

TERRY COUNTY HERALD

VOL. 2.

BROWNFIELD, TERRY COUNTY, TEXAS, FRIDAY, FEB. 1, 1907.

No. 50

SELECTIONS

A \$10,000,000 PRIZE.

You Can Earn It by Reversing a Simple Chemical Formula.

If any ambitious young man would like to earn \$10,000,000 next year he has a chance. The world will gladly pay him that or even more if he will show how to make india rubber cheaply. All he has to do is to reverse a well known chemical reaction.

Any freshman chemist can do it—on paper. This is all there is to it:

CSHS—C10H16
Isoprene—Caoutchouc.

It has been known for sixty years that heating caoutchouc gave isoprene, but nobody knows how to reverse the process.

It is not impossible. In fact, it has been done on a small scale, for isoprene allowed to stand a long time in the laboratory has spontaneously changed into caoutchouc. If, then, one could accelerate and complete the process the main difficulty would be overcome, for isoprene can be made from turpentine.

Then, says the Independent, the rubber industry would be transferred from the forests of Brazil to our own pine woods, provided, of course, the manufacture were cheap enough.

Chemists can do a great many things that they do not because it does not pay. They can manufacture quinine artificially, but the process is too expensive to be profitable.

On the other hand, Germany has snatched from India an industry worth many millions a year by the discovery of an economical process for the manufacture of indigo. It is cheaper and better to make it than to raise it.

Such will probably be the case with rubber, although its present high price is not likely to last much longer. The jump in price came from the sudden demand caused by many new uses.

The natives of Brazil could keep us in gum shoes and rain coats by their slow process of tapping the trees, catching the juice in little clay cups and boiling it down over a wood fire, but now that the world is using 60,000 tons of rubber a year and is calling for more all sorts of expedients have been practiced.

Rubber goods were weighted and adulterated until they cracked and crumbled at a touch. Old rubber was carefully collected and reworked, but it never could be made to regain its youthful elasticity and vigor.

The increased demand has been met in various ways. It was found that nearly all paints with milky juice, such as the poppy, contained caoutchouc—at least in small quantities—and from some of them it could be profitably extracted.

Instead of waiting for the caoutchouc to rise slowly, like cream, from the milky juice or collecting it by rude and dirty methods of coagulation, the centrifugal separator was introduced and a much purer product quickly obtained. Countries possessing suitable tropical colonies established extensive rubber plantations.

The Para rubber tree begins to yield when six or seven years old, and already the cultivated rubber is becoming an important factor. Within seven years it is expected that the product of the trees now planted in Ceylon and the Malay states will reach between 10,000,000 and 15,000,000 pounds a year and in double that time will be five times as great, or as much as is now yielded by the Amazon forests.

The Butcher of the Terror.

The world only knows Danton as the embodiment of brutal ferocity, or, as he liked to call it, "audacity." There has, however, just been published for the first time the inventory of the sale of his household effects after his execution, which throws some of the better light of simplicity upon the character of the butcher of the Terror. Whatever else he may have been, Danton appears to have been no money making revolutionist. He lived with his father-in-law in a poor sort of house at Sevres, and his effects are set down at three cows, two pigs, twenty fowls, twenty-one pairs of pigeons, some bacon, half a dozen hams, an old coach, "a stud," consisting of an old donkey, and furniture that the sale price showed to be poor. Not much to lose a head for.—London Globe.

HUMOR

THE BUTCHER BOY.

How He Remembered the Different People in the House.

The butcher's boy was such a bright little chap that the fourth floor woman engaged him in conversation while writing out her order.

"You have all the trade of this house, haven't you?" she asked.

"Yes'm."

"And do you call for all the orders the same as here?"

"Yes'm."

"And I suppose you go to other buildings too?"

"Yes'm, lots of 'em."

The woman looked at him admiringly.

"Dear me," she said, "what a splendid head you must have to remember so many things! Don't you get people mixed sometimes?"

"No, ma'am," he said. "I used to," he added, warming into speech under her genial smile, "but I don't any more. Anyhow, I'd never get mixed about the families in this house. I know 'em too well. When the boss tells me to come over here and get the orders he doesn't even have to call the families by name. We've got this building down fine, all of us fellows in the shop has, because there is always so much music going on. The first floor folks have a piano, and when the boss sends me to them he says, 'Go and see what the piano wants this morning.' The second floor is the cornet, the third the fiddle, and the fifth is the banjo. Even the folks in the basement go in for music. The boy down there has a mouth organ."

The fourth floor woman smiled still more broadly.

"I have noticed the confusion of sounds," she said. "But what about the fourth floor? We have no musical instrument at all. What does the boss say when he sends you to us?"

"Oh, we fix that all right," was the airy reply. "He says, 'Just drop in, Willie, and see what that woman with the foghorn voice wants today.'"

And that ended the conversation.—New York Press.

Too Late.

"Professor —, I presume?" said he.

"Yes, sir."

"Are you alone?"

"Yes, sir."

"May I lock the door?"

And he did so. Then, having satisfied himself that no one else was in, he placed a large bundle down upon a yellow handkerchief on the table and opened it.

"There, look at that."

"Well," said the professor, "I see it."

"What do you call that, professor?"

"I call it iron pyrites."

"What," said the man, "isn't that gold?"

"No," said the professor; "it's good for nothing—it's pyrites."

And, putting some in a shovel over the fire, it soon evaporated up the chimney.

"Well," said the gentlemanly man, with a woebegone look, "there's a widow in our town has a whole hill full of that, and I've been and married her."—Tit-Bits.

George's Game.

Anastasia—Don't you play cards at all?

Innocentia—No, but George says he's going to teach me after we're married.

Anastasia—I suppose he'll teach you casino or euchre first.

Innocentia—No. He says there's a perfectly fascinating game called "solitaire."—Catholic Standard and Times.

What Really Costs.

"But don't the repairs on your automobile cost you a great deal?" we questioned.

"No," he replied as he perused his expense book. "The fact is, the cost of the repairs is nothing compared with the cost of hauling the machine to the repair shop."—Detroit Tribune.

Spoiled in the Making.

"Nature designed me as a poet," remarked the visitor, handing over a manuscript.

"Ah! May I ask what seemed to interfere with nature's plan?" replied the editor, returning the paper.—Ridgway's Magazine.

The Only Thing to Do.



Teacher—Who went into the ark?
Bobby—I s'pose everybody did that didn't have umbrellas.—Brooklyn Eagle.

Before Taking.

"But I thought," complained the sister, "that you gave your customers thirty days' time."

"We merely permit them to believe that so they will look pleasant," replied the photographer.—Houston Post.

The Obstinate Cook.

Father—Cooking schools are of some use after all. This cake is delicious.
Daughter—Is it? I thought it would be a terrible failure. Father—Why?
Daughter—I told the cook exactly how to make it, and she went and made it some other way.

The Freshman.

"Is Reggy improving by his life in college?"
"Oh, yes; he's already learned to toe in with one foot!"—Detroit Free Press.

After the joy which springs from right doing the purest and sweetest is that which is born of companionship with spirits akin to our own.

Not in His Line.

Lawyer—You should learn shorthand and typewriting, Billy. The Office Boy—Aw g'wan! I never cared fer flowers an' candy!—Puck.

M. V. BROWNFIELD,
President.

A. D. BROWNFIELD
Cashier.

BROWNFIELD STATE BANK,

OF
BROWNFIELD, TEXAS,
WE DO A GENERAL BANKING BUSINESS
AND SOLICIT YOUR PATRONAGE.



Mitchell & Park,

DRUGS AND JEWELRY.

If you are looking for Drugs and Toilet Articles in which you can place the utmost confidence—come here for them; the price will please you, t. o. Come in and see—we don't expect you to buy unless you are thoroughly satisfied.

BIG SPRINGS, TEXAS.

G. A. HALL.

S. H. HALL.

A. G. HALL & SON,

Big Springs and Pecos.

MANUFACTURERS AND DEALERS IN

Saddles, Harness, Collars, Whips, Pads, Etc.

We use the Best California leather in all our Saddles and Harness.

Cowboy Boots a Specialty.

All our Best Grade Saddles are Made on the Celebrated Meula Seal Fork Tree.

Special Announcement.

I have moved into my new quarters where I have more room and am better equipped than ever before to give my customers good service in the way of Saddles, Harness and Cowboy Boots. Try me when you want something nice and up-to-date. A. G. HALL & SON, Big Springs.

Western Windmill & Hardware Company

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

WINDMILLS, HARDWARE, IMPLEMENTS, WAGONS,
QUEENSWARE, CUT GLASS AND CHINA.

HOUSES: Colorado City, Big Springs, Midland, Odessa and Lubbock, Texas.

WINDMILLS: ECLIPSE, LEADER, SAMPSON AND STAR IDEAL.

R. L. Perminter,

BIG SPRINGS, TEXAS.

Manager.

New Hotel

Just Opened

One Block Southeast of the Depot,

BIG SPRINGS,

TEXAS.

Everything new and first-class, Everything new and first-class

Rates: \$1-50 per day.

Mrs. J. S. Cordill,
Proprietor.

Rates: \$1.50 per day

There is always room in Brownfield for one more, that may be you.

ADAMS-HOLGATE COMPANY

Gomez, : Texas

Is doing business for the purpose of supplying the public wants. You may not now think you WANT anything, but when you see what we have you may want the whole shooting-match, and when you figure with us you will be surprised to find the amount of goods that old greasy, musty, crumbed-up \$10 bill will bring. Try us.

This Is An Age of Economy.

The Thrifty Person Buys His Goods where His Money goes the Farthest, Our Aim is to make Our Store that Place. Come and see us.

Big Springs Furniture Co.,

Big Springs, Texas

The Terry County Herald.

W. R. Spencer.

Proprietor

PERCY SPENCER, Editor.

Brownfield, Terry County, Texas

Advertising Rates:

Display advertisements, per inch, \$1.00
 per month. Professional Cards, per month, 1.00
 Local Readers, per line, 10
 Where no time contract is made all notices and advertisements will be run until ordered out.

Subscription Price:

One Year, : One Dollar.
 Six Months, : Fifty Cents.

Entered at the Post-Office of Brownfield, Texas, as second-class mail matter, according to the Act of Congress of March 3, 1879.

The Herald's Directory.

State Officials.

S. W. T. Lanham, : Governor.
 George D. Neal, : Lieutenant-Governor.
 R. V. Davidson, : Attorney General.
 J. W. Stephens, : Comptroller.
 J. W. Robbins, : Treasurer.
 J. J. Terrell, : Land Commissioner.
 R. B. Cousins, : Superintendent Public Instruction.

DISTRICT COURT.

For the County of Terry and the unorganized County of Yoakum attached to Terry for judicial purposes of the 8th Judicial District meets in the town of Brownfield, Terry County, on the 3rd Mondays after the first Mondays in January and June and may continue in session two weeks.

I. S. Kjafer, Plainview, : District Judge.
 R. M. Ellard, Floydada, : District Attorney.
 W. T. Dixon, Brownfield, : District Clerk.
 George E. Therman, Brownfield, : Sheriff.

Secret Societies



Officers of BROWNFIELD LODGE NO. 839, G. A. O. U. S.
 D. ROBINSON, : Worshipful Master
 BEN BROUGHTON, : Senior Warden
 W. R. SPENCER, : Junior Warden
 C. U. ADAMS, : Secretary
 M. V. BROWNFIELD, : Treasurer
 GEORGE E. TERRELL, : Tyler
 W. J. A. PARKER, : Senior Deacon
 FRED WOLFORTH, : Junior Deacon
 Lodge meets Saturday before the full moon in each month at 4 o'clock p. m.

WADE CHAPTER

Of the Order of EASTERN STAR No. 317 Meets at theasonic HALL, -in- Brownfield, Texas, on Saturday before the full moon of each month at 1:30 o'clock p. m.

Officers of WADE CHAPTER, EASTERN STAR No. 317:
 Mrs. D. Robinson, W. M.
 W. R. Spencer, W. P.
 Mrs. C. M. Spencer, A. M.
 C. A. Foreman, Secretary.
 L. Wolforth, Treasurer.

Brownfield Camp No. 1989. W. O. W.

Meets the first Saturday night after the full moon in each month.

W. R. Spencer, C. C.

L. D. Brownfield, Clerk.

Brownfield Grove, No. 462.

Woodmen Circle.

Mrs. ALMEDA L. DIAL, - - - - - Guardian.
 W. R. SPENCER, : Clerk.
 Meets on the first and third Wednesdays in each month at 7:30 p. m. in I. O. O. F. Hall.



Brownfield Lodge, I. O. O. F., No. 530.

C. M. LOCKHART, : Noble Grand.
 PERCY SPENCER, : Vice Grand.
 W. R. BROWNFIELD, : Treasurer.
 C. W. NEILL, : Secretary.
 Meets every Friday night, at 8 o'clock p. m. in the Lodge Room in the town of Brownfield.

For Herself.

"Are you sure you love me for myself?" asked the romantic young man.
 "I don't think I love you for anything else."

In your efforts not to sleep on your own rights take care not to interfere with the rights of others.

An exchange says the citizens in that part of Texas are too busy building houses to be interested in State or National politics. Our advice to them would be to let up a little on the building and read up on the questions of the day. Material prosperity is a small part of life. If sacred hiscan be relied on Sodom and Gomorrow were most prosperous towns.

Keeping in touch with political conditions would not have saved these cities from their doom, but following business to the exclusion of everything else certainly was one of the causes of their damnation.

Don't let the improvement of your place interfere with the improvement of your mind, your character and your citizenship.

Work is a prayer that is always answered.

A bill is before the legislature to make deserting husbands punishable by fine. We can't blame anarchists for their views when we remember that the man who introduced that bill is getting paid for his time out of the public treasury.

There has been nothing done in many a day to more effectually advertise Texas than the splendid 120 page New year's edition of the Dallas News. It has received complimentary mention in nearly all the leading dailies of the U. S. and in this way the eyes of thousands have been directed to Texas.

The recent grading done on the street west of the square has greatly improved the situation, especially as far as drainage is concerned. Brownfield is due Mr. Shaffer thanks for the work.

Some of the big dailies are in high dudgeon over the the threat of Congress to limit the amount of advertising matter in second class mail matter to one-half the entire space of the publication. It would pain them deeply to have to give up the ads. of Peruna and those doctors whose best reference is not a dollar need be paid until cured.

Smoked Glass.

Murphy—Well, this bates the mischief. Dooley told me that if I smoked a piece of glass I'd be able to see the spots on the sun. Sure, ain't I fairly kilt wid trying to make me ppe draw? 'Tis the way, I'm thinking, that either I haven't the right kind of glass or else Dooley's been fooling me. —London Tit-Bits.

Took Wind Out of Their Sails.

Addressing one of his southern audiences, Sam Jones once requested all the husbands present who had not spoken a harsh word to their wives for a month to stand up. He shook hands with those who arose and then introduced them to the rest of the audience as the "twenty-seven biggest liars in Tennessee."

Honesty and Ability.

Uncle—You see honesty is absolutely necessary, but ability is equally indispensable. Nephew—That may be, but what end does honesty serve? Uncle—To maintain your obligations. Nephew—And ability? Uncle—To avoid having them.—Il Mondo Umoristico.

Is Man a Harder Proposition?

Mrs. Benham—The snake tempted Eve first. Benham—Yes, I suppose he wanted to begin on something easy.—New York Press.

Necessary Limitations.

Physician—I would suggest a diet. Patient—Well, it will have to be something that agrees with the cook.—New York Sun.

Smoking Contests.

"Smoking contests are as old as the hills," said an antiquary. "Go to Brittany, take in a Breton 'pardon,' and you'll see a smoking contest sandwiched in between the dancing matches and the wrestling bouts."

The old man took out his notebook. "The first smoking contest of which we have any authentic record," he said, "came off at Oxford, the English seat of learning, in 1723. The conditions were that you should smoke three ounces of tobacco without drinking or leaving the stage, the person first finished to get a prize of 12 shillings."

"Hearne says—I copied it down here: 'Many tried, and 'twas thought that a journeyman taylor of St. Peter's-in-the-East would have been the victor, he smoking faster than and being many pipes before the rest, but at last he was so sick that 'twas thought he would have dyed, and an old man that had been a buidler and smoked gently came off the conqueror, smoking the three ounces quite out, and he told me that after it he smoked four or five pipes the same evening.'"

A German Duel.

A young officer quarreled with a friend who was a solicitor. Hot words were exchanged, and the officer struck his friend. Here the matter might have ended—there was something to forgive and regret on both sides. But the officer's regiment heard of the affair, and a court of honor decided that he must challenge the civilian. So a duel by command took place, and the young lawyer fell mortally wounded by his friend. When the officer returned home he was arrested on the information of the president of the court of honor which had forced him to fight. He was tried by an ordinary tribunal and sentenced to three months' imprisonment. The president of the court of honor knew he was urging the officer to an illegal deed when he insisted on the duel, but honor, as he understood it, must be satisfied at all cost.—Berlin Letter.

The Cigar Mouthpiece.

A rich Russian banker had been discovered murdered in his house in St. Petersburg, says a writer in the Green Bag. There was no clew, but in the room there was found a cigar mouthpiece containing part of a cigar of such an expensive kind that it was supposed the banker himself had been smoking it just before the crime had been committed. On close examination the mouthpiece was found to be worn away by the teeth of its owner, but the dead man's teeth did not fit the indentation. The servants were one by one examined, and it was then found that the hollows of the mouthpiece compared exactly to the formation of the front teeth of the cook, to whom no suspicion had been attached. He afterward confessed to the murder.

England's "Fiery Dragons."

In the year 1532 various parts of Great Britain were visited by a remarkable meteorological phenomenon, which the old authors refer to as "the visitation of the fire drakes or dragons." The author of "Contemplation of Mysteries" says: "In ye letter parte of ye year (1532) ye fieri dragons appeared flying by flocks or companies in ye ayre, having swines' snoutes, and sometimes were they seene four hundred flying together." In speaking of the fire dragons in another portion of his work he says, "Common people thinke fire drakes to be spirits which watch over hidden treasure, but the philosophers affirm them to be ye result of poisonous vapors which are spontaneously lighted in ye ayre."

Ireland's Coast Cliffs.

The finest cliff scenery in the United Kingdom is on the coast of the county of Donegal, at the northwest of Ireland, facing the Atlantic, where the variety and grandeur of the cliffs are most thrilling and impressive. Slieve League, south of Glen Columbkille, is a superb introduction to Donegal's coast splendors. In less than half a mile from the sea the mountain rears its height of nearly 2,000 feet. In the island of Achill, off the west coast of Ireland, the cliffs of Croghan, at Achill Head, rise sheer from the water's edge to the dizzy height of 3,000 feet.—London Standard.

Where They Agreed.

"But I am so unworthy, darling!" he murmured as he held the dear girl's hand in his.
 "Oh, George," she sighed, "if you and papa agreed on every other point as you do on that, how happy we would be!"

SOME AVERAGES.

The average man is bald at forty.
 The average minister marries 1,000 couples.
 The average cat mother blesses the world with 100 kittens.
 Glasses for old age are adopted on the average at forty-three.
 The yearly sale of newspapers throughout the world averages 750,000 tons.
 The world's gold mines yield on an average \$50,000, or 28,000 ounces of gold, a year.—Philadelphia Bulletin.

EDITORIAL FLINGS.

Perhaps the advance in the price of shoes is due to the abolition of railroad passes.—Atlanta Constitution.

Baltimore is becoming such a candy center that you can hear the chocolate drop at almost any hour.—Baltimore Sun.

The raising of salaries at Yale puts professors nearly on a par with football coaches in income.—New York World.

It is all very well for Mr. Rockefeller to insist that a man should live within his income. Mr. Rockefeller couldn't do anything else with his.—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

Just to prove how slow the world is to learn it is only necessary to cite the fact that rich men continue to die thinking they can shut out both their heirs and the lawyers from participation in their fortunes.—Los Angeles Times.

PITH AND POINT.

Inquisitiveness encourages lying.
 To say a man lacks tact is a polite way of saying he is impolite.

Considering how popular it is, "I forgot" is a mighty poor excuse.

Ambition is a funny thing. It makes some people rich and others poor.

How people love to gossip and how they do hate to be pinned down when questioned!

When you step up to a crowd and the man who is talking stops, that's a sign you're not wanted there.

Don't be a wallflower. Get up and dance. People may frown on you for a time, but they will soon learn to keep out of your way.

When a little girl names her doll for you it is a compliment, but when she is a grown woman and names her baby for you there may be another motive in connection.—Atchison Globe.

HOME NOTES.

A very strong solution of water and alum thrown on a burning object will speedily extinguish the flames.

Weak soapuds or aqua ammonia will clean bronze statuary or bronze ornaments in the fine lines where dust has collected.

When the nickel on your steel range becomes dull and discolored take a cloth saturated with carbon oil, and the spots will disappear as if by magic.

The woven wire mattresses used in bedsteads are apt to wear the material of the hair mattress above into holes. To prevent this spread sheets of strong brown paper between the two, pinning or tying at the corners so that it may not wriggle out of place.

FACTS FROM FRANCE.

There are no less than 123 residents to the acre in Paris.

In Paris there are nearly 700,000 apartments or lodgings which rent for less than \$100 a year and about 17,000 which bring \$800 or more.

French horticulturists have apparently been very successful of late in raising dwarf trees, and one of the features of dinner parties among the rich now is to serve the fruit upon the tree.

Mme. Mowret, a cook in a Paris family, swallowed sublimate because her mistress complained that the mayonnaise served with the cold chicken at a luncheon party was a disastrous failure.

A Short Way With Rivals.

The ameer of Afghanistan, who will witness a military demonstration in which 25,000 troops will take part when he visits India during the winter, was married, while he was still little more than a boy, to seven wives, each the daughter of a powerful chief. He now has four wives, the eldest of whom is a shrew whose fierce outbreaks his highness is said to bear with almost Christian fortitude. She has killed with her own hands three of her slaves whom she caught flirting with her august lord, and she disfigures those whose physical attractions might appeal to him. In appearance the ameer is a broad, rather clumsily built man, with a tendency to stoutness.—Onlooker.

Paris Literary Haunt Gone.

The Librarie Nouvelle of Paris has just closed its doors. It was founded in 1849, at the corner of the Boulevard des Italiens and the Rue de Grammont, and had a brilliant career. One of its finest productions was the first collected edition of the complete works of Balzac. During the second empire and the first years of the third republic the place was frequented by all the noted literary men of the epoch, who chatted and turned over the books.

Christmas Times in Dixie.

Oh, Chris'mus come ter de lan'er cotton—Bet you 'twon't be soon forgotten—
 Look away, Look away,
 Fer de Chris'mus times in Dixie!
 Don't keer ef de weather fair or murky—Big fat possum en a gobblin' turkey—
 Look away, Look away,
 Fer de Chris'mus times in Dixie!
 —Frank Stanton in Atlanta Constitution.



BALL PLAYERS' WIVES.

How They Feel When Angry Fans Abuse Their Husbands.

It is probable that oftentimes the wife of a ball player can tell more accurately why it is he muffs a ball or makes a bad throw than he could himself. Some of the wives of the Pirate players attended every game played here during the season and have alternately heard their husbands cheered to the skies as heroes worthy of a place on Mount Olympus and at other times have seen them the targets of the malcontents in the bleachers.

"What are the feelings of a player's wife when she hears the fans yell to 'take him out?'" said the wife of one of the players whose husband is a pitcher. "Why, when I first heard it I wanted to cry and get out of the grounds as quickly as I could. I knew my husband was pitching the best ball he knew how, but some of them managed to hit it two or three times, and those bleacherites kept up the howl. 'Take him out,' until the manager finally did it.

"When the game was over I told him I never wanted to come and see another game; that I couldn't bear to see him made the target for such a gang of rowdies as were in those bleachers. We hadn't been married long then, but he just laughed and said that what they said one way or the other didn't amount to anything. He told me that the same crowd that were yelling to 'take him out' would be wanting to take him off the field on their shoulders the next day maybe and that their applause was just as unreliable as their hisses. Of course, he said, a man would rather be applauded than shouted at, but a baseball crowd was the most fickle of any kind of sports and that it didn't make any difference what kind of men attended the game, they were all the same way if things didn't go right. As a rule, he said, he never paid any attention to the howls of the crowd, but he knew there always comes a time in the career of a ball player when the howl 'Take him out' means something, and when that time comes the player had better get out himself.

"But, just the same, I never get over feeling bad when I hear the crowd yell at my husband, although I have got so I don't care as much as I used to. Probably lots of people think baseball is easy work, but it is an awful strain on a man, and after a few years I hope my husband will settle down to something else."—Pittsburg Press.

Brains and Beauty.

In looking around at the successful men of the present day one is depressed to notice how few are good looking. Is it possible for beauty and brains to exist together? Though more fortunes are made in business now than ever in the past, it grows daily more obvious that we are not beautiful. Again, does the good looking man succeed? The finest men, the artist will tell you, are the Italian peasantry of the do nothing type. It does not take much trouble to notice how very few of the fine men are among the successes. Mr. Stackpool O'Dell, whose knowledge of brains is famous, remarked that if the Apollo Belvedere descended to earth today he would probably be found in a very humble position—as a commissionaire, or a footman, or an artist's model. Yet how many captains of industry would care to share a pedestal with him in the South Kensington museum?—London Mail.

Briefness Judges.

It is a tradition of the United States supreme court that the late Justice Gray, who won worldwide distinction as a member of that great tribunal, never tried a law case. The reason of this might have been that he went on the bench in Massachusetts so soon after he was admitted to the bar that neither the opportunity nor the necessity for practicing his profession was presented. Of his successor, Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes, Jr., the same statement is made. His career has almost exactly paralleled that of Justice Gray. Even the great Justice Story, who ranks with Marshall and Kent as a commentator and interpreter, is said never to have been called upon to practice before the bar.

The Calamity Auto.

Prominent at the annual toy show in Paris is a motor car called the "catastrophe automobile." When wound up this tiny machine runs a few paces, then a crack is heard, the car falls to pieces, and its little passengers are flung out. The machine can be quickly put together again and is then ready for another catastrophe. Another device is an alarm clock which fires off a pistol and then lights a lamp under the sleeper's breakfast. The inventor asserts that next year he will improve it by inventing a lever bedstead in connection with it. If the sleeper does not arise after the firing of the pistol the mechanism will let down the bed, rolling him out on the floor.

LOCAL ITEMS

J. C. Whisenant left Wednesday for a visit to Erath County.

Dr. and Mrs. W. S. Sharpe left Monday for New Orleans.

Mrs. Richard Seaton of Marshall is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Harris.

Mrs. W. R. Spencer returned Wednesday from Brownwood.

Miss Anne Pyeatt of Ponder is spending a while with relatives here.

Doc Powell returned Thursday from Louisiana and is back at work at the Mercantile Co.

Ed Robinson left one day this week for Dallas.

J. R. Hill returned this week from San Angelo.

The class in singing under Mr. Holtzclaw assisted by Mr. Cobb's class in Gomez, gave a concert at the school house Saturday evening, Jan. 26th.

Jack Head is building a house in the north side of town.

W. T. Dixon left Thursday for a trip to the Pecos Country. He was accompanied by Mrs. Dixon and his sister.

Mrs. Ellis entertained the Maids and Matrons club Wednesday afternoon.

J. W. Welch has erected a wind mill at his residence.

A. B. Bynum's home north of town is nearing completion.

Jno. S. Powell has been elected Superintendent of the Union Sunday School for the coming year and has stated that hereafter Sunday School will begin promptly at 10:00 regardless of who is on hand. We hope Mr. Powell will succeed in his efforts to get the crowd together on time but suggest that he defer the collection to well on toward the close of the services.

Mr. Holtzclaw organized the second class in singing the night of the concert.

We are due our readers an apology for the small amount of local matter in The HERALD this week but we are short a printer.

The school bell has been put up on top of the building.

The Origin of Mr. and Mrs.

In earlier times the ordinary man was simply William or John—that is to say, he had only a Christian name without any kind of "handle" before it or surname after it. Some means of distinguishing one John or William from another John or William became necessary. Nicknames derived from a man's trade or his dwelling place or from some personal peculiarity were tacked on to his Christian name, and plain John became John Smith. As yet there were no "mistresses" in the land. Some John Smith accumulated more wealth than the bulk of his fellows—became perhaps a landed proprietor or an employer of hired labor. Then he began to be called in the Norman-French of the day the "maistre" of this place or that, of these workmen or of those. In the time the "maistre," or "malster," as it soon became, got tacked on before his name, and he became Maister Smith and his wife was Malstress Smith. Gradually the sense of possession was lost sight of, and the title was conferred upon any kind—by mere possession of wealth or holding some position of more or less consideration and importance.

The Circle County.

The oddest shaped county among the thousands which go to make up the separate divisions of the various states is Warren county, Tenn. It lies almost exactly in the geographical center of the state and is about as near a perfect circle as any division of land could possibly be. The circle would be perfect but for the fact that there is a short stretch of the northern boundary line which follows a small stream for a short distance. It is bounded by Cannon, Dekalb, Coffee, Grundy, Van Buren and White counties.

THE ROSE OF JERICHO.

It is the Original of All the Resurrection Plants.

Several varieties of the so called resurrection plant have appeared among the novelties offered by florists, but the original is the rose of Jericho. Along the shores of the Dead sea, far enough away to be out of reach of the death dealing vapors and the salt spray, grows this rose, a little plant famed in many a legendary story, which, when ripened, rolls up its sprays and branches into a curious little brown ball.

The desert winds snap off its dry stem and whirl the seemingly dead little ball away over sandy plains, like a featherweight. After it chances to reach some damp place, in about ten days, the moisture has wrought a miracle, for the once dead is alive again, green and growing.

The old time pilgrims, who brought back this plant with them from the Holy Land, told wonderful tales of its power to bloom out on Christmas day and gave it the name of resurrection flower. Another old legend names it St. Mary's rose, because it is said that when Joseph and Mary were fleeing from Egypt one of these flowers grew from every spot where they halted to rest.

The dry ball when unfolding drops its seed, and from these it may be cultivated as an annual. To resurrect these dry balls it is simply necessary to keep them standing in glasses of water, immersed about halfway to the top of their branches. The expansion is merely a mechanical, spongelike process.

The botanical name of the rose of Jericho is anastatica, from anastasis, resurrection. There are other species of resurrection plants, but they are not so attractive as their Dead sea relative, which, although it has very little beauty, has an honored place among flowers because of the many fancies and associations it calls up and its peculiar development.—Exchange.

PERE-LA-CHAISE.

Famous Resting Place of the Great Dead of France.

In the center of the most populous and hardest working part of Paris lies Pere-la-Chaise, the city of the dead. All fetes of the faubourg beat against the walls of this spot, which has its own fete twice a year. Within less than a century this cemetery has become the abode of at least 800,000 dead. It formerly formed a part of the domains of the bishopric of Paris under the name Champ Leveque. Under Louis XIV. it was known as Mont Leals. At last, May 21, 1804, the official opening of the new necropolis took place.

The white mausoleums among the green trees remind the visitor of an oriental city, but it is estimated that in twenty years there will not be space enough for one lone dead man. A calculation has been made which would point to the fact that the sum of \$80,000,000 is represented in these last sleeping places of man. Even though the French may not always be grateful during the life of their illustrious children, there is a mighty attempt after death to prove appreciation. Among the famous men who are today lying calm and beloved in Pere-la-Chaise are Rossini, Bellini, Chopin, members of the famous Carnot family, Moliere, La Fontaine, Delacroix and Balzac.

Here the tomb of Heloise and Abelard is visited continually by large numbers of pilgrims, and there is never an end to the sentiment around the Gothic monument rising from the bright hued geraniums and roses. Notwithstanding the iron railing, many a lover carries from the hallowed spot a petal blown across by the obliging breeze. Except for one section, where a considerable number of artists and authors, brotherly in beauty and inspiration, are grouped the tombs succeed each other without much order. There is a single monument erected by the state to the soldiers killed in the siege of Paris.

Short Mourning.

A well known yachtsman was describing a winter he spent at Nice. "But the Nice beggars!" he said, laughing. "The splendid sun drenched Promenade des Anglais, with its ivory white villas on one side and the blue Mediterranean on the other, is always haunted with these beggars. "One of them accosted me one morning as I came out of the Cercle Meditterannee, a fashionable French club. "Monsieur," he said, "one little son for the love of heaven. My poor wife is starving." "Why, look here," said I, "only last week I gave you some money to bury your wife, and now you tell me that she is starving. How can that be?" "But, monsieur," said the beggar, "I have a new wife now."

A Quaint Epitaph.

The following epitaph is copied from a tombstone in Brandon, Vt., marking the grave of a child who died at the age of a few days: Sweet maid, she glanced into our world to see A sample of our misery. She turned away her languid eye To drop a tear or two and sigh. Sweet maid, she tasted of life's bitter cup. Refused to drink her portion up. She turned her little head aside. Disgusted with the taste, and died.

What Fishing Develops.

To those who are satisfied with a superficial view of the subject it may seem impossible that the diligence and attention necessary to a fisherman's success can leave him any opportunity while fishing to thoughtfully contemplate any matter not related to his pursuit. Such a conception of the situation cannot be indorsed for a moment by those of us who are conversant with the mysterious and unaccountable mental phenomena which fishing develops. We know that the true fisherman finds no better time for profitable contemplation and mental exercise than when actually engaged with his angling outfit. It will probably never be possible for us to gather statistics showing the moving sermons, the enchanting poems, the learned arguments and eloquent orations that have been composed or constructed between the bites, strikes or rises of fish. But there can be no doubt that of the many intellectual triumphs won in every walk of life a larger proportion has been actually looked and landed with a rod and reel by those of the fishing fraternity than have been secured in any one given condition of the nonfishing world.—"Fishing and Shooting Sketches," by Grover Cleveland.

Calling the Chickens.

In England the calls chuck, chuck, or coop, coop, prevail; in Virginia, coo-che, coo-che; in Pennsylvania, pee-pee. This latter call is widely employed, being reported from Germany, Spain (as pl, pl), Bulgaria, Hungary, Bavaria and the Tyrol. In the Austrian province the term is used in combination—thus: Pulla, pl, pl. The call pullele, pul, pul, also occurs there. In some parts of Germany the poultry are called with tick, tick; in Prussia, put, put, and young chickens with tuk, tuk (Grimm), and schip, schip, the latter being an imitation of their own cry. In eastern Prussia hens are called with kluckschen, kluck, kluck; also tipphen, tipp, tipp. Grimm records also pl, pl, and tlet, tlet. Weinhold reports from Bavaria bibi, bibelli, bidli; pl, pl, and pul, pul. In Denmark the call is pootle; in Holland, kip, kip; in Bohemia, tyoo; in Bulgaria, tiri, tiri.

An Old Medicine.

"Ground oyster shells," said the physician, "were used as a medicine by the medieval doctors—a medicine for the rickets and scrofula." "How absurd!" "Absurd? Not at all. Oyster shells contain lime, nitrogen, iron, sulphur, magnesia, bromide, phosphoric acid and iodine. Those are all excellent tonics. You know how hens eat ground oyster shells and thus produce eggs with good, thick, strong shells? Well, as the oyster shell powder acts on eggshells so I have no doubt it acted in the middle ages on the bending, crumbling bones of the rickety, putting strength and firmness into them. Ground oyster shells, I am convinced, would be good things for frail children today. They would strengthen the frame, increase the appetite and have a splendid effect on the teeth."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

A Curious and Rare Book.

The most curious as well as one of the rarest books known to collectors is the edition of the Vulgate issued by Pope Sixtus V. some time between 1585 and 1590. The book, as Disraeli described it, "fairly swarmed with errata." So numerous were they that a number of printed paper slips containing the proper words were pasted over the errors, and, this device proving inefficient on account of the immense number of mistakes, as many of the copies as could be found were called in and destroyed. Only a few remain, and the book with its paper patches commands an extremely high price.

Scott's Narrow Escape.

The world had a narrow escape of never having known a Sir Walter Scott. When a tiny babe he was left in charge of a maid, but the girl's heart was in Edinburgh, whither she wanted to go to rejoin her lover. She was, however, compelled to stay and look after the infant at Sandy Knowe. The girl regarded her charge as an obstacle to be removed and afterward confessed that she carried young Scott up to the Craigs (under a strong temptation of the devil, as she expressed it), fully intending to cut his throat with her scissors and bury him under the moss.

Historic Grapevines.

The celebrated "king's vines" at Fontainebleau, planted under the reign of Henry IV., grew against a wall in the park not far from the castle, and the grapes are highly esteemed by gourmets. Since the republic was established the grapes have always been sold by auction, the proceeds going into the coffers of the minister of finance.

Her Intense Sorrow.

He—I called to see you last evening and the servant told me you were not in. She—Yes; I was sorry to have missed you. He—I thought you must be; I heard you laughing upstairs in such grief stricken tones that I almost wept myself out of sympathy.

In Anonymity.

The genuine journalist, the man of experience and weight, has always an objection to signing his name to an article. He knows that to sign his name is to lessen the weight of his opinion. The man who signs his article ceases to be the voice of truth and judgment and becomes an individual author.—London Academy.

Every one is bound to bear patiently the results of his own example.—Phaedrus.

A Petticoat Pert.

Just eight people are said to have been present at a meeting held in London the other day for the purpose of forming a "society for keeping women in her proper place." But the chairman announced that 200 letters of sympathy had been received. The meeting was called by a certain John S. Bloom, and one Archibald Gibbs by name acted as chairman. Both seemed to have taken alarm at the recent "sun frigate" uprising in England, the aim of which, they said, was the ultimate subjection of man.

A Test For Stupidity.

Many people have a genuine curiosity to know if they would be sea sick in case they should take an ocean voyage. An easy way to put the matter to a test is to stand before the ordinary mirror that turns in its frame and let some one move it slowly and slightly at first, gradually growing faster, while you look fixedly at your own reflection. If you feel no effect whatever from it the chances are that you can stand an ordinary sea voyage without any qualms.

A THREATENED ACTION.

Because I robbed him of his heart he's suing for my hand; He vows for peace of mind naught can requite him. Except my giving up my name. He's firm in his demand. And says with law I'm powerless to fight him. But, since he holds me tight each night to kiss me at the gate, I'm very sure that nothing could be plainer Than that I have, if I should choose, good grounds to instigate A counter suit for forcible detainer. —Roy Farrell Greene in New York Press.

J. E. HILL
Blacksmith and Wood Workman

MAKER OF THE "TEXAS JOE" BITS AND SPURS

Horseshoeing a specialty

BIG SPRINGS, : TEXAS.

J. L. Randal,
DRUGGIST

Brownfield, : Texas.

Drugs, Patent Medicines, Toilet Articles, Paints, Oils, Stationery, Pens, Inks, Dolls, Candies, Cigars, &c.

A. L. Clemons Geo. W. Neill
CLEMONS, STEPHENS & NEILL,
Real Estate & Live Stock Agents.

Land and Live Stock on Commission. If you want to Buy or Sell List with us.
GOMERZ, TERRY COUNTY, TEXAS

THE CITY HOTEL.
S. B. Abercrombie
Proprietor.

Table furnished with the best the market affords. Transient trade solicited.

Rates \$1.25 per day
LAMESA, : Texas.

W. S. NORTON,
Jeweler & Optician

Leave Work at
J. L. Randal's
Drug Store

LUBBOCK, : TEXAS.

C. E. FROST

SADDLERY, COMPANY,
BIG SPRINGS, TEXAS
Manufacturers and Dealers in
SADDLERY AND HARNESS
We are headquarters for the celebrated Meniea Trees and nothing but the genuine California & Oregon Leather used in our Saddles and Harness
Cowboy Boots a Specialty.

Dr. J. W. ELLIS,
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON

BROWNFIELD, : TEXAS.

Tenders his professional services to the citizens Brownfield and surrounding country.

City Barber Shop

W. J. HEAD,
PROPRIETOR.

BROWNFIELD, : TEXAS.

Remember when you want a
Hair Cut, Shave or Shampoo

Come to my shop and you will receive First-Class Attention.

AGENT FOR

HOME

STEAM LAUNDRY
Big Springs, Texas.

Burton Lingo
Company
LUMBER.

J. C. Galbraith,

Local Manager,

BIG SPRINGS, : TEXAS.

J. W. Barrington W. S. Dewey.

Barrington & Dewey.

WAGON AND FEED YARD.

North Side Railroad Track,

BIG SPRINGS, : TEXAS.

Grain in any Quantity Always Kept on Hand.

Dr. J. H. McCoy

PHYSICIAN & SURGEON

Tahoka, Texas

H. L. RIX & Co.,

Invites the People of Terry County to call and inspect the largest stock of

Furniture, Stoves
Sewing
Machines, Matting, Etc.,
In West Texas.

Best Goods! Lowest Prices!
Big Springs, : Texas.

W. R. Spencer
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
LAND & INSURANCE
AGENT;

BROWNFIELD, : TEXAS.

A ROYAL TRAGEDY.

The Secret Murder of the Ill Fated Duchess of Wurttemberg.

About the same period at which Queen Caroline was earning notoriety for herself there resided in a small town in the north of Germany a man noted for his skill as a public executioner. Late one evening two men in military uniform called upon this person and requested him to accompany them, as his services were required at some distance and would be liberally rewarded, but that he must consent to be blindfolded. To this, after some demur, he consented and entered the carriage brought by the two officers. Apparently they drove a long distance, and at last by the sound he judged that they had crossed a bridge and entered a paved courtyard.

The carriage having stopped, he was assisted to alight and conducted along corridors and upstairs till at last, the bandage being removed, he found himself in a large, gloomy room, in the center of which stood a block with a heavy sword laid on it. A door at the far end of the room opened, and a tall and very handsome woman entered, led by two men and gagged. She was forced to the block and the executioner ordered to do his office. With some hesitation he obeyed. Instantly he was again blindfolded, hurried downstairs, placed in the carriage and driven off at full speed. To all his inquiries and reproaches his escort remained obstinately deaf, but on reaching his home a very large sum of money was given him, with a warning that he would do well never to attempt to solve the mystery or tell of that night's work.

Shortly afterward he heard that the Duchess of Wurttemberg, sister of Queen Caroline, had died suddenly on that very night. She was a woman of great beauty and known to be an object of great jealousy and suspicion to her husband, who was said to keep her in enforced seclusion, and, from inquiries he made, the executioner felt no doubt that this ill fated daughter of the house of Brunswick had been the gagged lady who had been thus secretly done to death by his hand.—Temple Bar.

HEART ACTION AT SEA.

How It Is Affected by Vibration on Ocean Liners.

"All hearts sound alike on these modern ships," said the surgeon of a transatlantic liner. "Although the hull of the average modern steamer is bigger and supposedly less subject to the violence of the sea, the machinery to drive the enlarged hulls has been increased in size. With the increase in the size of the engines there has followed greater vibration.

"It is this vibration which makes it impossible for us to read truly the action of the average human heart. I have tried repeatedly by all manner of means to overcome the influence of the vibration on the heart, but I find that by even swinging a patient in a hammock, where the shaking up is not greatly felt, the result of the heart reading is far from satisfactory.

"The first day at sea in this ship on her maiden voyage I had occasion to treat an Englishman who was en route to Canada on business. I was startled to hear his heart. Yet he had the finest kind of cardiac action, as I ascertained once the ship's machinery stopped. I have since found it to be an invariable rule that the engine's vibration makes it appear as though the heart of the average man was going to stop before I could get the stethoscope away from his breast.

"Vibration does not hurt the heart any. Do not make the mistake of supposing that it does. It just sounds as though the end was positive, and, while the patient's heart is beating in regular form, the shaking of the ship deceives even the practiced ear."—Washington Post.

The Snowdrop.

In the northern United States the snowdrop is the only garden flower that we can count on year after year as the earliest sign of spring. Its pendulous white blossoms, with "heart shaped seal of green" sung by Rossetti, often appear before the last snow has gone. Luckily, even city families need not be without snowdrops, for they have been known to thrive in narrow passageways between tall houses. Most bulbous plants like the baking hot sun of midsummer in order to ripen their bulbs, but the snowdrop thrives best in partial shade. It blooms earlier if it has a chance at the March sun, but is one of the very few that will flower regularly, though less freely, in dense shade and with a northern exposure.—Country Life in America.

Receding Gums.

"The best remedy I know for receding gums," says a dental surgeon, "is to saturate soda or bicarbonate of soda, used freely as a wash and also in massaging the gums. The soda solution is soothing to the irritated flesh and is also strengthening. In massaging rub the gums with a rotary motion from the roots downward so that any pus that might have formed between the teeth and the gums will be forced out, for if left around the roots the foreign matter will decay and may eat into them and ruin the teeth."

Mother Goose.

The most popular children's book ever written was "Mother Goose's Melodies." Mrs. Goose, or Mother Goose, as she was familiarly called, was the mother-in-law of Thomas Fleet, a Boston printer early in the century. When his first child was born his mother-in-law devoted all her attention to the baby and, it is said, greatly annoyed Fleet by her persistent and not particularly musical chanting of the old English ditties she had heard in her childhood. The idea occurred to Fleet of writing down these songs and publishing them in book form. The oldest extant copy bears the date of 1719. The price marked on the title page was "two coppers." This account of the origin of Mother Goose is discredited by some critics, who declare that in 1697 Perrault published "Contes de ma Mere l'Oye," or "Stories of Mother Goose." The name Mother Goose was familiar in French folklore, being used by writers of this literature over a century before the time of Perrault.

The Status of a Meteorite.

A meteorite fell on a Vermont farm in 1896. It was a valuable meteorite, and the landlord at once stepped up and claimed it. "All minerals and metals on the land belong to me," he said. "That's in the lease."

But the tenant demurred. "This meteorite," he said, "wasn't on the farm, you must remember, when the lease was drawn up."

The landlord perceived the justice of that claim. He thought a moment. Then he said decisively, "I claim her as flying game."

But the tenant was ready for him. "She's got neither wings nor feathers," he said. "Therefore, as ground game, she's mine."

They continued their argument, and in the heat of it a revenue officer, arriving with a truck, proceeded to put the meteorite aboard. "I claim her for the government," he said, "as an article introduced into the country without payment of duty."

A Hotel Experience.

One fashionable hotel on Fifth avenue refuses to give any receipt for jewelry deposited in its safe or hold itself responsible for a greater amount than \$250. Its explanation of this rule is based on an experience which seems excuse enough. Two guests of the hotel kept their valuables and money in the safe. They left them there when they went abroad, sometimes to stay for six months. Once the wife came back alone and drew out all the money and valuables. As she had often done so before the clerks gave the box to her as a matter of course. It was not until her husband had returned and wanted the same valuables that the hotel knew of their divorce. The husband brought suit and recovered all he claimed. Since that result of its confidence in its guests the hotel has limited its responsibility to \$250.—New York Sun.

A Cholera Belt.

"The cholera belt," said a pale Anglo-Indian, "is not an imaginary girdle, like your pie belt, but a real girdle, which every foreign resident of India wears day and night. In winter the belt is made of heavy wool. In the summer it is made of light wool. It is never taken off. Even when you are sleeping in a temperature of 105 degrees, tossing and moaning and perspiring, despite the punkah that fans you from above, you still keep on your cholera belt, no matter what else you shed. Every Anglo-Indian has a couple of dozen cholera belts. They are said to prevent cholera, and I have no doubt they do so. At any rate, I never heard of any wearer of a cholera belt whom cholera ever seized upon."

The Light That Failed.

It was by an accident that Mr. Kipling got his famous title, "The Light That Failed." He had almost decided to call the novel "The Failure," although he was dissatisfied with this. One evening as he was sitting in his study reading by lamplight the light went suddenly down—almost failed, in fact. In a second Kipling jumped up, exclaiming excitedly, "By Jove, I've got it!" Pointing to the lamp, he said, "The Light That Failed."—London Standard.

The Man Fish.

Mathew Buchinger, mentioned in old English wonder books as the "man fish," was the most remarkable monstrosity of his time. He had neither hands, arms, feet nor legs. From his shoulders grew two finlike excrescences, and along his back there were several rows of scales. He had the lidless eyes characteristic of the fish species and a queer puckered mouth and no ears.

The Two Garricks.

George Garrick, brother of the celebrated David, was the latter's most devoted slave and laborious pack horse. On coming behind the scene he usually inquired, "Has David wanted me?" It being asked once how George came to die so soon after the demise of his famous brother, a wag replied, "David wanted him."

The Machine Worker.

The American boy is thoroughly imbued with the get-rich-quick spirit, whether in a greater or lesser degree. The learning of a trade is too slow, too tedious and offers too little immediate inducement. Why should he work as an apprentice at 4 to 8 cents an hour after reaching the age of seventeen or eighteen when he can earn 10 to 15 cents at piecework running a machine? Once he has entered the door of the piecework shop the boy is doomed to the pieceworker's life. Once the machine gets its grip upon him he never escapes. The rare exception only proves the rule. Not only does the monotony of the reduplicative work upon which he enters choke his ambition and vitalize his life, but usually he enters upon this narrow life work with very little equipment and a view bounded by a horizon equally narrow. There is little to develop, even when there is some ambition to begin with.—O. M. Becker in Engineering Magazine

Seven in the Bible.

The number seven plays a prominent part in events in the Bible. The creation took six days, and on the seventh there was rest. On the seventh day of the seventh month a holy observance was ordained, and the Israelites fasted seven days and rested seven days. Noah had seven days' warning of the flood, and the seven years of plenty were foretold in Pharaoh's dream by seven fat beasts, as were the seven years by seven lean beasts. We speak of the seven heavens, and the seventh son was supposed to be endowed with pre-eminent wisdom. In short, there is no other number which enters into the Bible so often as seven. No doubt the wide popularity of the number and the superstitions which are connected with it came from its wide use in the Bible.

Woman's Opportunity.

Meeting a negro, a certain southern gentleman asked him how he was getting on. The negro assumed a troubled look and replied:

"Oh, so far's physicality goes I'm a right, but I sure do have ma trouble wif ma wife."

"Well, Sam, I'm sorry to hear that. What seems to be the matter?"

"She thinks money grows on trees, I reckon. All de time she keeps pesterin' me for pinch of change. If it ain't a dollah it's half or a quarter she wants."

"What on earth does she do with the money?"

"I dunno. Ain't nevah give her none yet."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Love and Dyspepsia.

Young Wife (sobbing)—I am afraid, Karl, you have forgotten what the Herr Pastor said so beautifully at our wedding—how love belieres anything, suffers anything—Young Husband—Oh, no; I haven't, but I didn't hear him say that love can eat anything.—Fliegende Blatter.

Self Made Man.

A rich financier said to one of our conferees who has more wit than wealth, "When I began business, sir, I had nothing."

"But those with whom you did business do so."—Independence Bounaine.

SHAVING ON TRAINS.

A Difficult Task, Says a Man Who Has Tried It.

"There was a hurra when some of the railroads started barber shops on their fast trains," said a traveling man. "The newspapers said that at last travelers could have the luxury of a shave whenever necessary and that no longer would we see unkempt men leaving the trains at the end of a long run.

"Now, the barber shops on the fast trains are undoubtedly a blessing to men who are not able to shave themselves, but for my part I consider them far more dangerous than the simple operation of shaving yourself, even when going at the rate of sixty miles an hour.

"I always shave myself, and I do not use a safety razor, yet I would sooner scrape my chin with an unprotected blade while the train is going sixty or seventy miles an hour than let a barber on the same train lean over me with a sharp razor and perform the operation.

"The reason for this is that when one holds the razor in one's own hand the razor moves with you if there should be a sudden jar or jolt. If you fall toward the razor the razor falls away from you, as your arm is naturally outstretched to prevent you from striking a wall.

"But suppose the barber is leaning over you as you sit in a chair and a sudden lurching of the train throws him against the chair. What chance have you in the chair to get away from the sharp blade coming in your direction?

"I have shaved myself dozens of times on fast trains and slow trains, and I have never cut myself once. Yet a number of my acquaintances who have patronized the train barber shops have been compelled to wear court plaster during the remainder of the trip.

"Up to a year or so ago I never shaved myself on a train, and I never saw any one else doing it. Then perhaps because of the advent of safety razors it became a comparatively familiar sight to see a man shaving himself in the smoking room of the Pullman.

"I have had traveling men seeing me shave for the first time express their surprise that I did not cut myself owing to the lurching of the train, and when I have explained to them how easily one can shave on a train they have become instant converts to the practice. Like all simple things, one does not realize how simple it is until one has tried it.

"Another thing, it is infinitely smoother shaving when the train is going fast than when making only twenty-five or thirty miles an hour. The curves and the jolts seem more severe on a slow train. The steady motion of a swiftly moving train is more conducive to security and comfort than any slow train."—Washington Post.

Big Differences.

"What?" said the judge. "You expect me to send your husband to prison when you acknowledge that you threw five flatirons at him and he only threw one at you?"

"Yes; that's all right, judge," said the irate woman, "but, then, the one he threw hit me."

His and His "Galluses."

The "gallus" marks the freeman and the man of genuine, unpretending culture and civilization. Your snob and your savage abhor it. In Mesopotamia the wild bashi bazouk wears a belt; Yucatan the Indian wears a girdle of shark's teeth; in Senegambia the shameless cannibal sports a gunny sack; in Atlantic City some years back the duds used to wear sashes. But find a man who when he throws off his coat to begin his daily toil lays bare a pair of heavy sky blue galluses and you'll find a man who pays his way in the world, loves his wife, rears his children in the fear of the Lord and votes the straight ticket. The "gallus" is useful, it is graceful, and properly adorned with hand painted flowers and brass buckles it is beautiful. To be ashamed of it, to conceal it or to abandon it for a somber leather belt is to fall in an essential of true manhood and fly in the face of fate.—Baltimore Sun.

The Unicorn.

The unicorn was one of the fabled monsters of antiquity. It was, according to a summary of the opinions of several of the old time writers, a beast about the size of a common horse, but with very short legs. The people of the middle ages believed in the existence of three kinds of unicorns—the magnificent white unicorn, which had a purple face and blue eyes and a single horn a yard in length; the egglession, which resembled a gigantic deer and had a very sharp horn growing from the middle of the forehead, and the monoceros, or common unicorn. The white unicorn's horn was of three different colors—white at the lower part, black as ebony in the middle and red at the point. Common unicorns were said to have had horns about eighteen inches in length, but so strong that they could easily kill an elephant.

Clock Inscriptions.

In former times it was the custom of clockmakers to inscribe on the dial plates of their clocks quaint verses, one of the most common being the following:

I serve thee here with all my might
To tell the hours by day, by night.
Therefore example take by me
To serve thy God as I serve thee.

Another favorite inscription was "Tempus Fugit," or "Time Flies," and thereby hangs a tale. A well known English clockmaker who flourished toward the close of the last century, on being asked by a customer whether a certain clock was of home manufacture replied: "Oh, certainly. Don't you see the name, sir—Tummas Fugit? I often have his clocks through my hands."

Courier's.

"They bill and coo a good deal."
"That's all a bluff."
"Then you think they are only mock turtle doves?"—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Tonics.

Willie—Pa, what's a tonic? Pa—It's something you take to brace you up. Willie—Well, what's teutonicsomething to brace you too much?

Look beneath the surface. Let not the quality of a thing nor its worth escape thee.—Marcus Aurelius.

New Goods and Low Prices. . . .

We offer to the Public the best stock of General Merchandise ever shown in this county.

A FEW OF OUR SPECIALS:

Comforts, Blankets \$1.50 to \$4.00.
and Lap Robes at
Solid Leather and Composition - \$4.00 to \$6.00.
Suit Cases, at
Riding and Driving Gloves, 75 cents to \$2.50.
Full Line Stetson Hats, C. H. Hyer Shop Made Boots, Saddles,
Blankets, Spurs and Spur Straps and Leather Goods of
Every Description.

Everything in Groceries, Hardware & Notions

Brownfield Mercantile Company,
Brownfield, Texas.