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MY COUSIN SUSIE

[Original.]

"Howard," said my college chum coming into my room with a rueful face, "I'm in a hole."

"A deep one?"

"Yes, I have only two days in which to prepare for examinations. Without putting in all my time I'm sure to be conditioned on two subjects at least. And now comes a letter from my mother to tell me that my cousin Susie, her only sister's daughter, is coming to town especially to see me. She has promised her mother and my mother that she will not go home without having seen me. She comes on Friday, supposing I'll be free till Monday, whereas these cursed exams require every moment."

"Is your cousin pretty?"

"How do I know? I have never seen her. She was born and brought up in California. But what has that to do with it?"

"If she is pretty and attractive, I might help you out."

"It isn't that she is to be entertained. She must be entertained by me."

"Very well. If you haven't seen her I suppose she hasn't seen you. I will be you."

Ned Coit and I discussed the matter pro and con and at last, both being young and foolish, decided that I should meet his cousin at the station, take her to the theater and the next day conduct her through the college grounds and buildings. I went to the station to meet her—Ned's mother had said she would wear our college colors in a buttonhole—and I found the loveliest, daintiest, prettiest bit of feminine humanity I had ever seen. It was late in the afternoon when she arrived, so I drove her to the house of a friend with whom she was to stay. After dinner I called for her and took her to the theater.

Now, I would rather guard a football goal against eleven stalwart men than again guard the secret that I was not her cousin Ned. She attacked me in front and on both flanks.

"I have always fancied you were dark complexioned," she said, "like your father, and I find you light. Cousin Molly (Ned's sister) told me that you were of a retiring disposition and dreaded strangers. I feared you might make some excuse for not meeting me. I find you very easy to get acquainted with." Then she began to talk about her relatives in California, of whose existence I was supposed to be cognizant, but whom I had never seen. I blundered and stumbled, rushed madly—to speak figuratively—to the right, then frantically to the left, and I had no sooner smoothed over one bit of ignorance than I fell into another. If she had tried deliberately to trap me she could not have done better.

However, I got through without any positive evidence that I was playing a part. When I parted with her I knew enough of her family to send my love, mentioning them all by name, and just before the train started I felt emboldened to attempt a cousinly kiss, but she drew back with a decided refusal.

For the next week the person of Susie Leigh kept between me and my books. If in hours of idleness I danced or skated I was oblivious to the person I danced or skated with and called them all Susie. Then came a letter to Ned from his cousin, which he turned over to me. She showed far more affection in her letter than she had shown me in person. I replied to the letter warmly and received a warmer reply. After considerable correspondence I wrote offering my heart and hand. Her answer was that on no account would she marry a cousin.

Here was a complication that had not been foreseen. If I confessed that I had played upon her credulity she would refuse me, and if I remained her cousin I knew by the tone of her letter that I could not persuade her. Besides, I couldn't possibly marry her without the whole affair coming out. Meanwhile she had written Ned's mother that he had been more than kind to her during her visit and she hoped he could come out to San Francisco as soon as he had been graduated and make his cousin a visit.

Being in for it, I concluded to accept the invitation. No sooner had I passed my final exams than I sped across the continent. I found "my cousin" Susie a very different person since I had proposed to her. She showed none of that ease she had shown in my company during our first meeting, though since my proposal this was to be expected. I made up my mind to confess

at once, but before doing so started a similar case of which I pretended to have heard. Susie declared that the man who had played such a part could not possibly be possessed of gentlemanly instincts.

This threw me on my beam ends. For several days I went about with her, feeling and looking as if I had melancholia, and finally told her that I would return to the east. I had no sooner made this announcement than her manner changed perceptibly. During the evening before my intended departure she gave me every encouragement. The clock struck 1 in the morning before I summoned courage to tell her the story that proved me to be without gentlemanly instincts.

She burst into a laugh. "You stupid thing!" she said. "The day you drove me from the station and handed me out of the carriage a lady who knows you well saw you through a window and told me who you were."

It is now ten years since my marriage, and I think it about time my wife ceased to banter me on the subject of my playing cousin, but she shows no sign of doing so.

SUMNER CHILDS.

MESMER'S METHODS.

He Influenced Patients by Suggestion, but Hid Real Power.

Mesmer published in 1773 his account of the marvelous cures effected by what he was pleased to term animal magnetism. When in 1773 he came to Paris he came with a well developed sense of the value of advertising. The campaign he inaugurated was of a character to disgust the conservative and thoughtful, but to take a sensation loving populace by storm. Most extravagant tales of cures he had accomplished in Berlin, Vienna and elsewhere were noised abroad. Through a convert he challenged the physicians of Paris to enter into a contest with him, they to treat twelve patients by the orthodox methods, he to treat twelve by his. Of course this challenge was rejected, and equally of course its rejection was interpreted by the thoughtless as an acknowledgment of the superiority of Mesmer's treatment. His rooms were thronged. His purse waxed constantly heavier.

The treatment he gave was such as to appeal vividly to the imagination of the patient—in a word, to increase his suggestibility. Suggestion, indeed, was its root element, although Mesmer failed or pretended to fail, and he taught that its effect was due upon the effluence of a mysterious fluid. In a room dimly lighted and hung with mirrors the patients were seated about a circular vat of considerable size covered with a lid and containing various chemicals. A long cord connected the patients with one another, while in the lid of the tub were several holes, through each of which passed an iron rod bent in such a way that its point could be applied to any part of a patient's body. The patients were requested not to speak, the only sound in the room being strains of soft music. When expectancy was at its flood Mesmer would enter clad in the robe of a magician and carrying an iron wand. At one patient he would gaze intently, and another he would stroke gently with his wand. Soon some would burst into laughter, others into tears, while still others would fall into convulsions, finally passing into a lethargic state, out of which, it is claimed, they emerged cured or on the highroad to a cure. Occasionally the treatment was given outdoors, a tree being "magnetized" and the patient collapsing in a swoon so soon as he approached it.—Appleton's Magazine.

POINTED PARAGRAPHS.

Quickly made friendships are quickly ended.

Life's most desirable pleasures cost the least.

Sorrows of life enable us to appreciate the joys thereof.

It's easy to talk philosophically if you are not personally interested.

Instead of trying to beat his record the average man should try to forget it.

Most of the things we learn from experience come under the head of compulsory education.

It has been observed that the average man is never so happy as when he is posing as a critic.

Don't forget that the brownstone front usually depends on a homely brick rear for support.

If sympathy could be converted into cash, it's doughnuts to fudge there wouldn't be so much of it wasted.—Chicago News.

New and Old Bank Bills.

According to the Washington Post, quoting a cashier, bank officials do not prefer fresh new bills to old ones. "Everybody doesn't care for new greenbacks," said a cashier. "It is a common idea that bank tellers do not care to give up crisp paper money. As a matter of fact, nine cashiers out of every ten try to get rid of new money as quickly as possible after receiving it. There is grave danger to the average paying teller in handling unused money. New bank notes stick together. Frequently the ink is not thoroughly dry. During our rush period we handle a great deal of money. It is the easiest thing in the world to make mistakes with new bills when in a hurry to relieve a long line of waiting patrons. When possible we give out the new bills during hours when there is no rush. I'd rather pay out a million old bills than a hundred new ones."

Running For Exercise.

A professional runner gives the following suggestions for exercise: Rise at 6:30 a. m. Put on old clothing, easy shoes and a sweater. Time for dressing, five minutes. Walk one-fourth of a mile; time, five minutes. Then run a mile at a dog trot in eight minutes, arranging your circuit of a mile and a quarter so that you will finish at your door thirteen minutes after starting. That exercise will expand your lungs and stimulate your heart action and land you at your doorstep at 6:48 a. m. panting for breath, thoroughly exhausted and perspiring at every pore. You are then ready for your bath and shave and breakfast and for the natural routine of the day. The man of sedentary habits who patiently pursues this exercise may kiss all drugs goodby.

How He Learned English.

Carl Schurz once told a friend something of his early struggles with the English language. He knew it about as American college boys know their German—that is to say, barely at all. One day, "deciding such nonsense must end," he entered a bookstore and asked for the classic of the English language. A wise clerk gave him "The Vicar of Wakefield." He carefully translated it into German and put his work away for six weeks. At the end of that time he translated his translation back into English and then made a searching comparison between his version and that of Goldsmith's original. "After that," he said, "I knew English."

Six Fingered Monkeys.

In several places in Cape Colony and the Orange Free State of South Africa caves have been discovered which yielded hundreds of mummified remains of a queer species of six fingered monkeys. All of the full grown specimens of this remarkable race have the tail situated high up on the back—from three to five inches farther up than on the modern monkey—and other distinguishing marks, such as two sets of canine teeth, beards on the males, etc.

Municipal Newspaper.

Dresden is one of the few cities possessing a municipal newspaper, and this was bequeathed to the city by the late Dr. Gunt. The bequest is a very valuable property and consists of a daily newspaper, which in consequence of its extensive circulation is the principal advertising medium in the neighborhood. The profits are applied to the beautifying and improvement of the city and to charity.

The German I and You.

It is surprising when any one takes the trouble to notice how many letters begin with the pronoun "I." To Germans this is egotistical, and their etiquette in letter writing forbids it. It is probably on the same principle that they write I (ich) always with a small letter and you (Sie) with a capital, reversing the English custom.

Character.

The first thing that a human being should recognize about himself is that his character is his distinguishing feature. It is not the amount of money, the amount of power, the amount of brains, that a man has, but his character.

Swells.

She (sentimentally)—How like life are the waves of the sea! He—You bet. Come to the shore in great style and go away broke.—Detroit News.

The gifted man is he who sees the essential point and leaves all the rest aside as surplusage.—Carlyle.

M. V. BROWNFIELD,
President.

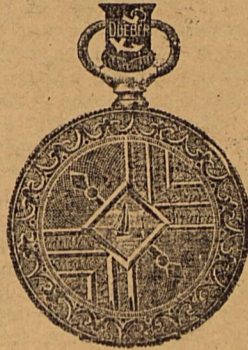
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