

The Daily Herald.

VOL. 1.

BROWNSVILLE, TEXAS. FRIDAY EVENING, JULY 15, 1892.---FOUR PAGES.

NO. 11.

Midsummer Night's Dream.

To the News.
The days are now about at their longest. Fifteen hours of sunshine and but nine of darkness—or, more properly, summer twilight—long after old Sol has hidden his lurid countenance behind the eastern horizon the charming semi-darkness remains as a sort of compromise between night and day.
The mockingbird revels in merry mimicry until even the long lingering twilight grows dim, and the restless katydid keeps up her monotonous affirmation still later. The shrill, weird whistle of "chuck will's-widow" and "Bob White's social," simple little song exert a most pleasingly soporific influence upon one's nerves.
Hark! What variation is that which the gentle evening zephyr bears upon their wings? Bob White proclaiming in an animated voice:
"War-wick! Clark! He's the bark! Texas wills, shall cure her ills!"
"Great Geo! have the birds of Texas also gone into politics?" they surely have. Listen to what chuck-will's-widow is saying:
Jim ain't the f'low!
He makes Texas bellow!
Good time 'll 'a'low!
What Hogg's left to wallow!
In some quiet hollow!
In the shade of the willow!
Yes, not only the birds but the ants, insects and reptiles are discussing the situation, far away off in the distance the deep, bass voice of one of Col. Hughes' fine Holstein bulls is heard proclaiming:
"Oh! Oh! Oh never! Oh never!
Jim will kill us forever—
If we send him once more
Prosperity will go,
And money'll ne'er come
To Texas by gun!
If Hogg and his crowd
Are once more allowed
Our state to oppress
With want and distress,
As they surely will do
By me and by you,
If we give 'em the chance
They'll make us all dance!
Oh never! No, n-e-v-e-r!"
Away off down at Exall's lake a chorus of bullfrogs then responded:
Ke-r-r-ect! Ke-r-r-ect! Hogg
won't do! Hogg won't do! Give
Clark! Give us Clark! By
George give us Clark!"
At this juncture Joe Britt's old
lymouthed Roak rooster—a very
experienced and sagacious old chan-
cleer, by the way—flapped his
wings and sang out in stentorian
notes:
"Cock-a-doodle-dó!
Big Jim will never dó!
Give us George Warwick Clark
To steer the Texas bark!"
The merry mocking-bird replied:
"Cock-a-doodle-dó!
Between myself, and you,
The Hogg will ne'er again
Feed in the Texas p.n."
Emil Hounager's shepherd dog
who now took the floor and in a
spirited barks remarked:
"Tell you, friends, the time has come
When we must more than shout;
If something is not quickly done
We'll all go up the spout."
The "little giant's" motto is
"To Turn great Texas loose,"
While Hogg's most selfish purposes
Are misrule and abuse;

"Abuse of all her noble powers,
Resources great and grand;
In which this empire state of ours
Surpasses every land."
"We'll heed the Waco man's advice;
We'll break the galling chains;
His leadership it will suffice
To cure the aching pains."
"Which willful prejudice inflicts
Upon the commonwealth,
And every remedy rejects
That would restore to health."
"Then let us rise, accept no truce
Till every ditch we pass.
We'll turn our grand old Texas loose
And turn Hogg out to grass!"
To which the katy did chirped:
"Yes, he did! Jimmy did it!
He did it! He did it! Turn him
out? Turn him out?"
It began to look like the voices
of the night were unanimously op-
posing the present administration.
"Would not one be raised for our
present governor? Yes, there is
one which in feeble tones cries out:
"Ho-ogg! Ho-ogg! Ho-ogg!
Hogg! ogg! ogg! ogg!"
It is the voice of poor old Abra-
ham, a superannuated burro who
lives upon the commons, drawing
his sustenance from the juicy
broom-weeds and the succulent
cockleburrs and sun-flowers.
Abraham is a "time honored"
relic of a bygone age, with long
festoons of gray moss upon his
venerable back; and he is not
ashamed to bray for the man who
represents his ideas, even though
he is in a hopeless minority. It
matters not how much his better
informed equine neighbors pro-
test:
"Nay! Nay! Father Abraham,
nay! Hogg's policy retards our
grain growing interests and tends
to hold back the great paunchful
country of Texas!"
The only reply is:
"Ho-ogg! Ho-ogg! Ho-ogg!
Hogg! ogg! ogg! ogg!" and the
little katydid up in the locust tree
spiritedly replies:
"Jimmy did! Jimmy did! He
did! He did! Killed the goose!
That laid the egg! The golden
egg! Jimmy did! He did! He
did, did, did!"
DICK NAYLOR.

Note Matter of Wages.

"Say," said the elderly, farmer-
looking man. "I want a little
piece put in the paper that I want
a woman who can cook, wash, iron,
milk four cows, an' manage a
market wagon."
"All right," said the advertising
clerk.
"Shall I state what wages will
be paid?"
"Wages nothin'?" shouted the
farmer looking man. "I want to
marry her."—Indianapolis Journal.

Bidows His Time.

"Well, little boy, what's your
name?"
"Shadrach Nebuchadnezzar
Jones."
"Who gave you that name?"
"I don't know. But yer bet
cher life if I find out, when I gets
me growin' they'll be sorry for it
—Life.

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