

Come To The Stockman's Paradise. Sonora, The trading Centre.

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DEVIL'S RIVER NEWS.

VEON, BRETHERETT & CO., BANKERS, SAN ANGELO, TEX. Conservative Banking in All Its Forms.

VOL. 1.

SONORA, SUTTON CO., TEX., SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 23, 1890.

NO. 6.

F. Mayer.

Jno. W. Hagerlund.

F. MAYER & CO.,

Wholesale & Retail Dealers In

General Merchandise and

Ranch Supplies,

Sonora, Sutton Co., Tex.

Are Now Open, and Respectfully Invite The PUBLIC to EXAMINE Their

MAMMOTH STOCK & COMPARE PRICES,

With San Angelo and Other Markets.

LIBERAL ADVANCES MADE ON WOOL.

THE SONORA SUPPLY CO.,

DEALERS IN

General Merchandise, Ranch Supplies a Specialty.

SONORA, SUTTON CO., TEX.

Liberal Advances Made on Consignments of WOOL at 8 per Cent Interest, and the Privilege of the 4 leading Markets.

SAN ANGELO,

The

TEXAS.

TITUS MACH. & TOOL MFG'G CO.,

Windmills, Engines, Horse Powers, Tread Powers, Piping, Cylinders, Oil-well Casings, Galvanize Casings, Storage Tanks, Drinking Tanks, Pumping Rods, Pump Stands, Wagons, Buggies, Hacks, Road Carts.

BRASS GOODS.

Make a Specialty OF THE Water Supply Line.

D. B. CUSENBARY, Agent, SONORA.

C.F. Adams.

John McNicol, Surveyor.

P. Hurst.

WEST TEXAS LAND & LIVE STOCK AGENCY,

Solicits Correspondence,

SONORA, Sutton Co., Texas.

DEVIL'S RIVER NEWS, PUBLISHED WEEKLY, Advertising Medium of the Stockman's Paradise. SUBSCRIPTION IN ADVANCE.

MIKE MURPHY, Proprietor, SONORA, TEXAS, November 23, 1890.

Joe waters as in Sonora Tuesday of the G D Car... Mustang Draw, was in Sonora for supplies this week.

Buy your... from J. W. Webb & Co. San J... E. J... of W. W. Keith's... to his...

C Cheny of Wichita Falls, is prospecting in the Devil's River country.

Corn, oats, hay and feed of all kinds sold in quantities to suit the purchaser at Hurst, Adams & Batters.

W. H. Bacon representing L. & H. Blum, of Galveston, was in Sonora this week.

Since 1834 The DUNHAM PIANO has annually made thousands of hearts and firesides joyful. "Age cannot wither it nor custom stale its infinite variety." F. G. ALLEN, Agent, San Angelo.

Mr. Gilmore, representing the rustling firm of Geo. Barnard & Co., St. Louis, was in Sonora on business this week.

Bedsteads at J. J. Rackley for \$2.50 Mattresses " " " 2.50 Safes " " " 4.00

D. B. Cusenbary returned from San Angelo Wednesday.

For everything and anything in the musical line write to F. G. ALLEN, San Angelo.

Mr. and Mrs. Joe T. Gurley and family, we are sorry to learn, will leave the latter part of next week for their home at Johnson's Run.

Bring along your marriages. George has got the business down fine.

Go to J. J. Rackley, San Angelo, for your Furniture.

W. W. Allen, editor of the Two Hammers, Minn., "Iron Port" now special agent of the New York Life Insurance company, is in the city.

The BRADBURY PIANO, used at the White House. F. G. ALLEN, Agent, San Angelo.

Max Mayer, late merchant of San Antonio, now of New York, was in Sonora this week. Mr. Mayer is a cousin of our Max, and expressed himself as agreeable disappointed with the trading center of the Stockman's Paradise.

Galvanized iron ventilation flues, stove pipes, rain proofs and caps, at H. W. Feller's, Chadbourne street, San Angelo.

W. A. Williamson, of Junction City, was attending court last week.

Wm. Johnston left Friday morning for San Angelo to attend the fair.

Charley Adams, of Sonora, was at court last week.

Sheep continue to pass through our town en route for the Devil's River country.—Menardville Record.

A very bad state of affairs has been in existence on the Gulf, Colorado and Santa Fe road for some time, and since the recent changes in the officials all the discrepencies come to light. It appears that through some means the road has been defrauded out of one hundred and eighty thousand dollars of cold cash, and that during the present cotton season some eight hundred and eighty compressed cotton have gone astray. The officials will only admit that the above is true, and will not divulge what evidence they have collected against the suspected parties. The shrinkage has been systematically going on and the company is in possession of all necessary facts which will be sprung when the time comes.—San Antonio Express.

Steve Murphy, late of Toronto, Ont., arrived in the trading center of the Stockman's Paradise, Wednesday.

Miss Florance Traweck, one of the belles of Sonora, returned from San Angelo Wednesday.

What about a mask ball New Years?

Stock News.

The London wool market is strong and stronger. J. C. Adams & Sons... from Julius Kahn, 500... \$2.

All foreign wools have advanced and Australian Merino is very firm at the advance.

L. J. & G. W. Dunsagan and their flock of 2141 sheep to E. S. Franks at \$1.95.

Do not forget the meeting of the Sutton County Wool Growers Association on the first Saturday of December.

Information as to the where-

square, will be rewarded at the Devil's River News office.

Robinson Bros. did not sell their interest in the Robinson Bros. & Cauthorn well, to T. D. Newell, as stated in a former issue.

J. E. Mills, a rustler from away-back, has located a new ranch 15 miles east of town, will fence a section, put in a well and have things fixed up in shape by spring.

In San Antonio the highest price reported paid for fall wool is twenty-one cents, the George Shackley clip of Uvalde county having been sold at that price.

D B Cusenbary, bought a shipment of fine mares bred to the Norman horse, from Adams Bros, of Runnels county, at \$20 a head and also a fine pair of big gray horses for \$200.

Captain Schreiner sold this week to northern buyers 2,500 sacks of wool, four, five and six months clip, at prices ranging from 18 to 21 cents, being one-half cent over the San Antonio market, and the best sales in west Texas.—Kerrville News.

G W Chesser and H J Crockett, prominent sheepmen of Mills county, with 2600 sheep with wool on, arrived Wednesday, and want a permanent location. They are more than satisfied with Sonora and our educational advantages and will build homes for their families here. Mr. Chesser says several of his neighbors will follow in the spring.

E. S. Franks, two years ago sold his sheep to his partner H. Knousenberger, put his money in the bank and started out to find a better stock country than Devil's River Country. For two years he has been traveling over the entire western range and has come to the conclusion that there is no town like Sonora and no country equal to the Stockman's Paradise. Mr. Franks has secured a location, is putting in a good ranch, stocking it with fine sheep and fixing to make a permanent home in the largest wool growing and mutton raising section in America.

We have seen the Delaine sheep, and pronounce them the best Merino. It is useless to engage in a war of words trying to prove to the Merino breeders that the American Merino is not a mutton sheep, and will therefore have to be content with referring to Rev. 22-11.

A Merino ewe that tips the beam at 150 pounds is truly a good one, and one such would clip about twelve or fourteen pounds of wool. A Cotswool or Shropshire ewe usually attains a weight of 200 to 250 pounds and shears twelve to sixteen pounds of medium to country wool. Sir James 2460, a Cotswool ram was not much of a pony either, weighing 402 pounds; or the Champion of England 2d—380 pounds. Neither are there any flies on Royalist 1036, that weighed 315 pounds at two years old and clipped eighteen pounds of wool.

The next decade and the next century will have those who will disagree on points of breeds and breeding, doubtless this will be one of them. Let us hear from the brethren all along the line, from the largest Delaine to the little diminutive specimen—so small that a lamb hurdle will not restrain. Come now, speak out. Don't one wait for another.—Texas Live Stock Journal.

CHICAGO LIVE STOCK MARKET. Sheep—Receipts, 6,000; shipments, 2,000. Market firmer. Natives, \$3.75 to \$4.75; westerns, \$4.00 to \$4.40.

W. H. BOLGER,

DEALER IN

STOVES and HARDWARE, Queensware, China & Glassware.

San Angelo, Texas.

PHILIP C. LEE, President. GEO. E. WEBB, Cashier. JOHN GADDIS, Vice-President.

The CONCHO NATIONAL BANK,

Capital Paid In, \$50,000. Surplus and Profits, 8,000.

Chadbourne Street, San Angelo, Texas.

DIRECTORS: Philip C. Lee, John Gaddis, W. S. Kelly, J. J. Rackley, George Brockman, Charles F. Potter.

We Want Your Business.

CHR. MEINECKE,

well driller.

CALIFORNIA WINDMILLS KEPT IN STOCK, AT

SONORA, TEXAS.

J. C. GOODWIN,

THE LEADING BARBER,

Hot and Cold Baths.

Sonora Texas.

THE LEGAL TENDER SALOON,

HARRY BENNETT, Proprietor,

SAN ANGELO, TEX.

Is Headquarters for Race Horse News, Pool Sellers and the Sporting Fraternity Generally. They Handle the Best Line of Saloon Goods in the State.

SALOON,

WM. BEVANS, Prop'r,

Sonora, Texas.

The finest brands of Whiskies, Brandies, Alcohols, Beer, Cigars and Everything usually kept in a First-class Saloon.



Crews, McGregor & Co.

"HARDMAN"

Grand, Square and Upright PIANOS.

The most highly celebrated Pianos in the World, with latest patents. The grandest achievement of the age.

Tone, touch and durability unquestionable. Sold on Easy Installments. Warranted and the warrant backed by Millions. Call on or address: Ballinger, Tex. Crews, McGregor & Co.,

The Devil's River News, vol. 1 No. 3, with Mike Murphy at its helm, reached our office this week, and we find it to be a very newsworthy sheet, well gotten up, and we predict for its proprietor a successful voyage.—Ballinger Leader.

The new town of Sonora in the new county of Sutton has given birth to a newspaper. The Devil's River News. The News is a neat seven column paper, full of stock notes, edited by Mr. Mike Murphy, and be dad sir, we exchange with pleasure.—San Antonio Stockman.

The CLOGH & WARREN ORGAN "captivates the world." Used and endorsed by the N. E. Conservatory, Boston. F. G. ALLEN, Agent, San Angelo.

Canon very appropriately got fired in Illinois, and it was also notoriously appropriate that several scapies were taken in Indiana. Protection is very good, but you can't Palmer off on Chicago. The Quay to the above job lot furnished to every paid up subscriber who comes to the Standard office unarmed. If we are out, please don't wait till we return. Our return is like that of the Republican party—somewhat indefinite.—San Angelo Standard.

C. R. MATTHIS, M. D.

Physician and Surgeon, Sonora, Texas.

Office at Cusenbary's Drug Store.

Strayed or Stolen

From Sonora early in the spring, one dark bay mare and horse colt; mare branded R.C. on left hip. Richard Gragg, Sonora, will pay \$10 reward for their return or \$5 for information as to their where about. 2-1

\$10 Reward.

Lost one dark iron-gray horse, about 15 hands high, branded L on left shoulder; one sorrell horse 16 hands high, branded B on left thigh. Above reward will be paid for their delivery at my ranch or at Sonora. G. HUBER.

F. M. WYATT,

The Blacksmith, is the Sutton Co. agent for the

"AERMOTOR"

Windmill. Office SONORA, Texas.

A. CARY, Contractor & Builder. ESTIMATES FURNISHED ON APPLICATION. SONORA, TEX.

DEVIL'S RIVER NEWS.

MIKE MURPHY, Proprietor.

SOZORA, SUTTON COUNTY, TEXAS.

TAKING the railroad lines of the country mile by mile, and those of the north have three accidents per mile to one in the south. Can this matter be explained? Is the Yankee more reckless?

THE Ohio courts have decided that no damages can be recovered from a railroad company for killing a cow if it can be shown that there was in plain sight of the cow a notice to look out for the locomotive. Such at least is the effect of the decision though not its precise wording.

It has been computed, as an illustration of the great cheapening of ocean-freights which has taken place in recent years, that half a sheet of note paper will develop sufficient power, when burned in connection with the triple expansion engine, to carry a ton a mile in an Atlantic steamer.

GAME and fish preserves have become desirable if not necessary to the public good. State laws are not always enforced. Game preserves will have a desirable effect in keeping hunters from trespassing on private property. Farmers are at great trouble to keep hunters from their lands.

IN MAINE it has been the custom for some years of the lumberland owners to cut no trees less than ten inches in circumference, and in this way they have an annual crop of spruce timber instead of destroying the entire supply. Had the same course been pursued with the pine in the state of Maine it would still be the "Pine Tree State," in fact, as well as in name.

The time-honored subject of the "hired girl" is again at the front, the complaint now being that they go from place to place, hiring at each, and eventually taking the one that seems on the whole to offer the most wages for the least work. There is a good deal of force in the complaint, no doubt, and one lady proposes to meet the difficulty by hiring every girl who responds to an advertisement and then taking the one who seems best to fulfill her requirements.

THOSE persons who have made up their minds that the rate of railroad travel is as high as it can be made with safety, and we had better stop where we are, will probably be disappointed at being informed that 10 years hence they will be able to travel, and make to travel, twice as fast as now. Increased interest in higher speed has been awakened in this country and England by the possibility of a "bullet" train, and Prof. Ethu Thompson intimates that railroad travel may be expected to reach 100 to 150 miles an hour. This dizzy rate is about four times the present average speed on American roads.

A MAINE man says the golden rod is responsible for many of the cases of influenza. A while ago his little daughter gathered a large bunch and put it in a vase in the parlor. Two sleeping apartments are on the same floor, and the doors are frequently left open at night. Two days after the flowers had been carried into the home several members of the family began to sneeze, complain of sore throat, and feel greatly depressed, but not for several days did they find out the cause of their illness. It is said that the flowers give off an imperceptible powder-like substance which is taken into the lungs by the sleeper, causing an irritation.

POISONS are of no use in destroying plant lice, and may even be injurious by destroying beneficial insects. The insect damage is done by inserting a tube into the leaf and sucking the juices. How this affects the fruit illustrates an important fact in the vegetable economy whereby all fruits and grains are produced. The roots feed the fruit and grain, not directly, but by elaborating the sap through the leaves, and from there sending it to the fruit or grain. When plant lice appear in such numbers as to wither and shrivel the leaves, the fruit is not fed and falls off. The grain, being only partly nourished, remains thin and shriveled, instead of expanding as it should.

EASTERN clergymen are lamenting the declining condition of religion in some of the rural districts in New England and New York, consequent on the gradual depopulation that has been going on for twenty years past. The communities that once supported flourishing churches and schools have melted away, and left the churches and school-houses to go to ruin. A distinguished preacher, writing to a New York religious weekly, says: "There are half a dozen vacant pulpits within a short distance of Auburn, and there are Roman Catholic churches in neighborhoods where, in the days of childhood, a Romanist was almost as great a rarity as a Mohammedan."

SURPRISE is often expressed that with improved methods of cultivation, improved machinery and improved stock, farmers cannot make as much money as they used to do. In truth, however, these advantages have mainly gone to the farmer himself. They have been largely adopted all over the world. If American farmers did not adopt these new methods they would be left behind in the race. Much as working-men on the farm used to grumble about the introduction of improved farm implements, they have made more out of them than farmers themselves have. To go back to old methods would not bring back old conditions. It would simply make cultivation impossible.

MEN OF MANY MILLIONS.

GOSSIP ABOUT RUSSELL SAGE AND JAY GOULD.

Sage is a Wonderful Man, as regards Financial Ability—GoULD Has Worked Hard and Made Many Enemies—Also Not a Few Good Friends.

"Mr. Sage is a wonderful man," said a life-long acquaintance recently, in an interview with a Press reporter, "a man before whom we common mortals stand appalled at his vast financial ability. Mr. Sage is an intellectual man with his attainments as a scholar being creditable to a high degree.

"It seems a little short of marvelous, supernatural, if you please, that one man could acquire such a vast fortune in one life time. Nothing short of genius could have done it—rest assured of that.

"Mr. Sage's life is most methodical. He is now much past the three score and ten allotted to man's life, yet he is as active and energetic as a young man. Mr. Sage rises early, very early, indeed. He orders his carriage and takes his drive in the park. Then he comes back to the house and has his breakfast. At 8:15 o'clock he goes to the office, with a messenger boy as a bull, ready for the day's doings. He stays in Wall street till 9 o'clock, when his carriage awaits him, and off he goes for a second spin in the park. Then home and a frugal supper. Then an hour or two with his books. Then to bed at an hour when most of New York City is bent on the social pleasures of the evening.

"Mr. Sage has no expensive habits. He has a fine stable, a very fine stable, wherein may be found some of the best horses in New York City. Aside from this, Mr. Sage has no large personal expenses of any sort. He is, however, a liberal giver, dispensing with a generous hand from his vast mountain of gold. In this he is ably assisted by his noble wife. Some time ago I had occasion to go to Mr. Sage's beautiful Fifth avenue home, where I met Mrs. Sage. Meeting Mr. Sage later, that gentleman expressed for his wife some little complaint as to the pleasure she had had in becoming acquainted with one of her husband's friends. I replied: 'Mr. Sage, the pleasure is mutual. I assure you, sir. Your wife is doing a noble work here in New York City. Seeing her, I am reminded strongly of the words of our friend, Henry Ward Beecher, "Whenever," says Mr. Beecher, "God desires to bless a man, He gives him a good wife. Mr. Sage, your cup of happiness is running over." Mr. Sage was much pleased at this expression. This little incident illustrates the character of the man.

"Then there is Jay Gould, whom I know well. Wonderful man, this Jay Gould. I first knew Mr. Gould when he was a map peddler. I knew him when he first came down to Wall street. He had comparatively little money then. I have watched his later successes with great personal interest. Mr. Gould is a great man. We are all naturally curious, and this sort of human nature of ours often leads us to a sorry dance. As soon as a man, by reason of any special endowment, rises above the level of the mob, instantly he becomes a convenient target for quips and gibes; for scoffs and sneers. Of this sort of human expression Mr. Gould has certainly had his full share. But as a friend, I maintain that the great financial magnate is a very superior man, intellectual, refined and cultured. His home life is a beautiful one, simple and unassuming, unostentatious and kindly. This, as in my mind, is enough to defend Mr. Gould against a thousand adverse attacks.

"Gentlemen," went on the speaker, addressing himself to the little group, "I have often tried to fathom the secret of this man's wonderful power. I remember not long ago I went into a small restaurant in New York city. In came Mr. Gould. He ordered a bowl of milk and a bit of bread. There he sat, the power behind his millions—as it might seem to the casual observer, a very commonplace sort of man. I looked at him sharply and thought to myself, let me apply the microscope of perception to this man, and see if I can fathom that depth; see if I can attain to a realization of the impelling mystery of his one hundred millions. There he sat, puny, delicate, small, with almost childish hands and feet; his eyes are gray, and there is a flash of something in them akin to shrewdness—and here my analysis stopped short. Gentlemen, Mr. Gould's secret is a secret no longer. What do I mean by that? His power to coin \$100,000,000 is a gift, an endowment, neither more nor less. He has a brain that is constantly weaving an unbroken skein of gold, and of which there is even yet no end. He is certainly one of the world's great men. We all admire him, not that we are the less, but that he is the more. I say nothing now about this false education of ours that realizes its full requirement only in a dream of golden mountains—let that part of it pass, for we are all debased by the same dross of earth, selfishness. Whatever the moral or whatever the lesson, the world will always admire Mr. Gould, and will pay due homage to that wonderful brain of his that spins out its unending golden skein."

The Mammoth. The great Siberian mammoth, a species of elephant, was from sixteen to eighteen feet high, and twice as heavy as any elephant existing to-day. Its tusks were from ten to fifteen feet long and curved upward with a great sweep. We know all about this animal, for at least two specimens retaining the skin and the hair have been found preserved in the ice in such perfect condition that dogs and wolves have fed on the meat when it had been dug out of the ice. Its body was covered with long black hair and

red wool. Its trunk was like that of an elephant's, but its legs were shorter. The further north mammoths go, the more remains of this animal are found in the ice. There must have been a temperate climate in the present region which they roamed; for, while it shows the animal could resist some cold, is not heavy enough to ward off the cold that exists at present in Arctic regions. Nor if the present low temperature had prevailed there, would there have been food for these vast herds. It is inferred that the cold came suddenly, and killed them; if they had been dead any length of time before the ice enveloped them there would have been some decay.—St. Nicholas.

A GREAT "SCOOP." A Telegraph Messenger Boy's Realization of the Lincoln Assassination. "The assassination of Lincoln," read Henry N. Garland, passenger agent of the Washab, as he spread out a copy of a newspaper dated April 15, 1865, and which contained an account of the murder of the president. "I remember that event most vividly," said Mr. Garland, "and it is imprinted on my memory through a part I played the next morning in connection with the assassination. It was in Oswego, N. Y., at that time, and was a messenger boy for what was known as the United States Branch Telegraph Company. It was a Canadian line and we were fighting the Western Union for all we were worth. In Oswego the Western Union office was separated only by a partition. The rivalry and jealousy was bitter, and messenger boys followed the example of our superiors in working up business. Whenever we'd delivered a message we'd ask for an answer, and if the fellow would say there was none we'd wait until he read the message and then ask him if he was sure there was nothing to go back.

"It was my business to open the office in the morning, and the day after Lincoln was shot I was down at the office at 7:30 getting ready for the day's work. There were no night office men, and no one in Oswego had heard of the assassination. As I opened the door I heard the instrument clicking our office call. I was just learning then, and knew nothing beyond the office call, O. S., and the alphabet, which I could figure out. I wondered why the thing was going so early, and let it go for awhile. The call was kept up for so long I became convinced that it was something big. We used the old wheels and a roll of paper in those days, something like a bucket shop ticker, and I walked over to the instrument two or three times undecided what to do. There would be no one around for an hour or two, and at last I went to the key and broke in with '41,' the signal that all was ready for the message and turned on the wheel. The instant I did so my hair began to raise, as the operator at the end, being in the next room, and also Lord Byron would not have it so many years in it. But you must sleep there also, for I promise you that the only ghosts you will ever see in Newstead will be those you see in your sleep." "I should like to see you better." "Then you shall see me in a pleasant part of the world, and also Lord Byron would not have it so many years in it. But you must sleep there also, for I promise you that the only ghosts you will ever see in Newstead will be those you see in your sleep."

IN A HAUNTED TOWER.

THE POET JOAQUIN MILLER LAYS FOR A GHOST.

He Tells How He Saw One Night in Newstead Abbey and Saw Things—Slight Nervousness Suffered by a Reverend Sleep.

At the abbey there is a tower—at least it seems like a tower from within, although it does not look like one from without. Lord Byron and others were haunted by a ghostly owl and sandals. The poet whom I have seen this ghost a short time ago his marriage to Miss Elizabeth Washington Irving says, "his mind was tinged with superstition, and innate infirmity" was perhaps increased by passing much of his time in the lonely halls and cloisters of the abbey, then in a ruinous and melancholy state, and brooding over the legends and effigies of its former inmates. More than once you find allusion to this ghost in Lord Byron's poems.

I wanted to see if it was in the power of any body to bridge over the awful darkness which, at the end of each century, intervened and determined the fate of the world. I went up by the stairs in Lord Byron's apartments," writes Joaquin Miller in Harper's Magazine. The princess of Wales had recently left the abbey, and as we sat at dinner Mrs. Webb told a comic little incident connected with the princess' visit to the haunted tower. The three rooms are reached by ascending a narrow spiral staircase that winds a giddy course around a gloomy column. These rooms have no other egress or ingress, and two maids happened to be in them when the princess—at the head of her party, parasol in hand, and laughing at the idea of meeting a ghost—unberaided, hastily entered. Passing through the dressing room, and then the spacious bed-room furnished as far as possible with the appointments used by the poet she passed on to the page's room, and here she peered her parasol into a deep, dark, curtained alcove, saying to the party pressing after her, "but I want to see the ghost." Horrors! the point of her parasol struck a solid body; there was a screech and a scream, and the princess fell back into the arms of the "coming king," while a pretty rosy maid fell forward on her knees before the princess, piteously begging her pardon.

"And, do you know, I too want to see the ghost of Newstead." I said this with so much earnestness that a man in black with a clerical air, put up his glasses and looked at me with great emphasis. "But you would not like to sleep there in the haunted room?" protested a dozen voices, seriously. "I should like to sleep better."

"Then you shall see me in a pleasant part of the world, and also Lord Byron would not have it so many years in it. But you must sleep there also, for I promise you that the only ghosts you will ever see in Newstead will be those you see in your sleep."

When the ladies left us at our walnuts and wine so much was said on the subject that I felt pretty certain that others there had an equally deep interest with myself in the ghost. The apartment was made ready for my reception the next day, and I was to spend that night in the very bed of Lord Byron, waiting for the Black Friar of Newstead Abbey. The man with the clerical look led me aside by the sleeve after dinner, and hooking his glasses over his nose, talked to me long and earnestly about ghosts, from the Witch of Endor down to the modern apparitions which spiritists claim to be familiar with. He confessed himself to be a firm believer in ghosts, and shaking my hand cordially said he would await results with breathless interest.

A little before midnight I bade good night to the few remaining in the drawing-room and followed the powdered footman, with his two great candles, up and ground and on and through the sounding halls of the old abbey and at last climbed the corkscrew stairs and stood in the haunted rooms. The bed, with its golden cornices and gorgeous yellow curtains that are literally falling to pieces from age, was ready to receive me. The man placed the candle on the table and withdrew. I was alone in the haunted chamber at the hour of midnight. I sat down at the post, noted the events of the day, and then this item in my note book: "Slight headache; a little nervous; can't think I am afraid, but doubt if I can sleep; don't like this for it; shall see something; not the Black Friar, but Lord Byron."

After some other trifling notes and a futile attempt to be lulled by the deep bay-window overlooking the night, the moon lay on the water like silver, and I undressed hastily, blew out one of the candles and set the other by the bedside as I got down to blow it out. The great, heavy, rich and yellow silk were a dangerous thing burning, particularly when it did not seem just then as to be blown out; so, I think, I fell asleep.

Suddenly I heard, or rather felt, the door slowly opened as I lay there. A figure entered, but I could not see it. I felt it stop at the table. Then upon me where I heard the clank of two candlesticks. Then I felt, or

NATIONALITY OF SOLDIERS.

Our Troops Come From All Countries, But Are Mostly American.

The United States soldiers come from all countries, but about two-thirds of them are native Americans. From 1880 to 1888 both inclusive, the army received 60,435 recruits. Of these, 55,803 were white; 4,630 were colored; 37,691 were natives, and 22,744 were foreigners.

Harper's Weekly. It is the experience of intelligent officers who have served much with troops that while the men of different nationalities do not differ much in their military capacity, certain general propositions are true. The Englishman is most likely to be insubordinate. He has the habit of pretending to have fallen from a superior station. If he is a deserter from the British army he is still worse. The Irishman must be closely watched. He is one of the best soldiers when he is good and one of the worst when he is bad. The Germans and Scandinavians are very trustworthy. The New Englander is intelligent, but opinionated to a degree that sometimes leads him to insubordination. If he is able to control his sprightly independence he is likely to become an excellent non-commissioned officer, and may even secure one of the few commissions that are bestowed upon men of the ranks. The southerner is more likely to be subordinate. The negro troops are proficient in drill, very docile, exceedingly clean, and are good soldiers. They never lose their fondness for the display of the service. The northern is better than the southern negro. The native white soldier is the most restless and the most depressed by the monotony of the army.

Sing in the Village Choir. Those were happy days in Squantum, with its church on the mossy hill, its gently flowing crystal brook. That spun 't' wheel beside 't' mill, Makin' sweetest kind o' music. An' never stoppin' night or morn, But ground and ground and ground and ground. 'T' crows o' gold grain an' corn.

Stoscopic Views by Millon. The biggest photograph factory in the United States is situated in Washington. Strangely enough all the pictures it turns out are taken by one man. It makes nothing but stereoscopic views, but of these it produces from 8,000 to 15,000 weekly. The proprietor who takes all the pictures, spends all his time from one year's end to the other traveling about the world in pursuit of his business. In Europe he travels from city to city taking photographs of everything interesting he sees. All buildings, all historical interest are subjects for his camera. Likewise historical officers, such as the bonfire once occupied by the queen of tragic memory, or the room in which that famous princess was murdered. Scenes from real life as well as found in far away countries, churches, that is pretty, picturesque or otherwise profitable is available for his purpose.

For Boomers. "Now," said the man who was anxious to sell some real estate, "if you will jump into my carriage I will take you out and give you the lay of the land."

"You're sure that your grammar is all right?" said the prospective purchaser, cautiously. "How do you mean?" "You are quite confident, I hope, that it isn't the life of the land I am going to get?"—Washington Post.

The Paris Sabbath. Sunday observance is steadily gaining ground in Paris. In the west and the great majority of the shops are closed, and the railway companies have lately agreed not to reckon Sundays in charging for the warehousing of goods. The postoffice, too, are to close in future at 6 p. m. instead of 8, and the two evening letter deliveries are to be abolished.

AFTER FORTY YEARS.

"It was in the fall of '47 that three young fellows left Rochester for the west, determined to haw out their fortunes or perish in the attempt," said one of the party of four or five who were gathered in the cabin of a lake propeller, bound down, one stormy night. One or two of the number had stemmed the monotony and broken the ice toward a freer feeling by rehearsing some light anecdotes or reminiscences, when a gray haired, rotund gentleman ventured as above. All attention was given him, and he then continued:

"As I was one of them I will be more personal and say that we were strong, well-built specimens of manhood and had any amount of grit, and we had also made up our minds to be fully independent of the world and of each other. We went together from Buffalo to Detroit by boat. Arriving at Detroit and spending a day or two in looking about we then, after consultation, concluded to part company and each go in the direction he thought best.

"Before parting we agreed to return to our old home at Rochester in forty years if our lives were spared. This was putting it a long way ahead, but we were only boys then.

"Well, as before said, I am one of the three, and am now on my way to Rochester in fulfillment of the agreement made. I don't know whether I shall see the others or not. I have never heard a word from either of them and really do not know whether to think they are dead or alive."

While this was being said a young man, who had been trying to read by the dim, flickering light, put aside his book and strained eagerly to catch every word uttered by the story teller.

"It might, in view of this," continued the man with gray hairs, "be interesting to you, gentlemen, to have a brief sketch of what has happened to me since that time of my separation from my comrades—now almost forty years ago."

"Yes, yes, let us have it," they all cried. The old gentleman moved himself into a more comfortable position, while the young man edged himself a little closer to the group.

"Well, I struck straight north, took a boat for Mackinaw and from there drifted to Green Bay, Wis. I started a little supply store in Green Bay when it first began to develop, and as I was having moderate success I soon got me a wife.

"Well, we paddled along without much occurring until one day a big fellow came into my store—he was a lumberman, considerably intoxicated and wanted to borrow \$10. I of course could not let him have it, for I had not found time to look up who my customer was, and feared he might be trying to swindle me. Upon my refusing he became enraged, and commenced shooting at me with a big gun. I seized a loaded gun that was standing in a corner, and in the heat of the moment I discharged it toward him, and was immediately horrified to see him fall and die at once.

"Well, to make a long story short, I was exonerated from all guilt by the authorities, and yet every little while I heard some one whisper and look or point toward me, and it made me feel uneasy. So I finally decided to 'pull up stakes' and go further west. About this time, however, I was drafted into the military service—the war had just begun—and went through the whole campaign, leaving behind those two fingers (holding up his hand for inspection) and bringing out the long scar on the back of my head.

"I then went west again, picked up my family and struck into the grazing district of Montana. I bought a few head of cattle at first, and by care I have been able to see these multiply, until now I have one of the largest and most successful cattle ranches in that section of the country. I have seen all kinds of 'roughing it' out there and may say that I have had adventures of varied nature. I am now sixty-four years old and bid fair to see eighty four, as far as my general bodily vigor is concerned.

THE POET JOAQUIN MILLER LAYS FOR A GHOST.

He Tells How He Saw One Night in Newstead Abbey and Saw Things—Slight Nervousness Suffered by a Reverend Sleep.

At the abbey there is a tower—at least it seems like a tower from within, although it does not look like one from without. Lord Byron and others were haunted by a ghostly owl and sandals. The poet whom I have seen this ghost a short time ago his marriage to Miss Elizabeth Washington Irving says, "his mind was tinged with superstition, and innate infirmity" was perhaps increased by passing much of his time in the lonely halls and cloisters of the abbey, then in a ruinous and melancholy state, and brooding over the legends and effigies of its former inmates. More than once you find allusion to this ghost in Lord Byron's poems.

I wanted to see if it was in the power of any body to bridge over the awful darkness which, at the end of each century, intervened and determined the fate of the world. I went up by the stairs in Lord Byron's apartments," writes Joaquin Miller in Harper's Magazine. The princess of Wales had recently left the abbey, and as we sat at dinner Mrs. Webb told a comic little incident connected with the princess' visit to the haunted tower. The three rooms are reached by ascending a narrow spiral staircase that winds a giddy course around a gloomy column. These rooms have no other egress or ingress, and two maids happened to be in them when the princess—at the head of her party, parasol in hand, and laughing at the idea of meeting a ghost—unberaided, hastily entered. Passing through the dressing room, and then the spacious bed-room furnished as far as possible with the appointments used by the poet she passed on to the page's room, and here she peered her parasol into a deep, dark, curtained alcove, saying to the party pressing after her, "but I want to see the ghost." Horrors! the point of her parasol struck a solid body; there was a screech and a scream, and the princess fell back into the arms of the "coming king," while a pretty rosy maid fell forward on her knees before the princess, piteously begging her pardon.

"And, do you know, I too want to see the ghost of Newstead." I said this with so much earnestness that a man in black with a clerical air, put up his glasses and looked at me with great emphasis. "But you would not like to sleep there in the haunted room?" protested a dozen voices, seriously. "I should like to sleep better."

"Then you shall see me in a pleasant part of the world, and also Lord Byron would not have it so many years in it. But you must sleep there also, for I promise you that the only ghosts you will ever see in Newstead will be those you see in your sleep."

When the ladies left us at our walnuts and wine so much was said on the subject that I felt pretty certain that others there had an equally deep interest with myself in the ghost. The apartment was made ready for my reception the next day, and I was to spend that night in the very bed of Lord Byron, waiting for the Black Friar of Newstead Abbey. The man with the clerical look led me aside by the sleeve after dinner, and hooking his glasses over his nose, talked to me long and earnestly about ghosts, from the Witch of Endor down to the modern apparitions which spiritists claim to be familiar with. He confessed himself to be a firm believer in ghosts, and shaking my hand cordially said he would await results with breathless interest.

A little before midnight I bade good night to the few remaining in the drawing-room and followed the powdered footman, with his two great candles, up and ground and on and through the sounding halls of the old abbey and at last climbed the corkscrew stairs and stood in the haunted rooms. The bed, with its golden cornices and gorgeous yellow curtains that are literally falling to pieces from age, was ready to receive me. The man placed the candle on the table and withdrew. I was alone in the haunted chamber at the hour of midnight. I sat down at the post, noted the events of the day, and then this item in my note book: "Slight headache; a little nervous; can't think I am afraid, but doubt if I can sleep; don't like this for it; shall see something; not the Black Friar, but Lord Byron."

After some other trifling notes and a futile attempt to be lulled by the deep bay-window overlooking the night, the moon lay on the water like silver, and I undressed hastily, blew out one of the candles and set the other by the bedside as I got down to blow it out. The great, heavy, rich and yellow silk were a dangerous thing burning, particularly when it did not seem just then as to be blown out; so, I think, I fell asleep.

Suddenly I heard, or rather felt, the door slowly opened as I lay there. A figure entered, but I could not see it. I felt it stop at the table. Then upon me where I heard the clank of two candlesticks. Then I felt, or

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THE SAN ANGELO NATIONAL BANK,
OF SAN ANGELO, TEXAS.

Cash Capital Paid in \$100,000
Surplus and Profits 20,000

An Institution thoroughly identified with the Interests of the Country, and ready at ALL Times to meet the requirements of its customers.

M. B. PULLIAM, President. ALBERT RAAS, Cashier.

Charles Rueff,
WOOL
Commission,
San Angelo, Texas.

CUSENBARY'S DRUG STORE,

Has in Stock a full assortment of
DRUGS, MEDICIENS, CHEMICALS,
Fancy and Toilet Articles,
Toilet Soaps, Sponges, Brushes, Combs, Perfumery, Etc.

Main Street, - Sonora, Tex.

When in San Angelo Stop at the
CORNER SALOON,

And refresh yourself with a drink of
"OLD TAYLOR"
WHISKEY, It is the Best.

JOHN FITZPATRICK, Proprietor.

—CALL ON—
WM. CAMERON & CO.,

For everything in the way of
Lumber, Shingles, Sash, Doors, Blind, Cement and Plaster,
Our stock is all new and we keep everything under cover.
Special attention given to orders from Devil's River.
Rough Lumber \$20. Agts. for Fort Worth Granitic Roofing.
W. S. KELLY, Mgr. SAN ANGELO.

The Only First-class
Feed and Wagon Yard,

In San Angelo is that kept by
ALVIN CAMPBELL,
Chadbourne Street. San Angelo, Tex.

I. N. WEBB,
San Angelo, Texas.
—Manufacturer of and Dealer in—
Saddles, Harness, Etc.
All Goods made in San Angelo.
Orders by Mail will receive prompt attention when the Writer is known.

SILVER MOON RESTAURANT
IS THE PLACE FOR THE PEOPLE FROM
Devil's River.
JAS. C. LONDON, Proprietor, SAN ANGELO.

JOE DOMM,
MERCHANT TAILOR,
San Angelo, Texas.
Cleaning and Repairing done on Short Notice.

WINDMILLS.
If you want a Mill that pump when all others stand still, invest in
THE "AERMOTOR."
Built almost entirely of Steel and will last a lifetime. The makers
Guarantee that their twelve-foot wheel is equal to any sixteen-foot wooden
wheel; and their sixteen-foot equal to any twenty-two foot wheel.
W. TURNER, Agent, San Angelo, Tex.

Hurst, Adams & Batte,
FEED, WAGON & LIVERY YARD,
SONORA, - TEXAS.

DEVIL'S RIVER NEWS.
PUBLISHED WEEKLY.
Advertising Medium of the
Stockman's Paradise.
Subscription \$2 a Year in Advance.
MIKE MURPHY, Proprietor.
SONORA, TEXAS, - November 22, 1890.

Ed. DEVIL'S RIVER NEWS:
I thought as I have been in Sonora from the commencement of the town, not two years ago, a few lines from me would not be out of place. A few years ago this was a dry and barren land, with no inhabitants, and now I am proud to see our town making such headway with its fine stores and water works system. I admire the tastes of the people in the plans of their buildings and especially the gentlemen who led out and built our school house. I would be so glad if our people at Sonora were all religious. We have many things to be thankful for, life is a luxury in a land where the sun shines every day, and there are chances for a poor man which he can never expect to find in older countries. There is health in every breeze and strength and vigor under its cloudless skies. The settler need not spend a lifetime in felling trees and grubbing out stumps. To the young people of Sonora, they are good looking and intelligent.
Forsake evil and do good, remember thy Creator in the days of thy youth.
Mrs. SOPHIA E. DUNAGAN.

For anything in the rock line see George Trawick.
Capt John McNicol has returned from Junction City, where he qualified for the office of surveyor of Sutton county. He brought the certificates for all the officers of the county with him. The returns are the same as published a week ago.
Do not keep your building back by waiting for a lumber yard in Sonora, but order the lumber from J. W. Webb & Co., San Angelo.

From the San Angelo Standard.
Jos. Thiele and James Duff, of Miles Station, are moving their sheep to Devil's River.
Mrs. W. L. Black, of Ft. McKavett accompanied by her daughters Misses Camilla and Agnes, and her son George, have spent a pleasant week at the fair, the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Jos. and Albert Raas. They returned to the ranch to-day.

Miss Alice McGowan, of Chattanooga, Tenn. who has achieved considerable fame as a correspondent for the metropolitan press, arrived Wednesday to write up the Concho Valley Fair, and will then take a flying trip through the Devil's River Country. The many friends Miss Alice possesses in the Concho Country rejoice in her great success.
That was quite a sharp remark an old granger made in our hearing the other day. "You have to take off your spurs if you want to plow straight." And yet we don't want a country where a man never puts on spurs. Give us a stock country where a seat on a saddle and a sulky alternate.

There's the money and pleasure in raising fine crops and feeding them to fine stock owned by fine people.
The following gentlemen will find the following articles in the Standard office subject to their disposal: One \$70 wagon J. E. Gardner, Sherwood; 1 \$60 solid comfort sulky plow, David Delong, South Concho; one \$45 set bed room furniture, M. C. Markland, Sherwood; one \$42.50 saddle, Wm. Schertz, Pecan; one \$57 Marlin rifle, E. Emmert, Sherwood; 1 \$25 sewing machine, J. H. Jones, Hoxie, Kansas; one \$23 road cart, Chris Meinecke, Sonora; 1 \$12 Marlin pistol, H. C. Young, Dev. R. River; 1 \$8 Stetson hat, Will Ecker, Ft. McKavett. They were given away Wednesday night at Chas. Hobbs' warehouse amid much enthusiasm.

BOARDMAN & GRAY PIANOS have received the endorsement of the best musicians in the old world as well as in the new. Established 1837. Age alone supplies experience. F. G. ALLEN, Agent, San Angelo.

SONORA & SAN ANGELO
Stage and Express Line,
J. R. HOLMAN, Pro.
Single Trip \$5 Round Trip \$8.
Stage leaves Sonora and San Angelo every day, except Sunday, at 7 a. m. The trip being made in one day.
Express parcels carried at a low rate and satisfaction guaranteed.
P. HURST, Agent, Sonora.
R. E. HARRIS & BRO., Agent San Angelo.

Concho Valley Fair.
The Standard in speaking of the second race, free for all, 1-2 mile heats, for \$250 at the Concho Valley Fair on November the 8th says: "Their was more than considerable interest manifested in this race, No More being a strong favorite ever after Hal Fisher won the first heat in :49, but when Hal won the 2nd heat against the fastest horse in the south the enthusiasm of the onlookers was great. J. R. Neworthy, owner of the winner and H. C. Fisher, after whom the horse is named, were the recipients of many warm congratulations. Several thousand dollars were lost by No More's backers. Neworthy refused a cash offer of \$750 for his Ton. Green raised colt.
3rd race, mile dash, purse \$250
Bonnie Bill 1st; Alphonse 2nd; Mary Sue 3rd. Time 1:42. The winner is a two year old filly and this—1:42—is the fastest 2 year old time in the U. S. and the fastest mile record for any age in Texas.
In the 4th contest Walter Harris got first prize. Time 1:11.
W. H. Buger, the leading dealer in hardware, glassware and queensware, had a very fine exhibit of his stock in his store on Chadbourne street. Those who were so fortunate as to purchase from this firm may congratulate themselves on having made their selections from the best assorted stock in San Angelo.
W. H. Callaway & Co. have been so busy during the past month that they were unable to make an exhibit at the Fair, but those who visited their mammoth stores on Chadbourne street, were well pleased with the bargain and say they never saw a finer assortment of dry goods, groceries and ranch supplies in the state.
J. B. Taylor & Co., had one of the best and most interesting exhibits in the hall, the main feature of which was the large display of Mexican and Japanese curiosities, pottery, jewelry, etc. The Chinese lanterns, Japanese panels, and the bright colors of the Mexican ware, all combined to make a very gay exhibition. This enterprising firm was awarded the premium for the best display of fancy groceries.
F. G. Allen, had a fine Dunham piano in French walnut, and a handsome Broadman & Gray in mahogany on exhibition. A very fine one, and added much during the day to the pleasure of the occasion. They also received the premium for the best display of pianos.
The Trus Machine and Tool Co., sustained their reputation by a novel exhibit in the shape of a windmill tower, made of piping, which, because of its lightness and strength, is much superior to those made of wood. They had also two beautifully finished Studebaker wagons, good enough to put in a parlor as an ornament, and were awarded the following premiums. Best single buggy, drill machine, windmill, portable engine, self-binding reaper, reaper and mower.
S. L. S. Smith, of the Pioneer drug store, came to the front with a good collection of goods in his line, and received the premium for pocket and table cutlery.
J. J. Rackley, one of the best advertisers in this section, was there, of course, with some of his finest furniture goods, which made a very pretty exhibit and the premium was awarded to him.
S. Lapowski & Bro's substantial display of fine dress materials gave a very good idea of the fine stock they carry in their large establishment, and reflected credit on the five proprietors.
Schwartz & Raas had an excellent exhibit, which consisted of a home-like scene, with a table set for dinner. The carpets, window curtains and centre piece of palm leaf fern were all in good taste and produced a charming little scene. They obtained the premium for the same as a mercantile exhibit.
Gwin, Allen & Brown, in the way of agricultural implements and hardware exhibit, showed to good advantage. This liberal firm alone gave a wagon, a fine charter oak stove, a sulky hay rake and 1,000 pounds of wire, as premiums in several departments at the fair. They had a nice exhibit of the Osborne binder and other farming machinery. When the labor involved in exhibiting such goods is considered, the efforts of this wide-awake firm to contribute to the success of the fair will be appreciated.

The highest cash price paid for furs, hides and skins of all kinds at the grain store of Hurst, Adams & Batte.
When in San Angelo, pull up at the Pioneer Drug store, at the Postoffice.
Dr. Talnage says of his BRADBURY PIANO: "It is endowed with a sweetness and power that suggests a living soul, rather than an unthinking instrument." F. G. ALLEN, Agent, San Angelo.
J. J. Rackley, San Angelo, carries the largest stock of Wall Paper, window shades and window glass.

A. R. Cauthorn was in S. Nora Monday.
Jerry Robinson returned from the Angelo Fair Monday.
N. D. Wood, son of commissioner Wood, was in the burg Tuesday.
J. J. Rackley, has bed room suits from 6 to \$20.
Mr. and Mrs. J. M. G. Baugh returned from their trip to Callahan county Monday.
Galvanized iron ventilation flues, stove pipes, rain proofs and caps, at H. W. Feller's, Chadbourne street, San Angelo.
An impromptu Romanse sociable was given by Mrs. P. McHugh Monday, and was voted the most enjoyable social of the season.
The only first-class Sewing Machine on Earth is The LOVE. For sale by Crews, McGregor & Co., Ballinger, Tex.
Lee Russell, one of Sonora's most popular young men, will leave in about ten days for E. Paso. Lee has some cattle near there which he will sell and then return to the only town he ever loved.
J. J. Rackley, San Angelo, has his three-story building packed full of goods and can supply you with any piece of furniture from the cradle to the grave at the lowest prices.
Mr. and Mrs. O. T. Word, accompanied by their nieces, the Misses Jennie and Minnie Kilgore, of Greenville, Texas, arrived last Saturday. Mr. and Mrs. Word returning from an extended visit to Greenville, the Dallas and San Angelo Fairs, and the Misses Kilgore to spend the winter in the healthiest portion of Texas.
J. J. Rackley handles the best sewing machines made. All at the lowest prices.
F. C. Whipple was in Sonora Monday.
James Robinson, of the firm of Robinson Bros. was in town Monday.
Asa Robinson, Chris Wyatt and Bob Martin were doing the town Monday.
Born on Sunday, the 16th of November to Mr. and Mrs. Mike Devore, a boy. Weight 11 pounds.
Wm. Drennan, of San Angelo arrived Sunday and has accepted a position with Wm. Bevans.
F. M. Drake has put in two new wells on his place at Gwynn, and brought in California water from Chris Meinecke.
Miss Emma, the beautiful daughter of Dave Dunagan, has been visiting relatives in Sonora this week.
Mrs. Strickland and Miss Emma Dunagan made the DEVIL'S RIVER News office a pleasant call Saturday.
Rev. R. C. Anderson, the eloquent Presbyterian minister of San Angelo, will preach at the Sonora school house on the 30th inst., the fifth Sunday of this month. He has large congregations at San Angelo, and deserves a full attendance here. All are cordially invited to be present.
Joe T. Gurley was in from the ranch this week.
Max Mayer went to McKavett Saturday.
Buy your lumber from J. W. Webb & Co., San Angelo, and have your house built at once.
L. N. Halbert, the leading lawyer of Sonora, bought the Will Glasscock residence on the west side. Mr. Halbert's family will arrive next week.
Dr. J. F. Riggs, over the postoffice, San Angelo, is a fine surgeon dentist of 20 years experience, and guarantees his work to be first-class. When in need of a dentist call and see him.
R. F. Halbert leased four sections of land east of the McNeil pasture, to W. A. Glasscock, who will improve it in the spring.
R. Neeley was in town Wednesday.
The well-known business firm of Jackson & Co., opposite the Court House, San Angelo, is indeed a place of interest and well worth a visit. This immense concern always has on hand a large stock of the best quality of corn, oats and grain of all kinds which they sell in quantities to suit the purchaser, and at the lowest prices. They are also the largest dealers in San Angelo, in furs, skins and hides, and you may depend on receiving the highest price the market affords. In connection with the above, Messrs. Jackson & Co., conduct the largest and best appointed wagon feed and livery yard in the city. This branch is under the personal charge of Mr. Jackson, and the person who desires his stock well fed and properly cared for will be well satisfied if he puts up at Jackson & Co's, feed and wagon yard when in San Angelo.
B. A. Osgood, one of our substantial citizens, was in Sonora on Wednesday.
Wm Guest, one of our most prominent citizens, left Thursday for Brownwood on business.
P. Jones and family arrived from Mills county arrived Tuesday.

W. H. Callaway & Co., DEALERS IN
Dry Goods, Groceries,
RANCH SUPPLIES.
For LOW Prices, HONEST Goods, FULL Weights
Call when in San Angelo, or orders by Mail receive the same attention As purchased in Person.
Chadbourne St., San Angelo, Texas.

Chas. W. Hobbs,
WOOL
Commission,
San Angelo, Texas.
Liberal Advances on Consignments.

SEARCY BAKER,
DEALER IN ALL KINDS OF
Rough and Dressed Lumber,
Shingles, Moulding, Brackets, Scrolls, Banisters, Doors, Sash, Blinds.
—Yards At—
SONORA, San Angelo, Ballinger.

Morris & Co.,
DEALERS IN
FINE WINES, LIQUORS and CIGARS,
Sonora, - Tex.
Call around and see the Menagerie.
LOVELACE & STEVENSON,
Dealers in
GENERAL MERCHANDISE,
WENTWORTH, Sutton Co., Tex.
J. R. HOLMAN is Agent for
The San Angelo Steam Laundry,
All Orders Left at his office Will Receive prompt attention.
Work speaks for itself, prices reasonable.

H. W. FELLER,
Manufacturer of
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