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A Modern Duel

(Original)

Surgeon Schuler and Lieutenant Wright were rivals for the hand 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 Lieutenant Wright and Surgeon Schuler."

"The dickens you say. We'll see about 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 whim?"

"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, I'll think it over and see if I can find a way to give him a chance without injury to the service. Now, run along, 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 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 colonel's orderly stepped up to Lieutenant Wright and handed him an order to report in person at the colonel's quarters.

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The same day they 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. Duelling 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, provided it can be done without attracting the attention of the command. I understand that you, Mr. Wright, consider yourself aggrieved, and have challenged Dr. Schuler?"

Wright bowed an assent.

"And you, doctor; have you accepted?"

"I have," said the doctor.

"Very well. You, being the challenged 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 table.

"These, gentlemen," said the colonel, "are your weapons. 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 pale.

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

Schuler reached for the sausage and took 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 sausage and threw it out of the window.

"Gentlemen," said the colonel, "you are both brave men, and, having proved your courage, it is not necessary 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 solicitude of Miss Kendall."

"It is 'Hobson's choice,'" said the girl, pouting. "Either a germ eradicator or an 'unscientific butcher.'"

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

WENDELL C. M'LAIN.

THE MAGICAL DURIAN.

It Enjoys the Highest Price of Any Oriental 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 anger 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 life. The jungle resounds with the fighting of feral brutes and the towns awaken to courtship.

The durian is about the size of a pineapple, with a similarly rough outside covering armed with half inch spikes which are tough and sharp. It grows on trees fully sixty feet in height whose trunks are bare of limbs except at the very top, and when the fruit ripens it drops to the ground. So as the season approaches natives erect small huts under the tree or near by, from which they watch for the falling fruit.

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 the jungle edge, where these trees have no ownership, the race to build the first hut and thus establish proprietary interest in the falling fruit is equal in in-

tensity to a hunt 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, puzzling out some lost seladang tracks, a falling durian attracted my attention. The nearby trees seemed allied with monkeys racing to first reach the ground. One monkey that had been 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 beat 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 forgotten discussed the situation loudly and in very obvious anger.

WHERE LUCK WAS LOST.

In trying to take short cuts to success.

In looking on the dark side of everything.

In overconfidence born of a first easy victory.

In not working to a plan or programme.

In not being ready for the opportunity when it came.

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.

The Outlook For History.

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. Thayer 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, "Nancy," 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 them."

Receipts ran 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.

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Notice These Prices!

Best smoked bacon per pound	13 1-2
Dry salt bacon, per pound	120
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Prunes, 14 lbs	1.0c
Peaches, 9 lbs	1.00
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A fine lot of Men's and boys clothing per suit	\$2 to 12 1-2
Calicoes, per yard	5c
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Brownfield

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Brownfield Townsite Co.

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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."

