NO 26

## CLUB OFFER

was Every man should subscribe to a printer the Hearald again b as local paper, because from it makes its appearance before the he secures a class of news public. Our failure to bring out and useful information that he an issue before now is due to no ean get no where else. He lack of dilgence. Several should, however, also subscribe weeks since ye editor went down to a first-class general news- to the railroad and made a con-Semi-Weekly News.

way of a family newspaper. It appoint one of them as the Her- stock raiser and the artisan. has a splendid page where the ald office does not furnish at The colored comic pictures like attending an immense last contract and returned home. farmers institute. It has pages In about ten days we received sepecially gotten up for the letter from the printer whose apwife, for the boys and for the plication we had accepted telling reader of The Record once you try it, and the favorable clubbing farmers institute. It has pages In about ten days we received a the money. short, it gives a combination of and have secured the services of nity not to be missed: news and instructive reading Mr. Laney and will try to give Semi Weekly Record 1 year \$1.00 matter that can be secured in no you the best paper we can. other way.

For \$1.75 cash in advance we will send The Semi Weekly Wednesday on the fast mail from News and The Terry County the Springs Herald each for one year. This his Terry county dirt, and for the means that you will get a total of 156 copies. It's a combination that can't be heat, and you will secure your money's worth many times over. Subscribe at once at town and county at an early date. entertainment will be used in this office.

#### MILLINERY,

Mrs. D. Rebinson has just recoived an up-to-date line of Millinery and Ladies Furnishings and will be pleased to have the ladies of Terry and adjoining counties call and examine her goods,

#### EXPLANATORY.

After having been shut down for over a month for the want of

Dr. Patterson of Commanche county arrived in Brownfield looking after purpose, it is whispered of making further investments.

Don't mis the "Old Maid's Convention" Friday night Oct. 20th, 1905.

#### For Sale.

I am representing Muncy & Boone Nursery at Lockney, Will give 10 per cent discount on all orders taken during next 30 days. Homer H. Gotten.

#### The Best Papers

The papers you want are the papers that will suit your entire family best. A combination that will answer this requirement is this paper and the Ft. Worth Semi-Weekly Record.

The Record is a general news paper. Such a paper is The tract for the services of a brinter, paper of the best type. Ably and was to pring him out next edited, splendidly illustrated, it Thousands of its readers pro- day, when we received a letter carries a news service which is elaimit the best general news- from another printer with whom the best that knowledge and paper in the world. Its secret of we had been in correspondence experience can suggest. Special success is that it gives the farm- agreeing to come and work for features of the Record appeal to ers just what they want in the us. We were then forced to dis- the housewife, the farmer, the

farmers write the practical ex- present enough work for two printed in the Friday issue are a periences on the farm. It is printers, we begged off from our rare treat for the young folks. Its market news alone is worth

he latest market reports. In come." We went to work again offer made below is an opportu-

the Terry County Herald 1 year \$1.00. Both papers 1 year \$1,75 Subscribe at this office.

#### The Old Maid's Convention.

The ladies of Brownfield will present the popular burlesque "The Old Maid's Convention" learn that the Doctor contem- at the court house Friday night, plates becoming a citizen of our Oct. 20th. The proceeds of this purchasing of maps, charts and black boards for the Brownfield school. Admission 25ets. Children between the ages of six and twelve 15cts.

> It is with the deepest sorow that we learn of the serious illness of Ex-Gov. Hogg, Texas Great Commoner at Ft. Werth. We in common with the great mass of people of Texas wish the great Ex-Govenor a speedy recovery. We remember that a short time Since when President Roosevelt was a visitor to Texas. that the people turned out "en masse' to welcome him and that among the multitude who ame to do him honor was our great Ex-Govenor, and it is with pride that we chronicle the fact, that in Dallas, Texas great city, as much attentiou was paid our Ex-Gov. almost as that given the President himself by the vast crowd gathered there on that occasion. It was because he had kept his pledges with the people, and believed that platforms of political conventions wrs to be taken seriously.

> It is said that the Czar of Russia contemplates moving the Capitol from St. Petersburg to Moscow. Before he gets through he will find that his little engagement with the Japs will fade into insignificence. He nor his advisors possibly ever heard of a County Seat contest in Texas Col. Terrell in a recent contribution to the Dallas News recalls the County Seat war in Tarrant County between Ft. Worth and Pirdville in which he states that the costs was over Thirty Thousand Dollars, besides oss of several lives, and finally resultedin the Connty Seat emaining at Ft. Worth.

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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 consistant with legitimate business. Don't hesitate to ask us for any accommodations that we are able to give.

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OFFICIAL STATEMENT OF THE FINANCIAL CONDITION OF THE

#### State Rank

OF BROWNFIELD, TEXAS

M. V. BROWNFIELD, Pres. A. M. BROWNFIELD, Cashier. Made at the close of business on the 30th day of Sept, 1905 -

#### RESOURCES.

Due from other banks and bankers, subjest to check \$9,454.00 3,000.00 Cash items 1,000.00 Currency 1,00.00 Specie Other resources as follow: 6.10 Stamps and taxes paid \$13,569.10 Total

LIABILITIES. \$10,000.00 Surplus fund 3,560.10 Individual deposits subject to check \$13,560.10

STATE OF TEXAS, ss We M. V. Brownfield as president County or Terry and A. M. Brownfield as cashier of said bank, each of us, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of our knowledge and belief.

M. V. Brownfield, President. A. M. Brownfield, Cashier.

Subscribed and sworn before me, this 14 day of October A. D. nineteen hundred and five.

[LS] WITNESS my hand and notarial seal on the date last aforesaid. W. R. Spencer Notary Public.

CORRECT-ATTE T: J. R. Coble

W. J. Parker A, M. Brownfield

DIRECTORS.

## 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 Act of Congress of Maach 3, 1879.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

One Year

One Dollar Fifty Cents

## A Fair Advantage

By JOHN G. BOWMAN

Copyright, 1905, by John G. Bowman

The steamer Glenmont, in tow of a double raft, was churning its way down the Mississippi. Leslie Barnet was the pilot, and we, Barnet and I, were alone in the pilot house. Neither had spoken a word for half an hour or more when the captain of the steamer opened the door and said roughly:

"Barnet, that cursed mate took to the bank back there. The fool said he was going to get married. The up at La Cross."

The old pilot did not answer. He did not look at the captain, but remained motionless, tipped back in his high chair by the wheel, his eyes resting on the far water line beyond the raft. The captain slammed shut the door and walked heavily over the hurricane deck and down the steps to the deck below.

"That mate a fool?" Barnet reflected. "Well, maybe, and maybe not."

Barnet leaned over to the window for some tobacco, then began to fill his pipe. There was no sound but the regular breathing of the steamer and the wash, wash, wash of the big wheel at the stern. By and by the pipe was lighted.

"It's a common, uninteresting way folks got nowadays of getting married," the pilot began. "Don't you know it is? Common old prose from the beginning."

I made no answer.

"Do you know-well, it was back in '69. I was pulling an oar on an old spating raft. We didn't have steamers to push 'em then. A young fellow, you know-strong, good looking"— He turned to me with a grin and then watched some smoke curl over the pilot wheel.

"Times are different now. Well, there was only one town on the Mississippi them days—that was where she lived—the girl, you know. I reckoned the days by our coming to that town. Other towns were just sort of landmarks to tell us how far off we were. We went slow just before we got to it. She was always down on the sand to see us.

"Well, sir, there was another fellow on that raft, sort of a clerk and mate or steersman when the captain wanted to be lazy—sort of a general boss and important. You know, he figured on the same girl. Poor devil, I don't know what became of him! We were going down the river spring of '69—May; no wind; easy floating. The water was all like that out there." Barnet pointed to a broken bar of crimson and green in the water that ran from the boat to the bank. The sunset was above the hill beyond.

"The middle of the next morning we were coming to that only town I was telling you about. You know, that night I didn't sleep—no work to do, either. I dropped down between two big logs comfortable and listened to that raft pur. The waves, you know, rattled around soft between the logs. Hear that tree toad then, that 'chiwa, chiwa?' Well, I heard them that hight.

"Next morning the wind was blowing a gale to eastward across the channel, 'Pight, right!' the captain kept
calling is his deep voice. 'Right, right!'
you know, that way. Good, rough old
fellow; be's dead now. I'd like to hear
him call them signals again. We were
all at the sweep oars working—tired!
Young fellow, you don't know what it
is to be tired!"

The old pilot turned to me, then relit his pipe.

"No breakfast that morning." he went on. "I don't know why-guess the cook had to take a hand at the ears. That happened sometimes. Well, there was that town coming in sight. and I was working to keep the wind from blowing us right in on the bank in front of it. Pretty soon I see the girl-wore a white dress-no hat. Same time I saw that clerk I was telling you about. We had only one boat on the fleet, and there was that clerk, with a white collar on, making for to shove ashore in that boat.

He had a commanding voice. I began to pull again with the other fellows, about twenty of them. Pretty soon I see the captain coming down to the bow where I was. He was whittling a stick. The clerk was just about to shove off. Well, that captain—he was a good fellow—there ain't any more like him now on the river—he came down to me and stood quiet a minute cutting that stick.

"Teslie," he says, 'what town's this we're coming to?

"'Let me see,' I says, beginning to look around.

"'Never mind,' he returned. 'I see you don't know. The wind's getting high. We'll lay in a mile below,' he said soft. 'Leslies' he says, 'don't be afraid of getting wet.'

"That captain didn't say another word. He went off whittling that stick. I see the girl wave to us. I see the clerk wave back and shove off in the hoat. I didn't have time to wave—I jumped in and swam for it. The other fellows didn't make a sound. I thought they hadn't noticed.

"Pretty soon I see the clerk and the girl shaking hands. Then she was looking at met then the clerk was. I told you it was May and the water hadn't heated up yet for summer. Next thing I was on the bank, shivering too much to talk. That girl came over and extended her hand to me.

"'No," says I. 'I'm too wet to touch you.'

"'You're fool enough to half drown and lose your job, teo,' put in the

"I didn't have much to say, waiting developments, you know. The clerk was looking mean. 'Barnet,' he says then, getting kind—that girl never could stand anything mean—'Barnet,' he says, 'I'll give you the boat so's you san get back to the raft and save your job.' He started for the boat. Well, I see he knew we were going to lay in a mile below, as the captain said. I'd be doing him a double favor taking that boat back and getting myself out of the way too.

"'Well,' says I, 'I come ashore to say a word with this girl and'—I could hardly talk—'I ain't said quite all of it yet'

"That clerk—well, he went over and started to take the girl by the arm to walk off. His shoes were shined. You know, she wasn't in any hurry.

"'Look a-here. I didn't come ashore for nothing, as I explained.' I says. I was hungry and beginning to get mean inside like the clerk.

"This man,' she began saying to the clerk, 'my brother's got some dry clothes,' she went on, 'and I'm going to take him up to the house and have him put 'em on. He'll catch cold. You,' she went on to the clerk, 'you can see me some other time."

"She made a little sign, and, you know, that girl and me started off. I kept my eye on the clerk, though. Well, we hadn't gone three steps when, you know, the fellow on the raft let out a great yell. There they were, plump opposite now, drifting in. The captain was waving his hat to us. They all cheered again, and then they called something to the clerk. I don't know what it was. That girl waved back. Next thing they were all singing. I can hear 'em now. I didn't plty the clerk then, poor devil. I don't know what became of him."

Barnet slipped down out of his chair, sent the "slow bell" signal to the boiler room and walked over to me. His pipe was out. A lock of gray hair fell over his forehead. "Boy," he said to me, "I'll show you where that girl lives by and by—we're coming to it. We got the best Jersey cow in our pasture you ever saw."

Gave the Wrong Card.

The late Governor Russell was a fine conversationalist and always enjoyed talking. He was asked to address a meeting in one of the small cities of Massachusetts one evening and went by train. The cars were quite well filled when he got in, so he asked a gentleman if the vacant seat beside him was engaged and, receiving a negative ned in answer, sat down. Immediately he started a conversation, which he carried on until the city was reached, where both men alighted. Before they lest the train they exchanged cards and shook hands cordially when they separated on the station platform.

Gevernor Russell arose to address the mesting and commenced by making flattering remarks on the city and people and said: "I met one of your citizens on the train coming here tonight, and we had a most enjoyable conversation-in fact I don't know when I have had such a delightful talk as I had with him. By the way, he gave me his card," taking it from his pocket and reading the name on it. At this the audience was convulsed with laughter. The governor was somewhat taken aback and failed to see the point and so asked a friend about it after the lecture was over. The friend said, "Why, that man is deaf and dumb."-Boston Herald.

An Alien Heir By FRANCIS A. COREY

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Throwing a fresh stick on the fire, Dick Vance gazed approvingly about him. The room which the dancing fiames lighted up had a cozy, homelike air delightfully in contrast with his

had one little spot within four walls that he could call his own.

As he stretched his legs comfortably to the blaze he was still tingling with the thrill of amazement he had felt when informed by the village Lawyer during their brief interview that afternoon that he was Robert Chilton's heir.

"The estate consists of this old house, which has been in the Chilton family for a hundred years, and \$50,000 in stocks and bonds," Mr. Biackstone had said.

"And it's mine, really mine, to do what I please with?" Dick asked eagerly.

"Nobody can dispute your legal right to it," was the stiff response. "Chilton took care to make a will that would hold. The justice of the bequest is quite another thing."

Although three hours had gone by since then, Dick still almost doubted his great fortune. How often he had gone with empty pockets and nothing to eat!

One blissful thought made his heart leap. He could marry Alice Dale! They had waited two years because of their poverty. There was now no occasion for delay.

The wind whistled around the house, driving great gusts of snow against the windows. Dick laughed at its futile rage and stirred the fire afresh. In fancy he saw Alice sitting on the other side of the hearth, one pretty pink cheek in her palm. How graciously she would rule over the house! He would hasten to her the first thing on the morrow with the wonderful news.

The doorbell rang. Mr. Robbins, the gray haired minister who had officiated at Robert Chilton's funeral that day, was ushered in. Shaking the snow from his great coat, he sat down heavily before the fire, his face wearing a stern expression.

"Mr. Vance, how long had you known the deceased?" he abruptly inquired.

"About six months, sir."
"You met abroad?"

"Yes. sir—in Paris. Mr. Chilton fell seriously ill at one of the hotels. He was alone, and I took care of him. He was pleased to think that my nursing saved his life."

"You traveled with him afterward?"
"I did. I was a poor medical student. I had just taken my degree. I could act as courier and also keep careful watch over his bodily health."

Dick smiled pleasantly, but the clergyman's face grew harder than before. "Did he ever speak to you of his family?"

"Only once—just before he died. He said they had betrayed, forsaken him; that he was worse than alone in the world. He made me promise to bury him from his old home, never intimating that I was to be his heir. That came as a complete surprise. Oh, sir," Dick added, with kindling eyes, "this legacy means everything to me—success, happiness, a prosperous career."

Looking at the young man over his spectacles. Mr. Robbins said gravely: "Then you are not aware that Mr. Chilton left a daughter and a grand-child?"

Dick turned pale, and all at once there was a curious pounding in his ears.

"No! It simply can't be! He would have told me"-

"It seems that he did not. His daughter married against his wishes and he never forgave her. She is now a widow, a confirmed invalid, and very poor. Her child, a girl of twenty, is working beyond her strength for the bare necessities of life. I sent word to them, but it appears they did not receive it in time to come."

There was a slience which neither of the two seemed disposed to break. Dick's forehead glistened with perspiration. He swept a shaking hand across it.

"Of course I understand why you tell me this," he cried huskily. "You think I have no right to the property and

should give it up."

The old minister frowned, and was silent. Dick glanced lingeringly around the room.

"I won't do it!" he cried, with half angry vehemence. "If Mr. Chilton had wanted his daughter to have it, he would have left it to her. It's mine mine! I intend to keep it!"

Mr. Robbins rose and picked up his hat from the table.

"I regret exceedingly your decision," he said coldly. "Frankly, I'm disappointed in you. Good night, sir." And he walked out of the room.

Dick sat for a long time gazing into the fire. His cheeks were flushed. The discarded daughter was nothing to him. He would be a fool to abdicate in her favor. No doubt she deserved all that had befallen her, and even worse.

Presently his thoughts turned to Alice. She had forbidden him to write to her. He should be free, she had said, since they would be unable to marry for years, if ever. Not a line had passed between them for months. But he felt no misgivings. She loved him; she would remain true.

"How I wish it were morning that I might go to her." he said aloud.

Me smiled, and yet a heaviness lay

on his heart. The sad face of the weman whose birthright he had stelen seemed to stare at his reproachfully from the corners of the room. It even framed itself in the smoldering logs as they blazed up fitfully and fell apart. The doorbell rang again. After a long delay the door opened to admit

Mrs. Burke, the old housekeeper. She was pale with suppressed emotion.

"Another visitor?" he exclaimed with annoyance. "Who is it?"

"Mr. Chilton's granddaughter, sir," was the startling response.

Dick sprang to his feet.

"The poor child did not learn of her grandfather's death until today, sir. The storm delayed the mails. She came at once—and alone, because her mother is ill."

"What does she want?" His voice had a strangely harsh, unnatural sound.

"She hoped to be in time for the funeral, but her train was stalled. She is going right away again. I thought, sir," hesitatingly, "you might like to see her first."

See her! Dick felt a sick shrinking through all his being. Of course it was a game to wheedle some concession from him. But it would be churlish to refuse.

"Where is she?"
"In the kitchen. She would come no farther."

As Dick started in that direction Mrs. Burke laid her hand upon his arm.
"One moment, sir. I'd like to tell you something. The girl loves a

you something. The girl loves a worthy man as poor as herself. They can never marry now. I'm sorry for them both."

She turned half fiercely, but before

he could speak his anger was swallowed up in pity. The case appealed to him strongly. Was the structure of his happiness to be built upon the ruln of two lives? If he robbed this girl of her inheritance what was left to her?

With these thoughts whirling in his brain he started on again, with heavy, shuffling steps. The girl sat before the kitchen fire, her face in her hands. Dick saw the drooping figure as through a red mist. He began speaking rapidly, in a tense voice, as if half afraid to trust himself.

"I'm a selfish brute. At first I didn't realize the injustice of accepting a legacy that means everything to you"— At his first word a tremor had shaken the bowed figure. She lifted her head suddenly with a startled exclamation. "Dick! Dick!"

He stood staring. All at once the mist seemed shot through with a dazzling light. He leaned nearer, like one half blinded, and brushed his hand across his eyes.

"Alice! It is Alice!" he said incredu-

She, the quicker to grasp the situation, looked up at him with a happy laugh.

"Dick! Oh, Dick! Nobody told me the name of the man who had robbed me of my birthright. I never dreamed it was you. I thought it was some adventurer. That is why I meant—to go away—without seeing you"—

The words died in an inarticulate murmur. Her blushing face was pressed against his heart.



GEORGE ETHELBERT WALSH

Copyright, 1904, by George Ethelbert Walsh

HE REV. SEXTUS WORTER-LY gathered the loose sermon leaves in his hands and shoved them aside, not hastily or impatiently, but reluctantly, as though yielding to a temptation. The day was not suited to sermon composition.

The Rev. Sextus Worterly sighed heavily, sighed with the unconstrained freedom of a man who knows that he

There had been a time when the Reverend Sextus (no one had called him this for short except a defunct malden aunt, who dared not approach nearer to familiarity than the compound name) was happy in his loneliness. "A man can do his best work when untrammeled by the responsibilities of

family ties," he reasoned in those days. Those pessimistic days had faded somewhat. The maiden aunt who had ministered to his few material wants in his household was only a memory now. A longing to hear lips abbreviate his name even to the extent of two words had possessed him lately. It was a species of madness that he did not acknowledge to himself. None ever suspected such weakness in the man of stiff broadcloth and high, starched collar who so graciously and successfully filled the Daleville pulpit

every Sunday.

Least of all, probably, did the gentle, demure soul of Widow Trimble, whe in her own intense loneliness pitied the pastor only as sympathetic creatures can. She had nurtured and guided two husbands through the winding pathway of control life, perfulls large.

them, with the last, or the Rever Sextus in his capacity as official clergyman, beneath the sod when earthly powers had failed to renew their lease of life. She was alone again, alone in her double bereavement, but seeking to give rather than requiring comfort.

Cynthia Trimble was a name to conjure with. It had a sweet, sonorous sound in verse and a subtle suggestion that the amorous mind could readily trace to all sources of beauty and loveliness. The Reverend sextus had broken his fealty to a single, bachelor existence by falling in love with Cynthia. But he was not versed in the ways of the lover, and he shrank from the possibility of the recipient of his affections ever discovering his amerous inclinations.

Had the Reverend Sextus died yesterday there would have been no scrap of paper found in his possession today to indicate the slumbering of a great passion in his life, none—that is, there had been none—which could betray a lovesick soul, but within his inner pocket there was this day an epistle which had caused him to sigh and turn reluctantly from his sermonizing. It was a proposal to Cynthia, which he had indited after much painful thought and elaboration. If ever the time should come when he could find the courage to speak he would repeat the contents of this letter. Its diction was faultless, its confession earnest, but not too affectionate, its wording to the point and not too verbose. It was a masterpiece of its kind.

But it was never intended to be delivered. The Reverend Sextus had not



HE PLACED IT WITHIN HIS INNER POCKET. composed it for that reason. No eyes other than his own should ever read it.

The proposal to Cynthla was the Rev. Sextus Worterly's masterpiece. It reflected his highest mental and spiritual expression. Today he read it over and over and reluctantly thought of the necessity of destroying it lest something should happen to reveal its secret.

But a moment leter he placed it with-When he rested in a deep wood he was many miles from home, with the noon hour approaching. It was delightfully cool and retiring in the woods. There was no house within three miles of his dell. On all sides were the shadows of a great wood.

a great wood.

Great was his surprise to hear votes anon stilling the sounds of the woods and hushing the warbling of his feathered friends. The Reverend Sextus turned to greet the newcomers, wondering not a little at their strange appearance. Shaggy of beard, unkempt and unclean of body and clothes, they appeared out of all harmony with the scene.

"Ah, Shaggy, we have semethin' here," spoke one of them, with a twang in his accent. "What A'ye call it? Somethin' broke loose from the picter." Shaggy pushed his companion in the background, replying: "Ye don't understand yer bisness, Pete. It's me ole frien' what gave me a lift when I wus a youngster. He's a minister. Ain't you?"

The Rev. Sextus Worterly rose with dignified slowness from his seat on a log and made reply as befitted his position in life:

"You surprise me at your rudeness. It pains me exceedingly to see you if your present plight"—

"Jest what I was tellin' me pard, Shaggy made sharp reply, advancie, "It's painful to be broke, an' we' sick of it. We've cum to ask ye help us."

"I, should be only too glad under dinary circumstances to lend assi ance-to you, but the compileue appearances of things council me to"—
"Ye shouldn't connect house a

"Ye shouldn't compet bones a jest because they happen to be do on their tack. Now, see hem, if a was"—

The man seated himself on which the aged minister had for cated, but Pete suddenly pushed ward and growled:

"I ain't got no time fer yer tome ery, Shaggy. Ye can sit here an' with the old gent all day, but I'm after I get what he's holdin' is pockets. Come, eld man, shell ou Pete had thrust a hand impocket of the affrighted and founded while he

pads, of common thieves?"

Unresistingly up to this time the victim of the holdup had permitted them to extract from his pockets all that ther entained, but at the sight of the letter addressed to Cynthia his whole manner underwent a marked change. He clutched the hand that profanely held the love epistle.

"Not that!" he said. "All else, but

"An' why not?" demanded Pete. "It must be valuable if ye set so much store by it."

He flung the detaining hand from him and held the letter above his head. The Reverend Sextus lost his balence and rolled to the dust and leaves. When he recovered himself the two men were moving away, counting their cash and-and-yes, reading his opistle to Cynthia.

The men cast a leering grimace over their shoulders. Pete held the letter aloft and jeered. "We'll see that she gets it. We'll take it up to her or mail it if we don't have the time. By-by!"

When the men disappeared as suddenly as they had presented themselves, with the leafy foliage inclosing them so that they were lost to sight and hearing, the agonized minister lifted his hands and head in a mute appeal to heaven for justice. The tears welled from his eyes; the lines of his face deepened; his limbs trembled and shook as though stricken with palsy.

The sonnet and epistle writing habit had at last born its bitter fruits! Cynthia would in one moment know all, and through such a source! To have common tramps to deliver a letter of proposal to her was too humiliating. She who had won and held the love of two noble husbands must view with scorn and contempt such a profane abuse of a privilege.

The minister brushed his clothes of the leaves and twigs as he hurried through the narrow path leading back to Daleville. An hour later he stepped briskly, if somewhat uncertainly, up the gravelly path leading to Cynthia Trimble's pretty cottage. She was there on the porch to receive him. For once he did not see her welcoming smile or the curves of the plump cheeks or the mantling flush of the brow.

"It's a pleasant day," she greeted afar off, rising to meet him.

The Reverend Sextus panted with his exertion. He dropped into a seat on the porch and gasped.

'The letter! Have you received it?" She smiled easerly and shook her noar. I have received no letter. What letter is it?"

A crafty expression entered the darkening eyes of the minister. He hesitated and stammered: "The letter-ah. yes, what letter? I forgot. You did Bot know."

"No, I did not know," she murmured. But I'm anxious to know."

"I-I cannot tell you now," he stam-"Some day-yes, some day-I will

Then, thinking of the tramps and their throat to mail it if they had no time to deliver it, he added, "But if the letter comes you will-will let me know and-not

There he was treading upon a woman's ground, and Cynthia knew her prerogave. She shrugged her shoulders and an-vered, "Yes; if it comes I'll tell you." "And you'll not read it?"

The shrugged her shoulders again and

coaked away.

"I saw two tramps go by here a short
the ago," she said. "They seemed in a
great hurry. I wonder if they have been
doing some misohief."

The Rev. Sextus Worterly was a close reader of character, and he studied her face suspiciously until he was assured of her innocence

Then the Reverend Sextus rose to go, murmuring to himself:

"They do not intend to deliver it in person. It is by mail they will send it. I'm safe for the night." When he wended his way hemeward his

When he wended his way hameward he thoughts were confused, betterness mised with a strange separates of station. Should she receive the letter is was a satisfaction to know that it was properly worded. He doubted it sifter of her former husbands could have penned such nother note.

another note.
But immediately following in elation at this reflection he shuddered, and a cold perspiration broke out on his forehead. If she did not love him—what presumption on his part! No, the letter must not be delivered

That night be tried to bribe the post-

That night be tried to bribe the post-man on his route to rob the mail—that is, to secure back his letter to Cynthia. "It's against the law, sir," severely an-swered the heavest postman. "But, see-ing it was your letter first, I—what kind of handwriting was it in?"
"It—it—I don't know. You see, it was addressed bv—bv".

The postman shook his head. "Couldn't oft, sir, for anybody. It would land me do it, sir, for anyboin jail. Sorry, sir."

On many morrows thereafter he visited Cynthia, with always the same query framed on his lips, "The letter—has it

come yet?"

No, the letter had not come by post or by tramp delivery. And each succeeding the last the last like last like the l awhile, and I may need it," he said as excuse for his sudden change of mind.

Despite his threescore and five years, the Reverend Sextus was a man of strength and agility, a youth in all except years. He strode from his study and swung down the flower scented lane with the easy grace and muscular power of a mech younger man. He loved to wander afield seeking new sights in distant pastures and communing with nature in all her many perplexing

Today he rather strained a point.

some of his frigher purse and sea consideree. But the necessity of making the inquiry before he began a day's work en his sermon grew into a fixed habit which TESTIS gasped he could not cast off.

It was a pleasant habit too. It inspired him for the duty of the day. He greev



"THE LETTER AT LAST!" SHE EXCLAIMED.

fonder of inquiring about the letter than of making metaphors and similes for his discourses for the Sabbath day. The poi-son of the temptation entered his blood and grew with insidious rapidity. He did not realize it until a fortnight after the holdup in the woods.

Then like a flash of inspiration it dawned upon his mind. He was seeking Cynthia's society not for the sake of the letter, but for the pleasure of her company. He had been deceiving himself all these days, weaving a web of delusion around his life that was as dangerous as the temptation of the drunkard. He was drunk—drunk with the wine of lova.

He groaned in spirit and beat himself with mental castigation. He was worse than the hypocrite who decrived world, but was honest to himself. No all his days had he yielded to such sin and fallen to such depths, and when he gazed up at the heavens again he had a new light of determination in his eyes His hands were clinched. It was the beatific expression of the reformer which

beatific expression of the reformer which shome on his face. He would pay the penalty of his sin in sorrow and pain. "This shall be my last visit." he murmured. "I shall return to my duties and forget that I have drunk so heavily and deeply at the fountain of love. Oh, man,

When he reacted the perch of his be-loved's home he was a sad and quieter man, with thoughts, on things spiritual rather than material. No words about the letter escaped his lips. His walk and

smile were sedately solemn.

Eat there was no rectparcating mood to greet him. Cynthia Trimble was alive with happiness and coy delight. She held aloft a letter, its writeness was not more snowlike in its purity than her

"The letter at last!" she exclaimed. "Why do you not ask for it? See!"

The Rev. Sextus Worterly turned pale,

and his day dropped with an ominous click; his hands ciutched his side. "Did you think it would never come?" she asked, fingering it lovingly. "But the writing is—well. I would hardly know that it was"-

She looked up, for the grean was the groan of one in distress.

"Was there anything in the letter that-"No; nothing that I regret. It was all

Then as she picked absentmindedly at the letter he added; "The letter! Now that it has come give

She shrank back shudderingly and replied: "No; it is mine. I must keep it. I—I shall always treasure it."

The Reverend Sextus gazed mutely at her, his mind affame with love.

"And you are not offended?" he said

answered with restraint, but with

eyes full bent upon him:

"No, no. Why should I be offended?"

"Then"—and the words came slowly—
"then my sin is not—not a sin. I feared it would offend you. But if it has not my leve must find some response in you. Carnthia. The letter has not heen without Cynthia. The letter has not been without

few minutes later he touched her hand and said: "But the letter, Cynthia. You will give

'No, no; never!" she protested. "It is mine, mine always. I cannot give it up.
"As you say, dear," he responde
while the pride of a newbarn idea enter-It was sweet to have another

cherish his composition.

"And you will call me Reverend Sextus no, Sextus—simply Sextus?" he udded.
"Yes, Sextus—Sextus, dear," she made answer as she tried to conceal the letter in the folds of her dress.

But the letter! It was not given to him. When the Reverend Sextus left Cynthia gazed at the illusive epistle, with

its faded chirography, and mused softly:
"He didn't know the difference, and
what's the harm? I thought as much. And it was a proposal, after all. I won-der what he said." And she sighed for the impossible, for his letter had not been delivered.

#### 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. WE SHOULD READ POETRY.

The Need to Keep Alive Faith In Spiritual Literature.

Analysis is encounaged by our civilication 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 beau ties 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, Miltop Burns and Sheller 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 interfused, Whose dwelling is the light of setting And the round ocean and the living air

And the blue sky and in the mind o Whatever truth may be, it is larger than the little naturalistic thoughts and observations that cometimes 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 sollioquies 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 Burghead, 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 fisherwives 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 Women and Spanking.

A New York woman has applied for a divorce because her husband epanked her. A Chicago judge has advised a man to spank his wife for the purpose of making her live up to the agreement, and a Denver man has been fined \$200 for spanking his wife because the coffee was full of grounds. Sometimes it is pretty hard to figure out just which way civilization is headed. - Atlanta Journal.

How to Drink Iced Tea.

"If you will drink iced tea," says a physician, "and you are taking large liberties with your digestion to do so, at least prepare it rationally. Pour fresh made tea directly over the cracked ice. This method is much to be preferred to that of letting the tes stand to cool gradually, a process by which the injurious effect of the tannin is considerably increased -- Harper's Bazar.

Mr. Bashleigh-Miss Dora, I couldn't begin to-to tell you how much I-I-Dera Hepe-You certainly have been a long time beginning, my poor boy. Go abead .- Chicago Tribune.

Try for Health

222 South Peoria St., CHICAGO, ILL., Oct. 7, 1902. Eight months ago I was so ill that I was compelled to lie or sit down nearly all the time. My stomach was so weak and upset that I could keep nothing on it and I vomited frequently. I could not urinate without great could not urinate without great pain and coughed so much that my throat and longs were raw and sore. The doctors pro-nounced it Bright's disease and others said it was consumption. It mattered little to me what they called it and I had no de-cipated lime. sire to live. A sister visited me from St. Louis and asked me if I had ever tried Wine of Cardui.
I told her I bad not and she
bought a bottle. I believe that
it saved my life. I believe many
women could save much suffering if they but knew of its value.

Durger Dunber

Don't you want freedom from pain? Take Wine of Cardui and make one supreme effort to be well You do not need to be a weak, belpless sufferer You can have a woman's health and do a woman's work in life. Why not secure a bottle of Wine of Cardui from your druggist to-

### Minescardus

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

# HEALTH

"I don't think we could keep ouse without Thedford's Black-raught. We have used it in the mily for ever two years with the set of results. I have not had a cotor in the house for that length! time. It is a doctor in itself and ways ready to make a person well at happy. "JAMES HALL, Jack-paylile, III.

Because this great medicine selieves stomach pains, frees the constipated bowels and invigorates the torpid liver and weakmed kidneys

## NO DOCTOR

necessary in the home where Thedford's Black-Draught is kept. Families living in the country, miles from any physician, have been kept in health for years with this medicine as their only doctor. Thedford's Black-Draught cures biliousness, dyspepsia, colds, chills and fever, bad blood, headaches, fever, bad blood, headaches, diarrhoea, constipation, colic and almost every other ailment because the stomach, bowels liver and kidneys so nearly control the health.

# THEDFORD'S

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 haste 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, falling to notice a barbed wire fence, ran into it, breaking it down, cutting a handful of flesh from his anatomy and ruining a five dollar pair of pants. The eld cow took advantage of the gap in the fence and got into the cornfield and killed herself eating green corn. Hearing the racket, the wife ran, upset a four gallon churn of rich cream into a basket of kittens, drowning the whole flock. In her hurry 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 fine shirts -- Kansas City Journal.



Pace Screen For Lepens.

In the leper colony of Audijan, Turkestan, 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 aces 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 Mome.

The absentminded Professor Lumplin is always so shebbly 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 elme.-Lustige Blatter.

Posted.

Mistress (trying on one of her new gowns)-Norah, how does this dress Mt? Norah (without looking up)-Not very well, ma'am. I found it a setle tight under the arrume. - London An-

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.

Sen 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. 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.

# INDIGESTION

"I was troubled with stem-sch trouble. Thedford's Hask-Draught did me more good in one week than all the doc-tor's medicine I took in a year."—MRS. SARAH E. SHIRFIELD, Ellettaville, Ind.

Thedford's Black Draught quickly invigorates the accures even chronic cases of indigestion. If you will take a small dose of Thed-ford's Black Draught occa-sionally you will keep your stomach and liver in per-fect condition feet condition.

## THEDFORD'S BLACK-DRAUGH

Mere sickness is caused by constinution than by any other disease. Thedford's Black-Draught not only relieves constipation but curse, diarrhoes and dysentary and keeps the bowels segular.

All drugglete coll 25-cunt pushages.

"The diesed's Black-Drought is the best medi-ciae to musiciae the bowels i have over used."— MRS. A. E. GRANT, Sneeds Derry, N. C.

## NEW GRUCERY STORE The Herald's Directory.

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.

#### THE BIG SPRINGS City Barber Shop

W. S. Kennon

A complete line of shelf goods.

When in Big Springs Call and get my prices.

W. S. Kennon,

TO CONTRACTOR OF THE PARTY OF T

T. S. Jackson

General Merchandise.

Big Springs,

Meadow

PASSENGER SERVICE

IN TEXAS.

4-IMPORTANT GATEWAYS-4

Dealer in Hardware

LAND COMPANY. Have Buyers For Small Ranches,

Write or call on them at Big Springs, Texas.

W. J. Head, Prop.

Remember when you want a haircut, shave or shampoo come on the 23rd Mondays after the to my shop and you will receive first Mondays in January and first-class attention.

Brownfield Texas

Yours For Business,

Texas

STATE OFFICIALS.

S. W. T. Lanham Governor. Geo. D. Neal Lieut. Gov. R. V. Davidson Atty Gen J. W. Stephens Comptroller J. W. Robbins Trassur J. J. Terrell Land Com. Supt. Pub-R. B. Cousins

lie 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 July and may continue in session two weeks.

L. S. Kinder, Plainview, District Judge:

R. M. Ellard, Floydada, Disrict Attorney.

W. T. Dixon, Brownfield, Dis-

trict 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. N. Copeland, County Judge 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 Com. Prec. No. 2 W. H. Gist 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 Assesso J. T. Gainer, Justice of th Peace, Precinct No. 1.

S. M. Tow, Constable Precinc Dollar on subscription.

Court meets in town of Gomez. n the second Monday in each

J. D. Crawford, Justice 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 A. F. Small, Junior Warden. W. R. Spencer, Secretary. M. Brownfield, Treasurer. J. A. Foreman, Tyler.

Junior Deacon. Lodge meets every Saturday

on or before the full moon of each

CHURCH NOTICE.

Rev. J. N. Groves on 3rd Sun-

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

#### To Trade.

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

#### LOCAL HAPPENINGS.

Uncle Bill Howard was in town Saturday.

Mrs. Lee Walker was in from the ranch last Friday.

Eastin Woolforth was in from the ranch last Friday.

Jack Head is building a residence in Brownfield.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Tieman have moved into their new home.

Miss Maude Grover is boarding with Mrs. Randall and attending

risited here on business last Sat Ray and Dee Brownfield re-

Attorney McPherson of Gomez,

tnrned from Bovina Thursday of last week.

Misses Dora and Annie Pyeatt were the guests of Miss Doll Pyeatt last week.

The baptizing at the Brownfield tank was well attended last Sunday afternoon.

Ottis Copeland of Meadow, and his sister Miss Irene spent Sunday in Brownfield.

John W. Gordon had business in Brownfield Saturday and re mained over until Sunday.

Mrs Dial and Miss Dora Dority of Sweetwater, are visiting their sister Mrs. Dick Brownfield.

Mr. Shock's new house which will be occupied by County Juage Copeland and family is nearing comptetion.

Lee Perry spent several days of last week in Brownfield and left Sunday in company with Juo. W. Gordon,

Miss Bell Jones and sister Miss Ada of Gomez, are stopping with Mrs. Head and attending school in Brownfield.

Mr. McDaniel has moved his family to Brownfield that his chrildren might have th. benefit of our excellent school.

S. W. Abbott was a pleasant caller at the Herald office last week and handed the editor One

Mrs. Geo. Whitley recently sent to this office two giant sweet peppers, the largest one measurng twelve inches around.

Sheriff Tiernan left on Monday for Ft. Worth with M. V. Brownfield as an attached witness in the case of the State vs J. B.

Mr. and Mrs. Will Dixon turned from Galveston and Lig Springs last week and will be at home at the Walker hotel for several weeks.

Mr. Alexander and family Menard county are now citize of Brownfield. We are gold to son, Senior Deacon. J. J. Adam welco e this excell at lamby to our town.

> Mrs. T. S. Jackson and Grandma Brown, of Meadow, spent last Saturday in Brownfield. Mrs. Jackson came down to join the Woodman Circle.

The dance at the Walker Hotel day in each month at 11 o'clock last Friday night, given in honor or Mr. and Mrs. W T. Dixon was a nice affair, full of enjoymeht and real ; l asure. A large crowd of young p. ople wers present and danced until a late hour.

> Presiding Elder Griswolds organized a Woman's Parsonage and Home Mission society while here. The following officers were elected.

Mrs. Robinson President, " Spencer Vice Pres.

" Randall Cor. Sec. Miss Robinson Rec. Sec. Mrs. Green Treasure,

Mrs. J. T. Hamilton was in town shopping Tuesday.

Judge Copeland was in Brownfield severald days this week.

J. C. Green came in with a load of merchandise Monday ev ning.

Mrs. D. Robinsan of the Meadow neighborhood moved to town.

For Lease.

Two Section place; fenced, house sheds, corral, windmill, tank etc. Apply to Copeland & Cotten, Brownfield, Texas

Dr. S. H. Windham

Physician & Surgeon.

Will promptly answer all calls in Terry County.

Tahoka, Texas.

## W. S. Dewey

Wagon and

Feed Yard. Big Springs, Texas.

A Definition.

"Diplomacy, Lester," said the hear pecked man, replying to the inquiry of his small son, during, it may not be necessary to explain, the temporary absence of the majestic wife of the one and mother of the other, "diplemacy is what makes a man carve a turkey and unselfishly deal out to his family and the visitors their favorite helps, including the only partients which he himself really likes, and at the same time look like a putty saint.

Penetration of Buileta. Tests as to penetration of the present rife bullets in sand, loam and steel show that the penetration into sand and loam at fifty feet does not exceed six inches; at 500 yards thirteen and one-half inches and at 1.000 yards sixteen and one-half inches. At after feet the velocity is so high that the bullets are completely flattened in the first six inches, the sand not having

time to yield. Women in Sport. It is an interesting fact that when women take up a sport, however manly, they acquire almost as great a precision and skill therein as the men. Of course, a woman never gets quite so much practice, nor can she stand being out in all weathers. Still, the fact remains that in accuracy

men, the best against the best.

I suffered with falling and congestion of the womb, with severe pains through the groins. I suffered terribly at the time of menstruation, had blinding headaches and rushing of blood to the brain. What to try I knew not, fer it seemed that I had tried all and failed, but I had never tried Wine of Cardui, that blessed remedy for sick women. I found it pleasant to take and soon knew that I had the right medicine New blood seemed to course through my veins and after using sleven bottles I was a well woman.

## Maude Buch

Mrs. Bush is now in perfect health because she took Wine of Cardui for menstrual disorders. bearing down pains and blinding bearlaches when all other remedies tailed to bring her relief. Any sufferer may secure health by taking Wine of Cardoi in ber home. The first bottle convinces the patient she is on the road to health.

For advice in cases requiring special directions, address, giving symptoms, "The Ladies" Advisor Department," The Chattanoog Medicine Co., Chattanuoga, Ten

P. J. H. McCoye

Have buyers for small

ranches. Write or call

TURNER

Big Springs

on them at

Big Springs,

Physician and Surgeon.

THERET AGENT,

Land

W. R. Spencer

Atterney-at-Law Land and Insurance Agent. : :

Brownfield

Texas.

Burton-Lingo Co. LUMBER J. G. Galbraith.

Local Managor, Big Springs, Tex

R. B. Cannon Land Agents.

Terms to suit purchaser. Big Springs Tex.

Brownfield Hotel.

Terms, \$1.00 per day. Monthy rates make known on applicaien. Tables supplied with the hest the market affords. Your month. patronage solicited.

Feed stables and wagon vard n connection. Best of care and a, tention given stock. Forage and grain always kept. When in town give us a trial. Satisaction guaranteed.

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

Call On HARVEY L. RIX. Big Springs, Texas. Opposite Masonic Temple.

When you need anything in Furniture, Steves, and Under Texas, taker's Goods.