

THE TERRY COUNTY HERALD.

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The Rev. William Barney

[Original.]

At a table made of rough boards fixed between two trees, on seats of the same construction, sat a party of miners at the national game, poker. The coolest man at the table was a sleek looking person of about forty, and the most agitated was a young fellow scarcely twenty-one, with light hair and blue eyes. He had been losing heavily, nearly all his losses passing into the pile of the sleek man.

A ministerial looking man approached the table and invited the players to stop their unholy game and join in religious exercises he was to conduct in a grove up on the hillside. The gamblers paid no attention to the invitation, and the parson, making a virtue of necessity, stood looking on at the game.

A woman—she was not more than nineteen—came hurrying toward the table, leaned anxiously over the blue eyed fellow and whispered something in his ear. His reply brought tears to his eyes. From this time she watched his little pile of chips dwindle and the pile before the sleek man grow.

"Sonny," said the parson, "you ain't up to that. Let me work the rest of your pile for you."

Every one at the table looked astonished. The youngster glanced up at the speaker and was about to proceed in the management of his own affairs when the woman took a hand in the argument and persuaded him to intrust them to the parson. The surprise at the turn affairs had taken was not un-mixed with contempt at the idea of a parson attempting to buck against regulars at the game. Without noticing it he took a seat behind the young man's chips, representing some ten or twelve dollars, and began to play.

It was noticeable that all the large hands were played when the sleek man dealt. At such times the parson kept out. He would bet occasionally, and the pile before him slowly increased. The sleek man watched him for a time, then made up his mind that he would make an easy prey.

It was the sleek man's turn to deal. There was a jack pot to be opened, and it was opened with a big bet. Both the parson and the sleek man came in. When the parson looked at his hand he started. Everybody knew that he had a remarkable hand or was preparing for a bluff. The sleek man knew what cards he held, for he had given him those he wanted him to have. The parson before betting laid his hand face down on the table and said:

"Gents, this yere game is not for one o' my persuasion. I wants y' to understand that I plays for this boy and his wife, who can't afford to lose. I got a hand that ought to help him out—that is, if none o' you have got a bigger one. Suppose we take off the limit."

After this voluntary information every one passed out except the sleek man, who made no objection to raising the limit, and the pile in the center of the table grew rapidly. Something seemed to be wrong with the button that held the parson's back right hand suspender, for he was absentmindedly hitching at it. When he and his opponent were tired of raising each other the sleek man "called." Throwing his hand on the table face up, the parson called "Four jacks," at the same time taking his right hand away from toying with his suspender button and with it a six shooter, which he thrust under the nose of the sleek man. Fixing his steel gray eye on his opponent, he continued:

"It ain't usual for two hands of four of a kind to happen in the same game, and it would be very unusual for two in the four highest hands that can be held to fall in the same deal. If you got four aces or kings or queens I wouldn't recommend you to turn your cards over, for if you got one of them three hands I shall consider it my duty in maintainin' a fair game to shoot."

As the parson spoke he drew the pile on the table toward him and told the young woman to gather it in. She scraped it into her apron and made off with it as fast as she could run.

"I don't play cards and bullets at the same time," said the sleek man, "especially when I hain't been given no time to draw. But I'll go up on the hill with you, and if you'll play a fair game with guns we'll settle it that-a-way. I didn't reckon on a parson playin' the two games at once. Who air y' anyway?"

"I was Bill Barney before I saw the error of my ways and got converted. Now I'm the Rev. William Barney, at your service."

A scarcely perceptible auditor passed over the sleek man. "Very well," he said; "I'll fight you on the hill, and I'll be there tomorrow morning at the rise o' the sun."

With that he rose from his seat and walked away, the parson keeping an eye on him till he was out of sight. Every one present knew that he had gone for good. Bill Barney before his conversion had been the worst man in the territory to tackle, and no one had ever tackled him successfully.

After the sleek man's departure the parson turned to the man whose money he had saved and said:

"Young feller, don't make a fool of yourself again with card sharpeners, but give your money to your wife to keep. Now come up to the meetin' and return thanks for the kindness the Lord has sent you. Come, gents."

Although the invitation was given simply as such, every one present obeyed it as an order. One man of a curious mind lagged behind and turned over the sleek man's cards. He had held four queens.

The Rev. William Barney remained a week at the camp, holding meetings every day. The sleek man did not appear.

EUNICE WINSOR.

Cotton Market Is Excited.

New York, July 8.—The cotton market was very excited today fluctuations being violent and transactions reaching 300,000 bales for the half session.

Closing last night at 10.71c, October contracts sold as low as 10.43c at the opening and before the close had rallied to 10.80c, an advance from the lowest of about \$1.85 a bale.

The weak opening was in response to lower cables, talk of increased offering of spot cotton in the South and apprehension that developments in the investigation of the alleged irregularities in the Government bureau would expose something discreditable to July condition figures.

The Rally was on heavy rain in the Western belt and the market was firm after the publication of the department statement as to the outcome of the recent investigation. The close was firm at a net advance of 6 to 12 points, compared with an opening decline of 14 to 23 points.

The Country Editor.

Much has been said and much has been written about the country editor. Let it be said to his honor and glory that he is an invaluable quantity. There radiates an influence from his teachings that reaches farther than he knows.

He is a king enthroned.

If he be a good king, with broad and generous mind—and he generally is—the power that he wields in the community will live long after he has written his last "30," his form has been "locked" and "carted" to the silent "bed."

He is tributary of pure and unvarnished thought, that leads to the central body of the great metropolitan press.

Collectively the country papers do more to develop and advance the country than the great news papers of the cities of the land. A new camp opens up, a new colony invades an untracked country, a new valley gives homes to the people, the country editor is there. He generally starts a nine column paper in a six column town. He struggles and toils, writes his own copy, sets his own type, runs the "Old Army" himself and carries his own papers to the postoffice, and starts the raffle that widens—who knows how far! The little sheet is, "sent home" by a friend. The editor's glowing, yet honest and unpadding description of the locality catches the eye of the friend and in turn speaks of it to a friend. Result—immigra-

tion, and the new town or colony increases and the country developed and made a valuable part of the United States.

The country editor fills a separate place from that occupied by the city man. He tells of the little things, and it is the little things that go to make up the great book of useful knowledge.

From the plain report in his paper the government draws much of its information upon many important subjects.

Hats off to the country editor. He is a, "country" editor in deed—the country is his sphere, his theme, his pride.—A. U. May geld in Denver News.

Last Friday evening a big hail storm passed over a strip of Terry County almost completely destroying the crops of every farm in its pathway. The path made by this destructive form of the elements was all the way from a mile to a mile and a half wide. Some farmers suffered a total loss of their crops while others were only partially effected, owing to their being on the outer edge of the path.

Some are inclined to be a little discouraged over their loss, but a good many are not feeling worried at all, but are preparing the ground as fast as possible for another planting. M. B. Sawyers, one of those who suffered an entire loss, says that his prospects for a good crop this fall are brighter than they were this time last year, for then he had to plant over and at that time there was not near as much season in the ground as there is now and that he succeeded in making a good crop last year and expects to make a still better one this autumn.

Every one that was hurt is going to replant, so far as we have heard.

Among those who lost heavily were, Virgil Boone, Kropp, D. A. Allmon, Rev. Hamlett, and M. B. Sawyers.

We have lost an active and good man in the person of Ex Gov. Frank R. Lubbock whose spirit fled from its house of clay June 26 and all that was mortal of the man was laid to rest in the Austin cemetery the following day.

Recent rains over and around Gomez has put more prospects of a fair forage crop from the ground. A typo looked over a barbed wire fence the other day and counted twelve beans on a stalk. Goobers are growing.

"Look at me, look at me!" pleaded the distracted one. See how your aloofness affects me! Only give me one glance!"

"Oh, don't tempt me!" said the sweet maiden. "How can I love you, when father is a barber and you wear your hair long?"

Visitor: "Waiter, bring me some port wine: it's blowing great guns outside."

Waiter: Yes sir; What brand? Visitor: "Oh, it doesn't matter; any port in a storm."

Judge—Did you call the defendant a liar? Defendant—No, your honor. I merely said that he ought to get a job as a weather prophet.

Oh, that watermillion, how I'd like to have a piece.

Just enough ter make er meal, caze I's about run outen meat.

Lost!

Somewhere between sun and sun, two golden hours, set each with sixty diamond minutes. No reward is offered, for they are forever gone. So have many of the opportunities of life slipped by and passed into oblivion. Take heed and be prepared to avail yourself of those that are to come.

NOTICE

We offer to the people of Terry County and surrounding country a nice line of General Merchandise at as reasonable prices as such can be handled in this country and will take pleasure in serving you in any way that is consistent with legitimate business. Don't hesitate to ask us for any accommodations that we are able to give.

Notice These Prices!

Best smoked bacon per pound	13 1-2
Dry salt bacon, per pound	120
Best dried apples, 10 lbs	\$1.00
Prunes, 14 lbs	1.00c
Peaches, 9 lbs	1.00
Black-eyed peas, 25 lbs	1.00
Lady peas, 25 lbs	1.00
A fine lot of Men's and boys clothing per suit	\$2 to 12 1-2
Calicoes, per yard	5c
Lawns, per yard	10c
Best Ginghams, per yard	8c

All other things in groceries, dry goods, hardware, drugs or notions in proportion

Yours Very Truly,

Brownfield Mercantile Co.

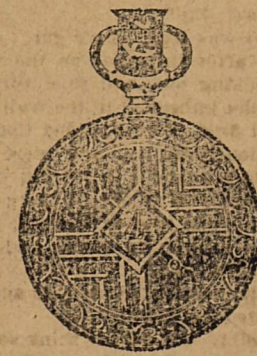
Brownfield

Texas

BROWNFIELD

The fine location, its amiable citizenship and its continual effort to come to the front, all go to prove the final great destiny of this town. Property can be had at your own figures and terms. See the

Brownfield Townsite Co.



John Johnson

Fine watch and Jewelry repairing a specialty.

Big Springs Tex.

Explanatory

The Herald office will be without a printer for perhaps an issue or to from the fact that our former compositor has had to leave on account of ill health. We expect, however, to have a new man in the office within a very short period of time. Until then the Herald will be printed from the forms now on the press in order to carry out some contracts for legal printing.

In Those Days Of Operation.

Husband came home one evening to find a note left for him by his wife. Carelessly he opened it, but as he read his face blanched. "My God!" he exclaimed, "how could this have happened so suddenly?" And snatching his hat and coat, he rushed to a hospital which was near his home. "I want to see my wife, Mrs. Eaton, who is in your care."

Terry County Herald.

W. R. Spencer - - - Proprietor
Brownfield, Terry County, Texas

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SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

One Year One Dollar
Six Months Fifty-Cent.

'HERBES O' VERTUE.'

Rosemary and Rue Held High Estate Among the Ancients.

Of high rank among the ancient and mediæval "herbes o' vertue" was rue. This plant, "the herb of grace," probably gained its reputation for breaking the spells of witchcraft, because it was so often employed for sprinkling holy water. Spenser includes this herb in the ingredients of a charm by which the aged nurse endeavored to change the current of Britomart's thoughts when she fell in love with the image of Sir Arctogal in a magic mirror. Another favorite amulet was vervain, the holy herb, which was much used in ancient religious rites and subsequently for decorating the altars of churches. Roman heralds always crowned their heads with vervain when they either declared war or made a truce.

Rosemary was valued for its powers of strengthening a weak memory; hence it became the symbol of remembrance. Rosemary was also used as a love charm, the reason being "both Venus, the love goddess, and rosemary, or sea dew, were offspring of the sea, and therefore as love was beauty's son rosemary was love's nearest relative." Anne of Cleves wore sprays of rosemary at her marriage with Henry VIII., as this flower was then used by brides instead of orange blossoms, and wedding guests wore it instead of white favors. Rosemary was also closely associated with funerals, the mourners each carrying a spray to drop into the grave at the conclusion of the service.

Powdered rosemary applied to the face was supposed to have magical effects for restoring faded beauty, and a bath of rosemary taken three times a day was said to restore youth and vigor. In the language of flowers, rosemary signifies fidelity in love. Shakespeare referred to this when he made the old nurse ask, "Do not rosemary and Romeo begin both with a letter?"—that is, with the same letter.—Chicago News.

LITTLE JACK HORNER.

Only an Up to Date "Grafter" in the Days of King Hal.

The origin of the poetical jingles known as nursery ballads is in some few cases well known. Thus "the fine lady with rings on her fingers and bells on her toes" refers to the pilgrimage of the queen consort of one of the English kings passing through Banbury, where a cross was set up to mark her night's resting place, and ending at Charing Cross.

The ballad of "Little Jack Horner" is based on the following facts: In the time of Henry VIII., immediately after his breach with the pope, commissioners were sent throughout the country to seize the church lands.

One of the commissioners sent into the west of England, that portion referred to in Kingsley's "Westward Ho," was John Horner. About ten miles from Bath and five from Frome, both in the county of Somerset, lies the Horner estate, which has remained in the possession of the Horner family ever since the above John Horner, when despoiling the church of its lands for the benefit of King Hal, managed to grab a considerable slice for himself and thus originated among the surrounding country folk the ballad referring to Little Jack Horner.

He put in his thumb,
And he pulled out a plum,
The plum being the Horner estate. The matter was referred to some years back in one of the leading Bristol papers.—H. Smith in New York Times.

Throwing the Handkerchief.

Statement copied from an old manuscript: "In the Foundling Hospital the Boys are bound apprentices, the Women when marriageable are conducted in procession thro' ye streets, and any Young Man who see one He wd wish for a Wife is at liberty to mark Her by throwing his handkerchief." The further formalities required previous to matrimony are not stated. Perhaps this peculiar custom is the origin of the expression "throwing the handkerchief."—Nineteenth Century.

Well Answered.

"Do you see much difference between Americans and Englishmen?" a handsome, spoiled English guardsman is said to have asked a sparkling American girl newly arrived in London society.

"Oh, yes," was her quick reply. "Over there the men admire us; here we are expected to admire you."

They say the astonished soldier almost fell off his chair at the unexpectedness of it.

THE IDEAL HOME.

Man's Ideas Constantly Change as He Grows Older.

As the male member of the human species advances in years his ideas as to what constitutes an ideal dwelling change so absolutely that there is between the different places he would select almost no similarity.

At three years old his ideal is a tent formed from a table cover, a blanket, a spread, a piece of carpet, or any other material that can be so arranged that it will form a little place into which to crawl.

At six the best possible dwelling is a hut built of barrel staves, boards and planks, and unknown to persecuting adults, and especially to policemen.

A boy of ten would select a spacious cave, with a marvelous secret entrance, preferably with the entrance under water at flood tide, with the floors covered with heavy costly carpets, the walls decorated with deadly weapons inlaid with gold, silver and precious stones, and with enough food stowed away to enable the inhabitants of the place to live for a year if necessary.

At twenty the heart's desire is a room in a large hotel where the cost would be at least \$3 a day and where there would be a dinner at 7 o'clock, with lots of pretty and rich women present, a big smoking room and plenty of stationery with a heavy gold monogram or crest stamped on it.

At twenty-five the best possible home is a neat, comfortable modern flat in some respectable neighborhood, not too far from the cars, theaters and shopping district, and with asphalted streets so there will not be too much noise.

At thirty-five the only proper dwelling is a town house, preferably situated near houses of men whose wealth is reckoned in the tens of millions of dollars and who really have considerable money, said house to have a mammoth ballroom, music room and art gallery, and in addition to this house another country house within easy distance of the city, and still again, in addition to these two houses, a modest but quaintly elegant cottage at some popular seashore resort.

At fifty a man's tastes have toned down, and he longs for a little cottage in the country, where all is quiet, where birds sing and there are chickens in the yard, a cow in the stable, a goodly plot of ground that continually yields an unfailing supply of fresh vegetables and where all is modesty, sweet content and freedom from the usual annoyances that make life a burden.

At sixty the cottage has grown smaller, and the man would be content with less ground, fewer chickens and vegetables and could get along quite nicely without the cow.

At seventy any place will do so long as a man is not disturbed and has reasonable assurance that he will not be.—Exchange.

Himself a Victim.

A Harvard sophomore was reciting a memorized oration in one of the classes in public speaking. After the first two sentences his memory failed, and a look of blank despair came over his face. He began as follows:

"Ladies and gentlemen, Washington is dead, Lincoln is dead"—Then, forgetting, he hesitated a moment and continued, "and—I—I am beginning to feel sick myself."—Boston Herald.

The Haunted Man

The doctor said it was a singular case, but by no means a rare one. Gordon Combs by name—a bachelor of thirty-five, wealthy and taking life easy, had suddenly become possessed of the idea that he was haunted.

"Just what sort of a feeling is this that comes over you?" was asked.

"It is easily described. It is as if one were waiting for a dear friend to die—a feeling of awe—a state of suspense, and now and then I find myself cringing, as if some one was aiming a blow at me."

"Crash! Zip!"

"That was from an air gun," said the doctor after throwing up the window and looking out, and then turning to the bullet imbedded in the wall.

"And fired at me," added Combs. "Undoubtedly, as you were facing the window and I could not be seen. Your enemy is in one of those houses. He fired from roof or window. One of them is a rooming house, and it was likely from that."

"It—It might have been an accident," suggested the patient.

"Possibly, but I don't think so. Your case has gone beyond me. Put it into the hands of the police."

Combs went to the police and reported the affair as probably an accident, but asked that they find out if any boy or man living in any of the houses had an air gun. There had been no report and no powder smoke. Inside of two days a detective assured him that such a thing as an air gun had never been seen about any of the houses. The bachelor made up his mind that it was an accident, but that the shooter had lied about it, and he tried to dismiss it from his mind. He had the feeling of fear yet, but he did not go back to the doctor. He determined to fight against and conquer it. Two days later at the

time he ordered a drink, which was not brought to him immediately, as the waiter had to serve another order first. When the wine came it sat at his elbow untasted while he conversed with an acquaintance who had just come in.

"Hello," said the gentleman, as his eyes lighted on the glass, "but the color of that wine is way off tonight. Let me see."

He held it up between his eye and the light for a moment and then said: "I don't like the looks of this at all. Let me take it to Peter's and have him analyze it."

"For what?"

"For knockout drops."

"Bosh! And in our own club too!"

Next day the chemist reported that the wine had been poisoned. The waiter explained that he had left it a moment unwatched before bringing it to Combs, but neither he nor any of the others had seen a strange person about. The matter was kept a secret between three or four members of the club, and Combs did not go to the police until a fortnight later. Then he went because a third attempt had been made.

"You have got a deadly enemy," said the detective to whom the case was given, "and you must set your memory at work and try to give me a pointer. This unknown is doubtless a man, and he wants your life mighty bad. What man have you ever had serious trouble with?"

"No man on earth, and I pledge you my honor on that," was the reply.

"Well, then, what woman?"

"None—absolutely none."

"Well, here are three dastardly attempts and no clew. I don't see what we can do but wait for the fourth and hope that something may turn up."

Combs waited. He could do nothing but wait. Three weeks later, as he went to the stables for his horse and a gallop in the park, he accidentally discovered a strong pin thrust through the flap of his saddle in such a way that it must have sharply pricked his leg had he mounted. No man about the stables knew of the pin, and yet a chemist said that its point had been steeped in a deadly poison. Then the detective suggested that the victim make a secret departure from the city and go abroad for a few months. This advice was followed. The man was fast becoming a nervous wreck, and he realized that he must get from under the shadow or collapse. No one could have made a more secret departure, and yet when the steamer bound for London was three days out he discovered that his box of favorite cigars had been meddled with and probably poisoned.

On landing in London Combs employed a private detective to accompany him and started for Switzerland. Every precaution was used in getting away and in reaching a place off the traveled route, and for a month the hunted man had peace. There was no other guest at the chalet where the two found lodgings, and it was some miles to the nearest village or hotel. One day the bachelor, who was now regaining his lost flesh and spirits, went up the mountain to a peculiarly shaped spot called the basin. It was a quiet retreat, and it had become his habit to read and smoke there when the weather was pleasant. On this day the detective accompanied him, but had fallen asleep after finishing his cigar. Suddenly the old feeling came back to Combs. He fought with it for five minutes, and then started up with a groan on his lips. He had not yet reached his feet when a great rock weighing a ton or more came tumbling down into the sink and struck him fairly and crushed the life out of him in an instant. The detective awoke and sprang up and rushed up the path, but no one was in sight. He listened, and what he thought he heard was the faint sounds of footsteps running away through the fir trees. He saw no one; he could not be sure that any human being had been within half a mile of the place, and yet Gordon Combs lay dead beneath the rock that human hands had set rolling.

M. QUAD.

French Art.

There must be more vitality in French art as a whole than you would guess from a visit to the salons. Nay, there is. I do not say that it is healthy anywhere. The great days are gone, but still, out of doors—in posters, in illustrations for the journals, in bijouterie, in the ornamentation of shops, even in the pictures in railway termini—there are still signs that the plastic arts have a vitality in France, more vitality than with us. It is often vulgar enough, but at least it is bold.—London Outlook.

Sea Birds.

Sea birds frequently spend weeks at sea and are believed to quench their thirst partly from the fat and oil which they devour ravenously when opportunity puts them in their way. The keen eyesight of birds is well known, and sea birds have been observed flocking toward the storm cloud about to burst from all points of the compass, and apparently drinking the water as it descends from the skies.

Explained.

"Why does a woman always get off a car backward?"
"Because she's never quite sure she may not change her mind and want to get on again."—Life.

WE SHOULD READ POETRY.

The Need to Keep Alive Faith in Spiritual Literature.

Analysis is encouraged by our civilization more than the sense of beauty. It is a scientific age, and we are all in danger to some extent of that atrophy of the imagination of which Darwin is the most famous case. Poetry is in literature that branch which appeals primarily to the imagination and helps to keep it alive, as exercise helps to preserve the body. As we do not produce much poetry or other imaginative art we are thrown back upon the past, and this increases the necessity of education in poetry, for forms of expression which are not contemporary are seldom entirely appreciated without training. Often people of the best natural taste are less open to certain beauties than others less naturally appreciative, but with more mental and aesthetic exercise in youth. The most sincere minds reject most emphatically any pretense of caring for what they really do not enjoy. Thus among the truest natures of our acquaintance one sees nothing in early painting, another in poetry and a third in the higher music, all from lack, rather of training than of eye, ear or fancy. In the circumstances of our day it is more important in a child's education that he should be prepared to like and understand Spenser and Wordsworth, Milton, Burns and Shelley than that he should early acquire a realistic mode of thinking or a start in scientific information. Exact knowledge and logic in this age will take care of themselves, but it requires more care to keep alive that

Sense sublime

Of something far more deeply inter-fused,
Whose dwelling is the light of setting
suns,
And the round ocean and the living air
And the blue sky and in the mind of man.

Whatever truth may be, it is larger than the little naturalistic thoughts and observations that sometimes claim the title. There is more of it in a Beethoven symphony than in one of Herbert's Spencer's essays, and more in Macbeth's soliloquies than in fourteen weeks in natural science.—Collier's Weekly.

FIRE WORSHIP.

Reminiscences of It Are Still to Be Found in Scotland.

Reminiscences of the pre-Christian days of Baal worship and fire worship are still to be found occasionally in Scotland. A few years ago a traveler wrote: "On the last day of the year, old style, which falls on Jan. 12, the festival of 'the clavie' takes place in Burchhead, a fishing village near Forres. On a headland in that village still stands an old Roman altar, locally called the 'douro.' On the evening of Jan. 12 a large tar barrel is set on fire and carried by one of the fishermen round the town, while the assembled folk shout and halloo. If the man who carries the barrel falls it is an evil omen. The man with the lighted barrel, having gone with it round the town, carries it up to the top of the hill and places it on the 'douro.'

"More fuel is immediately added. The sparks as they fly upward are supposed to be witches and evil spirits leaving the town. The people, therefore, shout at and curse them as they disappear in vacancy. When the burning barrel falls in pieces the fishermen rush in and endeavor to get a lighted bit of wood from its remains. With this light the fire on the cottage hearth is at once kindled, and it is considered lucky to keep this flame all the rest of the year. The charcoal of the 'clavie' is collected and put in bits up the chimney to prevent the witches and evil spirits from entering the house.

"The 'douro' (the Roman altar) is covered with a thick layer of tar from the fires that are lighted upon it annually. Close to the 'douro' is a very ancient Roman well and close to the well several rude but curious Roman sculptures can be seen let into a garden wall."

A Duty.

Jimson—It's very unpleasant to speak of this, but I feel that it is only a duty to myself to remind you that you owe me \$5. Stimson (turning on his heel)—Don't mention it, old fellow. I'm glad you've discharged your duty so well.

Work is a good thing. A great deal of the meanness of human nature must come out through the pores.—Dallas (Tex.) News.

Contentment

Is a Jewel

[Original]

It has been said that the world is what we make it. Whether this be true or not, certain it is that discontent has a great deal to do with our sufferings. Now, there was Arthur Bisbee—young, handsome, rich, in perfect health and happy till he got it into his stupid head that he wanted a certain girl for a wife. There were hundreds of other girls he could have had for the asking, but he wanted Helen Sturdy. And he enters the canker worm. Helen wouldn't have him for the reason that others

wanted him. He had no cares, necessities, comforts, luxuries for himself and his family if he had one, were assured. But Miss Sturdy would not marry a man who had no career. She had one herself. She was a teacher, earning her own living, and did not propose to marry an idle man. "Do something," she said to Bisbee, "if it's only leading a useless expedition to the south pole. Then perhaps I'll listen to you."

Bisbee's judgment said to him: "You have been deprived of inheritance from the necessity of work, and you've no especial inclinations. Therefore, take your comfort and don't fret." But people admire their opposites, and Bisbee thought he couldn't get on without this Sturdy girl, who had taken all the honors of her class at college and was considered a prodigy of independence. So he resolved to "do something." He chose journalism and accepted a position as reporter for a daily paper at \$10 a week. The income from his property was \$4,000 a month. Bisbee thought that since he was at work he might as well prepare to take some position in the world, so he determined to study the labor question and study it practically with a view to giving the result of his investigations to the world.

One morning Bisbee, dressed as a teamster, applied at the office of a wholesale grocery house for work. The concern happened to need teamsters, and despite the man's appearance, which was not especially rugged, they employed him. In fact, a strike was expected every day, and they were looking out for nonunion men, one of whom the new man claimed to be. He was employed as John Barker and commenced driving at once.

A week later the strike came on. John Barker was one morning knocked off his wagon seat by union men and only rescued by the police with great difficulty. He was a persevering man and the next day drove the same wagon, getting through the day with a lump on his head the size of a hen's egg, the result of being struck with a lump of coal. His employers advised him to let some harder man take his place, but Barker refused and kept on driving till he was so badly hurt by the union men that he was laid up for a week. He withdrew from his position, and his firm knew him no more.

As soon as Barker had recovered from his wounds he appeared at the headquarters of the union and enrolled as a member. That night he was sent off to do picket duty and, getting into a skirmish with the "scabs," was nearly killed, besides being left on the field and taken in by the police. He was recognized by his old associates, the nonunion men who captured him from the police, and when they got through with him he was carted to the city hospital a mass of wounds and dirt.

"What name?" he was asked.
"This is played out," he replied faintly. "I'm no teamster. I'm Arthur Bisbee, with plenty of money to pay my way. Give me the best room in the house and send for my own doctor."

It soon reached the ears of Miss Sturdy that Bisbee was a martyr to the cause of sociology, and she sent him some flowers with a pretty note in which she expressed a desire to see his "forthcoming work on the labor question." Bisbee directed the flowers to be thrown out of the window, and the note he tore into bits. As soon as he got well enough to be moved he was driven to his own house and waited on by his own valet. Flowers and notes were showered on him by his young lady friends, but he would have none of them. Indeed, he would not even have a woman nurse, as directed by his doctor.

When Bisbee had gained sufficient strength he embarked for Europe and either at Nice or at Florence or among the Alps slowly recovered from his injuries. His experiences had made a philosopher of him, and he proposed to enjoy his wealth in his own way. He liked woman's society, but had no use for woman as a stimulator of his ambition. On the whole continent of Europe there was no happier, no more contented man than Bisbee.

When he had passed middle life he began to wish for a nearer companionship than is possible to a bachelor and married Miss Dorothy Bliss, a young woman who attracted him for what he called her "horse sense." He confided to her his experience in "doing something," and when she had heard his story she said:

"It has pleased Providence to give some people that which is equivalent to stored labor. Such people are on a different plane from those who have to make their career. Each condition has its advantages, but the world is unanimous in preferring that condition which brings with it freedom from care and independence."

Helen Sturdy's body proved not strong enough for her ambition. At the end of a dozen years of teaching her health gave way and she was deprived of her means of livelihood. Bisbee would have gladly helped her, but she was very proud and got on with a small stipend from an aunt who possessed some of what is called "stored labor."

HELEN V. TURNER.

Occupied.

First Cook—An' what was yes talkin' about? Second Cook—Oh, we was discussin' the mistress problem.—Fack.

An International Complication

(Original.)

Emily Thorburn and Emily Kent were two Americans of the new woman type. Being bosom friends and each possessed of a good income, they joined the "innumerable caravan" that in the spring traverses the desert of water between Europe and America, unattended by any escort whatever. In Egypt they fell in with two young Russian noblemen who were finishing their education by travel. Dimitri Maragoff devoted himself to Miss Thorburn. Peter Nevanski was happy when in the society of Miss Kent. When the two young couples parted the men urged the girls to visit St. Petersburg, promising to give them an opportunity to see the inner side of Russian high life. The girls declined the invitation, but the next spring found them at the Russian capital.

They sent their cards to the address given them and waited. A week passed, and no answer came. Then one morning a note was found slipped under the door of their apartments. It was from Nevanski and said he and his friend had been active in the revolution. Maragoff was in prison, awaiting transportation to Siberia, and he (Nevanski) was hunted by the police. It would be impossible for him to call upon them without great risk of implicating them.

Nothing could be more effective in arousing the sympathy of these two girls, who were heart and soul with the Russian revolution. The ancestors of both had more than a hundred years before acted in a revolution of their own, and the girls had inherited the sterling qualities evolved in the struggle for American liberty. Nevanski in his note named an address where a reply might be left (not sent by mail), and the girls, not heeding his warning, wrote him to come and see them, even if he must come in disguise. He came as a poddler.

Now, these two American girls of the new woman type, finding that the young Russians were not in a position to introduce them, as they had promised, to Russian society, laid plans to take the unfortunates to the land of liberty and introduce them to American society. Both women were strong characters and weighed well what they proposed to do. They were sensible of the fact that they were risking a residence in Siberia and that they had but one advantage—that of being American citizens. They acted, not on impulse, but on the generosity of their American natures.

Nevanski had bribed one of Maragoff's keepers to pass communications between them and had made some effort to secure his friend's freedom by the same means. What the girls could not obtain through the American minister, a permit to visit the prison where Maragoff was confined, they obtained by the method most effective in Russia, bribery. They bribed a keeper, and when his superior was absent he took them through as a party of tourists, all they pretended to be. They were on the lookout for Maragoff, and when they saw him a frown from Miss Thorburn checked an expression of pleasurable recognition. As they passed she lagged and slipped into his hand a code (composed of commonplace sentences) pertaining to a matter of escape.

Maragoff's cell overlooked the prison wall. One day the official Nevanski had bribed handed Maragoff a note. Since the messenger had only agreed to transmit noncompromising messages, this one was in the code. It admonished the prisoner to obtain a string and throw it the next night over the wall. He did so and drew up a bundle of clothes, which proved to be the uniform of a prison official. There were also "making up" material and instructions to make himself like his keeper. A knife and some rope completed the outfit. When the keeper came round for the last time during the night Maragoff, who was in bed, feigned illness and called the man in. Then he threw off the bedclothes, pushed the astonished keeper in his bed, covered him with the bedclothes and after getting a gag in his mouth bound him. Taking the keys, he locked the cell and walked down and out of the prison. A carriage was in waiting. He stepped in and was driven away, changing his outer garments and his "makeup" by the way, to the apartments of the American girls.

The next move must be to get the men out of Russia. The question of their using the girls' passports, in disguise, was considered, but the passports would not fit them, even with the best feminine "makeup." At any rate, it was thought best for them to run the gantlet to the border, and, after making Berlin a rendezvous at which all were to meet, the quartet separated.

The place of meeting was in an apartment house in which the girls had already spent some time. On the morning of the appointed meeting they stationed themselves at a window where they could see any one coming. At the appointed hour the two friends, arm in arm, came down the avenue, and as soon as the girls caught sight of them they saw the men and waved

their handkerchiefs, a welcome that was answered in kind by the Russians. In another minute there was a joyous reunion.

Police and prisons being dispensed with, the girls extended a cordial invitation to the men they had rescued to visit America and become acquainted with American ways. But they were both too much interested in the liberty struggle in Russia to go on a pleasure tour.

The reports of a coming double wedding have not thus far been confirmed.

MORRIS WYNNE.

WITH THE IMMORTALS.

Creatures That Seem Never to Die From Old Age.

Wandering unconcernedly in the field of view of any high power microscope there may be seen an animal which has probably been living continuously ever since life first appeared on the earth and which has certainly never lost an ancestor by death. The creature is transparent and resembles a drop of slightly more viscid fluid in the thin film of water in which it is confined. Amoeba is the name by which it is known to science. Splash a drop of ink on paper, and you will have an idea of its form at any one moment, but its form is never the same. Even as you watch it its shape, which had a resemblance to Ireland as it appears on the map, changes. The headlands at the southwest corner are becoming more and more prominent till now they are like the fingers of an outstretched hand of which the palm is rapidly shrinking. The whole creature is flowing rather than creeping toward a small chain of bacteria, which presently it devours. There is no mouth through which they pass. They are simply engulfed as small drops of water may be merged into a larger. In an hour or two they will have been digested—burned off as fuel to supply the activities of their destroyer.

Occasionally amid its ceaseless changes of form amoeba may be seen to be developing a "waist," which grows smaller and narrower until it snaps, and instead of one large animal we have two small ones, which, without even a momentary pause, continue the search for food till, in a few hours, each is full sized and ready to divide again.

But what has become of the original amoeba? In the absence of anything which could be called his corpse we cannot declare him dead. It must be said that he is still living as the two new amoebae. Now, this splitting into two being the only mode of reproduction of the race, it follows that all the previous parent amoebae from which our present two are descended are still living. Of course thousands of the animalcules are destroyed every day by natural foes, but it must be remembered that these unfortunates cannot by the nature of things leave any children and so will never be ancestors, and that so long as any one amoeba is living none of his direct ancestry is dead.

The conclusion has forced itself upon biologists that death is no part of the life scheme of these humble creatures. They are not like us—machines, preordained to run down in a more or less certain period of years—but they live on indefinitely till some chance accident cuts short their career. Youth, or, rather, immaturity, they experience from time to time, but old age never!—Grand Magazine.

POINTED PARAGRAPHS.

Two-thirds of what people call principle is bullheadedness.

Ever remark how often heroes are changed. A hero seldom lasts three months.

A man who behaves himself and is industrious can get along with mighty little genius.

Photographs of "mother" never look natural, because she seems to have been idle when they were taken.

One of the most pitiful things in town is a man who is dying, but who is able to walk feebly on the streets at intervals.

About every five minutes in a concited man's life he imagines the custodian of gems in the world above hears of his good deeds, grabs for another jewel and puts it into the crown that is waiting for him.—Acheson Globe.

A Proper Distinction.

Here is a story of John Fiske which illustrates his frankness:

It seems that one day his wife had to report to him that their son had been guilty of calling Mrs. Jones, a neighbor, a fool and Mr. Jones a much worse fool.

Professor Fiske sent for the youngster and when he appeared in the library said to him sternly, "My son, is it true that you said Mrs. Jones was a fool?"

Hanging his head, the boy replied, "Yes, father, I did."

"And did you call Mr. Jones a worse fool?"

"Yes, father."

After a moment's reflection the famous historian said slowly, "Well, my son, that is just about the distinction I should make."—Boston Record.

At Commencement

(Original.)

The decennial meeting of my class at college was a very enjoyable affair. Having been out in the world ten years, we had had some experience and were still young. At the banquet, held at a place where other class dinners were in progress at the same time, we exchanged experiences, and it came out that every man had been at least reasonably successful.

When I had had enough of the speaking, in order to escape the heat and air laden with tobacco smoke I went out on to a balcony. The only seat was by a window opening into a small room where sat four venerable men at dinner. I could not help overhearing what they said and soon became deeply interested. I made out that they were graduates celebrating the fiftieth anniversary of their graduation. It was not long before I had all their names. They were Alcott, Bates, Oviatt and Wells. They were telling their experiences.

"My life," said Alcott, "has been one succession of failures. As you all remember, I was graduated one of the lowest men in our class."

"That's because you wouldn't study. You might have been one of the first," said Bates.

"At any rate, I stood low. I found a job at reporting and slaved along, trying to make a decent living and rise to something better. But whenever a man was wanted for a first class position some one else was chosen. I did some scribbling and occasionally hit off something that pleased my friends, but not the public or the publishers, which brings the same result. In my old age I am still scribbling and for small pay."

The next man's experience was that of Bates. "I was a good man at talking in a crowd while in college and, as you remember, was the orator on class day. Soon after getting out into the world I drifted into politics. Most of my life has been spent in congress. I was supposed to represent the people of my district. That was all bosh. I represented the political boss. There were certain prerequisites to my office that enabled me to accumulate some money, but I was obliged to divide with the boss, and he finally wanted the lion's share. Then I announced that I would retire. I went out of office with a fine send off. I should have been sent to—but I'm getting too confidential. I wish, Tom Alcott, I had your record. It is at least clean."

"Come, doctor," said Wells, "it's your turn next."

"My record," said the doctor, "is worse than Bates'. On graduating I chose medicine for a profession. At that time we doctors knew very little, comparatively, and worked in the dark. I had a streak of bad luck that would have consigned me to expulsion from the profession had it not been for a plausible, sympathetic way I had with me that especially caught the women. By dint of overcharging the rich I managed to make a few fees every year that gave me a living, but it's only lately since some new discoveries in medicine have been made that I can say my fees have been honestly earned."

"Well, boys," said Wells, "I suppose it's up to me to give you the worst failure of the lot. I have no right to be here, for, as you know, I was rusticated three times and shortly before graduation was fired by the faculty for general cussedness. If I had known these confessions would be in order I would have stayed away. However, mean as I am, I'm not mean enough to let you fellows do all the confessing. I made up my mind to get rich, and I have got rich. And how have I done it? It would take a volume to tell all of the mean things I've done. I began by trying to get things for less than they were worth and to sell them for more than they were worth. I jewed everybody down to starvation prices for what I bought, irrespective of their necessities or the value of their wares. By this means I rose steadily until I organized my own company to do business and elected myself president. I soon saw that if I didn't kill off competition, competition would kill me. The consequence is that I've ruined everybody that has sought to succeed in my line except a few who are now with me in the trust. That's my record, and if you can find a meaner one I'd like to know it."

Soon after the confessions were all in the old men broke up from their last class meeting, and I went back to the banquet room of my own class in a very thoughtful condition. Commencement took place the next day, and among the oldest graduates I found a man who was in college with the men whose confessions I had overheard, and I asked him if he knew them.

"Know them! Of course I do! I knew them in college, and know them now. Bates represented his district in congress for thirty years and was an honor to his country. Dr. Oviatt stands very high in his profession and would have been rich had he not spent the most of his time attending the poor with no pay. Wells is one of the most prominent business men in the country, and his success is only equaled by his audacity. Alcott is the only one

who has not accomplished much at earning money, but he is truly artistic, and true art is unremunerative. Alcott has written some beautiful things, but they are all too refined for the public taste. There are not four better men in the world than Alcott, Bates, Oviatt and Wells."

What meant the discrepancy of these two views? Were the men who had made confessions right, or was their standing in the community as they deserved? I leave the problem to be solved by better minds than mine.

F. A. MITCHEL.

Face Screen For Lepers.

In the leper colony of Audijan, Turkistan, there are a number of women who have become professional beggars. The sad creatures on whom the frightful disease has made visible marks use large fans made of leaves to shield their faces when they present their palms for coppers. The oddly shaped screens are large enough to entirely conceal the head, and if the hands, too, have begun to show signs of the disease pieces of linen are sometimes wound over them.

Charity Begins at Home.

The absentminded Professor Lumpkin is always so shabbily dressed and presents altogether such a broken down appearance that the other day on seeing his own image reflected in a large mirror he drew out his purse to give himself an alms.—Lustige Blätter.

Posted.

Mistress (trying on one of her new gowns)—Norah, how does this dress fit? Norah (without looking up)—Not very well, ma'am. I found it a little tight under the armpits.—London Answers.

DESERT BILL OF FARE

SOURCES FROM WHICH THE INDIAN SUPPLIES HIS LARDER.

Some of the Things Eaten, Especially the Insect and Reptilian Foods, Are Not Only Not Inviting, but Are Not Even Palatable.

About some of the Indian villages of the west are to be seen small patches of maize or a few tiny melon patches, but these cultivated areas are of little account as compared with the number of persons to be fed. These, too, are exceptions rather than the rule, a majority of the towns having no such cultivated fields.

In the various parts of the arid region which shelters so great a portion of our barbarian population is found a tree remarkable for certain properties. The botanical name of this plant is Prosopis juliflora. It is popularly known as the algaroba, or honey mesquite. This tree thrives with little moisture, grows, with thick, bushy top, to a height of twenty to forty feet, affords shelter from the wind and sun, and, best of all in the sight of the hungry natives, it yields abundant crops of fruit known as mesquite beans. The slim green pods hang in clusters from the tips of the boughs, often bending the branches nearly to breaking, so abundant do they grow. The pods, which are six or seven inches long, are pulpy, juicy, fairly palatable and nourishing.

These beans are gathered, dried and stored in the peculiar granaries of the Indians—huge baskets holding several bushels each—and are pulverized when wanted for food in wooden or stone mortars, and the meal thus formed is soaked in water and eaten without further preparation or it is baked into a sort of unleavened bread. It is the principal and favorite food of several tribes.

The screw bean is another food product, less plentiful, but even more highly prized because of its sugary qualities. This fruit is often eaten as plucked from the tree. It ripens the latter part of June or in July, a little later than the mesquite bean.

In some of the mountain sections the Prunus andersonii, or chamish, is found in abundance. The pits of this fruit are pounded in mortars, and the meal is then eaten. There are many varieties of the cactus fruit which are utilized for food, the fruit of the Opuntia tuna or prickly pear being a notable example.

The dead locoweed, the pest of the cattlemen, is a favorite with the Indians, for the yellow pods of the plant when pulverized serve as spice to render some of the otherwise insipid dishes palatable.

The roots of the cancer root are roasted over live coals, and when young, succulent and nourishing are prime favorites with the red epicureans. Flowers of the yucca and agave are boiled, dried and preserved, to be eaten as occasion requires. The young shoots or crowns of these plants are also roasted and eaten. Seeds of the Artemisia tridentata or wormwood and the Atriplex lentiformis are pulverized and eaten. Pine nuts form a very important item of food with many of the tribes in the wooded section of the country, and acorns furnish other tribes with a large part of their living. There are other herbs which are uti-

lized by the Indians as food. Indeed, there are few plants which are not capable of being rendered edible in some manner. There are, however, other things besides plants which are made to satisfy the pangs of hunger. In the animal kingdom are a number of varieties of creatures, not classed in the game list of the white man, which minister to the appetites and needs of the red man.

There are in the southwest, particularly in California, bodies of bitter, poisonous waters known as boracic lakes. Owen's lake, twenty miles long, is of this class. It is a veritable Dead sea, and, like the sea of that name and its counterpart, the Great Salt Lake of Utah, its heavy, brackish waters do not support fish or marine life.

At certain seasons of the year the waters of these boracic lakes abound in white grubs known to the Indians of that region as "koochabee." These grubs are the larvae of a two winged fly, the Ephydra californica. So plentiful are these grubs in their season they line the shores of the lake to a depth of several inches, where the waves cast them up from their watery incubator. The Indians at this season of the year camp upon the shores of the lake, gather this peculiar harvest and dry it in the sun. Later the grubs are ground in stone mortars into fine powder, and from this insect meal they bake a bread which is highly prized.

There are a number of other insects—beetles, reptiles and the like—which are used as food by different tribes. The Chuckawalla, a lizard somewhat resembling the Gila monster, is a common article of food with Lower California Indians and with some of the tribes north of the line. It may not be the most inviting of foods—some of the insect and reptilian foods are far from palatable—but the Indian is not inclined to quarrel with anything which stops the gnawing beneath his belt, and he evidently believes that "not that which goeth into the mouth defileth the man."—Los Angeles Times.

Sparing His Feelings.

Alice—He thinks he hasn't made any impression at all. Clara—Oh, yes, he has, but I'm too considerate to let him know what kind of an impression it is.—New York Press.

Don't place too much confidence in appearances. A genius sometimes wears good clothes.

Victims of Old Jokes.

A hospital surgeon says that there is more facial paralysis among bank paying tellers, photographers and elevator operators than in any other classes. He accounts for it with the words, "Old jokes."

"Jokes! How so?" "Whenever a bank clerk hands out a fresh, crisp bill, the man on the other side of the window says: 'New money, eh? Made it yourself, I suppose?' It is up to the teller to force a huge smile on the man on the chair. 'Ain't you afraid I'll break the camera?' He would be mortally wounded if the operator did not laugh. One man out of every ten will enter an elevator and say to the boy at the rope, 'Lots of ups and downs in your life, ain't there?' The boy forces a smile.

"Year after year of this sort of business tells in the long run. The victims come here for treatment, and we can hold out no hope to them unless they get into another line of labor."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Medford and Its Rum.

The American Gazetteer, published in 1810, has the following: "Medford, a pleasant, thriving compact town in Middlesex county, Massachusetts, four miles north of Boston, situated on the Mytic river, three miles from its mouth. The river is navigable for small vessels to this place, where it meets the Middlesex canal. The township was incorporated in 1630 and contains 1114 inhabitants, who are noted for their industry. Here is a pottoffee. Also four distilleries, which have distilled in one year 252,450 gallons of rum."

Mamma's Baby.

"Pretty? No, I won't say baby is pretty," declared a young mother, "for I can speak of him impartially even though he is my own, and that's more than most mothers can do. He has lovely blue eyes, perfect in shape, hair like the morning sunshine, mouth—well, no rosebud could be sweeter; complexion divinely fair, nose just too charming for anything—in fact, he's faultless, but I won't say he's pretty."

You Know Him.

"Oh, yes, he's a very intellectual man."

"What makes you think that?"

"I judged so from his talk."

"What does he talk about?"

"He's always talking about how intellectual he is."—Philadelphia Press.

How He Won.

How did you get along with that mining proposition that fellow wanted you to go into?"

"I made \$5,000 out of it."

"You did! How did you do that?"

"By not going into it."—Houston Post.

NEW GROCERY STORE

I have opened up a new store in Brownfield, east of the City Barber Shop and am now in position to serve you with fresh, new goods at reasonable prices. Will put in a complete line of staple goods as soon as the weather opens. WATCH THIS SPACE FOR ANNOUNCEMENTS AND PRICES. : : : :

Yours For Business

J. C. Green.

S. H. Windham

Physician and Surgeon
Will promptly answer all calls in Terry County.

Tahoka - - - - - Texas

City Barber Shop

W. J. Head, Prop.

Remember when you want a haircut, shave or shampoo come to my shop and you will receive first-class attention.

Brownfield Texas

W. S. Kennon

Dealer in Hardware

A complete line of shelf goods.

When in Big Springs Call and get my prices.

Yours For Business,

W. S. Kennon,
Big Springs, Texas

T. S. Jackson

General Merchandise,

Meadow

Texas

To Trade.

-96 acres fine land—60 in cultivation—30 in fine orchard; good four room house; two wells and spring; orchard will pay \$100 per acre. A splendid home within two miles of town, to trade for neat little ranch in Terry county. Address John W. Dale, Athens, Texas.

R. B. Cannon
Land Agents,

Terms to suit purchaser.

Big Springs Tex.

Big Springs Land Co.

Have buyers for small ranches. Write or call on them at

Big Springs Texas

Dr. J. H. McCoy

Physician and Surgeon.

Tahoka Teas

Brownfield Hotel.

Terms, \$1.00 per day. Monthly rates make known on application. Tables supplied with the best the market affords. Your patronage solicited.

Feed stables and wagon yard in connection. Best of care and attention given stock. Forage and grain always kept. When in town give us a trial. Satisfaction guaranteed.

J. R. HILL, Prop.
Brownfield, Tex.

A fool is generally a person who detects your faults while you are in the act of calling attention to his own.

W. R. Spencer

Attorney-at-Law and Law and Insurance Agent. : : :

Brownfield Texas.

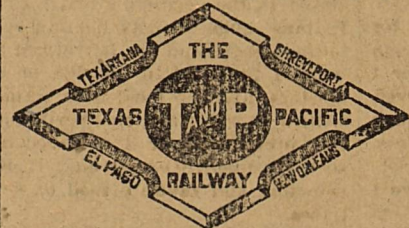
Burton-Lingo Co.

LUMBER

J. G. Galbraith,
Local Manager,
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BEST PASSENGER SERVICE IN TEXAS.

4-IMPORTANT GATEWAYS-4



NO TROUBLE TO ANSWER QUESTIONS.

See our first class
to our first class
to our first class

S. P. TURNER,
GEN'L PASS' AND TICKET AGENT,
DALLAS, TEXAS

S. A. Howell

-Blacksmith and wood workman
Prices right and work up-to-date
shop north of Allmon's wagon
yard. Brownfield, Texas

The Herald's Directory.

STATE OFFICIALS.

S. W. T. Lanham Governor.
Geo. D. Neal Lieut. Gov.
R. V. Davidson Atty Gen
J. W. Stephens Comptroller
J. W. Robbins Treas ur
J. J. Terrell Land Com.
R. B. Cousins Supt. Public instruction.

DISTRICT COURT.

District Court for the County of Terry and the unorganized County of Yoakum attached to Terry for Judicial purposes of the 46th Judicial District meets in the town of Brownfield, Terry County on the 23rd Mondays after the first Mondays in January and July and may continue in session two weeks.

L. S. Kinder, Plainview, District Judge.

R. M. Ellard, Floydada, District Attorney.

W. T. Dixon, Brownfield, District Clerk.

Geo. E. Tiernan, Brownfield, Sheriff.

COUNTY COURT.

County Court of Terry County Texas meets in town of Brownfield on the First Mondays in February, May, August and November.

OFFICERS.

W. N. Copeland, County Judge
W. T. Dixon, County Clerk.
Geo. E. Tiernan, Sheriff.

COMMISSIONERS COURT.

Commissioners Court meets in regular session on the second Mondays in February, May, August and November. W. N. Copeland, County Judge, presiding.

W. A. Shepherd Com. Prec. No. 1

W. H. Gist Com. Prec. No. 2

J. N. Groves Com. Prec. No. 3

J. J. Adams Com. Prec. No.

OTHER COUNTY OFFICERS.

Thomas Deshazo, County Treasurer.

Geo. E. Tiernan, Tax Collector

N. L. Nelson, County Assessor

J. T. Gainer, Justice of the Peace, Precinct No. 1.

S. M. Tow, Constable Precinct No. 1.

Court meets in town of Gomez, on the second Monday in each month,

J. D. Crawford, Justice of Peace of Precinct No. 2.

Court meets 3rd Monday in each month in the town of Brownfield.

SECRET SOCIETIES.

Officers of Lodge No. 903. A. F. A. M.

G. N. Foreman Worshipful Master D.

Senior Warden A. F. Small, Junior Warden. W. R. Spencer, Secretary. M. V. Brownfield, Treasurer. J. A. Foreman, Tyler.

son, Senior Deacon. J. J. Adam Junior Deacon,

Lodge meets every Saturday on or before the full moon of each month.

CHURCH NOTICE.

Rev. J. N. Groves on 3rd Sunday in each month at 11 o'clock p. m.

Rev. Swinney, 1st Sunday in each month at 3 o'clock p. m.

THE BIG SPRINGS LAND COMPANY.

Have Buyers For Small Ranches,
Write or call on them at Big Springs, Texas

Call On

HARVEY L. RIX,
Big Springs, Texas.

Opposite Masonic Temple.

When you need anything in Furniture, Stoves, and Undertaker's Goods.

No. 122.

ALIAS CITATION.

IN THE STATE OF TEXAS.

To the Sheriff or any Constable of Martin county, Greeting:

You are hereby commanded to summon the heirs and devisees of Geo. W. Stultz and of Wm. Stultz and one of the heirs of Francis M. Stultz, parties to the said suit and also Magdalene Musselman and Elizabeth Melvain whose residences are unknown, to appear at the next regular term of the District court of Martin county, to be held in the town of Stanton on the third Monday in September, 1905, being the 18th day of September, 1905, then and there to answer a petition filed in said court on the 10th day of June, 1904 in the case numbered 122, wherein Kate Stultz is plaintiff, and Henry F. Stultz, Howard Pattison, John Stultz, Magdalene Musselman, the unknown heirs and devisees of Geo. W. Stultz, and the unknown heirs and devisees of Wm. Stultz, Elizabeth Melvain, Wm. Stultz, and other heirs of Francis M. Stultz are defendants, and Francis M. Oxley, Administrator, the cause of action being alleged as follows, to-wit:

Plaintiff alleges that she is owner of one-half interest in and to certain lands, hereinafter described, by virtue of the law of descent and distribution of the State of Texas, as the widow of Levi Stultz who died intestate, and that the defendants hereinbefore named are the owners of the other one half interest in and to said lands; that the said Levi Stultz died on the 5th day of March 1903, leaving no will nor issue, and that the property hereinafter described was the separate property of the said Stultz.

That one Francis M. Oxley received from the Probate court of Clairmont county, Ohio, letters of administration of the estate of Levi Stultz on the 14th day of March 1903, and that since that time the estate has been duly administered, its debts and liabilities settled off, and that at this date it is practically closed; that the value of the lands herein after enumerated is estimated by the plaintiff to be \$6000.00; that there are no other person or persons than the ones named heretofore as defendants in the case, interested in or entitled to share of said property. The said property of Levi Stultz is described as follows:

County, Terry, abstract No's 226, 228 and 230, Cert. No's. 45, 50 and 53, Sur. No's 131, 141 and 147, Orig. Gran. D. & P. R. R. acres 640, 560 and 640, Terry county, certificate No. 50. S. E. 1-4 of survey No. 141, block D 11 D. & P. Railway company, Patent No. 7, Volume 57.

Property in Terry City, Terry county, Texas as follows: Lots No. 4, 5, 6, 10, 11 and 12 in block No. 25. lots No. 4, 5, 6, 10, 11 and 12 in block No. 24; lots No. 3, 8, 9 and 10 in block No. 23; lots No. 4, 5, 6, 7, 8 and 9 in block No. 19; lots No. 4, 5, 6, 10 and 12 in block No. 10; lots No. 4, 2, 6, 10, 11 and 12 in block, No. 11; lots No. 4, 10, 11 and 12 in block No. 9; lots No. 4, 5, 6, 10, 11 and 12 in block No. 8; lots No. 4, 5, 6, 10, 11 and 12 in block No. 26; lots No. 4, 5, 6, 10, 11 and 12 in block No. 27; lots No. 2 and 3 in block No. 28; lots No. 7 and 8 in block No. 21; lots No. 1, 2, 3, 7, 8 and 9 in block No. 3; lots 4, 5, 6, 10, 11 and 12 in block No 13; lots No. 4, 5, 6, 10, 11 and 12 in block No. 39; lots No. 4, 5, and 6 in block No. 32; lots No. 4, 5, 6, 10, 11 and 12 in 38; lots No. 1, 2, and 3, 7, 8 and 9 in block 33; lots No. 4, 5, 6, 10, 11, and 12 in block 16; lots No. 4 and 8 in Terry county, Texas, survey 141, block D 11, Cert. 50, D. & P. Railway Co. Beg. at N. E. corner of the platted town of Terryville, thence west to N. W. corner of this survey, thence south 1900 vares to S. W. corner of this survey. Thence east 1900 vrs. to southeast corner of this survey. Thence north to southeast corner of the platted town of Terryville; thence west to S. W. corner of said town of Terryville; thence west to N. W. corner of Terryville the place of beg containing 80 acres in town lots in the platted town of Terryville.

Also eleven 40 acre tracts of land within the said Castroville plot of land in Castro county Texas, and known as Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11 and 12, and lots No. 1, 2, 3, 7, 8 and 9 in block No. 8; all of block No. 10; all of block 10; and lots No. 4, 5 and 6 in block 12; lots No. 1, 2, in block 15; all of block 16; all of block No. 19; six lots block No. 23, same being numbered from 1 to 6 inclusive with the exception of lot No. 4 in said last named block; all of block No 24; all of block No. 25, lots No. 2, 3, 4 and 5 in block number 28; lots No. 1 to 9 inclusive in No. 30; all of block No. 31.

Also the following property in Lynn City in the county of Lynn and the State of Texas, to-wit: All of block No. 4; lots No. 1 to 10 inclusive in block No. 18; lots No. 1, 2, 3, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11 and 12 in block No. 20; and lots No. 1, 2, 3, and 4 in block No. 21; lots No. 7, 9, 10 and 12 in block No. 22; and lots No. 1, 3, 5, 6, 9 and 11 in block 47; lots No. 1, 3, 5, and 7 in block No. 49; lots No. 1, 3, 5 and 7 in No. 51; all of block No. 53 except lots Nos. 2, 4, 8, and 10; and all of block No. 54; lots 1 to 7 inclusive in block No. 57; all of block No. 61 and all the lots in block No. 63; except lots No. 1, 3, 5, and 11 in block No. 80; and out lots Nos. 5, 11, 12, 25 and 26.

You are further commanded to serve this citation by publishing the same each week for eight successive weeks previous to the return day hereon, in a newspaper published in your county, but if no newspaper is published in your county, then in the nearest county where a paper is published.

Herein fail not but have you before the said Court on the 1st day of next term thereof, this writ with your return thereon, showing how you have executed the same.

Witness, Paul Konz, Clerk of the District Court of Martin county. Given under my hand and seal of said Court in the Town of Stanton this 5th day of June, A. D. 1905.

PAUL KONZ,

Clerk of the District Court of Martin county.

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