[Original.]

Surgeon Schuler and Lieutenant Wright were rivals for the band of the colonel's daughter. Schuler was a close student of the germ theory and in high favor with the colonel. As to the daughter, she preferred the fighting arm of the service, though she really liked Schuler. This irritated Wright, who called Schuler a germ eradicating soldier. Schuler retorted that he could kill more men with germs than a whole army could kill with ammunition. One reply led to another till the doctor referred to officers of the line as unscientific butchers, whereupon Wright declared that he had insulted the service. Wright withdrew and sent Schuler a challenge. Since the challenger would be on duty as officer of the guard the next day, the meeting was to come off the next day but one.

In the morning the colonel was sitting at breakfast with his family when the officer of the day entered.

"Colonel," he said, "I deem it my duty to report that a challenge has passed between Lleutenant Wright and Surgeon Schuler."

"The dickens you say. We'll see shout that. Go report them both under arrest." said the colonel.

The officer was about to withdraw when the colonel, catching a glance from his daughter Alma, added: "Never mind the arrest, captain. I'll send you orders during the morning."

After breakfast father and daughter held a consultation in the library.

"Papa," said Alma, "won't you let them fight? I know it's all about me, and it would be so nice to be fought over."

"You little goose, do you suppose I'm going to permit such a breach of discipline simply to gratify your

"But I'd like to see if Dr. Schuler will fight. Somehow I can't think a bug hunter can have any pluck:"

"Ah! That's the rub, is it? Well, a. . I'll think it over and see if I can find a way to give him a chance without injusy to the service. Now, run along, it. little girl."

Guard mounting was barely over when the officer of the day received a note from the hands of the colonel's orderly. The officer at once transmitted an order it contained to Surgeon Schuler. Schuler read the order and immediately proceeded to his laboratory to obey it. He remained there an hour. The work assigned him could have been done in much less time, but he

was ordered to use great care. Retreat was sounding when the colopel's orderly stepped up to Lieutenant Wright and hended him an order to report in personant the colonol's quarters.

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The same dely then went to Surgeon Schuler and handed him a similar. order, at the same time instructing him to take with him the articles he had been ordered to prepare. When he reached headquarters he found Lieutenant Wright waiting in the colonel's office while the colonel was pacing back and forth with a storm cloud, on his brow. Neither of the young men knew it but Alma had her eye at a peephole. As soon as Schuler entered the colonel sat down behind his desk.

"I understand," he said, "that you young gentlemen, having no enemy to shoot, are going to shoot each other, Dueling is not permitted in our service, and I can't allow any such breach of discipline. Nevertheless I am willing that you should both have an opportunity to show your mettle, provid ed it can be done without attracting the attention of the compland. I understand that you, Mr. Wright, consider yourself aggrieved and have chall lenged Dr. Schuler?"

Wright bowed an assent. "And you, doctor; have you ac.

cepted?" ne"I have," said the doctor.
"Verwa well. You, being the chal-

leaged party, have a right to a choice of weapons. I will choose for you. Have you executed the order I sent you this morning?"

"I have, colonel," he replied wonderingly, and, unrolling a paper, he displayed the sausages, laying them on the

"These, gentlemen," said the colonel "are your wespons. One of them is loaded with trichinae germs, the other is perfectly healthy meat. Mr. Wright, you, being ignorant of which is the infected sausage, have first choice; the other will remain for your antagonist. At a given signal from me each will proceed to eat his sausage. Mr. Wright, you may draw."

Wright picked up a sausage. Schuler turned pala

"Dr. Schuler," said the colonel, "take your weapon."

Schuler reached for the sausage and took-it up gingerly.

ook-it up gingerly.

"Gentlemen, proceed." Both raised their sausages to their lips, but before either had bitten a whirlwind of white muslin stormed into the room, and Alma Kendall, rushing up to Dr. Schuler, seized his sau-

sage and threw it out of the window.
"Gentlemen," said the colonel, "you are both brave men, and, having proved your courage, it is not neces-sary that you should fight. I trust I shall hear no more of this affair. You may withdraw."

"I have no further cause for quarrel with Dr. Schuler," said Wright, "and I must congratulate him upon having received evidence of the tender solici-tude of Miss Kendall."

"It is 'Hobson's choice,' " said the 'a germ cradica tor' or an 'unscientific butcher.'

Both men hung their heads and withdrew without further comment. week later the engagement of Surgeon Schuler and Alma Kendall was an nounced by a general order from the roung lady's mother

WENDELL C. M'LAIN.

THE MAGICAL DURIAN.

14 Erings the Highest Price of Any Orientiff Fruit.

It was at the height of the durian season, when all animal kind in Malay, two legged and four legged, is animated by an insatiable lust for the fruit itself and quick to fill with savage unger against whatever stands in the way of satisfying its appetite, for not the least remarkable quality of this remarkable fruit is the amatory effect it has upon those who consume it, says Caspar Whitney in Outing. All durian eating Malays, man and beast, are aflame with erotic fire. The jungle resounds with the fighting of fovelorn brutes and the towns awaken to courtship.

The durian is about the size of a phicapple, with a similarly rough outside covering armed with half inch only give me one glande!"
splkes which are tough and sharp. It grows on trees fully sixty feet in sweet maiden. "How can I love spikes which are tough and sharp. It height whose trunks are bare of limbs except at the very top, and when the fruit ripens it drops to the ground. So is the season approaches natives erect small huts under the tree or near by, from which they watch for the falling

Those who are fortunate enough to have such trees growing on their own land practically live on the income derived from the sale of the durian, for in the peninsular market it brings the highest price of any eastern fruit. "In he jungle edge, where these trees have to ownership, the race to build the first nut and thus establish proprietary inerest in the falling fruit is equal in in- a job as a weather prophet.

tensity to a land rush, and in the jungle the natives must compete also with the wild beasts that share man's fondness for this extraordinary fruit.

Once in the jungle as I sat smoking, Once in the jungle as I sat smoking, puzzling out some lost seladang tracks, a falling durian attracted my attenpuzzling out some lost seladang tracks, tion. The nearby trees seemed alive with monkeys racing to first reach the ground. One monkey that had been ground to the monkey that had been ground to the monkey that had been ground. left at the post, so to say, deliberately dived from the top of the tree where he sat, fully forty feet, into the top of a smaller tree below, whence he swung to the ground. But, though he best out the others, the durian had disappeared. A small leopard-like creature had sneaked off the fruit, and I was too absorbed in watching the aerial flight of the monkey to get more than a glimpse of the thief. The troop of monkeys that instantly forgathered discussed the situation loudly and in very obvious anger.

WHERE LUCK WAS LOST.

In trying to take short cuts to suc-

In looking on the dark side of everything.

In overconfidence born of a first easy victory. In not working to a plan or pro-

gramme. In not being ready for the opportuni-

In sampling every kind of investment scheme that came along.

In dreaming of great things instead of doing the little ones at hand. In being so disagreeable and selfish that they could not make friends.

In waiting for somebody to help them or give them a boost or for some rich uncle to die.

In refusing to take the positions they: could get because they did not know whether they would like the work or not.-Success.

History must be human, making its final appeal not as a monument of erudition, but as a masterpiece of art, in which the collective deeds and passions of men shall be not merely pictured with photographic accuracy, but vitalized and interpreted. Let us not suppose that this is a new aim. The

great historians have always held it. The idea that Thucydides and Tacitus neglected to consult all the material available in their time is ludicrous. Gibbon knew his "sources" as profoundly as the impeccably correct Gardiner. Mommsen, we may be sure, had not, like Stubbs, a body of evidence which he dared not explore. The master historians in the future, by whatever method they may work, will prove themselves to be akin to these in insight, in power and in art.-W. R.

Thaver in Atlantic.

Had Them Either Way. In his "Recollections of a Virginian' General Dabney H, Maury tells of an old lady in Fredericksburg who was reduced to taking in boarders in order to make both ends meet. On one occasion of peculiar stress the larder was so empty that the good lady took to her bed and summoned her servant. "Nan-cy," she said, "there's nothing in the house for my boarders to eat except mush. But give them that. If they are Christians they will accept in resignation and thankfulness. And if they are not Christians it is a deal too good for

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. Goob era are growing.

"Look at me, look at me!" pleaded the distracted one. See howyour aloofness affects me!

you, when father is a barber and you wear your hair long?"

port wine: it's blowing great uns outside." Waiter: Yes sir; What brand? Visitor: "Oh, it doesn't matter; any port in a storm."

Visitor: "Waiter, bring me some

Judge-Did you call the defend ant a liar?

Defendant-No, your honor. I merely said that he ought to get

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### Explanatory

The Herald office will be without a printer for perhaps an issue or to from the fact that our form- his wife. Carelessly he opened it es compositor has had to leave on account of ill health. We ex pect, however, to have a new man in the officec within a very short period of time. Until then denly?" And snatching his hat the Herald will be printed from and coat, he rushed to a hospital the forms now on the press in which was near his home. order to carry out some con tracte for legal printing.

#### In Those Days Of Operation.

Husbard came home one evening to find a note left for him by but as he read his face blanched. "My God!" he exclaimed, "how could this have happened so sud 'I want to see my wife, Mrs. Eaton, who is in your care.

### Terry County Herald.

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

Entered the Post Office, Brownfield. Texas as second-class mail matter according to the

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

Act of Congress of Maach 3, 1879.

Six Months

One Dollar

# Peter's Best Trick W

By S. R. ELLISON

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Peter's invitation to house parties and week ends always wound up with the request, more or less thinly veiled, that he come prepared to do tricks.

But Peter was not as much of a nuisance as the usual parlor entertainer. He was a really clover magician, who under other circumstances might have gained fame as a professional, and he enjoyed his performances himself, though he was wont to proclaim that he was loved not for himself alone, but for what he could do.

He did not mind as a rule the prom incuce given his work, but he had more than half decided to send polite regrets to Mrs. Furbush when he learned that Edith Percy would be one of the

'Don't forget to bring your very best tricks," Mrs. Furbush wrote, "for we shall have private theatricals on Saturday evening, and they will come in

Peter thought of the scandalous fashion in which she had sor t Edith Percy for Tom Furensh, and there was a hidden meaning in his polite assurance that he would have some new experiments for the delectation of Mrs. Purbush's guests.

Had it not been for Tom Furbush, be thought, he would already have been able to win a "yee" from Edith, but twice, when he had been on the verge of a proposal, Tom had lumbered around some corner with a sheepish grin to claim her for a dance or to deliver a message from his mether.

Peter firmly believed that Mrs. Furbush could feel him go into a conservatory or comy corner with Edith, even though her back was turned. There would be an additional charm in winning Edith under that good lady's very

That she should have tolerated him at her house party was not to be explained upon any other ground than that she needed him for her entertainment, and, truth to tell, Mrs. Purbush waited long before she wrote the invitation while she weighed the question of her need. Only the knowledge



"THAT'S NOT THE BANK BIRG!"

that Peter's stricks would probably save her performance led her to extend the invitation, and for the rest she had faith in her skill as a social general Edith. to keep Peter away from

placed was easily appearant to poor Peter, who found himself blocked at every turn in his endeavorato steal a for minutes with Edith to anxious that she made the grave error of throwing Tom and Edith together too much, and the girl was heartly sick of her boorish admirer long before the and of the week

Peter smiled as be noted these signs, end, to Mrs. Furbush's greet delight, be spent several hours a day in his room practicing his tricks. It was her first party in the new house, and she

swented it to be talked about There were several tableaux in

Tem frequently ngwated Line ured as lovers of history, and then walle the participants in the tableaux were dressing there were vocal and instrumental numbers.

At last Peter was announced, and as be stepped upon the platform Edith, escerted by Tom, passed down the also to where front seats had been reserved for the participants in the performance.

In contrast with the amateurish work of those who had gone before l'eter's work was positively brillant. There were tricks be had never tried before, and long before the end of his programme his audience realized that he was working with some end in view.

For his last trick he had saved the ring boxes. Borrowing half a dozen rings in the nudience, he ground them in a mortar, and, stuffing them into a gin, fired at a box which had hung on the stage all through his performance.

From this box he took a smaller one, and so on until balf a down were piled upon the stage, before he reached the last box, within which lay five roses, to the stems of which rings were thad by ribbons. These he enickly torsed to their owners and ran back to the stage. "Is there any lady who has not re-

ceived her ring?" he called, with an as

ring," cailed Tom sharpty.
"That's so," admitted the magician, examining the box. "Lam sure that all six were leaded into the gun."
"Well," said Tom complemently, "I

guess one of them hung fire, then. I am positive Miss Percy has not her

Edith, sharing the general belief that something had happened to spoil the trick, sought to silence her companion, but Tom would have none of it

The favor accorded Peter's tricks angored him. He was ciever in none of the society ways and bitterly jealous of those who were. If Peter bad made a mistake he would force it bome; he would humiliate him and make him a laughingstock.

"I admit that Miss Percy gave me the ring," agreed Peter, "but I am also positive that I shot it into that box and not into my pocket. Did any of you see the charge scatter?' He turned to the audience. None was prepared to admit the fact.

"It must be around here somewhere," he went on anxiously as he reised the bits of apparatus on the table and peered under them.

"It couldn't have gone on the table," insisted Tom, "If you put it in the gun.

"No?" said Peter. "Quite to the con trary; I think I shot it into this bottle.' He tapped the bettle with a small hammer, and it fell apart, disclosing a turtledove with a ring tied about its neck. A murmur ran through the audience as the people realized that Peter's anxiety had merely been a bit of byplay, and Tom bit his lips until they bled as he saw how he had been led into belping Peter out.

Poter cama forward with the dove and as be detached the ring and ellpped it op Edith's finger be whispered mething.

She blushed and nedded, but Tom's sharp eyes caught a glimpse of the ...

"M," he called, "that's not the same

"Is that your sing, Miss Percy?" he

"It is," she riplied as a wave of pink

ewept over her chooses. "But here was a pearl," persisted Tom. "This is a dismond solitaire."

Then the full force of what the ring meant swept over him, and he sat down very suddenly.

"Since Miss Percy ecknowledges the ring as her own," said Peter quietly. "I do not see what right you have to complain. The pearl ring you will find also on Miss Percy's fuger."

Tom gianced at the hand and sew that Poter spoke the truth. "That's all right," he blustered, 'but what's the other?

"That," said Peter calmly, "is some thing that does not particularly cencera jou." And more then Edith smiled at the remark, for they realised that Peter Vane's best trick was to place an engagement ring on Edith's finger under Tom's very sees.

When Balone Stumbted. A comical Balzae story is thus quoted from the Ganlois

The nevelist, it appears, flattered himsalf ispon his skill in reading character from handwriting, and the story is of the test applied to his skill. A lady brought him as extract from the exerboy and asked for an opinion as to the youngster's character and prosp Balanc inquired whether the child, was her own. Answered in the negative examined the exercise carefully and delivered his judgment. "Madame," mid, "this child to thick beaued and frivolens. He will never come to any good. If he were my child, I would take him from school and put him to the plow." And then it had to be breken gently to the graphologist that the exercise on which he had pronounced so severely was one of his own which bad been discovered hidden away betweet the leaves of an old leason book.

story to toki about the smart ser geant of a crack English cavalry regi-Whonever he had occasion to punish any of his men he invariably concluded the sentence by explaining, "And you are another." Hvery victim noticed this strange remark, but none could understand the meaning of it. and naturally they were afraid to ask But one day a newly promoted sergeant determined to selve the mystery He said to the rergeant:

"Sergeant, there is one thing I should like to ask you. I've often heard you sey after inflicting punishment on a man, 'And you are another.'- What do you really mean by that remark?

"Well," said the sergeaut, smiling. "I will tell you. I know that whenever am obliged to punish an evildoer the victim always says to bimself. What at stupid ass the sergeant is! I got even with him by saying. 'And you are unother." Keep It dark."

"What would be the effect upon civifixation if everybedy would keep constantly in mind that suggestion of the photographer, "Look pleasant?" most difficult part of the photographer's work is the effort to get the subject before the camera to rid himself of the cold stiff; set expression of his face and to copiece it by a genial, kindly look or all smile. He is not willing to reproduce the after until he succeeds, because he knows that the change of expression will transform the photo-

How the habit of looking pleasant would "Evolutionize our natures and civilization itself! If we could only get rid of the hard, enger, worrted look habitual to many of us, not for the few seconds we stand before the camera. but for all our lives, how bright the worldswould grow!

Thomas, Peacemaker

By GERTRUDE GAVIN

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Tommy loved Miss Marsden, though that china painting lady was otterly oblivious to the wealth of affection at her commend.

Ladged Nancy Mareden was at times rather inclined to regard Thomas as a mild bore for he insisted upon talking to ber in the olevator and in the halls when the yes hurrying out for her

Formmy had a most expressive face and Miss Marsden a tender heart, so that heart prevented her cutting Tommy short and thereby bringing pain to that mobile if somewhat unlovely countenance.

Tommy bad a rival in Jack Truesdell, who seem from his objectionable formers, we Name might have been



IS SEE CHTING, TOWNT? IN SHE SOUBT?"

regarded by Tommy as a model to be elavishly copied. Truesdell had been Tommy's favorite before Miss Marsden moved into the studio building, and it was hard to bate him, now that he bad cut in between them, but Tommy realised that love is ever breaking as well as making friendships, and be strove hard to conceal his hatred lest it give pain to Truewiell.

Tommy ran the elevator in the Rembrandt studios, and from his position was able to see even more of Nancy the stairway to get a chance to happen in the elevator at the same time she ode down. Truesdell's room was two flights above, and more than once Tommy had caught him looking over the banishers with the result that Truesdell now rang in vain when Miss Marsden approached the elevater.

Then came a day, the suddest in Temmy's young life, when Truesdefl and, Miss Marsden came in together, and he sathered from their conversa-

banisters no longer, but went straight to Miss Marsden's door, when wished to see her, which was very frequently, and be even added to the offense by ringing for the elevator to to me. take him down and up.

These were heavy days and sleep-less nights for the little red headed elevator runner. In his boyish, pas-Stonate way he fairly worshiped the brave little woman whe supported herself and her invalid mother by her brush. It was agony to feel that Truesdell would win her before Tommy himself should have attained the grownup state wherein a proposal of marriage is regarded with other than

His bitterest moment, one that lived h his memory long years afterward, was that memorable afternoon when, through the latticework surrounding the shaft, he saw Truesdell take his leave from the Marsden, apartments and Nancy put up her sweet face for

Elevator running in a studie building sharpens the wits, and Tommy knew that that kiss would have never been permitted unless they were engaged.

His worst suspicions were verified the next morning when on Miss Mare den's ungloved hand he saw the ring.

That afternoon Tommy went home sick, and even sulphur and molasses, his mother's hifallible remedy for boy ish complaints, gave him-no-comfort.

He was back at his post the next morning, but through that sleepless night something of the man had entered his being, some curious development that left him still a boy and yet almost a man.

He ran the elevator up and down with his accustomed skill, but even Miss Marsden in her new found happiness saw that there was something different in the wistful smile with which he greeted her and patted his heed, thinking that the boy, in his eagerness to work, had come back too

The days passed in mournful proeession, and Tommy made application for another job that he might not be called upon to witness Miss Marsden's happiness, when one afternoon the door to her studio slammed and Truesdell strode toward the elevator with

"Going tip," he called, and there was

a sharpness, an intensity, to the voice that Tominy had never before heard. Truesdell left at his own floor, and as Tommy watched him turn in at his own door he caught the sudden col lapse from the pride of carriage that told him much. Truesdell had hurt Miss Maraden and he was sorry for it, though be pretended not to care.

Just shottene dinner she went down in the car rand Tommy could see even through the thick roll that she had been crying. He longed to go upstairs and thrush Truesdell, to beat his face until that smile should be replaced by look much as Nancy Marsden wore.

There was a full about 0 o'clock, and Tommy left his car and crept to Miss Marsden's door. He felt like a sneak as he hid his ear against the thin paneling, but he must know the cause of the trouble

He could her Mrs. Maradon's even placid" tones and the girl's grieved voice, and a sentence smote his ear. "I could furgive him." Nancy was sobbing, "If only he would come back and tell me that he was sorry, but he Won't." antu-

Tommy "efept away from the door and ran the war up to Truesdell's floor. "I'm not at home to any one, if that's a card you have," he said sharply, as he started to shut the door. Tommy pushed past him.

"It's more than a card," he explained, as whe eyed his rival. "It's

"A subject that fails to faterest me," said Truesdell bitterly. "Do you come with a message from her? "Yes," said Tommy boldly, "only she

didn't give it to me to give you." "Then how the dence can you have a essage from ber?" stormed Truesdell. I love her, too," said Tommy.

"You mean that you love her," cor-

word play.
"G'wan," he seid, "you know you loves her, only you're mad at somethin' and won't say you're sorry." "How" de you know all this?" de-

sanded the surprised Truesdell. "When anybody you love is cryin ber eyes out I guess you'd Beten against the door, too," defended Tom-

my stoutly. Truesdell gripped his shoulder so that it hurt. "Is she crying, Tommy? Is she sorry?" he asked eagerly.

"Sure," asserted Tommy. 'Didn't I bear her say that if you'd come back

and say yer sorry" Truesdell waited to hear no more. He was pushing Temmy toward the

elevator. Temmy dropped him off at the Marsdens' floor and ran the car all the way down to the cellar. He could not witness the end of his work. He felt that he must have a cry and for that the coller is the most secladed

It was not until a furious ringing of the bell roused him that he checked and Truesdell were guiting tracks

somewhere.

After that Truesdell hung over the freskled, dumning cheek.

"Jack has told me all dear," sh whispered, "and next to him I love you more than any one clse, because you were generous and brought him back

lu Tommy's heart glad songs of praise echoed and re-echoed, but all he could say was:

"I'm glad of that. I guess iell have to hold me till I get growed up and can give him a good run for first

It was not gracious, but Nancy understood and kissed him again.

Ilis Selections.

Jay Cooke in 1806 told the following: One day when I was putting government bonds upon the market greatly annoyed by the clerks telling me that there was an old man in the office who would do no business with them and must see me. To get rid of him I went out. Said he:

Mr. Cooke, I have got \$8,000 to gold in this bag. I can't do enything with it in the town where I live. They are circulating grocers' checks and evcrything else but money, and I am frightened because I think I will be cheated if I dispose of it. Will you tell me on your word of honor if these bonds are sound and right?'

"I replied: 'If they are not right, nothing is right. I am putting all I have in the world into them."

"After further conversation the man concluded to take them. "What denomination will you have

them ta? I asked. "This was too much for the old He had never heard that word used in connection with business. He

scratched his boad and said: You niay give me \$500 in old school Presbyterian, to please the old woman, but I will take the heft of it

In Baptist." Den't Use Blg Words. In promulgating your esoteric cogitaions and in articulating your supers cial sentimentalities and amicable phil ocophical or psychological chouve tions beware of platitudinous pender setty. Let your conversational commualcations, possess a clarified concise ness, a compacted comprehensibleness conlescent consistency and a concate mited company. Eschew all conglemerations of fiatalent gerrulity, jojune babblement and asinine affections. Let your extemporaneous decauting and inpremeditated expatiations have in telligibility and veracions vivacity without rhodomontade or thesonical bombast, Sedulously avoid all polycyllable profundity, pompons prolinity. psittaceous vacuity, ventriloquial verbosity and vaniloquent vapidity. Shun double ententes, prurient jocosity and postiferous profaulty, obscurant or apparent. In other words, talk plainly, briefly, naturally, sensibly, purely and truthfully. Keep from slang; don't put

on sirs; say what you mean, mean

what you say and don't use big words.

The other evening Miss Passes stay ed to dinner, and Tommy as a great favor was allowed to have dinner with the company. Growing restless at dessert, he was sent out of the room, but in a few seconds be returned with a little Dresdon clock from the sitting room mantelplece: "Gracious, child? exclaimed the mother. "What mischief are you up to now?" "Goin' to try a speriment," replied Tommy, with importance. Miss Passee tittered. The dear little reliow is going to make an experiment," she gushed. "How clayer of him!" While Miss Passes was speaking Tommy had carefully placed the clock on the table in front of ber. With a mysterious gesture be laid his finger on his lips and enjoined silence. No one stirred. After about two minntes Tommy's strained expression relaxed, and he clapped his hands in exultation. "It goes" he cried trium-phantly. "It goes! You were wrong, papa." "Of course it goes, child," hrughed Miss Passes. "What made your father think it wouldn't?" Well," replied the little fellow simply, he said your face would stop a clock -Inndog Tutler,

"Wooldn't It Jar You?"

Ouce W. C. Gibson, then editor of Puck, took, luncheon with Opper, the cartoonist at his home in Benconburst The host and his guest were smoking postprandial cigars on the veranda when Mr. Opper became convulsed with laughter at the sight of soe of his pipples tearing to pieces Mr. Olbson's Bat. Gibson was inclined to harsh measures, but Opper reminded him that the dog was only a puppy that knew no better, and the editor became resigned. When Gibson rose to leave Opper offered him the choice of

"I don't need one," returned the guest. "It was your hat, not mine." The humor of the situation did pot strike the comic artist at once, but later be made use of the incident in one of his celebrated series, "Now. Wouldn't It Jar You?" the question being, "If your dog tore up what you thought was your not the you found it was your own, wouldn't it jar you?"-Everybody's Magazine.

## ENATORIAL CHARITY

JAMES HAY, Jr.

Copyright, 1995, by James Hay, Jr.

senator, who had been disposed first to receive his catter with as ant politeness as the dictates of poles allowed, displayed a singular iclousness of manner. The visitor a girl, with hair like burnished rouse and eyes whose soft, brown look took in some lights the hue of old amber. She was dressed in lavender, with what the senator thought a profusion of fluffy lace across her som, and her little foot obtruded itself on the senatorial subconsciousness from beneath a mass of more fluffiness and flounces. Besides, the senator had had a surfeit of dry political talk and committee meetings that

day. "You see, I don't ask anything for myself, even if my father and brothers do work for you at the primaries. It's just for Jack." She spoke in low tones, betraying a girlish awe of the important man.

"And who is Jack?"

The member of the upper house brushed aside a pile of letters that awaited his signature and gave the girl his attention, a compliment he did not extend to all who sought his help. 'He and I are engaged to be mar-

ried." she said, and the announcement or the frank blushes accompanying it, charmed the big man. "We will be married as soon as he can get a position, and I know you can arrange it." But, what does be went, and why doesn't be come himself?"

The legislator represented a southern state, where women are put on a pedestal above the "business" of life, and he was genuinely puzzled.

"He was discharged for drinking too much." she admitted simply, a little hesitant, her lips twitching the slightest blt. The glow from the open grate looked blurred and indistinct to her troubled gaze.

"I see," said the senator

She did not know how near she had come to his heart by her explanation. His thoughts went back to his son, whose dissipation was the one dark



"JACK!" CRIED THE GIRL

spot on his father's long career of political and private happiness. Maybe it was a sympathy bred of experience that softened his heart to her, and perdroop of her young head before him. hiray of the afternoon sunlight on ber

hair emphasizing its delicate fairness. "But he has promised never to do it Fagain," she explained, entirely argumentative, and fully trusting the prom-

The senator looked at her selemnly placing the tips of his fingers together with mathematical precision, as if to help out his thought. There was in his big, clear eyes much of sadness and a tolerant skepticism.

"Such a promise," he smiled slightly, "la by no means a certified check

but I think I can help him." He spoke this lest in slow, gentle

She sprang to her feet, intending to take his hand while she told him her

gratitude.

"But waft." He checked her quick ly, and again the finger tips were mathematically adjusted. "He cannot have another position in the government departments. I shall get him a place where he will have a chance to rise and make a record for himself.

These departments take it out of a man so. I know, because I have had others there others whom I wanted to see do filings." The senator sighed re-"He can go to work for petfully. "He can go to be P. and O." he concluded.

"But is that a good place?" she asked, ting the new proposition.

"Is will make a man of him, and that

The senator passed his hand a frifia weartly across his brew and smiled sadly at the young face before him.

"And he will have lots of chances to rise and get-money?"

And he smiled "Most assuredly." again, this time at the parted lips of the girl and her eyes big with question and speculation.

"And he can do all this seon, very 500m ?"

"And he can have it right away?" "Tomorrow." The senator somehow thought he was doing more good in the bestowal of that place than was pos-

sible in the forming of the highest legislation.

"Oh, it's grand," she cried, converte to the merits of the plan, "Just grand." She clapped her hands together for sheer pleasure, like a child.

"The funny part of it is," she confided, "that Jack said he was coming to the capitol to see his frien is about the place, and now I've done it better than he could." She naused doubtful ly. "He said he was afraid to come to you because you hated a man who drank, but I knew you could fix it for

"My dear child." laughed the august person, "the worst thing in Washington is to be considered a good manip ulator of federal patronage. But you haven't given me the young man's full name. I'll have to let him take a let ter from me to Johns."

"It's funny," she began, "that it is the same"-

They looked around to the door, which had been thrown open by a young man, "Surprised to find any one with the senator, he stood still for a minute, his hand upon the knob of the half closed door. He was tall and imperious in his bearing, looking more than bandsonie.

"John." said the senator.

"Jack!" cried the girl, her high voice drowning the sound of the senator's greeting.

He, at the door, kept silence, a dull red mounting slowly to his cheeks and

"Come in," suggested the senator coldly.

"This is Jack," explained the girl, glad to introduce him to his benefactor and disregarding the cool reception accorded him.

The senator held out his hand. "Jack who?" he laughed a trifle

stiffly. "Oh," she laughed in return, "Jack Stanlay. I had forgotten to tell you his name all this time."

Mr. Stanlay and the sonator shook hands cordially, and there eusued a repetition of the outline of the new plan, which was interpolated with the enthusiastic exclamations and questions of the girl.

"And." she said at the close of the interview. 'how can I ever thank you?" "You can't." said the senator, pronouncing the words with the mellow accent of the south and making it a compliment to the girl. "I am entirely

in your debt." When the couple had left the office he called his private secretary, who from the nature of things political, knew all his affairs, private and pub-

He. "Lorry," said the senator, "when you have been doing things for other peo- But what had I to fear from a crooked ole and find out that after all vou've been helping your own son you owe somebody something."

Larry, being of a secretive nature, assented in silonee.

"And this time." concluded the sone tor, "If will have to be a wedding present. Write out a check for"-And the rest was merely a business

transaction.

#### Not In Her Class.

The eagles were holding a convention-or it might have been merely a cancus-on the rocky crest of a lofty

Proud regal birds they were, pierc ing of eye, sharp of beak and strong of claw, and all the timid creatures of the air retreated to a safe distance and

watched them with awe. Presently, however, a wandering turkey buzzard, attracted by curiosity,

ventured to join them. They eyed her scornfully, even

threateningly. "What are you doing here?" they said. "This is a guthering of engles. You are a vulture and are not in our

"You are right," replied the turkey buzzard. "I am of some use in the world, while you are thieves, robbers and murderers and not worth a confinental except for show. Goodby, and be hanged to you!"

Thereupon she turned her back upon them and flew away.

Which shows, dear children, that there are two kinds of aristocracy and that a lofty style isn't everything .-Chicago Tribune.

#### Speaking of Treasers.

so nice to have a woman to look after gration, the girl responded with a quaint your clothes." "Yes," replied the benedict, "but if

they would only take as much interest in the creases as they do in the pockets it would be much better." - Chicago

Sindbad's Alleged Projetyne. The story of Sindbad the Saller is believed to owe a good deaf to the legend of St. Brendan, the Kerry saint, whose day is May 10. According to the legend, St. Brendan salled the ocean for seven years in search of the Island that bad once been Adam's Eden. During that time he regularly revisited the island of Sheep, where the sheep are as large as exen; the Island of Birds, that are really fallen angels, and another Island which is really a big fish named Jascon trying to get his tail into his mouth. St. Brendan used to encamp on the fish on Master day and go on to the birds on Easter Monday. He found the Eden Island at last, but no one has seen it since, though it appeared on seventeenth century maps and in an eighteenth century treaty between Spain and Portugal. Probably Irish

# Delphine's Choice

monks took this legend with them to

the east in the ninth century.-London

By INA WRIGHT HANSON

Convelent, 1905, by I. W. Hanson

Throwing down my paper, I started in search of Delphine. She was getting into her auto car with Jerry, the crooked backed. He was of no more consequence than a pet dog, except that his inind in his poor ugly body was like the pearl in the oyster shell, so he was more entertaining, and, besides being a mental genius, Jerry could sing. Ye powers! How he could sing!

"Delphine," I began abruptly, "in Holland they have four Sundays in November"-

"You don't say!" raising slender hands in exaggerated surprise. "Do you suppose they ever have five?"

"Listen, Four Sundays, known as Review, Decision, Purchase and Possession. On Review Sunday all the unmarried men and women go to church, look at one another, but d n't speak." "How silly!" remarked Delphine.

"On Decision Sunday each man who wants a wife bows low before the maiden of his choice, and by her response he judges of her feelings to-

Delphine tittered."

"On Purchase Sunday be askes her parents' consent, and on Possession Sunday they appear as actual or prospective brides and grooms. I am telling you because I was once foolish enough to promise not to ask you to marry me. I beg to remind you that next Sunday is Decision Sunday, the second in November: also that there is more than one way to kill a cat."

Delphine regarded me with amuse ment. "Dick, I think you are the silliest ever," she laughed as she and the auto and Jerry went speeding away.

I looked after them, the girl's lithe young figure, with the blue veil streaming out in the stiff sea breeze, and Jerry's pathetic form beside her. Jerry's voice was music itself, and Jerry's handsome eyes could spoak more eloquently then a hundred tongues.

That evening my egotism was slightly jarred. Hathaway of the blond head and the big heart joined me on the porch. Hathaway was bubbling over with something too good to keep. After five minutes' conversation I learned that Miss Delphine had once more made him promise that he should not court her and that today she had told him an interesting tale of how the men of Copenhagen or South Africa or some other darned place get their wives. And why should she tell him all that unless she was hinting to him of an honorable way to break an un-

willing promise? Why, indeed? I thought wrathfully as later and alone I brooded over the matter, leaving Hathaway and a doz-en others to dance with Delphine at the casino. I had other fish to fry, and I was going to fry them good and brown too. At last my plans were perfected. Hastening to the casino I buttonholed the reluctant Hathaway and finally cajoled him into doing what I wanted. Then we hunted up and explained to ten other fellows, who, with one exception, entered merrily into the scheme.

"But, hang it, Dick," protested the exception, "I'm already engaged!"

"Don't worry, Jenkins," consoled Hathaway. "She will accept Dick or me, I know.

"It won't be Hathaway, I am sure." f said, shamming a confidence I did not own.

On Sunday morning, when Delphine and her father came out of church, their astonished eves beheld twelve men lined up near the red unto Twelve? Aye, thirteen, for Jerry, with smiling lips and weary eyes, stood with "I have a great mind to get married us. We bowed as one man before her, after all," said the old bachelor. "It is and, unmindful of the staring congre-Ittle courtesy... "Delighted to see you," she said cor-

dially. "Papa, will you invite the gentlemen to dine at the hotel with us? Bewildered looking papa complied,

"Ton't see that anybody guined more way as we followed the auto's wake. "Except Jerry," grinned Jenkins.

At the dinner's close Delphine's faher told us that they were gothe home. They were tired of the gay resoft: You fellows come over and dine with us at The Oaks next Sunday," he said genially.

We accepted with alacrity, glad to carry out the remainder of the programme in the confines of a home instead of a hotel, and every mother's son of us was at the gate of The Oaks at I o'clock on the next Sunday-Purchase Sunday, the third in November, We decided that after dinner would be the best time to approach Delphine's

"You have to go first, Hathaway; you're the biggest," said one of the

"Let's draw lots for our places," suggested Jenkins.

"I did draw number one, darned if I didn't!" exclaimed the big fellow. "Sev en is the best. Who has the lucky

The crooked backed held up the magie number:

"Don't lose any sleep over it; boys," he said mockingly. "You never for a moment supposed that I was in the running, did you? I followed along at first just to see the fun, but I'm out

Going up the palm lined drive, he and I fell behind the others.

"Fon't desert us now, Jerry," I said absently, my mind couning my request before Delphine's father.

"Do you think I'd have the face ask her to burden her splendld young life with me?" he demanded flercely. "She seems to favor you," I ventured, feeling that I had to say some-

"The sweet, tender pity of her would give more attention to the wounded dog than the well bodled one." he an swered; with infinite pathos. "I did know a man once whose body was as

bad as mine, and he was married to a saint and the father of lovely children. I couldn't dream of burdening Delphine, though, even if"-My pity for poor Jerry was forgotten at Delphine's welcome. Surely there was an answer to my warm pressure of her little hand; surely her dark eyes

held in their roguish depths a gleam of love. I sat beside her at the table. too, with Hathaway at her left. I remember what he had said-"It will be Dick or me." Hathaway looked too complacent for my comfort, though. Delphine's father took the conversation pretty much into his own hands. As we ate our soup he talked of a Dyak or Borneo's betrothal customs:

then he went from one foreign people to another, Jerry meanwhile helping him out with a gay suggestion or a witty remark. The rest of us had little chance for speech. We didn't crave it. We would rather look at Delphine, gray gowned, with a crimson rose at her throat and a chaplet of autumn leaves in her batr.

As the coffee was served her clear voice took up the conversation.

"You left out the prettiest of them all, papa," she said, smiling at himthe custom of the Yao Midas, a Bur mese-Tartar people. They woo only by music. The sultor sits under a desfre tree and plays his favorite instrument. As the girl of his choice ap proaches he plays louder and with more feeling. If she pass by he realizes that she will have none of him. but should she stop and lay a flower upon whatever instrument he is playing he knows that he has won her.'

"Hum!" grunted her father as we rose from the table. Delphine and her guests went to the veranda, while the man in whose hands lay our fate went to his library.

Presently Hathaway, with a very red face, slipped in. He came out with a swagger that made me want to punch his blond head. Next was Jenkins, who came out looking scared.

"I don't see how she can accept more than one of us." I thought.

When my turn came-the twelfth-1 found Delphine's father looking exceedingly bored.

"Permit me to say that I think you fellows are a nack of fools" he re marked pleasantly. "However, I am instructed to say that you may have her, and bless you, my children.'

Dizzy with joy, I was staggering from the room when he observed dryly: "Each of you has the same answer, so you're welcome to what encouragement you can get."

A bard slap, sure enough. What After I joined the others Jerry, out

under the great oaks, began to sing." "See the Yao under his desire tree," remarked Jenkina nervously!

The song was a love song of renunclation with wolfd words and wild melody. Ye lovers, how that cripple As the marvelous voice died away Delphine, sobbing, ran down the steps. Snatching the erimson rose from ber throat, she knelt before Jerry and held it to his lips. We heard the boy's exclamation; then Delphine cried out something and put her own sweet mouth in the place of the rose. It was Hathaway who broke the

"We've lost, fellows," he muttered

The Slavery of the Match.

To a nonsmoker a match is a small sulphur tipped suck, useful for lighting the gas. It is kept in a helder on the wall and is no more important than fee water or allppers. To a smeker a match is one of the currencies of comfort. It is indispensable, precious and exceedingly scarce. To him the man who always has a match to lend is a friend worth baving-a chronic borrower of matches is a public nulsance. The smoker's life is divided into periods of affluence when his vest pocket is full of matches and of poverty when he has but one match and is not sure that it will light. He dreams at night that he is on a vast prairie, miles from home, with a pipoful of tobacco and no match. knows every vantage point where matches can be had. He is alway: greedy for them-always suffering for them. He envies the man who always has two matches left. Try as he may. he can't do the trick himself .- Council Bluffs Nonpareil.

Original Natural History.

The Rey. Samuel Peters was the man who made Connecticut's blue laws famous by their publication in his hisvolume the following original bit of natural history is to be found: "In file Connecticut river, 200 miles from Long Island sound, is a narrow of five yards only formed by two shelving mountains of solid rock whose tops intercept the clouds. Through this chasm are compelled to pass all the water. which in the time of floods bury the northern country. Here water is consolidated without frost, by pressure, by swiftness, between the pinching sturdy rocks to such a degree of induration that an iron crow floats smoothly down have one common weight, here, steady as time and harder their marble, the stream passes irresistible if not swift as lightning."

An Indian Pable. A woodman entered a wood with his ax on his shoulders. The trees were alarmed and addressed him thus: "Ah. sir, will you not let us live happily some time longer?" "Yes," said the woodman; "I am quite willing to do so, but as often as I see this as E am tempted to come to the wood and do my work in it, so I am not to blame so much as this ax." said the trees, "that the handle of the ax, which is a piece of a branch of a tree in this very wood, is more to blame than the iron, for it is that which helps you to destroy its kindred."
"You are quite right," said the woodman. "There is no foe so bitter as a renegade."

The Past Recalled.

One of the charms of travel, partieularly among historic scenes, is the privilege of realizing more fully that part of which we have read and thought and dreamed. But much reading and thinking need to be done before the travelor starts for a montry so rich in memorials of the past as is Greece. The author of "Two Englishwomen In Greece" repeats a story which flings a stone at an American.

Of course the lover of art of of archae ology should aveid all miscellaneous alliances, and if he cannot fall in with who know let him take a guide and worry it out by blimself. Otherwise he will receive shocks such as greeted the ears of a party of enthus sigsts who, steeped in classic lore, ascended to the Parthenon one moonlight night, when column and architrave, rock and rule alike seemed wrapped in silvery silence.

Here, burning with religious costasy, pulse beating to throbbing thought, the deep stillness of the hour was cut be the shrick of Athene's owl, but the words it said were strange:

"There is a smell up here that puts me in mind of a bucketful of huckleberries"

Buy Your Own Paper

A man who was too economical to subscribe for his home paper sent his little boy to borrow the copy taken by his neighbor. In his baste the boy ran over a four dollar stand of bees and in ten minutes looked like a warty summer squash. His cries reached his father, who ran to his assistance, and, failing to notice a barbed wire fence. ran into it, breaking it down, cutting a handful of flesh from bis anatomy and ruining a five dollar pair of pants. The old cow took advantage of the gap in the fence and got into the cornseld and killed berself eating green corn. Hearing the racket, the wife ran, upset a four gallon eburn of rich cream into a hasket of kittens, drowning the whole flock. In her burry she dropped a twenty-five dollar set of false teeth. The baby, left alone, crawled through the spilled cream and into the parlor, ruining a twenty dollar carpet. During the excitement the eldest daughter ran away with the hired man; the dog broke up eleven sitting hens, and the calves got out and chewed the talls off four flue shirts.-Kansas City Journal.

Explained.

"Why does a woman always get off a car backward?" "Because she's never quite sure she may not change ber mind and want

### NEW GRUCERY 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 ANNOUNCE-MENTS AND PRICES. :

Yours For Business

J. C. Green.

#### H. Windham

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

#### 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

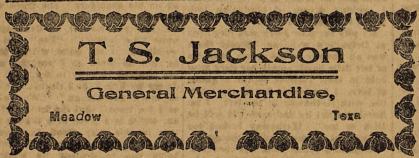
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-96 acres fine land-60 in cultivation-30 in fine orchard; good four room house; two wells and spring; orehard will pay \$100 per acre. A splendid home within two miles of town, to trade for neat little ranch in Terry county. Address John W. Dale, Athens.

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Feed stables and wagon yard n connection. Best of care and tention given stock. Forage nd grain always kept. When towo give us a trial. Satis-

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Attorney-at-Law and Law

and Insurance Agent. : ::

Brownfield Texas.

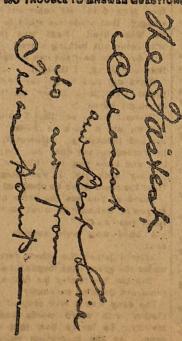
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#### The Herald's Directory.

STATE OFFICIAES.

S. W. T. Lanham Geo. D. Neal R. V. Davidson J. W. Stephena J. W. Robbins J. J. Terrell R. B. Cousins lic instruction.

Governor. Lieut. Gov. Atty Gen Comptroller Treas ur Land Com. Supt. Pub-

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, Disrict! 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 Novem.

#### OFFICERS.

W. T. Dixon, County Clerk, Geo. E. Tiernan, Sheriff.

CCMMISSIONERS 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, 18 County Treasurer.

Geo. E. Tiernan, Tax Collector N. L. Nelson, County Assesso J. T. Ganer, Justice of th

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

Peace of Precinct No. 2.

Court meets 3rd Monday in each month in the town of Brown

SECRET SOCIETIES.

Officers of Lodge No. 903. A F. A. M. G. N. Foreman Worshipful Master D. Senior Warden F. Small, Junior Warden. W.

Spencer, Secretary. M. Brownfield, Treasurer. Foreman, Tyler.

Lodge meets every Saturday

on or before the full moon of each

CHURCH NOTICE.

Rev. J. N. Groves on 3rd Sunday injeach month at 11; o'clock

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.

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#### ALIAS CITATION.

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 Mc-Ilvain whose residences are unknown, to appear at the next regular term of the District court of Martin county, to be held in the all of block No. 31. 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 and lots No. 1, 3, 5, 6, 9 and unknown heirs and devisees of Geo. W. Stultz, and the unknown heirs and devisees of Wm. Stultz, Elizabeth McIlvain, Wm. Stultz, and other heirs of Francis M. Stultz are defendants, and Fran-Oxley, Administrator, the cause of action being alleged as follows,

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, W. N. Copeland, County Judge and that the defendants herein-W. T. Dixon, County Clerk, before 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 seper-

ate 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 hereto fore as defendants in the case, interested in or entitled to share of said property. The said prop-erty of Levi Stultz is described as

Court meets in town of Gomez, 226, 228 and 230, Cert. No's. 45, 26, 228 and 230, Cert. No's. 45, 50 and 53, Sur. No's 131, 141 and 147, Orig. Gran. D. & P. R. R. A. C. S. C. S. C. S. S. C. S. S. F. C. S. C. S. F. C. S. 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 D. No. 3, 8, 9 and 10 in block No. A. 23 lots No. 4, 5, 6, 7, 8 and 9 in block No. 19; lots No. 4, 5, 6, 10 v. and 12 in block No. 10; lots No. 4 4. 2, 6. 10, 11 and 12 in block, No. Foreman, Tyler.

son, Senior Deacon.

J. J. Adam block No. 9; lots No. 4, 5, 6, 10. Junior Deacon,

11; lots No. 9; lots No. 4, 5, 6, 10. 11 and 12 in block No. 8; lots No. 11 and 12 in block No. 8; lots No. 11 and 12 in block No. 8; lots No. 12 in block No. 8; lots No. 14 and 12 in block No. 8; lots No. 15 in block 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 plated town of Terry-ville, 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 plated town of Terryville; thence west to S. W. corner of said town of Terryville; thence west to N. W. corner of Terry-When you need anything in ville the place of beg containing Furniture, Stoves, and Under 80 acres in town lets in the platville the place of beg containing ted town of Terryville.

Also eleven 40 acre tr land within the said Cs. plot of land in Castro IN THE STATE OF TEXAS.

To the Sheriff or any Constable and 9 in block No. 8; No. 10; all of block 10 No. 4, 5 and 6 in block 1 No. 1, 2, in block 15; all of 16; all of block No. 19; si block No. 23, same bei bered from 1 to 6 inclusive the exception of lot No. 4 in last named block: all of blo 24; all of block No. 25. lots 3, 4 and 5 in block num lots No. 1 to 9 inclusive in .

Also the following property Lynn City in the county of Lyn and the State of Texas, to-wit All of block No. 4; lots No. 1 to 10 inclusive in block No. 18; lot No. 1, 2, 3, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11 and 1 in block No. 20; and lots N 1, 2, 3, and 4 in block No. 21; lc No. 7, 9, 10 and 12 in block No 2 in block 47; lots No. 1, 3, 5, an 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 of block No, 54; lots to 7 inclusive in block No. 57; al of block No. 61 and all the lot 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

You are further commanded to serve this citation by publishing the same each week for eigh 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 publish-

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 coun ty. Given under my hand and seal of said Court in the Town o Stanton this the 5th day of June A. D. 1905.

PAULKONZ, Clerk of the District Court of Ma tin county.

Resp Your Reward In Peace. You have a disagreeable duty to at 12 o'clock. Do not blacken 9 and 10 and 11 and all between with the color of 12. Do the work of each and rear your reward in peace, so when the dreaded moment in the future become the present you shall meet it walking in the light, and that light will over come its darkness.-George McDonald



I have had occasion by use Black-Draught Stock and Poultry Medi. cine and am pleased to say that I never used anything for stock that gave half as good satisfaction. I heartly recom-mend it to all owners of stock. J. B. BELSHER, St. Louis, Mo.

J. B. BEISHER, St. Louis, Mo.

Sick stock or poultry should not
eat cheap stock food any more than
sick persons should expect to be
cared by food. When your stock
and poultry are sick give them medicine. Don't stuff them with worthless stock foods. Unload the bowels
and stir up the torpid liver and the
animal will be cared, if it be possible to cure it. Black-Draught Stock
and Poultry Medicine unloads the
bowels and stirs up the torpid liver.
It cures every malady of stock if
taken in time. Secure a 25-cent can
of Black-Draught Stock and Poultry
Medicine and it will pay for itself ter
times over. Horses work better. Cow
give more milk. Hogs gain flesh
And hens lay more eggs. It solves the
problem of making as much blood
flesh and energy as possible out c
the smallest amount of food oor
sumed. Buy a can from your dealer

Encouragement, Mr. Bashleigh-Miss Dora, I co begin to-to tell you how muc Dora Hope-You certainly have long time beginning, my poor b ahead .- Chicago Tribune