centuries have passed. Possibly sometime it will fade out altogether; and then a man may continue to discuss the weather while the Song from the ridge shudders in at the windows. But the world will be quite cold by then, and no longer particularly interesting. And possibly even the wolves themselves will then be tamed by lead and speak pieces—which means the wilderness itself will be tamed. For as long as the wild lasts, the pack will run through it in the winter. They were here in the beginning, and in spite of constant war and constant hatred on the part of men, they will be here in the end. The reason is just that they are the symbol of the wilderness itself, and the idea of it continuing to exist without them is stranger than that of a nation without a flag.

It wasn't quite the same song that Dan had listened to in the first days of fall. It had been triumphant then, and proud with the wilderness pride. Of course it had been sad then, too, but it was more sad now. And it was a stranger, too, and crept further into the souls of its listeners. It was the song of strength that couldn't avail against the snow, possibly of cold and the despair and courage of starvation. These three that heard it were lured to the wilderness; but a moment was always needed after its last note had died to regain their gaiety.

"They're getting lean and they're getting savage," Lennox said one night, stretched on his divan before the fireplace. He was still unable to walk; but the fractures were knitting slowly and the doctor had promised that the summer would find him well. "If we had a dog, I wouldn't offer much for his life. One of these days we'll find 'em in a big circle around the house—and then we'll have to open up with the rifles."

But this picture recalled neither of his two young listeners. No wolf pack can stand against three marksmen, armed with rifles and behind oaken walls.

Christmas came and passed, and January brought clear days and an ineffective sun shining on the snow. These were the best days of all. Every afternoon Dan and Snowbird would go out on their skis or on snowshoes, unarmed except for the pistol that Snowbird carried in the deep pocket of her mackinaw. "But why not?" Dan replied to Lennox's objection. "She could kill five wolves with five shots, or pretty near it, and you know well enough that that would hold 'em till we got home. They'd stop to eat the five. I have had enough time keeping up with her as it is, without carrying a rifle." And Lennox was content. Dan had told the truth when he said that five deaths or even fewer, would repel the attack of any wolf pack he had ever seen. There was just one troubling thought. He had heard, long ago, and he had forgotten who had told him, that in the most severe winters the wolves gather in particularly large packs; and a quality in the song that they had heard at night seemed to bear it out. The chorus had been exceptionally loud and strong, and he had been unable to pick out individual voices.

The snow was perfect for skiing. Previously their sport had been many times interrupted either by the fall of fresh snow or a thaw that had softened the snow crust; but now every afternoon was too perfect to remain indoors. They shouted and roused in the silence, and they did not dream but that they had the wilderness all to themselves. The fact that one night Lennox's keen eyes had seen what looked like the glow of a camp fire in the distance didn't affect this belief of theirs at all. It was evidently just the phosphorus glowing in a rotten log from which the winds had blown the snow.

Once or twice they caught glimpses of wolf life; once a grouse that had hurried in the snow flushed from their path and blew the snow-dust from its wings; and once or twice they saw snowshoes bounding away on

gesture startlingly graceful.

Lennox awakened one morning with the realization that this was one of the hardest winters of his experience. He began to be very glad of the abundant stores of provisions that overcrowded his pantry—savory hams and bacon, dried venison, sucks of potatoes and evaporated vegetables, and, of course, canned goods past counting. With the high fire roaring in the grate, the season held noills for them. But sometimes, when the bitter cold came down at twilight, and the moon looked like a thing of ice itself over the snow, he began to wonder how the wild creatures who wintered on the Divide were faring. Of course most of them were gone. Wolf, long since, had grunted and mumbled his way into a winter lair. But the wolves remained, strange gray shadows on the snow, and possibly a few of the harder smaller creatures.

More than once in those long winter nights their talk was chopped off short by the song of the rick on some distant ridge. Sometimes, when the world is old, possibly a man will be born that can continue to talk and keep his mind on his words while the wolf pack sings. But he is certainly an unknown quantity today. The cry goes in vibration curious memory chords, and for a moment the listener sees in his mind's eye his ancient home in an ancient world—Darkness and Fear and Eyes shining about the cave. It carries him back, and he knows the wilderness as it really is; and to have such knowledge dries up all inclination to talk, as a sponge dries water. Of course the pleasure isn't entirely plain. It is more a thing

guessed at, a photograph in some dark part of an under-consciousness that has constantly grown more dim as the centuries have passed. Possibly sometime it will fade out altogether; and then a man may continue to discuss the weather while the Song from the ridge shudders in at the windows. But the world will be quite cold by then, and no longer particularly interesting. And possibly even the wolves themselves will then be tamed by lead and speak pieces—which means the wilderness itself will be tamed. For as long as the wild lasts, the pack will run through it in the winter. They were here in the beginning, and in spite of constant war and constant hatred on the part of men, they will be here in the end. The reason is just that they are the symbol of the wilderness itself, and the idea of it continuing to exist without them is stranger than that of a nation without a flag.

It wasn't quite the same song that Dan had listened to in the first days of fall. It had been triumphant then, and proud with the wilderness pride. Of course it had been sad then, too, but it was more sad now. And it was a stranger, too, and crept further into the souls of its listeners. It was the song of strength that couldn't avail against the snow, possibly of cold and the despair and courage of starvation. These three that heard it were lured to the wilderness; but a moment was always needed after its last note had died to regain their gaiety.

"They're getting lean and they're getting savage," Lennox said one night, stretched on his divan before the fireplace. He was still unable to walk; but the fractures were knitting slowly and the doctor had promised that the summer would find him well. "If we had a dog, I wouldn't offer much for his life. One of these days we'll find 'em in a big circle around the house—and then we'll have to open up with the rifles."

But this picture recalled neither of his two young listeners. No wolf pack can stand against three marksmen, armed with rifles and behind oaken walls.

Christmas came and passed, and January brought clear days and an ineffective sun shining on the snow. These were the best days of all. Every afternoon Dan and Snowbird would go out on their skis or on snowshoes, unarmed except for the pistol that Snowbird carried in the deep pocket of her mackinaw. "But why not?" Dan replied to Lennox's objection. "She could kill five wolves with five shots, or pretty near it, and you know well enough that that would hold 'em till we got home. They'd stop to eat the five. I have had enough time keeping up with her as it is, without carrying a rifle." And Lennox was content. Dan had told the truth when he said that five deaths or even fewer, would repel the attack of any wolf pack he had ever seen. There was just one troubling thought. He had heard, long ago, and he had forgotten who had told him, that in the most severe winters the wolves gather in particularly large packs; and a quality in the song that they had heard at night seemed to bear it out. The chorus had been exceptionally loud and strong, and he had been unable to pick out individual voices.

The snow was perfect for skiing. Previously their sport had been many times interrupted either by the fall of fresh snow or a thaw that had softened the snow crust; but now every afternoon was too perfect to remain indoors. They shouted and roused in the silence, and they did not dream but that they had the wilderness all to themselves. The fact that one night Lennox's keen eyes had seen what looked like the glow of a camp fire in the distance didn't affect this belief of theirs at all. It was evidently just the phosphorus glowing in a rotten log from which the winds had blown the snow.

Once or twice they caught glimpses of wolf life; once a grouse that had hurried in the snow flushed from their path and blew the snow-dust from its wings; and once or twice they saw snowshoes bounding away on

WOOL AND MOHAIR

CHARLES SCHREINER, BANKER.

(UNINCORPORATED)

KERRVILLE, TEXAS.

Makes Liberal Advances on Sheep, Goats, Wool and Mohair
Established 1869.

MORTGAGE LOANS

On Improved Farms and Ranches.

E. B. CHANDLER & CO.

102 East Crockett St., San Antonio, Texas.

WOOL AND MOHAIR

Each Clip sold on its MERITS.

Del Rio Wool & Mohair Co.

(Incorporated.)

MARKET NOTICE.

We desire to notify our customers and the public generally that we cannot extend the monthly pay plan to those who do not settle their obligations before the 10th of each month. It should not be necessary to specify any reason for the observance of this requirement. Please arrange to pay before the 10th of each month if you desire the monthly pay system.

COOPER & SIMS.

THE DEW DROP INN

SELLS THE RENOWNED

COLUMBIA RECORDS.

NEEDLES FOR ALL MAKES OF PHONOGRAPHS
CALL AND TRY OUR DELICIOUS

Johnston's Chocolates

E. A. YEAGER,

THE TAILOR

Makes Suits, Cleans Clothes, Both Ladies and Gentlemen.

Makes Alterations and Remodels Suits And Tailored Dresses. Coats and Garments Relined. Ladies White Kid Gloves Cleaned.

Don't send away your Clothes to be Cleaned or Pressed Before Giving Me a Trial.

HAVE YOUR WORK DONE HERE.

Germ Free Vaccines
For The Prevention of Blackleg
Scientifically Prepared by Parke, Davis & Co.
will help prevent losses among your cattle.

Blackleg Aggressin
(Germ Free Vaccine)

Blackleg Filtrate
(Germ Free Vaccine)

Field Tested - Active - Potent
Call or Write for Free Booklet on The Prevention of Blackleg.

Blackleg Filtrate 12c.
Aggressin 15c.

SONORA DRUG STORE.

"You Just Lacked the Guts to Pull the Trigger."

Continued on page 4.

Entered at the Postoffice at Sonora, Texas, as second-class matter.
 Subscription \$2 a year in advance.
 Sonora, Texas, - March 23, 1921.

SLANG PHRASE, BUT POPULAR

Visitors' Criticisms Not Likely to Have Much Effect on Use of Expressive Sentence.

Those of us who prefer homely, slangy short cuts to the more roundabout linguistic meanderings of the truly cultured have for long been addicted to the use of the phrase "You bet you," as signifying acquiescence or approval or co-operation or enthusiastic concurrence. I believe that as far back as pre-Civil war days Charles Dickens observed with pain—and so many gauderies in our land did pain Mr. Dickens—that we, as a people, generally were addicted to the emphatic utterances of such an exclamation when as a matter of fact nothing partaking of the nature of a wager had been suggested even remotely. To this good day the thing puzzles some of Mr. Dickens' fellow islanders. There is a sort of visiting Englishman, who, on being asked whether this or that appeared to him satisfactory, replies, "Not art," meaning that it is wholly so; but for the life of him he cannot conceive why we, in our efforts to express the same thought, should resort to this Yankeeism. Yet perversely we do persist in it.—Irvin S. Cobb in the Saturday Evening Post.

PASSED UP GENEROUS OFFER

Lodge Member Might Have Stayed and Delivered Address, but, Well, Under the Circumstances—

Milo Meredith of Wabash, dignitary in the Knights of Maccabees, is forced to travel much over the lodge territory, addressing local lodges and seeing that everything is well with the organizations in Indiana. Recently Mr. Meredith had all his teeth pulled and until the new teeth can arrive he attempted to call off the lodge engagements. Last week, however, he was summoned to a neighboring city to attend a conclave. He talked with the lodge officials and tried to excuse himself from attending the meeting because he knew he would be called on for an address. He explained the reason for the apparent modesty and started to leave the lodge room when an old member called him to one side and in all earnestness said: "Mr. Meredith, we don't want you to leave now. I don't need my teeth very bad tonight and you can just use them while you make your talk." Mr. Meredith says the story ends there, because he did not make the address.—Indianapolis News.

PREHISTORIC BIRD.

Today the birds are all quite different than they were thousands of years ago. Many, many years ago the first bird that was ever seen on earth was called the Archaeopteryx, which is a Greek word meaning "ancient wing."

It was a very odd bird. It had a long, thick tail with bows of flesh and with feathers growing from it. It was not like a bird's tail is now, but more like a lizard's tail. It had two legs with which it could walk and perch in the trees.

It also had two other limbs like hands, which it probably used to climb about the trees instead of flying about from bough to bough as birds do now.

Its eye was fitted with a sort of armor shield, as the reptile's. Its beak was armed with strong teeth.

LONG WAY TO GO.

The occasional attempts to abolish tipping seem to meet with very little success. Harold Spender, the English journalist, declares that since his previous visit to this country the evil has grown enormously. If we may be permitted to sing it, from the present outlook, "It's a long way to Tip-a-rarity."—Boston Transcript.

IN WAR TERMS.

"Well, how was your reception when you got home last night?"
 "The wife laid down a word barrage," said the ex-service man, "and I retired to a previously prepared position."
 "How was that?"
 "I slept on a settee in the hall."
 —Birmingham Age-Herald.

OLD WORD DISMISSED.

"In the future we will have no such thing as war."
 "No," agreed the grim scientist. "If my present experiments in lethal devices meet my hopes, we'll have something very much worse."

PLEADS FOR HYGIENIC HOMES

Writer Claims Those of Opposite Order Are Prolific Cause of Many Nervous Maladies.

In an age when the nervous system craves cheerful, tranquilizing, inspiring suggestions as never before, people too often choose home adornments that create a positively gloomy, even a morbid atmosphere. Others too often adorn their homes with commonplace pictures of uninspiring themes, bric-a-brac equally commonplace, and books—if they buy books at all—that suggest only banal, perhaps vulgar, ideas.

And if they are people of more than average income they are as likely as not to inflict real torture on their nervous system by an overcrowding of their homes with "comforts" of all sorts—superfluous tables and chairs, ornamental conveniences which they seldom use.

Some day, perhaps, we shall have in our schools really adequate courses in home hygiene. We must have them if ever we are to cope effectively with the rising tide of nervous maladies already so terribly in evidence. For in the causation of these, one cannot insist too emphatically, unhygienic homes play a striking part.—H. Addington Bruce, in Chicago Daily News.

LOVE KNOWS NO AGE LIMIT

Therefore This Family Has Reasoned That Youthful Charles Must Be Victim of Cupid.

One fortunate family is the proud possessor of a chicken yard filled with nice, fat chickens, and one Sunday not long ago was enjoying the fruits of labor in the shape of chicken and dumplings.

Alva May, who has just entered school, was the fortunate one in drawing the "wishbone," and she and eleven-year-old Charles "pulled" it. He got the shorter piece.

In the heated discussion as to which would be married first, first-year-old Louise piped up with, "I don't intend to marry anyone ever," to which Charles replied: "That's all right, Louise, that's what I thought when I was your age, too." And in the general laughter that followed it was decided that Charles must be in love, and that age has nothing to do with changing one's mind on that subject.—Indianapolis News.

"A HAT A DAY NECESSARY."

"One hat a day is quite reasonable for a society woman." This was the comment made by a member of a fashionable woman's club on the surprise expressed by a county court judge at a Spanish actress ordering five hats in one day. "A woman should wear a hat until she is tired of it," she said, "if only for a fortnight, and then give it to her maid. But a hat a day is quite reasonable. One should remember that a woman's hair is part of her hat and she has often to wear the hat all day. She has to arrange her hair to accommodate the hat and then she keeps it on at home and at bridge in the afternoon."—London Mail.

FATALITIES FROM FIRE.

In the United States last year burns, excluding those received in conflagrations and in railroad, street car and automobile accidents, were responsible for 6,380 deaths, or 9.1 per 100,000. The death rate from burns was greater than that for the preceding year, 8 per 100,000, and was also greater than the rate for any other year covered by the bureau's records with the exception of 1907.

FRUITCAKE LASTED LONG.

S. T. Stull of Frederick, Md., has a small part of a fruitcake baked by his wife, now dead, in 1872. A piece of the cake was sent to President Wilson and another piece was sent to Billy Sunday, the evangelist, both of whom acknowledged the gift. Russell Stull, son of the owner, who was a bugler in Company A, One Hundred and Fifteenth infantry, carried a part of the cake through the war.

FOR UNIFORMITY IN MAPS.

The fourteen map-making concerns of this country are working in the matter of securing uniformity and it is proposed to appoint a permanent board of surveys and maps to act as an advisory body, and to establish a central information office concerning mapping, preferably in the geological survey.

FOR SALE.

Will deliver Cotton Seed and Milo Maize in Sonora for \$30 per ton. This feed has had no rain on since gathered.
 J. H. BOOTH.
 Eldorado

EFFECT OF WAR ON FISH

Plaice Taken in the North Sea Are Much Larger Than They Were Before Year 1914.

The plaice, which is a common fish in the European waters, has undergone some remarkable changes since the war, and scientists are endeavoring to explain it. It is stated that the North sea plaice are different in size from those taken on the same grounds before the war, since when large areas have been inclosed by mines. In the southern part of the North sea the largest plaice captured are larger and good-sized fish more common, while on some grounds where before the war small plaice were common there are now no small specimens to be found. Danish investigations have shown a difference in the opposite direction. The size of the plaice on their shores has definitely decreased since the war began. In other words, fish of a given size are older than formerly. The object of the research vessel's second cruise was to transplant small plaice from the Continental shallows to the Dogger bank. It has been found that plaice thus moved grow at least twice as much in length as they would have done if left on their home ground, and that there is an increase of weight of three and one-half times.

ALL HAD TO ATTEND CHURCH

Period in "Merrie England" When at Least One Visit on Sunday Was Obligatory.

If you had lived during the reign of Queen Elizabeth and King James you would find Sunday meetings you would with malice aforethought overlook—for failure to go to church on Sundays was a statutory offense, says the Brooklyn Eagle. The penalty was a fine of one shilling for every Sunday overlooked, and 20 pounds for remaining away from the services for a whole month. The statute applied to the members of the Church of England only, however. Those who refused to subscribe to the beliefs of the church were absolved, provided they attended a church of their own beliefs, and provided they took certain oaths and made certain declarations. The law, nevertheless, was very severe with respect to persons belonging to other sects. For instance, the five-mile act of 1655 made it unlawful for a minister of a nonconformist church to come within five miles of an incorporated town. Failure to comply with this measure would find the divine poorer by 40 pounds.

PILGRIMS NOT ARISTOCRATS.

Descent from Pilgrim ancestry does not imply a wealth of blue blood, even though many of America's first families base their claims for social prestige upon that descent, according to Rev. Dr. Samuel A. Elliot of Boston, one of the international spokesmen for the Pilgrim's tercentenary celebration. Doctor Elliot addressed a Forefathers' day celebration in the Flatbush Congregational church, New York.

According to Doctor Elliot the Mayflower Pilgrims were "very ordinary village people," endowed with a tremendous moral courage, and "only one of them, Elder Brewster, was a man of any education."

SWITCH OPERATED BY FOOT.

The new San Diego & Arizona railway has placed in use some foot-operated switches that make the life of the brakeman much easier and at the same time prevent a switch from throwing itself in the jar of a long freight train's passing over the rail intersection. When the arm operating the switch is thrown, it falls under a spring catch from which it cannot emerge until the catch is opened by the foot lever. It is thus additionally safe and at the same time the brakeman finds it much easier and speedier than when he must put a pin in place after throwing the switch to hold the switch from jumping open.

CROWDED TRAFFIC.

"A girl used to take her skirt in her hands and walk airily across the street."
 "No more of that airy stuff."
 "Eh?"
 "She used to take her skirts in her hands. Now she takes her life."

Notice to Trespassers

Notice is hereby given that all trespassers on my ranch east of Sonora for the purpose of cutting lumber, hauling wood or hunting logs without my permission, will be prosecuted to the full extent of the law.
 W. J. FIELD, Sonora, Texas.

The "Clean-Up"

inspection begins Monday. The inspectors are expected to find every back yard, every alley and every toilet so thoroughly clean, it will not be necessary to "Serve Notice" on any one.

WARDLAW & ELLIOT,

Attorneys-at-Law.
 SONORA - TEX.
 Will practice in all the State and Federal Courts.

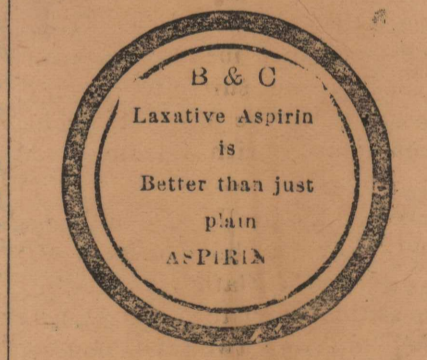
D. R. J. W. YANCEY,

DENTIST.
 Offices Sonora, Eldorado and Ozona.
 Latest Equipment and Methods Employed.
 Now at Ozona.

DIAMONDS

Do you want to see a real nice selection of DIAMONDS? If so, let me order out a bunch for you. Sold on easy payment's. Compare my prices. Let me—Who? T. L. Miller, I appreciate your business and will do all in my power to accommodate you.

T. L. MILLER,
 The Jeweler



FOR SALE BY THE
 Sonora Drug Store.

W. McCOMB
 WINDMILL DOCTOR.
 Phone No. 144
 SONORA TEXAS

FOR SALE—John Deer Pony double disc plow for sale cheap.
 W. P. CALDWELL,
 854 Phone 577, Sonora.

For Sale—
 Furniture for sale—dresser, refrigerator, chiffonier, table, chairs, etc.
 S-2 Mrs. F. F. Cocks.

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

UNEQUALLED IN GOOD VALUES

THE ROACH McLYMONT COMPANY,
The Store That Serves Ten Counties
 DEL RIO, TEXAS.

NOTE THE PRICES.

<p>LADIES DRESSES \$25.00 Made of taffeta, crepe-de chine and georgette. Well tailored silk lined, trimmed with beautiful embroidery designs. Some have ruffled tunics. Others trimmed with lace in erts in tunics.</p> <p>\$35.00 Made of Canton Crepe, crepe-de-chine, Taffeta and georgetta.</p>	<p>MENS CLOTHING Extra good grade Blue Overalls \$1.50 Heavy elastic Seam Drawers 50 cents Brown Duck pants and coats \$2.00 Summer underwear, checked nainsook \$1.00</p>												
<p>HARDWARE ADRIAN FENGING A complete stock of Stewart Sheep Shearing Machinery and repairs, Emery Cloth, Kid Swivels at \$2.00 a hundred, and Rope.</p>	<p>GROCERIES</p> <table border="0"> <tr><td>100 pound sugar</td><td>\$9.50</td></tr> <tr><td>100 " White House Flour</td><td>5.25</td></tr> <tr><td>100 " Potatoes</td><td>2.75</td></tr> <tr><td>100 6oz Crystal White</td><td>4.50</td></tr> <tr><td>100 Compound Lard</td><td>12.50</td></tr> <tr><td>100 Cracked Rice</td><td>4.75</td></tr> </table>	100 pound sugar	\$9.50	100 " White House Flour	5.25	100 " Potatoes	2.75	100 6oz Crystal White	4.50	100 Compound Lard	12.50	100 Cracked Rice	4.75
100 pound sugar	\$9.50												
100 " White House Flour	5.25												
100 " Potatoes	2.75												
100 6oz Crystal White	4.50												
100 Compound Lard	12.50												
100 Cracked Rice	4.75												

SHOP WITH US FOR GOOD VALUES & SERVICE

Under Pure Food Laws Refeshing Drinks Are Bottled ALL KINDS AT THE HORN PALACE JACK PIERCE. MY CIGARS Are Always Prime

Devil's River News \$2.00 a year

AFTER you begin buying Fisk Tires you wonder why you did not begin such a pleasant relationship sooner.

Next Time—BUY FISK

CITY GARAGE

FISK

TIRES



FIRST NATIONAL BANK

OF SONORA, TEXAS.
CAPITAL & SURPLUS \$206,256.10
RESOURCES OVER \$800,000.00

Nothing More Interesting



than a bank book showing regular deposits in this bank for savings. Every line is of interest, because it is a promise. It is a promise and an assurance that in days to come, misfortune will not find the bank book owner unprepared. Everyone intends to commence saving for a rainy day sometime. That time should be now. Start today with what you have. You cannot begin good work too soon.



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



IT DOES MAKE A DIFFERENCE

WHERE YOU BUY.

Groceries Are Our Specialty

The CITY GROCERY

DEVIL'S RIVER NEWS

PUBLISHED WEEKLY.
MIKE MURPHY, Proprietor.
STEVE MURPHY, Publisher.

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

Sonora, Texas, March 23, 1921.

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

METHODIST CHURCH.

Sunday school at 10 a.m.
Jr. or Missionary Society meets at 3:30 p.m.

O. E. Moreland, Pastor.

Miss Alice Wall, daughter of Mrs. E. W. Wall, died at the home of her mother on the South Divide, 20 miles south of Sonora, Sunday night, after a few days illness. Interment was made in the Sonora cemetery Monday afternoon. The services at the grave were conducted by the Rev. Hathorn of the Baptist church. The News extends its sympathy to the mother and family in their sorrow.

W. C. Strackbein died suddenly Friday night, March 18, at his home near Rocksprings. Mr. Strackbein formerly resided in this county and had a ranch in the Franks Defeat country. He was in the customary good health when taken with an attack of the heart.

T. D. Newell, a pioneer ranchman of the Devil's River county and for many years owner of the Sonora Water Works, died suddenly of heart disease at his home in Uvalde, Wednesday, according to meager reports received here Thursday. His widow and four children survive.

The railroad from the Southern Pacific, near Uvalde to Camp Wood near Barksdale, got in with its first train several days before schedule and the bonus of \$35,000 is now due. It is said there is a large force of men at work in the cedar brakes cutting the timber and signs are posted calling for more men. A pretty town site has been laid off at Camp Wood and evidences of progress and prosperity is to be seen everywhere.

Baptist Church, Next Sunday.

Sunday school at 9:45 a.m., Preaching at 11 a.m. and 7:30 p.m.

Hi Eastland the Edwards county ranchman was in town Thursday.

Claude Stites was in town this week visiting.

T. L. Miller, the jeweler, can fit your eyes with proper glasses.

Alvin Keene was in town Thursday from the ranch in the eastern part of the county.

Henry Diebetsch who ranches eight miles northwest of Sonora was in town Tuesday trading.

James E. Holland was in Sonora Thursday from his ranch in Edwards county trading.

GET MORE EGGS by feeding "Martin's Egg Producer." Double your money back in Eggs or your money back in Cash. Martin's Roup Remedy Cures and Prevents Roup. Guaranteed by all Dealers. 63-20

The Woman's Club Library will be open on Wednesday afternoon of each week from 2 to 5 o'clock.

Mat Karnes and daughter, Miss Alice Karnes, were in from the ranch Tuesday visiting the family.

If you belch up a bitter-tasting liquid, suffer from heartburn and sour stomach, you need the tonic properties of Herberic. It is a purifying and strength giving medicine for the stomach, liver and bowels. Price, 60 cents. Sold by the Sonora Drug Store.

Jack Miles returned from a visit to San Angelo Sunday. Mrs. Miles has almost completely recovered from the effects of an operation and is doing well as could be expected.

Lee L. Ru sell the well known commission man of Fort Worth and son James Russell of Menard were in Sonora Friday of last week, and with Roy Crothers of Sonora went to Del Rio where the boys had some unfinished business to attend to.

Will Not Stiffen the Hat

When you want to dye your old straw hat and make a new one of it use a dye which will not stiffen the hat. It is a simple matter to dye an old hat and make it look like new but it is necessary to get the correct dye. Fidelity Straw Hat Dye will not stiffen the hat. It can be had in all standard colors, and is sold and recommended by all druggists and in Sonora by the Sonora Drug Co.

APRON PARTY.

The Apron Party given by the Missionary Society of the Baptist church, Thursday afternoon, March 17th, at the home of Mrs. Hi. Eastland, was a decided success. The pretty home was made more attractive with the use of cut flowers and ferns. There were enough St. Patrick symbols in the decorative scheme to give the pretty room the holiday air. A program consisting of readings, musical numbers, etc., was rendered throughout the afternoon. A luncheon plate of chicken salad, olives, potato chips and sandwiches was served. Mesdames John A. Martin and James A. Cauthorn poured tea and coffee, and all in all it was a delightful affair. About one hundred guests called throughout the afternoon and something like \$90 was realized—this to be added to the fast growing Pastors Home Fund—and the ladies hope the day isn't far distant when the contract can be let for a modern bungalow.

M. S. D. H. Mitchell, Press Reporter.

Frank Decker, Notary Public Sutton County, Texas.

Mr. and Mrs. Roy E. Aldwell made a visit to Angelo Saturday.

Don't forget the place to save money on diamonds.

If you want better schools see that your children are on the roll NOW. See J. A. Leach the scholastic enumerator.

J. N. Ross the ranchman and daughter, Miss Reta Ross visited in San Antonio during the cattleman's convention.

Cold settled in the muscles of the neck, arms or shoulders makes every movement painful. Use Ballard's Snow Liniment. It relieves the pain and relaxes the muscles. Three sizes 39c, 60c and \$1.20 per bottle. Sold by Sonora Drug Co.

J. S. Allison and G. Curtis Allison of Angelo, well-known stockmen and Sonora raised boys were here Tuesday on business.

T. Blair of San Angelo, who has the contract for carrying the mail between Sonora and Angelo, was here on business Saturday. Mr. Blair hopes to have the service improved and will be able to give more attention to express packages.

Don't forget to see J. A. Leach and render your children for the coming scholastic year.

CLUB NOTES.

Mrs. J. W. Trainer and Mrs. L. R. Thorp were hostess to the members of the Music Club of the Sonora Woman's Club Saturday evening at the Club Hall.

In honor of St. Patrick's Day the colors of green and white were emphasized in the decorations. Sprightly Irish music and contests furnished amusement for the guests. Refreshments were served in line with the day and tiny Irish flags were the favors.

Born on Sunday, March 20th, to Mr. and Mrs. B. W. Hutcherson, a girl.

Mrs. Maysie Brown, stenographer at the First National Bank, made a visit to Angelo last week.

Miss Estelle McDonald left for Dallas Thursday to visit and attend the Grand Opera.

If you are in the market for diamond goods large or small see T. L. Miller, Jeweler.

Geo. H. Neill assistant cashier of the First National Bank made a business visit to Angelo Monday.

Paul Willoughby and Bob Campbell were here from San Angelo Thursday.

John Callan of Menard was in Sonora Wednesday on his return from a visit to Del Rio and the Graham ranch in Mexico.

Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Beam were in town Thursday from the ranch in Edwards county, where the grass is so high it is hard to find the lambs.

Miss Eleanor Fields, came home Sunday from Denton where she is a student-teacher at the College of Industrial Arts. Miss Fields will return to Denton after Easter and will get her degree this session.

Watch your children for symptoms of worms. They undermine the health and breed sickness. Use White's Cream Vermifuge. It expels worms and restores health and vigor. Price 35c. Sold by Sonora Drug Co.

Miers Savail returned Thursday from Austin where he has been attending the University. He has as his guest John B. Moore of Austin who will visit here for some time. Miers will not go back to school this Spring.

Dr. Carrick, State Health Officer says that in the ratings of Texas towns for sanitation and health, the water systems will be a large factor in determining the health standard. Freedom from water borne diseases being a vital point in this particular Sonora should rank A1.

Make yourself safe by insuring your wool and mohair. I represent none but the best old line companies.

T. L. BENSON.

Mr. and Mrs. Austin Callan of Waco and Temple were in Sonora Thursday enroute to Del Rio. Mr. Callan is a well known writer and newspaper man but Central Texas was not suited to his temperament and he will renew old acquaintances with Del Rio.

W. P. Caldwell, the building contractor has bought from W. F. Luckie, the Flathouse place on the south side of town for \$2,000. There is a well, two small houses and six lots in this property and Mr. Caldwell will rebuild the houses and make his home there.

How To Dye Hats

That beautiful hat of your friend's is probably an old one dyed and made new. You can easily dye your old straw hat in any color you want and give it a beautiful new glossy finish with Fidelity Straw Hat Dye, which unlike many dyes does not stiffen the hat. Sold and recommended by all druggists and in Sonora by the Sonora Drug Co.

W. L. Aldwell, president of the First National Bank and Chairman of the Sonora Citizens Railway Committee, will go up the Orient railway Monday to meet the officials of the Orient and representatives of English capital and Eastern stockholders of the railway who are coming from Kansas City on a tour of inspection.

Mr. Aldwell is a director in the Texas branch of the Orient and he will endeavor to have the investors visit the Sonora country and if they have the time take them into Mexico with a party from Del Rio to show them the work being done on the line from Allende to Del Rio.

Successful Style Show at Del Rio

The Style Show at Del Rio, held by the Roach McLymont Co., in announcing their Spring opening of Ladies garments—was a most successful function, nearly 600 ladies attending. The gathering was a very interesting one and a great credit to "the store that serves ten counties." The Ladies Spring Styles were thoroughly displayed on pretty living models and everyone present was most impressed with the fine garments of new designs just landed from New York, which were offered at popular prices. A very pleasant orchestra enhanced the gathering and as each guest departed, she was presented with a souvenir of a bunch of beautiful large carnations which had just arrived from the nurseries at St. Louis.

TOMATO PLANTS Ready for transplanting, two dozen for 25 cents or 75 cents per 100. Call 152.

The Sheep & Goat Raisers executive committee meet here again on Monday.

S. E. McKnight of Sonora, was elected a member of the Executive Committee of the Texas and Southwestern Cattle Raisers Association.

Many of the sheepmen who used imported rams last season were disappointed in the service rendered. To get new blood it is of course necessary to bring in rams from other parts but it will not do to depend on expect results from them the first year.

The Standard reports that Tom B. Adams of San Angelo sold on the Kansas City market on the 22nd, 240 head of four year old steers, that averaged 950 pounds, at \$8.20 per hundred pounds. These steers had been fed for 100 days and had been bought and raised from yearlings by Mr. Adams on his ranch in Sutton county.

W. L. Aldwell, president of the First National Bank returned Monday from San Antonio and Dallas. Mr. Aldwell says Texas is wearing the finest dress of green, that beautiful resting, refreshing shade of green, that she has ever worn. Adjustments and liquidations is still going on but Mr. Aldwell does not think many people will be hurt seriously. Every one realizes they must take their losses and in the distribution of the losses among the many it is hoped to prevent a general wreck. Indebtedness must be liquidated and those who are large lenders of money to the stockmen insist that sales be made as soon as the animals are fit for market.

H. M. Stonebraker of Kansas City, who has large grass holdings in the Osage country, Okla., was here this week looking over the cattle situation; Mr. Stonebraker has been in the cattle business for many years and is a member of the executive committee of the Texas Southwestern Cattle Raisers Association. He has for years made a business of fattening cattle on the grasses of Oklahoma, and finds the cattle here in an unusually good condition at this season of the year. Mr. Stonebraker was accompanied here by Walter Mann and R. R. Runkles of Angelo.

For rapid healing there is nothing like Liquid Borzone. It melts torn flesh, heals cuts, burns or sores quickly no time is lost from work. Price 30c, 60c and \$1.20. Sold by the Sonora Drug Co.

At a meeting of the board of directors of the Bevans National Bank held last week, the resignation of R. R. Russell was accepted from the presidency of the bank and William Bevans was again reelected in his place. Mr. Bevans resigned from this office a few months ago because of ill health, and his many friends are glad to see him back on the job once more.—Menard Messenger.

Cloudy weather has predominated the past week at Sonora and the intermitted showers, including that of Friday night, 18th amounts to three fourths of an inch. The Norther of Monday and Tuesday passed over without any damage to fruit trees or fresh shorn goats.

When the bowels are costive the waste matter ferments, producing a gaseous condition that is disagreeable. To remove the impurities quickly, a dose of Herbine is needed. It does the work thoroughly and pleasantly. Price 50c. Sold by the Sonora Drug Co.

THE DALLAS NEWS

THE NEWSPAPER, THE BEST, THE MOST RELIABLE—THAT'S ALL.
E. J. PIERCE Circulator at SONORA, TEXAS.

D. W. Griffith's Latest Production "SCARLET DAYS"

A Thrilling, Romantic Picture of California, in the Mad, Golden Days of '49. A Historical Romance with true-to-life characters and background setting only seen in Griffith production.

The role of the dashing bandit is played by Richard Barthelmess, one of the most talented actors on the screen, with the following support: Ralph Graves, Eugenie Besserer, Carol Dempster, Clarine Seymour, (as Chiquita), George Fawcett, Walter Long, Kate Bruce, Rhea Haines.

Friday, April 1st.

Then, on Saturday 2nd we will give you something different:

DOROTHY GISH In "TURNING THE TABLES"

The Heiress has a Hilarious Time in a Sanitarium. A story of Spooks and Crooks, Lovers and Lunatics, in which the inimitable comedienne takes the sigh from asy um and puts the foot in institution. Some Fun? Yes!

No Advance in Prices But We Want FULL HOUSES TO COME OUT EVEN.

Admission 15 and 30 cents. Show starts promptly at 8 o'clock.

HEREFORDS FAVORITES

The leading or favorite breed of cattle raised in the Sonora country for the past thirty years has been the Hereford and to day this popular breed has many registered representatives of the best families of Herefords on the range of the Sonora country. The continual breeding of the Hereford has advanced the herds of the cattlemen to an enviable position of the Good Grade for all the calves raised here, but this is not enough for the Sonora country. Every sire bred in this country should be, not only a registered animal but an individual of the very best type. The idea that "cattle is cattle" has long ago been discarded by our ranchmen and while the development has been made by demand or individual preference, the time has come when the breeders of Registered Herefords should prevail on their neighbors to use only Registered bulls so that the calves of the Sonora country will be known far and wide as "strictly High grade." Personally, the News has a hankering for the Durham or Shorthorn, and could have been educated to and does appreciate the Angus, but the man on the range likes the Hereford best and if for no other reason that is why we now say let all unite on the Hereford so that our cattle will have the same standing on the markets that the sheep, goats, wool and mohair of the Sonora country has. It will pay the cattlemen to concentrate and unite their efforts to the end that every calf raised here be a High Grade or registered Hereford.

ELECTION NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given, as required by the ordinances of the City of Sonora, Texas, that an election will be held in the City of Sonora, Texas, on the first Tuesday in April, the same being the 5th day of April, 1921, for the purpose of electing three aldermen of the City of Sonora, Texas, to serve for the next two years; said election shall be held in the front room of the Devil's River News office in the City of Sonora, Texas. C. F. Adams has been appointed as presiding judge of said election and will be the presiding officer at said election. Said presiding judge shall appoint two judges and two clerks, who, together with himself, shall hold said election; the polls at said election shall open at eight o'clock in the morning and shall remain open until seven o'clock in the evening. Said election shall be held and returns thereof made as provided by the ordinances of the City of Sonora, Texas, and the laws of the State of Texas.

Witness my hand, on this the 22nd day of March, A. D. 1921.

C. S. KEENE, Mayor of the City of Sonora, Attest: Mrs. J. A. Cope, City Secretary.

The next few years will be marked by important and historical changes in the life of the United States deeply interesting to every citizen. The Thrice-a-Week World which is the greatest example of tabloid journalism in America will give you all the news of it. It will keep you as thoroughly informed as a daily at five or six times the price. Besides, the news from Europe for a long time to come will be of overwhelming interest, and we are deeply and vitally concerned in it. The Thrice-a-Week World will furnish you an accurate and comprehensive report of everything that happens.

The Thrice-a-Week World's regular subscription price is only \$1.00 per year, and this pays for 156 papers. We offer this unequalled newspaper and the Devil's River News together for one year for \$2.50. The regular price of the two papers is \$3.00.

BUYING AT HOME HELPS.

BOB HOLLAND
OF
Holland Auto Company
SAN ANGELO
Is not connected with the Williams Auto Co.,
now.
He wants your business.
West Twohig Avenue, near San Angelo
National Bank.

**WHEN YOU COME
TO
SAN ANGELO
STOP AT THE
BIG GARAGE ON THE HIGHWAY**
Tires, Tubes, STORAGE Gasoline,
Accessories, and Oils,
(The Right Kind for Your Car)
We do a General Repainting, Rebuilding of Auto-
mobiles, Trucks and Tractors. All Work done by Skilled
Mechanics. We Make It Right.

Nabers Auto Parts Co.,
Successors to Scarbrough Auto Co.
Jack Nabers, Manager.
309 South Chadbourne Across the street
From the Landon Hotel

Continued from pag. 1.

fat feet over the drifts. But just one day they caught sight of a wolf. They were on snowshoes on a particularly brilliant afternoon late in January. He was a lone male, evidently a straggler from the pack, and he leaped from the top of a tall thicket that had remained above the snow. The man and the girl had entirely different reactions. Dan's first impression was amazement at the animal's condition. It seemed to be in the last stages of starvation; unbelievably gaunt, with ribs showing plainly even through the furry hide. Ordinarily the heavily furred animals do not show signs of famine; but even an inexperienced eye could not make a mistake in this case. The eyes were red, and they carried Dan back to his first adventure in the Oregon forest—the day he had shot the mad coyote. Snowbird thought of the beast only as an enemy. The wolves killed her father's stock; they were brigands of the worst order; and she shared the hatred of them that is a common trait of all primitive peoples. Her hand whipped back, seized her pistol, and she fired twice at the fleeing figure.

The second shot was a hit; both of them saw the wolf go to its side, then spring up and race on. Shouting, both of them sped after him. In a few moments he was out of sight among the distant trees, but they found the blood-trail and munched over the ridge. They expected at any moment to find him lying dead; but the track led them on clear down the next canyon. And now they were out at all whether they found him; it was simply a tramp in the out-of-doors; and both of them were young with red blood in their veins.

But all at once Dan stopped in his tracks. The girl sped on for six paces before she released the sound of his snowshoes; then she turned to find him standing, wholly motionless, with eyes fixed upon her. It startled her, and she didn't know why. A companion abruptly freezing in his path, his muscles inert, and his eyes filling with speculation, is always startling. When this occurs it means simply that a thought so compelling and arresting that even the half-conscious physical functions, such as walking, cannot continue, has come into his mind. And it is part of the old creed of self-preservation to dislike greatly to be left out on any such thought as this. If danger is present, the sooner it is identified the better.

"What is it?" she demanded. He turned to her curiously intent. "How many shells have you in that pistol?" She took one breath and answered him. "It holds five, and I shot twice. I haven't any others."

"Father is always telling me to—and several times I have. But I'd shot them away at target practice and forgot to take any more. There was never any danger—except that night with a cougar. I did intend to—but what does it matter now?" "We're a couple of wise ones, going after that wolf with only three shots to our name. Of course by himself he's harmless—but he's likely enough to lead us straight toward the pack. And Snowbird—I didn't like his looks. He's too gaunt and he's too hungry—and I haven't a bit of doubt he waited in that brush for us to come, intending to attack us—and lost his nerve the last thing. That shows he's desperate. I don't like him, and I wouldn't like his pack. And a whole pack might not lose its nerve."

"Then you think we'd better turn back?" "Yes, I do, and not come out any more without a whole pocket of shells. I'm going to carry a rifle, too, just as Lennox has always. He's got just a flesh-wound. You saw what you did with two cartridges—got in one flesh-wound. Three of 'em against a pack wouldn't be a great deal of aid. I don't mean to say you can't shoot, but a lumpy, lively wolf is worse than a bird in the air. We've gone over three miles; and he'd lead us ten miles farther—even if he didn't go to the pack. Let's go back."

"If you say so. But I don't think there's the least bit of danger. We can always climb a tree." "And have 'em make a beautiful circle under it? They've got more patience than we have—and we'd have to come down some time. Your father can't come to our help, you know. It's the sign of the tenderfoot not to think there's any danger—and I'm not going to think that way any more." They turned back and munched in silence a long time. "I suppose you'll think I'm a coward," Dan asked her humbly. "Only prudent, Dan," she answered, smiling. Whether she meant it he did not know. "I'm just beginning to understand that you—living here only a few months—really know and understand all this better than I do." She stretched her arms wide to the wilderness. "I guess it's your instinct."

But Cranston waited in a clump of exposed thicket on the hillside until he saw two black dots, that he knew were Dan and Snowbird, leave the Lennox home. He lay very still as they crept up the ridge, noticing that except for the pistol that he knew Snowbird always carried, they were unarmed. There was no particular reason why he should be interested at that point. It was just the mountain way always to look for weapons, and it is rather difficult to trace the mental processes behind this impulse. Perhaps it can be laid to the fact that many mountain families are often at feud with one another, and anything in the way of violence may happen before the morning.

The two passed out of his sight, and after a long time he heard the crack of Snowbird's pistol. He guessed that she had either shot at some wild creature, or else was merely at target practice—rather a common proceeding for the two when they were on the hills together. Thus it is to be seen that Cranston knew their habits fairly well. And since he had kept a close watch upon them for several days, this was to be expected. He had no intention of being interrupted in this work he was about to do. He had planned it all very well. The elder Lennox was still helpless. Cranston had noticed that when Dan and Snowbird went out, they were usually gone from two to four hours, and that gave him plenty of time for his undertaking. The moment had come at last to make a thorough search of Lennox's house for those incriminating documents that Dan had found near the body of Landy Hildreth.

The only really dangerous part of his undertaking was his approach. If by any chance Lennox were looking out of the window, he might be found waiting with a rifle across his arms. It would be quite like the old mountaineer to have his gun beside him, and to shoot it quick and exceptionally straight, without asking questions, at any stealing figure in the snow. Yet Cranston felt fairly sure that Lennox was still too helpless to raise a gun to a shooting position.

He had observed that the mountaineer spent his time either on the fireplace divan or on his own bed. Neither of these places was available to the rear windows of the house. So, very wisely, he made his attack from the rear.

He came stealing across the snow—a wisp of the first degree. Very silently and swiftly he slipped off his snowshoes at the door. The door itself was unlocked, just as he had supposed. In an instant more he was tiptoeing, a dark, silent figure, through the corridors of the house. He held his rifle ready in his hands.

He peered into Lennox's bedroom first. The room was unoccupied. Then the floor of the corridor creaked beneath his step; and he knew nothing further was to be gained by waiting. If Lennox suspected his presence, he might be waiting with aimed rifle as he opened the door of the living room.

He glided faster. He halted once more—a moment at the living-room door to see if Lennox had been disturbed. He was lying still, however, so Cranston pushed through.

Lennox glanced up from his magazine to find that unmistakable thing, the barrel of a rifle, pointed at his breast. Cranston was one of those rare mackmen who shoot with both eyes open—and that meant that he kept his full visual powers to the last instant before the hammer fell.

"I can't raise my arms," Lennox said simply. "One of 'em won't work."



"I Can't Raise My Arms," Lennox Said Simply.

at all—besides, against the doctor's orders." Cranston stole over toward him, looking closely for weapons. He pulled aside the wadded blanket that Lennox had drawn up over his body, and he pushed his hand into the cushions of the couch. A few deft pats, holding his rifle through the fork of his arm, fingered into the trigger guard, assured him that Lennox was not "heeled" at all. Then he laughed and went to work.

"I thought I told you once," Lennox began with perfect coldness, "that the doors of my house were no longer open to you." "You did say that," was Cranston's guttural reply. "But you see I'm here just the same, don't you? And here are you going to do about it?" "I probably felt that sooner or later you would come to steal—just as you and your crowd stole the supplies from the forest station last winter—and that probably influenced me to give the orders. I didn't want thieves around my house, and I don't want them now. I don't want coyotes, either."

up, and I suspect that sissy boarder of yours will come back, after he's through embracing your daughter in the snow, and find you in one piece. Otherwise not."

"If I were in one piece," Lennox answered him very quietly, "instead of a bundle of broken bones that can't lift its arms, I'd get up of this couch, unarmed as I am, and stamp on your lying lips."

But Cranston only laughed and tied Lennox's feet with a cord from the window shade. He went to work very systematically. First he rifled Lennox's desk in the living room. Then he looked on all the mantels and ransacked the cupboards and the drawers. He was tantalizing and calm at first. But as the moments passed, his passion grew upon him. He no longer smiled. The rodent features became intent; the eyes narrowed to curious, bright slits under the dark lashes. He went to Dan's room, searched his bureau drawer and all the pockets of the clothes hanging in his closet. He upset his trunk and pawed among old letters in the suitcase. Then, stealing like some creature of the wilderness, he came back to the living room.

Lennox was not on the divan where he had left him. He lay instead on the floor near the fireplace; and he met the passion-driven face with entire calmness. His motives were perfectly plain. He had just made a desperate effort to procure Dan's rifle that hung on two sets of deer horns over the fireplace, and was entirely exhausted from it. He had succeeded in getting down from the couch, though wracked by agony, but had been unable to lift himself up in reach of the gun.

Cranston read his intention in one glance. Lennox knew it, but he simply didn't care. He had passed the point where anything seemed to matter.

"Tell me where it is," Cranston ordered him. Again he pointed his rifle at Lennox's wasted breast.

"Tell you where what is? My money?"

"You know what I want—and it isn't money. I mean those letters that falling found on the ridge. I'm through fooling, Lennox. Dan learned that long ago, and it's time you learned it now."

"Dan learned it because he was sick. He isn't sick now. Don't presume too much on that."

Cranston laughed with harsh scorn. "But that isn't the question. I said I've wasted all the time I'm going to. You are an old man and helpless; but I'm not going to let that stand in the way of getting what I came to get. They're hidden somewhere around this house. I've watched, and he's had no chance to take them into town. I'll give you—just five seconds to tell me where they're hidden."

"And I give you," Lennox replied, "one second less than that—to go to hell!"

Both of them breathed hard in the quiet room. Cranston was trembling now, shivering just a little in his arms and shoulders. "Don't get me wrong, Lennox," he warned.

"And don't have any delusions in regard to me, either," Lennox replied. "I've stood worse pain from this accident than any man can give me while I yet live, no matter what he does. If you want to get on me and hammer me in the approved Cranston way, I can't defend myself—but you won't get a civil answer out of me. I'm used to pain, and I can stand it. I'm not used to fawning to a coyote like you, and I can't stand it."

But Cranston hardly heard. An idea had flung in his mind and cast a red glamor over all the scene about him. It was instilling a poison in his nerves and a madness in his blood, and it was searing him, like fire, in his dark brain. Nothing seemed real. He suddenly bent forward, tense.

"That's all right about you," he said. "But you'd be a little more polite if it was Snowbird—and Dan—that would have to pay."

Perhaps the color faded slightly in Lennox's face; but his voice did not change.

"They'll see your footprints before they come in and be ready," Lennox replied evenly. "They always come in by the back way. And even with a pistol, Snowbird's a match for you."

"What you think that was what I meant," Cranston scorned. "I know a way to destroy those letters, and I'll do it—in the four seconds that I said, unless you tell. I'm not even sure I'm going to give you a chance to tell now; it's too good a scheme. There won't be any witnesses then to yell around in the courts. What if I choose to set fire to this house?"

"It wouldn't surprise me a great deal. It's your own trade," Lennox shrugged, once on his place on the floor.

"I wouldn't have to worry about those letters then, would I? They are somewhere in the house, and they'd be burned to ashes. But that isn't all that would be burned. You could carry 'em out, but you couldn't carry the guns, and you couldn't carry the pantry full of food. You're nearly eighty miles up here from the nearest settlement, with two pairs of snowshoes for the three of you and one dinky pistol. And you can't walk at all. It would be a nice pickle, wouldn't it? Wouldn't you have a fat chance of getting down to civilization?"

The voice no longer held steady. It trembled with passion. "This was no idle threat. The brain had already seized upon the scheme with every intention of carrying it out. The wilderness lay stark and bare, stripped of all delusion—not only in the snow world outside but in the hearts of these two men, its sons.

"I have only one hope," Lennox replied. "I hope, unknown to me, that Dan has already dispatched those letters. The arm of the law is long, Cranston. It's easy to forget that fact up here. It will reach you in the end."

Cranston turned through the door into the kitchen. He was gone a long time. Lennox heard him at work; the crinkle of paper and then a pouring sound around the walls. Then he heard the sharp crack of a match. An instant later the first wisp of smoke came curling, pungent with burning oil, through the corridor.

"You crawled from your couch to reach that gun," Cranston told him when he came in. "Let's see you crawl out now."

Lennox's answer was a curse—the last, dread outpouring of an unbroken will. He didn't look again at the glittering eyes. He scarcely watched Cranston's further preparations: the oil poured on the rugs and furnishings, the kindling placed at the base of the chairs. Cranston was trained in this work. He was taking no chances on the fire being extinguished. And Lennox began to crawl toward the door.

He managed to grasp the corner of the blanket on the divan as he went, and he dragged it behind him. Pain wracked him, and smoke half-blinded him. But he made it at last. And by the time he had crawled one hundred feet over the snow crust the whole structure was in flames. The red tongues spoke with a roar.

Cranston, the fire-madness on his face, hurried to the outbuildings. There he repeated the work. He touched a match to the hay in the barn, and the wind flung the flame through it in an instant. The sheds and other outbuildings were treated with oil. And seeing that his work was done, he called once to the prone



He Called Once to the Prone Body of Lennox.

body of Lennox on the snow and munched away into the silence.

Lennox's answer was not a curse this time. Rather it was a prayer, unuttered and in his four years Lennox had not prayed often. When he prayed at all, the words were burning fire. His prayer was that of Samson—that for a moment his strength might come back to him.

For Torpid Liver

"Black-Draught is, in my opinion, the best liver medicine on the market," states Mrs. R. H. Whiteside, of Keota, Okla. She continues: "I had a pain in my chest after eating—light, uncomfortable feeling—and in this was very disagreeable and brought on headache. I was constipated and knew it was indigestion and inactive liver. I began the use of Black-Draught, night and morning, and it sure is splendid and certainly gives relief."

Thedford's BLACK-DRAUGHT

For over seventy years this purely vegetable preparation has been found beneficial by thousands of persons suffering from effects of a torpid, or slow-acting liver. Indigestion, biliousness, colic, coated tongue, dizziness, constipation, bitter taste, sleeplessness, lack of energy, pain in back, puffiness under the eyes—any or all of these symptoms often indicate that there is something the matter with your liver. You can't be too careful about the medicine you take. Be sure that the name, "Thedford's Black-Draught," is on the package. At all druggists.

Accept Only the Genuine.

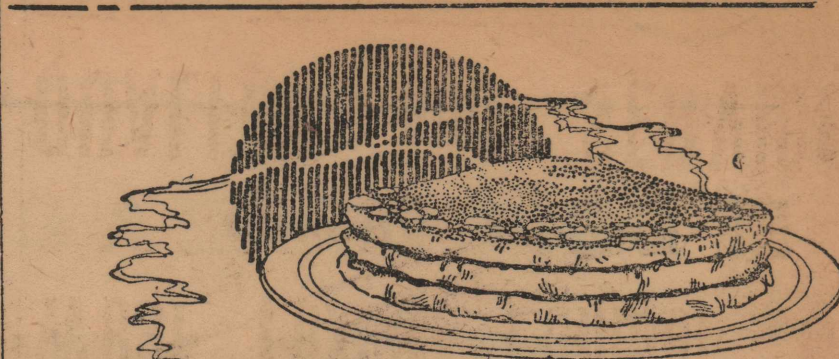
ENLARGED KODAK PICTURES FREE
Send Us a Trial Order For Best Kodak Finishing You Ever Saw
PRINTS FROM ONE CENT UP
The MAYO STUDIOS
BROWNWOOD, TEX

A.B.C. Electric Laundress.



Some washers lift and dip — Other washers rock and toss — But the A.B.C. does both!

FOR SALE BY
The Sonora Light & Water Co.



Delightful hot cakes

Nothing can equal good hot cakes for breakfast. Hot cakes made with BELLE OF WICHITA Flour are "there." They are deliciously good from the first bite to the last. Don't think this kind of hot cakes can be made with just any flour, for that won't hold true. To avoid disappointment, order a sack of BELLE OF WICHITA before you try.

Belle of Wichita FLOUR

FOR SALE BY THE
Sonora Mercantile Company.

THE COMMERCIAL HOTEL,

MRS. JOSIE McDONALD, Proprietress.
Rates \$3.50 Per Day.
HEADQUARTERS FOR COMMERCIAL MEN.
Best accommodations, Rates Reasonable.
Sonora, Texas.

West Texas Lumber Co
SONORA, TEXAS

QUALITY and SERVICE.

DEVIL'S RIVER OIL & GAS COMPANY.

(UNINCORPORATED)
SITUATED IN EL WARD COUNTY, TEXAS.
DOES THINGS 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.