

The Daily Herald.

VOL. 2.

BROWNSVILLE, CAMERON COUNTY, TEXAS, THURSDAY EVENING, AUGUST 3, 1893.

NO. 28.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report.

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Superstitions.

Adlai E. Stevenson—did Nezer heard of him? Oh, yes, you must. Nice President, you know—Adlai Stevenson is said to have carried a rabbit's foot charm throughout the campaign last fall. A Tarheel admirer sent one to Grover himself, but he didn't carry it.

In Whitneyville, Me., a farmer has nailed a horseshoe on the right forefoot of a breschy cow to keep her from jumping fences.

New York is the least superstitious city in the country. Boston's pet crankism is that Boston is still the universal hub.

Putting on the left stocking first is very unlucky. So is an argument with the bounce of a Bowery saloon.

A very potent sign of poverty is that of an ice cream parlor.

To encounter a banana peel on the sidewalk means that shortly after the hoodlum person will meet the sidewalk itself.

"Can you tell me what year the town of Pompeii was burnt?" "I don't remember the precise date sir but it must have been on an Ash Wednesday."—*Le Littoral*.

Schoolmaster: Now, Robert, can you tell me how many pints there are in a quart? Publican's Hopeful: Why, yes, sir, One end a half and the froth.—*New York Telegram*.



KNOWLEDGE

Brings comfort and improvement and tends to personal enjoyment when rightly used. The many, who live better than others and enjoy life more, with less expenditure, by more promptly adapting the world's best products to the needs of physical being, will attest the value to health of the pure liquid laxative principles embraced in the remedy, Syrup of Figs.

Its excellence is due to its presenting in the form most acceptable and pleasant to the taste, the refreshing and truly beneficial properties of a perfect laxative; effectually cleansing the system, dispelling colds, headaches and fevers and permanently curing constipation. It has given satisfaction to millions and met with the approval of the medical profession, because it acts on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels without weakening them and it is perfectly free from every objectionable substance.

Syrup of Figs is for sale by all druggists in 50c and \$1 bottles, but it is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only, whose name is printed on every package, also the name, Syrup of Figs, and being well informed, you will not accept any substitute if offered.

Horrid Toad Down Her Back

It was a cold, bold, horrible little squat toad, not much bigger than a piece of chalk, but it captured a street car in Grand street last Friday night, and stood up the passengers, too, in a manner that would have commanded the respect of an experienced stage robber.

The car was going east, and was filled with shop-girls and shopping women. Its windows were open, and that fact inspired a little boy, the owner of the toad, with evil thoughts. The little boy held the toad in his hand. He looked thoughtful, as if he were considering the various profitable purposes to which a toad could be applied. Tying it to the stick of a rocket leaves most of the fun to the imagination, and slipping it into daddy's trousers pockets may bring about unpleasant consequences.

The Grand street car came along and interrupted the little boy's meditations. At an open window space the bare neck of a girl offered a shining mark. The little boy crept up beside the car, reached cautiously in through the window and carefully dropped the toad down the selected neck. The girl screamed, screwed her hand down the back of her neck, and screamed again, this time louder than before. She drew out something, threw it in a hurray on the car floor, and at that moment the little boy yelled, "Rat!"

Every woman in the car stood up on the seats and shrieked, the driver put on the brakes, the conductor rubbed his eyes nervously, approached the small hopping thing, looked relieved and ejected the intruder. The little boy sat on the curb and looked up at the sky and smiled.—*New York Sun*.

Society Items.

Chicago Tribune.

Mrs. Billis had heard no sounds from the barn for some minutes, and her motherly instincts told her something was wrong.

"What are you doing out there boys?" she called out.

"We'er holding a little social function, mama," answered Johnny.

And the next instant the back door of the barn was cautiously opened and a large yellow dog with a tin can tied to his tail darted out and ran with the utmost earnestness and vociferation down the alley.

Brush: So you're going to give up art and study medicine, eh? Pencil: Yes, its, easier to be a doctor: you don't have to bother about anatomy.—*Life*.

Better Than Paris Green.

Philadelphia Record.

At last a bug has arrived which is a friend of a farmer. This stranger of the insect world is not only a friend, but it has begun a war of extermination upon the farmer's most relentless foe, the potato bug. The debute of this little beast has sent a thrill of joy from one end of Berks county, Pa., to the other. No more paris green to sprinkle upon potato tops, no more poisoned meal to feed the pests, and no more crops devoured in midsummer by the hungry hordes of potato bugs. John Rothermel of Hyde Park first encountered this noble little ally of the agriculturist, and when he first saw the insect it was slaughtering potato bugs at the rate of ten a minute. The genial hotel proprietor and farmer had a paris green kettle in his hand at the time. He stopped sprinkling and gazed. Before him was a bug of a species never seen by the Berks people before. It was twice as large as a potato bug, of longer and slighter build and had red wings. This bug would pounce upon a clumsy potato eater, sting it in the neck, and produce a corpse almost instantly. Then Rothermel looked about and saw other creatures of the same kind, and all were killing potato bugs. So fierce and untiring were they in their onslaught that not a living potato bug was left in their path. They piled the ground with little winrows of their slain victims. They went down rows of potato vines and from one row to another with a force that was irresistible to the potato bug. The latter were swept to death before their strange foe as Napoleon's column cleared the field of Anserlitz. Since Mr. Rothermel made this important discovery other farmers have seen the new variety of bugs in their fields. They are absolute exterminators of potato bugs, and, best of all, they do not yet visited by these new allies will colonize them in their potato patches. It is expected that this bug will have the effect of producing a big yield of potatoes.

Not the First Time.

A two-hundred pound old lady the other morning entered a West End street car, and found it full. Hanging by a strap, she cast back looks at an inoffensive but ungallant male beauty, who sat sucking the head of his cane.

A sudden lurch of the car flung the lady upon him with great force.

"I say, darn it, don't you know," exclaimed the youth, "you've crushed my foot to a jelly!"

"It's not the first time I've made calf's foot jelly," was the answer.

And all the other people grinned, and were glad because it had not happened to them.

Judge: Was there no policeman about when your fruit-stand was robbed? Antonio: Oh ya, plenty policeman; but dey roo not so much at this a man.—*Puck*.

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