

TERRY COUNTY HERALD

VOL. 3. BROWNFIELD, TERRY COUNTY, TEXAS, FRIDAY, DECEMBER 20, 1907. No. 44

Dr. Buckner of the Buckner Orphan Home at Dallas, has made an appeal to the churches to raise \$100,000 for the betterment of the home.

Wm. R. Boggs one of the foremost Metallurgists in the country was waylaid and stoned to death by a band of his employees, 15 Mexican miners.

At Taylor Texas the Farmers Union Warehouse was totally destroyed by fire, together with 2,000 bales of cotton.

Near Sherman Texas a dog was found carrying the headless body of a negro male infant, in his mouth. An investigation proved that it had been buried at a near by farmhouse, and two negro women have been arrested.

Boris Sarafoff the second greatest bandit leader in the world, was shot and killed by one of his own men.

San Angelo has ordered an election to be held in January, to vote whether or not bonds shall be issued to the amount of \$34000 to build two new school buildings.

A boarding house at Ballinger was burglarized last week.

Denver Colorado has been chosen as the place for the next Democratic National Convention to be held on July 7 1908.

J. Drayton Race a 14-year old boy of Dallas Texas was run over by a switch engine and ground to a pulp.

Jim Blake an old negro of San Felipe, strayed down to the river nearby, bogged down and died.

Up-to-date only 150 bodies have been recovered from the Monengah Coal mines, which were wrecked last week. The work is very slow, owing to the great distance underground and rainy weather overground.

An earthquake shock which rattled windows, is said to have been felt in St. Louis on Dec. 10.

Chairman Fowler of the House Committee on Banking delivered an address at the banquet of the Illinois Manufacturers, in which he stated that the Banking system is all wrong.

President Roosevelt has positively refused to accept the nomination for the third term as President.

Dec. 10, Gov. Willson was inaugurated as the thirty-eighth Governor of Kentucky.

Serious Cutting Affray

Last Sunday afternoon a very serious cutting affray occurred near the Elkins Restaurant on the West side in which one man was severely cut and stabbed. W. A. Wheat, his son Ed, and a nephew named Sanders were in the restaurant when Will Wolf

came to the door calling them on the sidewalk, stating he was there to settle the trouble between he and young Sanders. Thinking to keep down any trouble Wheat interfered and in the discussion with Wolf hot words were passed and blows struck. Wheat was unarmed while Wolf used a long blade

disk knife. Young Wheat seeing his father getting the worst of it caught him and pulled him back exclaiming, "He will cut you to pieces, come back," and while thus engaged he received a deep cut or stab just over the right nipple. Turning loose his father young Wheat ran down the street, stopping for a moment at the Garrett's cafe, and there

started back to the scene of the fight, he got as far as the Mercantile Co. where he fainted from the loss of blood. During this time Wolf and Wheat had continued their fight from the sidewalk to the street, and it seems they only stopped thru exhaustion. Wheat was pretty badly cut about the breast and arms, and while severely cut, no serious re-

sults will likely follow. Young Wheat is still confined to his bed, and fears for his recovery are had. Wolf has been released from custody on a \$1500. bond.—(Snyder) Western Light Will Wolf is well known in this section, having been in business at Gomez some few years ago. He was in trouble over there once, and tried to kill one Mr. Morrow.

Time, Tide and Christmas Wait for no Man.



Buy Early before the best selections are taken
We Are HEADQUARTERS For Christmas Goods.
Large stock has just arrived and
are now on sale by
W. T. GAINER & CO.



I have a nice line of Xmas good now on hand, and invite you all to come and examine my line and get my prices.

J. W. WELCH

Brownfield, Texas

WHERE THERE'S NO XMAS.

A Spot in the Middle Pacific Where Dec. 25 Exists Not.

The Christmas hater may be made happy. He can have his wish and "go somewhere where there isn't any Christmas." He will not have to die to do it either, but he will have to be a good sailor in order to fully enjoy his paradise, which is not on earth. It is on water. Let him start on his search from Vancouver, B. C., on Dec. 18 in the direction of the orient. As the days pass and he comes nearer and nearer the 25th of the month he may begin to feel uneasy and think himself the victim of a joke. Even as late as bedtime on Dec. 24 he may feel resentful over what he fears is a wild goose sail. He may fall asleep thinking of the disagreeable things he will do next day just because it will be Christmas, but he will be disappointed, for when he wakes in the morning he will find it the 26th of December. The 25th is not and has not been. It seems to have passed in the night. It is gone completely—but where? An experienced navigator explains the lapse thus:

"In just about the middle of the Pacific ocean is the one hundred and eightieth degree of longitude, and when that imaginary line is reached the westward traveler drops one day out of his calendar for the year. That line crosses the antipodes, or point on the earth's surface which is precisely opposite to Greenwich, England, the place at which by common consent of all nations the counting of time begins. At noonday, when the sun is directly overhead at Greenwich, at other points to the westward the time will be earlier by one hour for each 15 degrees of longitude, so that when 180 degrees is reached it will be midnight.

"Twelve hours have thus been gained, and the other twelve would be added if the journey around the globe were completed. So by universal agreement the 25th of December would be dropped by all navigators reaching the fatal line on the previous day, and travelers would be cheated out of their Christmas at the only place on the earth's surface where such a thing

Christmas Tree.

The Brownfield Sunday School will have a Christmas tree at the Methodist Church on next Tuesday night, Christmas Eve.

A nice, short program has been arranged. All Brownfield and country are cordially invited to come and take part.

The following committees have been appointed: Mrs. W. R. Spencer, Mrs. A. Dial and Mrs. J. L. Randal, Program Committee; Jno. S. Powell, Ed Ellis and Lum Heflin, committee to secure tree; Misses Maggie Ellis, Pearl Stewart, Dora Daugherty, Zellica Knox, Annie Hamilton and Emily Harris, and Messrs Campbell, Arnold Harris and Gus Farrar, committee to decorate tree.

His Clothing was Paid For.

Recently I heard a town lad make a few slight remarks about a young countryman's style of dress. It may be that the clothing worn by the young man from the rural section was not strictly up-to-date, but the garments were paid for, and the credit of the young man who wore them was good at any store in the city. A great many people who poke fun at others because of their style of dress cannot always boast that what they wear themselves is paid for, and it is often the case that they cannot truthfully lay claim to having good credit. In this connection

the following lines by Will Maupin may be worthy of consideration: "If there is anything on earth worse than a husky boy who eats regularly at the family table three time a day and refuses to help supply the family larder, it has not yet been discovered, yet every town is afflicted with boys of this kind. They loaf round the street from mornning till night, (save the time spent in consuming grub earned by father and mother) smoking cigarettes, chewing tobacco, spitting on the sidewalks and making obscene remarks concerning women and girls who pass by. They are not worth the powder to blow them into kingdom come and they never will be unless they change their ways. They are worse than any of the low animals, for even the young hogs hustle out and root for themselves as soon as they can do it. The boy who loaf while his father toils deserves attention. He should get in in the shape of a moist elm club.—Big Springs Herald.

W. J. Head.

Proprietor.

CITY BARBER SHOP.
Shampoo, Shaves Haircuts,
hot and cold
BATHS.

BROWNFIELD

TEXAS

Official statement of the Brownfield State Bank at the close of business on the 3rd day of December, 1907.

RESOURCES	
Loans and Discounts, personal or collateral	44,890.44
Loans, real estate	9,878.56
Overdrafts	1,720.79
Real estate (banking house)	200.00
Furniture and fixtures	61.35
Due from approved reserve agents	3,062.35
Currency	3,336.00
Specie	1,092.80
Total	63,742.35
LIABILITIES	
Capital stock paid in	25,000.00
Surplus Fund	1,000.00
Undivided profits, net	2,003.47
Due to Banks and Bankers, subject to check	26.13
Individual Deposits, subject to check	31,956.25
Demand certificates of deposit	755.00
Cashiers checks	1.50
Bills payable and re-discounts	3,000.00
Total	63,742.35

State of Texas }
County of Terry } We, M. V. Brownfield as president, and A. D. 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. D. Brownfield, cashier.

Sworn and subscribed to before me this the 11th day of Dec. 1907
W. R. Spencer, N. P.

W. A. Bell }
W. J. A. Parker } Directors
J. S. Powell }

LUMBER
LMUBER!

We receive wagon loads every day, and sell it at railroad prices with freight added. Let us figure your bills.

Brownfield Lumber Co.

W. G. HARDIN : : : : Manager.

1 1-2 Block East of Post Office

Phone No. 16

Alfalfa Lumber Company

Dealers In

Lumber. All kind of building Material

J. J. OXFORD, Manager

Plainview

Texas

Special Prices on
COAL

We will sell COAL up to December 15th: Ind. Tery. and Osage Kan. \$3.00. Colorado, Best Lump \$3.

This is the last chance of low prices this season.

Tandy-Coleman Co.
Plainview, Texas

McGee & Puckett

Attorneys-At-Law

Lubbock,

Texas.

Official statement of the financial condition of the Gomez bank at the close of business on the 3rd day of December 1907.

RESOURCES

Loans and discounts, personal or collateral	36,316
Loans, real estate	4,621.2
Overdrafts	3,448.0
Real estate (banking house)	2,282.23
Due from approved reserve agents	4,122.5
Due from other banks and bankers, subject to check	127.2
Cash items	20.00
Currency	3,061.00
Specie	440.80
Total	54,403.93

LIABILITIES

Capital Stock, paid in	10,000.00
Undivided profits, net	1,645.06
Due to Banks and Bankers, subject to check	399.57
Individual Deposits, subject to check	31,624.38
Cashier's Checks	853.91
Bills Payable and Re-Discounts	9,877.91
TOTAL	54,403.93

STATE of TEXAS, }
 COUNTY of TERRY. } We, — as president, and M. C. Adams 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. C. Adams

G. W. Neill. R. J. Heflin C. B. Cardwell.

Neill-Heflin & Co.,
 Farms, Ranches and City Property
 Conveyancing Abstracting
 If you want to buy, sell or exchange,
 tell them your wants
 Brownfield, Texas.

WE CLOTHE You from head
 to foot. See us when in Plainview for
**Dry Goods, Boots Shoes
 Hats Etc.**

—You will find us in the Wayland stone building—
 We offer special Prices to people in adjoining counties
 who trade with us.

WAYLAND and WOFFORD
 Plainview, Texas

FOLLOW the CROWD
 All Lumber Under Sheds.
**HIGH GRADES; LOW
 PRICES**
 WE ARE ALWAYS BUSY, BUT HAVE
 TIME TO WAIT ON YOU.
Burton=Lingo Co.
 Come and see us. Big Spring, Texas

It will pay you to trade with—
FULTON LUMBER Co.
 All sorts of Building Material Paints etc.
 Fence and Corral
POST
 At Excursion rates
 Plainview, Texas

**What Grandpa
 Knows.**

SOME folks say 'at Red Riding Hood
 She didn't live at all nor go
 Down where th' wolf was in 'at wood,
 But grampa says 'at it is so!
 An' some folks say 'at Goldilocks
 Don't meet th' bears an' run away,
 A-bumpin' into trees an' rocks,
 But grampa's seen her many a day.

My grampa takes me on his knee
 An' tells me all 'bout Puss in Boots
 An' 'bout th' fairies you can't see
 For their in-via—their funny suite.
 An' he knows where the beanstalk is
 'At Jack th' Giant Killer climb'
 To get 'at gold an' things o' his,
 'Cause grampa's seen it many a time.

An' Cinderella, too, my pa
 let laugh an' say 'at he don't know,
 But grampa—'y, my grampa saw
 Her slip 'at slipper on her toel
 An' Simple Simon—would you think
 He never was like some folks say?
 But grampa only laugh an' wink,
 'Cause he has seen him many a day.



CAUSE GRAMPA'S SEEN IT MANY A TIME.
 'At Alfred Brown, 'at lives nex' door
 To us, I don't like him, 'uhcause
 He say 'at he don't think no more.
 'At there can be a Santa Claus,
 But grampa whisper in my ear
 'At Santa will find me all right,
 'Cause he has seen his sleigh an' deer
 An' pack o' playthings many a night.

My grampa knew Boy Blue an' all
 Th' children 'at live in th' shoe.
 When Humpty Dumpty had 'at fall
 He's standin' close as me an' you!
 An' he say 'at to don't buhlieve
 Th' folks 'at say there ain't no chime
 O' reindeer bells on Christmas eve,
 'Cause he has heard 'em many a time.
 —Chicago Tribune.

THE PRESIDENT'S CHRISTMAS

How the Big and Little Roosevelts
 Celebrated Last Year.

President and Mrs. Roosevelt had
 only the immediate members of their
 family to celebrate Christmas. Just
 before going to bed on Christmas eve
 the children hung their stockings in
 the president's room, and bright and
 early the next morning they were up
 to claim their prizes. Everything that
 was ever designed for a Christmas
 stocking found a place in the line that
 hung from the mantel, and when the
 boys awakened there was a merry
 scramble to see just what was inside.

After breakfast the president, Mrs.
 Roosevelt and the children went to the
 library to exchange presents too big
 for the stocking.

Each member of the family had a
 special corner for his or her gifts, and
 there were any number of mysterious
 little parcels to be opened. This very
 pleasant little ceremony took the en-
 tire morning.

After this the president walked to
 his church, Grace Reformed, and the
 rest of the family went to St. John's
 Episcopal church.

In the afternoon the president, Mrs.
 Roosevelt and the children went over
 to the home of Captain and Mrs. Wil-
 liam Sheffield Cowles, where they al-
 ways spend Christmas afternoon and
 where there is always a tree for the
 Roosevelt and Cowles children. They
 were joined there by Representative
 and Mrs. Nicholas Longworth, and a
 little family reunion was held.

After the visit to the Cowles' the
 president played tennis with his sons.
 At night was given the Christmas
 dinner in the private dining room.
 Among the few invited guests were
 Senator Lodge, Dr. Rixey and family
 and Mr. and Mrs. Longworth. The
 string section of the Marine band fur-
 nished the music for the evening.

BOOTH'S BLOODHOUND.

A Christmas Gift Which the Great
 Actor Did Not Appreciate.

"I remember a Christmas I spent in
 Edwin Booth's company many years
 ago," said the theatrical manager.
 "He had bought a summer residence at
 Cos Cob, Conn., the previous summer
 and invited me up to play Santa Claus
 and do the chimney act. His property
 was a fair sized little promontory of
 land bounded on one side by the Con-
 necticut river, on the other side by
 Long Island sound, and the New York
 and New Haven tracks formed the
 base line. If there is any road affect-
 ed by tramps it is that same New Ha-
 ven road, and when I arrived, two or
 three days before Christmas, there was
 a line of them waiting their turn at
 the gate that reminded me of a highly
 successful advance sale, one tramp
 near the gate even offering to sell his
 advanced position for 10 cents. Booth
 was much worried about the danger-
 ous looking fellows, and it struck me
 that a dog would be highly appropriate



THE DOG WAS DISAPPEARING IN THE MOON-LIGHT.

as a gift. I wired to a friend in New
 York, and the day before Christmas
 the biggest Siberian hound I ever saw
 was waiting at the little station for
 me. Booth was tickled to death, and
 we managed to chain that dog just
 inside the main gate near the lodge,
 and then we shook hands. It was an
 awful big dog, bigger than a little don-
 key that arrived on the next train with
 a gocart as a present to Booth's little
 daughter Edwina.

"Well, we fixed up the presents that
 night. I dressed up in fur rugs and
 traps as Santa Claus and had arranged
 to drive the donkey into the reception
 room and distribute the gifts from the
 well laden gocart.

"The dog was to remain in the little
 shed we had extemporized for him,
 but he didn't. He was there on busi-
 ness, and he attended to it promptly.
 The chain broke like a piece of twine,
 and I broke for the balcony, which I
 just managed to reach from the cart.
 Of course there was a racket, and I
 got into the window, and by the time
 we had armed ourselves with antique
 swords and a Revolutionary musket
 the noise had subsided sufficiently for
 us to venture forth.

"The dog was just seen in the moon-
 light disappearing over the stone wall,
 hundreds of dollars' worth of presents
 were scattered in the deep snow, and
 donkey meat and fur were an inch
 deep all over the premises."—Buffalo
 Express.

John's Christmas Cake.

The wife of a Los Angeles physician,
 active in foreign missionary work of
 the Methodist church, was asked by the
 women of the congregation to contrib-
 ute a large cake to their holiday festi-
 val and bazaar. She consented to add
 her mite to the enterprise and called
 in her Chinese cook, a converted orien-
 tal.

"John," she said, "I am going to
 send a cake over to the church to be
 sold, and I want you to bake it. You
 know all that the missionaries have
 done for your people in China and
 how glad you are that they have saved
 you from darkness. I want you to
 show your gratitude by making the
 nicest and biggest cake you can."

The Chinaman got to work, and next
 morning the cake was sent over to the
 church. He tied the package up so
 neatly that the physician's wife did
 not think it worth while to undo it to
 look it over. That afternoon she re-
 ceived a telephone message from one
 of the women in charge of the festival
 saying there were doubts among the
 committee whether she would be satis-
 fied to have the cake go into the ba-
 zaar in the condition in which it was
 received.

Much annoyed, the donor hurried
 over to the church. The cake was large
 and savory. The icing was marked with
 colored sugar in elaborate and intri-
 cate designs of oriental art. Across the
 top also in large letters was the in-
 scription:
 "From Mrs. Jeasop to Jesus."—New
 York World.

THE THREE WISE MEN.

Who Were They?—An Unsolved
 Christmas Mystery.

One Christmas mystery remains un-
 solved. Who were the wise men of the
 east—the magi who followed the star
 of Bethlehem from afar to do homage
 to the newborn Saviour?

The simple story as told in the Bible
 is one of the most familiar in Christ-
 mas lore. Any child could recite it in
 detail. Painters and sculptors have
 made it the theme of the most inspired
 products of their brushes and chisels,
 but to this day the identity of these
 wise men remains a mystery. A
 search of the great paintings in which
 the subject is treated produces a be-
 wilderment. There are half a hun-
 dred different ideas presented. The
 varying versions of the books of the
 ages are as many.

It is fair to assume from the fact
 that the visitors were received at court
 by King Herod and that they carried
 gifts of value that they were in their
 own country men of royalty or close
 to it. Herod evidently deemed it well
 to treat them with deference, for dis-
 quieted though he was by their news
 of the comet that was to lead them to
 the birthplace of the Redeemer he dis-
 assembled and told them that when they
 had found the newborn he would re-
 turn to worship with them.

Much of our information about the
 early days of the Christian era comes
 from the monks of the fourteenth cen-
 tury, who delved deeply into historical
 sources since lost to the world. Their
 story of the three wise men has receiv-
 ed wide credence. According to these
 monks, the wise men were three great
 kings called Caspar, Melchior and Bal-
 thasar. Caspar was the oldest and
 from the north. At the time of the
 birth of Christ he was sixty years old,
 and for more than two-thirds of that
 time he had ruled in Arabia. Baltha-
 sar was black, a native of Saba, from
 the east, and forty years old. The
 youngest was Melchior, from the south,
 whose country was Tarshish. He was
 twenty years old.

Impelled by some mysterious power,
 they dropped all the cares of state and
 followed a single star thirteen days
 and nights without eating or sleeping
 till it led them to Jerusalem.

Then the story follows that of the
 Bible until they returned to their own
 countries.

The story does not stop here. It tells
 circumstantially the after life of the
 three wise men. The good Apostle St.
 Thomas journeyed to their country and
 baptized them, and all three went out
 to preach the doctrine of the Christ.

They were slain by barbarous gen-
 tles, and later the Empress Helena,
 mother of Constantine, recovered their
 sacred bones and took them to Con-
 stantinople. Thence they were carried
 to Milan and finally found an ultimate
 resting place in Cologne, where they
 now are.—New York Post.

Christmas Trees For Many.

- For dudes—Spruce.
- For the winter belles—Fir.
- For lovers—Pine.
- For bad jokers—The chestnut.
- For sugar men—Maple.
- For politicians—The plum tree.
- For tobacco men—The smoke tree.
- For dentists—Gum.
- For slippery people—Elm.
- For swimmers—Beech.
- For disappointed candidates—The
 lemon tree.
- For pets' trees—Dogwood.
- For oil men—Olive.
- For doctors—Sycamore.
- For carpenters—Plane. — Baltimore
 American.

Wise Little Willie.

"Mamma," said little Willie as he
 held up a big bundle in the car, "what's
 in this box?"
 "Nothing for you, Willie," said his
 mother.
 "Well, where's my Christmas?"
 "Santa Claus will bring that."
 "Well, if he gives me anything big
 like this box I'll know it's you."

From the Yuletide Cynic.

Thank heaven, it isn't only the aris-
 tocrat who can have a family tree at
 Christmas.

Be Christmas white or Christmas green,
 It's all the same to you
 If Christmas finds you all serene
 And doesn't make you blue.

It doesn't take a magician to trans-
 form a small boy into a turkey gob-
 bler.

When Santa Claus comes down the
 chimney he chases many a man up the
 spout.

It's the vanity of the sex that
 prompts the female turkey to wonder
 how she is going to be dressed for the
 Christmas dinner.

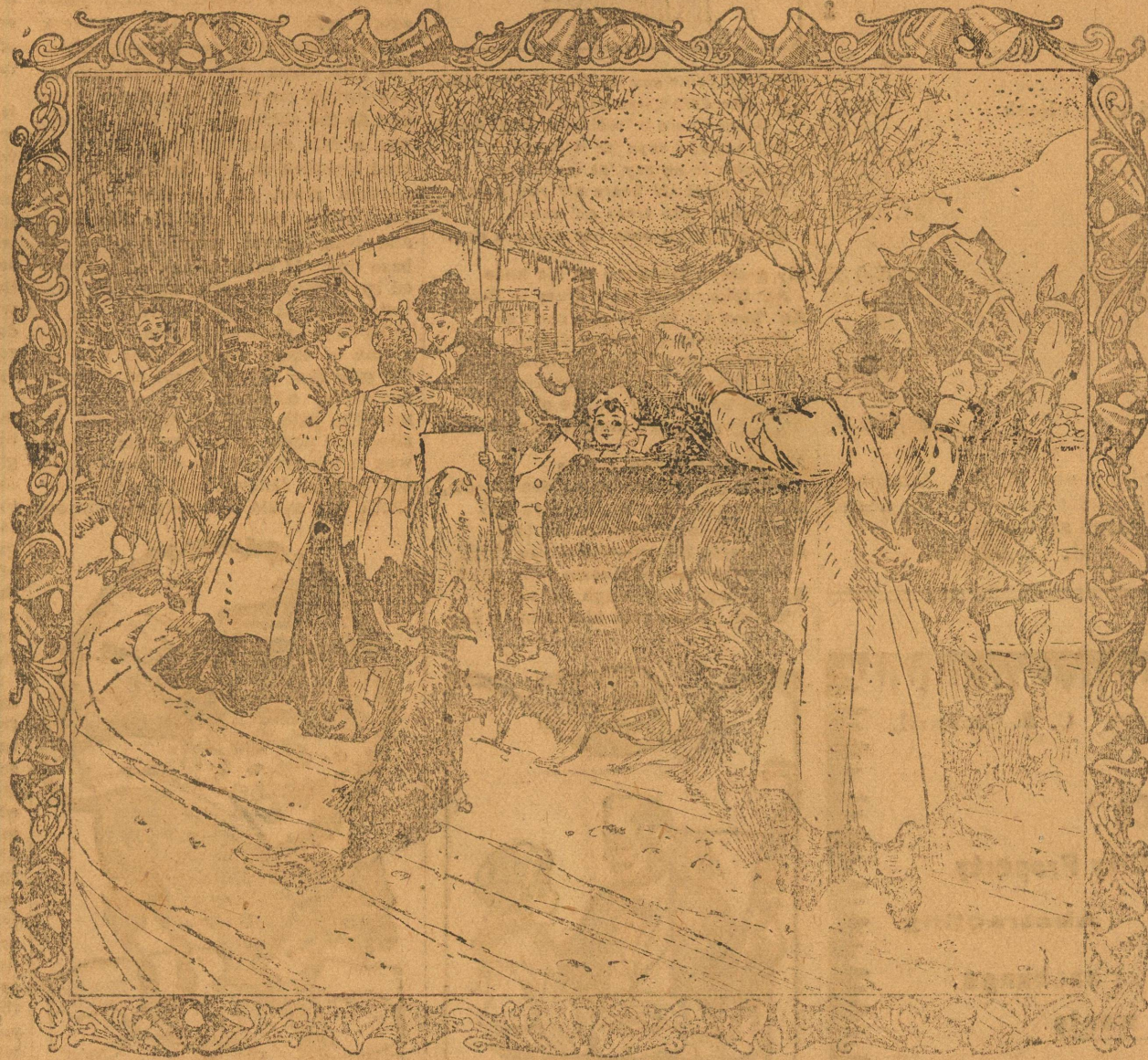
Everybody's Nice.

The janitor is courteous now,
 The bellboy too,
 Obsequious is the barber's bow
 When he gets through
 His fussing o'er your raven hair,
 On every side
 You meet with truly loving care
 At Christmastide.

The bootblack ples a busy whisk
 On unseen dirt,
 And every one is prompt and brisk
 And never curt.
 Politeness is with all the rule,
 For they, ahem,
 Devotedly hope and trust that Yule
 Remember them.

—Louisville Courier-Journal.

CHRISTMAS PRESENTS FOR ALL



The Time is here!

Right goods!

The Place is here!

Right treatment!

The Goods are here!

Right prices!!!

\$25 Doll Given Away. Do you want it? You may get it.

The following are some of the things we have for Christmas:

Dolls, Pictures, Books, Albums, Toy Dishes, Little Dressers, Little Go Carts, Little Trunks, Air Guns, Engines and cars, Automobiles, Horses, Building blocks, Tin Horns, whistles, and many other things suitable for older folks.

J. L. RANDAL

Brownfield

Local & Personal

S. M. Tow of Gomez was in town Thursday.

Will Nelson and family of Plains were here Wednesday buying Christmas goods.

J. W. Cone of Yoakum county passed through here Thursday enroute to his old home in Missouri, to spend Xmas.

Will Duncan of Lubbock, but really of this place is in town.

Miss Fay Bynum has been quite sick this week with tonsillitis.

Miss Lillian Davis left Thursday for her home at Farmersville, after a six weeks stay in Brownfield.

C. G. Harris of Block K was in town Thursday.

Will Johnson is taking special care of an abscess on his arm.

Luther French is in town this week.

The Maids and Matrons Club will have the next Public Library opening on Friday, Dec. 57 from 2:30 to 5 o'clock P. M.

T. J. Bess and family, and W. J. Satterwhite of Plains spent several days in Brownfield this week.

W. R. Harris returned Thursday from Ratiiff.

Births:—To W. J. Head and wife, a girl; To Oral Adams and wife, a boy.

Mr. Smothers the jovial drummer is rustling business among our merchants this week.

Harry Braidfoot was in town Wednesday. He is nursing a painful out on his right hand.

Mrs. Lemay is still dangerously ill with pneumonia.

Mrs. A. K. Huckleberry and Miss Dutch Howard were shopping in Brownfield Monday.

E. J. Phillips was over from Plains on business Tuesday, and left Wednesday for Austin.

Ben Garner was up from Big Spring this week, and states that he will run regular autos between this place and Big Springs.

Misses Nettie, Allie and Pearl Sawyer attended services here Sunday.

Mrs. Tom Johnson of Gomez is sick this week.

Mrs. W. R. Harris has been quite sick the past week, but we are glad to report her much improve now.

W. R. Spencer made a business trip to Plains Saturday, returning Monday.

Grandma Young of Gomez has been visiting friends in Brownfield this week.

Prof. Miller, Mrs. Ward and Miss Gertie Lewis of Gomez attended the Teachers Institute here this week.

Dr. J. W. Ellis was called to Tahoka Sunday, to attend Dr. J. H. McCoy of that place, who is very sick.

G. E. Lookhart, G. L. Stephens and R. M. Kendrick were over from Gomez on business Tuesday.

WANTED: A good competent woman to do general house work. Apply at once to Mrs. W. A. Bell.

Gomez Items.

Miss Hattie Knox is spending the Christmas holidays selling toys for W. T. Gainer & Co.

W. B. and Bruce Gainer made a business trip to Plainview this week.

The Methodists have put up a stove and it will be a great comfort this time of the year.

Mrs. Col. H. Smith and daughter Bessie went to spend Christmas with her parents in Ft. Worth.

Mrs. C. M. Boone of Brownfield spent Wednesday night with Mrs. J. T. Gainer.

The young people of Gomez will meet Friday night to organize a literary society which will meet twice a month.

A. G. MADAMS

Long Leaf Pine

LUMBER

Bois d' Arc Post

We have the best lumber in West Texas. Come and see us.

Plainview

Texas

No Paper Next Week.

Owing to the fact that next Wednesday is Christmas Day, and our home is a two days drive from here, and that we wish to eat Christmas dinner at home, we will not get out a paper next week. Christmas only comes once a year, and as the Herald force has had very little outing this year, we think it will be good for our soul, mind, strength and body, "and our neighbor as ourselves" to take out one week, recuperate and be ready to start in the New Year with renewed energy, and will be better prepared to put out a nice, clean newsy paper than ever before.

THE ACTOR'S CHRISTMAS.

Life on the Boards is Not All a Happy Holiday.

"I like Christmas," said an actor. "No two are ever alike in my business. Last year, for instance, the company I was with was four weeks behind in salaries, and we were simply

hanging on with the hope of the big houses Christmas day pulling us out a little. We were playing one night stands and left some little town in New York state for Wheeling, W. Va., right after the performance. It was a trip that called for three changes of cars, and there were no sleepers in any of them.

"Every car on every train was loaded with holiday excursionists, and every male excursionist was loaded with rye and brimstone. There were fights fresh every half hour, and constables met us with open arms and clubs at every station. No eating stations were honored by us, and we arrived at Wheeling too late to give a matinee performance, our manager had two black eyes and a broken wrist, and our star had lost a new set of teeth, without which he refused to play at night.

"The report had it that we were all in jail, and there would have been no house anyway. We had to get up three benefit performances before we could get money enough to buy tickets to New York, but we got there. However, as I said before, Christmas days are not all alike."—Buffalo News.

Dr. J. W. ELLIS,
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON

BROWNFIELD, TEXAS.

COSMOPOLITAN CHRISTMAS.

How Philadelphia Celebrates the Yuletide of Many Peoples.

It is not the Christmas of one land, but the Christmas of many, that Philadelphia celebrates.

In no two Christian countries is the great natal day observed with the same rites and customs. In the foreign settlements of Philadelphia these variant forms, transported from the old lands, are kept alive. Indeed, at no other time are the various nationalities so very different as at Christmas.

In Little Italy, for instance, the "sacred Bambino," or Christ Child, is worshiped for nine days before Christmas. In every Italian home a novena is said, and a bagpipe player discourses daily before a Christmas shrine the "nacimiento."

In the city there are German children who, not knowing Santa Claus, look for the coming of Kris Kringle and Knave Ruprecht on Christmas eve—the Christ Child distributing presents and the Knave leaving switches for the chastisement of naughty little ones.

In the Swedish quarter, in the vicinity of Swanson and Christian streets, sheaves of wheat are placed at windows or on housetops, that the birds—as well as people may have a Christmas feast.

In a Chinese church Christmas hymns are sung in the language of Confucius, a most impressive and unusual ceremony.

A colony of Syrians observe exceedingly peculiar ceremonies in Philadelphia, one being enticed by a dancer who balances a keg of beer on his head.

In the Kensington section the clicking of countless shuttles gives place to the Yuletide customs of merry England, so faithfully observed that the spectator might easily imagine himself transported magically to the "tight little isle" itself.—Philadelphia North American.

Letters to Santa.

Two of the many letters mailed to Santa Claus last Christmas read as follows:

Dear santy kloss. If you don't come to my haus befour you come to willie Dorsin's I'll never speak to you in my life. Dear Santa Claus. Tel me your telephone number so I can order a automobile for a poor boy what ain't got no father on our street. MINI BORMAN. —New York Times.

The Christmas Guest.

Whose shall come my way this night,
By moor or hill or shore,
For him the blessed candles' light,
For him the open door.
(Oh, Mary, this for thy Son's sake,
Though mine comes in no more!)

My hearth is swept, my Yule logs burn,
My board is decked and spread;
For any who may come in turn
Are warmth and wine and bread.
(Oh, Mary, grant my son this night
Be housed and comforted!)

Bid banned or beggared come for guest,
My heart shall share his woes,
And on his head my hand shall rest
To bless him ere he goes.
(Oh, Mary, grant my son this night
That blessing and repose!)

This night for thy one Son's dear sake
Wait light and warmth and wine,
Oh, Mary, we be mothers both,
Take these my tears for sign,
And this I do for thy sweet Son.
Will thou not do for mine?
—Theodosia Garrison in Broadway Magazine.

WHEN SANTA WENT ASTRAY.

Miracle of the Loaves Repeated For Washington's Poor.

The day of miracles has not passed, according to the firm belief of a hundred or more poor people in Washington. Last Christmas day Almas temple of the Shriners gave its annual dinner to the poor. It was a well planned affair, generously contributed to, and turned out a big success. But the most notable thing about it was not on the programme and made the hit of the occasion.

While the Shriners were feeding their guests there came to their hall 150 loaves of bread. The huge six foot Santa Claus was busy cracking jokes as he waddled about and took down the gifts from the Christmas tree. In the middle of one of his stories there entered another big, fat Santa Claus, carrying a colossal basket full of bread, and behind him were three or four negroes, also carrying baskets of bread. One of the Shriner committeemen at once inferred that some one had sent a gift of bread to be distributed and signed a receipt for the 150 loaves. In a few minutes they were handed around to the heads of families, and an additional smile of Christmas joy went around with them.

When the festivities were nearly over and the crowd had begun to disperse a man came running in and asked:

"Did you get 150 loaves of bread?"

"We did," was the reply.

"What did you do with it?"

"Gave it away."

"Well, that was an order from the Carroll Institute. It came here by mistake. But it is all right. We are glad you gave it away, and if you need more let us know," and the man went away, evidently fully satisfied with the incident.—New York Times.

CHRISTMAS ON SHIP OF ICE.

Strange Story of Skipper Shipwrecked on the Pacific.

Captain S. A. Hoyt, secretary of the Masters and Pilots' association of Seattle, Wash., and possibly one of the most widely known seafaring men on the Pacific coast, has a fund of experiences to draw from when he wishes to while away an hour. Up in the big, pleasant rooms of the association the captain recently told the following tale:

"The approach of Christmas always reminds me of the December that I spent on an ice ship. Never heard of one? Well, they are unusual. I was master of the little brig Holly, and along about the 1st of November we were wrecked away down south of the Horn. The ship went on an ice floe and was battered all to pieces. We did manage to save some tools and food and part of the cargo.

"I put the crew to work to cut off a large pinnacle of the berg. Then I set them all to work with axes, and we shaped it into a graceful ship's hull. After that we hollowed it out inside, making cabins and everything like a regular ship, and with some of the timber saved from our vessel we rigged her as a bark, side lights and everything, even going so far as to paint her and name her the Holly. She was a fine craft and floated like a duck when finally launched. We spent Christmas on board of her and had a great time. I loaded part of the wrecked Holly's cargo in her, and we then started for Callao, which was our destination.

"The ice ship sailed fine and was as good a sea boat as any in which I sailed. This was only, however, when we were down south in cold water. The netter we got to the equator the lighter became our vessel, and I finally discovered that our ship was melting beneath us. Another two days and we would have been in the water when a steamer picked us up and also saved the cargo. This paid for the loss of the vessel, which was also insured, so the owners came out ahead in the end."

OUTDID UNCLE SAM.

How an Old Lady Found a Person the National Postoffice Couldn't.

"The fates call and mortals obey." The speaker was a small, precise and elegant old lady whose diminutive stature was quite forgotten by her hearers in the realization of her force and dignity. She had gone to the dead letter sale under protest and was narrating an experience which grew out of the purchase she had made. "I went to that sale not because I wanted to or was interested or expected to buy anything, but because I've an impertinent grandniece who hinted I was too old to be in such a crowd.

"After awhile the auctioneer offered a package as big as a sack of flour, and I bought it for 85 cents. Then when I brought it home I found it contained nothing but a lot of worn, threadbare clothing mended almost to death. I was just about to force it on that grandniece of mine and make her distribute it to some poor families when I found a letter in the pocket of the coat. I've kept that letter. The writer was a young girl from down east in Massachusetts. She was sending that clothing as the only Christmas gift she could make for her brother Ben, who lived in a city in Wisconsin.

"Well, when I read that letter I just sat down and cried to think that poor girl's sewing had all gone astray. I made up my mind that if the postal authorities could not find that girl's brother I could. So I did up the bundle again, put a letter outside asking the postman to return the package to me if he couldn't deliver it and then addressed the whole thing to 'Mary Burgess' Brother Ben, — Wis.' Would you believe that that postman in that Wisconsin town really found that poor boy and gave him the bundle? And now I've a letter from the girl in which she tells me both she and her brother are in much improved circumstances, that Ben has a fine position in a furniture factory and that they are soon to be together for good." —Washington Star.

Christmas Tree For Cat.

Christmas is the great religious festival when the kind heart finds many ways of ministering to the joy and pleasure of others. The good women of Boston who originated and sustain the Animal Rescue league have hit upon the unique idea of a Christmas tree for the cats that are waiting for homes at that institution. A bush is provided and trimmed with meat and other suitable eatables for such animals, and just before they are turned into the room the members of the kindness club are admitted to enjoy the antics of the cats.

This club is composed of boys whose ages range from eight to thirteen years and is the outcome of the league's work in a poor section of Boston. They are pledged to do some kind act each day and to protect animals from cruelty. After the cats have demolished the tree and gone to sleep the boys are given refreshments and sent home truly filled with the spirit of Christmas.—New York Mail and Express.



Say, Santa Clause, Listen: You will find the most beautiful dolls and Christmas presents you ever saw at the Alexander Store, ladies', mens' and childrens' hats, caps, furs, shoes, dry goods trimmings, hosiery will all go for cash less 1/3 regular price ---but Oh Santa, let's think of those dolls and other pretties at Mrs. Alexander's." This is a secret to old Santa, and signed by all the children of Terry County.

Alexander Store=

Wedge-Deshazo.

Wedding bells rang in Gomez on the 18th of December at the hospitable home of Mr. and Mrs. Tom Deshazo, where a large number of friends gathered to witness the marriage of their pretty, accomplished and only daughter, Miss Bernice, to Mr. Robert Holgate, one of Gomez' popular young business men. At 7:30 p. m. the strains of the Wedding March by Miss Hattie Knox they came in, the bride looking lovely in a dress of white silk and chiffon, carrying a bouquet of white chrysanthemum where they met Bro. Estes, who performed the ceremony. The supper was enough for four crowds and the culinary art could not be surpassed. The table was a thing of beauty, with its bride's cake encircled in a wreath of white flowers and bouquets of roses.

The guests were, Mr. and Mrs. J. T. Gainer, Mr. and Mrs. and Mrs. Bragg, Mesdames Adams, Garrison and Jordan; Misses Hattie Knox, Ella Garrison, Lilly Garrison, Lana Garrison, Cone Johnston, Addie McPhaul, Ada Cherry, May Currier, Clemmie Adams, Elmer Seitz, Peachie Stanford; Messrs Simon Hol-

gate, W. Gainer, Will Adams, Ronald Harnish, Wood Johnston and Will McPhaul.

The young people all left, making a resolve that they would try to gratify the request made by Mr. J. T. Gainer that he wanted an invitation to their weddings.

New Postoffice.

Postmaster Randal gave the people of Brownfield a nice Xmas surprise by installing a new up-to-date Postoffice last Tuesday night. It contains 127 boxes, 46 of which are spacious combination Lock Boxes.

This office is more than as large again as the one just removed, and was badly needed to accommodate this fast settling town and country.

Teachers Institute.

The Terry County Teachers Institute met last Monday morning and Prof. McConnell was elected chairman, and Miss Zellicia Knox secretary. An interesting program was rendered on various subjects useful to the school work. Our teachers are all splendid instructors and manifest a deep

concern toward the betterment of our schools. The following teachers were in attendance:

G. McConnell, W. P. Miller, A. K. Huckleberry, Mrs. Laura McConnell, Mrs. D. M. Ward, Mrs. Belle Rambo, Mrs. Otis Copeland, Mrs. Vana Brooks, and Misses Patsy Clarke, Zellicia Knox, Lillie Dumas and Bettie Clifford.

Miss Pearl Kinard came in yesterday after an extended visit to relatives at Big Spring.

The case of Gainer & McPherson vs. J. F. Blankenship, which was appealed from the County Court of this county, was affirmed by the Court of Civil Appeals, last Saturday.

This was a suit by Gainer & McPherson against Blankenship for commission on a sale of land. The judgment of both courts were in favor of Blankenship.

We give the best that the market affords.

THE TOW HOTEL,

Gomez, Texas

S. M. TOW, Proprietor

RATES:

50 cts per meal. \$1.35 per day

50 per week. \$18 per month

Terry County Herald
NEILL BROTHERS,
Editors and Publishers.
Brownfield, Terry Count Texas

JUST ARRIVED. A fine line of Christmas GOODS

Advertising Rates:

Display advertisements, per inch, per month, \$1.00
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.

Secret Societies



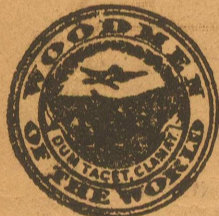
Officers of
BROWNFIELD LODGE A. F. & A. M.
No. 903.

D. ROBINSON, Worshipful Master
BEN BROUGHTON, Senior Warden
W. R. SPENCER, Junior Warden
M. C. ADAMS, Secretary
M. V. BROWNFIELD, Treasurer
GEORGE E. TILMAN, Tyler
W. J. A. PARKER, Senior Deacon
FRED WOFFORD, 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 the
IASONIC HALL,
- in -
Brownfield, Texas,
on Saturday
before the

full moon of each month at 1:30 o'clock p. m.
Mrs. D. Robinson, W. M.
W. R. Spencer, W. P.
Mrs. C. M. Spencer, A. M.
J. A. Foreman, Secretary.
E. Wolforth, Treasurer.



Brownfield
Camp No.
1980.

W. O. W.

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

W. R. Spencer, C. C.

B. Brownfield, Clerk.

Brownfield Grove,
No. 462.
Woodmen Circle.

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



Brownfield Lodge,

I. O. O. F.,

No. 530.

G. E. LOCKHART, Noble Grand.
PERCY SPENCER, Vice Grand.
A. D. BROWNFIELD, Treasurer.
GEO. W. NEILL, Secretary.
Lodge meets every Friday night, at 8 o'clock 4. m. in the Lodge Room in the town of Brownfield.

CHURCH DIRECTORY

Brownfield:

M. D. Williams, 1st Sunday.
P. E. Riley, 2nd Sunday.
J. B. Kerr, 3rd Sunday.
P. E. Riley, 4th Sunday.

Gomez:

J. O. Gore, 1st. Sunday.
A. L. Estes, 2nd Sunday.
J. O. Gore, 3rd Sunday.
J. R. Miller, 4th Sunday.

Meadow:

West Point:
T. J. Fouts, 2nd Sunday,

Arnett:

T. J. Fouts, 3rd Sunday.

Aldie:

T. J. Fouts, 4th Sunday.

Sunday School every Sunday morning at all of above named places at 10 o'clock A. M.



Buy your Christmas goods from us. Our stock will be complete, and will be on sale about the 20th.

We have also a complete line of Ladies Suiting and Outing that we are now offering at big bargain, Cloaks, Capes, and little boys' Overcoats. All will go a bargain for Cash.

Come and see us before buying elsewhere

BROWNFIELD MERCANTILE CO

Seminole say they are going to have a railroad and Capt. Bon Durant is going to build it. Well now we hope they will, but we are glad we dont have to do without biscuit and molases until Bon Durant builds a railroad.

Seminole has to raise \$80,000 bonus, \$25,000 to be paid in the purchase of steel, and the balance in equal payments on each 10 miles of road. We hope certainly hope Seminole successful in this undertaking.

Subscribers who fail to get their papers NOTICE

We have been having considerable trouble for the past two months with a certain postoffice not over one hundred distant and in this very county too. We send about one hundred copies of our paper over there every week, seal them all up together in one package and mark that package "Gomez". They of course are not opened and destroyed before they get there. That can't be. Yet, numbers and numbers of our best subscribers, also adver-

tisers at that place, are often complaining to us that they never get their papers. One of our advertisers went so far as to take his ad out because he would never receive a copy of the paper.

Now, that is money lost to us all because of the negligence of that postmaster. We pay our postage and subscribers pay subscription and it is the duty of that postmaster to attend to our papers, as much so as to letters. He even piles them back and when people come in and demand their papers, will give them out four and five at a time. Now, that's not the way to do. We asked him sometime ago to be more careful, but our petition went unheeded. We have no grudge nor feeling whatever towards our sister town, but certainly do wish they could happen to the good luck of securing a postmaster.

The depot at Brady City was wrecked by dynamite, and \$90,000 worth of goods was taken from the safe. High winds prevented blood hounds

SEE

Higginbotham-Harris & Co.

For

Brick, Lime, Cement, Sash Doors
Shingles, Post, Stays and Wire.
We also handle the famous
Eclips and Standard
WINDMILLS
Piping and Pipe Fitting

Our prices are as low as in any competing towns. Good goods and courteous treatment to all.
We solicit a share of your patronage-

W. A. Brown, LOCAL MANAGER
STANTON, TEXAS

from trailing the robbers, and no slow can be found. Dave O'Connor, fireman on the

Lawson, the largest schooner float was wrecked of the Seely islands, and all her crew except one man perished. Katy railroad, fell from his engine while crossing the Arkansas river, and was killed.

The Breast Pin

A Christmas Story
By ERNEST JARROLD.

RIGHT. 1907. BY ERNEST JARROLD.

The afternoon of the day before Christmas two bankers in their palatial offices in the Hanover building when a knock at the door.

It was Henry Rogers, the partner of the firm, a man of a round, jolly face and a pair of humorous eyes.

He opened, and the janitor of the building stepped inside and with a bow said:

"The scrubwomen of this floor here's fifteen of them—are in the hall, and they won't go in to see you."

"I said Rogers, arising and lighting his half-consumed cigar into the grate.

Some time later Rogers stood before a group of women, huddled together in earnest and rapid conversation. The banker appeared Mary Powers, a widow of forty, with her children, stepped forward and with courtesy nearly to the floor.

"I am sorry, Mr. Rogers, but I have had a little meeting and they picked me out to say words—a few words—a few words to you for sending the bills to each of us. God bless you."

Mrs. Ryan's utterance became and Rogers said hastily: "Good woman, you surely must be a saint."

"To use of you denyin' it, sir," said Mrs. Ryan passionately. "I'm not another man in the Hanover building would do the likes of it, you live to eat the chicken and not hurt your feelin's we'd shake hands wid you, sir, you're a man." And Rogers' hand was squeezed to a pulp by hands reddened by water and scrubbing brush.

"Of your sentimentality," said Rogers, his partner, as Rogers entered his office. "I'll bet that I've given away a thousand dollars such a foolish fashion during the last three days."

"I haven't figured up yet," replied Rogers, his eyes twinkling. "By the way, what does it cost you to charter your yacht?"

"I flushed angrily. 'I'll bet that I've given away a thousand dollars such a foolish fashion during the last three days.'"

"I know," replied Powers testily. "You are the laughingstock of the whole street. The hallways are every day with all kinds of riffs who come here to pull your leg. I'll bet you're waiting for you to come out. I heard Brown say to a book the other day: 'Go and see Rogers. He's easy.'"

"Brown said I was easy, eh?" asked Rogers. "Now, I suppose you consider that slang expression a term of reproach. Still I think it sounds a little better than miserly old thief Rogers' or old man would squeeze a cent till the e screamed." In fact, Francis was of the opinion that Brown paid me a compliment. Under the guise of exam he paid me one of the highest compliments that one man can pay to another."

"You certainly are incorrigible," replied Powers. "There are regular committees organized for the purpose of societies organized for the purpose."

"Yes, I know," replied Rogers, "but I dispense my dollars in that way I shall miss the fun of watching Mary Ellen Ryan fumbling with her apron and trying to make a speech. By the way, I have heard many an after-dinner speech that wasn't half so eloquent as Mrs. Ryan's. Eloquent speeches are made not entirely with the tongue. Did you ever hear a woman say to you that she hoped you would live to eat the chicken that scratched over your grave? Francis, I like to see the light come into a faded eye, the blush into a sunken cheek at the touch of a piece of paper which represents to me only the price of a dinner."

Rogers' talk was interrupted by a clerk, who put his head in at the door and said:

"Mr. Rogers, there is a queer looking fellow out here who calls himself Otto. Will you see him?"

"By all means," replied Rogers. "He's the German violoncello player"

Send him in. You should have heard him play the Schumann 'Helmweh,' Powers. He appeared at the Atlanta club the other night before 300 men of our type. He carried his big fiddle three miles because he had no car fare, and the club rewarded him with a glass of champagne and a dish of ice cream. I'm going to play a joke on him."

Kreig entered, a tall emaciated youth of twenty-five, with poorly fitting clothes.

"Excuse me," said he, hesitating at the door.

"Come in!" said Rogers heartily, drawing a lounging chair up to the open grate fire. Kreis sank into its luxurious depths and spread his thin hands out toward the glowing grate.

"How long have you been in this country, Mr. Kreis?" said Rogers.

"I vos by dis country 'tree mont' alretty," replied the musician.

"How long have you been playing the violoncello?"

"Since a baby I vos. So soon I can hold de bow. Six, seven, eight hour every day I practice, yes. Und ven I hungry am I blay de 'Helmweh.'"

"I suppose they gave you \$50 for your work at the Atlanta club the other night?" said Rogers in a matter of fact tone.

"Twenty tollar! Two hundred mark!" exclaimed Kreis in amazement. "Dey gif me some ice cream and von glass of champagne, and dey tell me mebbe I git an engagement."

"Very enterprising and economical, that entertainment committee of ours," said Rogers dryly to his partner. Then, turning to Kreis, he said:

"There were several gentlemen at the club the other night who were very much pleased with your playing. Mr. Kreis, and they have requested me to hand you a little car fare, and he placed in the astonished musician's hand twenty-five dollar notes, which crackled like thorns under a pot and made music in the German's ears sweeter than a symphony. He arose and tried to speak, stammered, and gazed helplessly about as if he had been hit with a sand bag and was led to the door by Rogers and gently shoved into the hall.

"You can tell a lie with a better grace than any man of my acquaintance," said Powers as the door closed behind the paralyzed musician. "Powers was visibly affected by the scene he had witnessed.

"Put me down for \$25 on the German's account," said Powers. "I'll have him come up to the house some evening this week and earn the money. But how long, Henry, is this little play going to last?"

"There is only one more actor to appear, so far as I know, and that is Jimmy, the newsboy," replied Rogers.

"Is he deserving?" said Powers.

"Deserving!" exclaimed Rogers passionately. "Am I deserving of the brain and the self control which permit me to make money where other men starved? Do I deserve the thousand luxuries that I enjoy? Why, Powers, there are fifty men in Sing Sing tonight who have tried harder to do right than ever I have tried and who have failed because of inherited weakness and a vicious environment. All I dare ask is, 'Is he in need?' And when I have given him a few pieces of paper made magical by the name of Uncle Sam I chuckle to myself, like the egotistical old ass I am, because I have got it to give."

Scarcely had Rogers ceased speaking when Jimmy, Rangan was ushered in by the clerk. He was eight years old. He wore a pair of trousers which had evidently been made for a grown man. Upon his red head was perched a glazed cap. His faded coat was buttoned about his neck with a horseshoe nail. Constant exercise in the open air had crimsoned Jimmy's cheeks and made his eyes shine with diamond-like luster. He was gnawing on a big red apple.

"Say, Mr. Rogers," said he, "dere is a Sandy Claws, ain't dere? Flaherty says he's only a man."

"Of course, there is, Jimmy," said Rogers. "He was in here awhile ago, and he left this overcoat for you."

The coat was lined with red flannel, and it wrapped Jimmy's form like a blanket. He was intoxicated with delight. He walked up and down the room like a hussar on dress parade. As he ran his hand down into a capacious pocket his fingers touched something cold, and he drew out a handful of ten cent pieces.

"Hully gee!" said he. "I ain't never seen so many dimes in me life. Did Sandy put dem in de pocket?"

"Yes, Jimmy, I think he did," said Rogers.

"Sandy is a dago, ain't he?" said Jimmy.

Jimmy. "No; I believe he is a German," replied Rogers.

"Oh, he's Dutch, is he?" said Jimmy. "Didn't he bring you nuttin'?"

"No," laughed Rogers; "he forgot me this year. I suppose he was too busy taking care of the children."

Jimmy looked up wistfully into the face of the big man smiling down upon him; then he said:

"Wouldn't you like to have Sandy bring you a fiddle or a new pair o' stockin's?"

"No, Jimmy," replied Rogers, patting the boy upon the head, "but if you happen to run across Santa Claus tell him to bring me something that would please a lonely old joker." And Jimmy vanished into the twilight.

Rogers and his partner were silent as they rode uptown in Powers' automobile. Rogers was thinking of "the names he loved to hear," which had been "carved for many a year on the tomb." There was no loving smile to greet him when he arrived at his luxurious bachelor apartments. No clamoring children clung to his coat as he sat down in solitary state to his dinner. Oppressed by thronging memories, he ate only a few mouthfuls and drove to his club to chase away the blues in light-hearted companionship.

It was a gala night at the Atlanta club, and Rogers was the center of the merriment. A huge Christmas tree stood in the parlor, and all kinds of odd and satirical presents were handed to the members. Rogers had been presented with a pair of blue overalls, which he put on over his dress trousers. The air was filled with banter and jollity when the attention of the members was attracted to the hall by the noise of a scuffle and a piercing howl. Rogers ran to the hall where he found two lusty waiters trying to eject a small red-headed boy. He was fighting like a wildcat. When Rogers appeared he tore himself loose from his captors and ran to his benefactor.

"Dey wouldn't let me come in," he sobbed, "en I only wanted to tell you dat I couldn't find Sandy, but I got de Krismas present for a lonely ole joker myself."

Rogers took Jimmy into the brilliantly lighted parlor and quieted him with soothing words. While the members of the club to the number of fifty gathered around the strangely assorted pair.

"Well, Jimmy," said Rogers, "what did you get for my Christmas?"

Jimmy took from his pocket a small pasteboard box and, lifting the lid, displayed a gleaming red glass stone set in a framework of brass. It was a tawdry horror, a frightful burlesque on art, but not a man smiled as it was passed around for inspection among the club members.

"How much did you pay for this beautiful jewel?" asked Rogers.

"Ain't it a corker?" said Jimmy, with shining eyes. "I knowed you'd like it. It cost a quarter, en I beat de dago down 10 pence. I showed it to de big copper Mahoney, en he said it was jest de cheese for a lonesome old joker, en he couldn't go to sleep when de fool was in de room."

This provoked a roar of laughter from the hearers, and in answer to the frantic appeals from all parts of the room Rogers stuck the atrocity in the middle of his shirt front, where it gleamed like a locomotive headlight.

The church bells were ringing in the city.

C. A. BOWRON

Watchmaker and Jeweler
DEALER IN

Watches, Clocks, Jewelry and Musical Goods.
Plainview, Texas

Mathis Livery Barn

W. C. MATHIS, Proprietor
Buy and sell

Horses, Mules
Fat Cows and Yearlings.

Fine rigs to hire at reasonable rates

North side Square, GOMEZ, TEXAS

Lost

Last Saturday night, Dec. 7-07, between T4 ranch and Gomez, one black Overcoat. Letters and card containing owner's name. A liberal reward to finder.

B. B. Gainer, Gomez

Birth of a new Christmas as Rogers and Jimmy left the club together. They stepped into the street Jimmy pulled at Rogers' coat tail. The banker looked down at the boy beside him who seemed to be uneasy. He shifted from one foot to the other and dug his toe into the snow.

"What is it, my boy?" said Rogers kindly.

"I didn't want to say nuttin' to you inside," said Jimmy eagerly, "because I was 'frak' de swell guys 'ud be laughin' at me. De teacher in de night school says dat if Sandy Claws don't bring you nuttin' you mus' be a small Sandy yourself. En she giv' me a little piece to speak tonight in de school."

Here Jimmy stopped to fumble in his trousers until he found a piece of solid copy book paper. Holding it up to Rogers, the boy said:

"I don't know it yet, 'cause dere's big words in it."

Rogers smoothed the paper out upon his palm. Then he adjusted his spectacles, and, looking to the light of a drug store window a few feet away he read aloud:

"I expect to pass through this world but once. If, therefore, there be any kindness I can show or any good thing I can do to any fellow being, let me do it now, for I shall not pass this way again."

Perhaps it was an act of simple courtesy or it may have been a deeper feeling that prompted the millionaire to raise his hat with the courtesy of a Chesterfield as he handed the Earl of Derby's epitaph back to the eager-eyed boy.

"It's all to de mustard, ain't it?" said Jimmy. "En dat's de reason I give"

Which of the Two Men are You?

Two men walked down the street the other day in the midst of slush and rain. One saw colds, fevers, sickness of various kinds and grumbled. The other saw increasing business in the stores, opportunities for helping the unfortunate and the relief of the poor. Which of the two men are you?

Two men were compelled to cross a puddle of water. One saw the dirty mud and smelled the disagreeable odors. The other caught the reflection of the sunlight in the pool and saw millions of diamonds dancing at his feet. Which of the two men are you?

Two men heard a little ragged girl crying on the street. Her dress was torn and her head was hatless. Her shoes gaping wide, let in the dust, a gushing flood of tears ran down her cheek, and plowed great furrows through the accumulation of dirt that had heaped itself there.

One man turned aside with a curse, and said, "Shut your mouth hussie." The other stopped a moment inquired the cause of the trouble, found the little one was motherless, hungry, dejected and friendless. He wiped away the tears with his handkerchief, fed the little child and placed her in a home. Which of the two are you?

Two ladies saw a newsboy on the street at a late hour, his stock of papers were unsold, for the night was bitter cold. One went her way saying, "The city should not allow these waifs to be out on the streets." The other opened her purse, took a dime, bought a paper, gave the boy a smile and passed on her way. Which of the two ladies are you?

You are wondering today, friend, why the world frowns at you. Is it because you frown at the life? Are you a frowner or a smiler? Which of the two are you?—Big Springs Herald.

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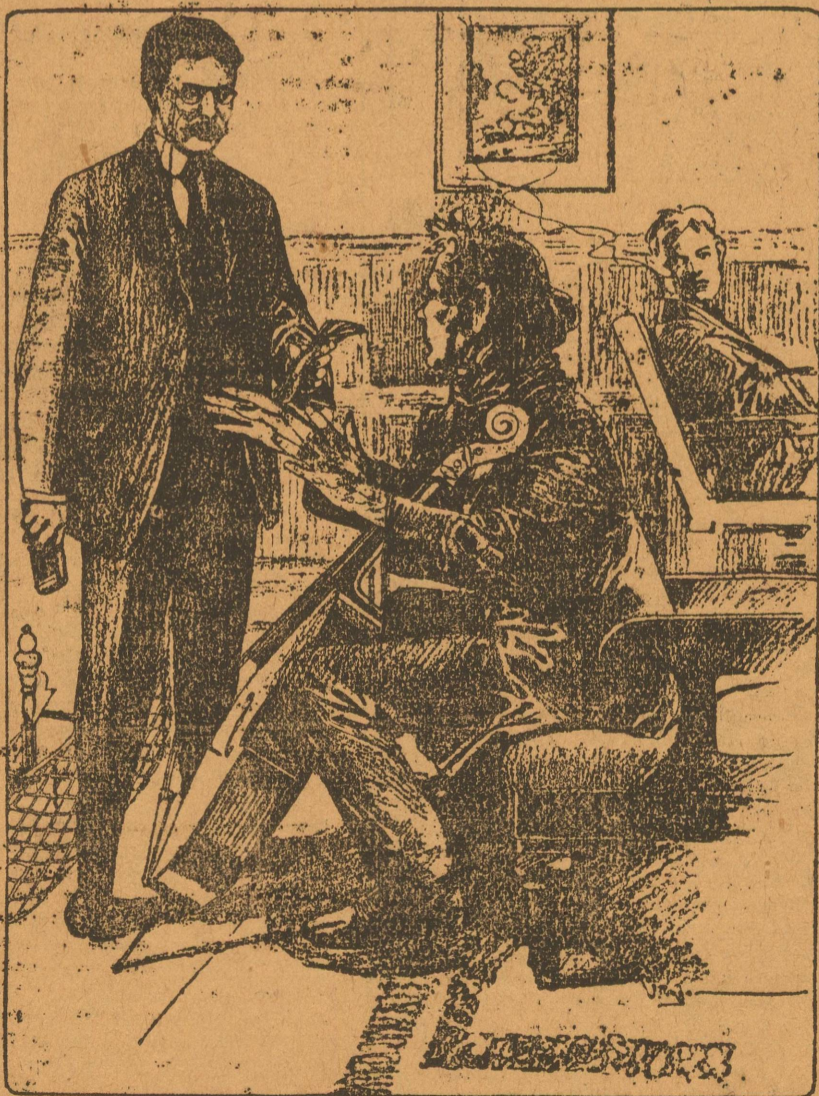
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KREIG SPREAD HIS THIN HANDS OUT TOWARD THE GLOWING GRATE.

de cheese for a lonesome old joker, en he couldn't go to sleep when de fool was in de room."

This provoked a roar of laughter from the hearers, and in answer to the frantic appeals from all parts of the room Rogers stuck the atrocity in the middle of his shirt front, where it gleamed like a locomotive headlight.

The church bells were ringing in the city.

you de breas' pin."

"And what did the rich man say, Jimmy?" said Miss Williams, the schoolteacher, at 8 o'clock on Christmas night. "De snow was a-fallin' on his bald head, en he was kind o' solemn, en he says, 'Out o' de mouth o' babies en suckers comes wisdom.' Was he a-guyin' me, Miss Williams?"

Mr. Rogers, there is a queer looking fellow out here who calls himself Otto. Will you see him?"

"By all means," replied Rogers. "He's the German violoncello player"

Christmas on Taft's Ranch.

Miss Ackermann's Christmas.

By Mrs. MOSES P. HANDY

MISS ACKERMANN opened her eyes to the sunshine with a startled feeling of having overslept herself, then closed them again at the sound of the chimes from the church around the corner, for it was Christmas day, the one day, barring Sundays, in the year which she could really and truly call her own. She was that overworked individual, a popular dressmaker, going out by the day, and she sometimes wished, with E. P. Roofs old doctor, that people would send for somebody else sometimes and let her rest. On the last Fourth of July she had been in the country sewing for dear life in order to finish a belated bridal trousseau, and on Thanksgiving she had worked until dark to accommodate a customer who wished to outshine her sisters-in-law at a family gathering at the house of her husband's father, but on Christmas day not even the most exacting customer could ask her services.

And yet—was she glad it was Christmas? The associations which cluster around the season make it a sorrowful one to those who have nothing left of home excepting its memories, and, saying for one brother, Miss Ackermann was alone in the world.

Recently, Miss Ackermann told herself, she had no business to be low spirited; she was a very fortunate person; think how many people were starving for lack of work, and all that, she concluded vaguely as she finished her breakfast. The tea, which she made in her room, heating the water on a small gas stove, was excellent. She was snicky

law come near him. To tell the truth she had no desire to help Miss Ackermann in her duties. She had, married for a step up and said plainly that she did not mean to slave to please anybody.

"You see how it is, Jack," Miss Ackermann said, with streaming eyes. "I cannot leave father, even for you." "Bring him to our house with you," replied Jack. "There is plenty of room, and father and mother won't mind." "No, Jack; thanks even so much, but that wouldn't do any good. Father wouldn't be satisfied. Besides, he takes up so much of my time that I couldn't do my duty by you." And Jack had to do with the best grace he could muster.

Unfortunately he consulted the doctor who attended Mr. Ackermann, as to the probable duration of the old man's illness.

The doctor assured him that the trouble was chiefly hypochondria and that he might live for years in the same state or might possibly recover as suddenly as he had collapsed. At all events the patient was in no immediate danger.

The inquiry would have done no harm had it not been that the doctor had a talking wife, to whom he told everything, so before long the whole neighborhood, was saying that Jack Ralston had been asking how long old man Ackermann could live. Of course the story came to Miss Ackermann's ears, to her intense indignation and still greater grief. Jack could not deny it in toto, and short of positive denial she would listen to no explanation. There was a quarrel, a broken engagement, and Jack Ralston went west, leaving his sweetheart well nigh broken hearted, with only duty to console her, and sometimes duty is the best consolation one can have.

If he had been less impatient, there would have been no trouble. Dr. Bland did not understand the effect which a broken heart sometimes produces upon the body. Mr. Ackermann died before the winter was over. Jack Ralston came home as soon as he heard the news, but Miss Ackermann had gone to the city with a cousin of her mother and was obdurate. Her filial affection found satisfaction in refusing to forgive the lover who had grieved her father's death. She would not even see him, and so the affair ended.

Well, it was too late now, and she was a fool to be dreaming of it. The sermon was ended, and the music of the organ roused her to the consciousness of things present and to come. She took part with the congregation in the rest of the service and then hurried home to make a hasty toilet for dinner.

There was only a quiet family gathering. The fiance of the oldest daughter, a traveling salesman in the employ of a wholesale house, was the life of the party. He was considered a very bright young man and a good talker. He was at his best today and kept them all amused with stories of his travels, so that Miss Ackermann had only to listen with a semblance of interest.

"By the way, Miss Ackermann," he said presently, "I met an old friend of yours on this last trip. Ralston was the name—J. W. Ralston. It was in Idaho, Boise City. He is doing well in mines out there and is quite chummy with one of my best customers, who has some money in his business. The two were together at my rooms in the hotel, and he saw Miss's picture on the bureau. I always carry it around to keep me out of temptation—guard-angel business, you know, Miss—and he saw it. You know people say you two look alike, and the likeness comes out strong in that photo. It struck him all of a heap. 'Excuse me,' he said, 'but will you tell me whose picture that is? It looks very much like some one I knew ten years ago.'"

"Certainly," said I. "That is my best girl. She is thought very much like a lady who lives in the same house, Miss Ackermann, from New Jersey." Well, it turned out to be the very same. He asked lots of questions about you, especially whether you were married. I gave you a good character, and I guess you'll be hearing from him before long. Ross says he is a bachelor."

Miss Ackermann controlled herself sufficiently to smile. "Thank you, we were friends and neighbors when I was a girl," she replied, and in a moment more they were all laughing at a comical anecdote which the drummer was telling in his best style. It was no wonder he sold goods.

When the dinner was over the hostess excused herself soon upon the plea of domestic duties, leaving Miss Ackermann with the young people. So knowing herself in the way, she lingered but a few minutes. Back in her room she gave way and took refuge in that last solace of her sex, a good cry. Her overwrought nerves demanded relief and would not be denied.

She was still bedded, a disconsolate heap, on the lounge, when there came a tap at the door which she recognized as that of her little friend. She sat up and hurriedly straightened her hair, trusting that in the dim light of the fast falling twilight the child would notice nothing amiss, sharp as she was. "Come in," she called as the knock was repeated.

"Here's a gentleman to see you," the

child said, with the air of a person who confers a favor. "He says he is an old friend, so I brought him right up." Miss Ackermann remembered that, it being Christmas day, the maid would be out and that consequently the little girl would answer the door. "Thank you," she said, "you may go." Then she found herself face to face with a bronzed and bearded man whose eyes only were familiar.

"Well, Annie," he said in a voice she knew so well, "here I am once more." She held out both hands with an eager gesture. "Oh, Jack, Jack!" she cried.

A moment more and she was sobbing on his shoulder while his arms held her as though they would never let go.

"The Queen's Christmas Card." Queen Alexandra has not given up her interest in behalf of the unemployed. Last Christmas she sanctioned a unique plan to raise more funds for them. This was in the shape of the issue of a Christmas book, consisting of poems, stories, sketches, drawings and music, which was entitled "The Queen's Christmas Card." Algernon Charles Swinburne, Alfred Austin, the poet laureate; Thomas Hardy, Marie Corelli, Hall Caine, George Meredith, Arthur Wing Pinero, Sir Laurence Alma-Tadema, Edwin A. Abbey, William Holman Hunt, Sir Edward John Poynter and Sir Edward Elgar are among the host of those who contributed. The production of the book was practically gratuitous. It sold for half a crown, and the proceeds were devoted to the queen's unemployed fund.

SECRETARY OF WAR TAFT is part owner of one of the largest ranches in Texas, the Coleman-Fulton ranch, so called, a 175,000 acre "farm" eleven miles from Corpus Christi on the San Antonio and Aransas Pass railroad. One hundred men are always and 250 men sometimes employed on it.

"I was so fortunate as to have the pleasure of seeing a unique Christmas tree on this ranch," writes Mary Elise Muncey in the St. Louis Globe-Democrat. "Christmas morning, though warm, was foggy, and a slow rain fell, but by 12 o'clock the sun came out, and the people at the ranch house began to make their preparations. Ever since early morning the employees from the different farms had been coming in. All kinds of vehicles were pressed into service. Some came on horseback and some on foot. There were many children.

"I saw what I had never seen before, a growing Christmas tree. Just in front of the house was a large mul-



"I SAW WHAT I HAD NEVER SEEN BEFORE, A GROWING CHRISTMAS TREE."

berry tree. The ladies of the house came out about 2 o'clock and decorated the tree, with the assistance of some of the men. Even the men required stepladders to reach the top-most boughs. First, the ladies gave them some artificial icicles, which they hung on the branches in great profusion. As the sun was shining brightly by this time, it gave the icicles a very glittering appearance, and the wind, commencing to blow, shook them gently, making the illusion more perfect. Then long bright ribbons of many colors were suspended from the topmost limbs and fruit and candles tied on with ribbons of the same color—orange with orange ribbon, apples with red ribbon, limes with green ribbon, etc. Small toys were suspended from the tree; large ones were at the base. It presented a very gorgeous spectacle, and the sight of the happy children that surrounded it made one wish to be a child again to enjoy it to the utmost. But the best was yet to come.

"In the front yard were the presents intended for the grown people, and each man received one. One was a fine surrey. Five were each given fifty and seventy-five dollar saddles. Several married men got handsome metal bedsteads, with springs and mattresses. Twenty or thirty fine hats, costing \$7 apiece, were distributed and many other articles, all the best of their kind. I saw a young man who received an all leather suit case. This last item may seem strange on a ranch, but there are many polished gentlemen among the employees who would consider suit cases very necessary should they have occasion to visit the city.

"All this while music was to be heard from a band stationed on the front porch, where many of the visitors were seated. After the Santa Claus of the Christmas tree had retired and the presents to the grownups had been distributed all repaired to the porch and front yard to see again the gleeful children and the tree, and surely it was a thing of beauty and, with its fruits and flowers, looked as though it had been transplanted from fairyland.

"The people that came from a distance departed before nightfall, but those that lived near by remained for an evening of music and good cheer and thus ended a happy Christmas day."

An English Superstition. The most popular superstition in many parts of England is that every remnant of Christmas decoration must be removed before Candlemas day. Should a sprig of holly or other evergreen be left in any house one of its occupants will die within the year.



SHE FOUND HERSELF FACE TO FACE WITH A BRONZED AND BEARDED MAN.

about tea, and she felt better after drinking it. Altogether she was in quite a cheerful mood when the little daughter of her landlord came to wish her a merry Christmas and bring an invitation from her mother to eat her Christmas dinner with them. Dinner would be at half past 2. Miss Ackermann thanked them very much and would dine with them with pleasure. Then she gave the little girl the present she had ready for her, a stylish young lady doll dressed in the latest fashion, with coat and hat complete, a gift which made its recipient radiant, and sent her off to exhibit it at once.

The sermon "God's Christmas Gifts," from the text "Wait upon the Lord, and he shall give thee the desire of thy heart," made her homesick again, the desire of her heart seemed so exceedingly far off. Miss Ackermann was not one of those who forget, hard as she had tried not to remember. She found her thought straying back ten years to the seaside, to her old home and Jack. Their parents were neighbors. Her father and mother lived in the little fishing town and took boarders in the season. His father was the farmer who supplied them with vegetables and fruit. Jack drove the wagon which brought the daily supply to the cottages. They would have known each other in any case, but the morning interviews over lettuce and strawberries, melons and tomatoes brought them closer together.

Every one approved of their engagement, and the day was set, when a great misfortune happened—her mother and oldest sister were killed in a buggy which they were driving by a train at a railroad crossing. This was bad enough surely, but "troubles hunt in couples," and the blow seemed to affect her father's mind. He became almost childish, took to his bed and would have no one but her wait upon him. To complete the roll of disaster her brother suddenly brought home as his wife a girl whom none of his friends would have chosen, and the old man would not let his daughter in-

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Mrs. Malinda Akers, of Basham, Va., writes: "I had what doctors call 'prolapse,' and could stand straight. I had pain in my back shoulders, and was very irregular and profuse. Doctors said an operation was needed, but I couldn't bear the thought of the knife. After taking three bottles of Wine of Cardui, I could walk around. Can now do my housework and am in splendid health."

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