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J.S. & J.F. Baisch
DRUGGISTS.

Through the Sunny South.

Glimpses from a Car Window by G. R. Russom on a Trip from Kansas City to Brownsville, Texas.

Continued from Last Week
We are now in Kingsville, so named after the Widow King, I suppose. This is a fine little town, three years old, a nice large hotel, two churches and many other good buildings. It is a wonder what the genius, skill and energy of man can accomplish in so short time. Here I see another fine railroad flower garden with lots of oleanders in bloom. Spanish daggers 6 to 8 feet high. A wilderness transformed in a few years into a fine small town with round-house and other railroad improvements. There are lots of Mexicans and negroes here with a pretty good sprinkling of white people too. The town shows white mans energy and ambition. One thing I took particular notice of was the inhabitants at all the stations through this desolate looking country, turned out at the stations to see us pass by. There must have been 150 at this place.

We are leaving this place, hoping it is better further on. And now I see some cotton patches and garden truck. These two crops seem to associate closely together. I guess they are the two best crops for Mexicans and negroes. It must be a job to clear this land, no large timber, but everlastingly covered with brush and cactus.

6 o'clock: Through another station and still we go for Brownsville, Texas. Here we are in an open space of country crossing a creek. Can't see any jumping off place, yet I hope they will keep the air brakes in good order for I fear at the speed we are going now there is danger of plunging in the Gulf of Mexico without having on our bathing suits. But let her go, this ride is paid for, I'll stick to this old car till some one says its enough and get out and climb a tree.

This is a fine looking country, lots of flowers, garden truck and other stuff.
Through another station, passing through a nice view of country but soon we will be in the sand hill country. Here it is, 'tis a fright to see these barren mountains of sand hills. There is about 25 miles before we get beyond them.

This station Miflin. Saw one white woman and one redheaded man. They must be twins, the rest Mexicans. You may talk about your sand hills, here is the place to see them, you can't imagine the scene.

Catherie is surrounded with lakes, is in a terrible place, no good whatever that I can see.

Candlupe. This is as fine a country as any one could wish. Lots of cattle everywhere.

Greta station, stock yards and switch. Cattle, horses and mules in view.

Refugio. Some elegant homes here, fine as are usually found in any country.

Larosa station, a nice country. Catherine. Here we saw a flowing well 900 feet deep and flowing out of a six inch casing. The water was warm, about 90 degrees, nice for bathing. This water is used for irrigation.

Raymondville: A large hotel here and lumber yard. Lumber sells for 28 to 40 dollars per thousand feet.

Havelin station. Here I saw a Texas hog about one year old and weighing less than 75 pounds. He had the type of the wild hog. Land selling for \$25 per acre.

Harlengen. Some good houses here. We are traveling so fast I can scarcely keep up. I have to skip some.

Linford: A nice small town, the railroad has been here only three years. This place 30 miles from the Rio Grande river. Irrigate here from artesian wells. It is a question of irrigation all through this southern part of Texas. The soil is good and with plenty of water, this country will bring forth in great abundance all kinds of products that are adapted to this semi-tropical

country. Here we will have to skip a few miles and this will bring us right into Brownsville, Texas, the terminus of our long journey.

We arrive here at 9:30, p. m., Sunday night, March 22. We could see at once that conditions here were not up to date. Utter darkness prevailed on most of the streets, and after promenading around this old town in the dark, we decided that the change from cold to a hot climate did not magnify our powers of vision sufficiently to see through the darkness of this old, unsightly city, and without much persuading we soon retraced our steps back to the car, evidently anxious and ready for a night of peaceful sleep under the canopy of a Southern sky with the twinkling orbs of the starry Heavens peeping through our car window, kissing away the darkness and gloom from the weary traveler's tired body and sleeping mind.

Monday March 23, Brownsville, Texas: Here we are over 2000 miles from home and not one of us injured in any way after such a flying trip. 'Tis wonderful indeed. We were pretty well prepared in case there was any accidents, we had with us one professional man. Dr Gibson from Wisconsin, and by the way, he was a jolly good fellow. As to his ability and skill as a doctor I cannot say, as there were no emergency cases came up for treatment, but I imagine he could dose out the colomel with a spoon or a spade and give you a dose that would soon lay you in the shade. Every one was up early. A number of the boys went to see the market place and see how Mexicans do things in this far off south land. It does look a little odd to see their peculiar ways and customs. They have no scales but weigh everything by guess. Here we saw some pretty hard looking beefsteak and some sides of meat thin enough for drum heads. This market is a small affair compared with some of the great markets of our northern cities.

We did not stop long in this place as the time for breakfast was about up and we must not be tardy at our first meal here.

We had fresh beef steak for breakfast, yes, it was fresh, killed at 3 a. m., and served at 7 a. m., the same morning, and for a fact, it was pretty good to be fattened on cactus and hot air. Without a question of doubt our cooks should have the praise in making this Mexican beef steak so palatable and acceptable to our early morning appetites, and the way those Kansas fellows did devour this breakfast was a fright. I always felt sorry for the cooks when these Kansas fellows pulled off their coats before they sat down to the little 2x4 tables, because it always meant something, and a whole lot too.

It was decided in the early morning that we would visit Brownsville in the forenoon, have an early dinner and then go over in the afternoon to the old town of Marmoris, Mexico, and this part of the days program was fully carried out with some additions.

Breakfast over. Roll called, every fellow ready for duty. Kansas Katy Flyer took the lead and Dr. Gibson brought up the rear, and we left the car in the care of the cooks while we took in the city. After a brisk walk of about 30 minutes trying to keep up with that Kansas Katy Flyer No. 2, we called a halt, every fellow making use of his handkerchief freely wiping the perspiration from his heated brow, and after a few moments of counsel, it was agreed to divide the crowd into squads of about four, and each crowd take their choice of what might be the places of most interest to each one, for it was an evident fact if the whole crowd followed Katy Flyer No. 2, there would be nervous prostration and calamities of various kinds.

Our crowd of four decided to visit old Fort Brown. This Fort was built about the year 1845 and has been maintained ever since until two years ago. This is where the negro riot occurred two years ago the coming August. We saw some of the results of the riot where a ball penetrated a brick wall, making a large cavity in the wall. Fort

Brown was very substantially built facing the Rio Grand river. The buildings are large and well arranged in case of an attack from the enemy. Many of these buildings are in a good state of preservation now and it does look like a shame that the many buildings should stand here as they do unoccupied and eventually go to ruin and decay. The land adjoining the buildings is used now by the U. S. Government for an experimental farm, and at this time, March 23, 1908, they were plowing and preparing the land for another crop, having taken off the crop of vegetables that had been grown the past few months.

We visited the Fort Brown cemetery where now lie peacefully sleeping 2849 of the Nations dead, to await the trumpet call from the Arch Angel of Glory on the great Resurrection day. In this silent city of the beloved dead there are 1480 whose names are known and are on record and 1379 of the unknown. As we looked on the many white stones that stand so close together all numbered in their order—the known their company and state, also the unknown soldiers, there came in our thoughts a feeling of sadness and as we stood in solemn meditation, these thoughts came to our mind: Each one of these little white stones with names and symbols engraved thereon is a monument to the life and last resting place of some precious loved one, whose memory should be kept sacred, and their resting place guarded and cared for, as long as the stars and stripes wave to the breeze of a God fearing and liberty loving people. There is no class of men I meet along lifes highway that I love, respect and honor more than I do the old soldiers. When I watch their faltering footsteps and see their aged and stooped forms with heads silvered o'er as an evidence of the hardships and struggles of the many years of honest toil and faithful service, my very soul cries out within me, bringing to the consciousness of my very

being the sweet peace of love I have for the grand old soldiers of America.

Here we saw four of the old siege guns of the six inch caliber. These were planted on end in a circle, a large monument in the center and surrounding these guns were graves of a number of the officers. And I noticed one grave, that of a little child, in the midst of these monuments. It was doubtless a sweet rosebud of promise plucked from the sheltering arms of some loving

Continued on Last Page.

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