

THE TERRY COUNTY HERALD.

VOL 1

BROWNFIELD, TERRY COUNTY, TEXAS, FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 3, 1905.

NO 28

For Sale Or Trade.

To Trade.

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

For Sale Or Trade.

Irrigated farm and water rights and dry land farm, some pasture, all connected on the San Saba river, in Menard county, Texas, well improved. Will trade for land in Terry or Yoakum counties. For particulars call on Arthur S. Alexander, Brownfield, Texas.

NOTICE.

I have purchased the shop formerly owned by S. A. Howell. Those indebted to him will find accounts in my hands for collection.

Yours Truly,
C. H. Walker.

Drug Store.

The people of Terry County are invited to make Reagan's Drug Store headquarters when in Big Springs.

Judge W. N. Copeland of Meadow is moving here and will reside with us permanently.

D. Robinson is now to be found at the Brownfield Mercantile Co's store during the absence of Mr. Small.

W. J. Head, Proprietor of the City Barber Shop is completing a residence in the western part of town.

LOCALS.

Those Who Come and Go.

Judge W. R. Spencer is attending court in Lubbock this week.

Livingston Ware of Yocum Co. was in town Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs Bell were visiting in Brownfield one day this week.

A. L. Clemons of Gomez paid us a visit while in town last Monday.

Sewing Machines from \$20.00 up at Reagan's Drug Store, Big Springs.

Albert Arnett, W. H. and A. J. Long were here on business Wednesday.

Mrs. W. R. Spencer is now in Dallas, attending the Fair and visiting relatives.

County Clerk W. T. Dixon made a business trip to Gomaz Wednesday.

Jim Smith and Mr. Jackson were traders in Brownfield last Wednesday.

M. D. Williams of Sidney, Comanche Co. was prospecting here this week.

Cable & Allman are adding a large buggy shed to their Livery and Feed Stable.

Mr. Hanks who has been attending court at Comanche, returned home Tuesday.

You will get an honest count and a fair deal at Reagan's Drug Store, Big Springs.

Mr Lee Allman returned from Lubbock Tuesday where he has been attending court.

Mr. Allie and Lemons from Hale Center, Hale Co. were here Wednesday buying cattle.

Teacher's Institute.

Below is the program of the Teacher's Institute of Terry Co. which will meet in Brownfield, Friday and Saturday, Nov. 17th. and 18th. Teachers, Trustees and all who are interested in education are requested to attend and take part in the Institute.

Friday Morning, 10 A. M.

ORGANIZATION.

Afternoon Session.

Music.
Address of Welcome. W. R. Spencer.
Duties of Teachers in School Room. T. R. Boon.
Discussion.
Reading. Miss Daugherty.
Query Box.
Discussion.
Participles and Infinitives.
J. D. Murray.
Miscellaneous Business.
Music.

Night Session.

Music. Instrumental Duet.
Mrs. Dial and Miss Daugherty.
Duties of County Superintendent.
Judge Copeland.
Reading. Miss Flora Robinson.
Solo. Mrs. Dial.
Duties of Trustees. W. R. Spencer.
Solo. Mrs. Dial.
Reading. Miss Effie Brownfield.
Duties of the Parent.
Solo. Miss Flora Robinson.
Reading. Miss Daugherty.
Music.

Saturday Morning, 10 A. M.

Music.
Miscellaneous Business.
How to Teach Subtraction.
R. B. Patterson.
Discussion.
Paper. Mrs. Brooks.
Discussion.
Reading. Miss Flora Robinson.
Paper. Importance of Education.
Miss Daugherty.
Music.

Afternoon Session.

Music.
Paper. The Professional Teacher. Mrs. Woodard.
Reading. Miss Effie Brownfield.
Importance of Geography.
J. L. Randall.
Discussion.
Paper. Miss De Shazo.
Reading. Miss Vada Groves.
Query Box.
Reading. Miss Dora Daugherty.
Music.

W. N. Copeland.
Supt. of Schools. Terry Co.

Cloudy weather has prevailed in this vicinity for the past few days.

Every thing goes to demonstrate the fact that Brownfield is growing.

Never before in the history of the Plains has there been such an enormous feed crop. The supply is adequate. No matter the severity of the coming winter no stock need suffer for the want of something to eat.

A. F. Small Secretary and Manager for The Brownfield Mercantile Co. left Monday for Dallas and Ft. Worth. While absent he will visit the State Fair also purchase a large stock of seasonable goods to be added to the general stock already on hand.

NOTICE

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

Visit Us

And compare our prices on Dry Goods, Shoes boots, Clothing, Over coats, Slickers, Rain coats, Hardware, building paper, binding twine 12 1-2c. No. 1 Sack Salt \$2.35 for 200 pound sack. All kinds of Groceries, Drugs & Notions. Our house is full of bargains, and we are "It."

Yours Very Truly

Brownfield Mercantile Co.

Brownfield

Texas

OFFICIAL STATEMENT OF THE FINANCIAL CONDITION OF THE Brownfield State Bank

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, subject to check	\$9,454.00
Cash items	3,000.00
Currency	1,000.00
Specie	1,000.00
Other resources as follow:	
Stamps and taxes paid	6.10
Total	\$13,560.10

LIABILITIES.

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

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

CORRECT—ATTEST: W. J. Parker }
J. R. Coble } DIRECTORS.
A. M. Brownfield }

BROWNFIELD, TEXAS.

THE

Fine Location,
Amiable Citizenship,
Continued efforts to come to the front,

All goes to show the final great destiny of this town. Property can be had at your own figures and terms. See

Brownfield Townsite Co.



John Johnson

Fine watch and Jewelry repairing a specialty.

Big Springs Tex.

NEW GROCERY STORE

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

Yours For Business

J. C. Green.

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 March 3, 1879.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

One Year One Dollar
Six Months Fifty Cents

SPECIAL CLUB OFFER

Every man should subscribe to his local paper, because from it he secures a class of news and useful information that he can get no where else. He should, however, also subscribe to a first-class general newspaper. Such a paper is The Semi-Weekly News.

Thousands of its readers proclaim it the best general newspaper in the world. Its secret of success is that it gives the farmers just what they want in the way of a family newspaper. It has a splendid page where the farmers write the practical experiences on the farm. It is like attending an immense farmers institute. It has pages especially gotten up for the wife, for the boys and for the girls. It also gives in every issue the latest market reports. In short, it gives a combination of news and instructive reading matter that can be secured in no other way.

For \$1.75 cash in advance we will send The Semi Weekly News and The Terry County Herald each for one year. This means that you will get a total of 156 copies. It's a combination that can't be beat, and you will secure your money's worth many times over. Subscribe at once at this office.

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 of the best type. Ably edited, splendidly illustrated, it carries a news service which is the best that knowledge and experience can suggest. Special features of the Record appeal to the housewife, the farmer, the stock raiser and the artisan.

The colored comic pictures printed in the Friday issue are a rare treat for the young folks.

Its market news alone is worth the money.

You will surely be a constant reader of The Record once you try it, and the favorable clubbing offer made below is an opportunity not to be missed:

Semi Weekly Record 1 year \$1.00
The Terry County Herald 1 year \$1.00,
Both papers 1 year \$1.75
Subscribe at this office.

Latest reports from Russia are to the effect that Emperor Nicholas has at last surrendered. Count Witt comes into power as Minister-President, with an imperial mandate which will enable him to convert the farcical national assembly into a real legislative body, elected by the people, thereby conferring on the people fundamental civil liberties, including free speech.

Thanksgiving For Two

How Little Dan Cupid Was Aided in His Campaign by a City Delicatessen Shop

By EPES W. SARGENT

Copyright, 1904, by Epes W. Sargent

CLOSE the window. I cannot stand it!" said the girl, thrusting her hatpin back and forth in the velvet with trembling fingers. The man did as he was told and then turned to her wonderingly. "Can't stand what?" he asked. "That noise down in the street, those gamins tooting horns and begging for pennies. It's so different from— from last year."

The man did not answer at once, but he understood. He could see it all—the big dining room at the farm, the large table in the center with its vivid red cloth and green shaded lamp, flanked on one side by plates of apples and nuts and on the other by copies of the American Farmer and the Ransom County Herald.

How they had both stood in the doorway that last Thanksgiving night for a final glance at the dear old room! And the next time they had entered it, how everything had changed! Death, desolation, the village auctioneer and the foreclosure of the mortgage, all these had come to the little farm in less than twelve months. The two years that Janet had spent in the big city denying herself everything, working in an office during the day and in her studio room at night to send home interest money for the mortgage, now represented just so much wasted time.

They had both come from Centerville, she as a typewritist and he as a bookkeeper—both fresh from business college. The mighty city had demanded much of their country vitality and energy, so that they had seen very little of each other, considering that they had come from the same town, yet somehow both had felt comforted in the thought that the other was within reach of messenger or telephone.

Janet had lived very much to herself and her typewriter table, but Herman had managed to see more of the city and absorb more of the city's ways.



SHE SAT DOWN WEAKLY TO WATCH HIM UNPACK THE BUNDLES.

That was why he had discovered a desirable restaurant where he could secure their table d'hote dinner for Thanksgiving day at the moderate price of 60 cents each.

Now he tried to speak cheerfully and to avoid looking at the hands that trembled and the eyes that would fill in spite of Janet's strenuous efforts to maintain her composure.

"Hurry up, Janet!" he said. "The Ramona fills up early, you know."

"I would not care if every table was taken," she replied impulsively. "Oh, forgive me, Herman, when you are so kind to think of me today, but Thanksgiving dinner in a restaurant—you know that seems only for the homeless ones, and it makes me realize more than ever that I belong to that class now."

She looked around the room in which she had gathered the few family heirlooms brought down from the farm. It did not look homeless to Herman, and its possibilities as the scene of the Thanksgiving dinner were brought to mind as he caught sight of the handle of a chafing dish sticking out from the cretonne cupboard curtain.

"I say, Janet, we won't go out. We'll cook dinner right here."

She sat down very suddenly and stared at him.

"Start Thanksgiving dinner at 12 o'clock?" she asked half bitterly. "And will you please tell me how you can cook a dinner by the aid of one oil stove not guaranteed to work and a chafing dish built for two?"

"Dead ends," was his reply as he

buttoned up his overcoat and reached for his hat. "You fill the oil stove and get the chafing dish ready and set out your table, and I'll do the rest."

Before she could ask any more questions the door closed behind him. Mechanically she removed her hat and reached for the gingham apron which she used when preparing her breakfasts and luncheons. Her dinners she always took at a nearby restaurant. She lifted the typewriter from its table and hid it in the closet. Then she spread a newspaper over the table. That would do for the culinary department, she argued.

She removed the student lamp from the center table and spread upon it a square piece of plain linen, handed down by Grandmother Harris. Then she went to a trunk which she had never opened since the day it left the farm, and one by one she lifted out the treasured pieces of family crockery. There were tears in her eyes now, and they were not bitter tears. She began to feel strangely content. The idea that Herman might fail to produce the viands for the feast never entered her head. Somehow or other he had always accomplished what he started to do ever since the day he had braved Farmer Green's bull to steal for her a certain red cheeked apple which she coveted.

When she heard Herman's step at the door she was just putting the chrysanthemum he had brought her to wear into a slender vase to grace the center of the table.

As she swung open the door she fairly gasped. The bundle he carried in either arm rose above his shoulder. She sat down weakly on a flat topped trunk by the "kitchen table" to watch him unpack the bundles. He checked off each package.

"One can chicken soup, one bottle pickled onions, two turkey drumsticks, ditto slices of white meat, stuffing and gravy, one tin pail of cranberry jelly, one wooden dish filled with mashed potatoes, one can lima beans, one stalk celery, one mince pie (just see how thick it is with real raisins!), one sack of nuts (have you got a hammer?) and two apples."

Janet looked at the remarkable combination with eyes turned suddenly grave.

"Herman, that cost you more than a table d'hote dinner would, and now how are we going to cook it?"

"Most of it was cooked at the delicatessen shop, and haven't we two stoves, or as good as two stoves? Draw out that contraption of yours."

She sprang to her feet. In a few moments the teakettle was boiling and the water was ready to pour over the coffee in the little French pot, which was then left to drip. The cranberry sauce and the rest of the cold dishes were set forth in brave array on the china from the farm.

While the soup cooked in the chafing dish the potatoes and the gravy were all heated in a big saucepan over the oil stove, and when the soup was served the beans took its place in the chafing dish. And the two young people who had forgotten to be homesick and heartsick seated themselves at either end of a ridiculously small Thanksgiving dinner table.

At last they sat over their nuts and raisins. Last year they had eaten them in front of a blazing fire. Instinctively Janet glanced toward a radiator in a distant corner of the room. It did not look cheerful, but the steam was escaping merrily from the valve, and that was something to be thankful for. Then she looked back at Herman. She ought to be thankful for him too. She gave a little sigh of contentment. He looked up quickly. It sounded like old times.

"Do you know," she said wonderingly, "I never supposed this place could be so much like home."

"Home is what people make it— what two people make it," he corrected.

He had stopped picking over the nuts now and his hands were clasped under the table. He did not want her to see that they were shaking. He had made the plunge so suddenly!

"I don't think this room is just what we ought to have, but we can get a nice little flat of three or four rooms and you would not have to stop your work, so long as you like it so much, but we would make sure the front room was cheerful and light for you to write in. I think it's a sure cure for homesickness for both of us."

She sat staring at him, at first stolidly; then gradually the color came into her cheeks and the expression on her face changed.

"I don't understand," she said, but Herman knew that she understood him perfectly.

"I am just offering you a prescription, signed H. Blake, M. D., to be taken three times a day, breakfast, dinner and supper—a husband and a cozy little flat."

Janet was regaining her composure. "With delicatessen cooking?"

"Well," he maintained stoutly, "it is considerably better than poor restaurant food, and when Scollard & Co. wake up to an appreciation of my real worth you can queen it over a real flat and a real maid!"

"I think I will try the prescription."

And that is why Herman Blake has always maintained that while most men win their brides by the aid of the florist or the candy maker he wooed Janet through a delicatessen shop.

There's Something to Be Thankful For

THAR'S sumthin' to be thankful fur, no matter how things go—

In summer time fur fruit an' flowers, in winter time fur snow.

Thar's sumthin' sort o' pleasant happens to us every day.

An' life's a perfect picnic ef we look at it that way.

Thar's always sumthin' purty fur our weary eyes to see—

The glory o' the sunset or the blossoms on the tree—

An' always sumthin' tuneful fur our tired ears to hear—

The children's voices chirpin' or the robin's music clear.

Thar's always sumthin' ready fur our willin' hands to do—

Sum hallin' steps to help along, sum job to carry through—

No chance to be a-kickin' when our feet are busy goin'.

No time fur idle growlin' when we're plantin' seed an' sowin'.

Thar's sumthin' to be thankful fur, no matter how things go—

No end to all our blessin' ef we only count 'em so.

An' even ef you're out o' sorts, or sick, or sad, or pore,

Jest thank the Lord you're livin' ef you can't do nothin' more.

—Atlanta Constitution.

HOW TO COOK A TURKEY.

The Recipe of a Famous New York Chef.

A chef who has for many years presided over the cuisine of one of New York city's best hotels gives this recipe for preparing and cooking the Thanksgiving turkey:

"Slit the neck of the turkey from the back of the head down its whole length and with the fingers separate the skin from it. Cut the skin a little above the middle and pull apart, then cut the neck off at the base. That will leave the skin intact for further use.

"Take the intestines out through an incision in the abdomen, but first take out the crop by inserting the finger where you have cut the neck off. Loosen the strings, or pipes, inside and pull them easily, then the whole crop will come out intact. Wash well, and the turkey will be ready for stuffing.

"For the stuffing soak a small stale loaf of bread in cold water and when soft squeeze all the water out; place in a bowl, add salt, pepper, thyme or sage or both; fry one onion chopped fine in four ounces of butter and a little ham, bacon or salt pork; cut fine, add a whole egg and mix well. Stuff the crop or wishbone part thoroughly and fasten the skin over it on the back of the turkey with a skewer or sew it; the rest put inside. Bake the turkey in a hot oven and cook about ninety minutes."

A Thanksgiving Game.

One of the funniest of the funny games peculiar to Thanksgiving time is called "hunt the turkey."

Go out to the kitchen and take the turkey out of the oven and bring it in and hide it somewhere in the parlor. Under the lace curtains in the windows is a good place or you might shove it down inside of the piano. Then let the guests come in and hunt for it. The person who finds it must hit some one with it before the person can get it back to the other room, which is home base. It is not fair to throw the turkey, as it must be swung by the hands. If a person accidentally knocks over a lamp or breaks a picture or throws the turkey through the window he or she must pay a forfeit.

Of course this game, which is funny and one in which both young and old may join, must not be played longer than half an hour before the time set for the dinner, for the turkey must be taken back to the oven and allowed to finish cooking before being carried to the table. It is not fair to take bites out of the turkey when it is found and it is also against the rules of the game to kick the turkey around the room. It must be held in the hands, right side up, so that the stuffing will not fall out.—New York World.

Making the Proclamation.

There is a good deal of form and ceremony about the making of the Thanksgiving proclamation. It is composed by the president himself and in most instances written out in his own hand. When this is done the document goes to the state department, where it is carefully copied in ornamental writing that is almost like engraving on the official blue paper of that department. The next thing needed on the document is the great seal of the government. This seal is kept by the clerk of pardons and commissions, and it is very carefully guarded under lock and key. Its keeper will not produce it without a special warrant signed by the president, and an impression of the seal is quite a ceremony in itself. When the proclamation has been thus duly signed and sealed many copies are made of it by clerks, and one is sent to the governor of every state in the Union. It is also given out then to the press agents, who telegraph it all over the United States. Each governor, as he receives it, issues one himself for his state.

WHY YOUR COFFEE IS BAD.

"Perhaps it is spoiled by adding the 'Other Quarter.'"

Bridget is an excellent cook, but like most women of her profession she is opinionated and insists upon making all her dishes strictly according to her own recipes. Her mistress gives her full swing, not only as to cooking, but as to the purchase of supplies. The other day her mistress said to her: "Bridget, the coffee you are giving us is very good. What kind is it?"

"It is no kind at all, mum," said Bridget. "It's a mixer."

"How do you mix it?"

"I shake it one-quarter Mocha and one-quarter Java and one-quarter Rio."

"But that's only three-quarters. What do you put in for the other quarter?"

"I put in no other quarter at all, mum. That's where so many spoil the coffee, mum—by puttin' in another quarter."—New York Press.

At the Ostrich Farm.

At the ostrich farm at Coronado it takes a bale of alfalfa hay cut up and a sack of barley to feed 53 birds. The chicks are as inquisitive as a monkey, and will snap a button off your coat if an opportunity offers. The old males are fighters and can split fence boards with a kick; but when they get real mad they lie down and twist their necks and flap their wings like a skirt dancer. Young chicks a few weeks old are worth in the market \$25 each.

Discouraging Suicide.

A favorite method of suicide in Japan lately has been to leap over certain waterfalls. So frequent have such occurrences become that police are now constantly stationed in their neighborhood, and large notice boards are erected bearing inscriptions in large letters, of which the following is an example: "Do not drown yourself here! Intended suicides are warned that heaven disapproves of the utilization of Kegon waterfall for the purpose. This is certified to by the best priestly authority, and serious consequences in the hereafter are guaranteed. To drown here is also forbidden by the prefectural authorities."

Had Eaten the Bones.

During the siege of Mafeking one of the officers organized a concert, or "sing-song," to keep up the spirits of the men. He discovered, according to the story as it is told in "V. C.," that the men had cause enough for low spirits. Hearing of a sergeant in the Highlanders who was a good performer, he asked the man to contribute to the concert. "I'm sorry, sir, but I cannot." "Why?" asked the officer. "You play some instrument, don't you?" "I did, sir." "What was it?" "The bones, sir; but I've eaten 'em."—Youth's Companion.

The Planet Venus.

The conditions of the planet Venus are most like those on the earth, but there is a strong suspicion that Venus has no night or day, but always keeps the same side toward the sun. If this is really the case, then the sunny side must be always burning hot and quite dry, while the opposite side must be always incased in ice—nay, more, in a mixture of ice and solidified atmospheric gases. The life of such a world must be very different from any that we know.

Unique Wedding Party.

A short time ago a wedding took place at St. Luke's church, Reddall Hill, Cradley Heath, England, at which a man named John Hill was married to a young woman whose name was also Hill. The fathers of the bride and bridegroom were each named John Hill, the witnesses were all named Hill, and both the bridegroom and bride resided at Old Hill.

Had a Happy Wit.

Col. C. G. Hildene sometimes made his stammer tributary to his wit, as when, upon Mrs. Stowe's going abroad in 1853 on a supposed mission to collect funds for the anti-slavery cause, he nicknamed her, first among his friends and afterward in print: "Harriet Beecherer Be Stowe."

Cartoons Sell Well.

Collections of cartoons which have appeared in the newspapers are among the best-selling books in France.

Kaiser's Speeches in Print.

A newly published volume contains 400 speeches delivered by the Kaiser during the last fourteen years.

Strong Paper.

So strong is the Bank of England note paper that a single sheet will lift a weight of 100 pounds.

Plenty of Saloonkeepers.

The Belgian city of Liege, with a population of 150,000, maintains 10,000 drink sellers.

Long Tunnel.

The Freiburg tunnel, in Germany, is twenty-four miles long.



We know of a man who year by year makes \$100 per acre from his crops of Hubbard squash, and they cost no more to raise than a crop of pumpkins.

The average American likes to do work on the hurrah plan—a lot of machinery, men and teams—like the big thrashing outfit, the big road grader and the big gang of men to boss. These big outfits are by no means the most economical for the small farmer.

In the old baronial days a boar's head baked was considered the great dish of the feast. Recalling this fact, we are reminded that the tastes of the people have improved, for it would be hard to find a coarser, ranker meat for a banquet than an old boar's head.

A raiser of turkeys for the market advises the pouring of a pint of strong vinegar down the throats of the birds twenty-four hours before they are killed, claiming that such treatment will make the flesh of the bird more tender. This is a good example of the refined brutality of our modern civilization.

Sometimes when a man imports a good horse into a community he does as much in a patriotic way for his community as though he had enlisted in the army. We recall one instance where the importation of such a horse gave to the horses sold during the succeeding ten years an added value of over \$20,000.

With wool at from 20 to 23 cents and mutton worth 5 to 7 cents per pound the sheep is one of the best propositions there is on the farm today. They pay as well as the cow, are better fertilizers and weed destroyers and no bother about milking. If these prices for sheep and their products could only be assured there would be hundreds kept where none is now.

A man never makes very much of a mistake when he selects a soil for a farm upon which the clovers grow naturally. Poor though the soil may seem to be, the presence of the clover gives assurance of large productive capacity and certain promise that such land can easily be re-enforced and enriched. We have come to the opinion that the worst thing which can be said of any soil is that it will not grow clover.

We came across an old man of eighty years the other day, one who was a pioneer settler of the western prairies, who went through all the hardships incident to that kind of a life fifty years ago, and he was not loafing around on the porch in an easy chair or hobbling around with a cane, but was tough and wiry enough so that he had just finished plowing eighty acres of land, using four horses, and he told us that he thoroughly enjoyed doing the work. Now, that is the right way to grow old.

An old friend told us recently that when the first steel plow which would scour in the muck soils of the Illinois river bottoms was brought into his neighborhood the man who got it was so tickled with it that he wanted to keep it going night and day. When steel was so tempered that a plow would keep clean and bright in the rich, sticky soils of the prairie west it was one of the greatest of agricultural discoveries. Modern methods of farming would be simply impossible without the polished steel to work the soil.

One of the most encouraging things in an agricultural way to be noted these days is the fact that the American people are fast learning much about the wonderful productive capacity of a small piece of land when intelligently and properly cared for. What these possibilities are is well illustrated by the case of a ten acre truck farmer near Boston, who is said to take from his land produce worth \$10,000 a year, or at the rate of \$1,000 per acre. Millions and millions of acres of the best land in the world are located in the west which do not make a crop return of over \$8 per acre, and other millions which do not do as well as this.

We have two or three complaints about a failure to secure a stand of clover which was sown with a nurse crop last spring. This is not an uncommon thing. The nurse crop, wrongly so called, often smothers the tender clover plants, or, if it does not entirely

kill them, they are left so weak and spindly when the crop is removed in July that the fierce midsummer heat and drought very soon finish them up. The surest way to insure a stand of clover is to sow it without any nurse crop at all. The next best thing is to sow only one-half as much seed of the nurse crop as is usually done. Oats make the worst nurse crop, wheat is better, barley and flax better yet. Where it is desired to get a stand of clover the nurse crop should be always a secondary consideration.

Sowing and planting good seed is one thing and sowing and planting it in a well prepared seed bed is another and almost of as much importance so far as the crop is concerned.

The hog is naturally a very clean animal, considering that he belongs to the scavenger tribe, when he is given half a chance. Filthy hog yards are often primary causes of sick and dead hogs.

We are of the opinion that Mr. Hubbard is entitled to a far greater meed of recognition for the introduction of the famous squash which bears his name than is Mr. Benjamin Davis for his work in a horticultural way.

A friend recently drained a large swamp on his farm, and, looking it over with him, we discovered that he had thus exposed a four foot bed of most excellent peat. As he has to buy all his fuel at high prices, there should be something right there on his own farm worth looking up.

When a man grows a crop of grain on his farm and hauls it off to market he has been drawing on the principal of his capital and not using the interest, been selling the phosphates, the nitrates, the potash and the humus of his soil, which he must later replace if he would keep his account properly balanced.

Young man, if you are in debt and are eating up today what you expect to earn and pay for next month try an oatmeal diet for thirty days and get square with the world and hereafter pay as you go. The oatmeal will not hurt you—in fact, will be a good thing for you. A poor man has no business to run his face for food to eat unless he is a tramp pure and simple.

Five years ago we top grafted twenty-five Duchess trees one year old with a dozen varieties of apples which are not rated as hardy where we live. The experiment to date is a success, the trees being very thrifty and just beginning to bear. The weak point of a tender apple tree lies in its root system and trunk, and we have reasoned that if these were made entirely hardy the tenderer varieties might be raised.

Judgments for a matter of \$1,500 against the owner and driver are proving the most effective brake yet invented for the reasonable management of the automobile. It should be the prime object of the owners of these machines to make friends with the traveling public who from the nature of things regard the road devils with well grounded hatred, and it is the few fools with machines who make all the trouble.

The corn crop of the west is big enough so that no eight hour day will do for the gathering of it. Help is scarce, the ears many and big, much of the crop badly down from the action of the storms, and it is all important to secure the crop before the snows fall. It looks as if the girls will have to take a hand in this good work, which will mean for them three feathers in their winter hat and a well developed muscle which will come in handy later on when they have to teach school or spank their own kids.

The average quarter section farm should have not less than twenty acres seeded to clover each year. This will keep forty acres of the farm in clover all the time and permit the turning over each year of twenty acres of clover sod for the corn crop, this course of treatment absolutely assuring very large and profitable crops of corn. Then there should be cows enough to take care of the clover as pasture and eat up the hay which would be produced. A farm so handled would not fail to make money for the owner, and a lot of it too.

It is too bad that most men do not realize what a pest the Canada thistle and quack grass are on the farm until these things have got a good start and it becomes almost impossible to eradicate them. We know of an eighty acre farm in Iowa which is now covered with the thistle, which the neighbors have seen develop from just a small patch, they regarding it with as much indifference as though it was a patch of bindweed or purslane, when they should have been as much wrought up over this little patch of thistles as they would have been over a case of smallpox in their community. A farmer leads a very independent life, it is true, but his independence should be curtailed when he makes a business of raising weed seed to infect his neighbors' farms.



Tough as is the elk, a pint of oats fed to it will kill it.

The Lord has been very good to even the lazy farmer this year, for the corn, though not planted until the middle of June, has all ripened up in fine shape.

The great trouble with that much boomed wheat country of the Canadian northwest is that there is only work for the farmer about three months in the year, and the rest of the time he has to loaf.

It seems almost impossible to preserve any of our game animals and birds or our best food and game fish by any sort of legislation. It seems to be born in the average American that all wild life belongs to him if he can get at it, no matter what the law may be.

It never pays to foster any sort of a manufacturing industry which is under the control of a trust, for just as soon as it is well started the trust may buy it up and let it remain idle. This thing has been done in almost countless instances with oatmeal mills, paper mills and many other enterprises.

A good deal of fuss is made over the turkey as a centerpiece for the Thanksgiving dinner when, if people did but know it, a six-weeks-old sucking pig stuffed and baked, with a small cob in his mouth, can in point of palatability and flavor eclipse any old gobbler ever cooked. Try the pig and see—and do not forget to put the cob in his mouth.

A case came to our notice lately where the profit connected with growing hogs was well illustrated. Two shots were bought in May at \$5 each. They were fed until the 1st of September, the food all bought save the grass. When sold they brought \$30, and, deducting the cost of the food, they made the owner a clean profit of 95 per cent on his investment.

A friend of ours told us recently that he had farmed 120 acres of pretty good land as a grain farm for thirteen years and that at the end of that time he was no better off than when he commenced, and that a year ago he put twenty-five cows on his farm and has made more clean money than he thought possible to get out of the farm. Many others have done this same thing and they all give the same sort of testimony.

It is quite an element of success for a farmer to adopt some fixed general plan for the conduct of his farm and then stick to it. It may be the dairy or beef making, the keeping of sheep or the raising of horses. The work of the farm should be planned to converge around this principal business, whatever it may be, and it should not be abandoned just because it does not pay for a time. It is the sticking to it that wins out every time.

We came across a man a few days ago who has a fine bunch of spring pigs, just five months old, which will average over 200 pounds each. Asking him how he managed to secure such a rather remarkable weight for that age, he said that he milked twenty-five cows and the pigs had had all the separated sweet skim milk they would eat from the time they were weaned. For want of just this ration many a man has to keep his pigs until they are eight months old before he can make them touch the 200 pound mark.

It is worth just as much sometimes to note one's failures as successes. Now, here, in accordance with suggestions given in these notes with regard to securing a field of alfalfa, we prepared two acres of land in nice shape and sowed the seed about the 10th of August. The seed germinated nicely, and had just got well into the second leaf when the pesky grasshopper found out it was a well balanced ration for them as well as for the domestic animals on the farm, and in three days had eaten every stalk of the alfalfa close to the ground, thus completely ruining the field. This is discouraging, but we will try it again.

Three wet seasons—that is, three years in succession—bringing to the northwest and west a large volume of rainfall during the crop season, to the detriment of the crops in the grain growing sections of that territory, have very naturally resulted in giving the so called semiarid sections west of it

a sufficient rainfall to insure exceptionally fine crops, with the result that there has been a great boom in these lands in the dry sections for farm purposes, the condition of the grasses and crops there grown being such as to delude men into buying such lands at good prices. There is going to be trouble, and lots of it, out there when the seasons once again swing back to normal conditions. For general farming keep east of the one hundredth degree, west longitude. Observance of this rule will save many a man failure and disappointment.

There is a great deal connected with the proper feeding and dressing of poultry for market. We were in a commission house about Thanksgiving last year where lots of turkeys were arriving for the holiday trade. Most of these birds had been taken right from a grasshopper diet in the fields and were lean, and many of them were very poorly dressed. The point which we wish to make is that these lean and ill dressed fowls were almost unsalable and when selling at all did not bring one-half the price the fat and well dressed birds did. Turkeys intended for the Thanksgiving trade should be rounded up at least two weeks before the killing and dressing, kept in a darkened place and be stuffed with all the corn or cornmeal they will eat; should be picked dry and be cleanly dressed. This applies to the feeding and marketing of all kinds of poultry.

SOMETHING TO LEARN.

American farmers would be astonished at the results if they should apply the same careful, intensive and sensible methods to the cultivation of the soil and the care of their stock which obtain in some of the old world countries—Denmark, Holland, the island of Jersey and France—where a little area of land is so treated that it produces twice and thrice as much per acre as is produced in this country. When our land was cheap—\$25 to \$50 per acre—it is perhaps true that any sort of intensive agriculture did not pay, for this cheap land was new and very fertile and able to stand a good deal of abuse which has been applied to it without stint. Now, however, that these same lands run in value from \$75 to \$150 per acre there is much in these advanced methods of European farming well worth considering. We have not yet learned how to properly feed the land—that is, to so rotate and fertilize it that it will do its best or anywhere near it. Good farming will always keep up and increase the fertility of the soil. This but few do, and half of the land will not now produce more than one-half as good crops as it would fifty years ago. Continuous cropping with grain has removed the humus and depleted the available supply of nitrogen and potash. We know of several instances where foreigners from the countries mentioned have become possessed of a small tract of land here and by carrying out their old country methods are obtaining the most astonishing results, making more money from twenty acres than their American neighbors are from eighty acres and not working any harder either. We have much to learn from these people.

GRASS AS A MEAT MAKER.

All through the corn belt men have placed too much dependence upon corn as a meat maker and not enough on grass and other crops. Meat made from grass—and by grass we mean clover, alfalfa and blue grass—is always cheaply produced, while meat made from corn has often to be sold for less than it cost. But few men understand the real value of a good pasture as a meat producer, and altogether too little attention is paid to keeping pasture lands up to a high state of productiveness, the most common sin being in connection with overstocking them and never giving the grass any kind of a show to grow. We know of men who would hardly be able to sleep nights if they had a pasture which carried a heavy and luxuriant growth of grass and would not rest until they had got enough stock into it to "keep it down," as they express it. Grass must have some sort of a chance to grow above ground if it is to have a good, strong and vigorous root system. Where grass is weakened by overpasturing the weeds are quick to take advantage of the fact and soon swarm all over the field to still further help kill out the grass. A blue grass pasture unfed from July 1 till winter will furnish one of the best and very cheapest winter rations for the colts and for cattle and sheep as well provided the snow does not get too deep.

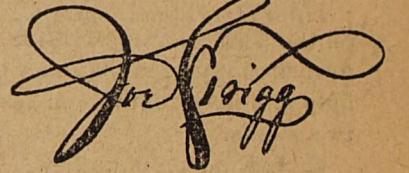
BIRD MIGRATION.

There is no more interesting sight to be seen in the fall of the year than the vast flocks of blackbirds getting ready for their southern migration. Grouped in families as they were bred in the swamps, they at first live an independent sort of a life. Later, as the fall days come on, they commence to gather in small flocks, which constantly increase in size as the days go by until just before they migrate they may be seen in flocks containing thousands, wheeling with a military precision in their flight or massing and swarming in the tops of the cottonwood trees, all chattering like a lot of women at a tea party, evidently discussing in their bird language the time for their departure

and the route to be taken, and then the day comes for them to go, a day just before the coming of the snow, the frost and the cold north wind, and circling round a few times to take a last look at the old home they head for the south and in undulating flight seek the marshes, the rice and cornfields of a warmer latitude. A few stray birds, perchance the very young and inexperienced ones or those that suffer from some infirmity, linger all winter through the cold and the storms, seeking the shelter of an evergreen grove in the vicinity of some farmer's corncrib.

NEW TYPES.

We are asked by what process the new varieties of strawberries and potatoes are originated. New varieties of strawberries are not originated from the runners, but from the seeds of the berry. New kinds of potatoes come from the seeds in the seed balls and not from the tubers. The new sorts are propagated by the runners and tubers of the plants thus originated. The same rule as to new varieties holds good with all our fruits which carry seeds—apples, pears, peaches, plums. With our cereal grains—tomatoes, cucumbers, melons and squashes—with most flowers, the origination of a new variety comes as a sport or freak, the result of nature's mysterious methods of cross fertilization, such sport being selected for propagation by seeds or cuttings from it. Many new things are developed by mechanical cross fertilization where varieties are purposely crossed by the agency of man, and no field of research is more fascinating or is attracting more attention at the present time, Luther Burbank of California being the high priest in this line of wonderful work.



Thanksgiving in Hawaii.

The American citizen in Hawaii can serve a Thanksgiving feast truly American if she does not wish to restrict it to the primitive simplicity of thanks and a hunk of breadfruit fresh from the tree. The Hawaiian towns have their markets, and in that temperate climate everything can be raised that can be grown elsewhere. For years the American church in Honolulu has had impressive Thanksgiving services, and the American ladies always decorate the building with flowers and appear on that day in their best new gowns.—Newark Call.

Wise by Experience.

Mrs. Husher let her boarders decide by vote whether the turkey should be boiled, roasted, broiled, fried, stewed or fricasseed.

"What was the decision?"
"The boarders were governed by past experience and voted unanimously that the turkey be put through all the processes."

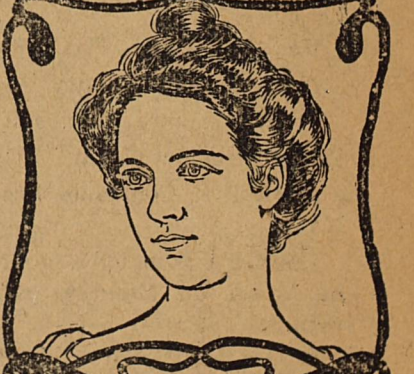
Had All the Varieties.

Burns (after the great Thanksgiving feast)—I heard that you had a piece of each of the fifteen kinds of pie?
Spurrs—Very likely I did. I know that now I'm having about fifteen different kinds of indigestion.

A Turkish Epitaph.

Ah, turkeys part where many meet!
A waistcoat's off their winding sheet,
And every well fed friend we greet
May be a turkey's sepulcher!

—Puck.



Miss Ida M. Snyder,
Treasurer of the
Brooklyn East End Art Club.

"If women would pay more attention to their health we would have more happy wives, mothers and daughters, and if they would observe results they would find that the doctors' prescriptions do not perform the many cures they are given credit for.

"In consulting with my druggist he advised McElree's Wine of Cardui and Theodor's Black-Draught, and so I took it and have every reason to thank him for a new life opened up to me with restored health, and it only took three months to cure me."

Wine of Cardui is a regulator of the menstrual functions and is a most astonishing tonic for women. It cures scanty, suppressed, too frequent, irregular and painful menstruation, falling of the womb, whites and flooding. It is helpful when approaching womanhood, during pregnancy, after childbirth and in change of life. It frequently brings a dear baby to homes that have been barren for years. All druggists have \$1.00 bottles of Wine of Cardui.

WINE OF CARDUI

Terry County Herald.

W. R. Spencer Prop.
Brownfield, Terry County, Texas.

ONE YEAR \$1.00
Six Months .50

Advertisement rates made known upon application.

The Herald's Directory.

STATE OFFICIALS.

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

DISTRICT COURT.

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

L. S. Kinder, Plainview, District Judge.

R. M. Ellard, Floydada, District Attorney.

W. T. Dixon, Brownfield, District Clerk.

Geo. E. Tiernan, Brownfield, Sheriff.

COUNTY COURT.

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

OFFICERS.

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

COMMISSIONERS COURT.

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

W. A. Shepherd Com. Prec. No. 1
W. H. Gist Com. Prec. No. 2
J. N. Groves Com. Prec. No. 3
J. J. Adams Com. Prec. No. 4

OTHER COUNTY OFFICERS.

Thomas Deshazo, County Treasurer.
Geo. E. Tiernan, Tax Collector
N. L. Nelson, County Assessor
J. T. Gainer, Justice of the Peace, Precinct No. 1.
S. M. Tow, Constable Precinct No. 1.

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

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

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

SECRET SOCIETIES.



Officers of Lodge No. 903. A. F. A. M.
G. N. Foreman Worshipful Master D.
Senior Warden A.
F. Small, Junior Warden. W. R. Spencer, Secretary. M. V. Brownfield, Treasurer. J. A. Foreman, Tyler.
E. Walforth, Senior Deacon.
J. J. Adams, Junior Deacon.
Lodge meets Saturday before the full moon in each month at 1 O'clock P. M.

CHURCH NOTICE.

Rev. J. N. Groves on 3rd Sunday in each month at 11 o'clock p. m.
Rev. Swinney, 1st Sunday in each month at 3 o'clock p. m.

Did It Ever Occur To You?

Did you ever think to look over a list of unmarried young men of your acquaintance, and see how many of them are able to support a wife, and the consequent family? I am speaking more particularly of the small towns and not of the farmer, who is a king unto himself. The result of such an investigation would probably startle you immensely. Not one young man in ten, based on a very conservative estimate, is more than able to take care of himself or has acquired any property whatever or laid up a penny for the married emergency. They are depending on something to turn up that will relieve them of such responsibility, or believe in the old, yet continually refuted adage, two can live as cheap as one. They marry some adelpated love-sick girl and trust to luck to bring them out of the pit that they have voluntarily dug for themselves. The result is either a divorce or a continued struggle with the gaunt wolf of poverty, while the winged dove of love, that thinks in its joyful wisdom that life is livable on love and kisses, flies out the window to torment into a repetition of the error of some other young couple. The offspring go to help on our criminal list. If every young man could be brought to see that provision for a family is one of the first prerequisites of such a step, the world will soon be brought to that sought for millennium, that happy conception when every man has attained the acme of greatness—the wisdom of 40 at the age of 20.

The quality of neither a woman nor a cigar depends on the wrapper.

The business man who talks to the readers of a newspaper as he talks to customers in his store is the one who wins.

Texas is now in debt \$650,000 more than it has money to pay. If Texas could sell all its officers, from governor to constable, not forgetting its pass totting legislatures, for what they think they are worth, it could pay its debts and have millions to dump in its treasure. But should they bring their real value, politically speaking, it could not pay the interest five minutes.

Poverty may be the means of keeping one down for a time, but if true metal exists he who perseveres will rise. Jay Gould was a poverty stricken surveyor. Geo. W. Childs was a bookseller's errand boy, at a salary of four dollars a month. John Wannemaker started in business on a salary of a dollar and a quarter a week. Andrew Carnegie began life on a weekly salary of three dollars. Andrew Johnson was a tailor's apprentice boy, and learned to read after he was married.

The newspaper is a wide field and full of thorns. when you roast the preacher the un-Godly smiles, when you roast the un-Godly the preacher smiles. If you roast the saloon man the teetotler smiles; when you roast the teetotler the saloon man sets 'em up. If you swear, you are a wicked man, and if you pray you are a hypocrite. If you have an opinion you get cussed, and if you don't you are a nonentity. The preacher knows one thing, the saloon man another, but the journalist is expected to know everything. He is the best and worst man in the community.—Ex.

The Girl We Love.

There are girls we love and many of them even readers of this paper, of whom it can be truthfully said, we all love them. They have virtues whose charm of manner attracts us all. They are not self-righteous. They are not aware that we all love them. On the otherhand in their efforts to contribute to the welfare of others they are obvious of self, thereby rendering themselves more attractive.

Their influence is felt most in the home. A home is what a woman makes it, and a daughter in nine cases out of ten, the reflection of her mother.

There the girl has the privilege of acting as "ministering angel." By her gentleness she refines the manners of her brothers and is diligent in her kindness to the aged, throwing wreaths of blossoms on the road that father and mother dread down the steep of years. No child of want ever comes to her and is turned away empty, no one in sorrow comes to her but is comforted; no one asks her the way to be saved but she points him to the cross.

"Tact, sincerity and amiability," says one of our best writers, "are a golden combination in the character of any girl, the first enabling her to avoid these subjects which are likely to prove irritating and keeping her from rubbing others wrong way, the second showing her flawless as a crystal in her truth of word and thought, and the third making her to overflow with loving kindness. The essentials are in reach of all."

The man who had his stove up and coal in the bin is now wearing the lingering grin.—Big Springs Herald.

But the man who has'nt, is now bin in the coal and lingering the wearing grin.

According to the very best information obtainable, we pass this way but once, and when we step into the valley of the shadow all our earthly belongings will be left behind. Not a cow, not a sheep, nor an acre of land, not a dollar of money, will go into the grave with us. Why then should men race through life in a mad flight for gold, brushing all the better things aside, when at last it must be unloaded at the tomb? Would it not be better to smile a little and do a few good deeds as we went along? Would it not be a better plan to put a flower into the hand of some sad hearted human being struggling along the road of life, than to clinch an almighty dollar until death forced us to relinquish it?

A horse that is a fast walker does not have to trot so much. Did boys ever notice that? Well its much the same with boys. A boy who walks right up to and with his work—keeps abreast with his duties has a much more pleasant time than the boy who is always lagging to the rear. A boy must in some shape or other do his share, and if he persists in poking whenever the eye of the instructor is on something else, he must be made to trot to catch up with the fast walker, who finds his work easy and pleasant because he never allows it to get ahead of him. Take a lot of boys together and the fellow who tries to do the least has much the hardest time of any. The boy who has the easiest time is the one who peels off his coat and starts right in with the determination of doing well and promptly the work that is assigned to him.

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General Merchandise,

Boots, Shoes etc.

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Every thing in stock that's kept at Sangers.

Meadow,

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W. S. Kennon

Dealer in Hardware.

A complete line of shelf goods.

When in Big Springs Call and get my Prices.

Yours For Business,

W. S. KENNON,

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Big Springs Land Co.

Have Buyers For
Small Ranches.

Write Or Call On
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Big Springs, Texas.

(OPPOSITE MASONIC TEMPLE.)

When You Need Anything
In Furniture, Stoves and
Undertaker's Goods.

Dr. S. H. Windham

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

Tahoka, Texas.

Dr. J. H. McCoy

PHYSICIAN &
SURGEON.
Tahoka, Texas.

City Barber Shop

W. J. Head, Prop.
Remember when you wan't
a Hair cut, Shave or Shampoo
Come to my Shop and you
and receive first class
ATTENTION.

W. S. Dewey

Wagon and
Feed Yard.
Big Springs, Texas.

Brownfield Hotel.

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

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

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

REAGAN'S.

The largest and best ornamented stock of Wall paper, Paints and Oils will be found at Reagan's Drug Store, Big Springs.

MILLINERY.

Mrs. D. Robinson has just received 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.

BEST PASSENGER SERVICE IN TEXAS.

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NO TROUBLE TO ANSWER QUESTIONS.

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The amount
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