

DEVIL'S RIVER NEWS.

VOL 22

SONORA, SUTTON CO., TEXAS, SATURDAY MAY 11, 1912.

NO. 1122

According to the Calendar Spring is Here And 'tis House Cleaning Time.

Nothing adds more to the attractiveness and comfort of the home than its floor coverings and draperies—and we are fully prepared to furnish them at normal prices.

We have just received our new stock of matting, linoleums, curtain materials, etc., which we would be glad to show you.

Armstrong's printed linoleum, filling and floral patterns, fresh stock, 2 yards wide—per square yard 75 cents.

Armstrong's genuine inlaid linoleum, tiling, patterns, fresh stock, 2 yards wide—per sq. yd. \$1.50
Japanese and Chinese matting—plain and fancy—full yard wide, fresh stock—per yard 35c

Genuine Fibre Matting—fancy patterns, full yard wide—fresh stock—per yard—35c

A beautiful line of "Colonial Draperies"—Ecu scrim, stencil borders—40 inches wide—per yard 25c.

Plain and fancy scrims and awnings 36 to 42 inches wide, per yard—15c to 40c

We also carry a good line of window shades, curtain poles etc.

The Sonora Mercantile Co.

Devil's River News

PUBLISHED WEEKLY.

MIKE MURPHY, Proprietor.
STEVE MURPHY, Publisher.

Advertising Medium of the
Stockman's Paradise.

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

Sonora, Texas, May 11, 1912.

OLDEN POSTAL METHODS.

Friends Often Pressed Into Service as
Letter Carriers.

For years the world's postoffices acted as if their mission was to prevent people from writing letters. The present generation, which sends a postal card from Maine to the Philippines for a cent, has little idea of how heavy the postage rates once were.

Rowland Hill convinced the English postoffice department that its duty was to encourage and not to prohibit letter writing. In 1840 the uniform penny post was introduced into England, but in this country the postal authorities clung to the prohibitory idea for several years after the British had given it up, narrates the Philadelphia Record.

In those days correspondents looked out for friends about to go from one city to another by whom they might transmit their letters. Even merchants used this method for sending business letters.

In English towns it was formerly the principal duty of the "outdoor" clerk to hunt for friends about to go to London, so that letters might be transmitted by them free of postage.

It was then the custom for every one intending to travel to secure a seat beforehand, just as a berth is now engaged on an ocean steamer. The clerks used to go round to the coach office and ascertain by whom places had been booked. If friends they were used as gratuitous postmen, and it did not injure a man at his banker's to be known as a good letter carrier.

Women were in the habit of allowing their correspondence to accumulate against the departure of some man of their acquaintance. Sooner was this burden of delivering letters than many men took special pains to conceal their intended journey from women friends. They could not say them nay, and they didn't care to spend half a day as a postman in a strange city.

The Satin Bower Bird.

"That is a most remarkable bird. I don't think I ever heard sweeter tones or a greater range of notes in any feathered creature," said a woman visitor in the Bronx zoo to her companion as they stood

in front of a cage in which was a lone satin bower bird from east Australia. The antipodean songster is about the size of a dove and has a lustrous blue black color. Its power of mimicry is most unusual. At times it will warble like a canary, then chirp like a sparrow or a starling and again break out into the evening song of the robin. It was able to catch the distinctive notes of many of the birds in the neighboring cages and seemed happy in pouring forth its melody. The keeper had put a quantity of twigs into the cage, and the bird had arranged these into the shape of a bower for a playground as it was accustomed to do in its faroff home.—New York Sun.

A Mistake That Paid.

Mistakes made on purpose are sometimes profitable, and a New York merchant illustrates it thus: "A concern owed me \$50, and repeated duns did no good. The debt was perfectly square, but I had no documentary evidence on which to base a suit, so I decided to be fey and secure such proof. I sent a bill for \$100, with a caustic letter, figuring that the concern would answer, repudiating the claim of \$100 and saying that the amount was \$50. Once I got this admission I would be in a position to sue. Imagine my surprise and pleasure when I received a letter from the manager of the concern apologizing for the delay and inclosing a check for \$100."

Carborundum In Furnaces.

Carborundum, the artificial substitute for emery, which is said to rival the diamond in hardness, is employed because of its extraordinary resistance to heat as a coating for the interior of furnaces. Finely powdered and made into a paste, it is applied with a brush, like paint, to the brick lining. It is said that a layer of only two millimeters in thickness will protect the bricks from the effects of the highest temperature that is produced in ordinary furnace combustion.

Carborundum is itself a product of the electric furnace, being composed of silica and carbon fused in the presence of salt and sawdust.—Harper's.

Cause and Effect.

"Private" John Allen of Mississippi was in his office one day when a seedy and exceedingly unwashed tramp came in and told him a tale of woe.

"I need a little money," said the hobo, "for I am in a bad fix. Not only am I hungry, but I am all broken up physically. I have dislocated my left shoulder."

"In that event," said Allen dryly, "you must have tried to put on a clean shirt."—Popular Magazine.

CLOUD VARIATIONS.

There Are Ten Chief Forms Into Which All Others Merge.

Clouds and mists are composed of drops of water formed by the condensation of vapor, and these often contain microscopic crystals of ice. Drops of water in clouds have dimensions varying from .006 to .017 millimeters. These minute drops either float in the atmosphere or fall to the earth, always evaporating to a greater or less extent when striking warmer or drier air. This incessant movement of the molecules in suspension determines the duration of a cloud form. A cloud can remain stationary only during a constant condensation of vapor, and so no cloud at a given moment is ever composed of exactly equal elements. This explains why cloud forms come and go with such rapidity.

Altogether there are ten chief cloud forms into which all others merge. The cirrus resembles filaments, feathers or fibrous sheets and floats at a high elevation, sometimes at 10,000 meters. This and the cirro-stratus form are composed entirely of ice crystals. The latter are lower down than the former and extend in a more uniform whiteness. The cirro-cumulus look like white, shadowless flakes and are 7,000 meters in elevation, disposed like files or groups. Those larger and higher up have accentuated shadows. The strato-cumulus is a mass of bulky rolls and in winter covers the entire heavens. This form hangs lower down than the others. One form of the stratus cloud is like a cirrus, but is distinguished by its grayish blue tint and its lower position in the heavens.

The cumulo-nimbus is enormous in outline, looking like a plateau or mountain of snow. Its highest crest is 2,500 meters, with a base about half that figure. The cumulus cloud proper has the aspect of isolated cotton bales. The nimbus, though having a form that is sinister and threatening, has an outline indecisive and evanescent. The stratus proper almost touches the earth at times and seems allied to all transitions of cloud form, justifying its name by broad layers of dead white.

The cirrus presages good weather, but if it has a complicated or rapid movement announces a storm. A veil of cirro-stratus extending like a broad sheet in a direction different from that of the wind means a lowering of the barometer. If a halo at such times coincides with the direction of the wind and the lowering of the barometer a period of cold weather is assured, but if, on the other hand, the barometer is stationary rain alone will follow the appearance of the halo. The cumulus resembling cotton bales means good weather, but sometimes when the base has a baglike appearance rain may be looked forward to. The cumulo-nimbus brings hail and the nimbus persistent rain or snow. If the heavens appear light, and especially blue, around the latter and the barometer is low a return of good weather is in sight.—Harper's.

Marvelously Condensed.

A lawyer of the good old southern type had argued for three court days without pause. His brief was a masterpiece of classical learning and legal erudition, but it was tiresome.

"Major Sigsbee," said the wearied judge at last, "without wishing to intimate in any way that the court would not be delighted to listen to your whole argument, I must suggest that the docket is somewhat crowded and that if you would condense a little it might help your client's cause."

The attorney smiled his acknowledgment. "Yo' honoh," he exclaimed, "the thought was in my mind when I prepared my argument! Sub, foh the next fo' days my brief is a perfect mahvel of condensation!"

Bismarck Was No Shattered Wreck.

"It has often been charged that Bismarck was a slave to drink and morphine," said his physician, Dr. Schwenger. "Up to the last days of his busy life his hand was steady, so much so that on the hunt he seldom missed a bird. This fact disproved the morphine and alcohol tales. Bismarck could stand much, and this he demonstrated at birthday parties, festivals and taproom sores. As to the prince's reported tendency to become lachrymose under slight provocation, I saw him weep only three times—at the death of Emperor William, when his wife died and when he retired from public life."

The Human Heart.

There are chords in the human heart, strange, varying strings, which are only struck by accident, which will remain mute and senseless to appeals the most passionate and earnest and respond at last to the slightest casual touch. In the most insensible or childish mind there is some train of reflection which art can seldom lead or skill assist, but which will reveal itself, as great truths have done, by chance, and when the discoverer has the plainest and simplest end in view.—Dickens.

A Chinaman's Pun.

A missionary bishop said that when he first went to China he had a good deal of difficulty in remembering faces. He mentioned this difficulty to a mandarin. He said: "I'm getting over it now, but in the beginning here in Hankow you all looked as alike as two peas." "Two peas?" said the intelligent mandarin, smiling. "But why not say two cubs?"

RR. NEW LIFE PILLS
The Pills That Do Cure.

JAIL WORKERS IN INDIA.

The Uproar They Make as They Chant While They Toil.

"Three yellow, five red, two blue," chanted the convict behind the growing carpet. "As thou sayest so let it be done," chorused the convicts sitting in front of it as they slipped the thread within the warp. Opposite them and farther up the long factory and farther back and opposite that, rose more chants, and after each the vociferation, "As thou sayest so let it be done."

It was a queer sight to come on in the middle of the central jail. It sounded from outside half like breakers on a shingly shore and half like a board school at the multiplication table.

"That sounds like noise, you know," said the superintendent, "but really it's honest toil." Inside was a long aisle of looms with many colored carpets gradually creeping up them. One man called the pattern, the number of stitches to be plaited in of each color, and with a roar the brown backed criminals, squatting in a row over the carpet, picked out their threads and worked them in.

"Eight green, two pink." "As thou sayest so let it be done." The oriental cannot work in concert unless he chants in concert too. And he has a wonderful ear for his own uproar. Here, for instance, on the floor were two men bending over the same pattern carpet. One was dictating to a gang on one side, the other on the other; they were at different places, and as each bawled out a direction to his men the others were reveling in their "So let it be done." Yet there was not a mistake in either, though the carpets were only just beginning; each gang must have caught every word. At the big fifty-seven foot carpet, of course, the directions are hardly needed. It has been a-making for many months, until the leader reels off the colors and numbers by heart and the dozen workers, each opposite his strip of pattern, put in the stitches like automata.

All the carpet workers are picked men. It is not every malefactor that has the brain to take in the directions, the eye to distinguish the colors or the hand to put them in. Such as have prize the work, for it is the only task in the central jail at which you are allowed to make a noise.—In India.

Anything For a Bite.

They had spent the day in a cold, driving rain fishing. But they were returning with empty baskets and tried tempers. As they entered the village a large dog ran at them, barking furiously. One of the fishermen kicked it away carelessly. "Aren't you afraid he'll go for you if you do that?" asked his friend. His companion looked sadly and sorrowfully into his face. "I only wish he would!" was the other's reply. "I'd chance almost anything to be able to go home and say I'd had a bite!"

Fate of a Royal Pretender.

At the death of one of the sultans of Morocco a pretender proclaimed himself the rightful heir to the throne and had a certain success. When presently overcome by the legitimate authorities he was seized and thrown down, when red peppers were applied to the inside of his mouth till it swelled with pain, and he was desired to shout out his titles and qualities as much as he pleased, being, of course, unable to utter a word. After that he was thrown into jail to rot there till he died.

Not a Dagger.

Some strolling Thespians were once playing "Macbeth" in an English country town. Their properties were not kept in very systematic order, for when the hero of Shakespeare's drama exclaimed, "Is that a dagger that I see before me?" a shrill voice responded from the flies: "No, sir. It's the putty knife. The dagger's lost."

Criticizing the Minister.

First Scot—What sort o' meenister hae ye gotten, Coardie? Second Scot—We seldom get a glint o' him; six days o' th' week he's envious, and on the seventh he's incomprehensible.—Tit-Bits.

Almost Lived There.

During a burglary epidemic in the country an inspector of the police force one night made a tour through the burglarized district. Considerably after midnight he saw a young man emerge noiselessly from a substantial homestead and made after him.

"Did you just come out of that corner house?" the inspector asked, overhauling him.

The young man, while of respectable appearance, was plainly ill at ease and confused.

"I did," he said.

"Do you live there?" demanded the inspector.

"Well, almost," was the embarrassed answer. "But I can't see that it's any of your business as long as her father doesn't object."—London Tit-Bits.

Monkey and Parrot In Brazil.

In Brazil monkeys and parrots have interests in common. They not only roost in the same trees, but work for mutual benefit. The monkeys cannot easily pick the big Brazil nut husks from the trees, so the parrots gnaw them loose, allowing them to drop, the fall to the ground splitting them. Then the monkeys tear the cracked husks asunder, gather the nuts and divide them with the parrots. Sometimes, when the husks fail to split, the monkeys carry them up to the highest limbs of the tree and let them drop again. Monkey and parrot enjoy their harvest side by side.

Another Victim.

"So you sent \$2 for those flesh reducing and hair falling recipes. Well, what did you get?"

"A printed slip with this on it: 'To reduce your flesh increase your worries.'"

"And what about the other?"

"Another slip, which read: 'Falling hair may be avoided by stepping nimbly aside when you see it coming your way.'"—Boston Transcript.

That's Different.

"Are you a friend of William Blig-gins, that ne'er-do-well?"

"I should think not, indeed!"

"Then you'll hardly be interested to hear that he has inherited \$100,000."

"What? Dear old Bill!"—London Tit-Bits.

Dizziness, vertigo, (blind-tiggers) yellow complexion, flatulences are symptoms of a torpid liver. No one can feel well while the liver is inactive. HERBINE is a powerful liver stimulant. A dose or two will cause all bilious symptoms to disappear. Try it. Sold by All Dealers.

The Best Tonic,
Mild Laxative,
Family Medicine.

WOOL AND MOHAIR

CHAS. SCHREINER, BANKER.

(UNINCORPORATED)

KERRVILLE, TEXAS.

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

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

BUD HURST, PRO.

Martin Commission Co.,

THE LAND AND LIVE STOCK COMMISSION MEN,
SONORA, TEXAS.

Is offering for sale a number of ranches, and has on his list Cows, Stock Cattle, Steers of all ages, Sheep and Goats.

In fact if you want to buy or sell anything in the "Paradise" give me a call or write me.

BUILD NOW.

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

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

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

SurpriZe Tailoring Company

Geo. M. McDonald, Proprietor,

I AM A BOOSTER FOR SONORA—HELP ME FRIENDS AND WATCH THE "SURPRIZE" GROW.
Coats, Pants, Suits, Skirts, and Dresses Ordered, Altered, Cleaned, Pressed and Dyed Ladies Work a Specialty.

Satisfaction Guaranteed

Old Hats Made New. Work Called For and Delivered
Morris Block, Sonora, Texas. Phone 67.

KENNETH TALIAFERRO,
The Tailor.


NEW SAMPLES JUST RECEIVED. LEAVE YOUR ORDERS. CLEANING AND REPAIRING.
Shoo in the Old Bank Building.

JOHN HURST,

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

Postoffice Address SONORA, TEXAS.

San Antonio Brewing Assn.
"Texas Pride"
Beer
Who can beat it?



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MIKE MURPHY, Proprietor,
STEVE MURPHY, Publisher.

Advertising Medium of the
Stockman's Paradise.

SUBSCRIPTION \$2 A YEAR IN ADVANCE
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as second-class matter.

Sonora, Texas. May 11, 1912.

A Tribute to the Engineers of the Titanic.

There is a world of heroic and tragic significance in the fact that the survivors' stories of the last hours of the "Titanic" make no reference whatever to the thirty-five officers of the engineer force. Of the officers of the deck there is frequent mention and many of them are among the survivors. This is natural and proper, for they were standing at their posts of duty. We read also of farewells between them and other officers whose duties were concerned with the welfare of the "Titanic" passengers; but in all the records of those final eventful hours there is not a mention of any one of that band of men whose duties called for their presence far down in the deepest recesses of the ship.

In the roll of the saved there is not the name of a single certified engineer. Why this literal silence of the grave? There can be but one answer. Every man of the engineer watch stuck to his post to the very last and went down with the ship. Furthermore, this devotion to duty leads us to believe that such engineers as were not on watch may have voluntarily gone below to render what assistance they could in the sudden and frightful emergency.

This heroic devotion on the part of a little recognized body of professional men, the importance of whose duties on board ship is overlooked by the average trans-Atlantic passenger, will make an even greater impression upon our minds if we remember that they, above every body else on that ship, must have known that she had received her death wound and that the hour of her sinking might be delayed, but not by any possibility averted. While those above deck, conscious of the enormous magnitude of the "Titanic" were exclaiming, "You cannot sink these men standing on the double bottom of the ship may possibly have seen the submerged edge of the iceberg coming through the sides of the ship, opening up boiler room after boiler room to the savage inrush of the water!

The bunkers, we learn, were arranged transversely to the ship. Hence if the bilges of side plating were ruptured, the inrush of water must have occurred before the very eyes of the engineers; and to the seafaring man there is no sight before which his courage will quail so quickly as this. Nevertheless, there is every reason to believe that not a man flinched from the trial. Steam was maintained in such boiler rooms as were not invaded by the water; the powerful bilge pumps were kept going to the very last minute; and the electric lighting plant was watched over, evidently with most careful solicitude. It is certain the pumps alone must have very materially delayed the sinking of the ship; and the value, in the hour of terrible stress, of the work done by the electrical engineers in keeping the lights going until the last trace of the ship had disappeared, it is impossible to overestimate.—Scientific American.

Be sure you have something to talk about when you boost your city.

If you can't interest your home people in the city, don't expect outsiders to take notice.

Look after the little enterprise, the large ones usually look after themselves.

Very Serious

It is a very serious matter to ask for one medicine and have the wrong one given you. For this reason we urge you in buying to be careful to get the genuine—

**THE FORD'S
BLACK-DRAUGHT
Liver Medicine**

The reputation of this old, reliable medicine, for constipation, indigestion and liver trouble, is firmly established. It does not irritate other medicines. It is better than others, or it would not be the favorite liver powder, with a larger sale than all others combined.

SOLD IN TOWN

Charlie Jones.

Among the victims of the Titanic disaster last month was Charles Jones, a former West Texan, who has been a Vermont farmer for the past several years. He spent two or three years in the latter part of the eighties in the McKavett country, being engaged in the sheep ranching business.

He was a brother to the late Dr. Guernsey Jones, one of the prominent citizens of Sonora. They came to Texas about the same time. Dr. Jones died about ten years ago.

Mr. Jones was well known to Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Martin of this city and they have just received news of his death from his relatives.

Mr. Jones was one of the hundreds of men who sacrificed their lives like heroes that the women and children on board the stricken liner might be saved. His body has been found identified. The cable ship Mackay Bennett picked up the body at the scene of the wreck. The body was lying on a small iceberg where it had probably been placed by the waves. A life preserver was around it.

He came to West Texas from Philadelphia for his health about 1877. He bought a flock or two of sheep and a small ranch near McKavett. After spending a short while on the ranch he regained his health and went back east. He located on a Vermont farm of several hundred acres and became one of the most prominent men in the state.

He was returning from a trip to Europe and was one of the hundreds who regarded it as a novelty to accompany the Titanic, the "unsinkable" ten million dollar prize of the seas, on its maiden voyage across the ocean. Excess fare was charged on this ship, but people fought for reservations. Accommodations and general service was unexcelled on the big boat.

Mr. Jones was 45 years old—San Angelo Standard.

Dr. Salmon found guilty of Murder; 14 years punishment.

After deliberating 19 hours the jury in the Dr. Salmon murder trial at Coleman returned verdict of guilty at noon Saturday and fixed the penalty at 14 years in the penitentiary. Lawyers for the defense will ask for a new trial. In case of failure in this, the case will be appealed.

The jury took the case under advisement at 5 o'clock Friday afternoon. No report was made until noon Saturday. When Saturday morning came and no report was received from the jury room a hung jury was hinted at.

Self defense was the plea of Dr. Salmon.

Testimony was introduced in an effort to show that Dr. McCord, the deceased, made threats against Dr. Salmon. When they met on the street at Christoval, so Dr. Salmon testified, Dr. McCord grabbed him and threw him to the ground. In the scuffle for the gun Dr. McCord was shot. Dr. Salmon was also shot in the hand. Dr. Salmon bore no ill feelings against the deceased. This was his brief testimony on the stand.

The testimony of both witnesses for the state and defense indicated that ill feeling had existed between the two men for some time. When the commercial club at Christoval ordered the road in front of Dr. McCord's home opened up the ill feeling was renewed. Dr. McCord objected to the opening of the road and he declared Dr. Salmon "was behind it," so the defense witnesses said. They declared that when workmen attempted to open up the road Dr. McCord drove them off.

Dr. Salmon had accused Dr. McCord of being an illegal practitioner.

He explained his carrying a gun with the statement that years ago he had been an important witness in the Dillingham case and that his life had been threatened.

Miss Fannie Salmon testified that her father was bleeding when he walked into the house after shooting Dr. McCord. Jonnie Salmon said he was the first to reach the scene after Dr. McCord fallen. He walked by Mr. McCord and then returned to the house.

When the baby takes too much food the stomach turns; the result indigestion, sourness and vomiting. Frequently the bowels are involved and there is colic pains and diarrhoea. MCGEE'S BABY ELIXIR is a grand corrective remedy for the stomach and bowel disorders of babies. It is pure, wholesome and pleasant to take. Price 25c and 50c per bottle. Sold by All Dealers.

Spring & Summer Dry Goods

The prospects for a beautiful and prosperous Summer in the Sonora country is most flattering. There will be picnics and amusements of all kinds.

White and light colored goods will be very much worn and the Big Store has a most Complete assortment of

Flaxon all colors, Lawns, Dimitees and Linen Skirt length Embroidery Flouncing, Embroidery and Laces, Muslins Underwear, Ladies Hose all shades.

Ladies and Misses slippers.

SEE OUR BARGAINS IN Shoes at 50 cents Shirts 50cts.

Hats at Your Price

E. F. Vander Stucken Co.

Helps A Judge in Bad Fix.

Justice Eli Cherry, of Gillis Mills Tenn., was plainly worried. A bad sore on his leg had baffled several doctors and long resisted all remedies. "I thought it was a cancer," he wrote. "At last I used Bucklen's Arnica Salve, and was completely cured." Cured burns, boils, ulcers, cuts, bruises and piles. 25 cents at Nathans' pharmacy.

SHERIFF AND TAX COLLECTOR

T. B. Adams as a candidate for election to the office of Sheriff and Tax Collector of Sutton County, subject to the action of the Democratic primaries.

Will Perry as a candidate for election to the office of Sheriff and Tax collector of Sutton County, subject to the action of the Democratic primaries.

Sam Marek as a candidate for election to the office of Sheriff and Tax Collector of Sutton County, subject to the action of the Democratic primaries.

TAX ASSESSOR.

Geo. J. Trainer, as a candidate for election to the office of Tax Assessor of Sutton County, subject to the action of the Democratic primaries.

James Pharis as a candidate for election to the office of Tax Assessor of Sutton County, subject to the action of the Democratic primaries.

B. L. Binyon, as a candidate for election to the office of Tax Assessor of Sutton County, subject to the action of the Democratic primaries.

A. J. Owens as a candidate for election to the office of Tax Assessor of Sutton County, subject to the action of the Democratic primaries.

COUNTY TREASURER.

C. S. Holcomb, as a candidate for election to the office of County Treasurer of Sutton County, subject to the action of the Democratic primaries.

COUNTY JUDGE.

E. S. Briant as a candidate for election to the office of County Judge, of Sutton County, subject to the action of the Democratic primaries.

DISTRICT AND COUNTY CLERK.

J. D. Lowery as a candidate for election to the office of District and County Clerk of Sutton County, subject to the action of the Democratic primaries.

Town lots in Sonora are for sale by the Martin Commission Co. Buy one now and get in on the ground floor. Do it now before prices advance. The new maps are being made and the dedication of the streets and alleys will be made as soon as possible. Perfect title. No trouble to show you. See Martin Commission Co.

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

The DEVIL'S RIVER NEWS is authorized to announce.

The News rates for announcements is:

Congressional, Legislature and Judicial Districts \$5.

County officers \$10.

Precinct officers \$2.50.

All announcements are payable in cash in advance.

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THE THRICE-A-WEEK EDITION

OF THE

New York World

Practically a Daily at the Price of a Weekly

No other Newspaper in the world gives so much at so low a price.

The great Presidential campaign will soon begin and you will want the news accurately and promptly. The World long since established a record for impartiality, and any body can afford its Thrice-a-Week edition, which comes every other day in the week, except Sunday. It will be of particular value to you now. The Thrice-a-Week World also abound in other strong features, serial stories, humor, markets, cartoons; in fact, everything that is to be found in a first-class daily.

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 Devil's River News together for one year for \$2.50.

The regular subscription price of the two papers is \$3.00.

Be on friendly terms with your competitor, even if you expect him to steal a march on you the next day.

Boosting and boasting are two different things, but both may be used to advantage in building a city.

Escapes An Awful Fate.

A thousand tongues could not express the gratitude of Mrs. J. E. Cox of Joliet, Ill., for her wonderful deliverance from an awful fate. "Typhoid pneumonia had left me with a dreadful cough," she writes. "Sometimes I had such awful coughing spells I thought I would die. I could get no help from doctor's treatment or other medicines till I used Dr. King's New Discovery. But I owe my life to this wonderful remedy for I scarcely cough at all now." Quick and safe its the most reliable of all throat and lung medicines. Every bottle guaranteed, 50c and \$1.00. Trial bottle free at Nathans Pharmacy.

Trade at home. Buy from your home people. Make your home town prosperous. Assist your home town to be progressive. Encourage your home town schools by sending your children to them. In fact do every thing for and nothing against your home town. Think about it.

What Intervention Would Cost.

"Intervention in Mexico means fifty years war," according to a statement made at the War Department yesterday by Brig. Gen. Anson Mills, U. S. Army, retired, who is one of the Mexican boundary commissioners of the United States, and who has been almost constantly in touch with developments on the boundary and in the interior of Mexico.

Brigadier General Mills told army officers of the general staff yesterday that there was no reason whatever for the United States to think to intervention in Mexico, and that the immediate consequences of such action would spell prolonged trouble and complications which few persons here even dreamed of.

"Let the Mexicans fight it out!" is the slogan of Brigadier General Mills, reiterated to War Department officers yesterday. "Let them fight as we were allowed to fight during our Civil War. Think of what would of happened if some foreign power had attempted to intervene in our war.

"If the army should enter Mexican soil, it would be fifty years before it would come out. It would mean 250,000 men in the field, and even then it would be an endless process to subdue the country. We might take the City of Mexico with 50,000 troops; but what good would that do? Madero has the City of Mexico now, but there is still fighting in Mexico.

"Americans are not in danger in Mexico, and I would feel safer in many of the Mexican cities today than in many places in the United States. There never was a time when the rights of Americans were being given more consideration in like conditions than the present time in Mexico. While this vague talk of Americans being endangered is going on in the United States, these Americans themselves are being given a thousand times more protection than the Mexicans themselves. In many instances Americans legitimately imprisoned for crimes have been let out of jail simply because they are Americans.

"Mexico has not done one-tenth the harm to Americans that Americans have done to Mexico. Was not the present revolution started from the United States, with money from the United States, and even the men from the United States—a great part of them? They were Mexicans, but American Mexicans, and many went into Mexico from the Texas border. At the beginning of the revolution there was ten times as much excitement on the American side of the border as in Mexico. The activity was all here. And yet now we talk of the necessity of American intervention.

"Let Mexico alone, and matters will adjust themselves in that country. We can rest assured that England, Germany nor France would think of intervening, even if the United States would sanction it. France, backed by Austria, tried it once, and had enough. That was a lesson which has never been forgotten." — Washington Post.

The Demons Of The Swamp

are mosquitos. As they put deadly malaria germs in the blood. Then follow the icy chills and the fires of fever. The appetite flies and the strength falls; also malaria often paves the way for deadly typhoid. But Electric Bitters kill and cast out the malaria germs from the blood, give you a fine appetite and renew your strength. "After long suffering," wrote Wm. Prettwell, of Lucama, N. C. "Three bottles drove all the malaria from my system, and I've had good health ever since." Best for all stomach, liver and kidney ills. 50c at Nathans pharmacy.

Shameful

"It's shameful the way some of these automobile maniacs violate the speed law!" exclaimed Jibben.

"Somebody come near running over you?"

"No, I should say not. But Snibbens ran his machine sixty miles an hour all the way from Smithville here, and I had mighty hard work to keep him from passing me."

Sick headache results from a disordered condition of the stomach, and can be cured by the use of Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets. Try it. For sale by All Dealers.

KIRK'S NEW LIFE PILLS

The Pills That Do Cure

The RED FRONT STABLE

Robert Anderson, Prop.,
HAY AND GRAIN.
Your Patronage Solicited.
Will buy hides.

JOE BERGER.

CONTRACTOR AND BUILDER.
ESTIMATES FURNISHED,
Sonora, - - Texas.

G. W. ARCHER,

ROCK MASON.
Cement Tanks, Troughs and Vats.
All work guaranteed.
SONORA, TEXAS.

HAY BALING.

Give your orders to me for baling your hay. Prompt attention and satisfaction guaranteed.
ED. PFIESTER.
47 Sonora, Texas.

FRED BERGER,

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

THE SONORA RESTAURANT,

FISH & OYSTERS IN SEASON
SHORT ORDERS.
Fred Jacobson, Pro.

Wylie Smith, Will Hite, Proprietors

City Meat Market,

The best beef, mutton and pork. Sausage, etc., that can be obtained. Your patronage now will help us furnish you when warm weather comes. Phone 87.

E. P. FINNEY,

ROCK MASON,
Cement Tanks, Troughs and Vats
All work guaranteed.
Estimates Furnished.
SONORA, TEXAS.

JOHN CARRETT,

ROCK MASON,
Cement Tanks, Troughs and Vats.
All work Guaranteed.
Estimates Furnished.
SONORA, TEXAS.

Town Lots.

For town lots, closest in, largest size, highest up, or lower down See T. D. Newell, owner,
54-1f Sonora, Texas.

Notice to Trespassers.

Notice is hereby given that all trespassers on my ranch 21 miles south of Sonora for the purpose of cutting timber, hauling wood, working live stock, hunting hogs or injuring fences, with all my permission, will be prosecuted to the full extent of the law.
D. B. CUSENBARY,
91 Sonora, Texas.

E. A. McDonell,

PAINTER HAPERHANGER
SIGN WRITER.
SONORA, - - TEXAS

Notice to Trespassers.

Notice is hereby given that all trespassers on my ranch 6 miles south of Sonora, for the purpose of cutting timber, hauling wood or hunting hogs without my permission, will be prosecuted to the full extent of the law.
J. T. Evans, Sr.
66-1f

Notice.

All parties owing the Sonora Carriage Co. will please pay same to S. Allison as all accounts have been turned over to him for collection and he is the only one authorized to receipt for same.
Ed Smith,
31-1f Sonora Tex., May 2 1912.

FIRST NATIONAL BANK

OF SONORA, TEXAS.

CAPITAL STOCK \$100,000.00

SURPLUS - - 34,500.00

The Oldest Bank in the Devil's River Country.

OFFICERS AND DIRECTORS:

W. L. ALDWELL, President; E. F. VANDER STUCKEN,

Vice Pres; C. S. Allison, Will Whitehead,
E. E. Sawyer, D. J. Wyatt.

ROY E. ALDWELL, Assistant Cashier.

We pay 4 per cent on saving deposits.

No Substitutes-- YOU GET WHAT YOU CALL FOR at the
CORNER DRUG STORE

C. S. HOLCOMB, Proprietor.

NATHAN'S PHARMACY

(The place where you get the best for your money.)

Exclusive agent for Jacob's Candies (The best in the South.) Eastman's Kodaks (the only Kodak.) Mumford Pharmaceutical (the World's Highest Standard.) These combined with courteous treatment, experience and conscientious scruples, make it worth your while to let him do your drug store business.

A pretty line of Diamonds, CUT-GLASS, JEWELRY and WATCHES always on display.

A. H. NATHAN, Proprietor, Sonora, Texas.

COMMERCIAL HOTEL...

Mrs. J. C. McDonald, Proprietress.

Rates \$1.50 Per Day.

Best accommodations, Rates Reasonable.

HEADQUARTERS FOR COMMERCIAL MEN.

Drummer's Sample Rooms.

SONORA, TEXAS.

GRIMLAND & ALLISON.



Our Spring stock of Mens, Ladies and Childrens Low Cut Shoes are here. They consist of the Latest Styles, Shapes and Colors, for Spring and Summer wear.

YOURS TO PLEASE.

Grimland & Allison.

SPECIAL ATTENTION GIVEN FOR MADE TO MEASURE CLOTHING.

Devil's River News.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY.

MIKE MURPHY, Proprietor.
STEVE MURPHY, Publisher.

Advertising Medium of the Stockman's Paradise.
Subscription \$2 a year in advance.
Entered at the Postoffice at Sonora second-class matter.

SONORA, TEXAS, May 11, 1912.

W. R. Clindennan returned from a business to San Angelo Tuesday.

Geo. Hill of San Angelo was visiting friends in Sonora this week.

Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Ogle were in from their ranch east of town Wednesday shopping.

Walter Drago of Rock Springs was in Sonora Sunday on his way to San Angelo on a business trip.

Mrs. Ed Jones and son E. B. of Utopia were in Sonora Monday the guests of Mrs. W. J. Patterson in Sonora. They were en route to Ozona to attend Mrs. Jones' mother Mrs. McNutt who is seriously ill.

Black and white check skirt and white waist lost on April 18 between Geo. Trainers and Joe Trainers residences. Please leave at Mrs. Geo. Trainers residence.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Don Cooper on Tuesday May 7, 1912, a boy.

Esells band enroute to Sonora last Friday entertained the towns of Christoval and Eldorado with a few selections.

W. L. Aldwell president of the First National Bank of Sonora and Wade Barbee Cashier of the Eldorado State Bank, were in San Antonio this week attending the Bankers Convention.

There should be many picnics, log rollings and out door pleasures this summer as the season promises to be the most perfect as to grass that we have had in several years. Keep the people neighborly by keeping them alive.

Fumigated.

The Decker has been thoroughly fumigated, not only the room recently occupied by Mrs. Parker but all the other rooms in the house. This fumigation will destroy all possible germs and the hotel is now more safe than probably any public house in West Texas.

Decker will be open for business to the general public either Sunday or Monday and we will predate a share of your patronage. Respectfully,
M. A. Laura Decker.

BUCKLEN'S IS THE ONLY GENUINE ANKICA SALVE

Miscellaneous Shower.

Mrs. Ira Wheat and Miss Phillip held in honor of Misses Lillie Maddox and Tennie Owens a "shower" at the Owens residence Wednesday evening. The affair was a great success and the brides-to-be were the recipients of many handsome and useful gifts.

Jones Miller and Albert Kincaid, prominent and well-known sheepmen of Crockett county were in Sonora Tuesday.

Miss Myrtle Briant accompanied by E. E. Sawyer left for San Antonio last week. Miss Myrtle is visiting relatives and Mr. Sawyer attending the bankers convention.

Mr. and Mrs. Tom Holland are visiting relatives at Eldorado. Tom is suffering from a very heavy cold.

The Mexican population celebrated the Cinco de Mayo to their utmost satisfaction Sunday. Comrades from the surrounding towns participated.

L. T. Ball a prominent young stockman of McKeit was in Sonora several days this week looking for big steers.

Mr. and Mrs. Bus Allison were visiting in Sonora Tuesday from their ranch about nine miles north of town.

Tom and Mack Russells of Menard were in Sonora Monday receiving steers for Russell & Martin. They are taking them to Menard.

Joe Ross was in from the ranch Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Carl Mayfield, Mrs. Jarrett and mother-in-law Mrs. Jarrett of Valley Mills were up from the Mayfield ranch in the Juno country Monday.

Mrs. J. C. Pearson and baby returned from Meridian Tuesday, where she visited her mother Mrs. John Mayfield and family.

Sutton for Wilson.

The Democrats of Sutton county met in county convention at the Court House Tuesday afternoon. B. E. Bellows was elected chairman and A. H. Nathan secretary. W. T. O. Holman was elected delegate to the State Convention and instructed to vote for Woodrow Wilson for President.

For soreness of the muscles whether induced by violent exercise or injury, Chamberlain's Liniment is excellent. This liniment is also highly esteemed for the relief it affords in cases of rheumatism. Sold by All Dealers.

Charlie Caruthers returned from a visit to Sanderson.

Mr. and Mrs. C. J. Lewis left for their new home in Meridian, Thursday.

Seicker Henry and Jim Hunter of Rock Springs were business visitors in Sonora Tuesday.

J. A. Allison the Middle Valley ranchman was in Sonora Thursday on business.

Sid Martin was in from the Jackson ranch Monday attending to some business.

J. C. Johnson left on Wednesday with his daughter Mrs. Rosa Cowper to her home in Mercury.

Now is the time to get rid of your rheumatism. You will find Chamberlain's Liniment wonderfully effective. One application will convince you of its merits. Try it. For sale by All Dealers.

Carl Bates the city marshal of San Angelo, was in Sonora Thursday on his way home from a professional trip to Del Rio.

Clean up—It must be done—and at once—Do it now—you may save the life of a loved one—or a doctor's bill.

CORNELL & WARDLAW
Attorneys-at-Law,
SONORA, - TEX.

Will practice in all the State Courts.

H. R. WARDLAW, M. D.
Practice of Medicine and Surgery, [formerly house physician, John Sealy Hospital] Galveston, Texas.
OFFICE CORNER DRUG STORE.
Night Commercial Hotel.
Sonora Texas.

R. L. DENMAN,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
Headquarters Nathan's Drug Store.
Phones: Office 31, Residence 28,
SONORA, TEXAS.

DR. L. F. ROBICHAUX,
DENTIST
Hours 9 to 12 a. m., 3 to 6 p. m.
Office in residence.
Phone connection.
Sonora, - - Texas.

When you go to San Angelo call on Eddie Maier, at the Favorite Saloon, he will treat you O. K. 72-1f

Sonora Club Opening

The new Sonora Club Hall was opened Friday night with a grand free ball. There were about 50 couples present. The grand march was led by M. M. Stokes and Miss Pearl Parkerson. The music for the occasion was furnished by Esells Orchestra of San Angelo, that organization donating their services for the event. The floor which is of maple 50x50 feet, the music which is the best in West Texas and the beauty and grace of ladies the made the event a memorable one.

The personnel of the orchestra was as follows: Sam Ezell violin, Joe Proctor piano. Gus Hartman cornet. Igoe McDermott Clarinet, Dalphus Yeager baritone, Heman Kieck trombone, W. E. Alberte bass, Searcy Smith, oello, Jesse Kuydums. Mr. B. M. Selle also assisted.

J. M. Howell, a popular druggist of Greensburg, Ky., says, "We use Chamberlain's Cough Remedy in our own household and know it is excellent." For sale by All Dealers.

Esells Band.

Esells Band and Orchestra is a splendid organization and a great advertisement for San Angelo. It is the proper thing for trades excursions, picnics, dances, etc. Friday evening last the Esells Orchestra arrived in Sonora in three autos and striking up a good march with the autos abreast they took the town by storm and brought the populace to their feet. Leaving the care they gave an open air concert on main street and their music was much appreciated. Sonora should put in its bid for this band for the Fourth of July celebration.

Trustees Elected.

J. J. North and Kenneth Taliaferro held school trustees election at the Court House Saturday. James Cornell was re elected and the new members are Theo Savell and J. T. Shurley.

Barbed wire cuts, ragged wounds, collar and harness galls heal up quickly when BALLARD'S SNOW LINIMENT is applied. It is both healing and antiseptic. Price 25c, 50c and \$1.00 per bottle Sold by All Dealers.

B. M. Selle, cigar manufacturer of San Angelo was in Sonora with Esells band last Friday and distributed samples of his cigars to the crowd at the opening of the Sonora Club Hall. The quality of the goods is equal to many of the well-known popular brands of cigars made in the east.

Wanted some suitable person who is interested in keeping the Government rain gauge and thermometers in Sonora. Apply Postmaster H. Thiers.

Sallow complexion is due to a torpid liver. BERBIN'S purifies and strengthens the liver and bowels and restores the rosy bloom of health to the cheek. Price 50c Sold by All Druggists.

LADIES
Why not use the best
It costs no more.
GOLDEN CRUST FLOUR.
CITY GROCERY CO.,
Has it.
EASTON GRAIN CO.,
San Angelo, Distributors.

Remember the Rex 1126 West Houston when in San Antonio is the place to stop.

Surprise Tailoring Company.
Geo. M. McDonald sews buttons in small trousers.
My Color never fade.

STOCK NEWS.

Co-man Whitfield of Sonora sold to H. H. Sparks 500 mutton goats at \$2.40.

Dock Simmons sold C. G. Cauble 500 cotton sheep at N. Y. D. B.

Dock Simmons bought from Austin party, one section of land in his pasture for \$15.00.

G. C. Cauble leased the Pascal Odum ranch for three years. There are about eight sections.

Notice to Trespassers.

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

John Q. McCabe of Coke county sold to George B. Hendrix & Son, 20 head of three and four year old steers. The price was \$33. The steers are now in route to Oklahoma for pasturage.—Standard.

In the whole field of medicine there is not a healing remedy that will repair damage to the flesh more quickly than BALLARD'S SNOW LINIMENT. In cuts, wounds, sprains, burns, scalds and rheumatism, its healing and penetrating power is extraordinary. Price 25c, 50c and \$1.00 per bottle. Sold by All Druggists.

Ira Wheat returned from Kansas City Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Joe F. Logan and Miss Goodall were in Sonora Monday from the McKnight ranch shopping.

James Paris manager of the Ford ranch for G. S. Allison 16 miles east of Sonora was in town Wednesday. Mr. Paris says the rains were splendid all over the Allison ranches.

If you wait until you see what the other fellow is to do, you won't get anywhere.

THE LATEST NEWS from everywhere can be had for every little money in these in these days of railroads, telegraphs and fast printing presses. For only \$2.50 you can get three good newspapers a week for a year, namely the Devils River News and the Dallas Semi Weekly Farm News. This is a newspaper combination that will give you the latest news from near and far. The information they give is also reliable and unbiased. They give you the facts and you can form your own opinions and draw your own conclusions. Subscribe at once for both papers through the Devils River News.

Jack For Sale.

Seven year old, 3-4 Maltese. Colts can be seen at my ranch about 18 miles south of Sonora. Range Service. Price \$200.

Apply to,
W. C. Strackbein
Sonora, Texas.

For Sale --- At a Bargain

NEW RACINE HACK AND DOUBLE SET OF HARNESS
J. J. NORTH.

REGISTERED HEREFORD BULLS FOR SALE.
80 head of Registered Hereford Bulls 1, 2, 3 year old. All Acclimated.

For further particulars write, phone, or see.
C. C. Yaws,
Mayer, Texas.

Jennet Owners.

We are the owners of the Big Black Missouri Jack formerly owned by G. S. Allison named "John." Many enquiries were made about this Jack last year and we take this means of letting Jennet owners know that his service will be available for Jennets after June 1st at our ranch of the North Llano. No Mares taken. Fees \$25 the season with privilege of return.

Quince & Mat Adams,
P O Roosevelt, Texas.

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

L. F. Robichaux, Dentist.

Dr. L. F. Robichaux has finished his work at Eldorado and is now at Ozona where he will remain until about May 20th. From May 20 to June 1st he will be in Sonora and those desiring his services will make note of the date.

About the first of June Dr. Robichaux will leave for Kansas City, Chicago and Cleveland and will be gone until September 1st.

While absent the Doctor will post graduate work in some dental specialties. Dr. Robichaux will be absent from his Sonora office of June, July and August. Those needing his services will do well to make their appointments with him in Sonora between May 20 and June 1st.

Paint or Not.

Is a horse worth more or less after feed.

Hay and oats are high today; shall I wait today and feed him tomorrow?

That's how men do about painting their houses and barns and fences. Paint has been high for years; and so they have waited. Paint is high yet; they are still waiting; thousands of 'em are waiting for paint to fall.

Their property drops a trifle a year and the next job of paint creeps up creeps-up creeps-up; it'll take more paint by a gallon a year they don't save a cent, and the property goes on suffering.
DEVOE.

E. F. Vander Stucken sells it.

HEAVY RUN OF TEXAS GOATS ON KANSAS CITY MARKET; BRUSH EATERS SOLD BY THE THOUSANDS.

The Drovers' Journal Kansas City, says: At the big sheep barns at the lower end of the stock yards can be seen any day, thousands of Angora goats from the great sheep and goat country of Southwest Texas, Judge L. J. Wardlaw of Sonora, Texas, who is in partnership with Roy Hudspeeth of that place, brought in 2,500 shorn Angoras this week from the big goat and sheep ranch in Sutton county. On this ranch they have at present, including the spring kid crop, 25,000 goats, besides 12,000 sheep. Sonora, the county seat of Sutton county, where they reside, is 55 miles from the nearest railroad point, and in driving their goats and sheep to a loading point they frequently travel 75 miles before loading. Twice each year the goats and sheep are shorn. The mohair and wool is hauled on a large scale.

"Everything looks rosy in our country this season," said Judge Wardlaw today. "We have had good rains, and the grazing is first class. The goats live in the brush districts in the hills and mountains, and live without any other feed except the brush. For that reason they will go through a prolonged drought that will starve out the cattle. It is their natural home. But we have the most remarkable live stock country in the United States anywhere; Never providing any feed, and still producing millions of dollars worth of live stock.

"Our greatest enemy, and the one thing above all others that causes us more trouble than anything else is the wolf. We have three species, and they are all bad the coyote, lobo and big timber breeds. They kill and destroy thousands of dollars worth of sheep and goats annually. But very recently ranchmen have gone to building wolf tight fences. Many are made of woven wire about five to six feet high, with meshes so close that the wolf cannot crawl through. While they are pretty expensive, we are putting them up. We now have on our ranch 20 miles of this kind of fence. Other ranchmen are also putting them up as a precaution against heavy losses.

"Our lamb and kid crops this spring are good. The abundance of feed is what makes those crops. If range feed is scarce, heavy losses are bound to occur. We have sold most of our mohair at a good price, also wool, and now we are receiving good prices for our sheep and goats."

Given Away.

A ten dollar ring to the person bringing us the most work in the month of May.

We require a deposit of \$5 with order for suits. All work absolutely cash at standard rates. Ladies work a specialty but not laundry work.
The Surprise Tailoring Co.

Devil's River News. PUBLISHED WEEKLY. MIKE MURPHY, Proprietor. STEVE MURPHY, Publisher. Advertising Medium of the Stockman's Paradise. SUBSCRIPTION \$2 A YEAR IN ADVANCE. Entered at the Postoffice at Sonora second-class matter. SONORA, TEXAS, May 11, 1912.

OLD TIME POMPEIANS.

They Had Many Things That We Consider Comparatively Modern. Some eighteen centuries ago life suddenly ceased in the streets of Pompeii. Many of the inhabitants escaped from the shower of ashes and stones which Vesuvius dropped upon the doomed city, but they left behind them hundreds of things which illustrate the familiar saying, "There is nothing new under the sun." Those old Pompeians were very modern. They had folding doors and hot water urns; they put gratings to their windows and made rookeries in their gardens. Their children had toys like ours—bears, lions, pigs, cats, dogs, made of clay and sometimes serving as pitchers also. Sometimes wrote on walls and cut their names on seats, just as we do now. They kept birds in cages. They gave tokens at the doors of their places of entertainment. The people of the gallery had pigeons made of a sort of terra cotta. They put lamps inside the hollow eyes of the masks that adorned their fountains. They even made grottoes of shells. Vulgarly itself is ancient. They ate sausages and hung up strings of onions. They had stands for public vehicles, and the schoolmaster used a birch on the duces. They put stepping stones across the roads that the dainty young patrician gentlemen and the puffy old senators might not soil their gilded sandals. It was never cold enough for their pipes to burst, but they turned their water on and off with taps, and their cook shops had marble counters. They clapped their offenders into the stocks. Two gladiators were there for eighteen hundred years. When their crockery broke they riveted it. At Herculeanum there is a huge wine jar half buried in the earth. It had been badly broken, but it was so neatly mended with its many rivets that it no doubt held wine as well as ever. Those rivets have lasted more than eighteen hundred years. What would the housewife have said if some one had told her that her cracked pot would outlast the Roman empire?—Exchange.

No Authority. William Dean Howells, the American novelist, told the following story on himself: "I got into an argument one day with my wife on the propriety of using a certain word in a sentence. My wife maintained there was no right in favor of my usage, and I held that there was. So, to end the matter, I took the dictionary and looked it up. "Ah," I said, "here it is, with just the usage I employed, and I read the justifying quotation aloud. But my wife was still dubious. "Whose quotation is that?" she wished to know. "Again I studied the printed page. "Why, it says Howells." "Oh," answered my wife with a triumphant scorn, "he's no authority."—New York Post.

Cruikshank's Banknote. The most unconventional design for a banknote was undoubtedly George Cruikshank's "Banknote—Not to Be Imitated," published in 1818. It was inspired by the sight of several women dangling from the gallows outside Newgate for uttering forged £1 notes. The design included a lavish arrangement of fetters and suspended figures, and there was such a demand for copies that Cruikshank had to sit up all night to etch a duplicate plate. He had the satisfaction also of knowing that no man or woman was ever after hanged for the offense, for his plate led to an act that put a stop to the punishment of death for forgery.—London Chronicle.

Detected Her Sex. It is said of George Eliot's literary style that its most marked characteristic is sympathy. And long before her identity had become known Charles Dickens, a singularly acute critic of his own art, detected her sex by this undercurrent of womanly sympathy. He had been reading "Scenes of Clerical Life," which had been sent to him by the publisher, and on putting the book aside he said, "Well, this writer possesses great ability, but I should say, despite the name, that George Eliot is a woman."

Color Blind. "Father," asked little Archie gravely, "what is color blindness? What does it mean?" "It means," was papa's reply, "that the people so afflicted cannot tell one color from another." "Oh, is that it? Well, the man that drew the maps in my new atlas must have been color blind, for in the map of Europe he's got the Black sea and the White sea painted blue."—Exchange.

SPLENDID HAZARD

BY Harold McGrath. COPYRIGHT, 1910, BY BOBBS MERRILL COMPANY.

"Fact?" "The great-grandson of Napoleon here! Nothing will ever surprise me again. But why didn't he lay the matter before Killgrew, like a man?" Fitzgerald patted and poked the wool filled pillow, but without success. It remained as hard and as uninviting as ever. "I've thought it over, Arthur. I'd have done the same as Breitmann," as if reluctant to give his due to the missing man. "May I ask you a pertinent question?" "Yes." "Did he know Miss von Mitter very well in Munich?" "He did." "Was he quite square?" "I am beginning to believe that he was something between a cat and a scoundrel." "Did you know that among her relatives on her mother's side was the Abbe Fanu, who left, among other things, the diagram of the chimney?" "So that was it?" Cathewe's jaws hardened. Fitzgerald understood. Poor old Cathewe!

CHAPTER XVII. THE PINES OF ALTONE. BEFORE sundown they were on the way again. The two young women rode in the same carriage. Occasionally the men got down out of theirs and walked on either side of them. Whenever an abrupt turn showed forward Fitzgerald put his hand in his pocket. From whichever way it came he at least was not going to be found unprepared. Sometimes when he heard M. Ferraud's laughter drift back from the admiral's carriage he longed to throttle the aggravating little man. Yet soon the weight on Fitzgerald's shoulders lightened. If M. Ferraud could laugh, why not he?

"Isn't that view lovely?" exclaimed Laura as the Capo di Rosso glowed in the sun with all the beauty of a fabulous ruby. "Are you afraid at all, Hildegarde?" "No, Laura; I am only sad. I wish we were safely on the yacht. Yes, yes; I am afraid of something, I know not what."

"I never dreamed that he could be dishonest. He was a gentleman somewhere in his past. I do not quite understand it all. The money does not interest my father so much as the mere sport of finding it. You know it was agreed to divide his share among the officers and seamen and the balance to our guests. It would have been such fun."

And the woman who knew everything must perforce remain silent. With what eloquence she could have defended him!

"Do you think we shall find it?" wistfully. "No, Laura."

A carriage came round one of the planned entrances. It was empty. M. Ferraud casually noted the number. He was not surprised. He had been waiting for this same vehicle. It was Breitmann's, but the man driving it was not the man who had driven it out of Ajaccio. He was an Evisan. A small butterfly fluttered alongside. M. Ferraud jumped out and swooped with his hat. He decided not to impart his discovery to the others. He was assured that the man from Evisan knew absolutely nothing and that to question him would be a waste of time. At this very moment he was not unlikely that Breitmann and his confederate were crossing the mountains, perhaps with three or four sturdy donkeys, their panniers packed with precious metal. And the duke would go straight to his fellow conspirators and share his millions. Curious old world!

They saw Evisa at sunset, one of the seven glories of the earth. The little village rests on the side of a mountain, nearly 3,000 feet above the sea, the sea itself being miles away to the west. V shaped between two enormous shafts of burning granite. Even the admiral forgot his smoldering wrath. Had he been given his way, the admiral would have gone out that very night with lanterns.

"Folly! To find a given point in an unknown forest at night—impossible. Am I not right, Mr. Cathewe? Of course. Breitmann's man knew Altone

from his youth. Suppose," continued M. Ferraud, "that we spend two days here?" "What? Give him all the leeway?" The admiral was amazed that M. Ferraud could suggest such a stupidity. "No. In the morning we make the search. If there's nothing there we'll return at once."

M. Ferraud spoke to the young woman who waited on the table. "Please find Carlo, the driver, and bring him here."

Ten minutes later Carlo came in, hat in hand, courteous. "Carlo," began the Frenchman, leaning on his elbows, his sharp eyes boring into the mild brown ones of the Corsican. "We shall not return to Carghese tomorrow, but the day after."

"Not return tomorrow?" cried Carlo, dismayed. "Ah, but the gentleman does not understand. We are engaged day after tomorrow to carry a party to Bonifacio. We have promised. We must return tomorrow."

Fitzgerald saw the drift and went forward. The admiral fumed because his Italian was an indifferent article. "But," pursued M. Ferraud, "we will pay you 20 francs the day, just the same."

"We are promised," Carlo shrugged and spread his hands, but the glitter in his questioner's eyes disquieted him.

"What's this about?" growled the admiral. "The man says he must take us back tomorrow or leave us, as he has promised to return to Ajaccio to carry a party to Bonifacio," M. Ferraud explained.

"Then if we don't go tomorrow it means a week in this forsaken hole?" "It is possible," M. Ferraud turned to Carlo once more. "We will make it 50 francs per day."

"Impossible!" "Then you will return tomorrow without us?" Carlo's face hardened. "But—" "Come outside with me," said M. Ferraud in a tone which brooked no further argument.

The two stepped out into the hall, and when the Frenchman came back his face was animated. "M. Ferraud," said the admiral telly, "my daughter has informed me what passed between you. I must say that you have taken a deal upon yourself."

"M. Ferraud is right," put in Fitzgerald. "You too?" "Yes. I think the time has come for M. Ferraud to offer full explanations. The butterfly hunter resumed his chair. "They will remain or carry us on to Corte. From there we can take the train back to Ajaccio, saving a day and a half. Admiral, I have a confession to make. It will surprise you, and I offer you my apologies at once." He paused. He loved moments like this, when he could resort to the dramatic in perfect security.

"I was the man in the chimney." The admiral gasped. Laura dropped her hands to the table. Cathewe sat back stiffly. Coldfield stared. Hildegarde shaded her face with the newspaper through which she had been idly glancing.

"Patience," as the admiral made as though to press back his chair. "Mr. Fitzgerald knew from the beginning. Is that not true?" "It is, M. Ferraud. Go on."

"Breitmann is the great-grandson of Napoleon. By this time he is traveling over some mountain pass with his inheritance snug under his hand. You will ask, why all these subterfuges, this dodging in and out? Thus. Could I have found the secret of the chimney—I worked from memory—none of us would be here, and one of the great conspiracies of the time would have been slipped in the hand. What do you think? Breitmann proposes to go into France with the torch of anarchy in his hand, and if he does he will be shot. He proposes to divide this money among his companions, who, with their pockets full of gold, will desert him the day he touches France. Do you recollect the scar on his temple? It was not made by a saber. It is the mark of a bullet. He received it while a correspondent in the Balkans. Well, it left a mark on his brain also—that is to say, he is conscious of what he does, but not why he does it. He is a sane man with an obsession. This would, together with the result of Germany's brutal policy toward him and France's indifference, has made him a kind of monomaniac. You will ask why I, an accredited agent in the employ of France, have not stepped in and arrested him. My evidence might bring him to trial, but it would never convict him. Once liberated he would begin all over again, meaning that I also would have to start in at a new beginning. So I have let him proceed to the end, and in doing so I shall save him in spite of himself. You see, I have a bit of sentiment."

Hildegarde could have reached over and kissed his hand. "Why didn't he tell all this to me?" cried the admiral. "Why didn't he tell me? I would have helped him!" "To his death perhaps," grimly. "For the money was only a means, not an end. The great-grandson of Napoleon—well, he will never rise from his obscurity, and some time when the clouds lift from his brain he will remember me."

And this whimsical turn caused even the admiral to struggle with a smile. He was a square, generous old fellow. He stretched his hand across the table. M. Ferraud took it, but with a shade of doubt.

"You are a good man, M. Ferraud. I'm terribly disappointed. All my life I have been going chasing for treasures, and this one I had set my heart on. You've gone about it the best you could. If you had told me from the start there wouldn't have been any fun."

"That is it," eagerly assented M. Ferraud. "Why should I spoil your innocent pleasure? For a month you have lived in a fine adventure, and no harm has befallen. And when you return to America you will have an unrivaled story to tell, but I do not think you will ever tell all of it. He will have paid in wretchedness and humiliation for his inheritance. And who has a better right to it? Every coin may represent a sacrifice, a deprivation, and those who gave it freely gave it to the blood. Is it sometimes that you laugh at French sentiment?" "Not in Frenchmen like you," said the admiral gravely.

"Good! To men of heart what matters the tongue?" "Poor young man!" sighed Laura. "I am glad he has found it. Didn't I wish him to have it?" "And you knew all this?" said Cathewe into the ear of the woman he loved. "Thinly the word came through her lips. "Yes." Cathewe's chin sank into his collar, and he stared at the crumbs on the cloth.

"That what meant this argument with the drivers?" asked Coldfield. "Yes. I had forgotten that," supplemented the sailor. "On the way back to Carghese we should have been stopped. We were to be quietly but effectively suppressed till our Napoleon set sail for Marselles." M. Ferraud bowed. He had no more to add.

The admiral shook his head. He had come to Corsica as one might go to a picnic, and here he had almost toppled over into a gulch!

The significance of the swift glance which was exchanged between M. Ferraud and Fitzgerald was not translatable to Laura, who alone caught it in its transit. An idea took possession of her, but this idea had nothing to do with the glance, which she forgot almost instantly. As Laura was of the disposition to walk down by the cemetery, to take a final view of the sea before it melted into the sky, what was more natural than that Fitzgerald should follow her? They walked on in the peace of twilight, unmindful of the curiosity of the villagers or of the play of children about their feet. The two were strangely silent, but to him it seemed that she must presently hear the thunder of his insurgent heart. At length she paused, gazing toward the sea, upon which the purples of night were rapidly deepening.

"And if I had not made that wager?" he said, following aloud his train of thought. "And if I had not bought that statuette?" picking up the thread. If she had laughed nothing might have happened. But her voice was low and sweet and ruminating.

"The dam of his reserve broke, and the great current of life rushed over his lips, to happiness or to misery, whichever it was to be. "I love you, and I can no more help telling you than I can help breathing. I have tried not to speak. I have so little to offer. I have been lonely so long. I did not mean to tell you here. I'll do it now." He ceased, terrified. His voice had diminished down to a mere whisper and finally refused to work at all. He found his voice again. "So there isn't any hope? There is some other else?" He was very miserable.

"Had there been I should have stopped you at once." "But—" "Do you wish a more definite answer, John?" And only then did she turn her head. "Yes!" his courage coming back full and strong. "I want you to tell me you love me and while my arms are round you like this. May I kiss you?" "No other man save my father shall."

"Ah, I haven't done anything to deserve this!" "No?" "I'm not even a third rate hero." "No?" with gentle raillery. "Say you love me." "Amo, amo, amiamo!" "In English. I have never heard it in English." "So," pushing back from him, "you have heard it in Italian?" "Laura, I didn't mean that. There was never any one else. Say it."

So she said it softly. She repeated it as though the utterance was as sweet to her lips as it was to his ears. And then, for the first time she became supine in his arms. With his cheek touching the hair on her brow they together watched, but did not see the final conquest of the day. "And I have had the courage to ask you to be my wife?" It was wonderful.

Napoleon, his hunted great-grandson, the treasure, all these had ceased to exist. "John, when you lay in the corridor the other night and I thought you were dying I kissed you." Her arm tightened as did his. "Will you promise never to tell if I confess a secret?" "I promise."

"You never would have had the courage to propose if I hadn't deliberately brought you here for that purpose. It was I who proposed to you." "I'm afraid I don't quite get that," doubtfully. "Then we'll let the subject rest where it is. You might bring it up in after years." Her laughter was happy. He raised his eyes reverently toward heaven. She would never know that she had stood in danger. "But your father!" with a note of sudden alarm. And all the worldly sides to the dream burst upon him. "Father is only the company, John." And so the admiral himself admitted

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when, an hour later, Fitzgerald put the affair before him briefly and frankly. "It is all her concern, my son, and only part of mine. My part is to see that you keep in order. I don't know; I rather expected it. Of course," said the admiral, shifting his cigar, "there's a business end to it. I'm a rich man, but Laura isn't worth a cent—in money. Young men generally get the wrong idea that daughters of wealthy parents must also be wealthy." He was glad to hear the young man laugh. It was a good sign.

"My earnings and my income amount to about \$7,000 a year, and with an object in view I can earn more. She says that will be plenty."

The course of true love does not always run so smoothly. A short distance up the road Cathewe was grimly fighting for his happiness.

"Hildegarde, forget him. Must he spall both our lives? Come with me. Be my wife. I will make any and all sacrifices toward your contentment."

"Have we not thrashed this all out before, my friend?" said, "Do not ask me to forget him; rather let me ask you to forget me."

"He will never be loyal to any one but himself. He is selfish to the core. Has he not proved it?" Where were the words he needed for this last defense? Where his arguments to convince her? He was losing. In his soul he knew it. If his love for her was strong, hers for this outcast was no less. "I have never wished the death of any man, but if he should die!"

She interrupted him, her hands extended as in pleading. Never had she seen a woman's face so sad. "Arthur, I have more faith in you than in any other man, and I prize your friendship above all other things. But who can say must to the heart? Not you. Not I. Have I not fought it? Have I not striven to forget, to trample out this fire? Have you yourself not tried to banish me from your heart? Have you succeeded? Do you remember that night in Munich? My love broke miserably, and my public career was ruined. What caused it? A note from him saying that he had tired of the role and was leaving. It was not my love he wanted, after all—a slip of paper which, at any time, would have been his for the asking. But I cannot argue more," wearily.

"He will tire of you again," desperately. "I know it. But in my heart something speaks that he will need me, and when he does I shall go to him."

CHAPTER XIX. THE DUPE. THE next morning Fitzgerald found Cathewe's note under his plate. He opened it with a sense of disaster.

My Dear Old Jack—I'm off. Found a pony and shall jog to Ajaccio by the route to Corte. Please take my luggage back to the Grand Hotel, and I'll pick it up. And have my trunk sent ashore too. I shan't go back to America with the admiral, bias his kindly old heart. I'm off to Mombasa. I shall keep a shooting kit there for emergencies. I suppose you'll understand. Be kind to her and help her in any way you can. I hope I shan't run into Breitmann. I shall tell him out of hand. Happiness to you, my boy. And maybe I'll slip you a trophy for the wedding. Explain my departure in any way you please. CATHWE.

The reader folded the note and stowed it away. Somehow the bloom was gone from things. He was very fond of Cathewe, kindly, gentle, brave and chivalrous. What was the matter with the woman anyhow? How to explain? The simplest way would be to state that Cathewe had gone back to Ajaccio. Fitzgerald was gloomy all that moment when Laura joined him. To her, of course, he explained the situation.

Neither she nor Hildegarde cared to go up to the forest. They would find nothing but a hole. And, indeed, when the men returned from the forest, weary, dusty and dissatisfied, they declared that they had gone not with the expectation of finding anything, but to certify a fact.

M. Ferraud was now in a great hurry. Forty miles to Corte. Night or not they must make the town. There was no discussion; the spell of the little man was upon them all.

Racing his horses all through the night, scouring for fresh ones at dawn and finding them, and away again, climbing, turning, climbing round this pass, over that bridge, through this cut, thus flew Breitmann, the passion of haste upon him. By this tremendous pace he succeeded in arriving at Evisa before the admiral had covered half the distance to Carghese.

How clear and keen his mind was as he rolled! A thousand places were themselves to the parent stem. He even laughed aloud, sending a shiver up the spine of the driver, who was certain his old master was mad. The face of Laura drifted past him as in a dream and then again that of the other woman. No, no. He regretted nothing, absolutely nothing. But he had been a fool there. He had wasted time and lent himself to a despicable intrigue. For all that he outcried it. There was a touch of shame on his cheeks when he remembered that had he asked she would have given him that scrap of paper the first hour of their meeting. Somewhere in Hildegarde von Mitter lay dormant the spirit of heroes. He had made a mistake.

Two millions of shining money, gold, silver and English notes. And he laughed again as he recalled M. Ferraud, caught in a trap. He was clever, but not clever enough. What a stroke—to make prisoners of the party to their return, to carry the girl away into the mountains! Would any of them think of treasures, of conspiracies, with her as a hostage? He

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