


CUSTER COUNTY REPUBLICAN.



STOPS ON ITS BACK

Some watches run when hanging up, stop on their backs. Some watches "RUN" in any position, but keep time in none.

Some watches are like some people—you must humor them. Such people and such watches are not desirable companions. A watch that is not reliable, consistent, faithful and timely at all times, under all conditions, in every climate and in all positions, needs treatment. Let me see the face of your watch. The hands may be on a strike because of overwork.

A. E. Anderson
JEWELER AND OPTICIAN

Graduate of the Chicago Ophthalmic College.

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DRUGGISTS.
The Quality Store

Beautiful Sunshine and Splendid People

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

Continued from Last Week

Brownsville, Texas, March 24, 1908, 6 a. m.: We are now leaving this historical place, where we have been for about 33 hours. Our next destination where we will make our next short stop is Victoria, Texas. I will have the privilege and opportunity to take a short rest while we are traveling on our return trip from this place.

But I must tell you one little joke for fear I might forget it and as I have been rather serious most of the time I hope you will pardon me for indulging in the telling of this one story. You will remember the engagement made by Dr. Gibson for some of the Mexican ladies to come to the car on last evening at 7 o'clock with an exhibit of some of their drawn work, as the doctor was very anxious to have some of their stuff. But in the lateness and delay at the town of Matamoros Dr. Gibson did not show up on time. The ladies came, as Mr. Frary informed us this morning, and the number as he stated to us was no less than 30 of these Mexican women with their display of drawn work, and the joke was these people at the car didn't know Dr. Gibson had worked this game on them, and were unprepared to meet this emergency of buying the enormous amount of this drawn work, especially intended to supply the needs of the doctor. As Mr. Frary stated to us, it must have been a fright the large amount of this drawn work they had brought for this special occasion, and with such eagerness of pleading, such determination in selling that it almost caused a panic at the car, and Mr. Frary's strong nervous system was taxed to its utmost in trying to convince these ladies that one who had made a special request for them to come to the car was not present and his whereabouts could not be ascertained at this time, and with deep humiliation and much disappointment these kind ladies must take back with them the much coveted stuff that Dr. Gibson had been so eagerly looking for, prizing it as the finest needle work of modern times. I don't know how the doctor and Mr. Frary fixed this matter up, as I was sitting on the steps at the stern end of the car watching the sun rise up out of the earth.

I never saw in all my life, a more beautiful sunrise. It was delightful to see this orb of day peeping up out of the earth, as it were, scattering the lovely sunbeams over the sparkling dewdrops, kissing the earth with its electrical glory and warming rays so essential to the well fare of all mankind. Of all the scenes I had witnessed thus far on my trip, nothing was more impressive, more grand and beautiful, more soul inspiring than this lovely sunrise in this great expanse of territory in this far away south land.

After a car ride of about 8 hours we come to the fine little city of Victoria, Texas. Population about 8,000. But Mr. Scott had a side trip planned for all that cared to go and see a small patch of 20,000 acres of railroad land north of the town of Edna, Texas, and the whole crowd went on this side trip except the lady cooks and a few of the men. We started on this trip soon after we landed in Victoria.

We commence the story of this side trip now, 4 p. m., March 24. Mr. Scott bought and paid for all of our tickets of this trip and our supper and breakfast was furnished by Mr. Paul, who resides at El Campa, Texas. And here we go for Edna, Texas. We are passing through some fine country, not many houses but thousands of cattle in sight. Our first stop is Telfeuer station with stock yards. Here I see cattle, horses and a few sheep now going through some timber and brush. This looks pretty flat and wet but fine looking land. Some people die here, as we have just passed a small cemetery. I

see one church at this station, Inez. A nice little town. The depots have one room for the negroes and one for the white people. Some small shacks, timber, brush and over a small creek. Lots of timber in places more cattle and fine land, just as nice as you ever saw as far as the eye can see.

Next stop Edna. Here we get off and travel in vehicles to the promised land. A fine small city, a county seat. There are some small houses but many nice fine dwellings and a number of good large buildings. Several churches, court house, school buildings and many signs of a wide awake, industrious and energetic citizenship.

We did not stop here after arriving only long enough to walk from the car to where our rigs were in waiting for us. We left this place at just 5 o'clock for a twelve mile drive over some sandy road through lots of timber. After an eight mile drive we stopped to change teams as it was soft wheeling. There had been one of those Texas pour downs you may have read about. There was mud and water and we found this out to our satisfaction on this trip.

Here we are at the junction of roads waiting to change one of the teams. About one half mile from the residence of Mr. Bob powers, an old time southerner. He owns a large amount of land and has much hired help, I am told. We are right in the woods among the moss covered trees, close to a garden fence made of timber set in the ground on end close together. Nearby are some old rail fences that always do and always will take us back to our boyhood days of long ago. I see a plank house, stable and shed nearby and one sweet little girl milking one cow and letting two calves milk the other one. I tell you children look good to me in such lonely places and I feel just like singing, at this time, one of the verses of the poem I have the honor of composing, entitled, "Jesus Loves the Little Children."

Jesus gives the little children,
As the flowers along life's way;
And their presence brings the sunshine
To the home of earth today.
All around are flowers of beauty,
Fragrance sweet and brightest hue;
But the dearest household treasure,
Are the children loved and true.

This is a fine place for a picture. The boys who are here with me will all remember this place and these surroundings when they read this part of the story. Some of the boys walked on while the teams were being changed, but we have been deeply absorbed in these surroundings. Now we are ready to go to the place of somewhere that I have never yet seen. We are passing through some fine woodland. Some very large trees, the largest trees, the largest I have yet seen in south Texas. Here I see some very large beautiful moss covered trees. After passing through this fine piece of timber, crossing a nice little stream of clear rippling water, we come to a fine scope of prairie land, but as it is growing late I am unable to judge of its beauty or quality. I tell you this is a pretty lonesome place to me, no house in sight and darkness upon us. If I were alone under these circumstances I would be tempted to climb a tree and look for the beacon light of some habitation. But at this time, in this lonely place and darkness around us, some one suggested that we sing some good old familiar song. I think it was Mr. Frary, and we started out on the "Sweet Bye and Bye," and the whole crowd caught the inspiration and there was music in every soul for the next half hour. There was such a vibration of melodious sounds that the frogs ceased their doleful lamentations to listen to these old camp meeting songs. We soon felt like this old earth was a good place to live after all when our spirits are tuned in unison and sweet harmony of love to our fellow man.

After quite a drive of several miles in the darkness we pulled at a ranch house, a regular stopping place for land seekers, with every convenience for comfort, stoves, tables, dishes, canned goods, bunks to sleep on, benches to sit on, in fact a complete outfit. When I saw this I was agreeably surprised for I had left my overcoat at the car at Victoria

and I had been fearful we would have to camp out on this wet ground and was not used to such a strenuous life. But here we are, just as happy as a big sunflower in this monster building, large enough almost for a State Democratic convention. We sure had room enough for a camp meeting if we could have had the people and preacher. We had the singers, there were ten white men and one colored man. If ever you saw Kansas fellows have an appetite these fellows did tonight. Our lunch consisted of canned tomatoes, sardines, bread and butter, hot coffee, boiled eggs, boiled ham, and for an appetizer, mustard and onions. I don't believe I ever saw as much grub hide away in the short space of time in all my travels. It was quite late and the way this lunch did diminish was a caution. There was not one of the crowd ever thought about looking for the medicine chest before supper what would happen after eating such a supper, I made up my mind as long as there was plenty of mustard we were alright, as there is always so much virtue in a mustard plaster on special occasions.

Many of the scenes and transactions in life we may and will forget. This is one of the delightfully pleasant times that will be indelibly stamped in life's memory with each one, that coming years will never efface.

After supper the boys were all treated to cigars by Mr. Frary. I did not dare take part in this pleasant indulgence as there might be a case of habeas corpus proceedings and myself unable to prove an alibi. The evening was passed in smoking, cracking jokes, making ready the bunks and having a general good time till bed time, which all agreed should not be later than 10, as we must rise early in the morning, continue our trip to the promised land, make the investigations, purchase if suited, make the return to Edna, and catch the train for Victoria at 11:40. But

on this trip with the two flyers, Mr. S. M. Scott, Southern Pacific and Mr. Frary, The Katy, one pulling the other pushing, everything went for and aft.

The book keeper had some items of the evening to jot down and did not get a fair start with the other boys in sleeping to the sweet music of the frogs. It was not very long after the boys retired until the mystic power of the invisible something kissed their eyelids still, and then, Oh! my, such a conglomeration of

Continued on Last Page.

Drug Talks Worth Heeding

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Ed. McComas

Druggist

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