

Jesse O. Wheeler.

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THURSDAY FEBRUARY 14, 1896.

ST. VALENTINE met with an exceedingly chilly reception today. The weather clerk played a joke on the jolly old fellow.

FOR the first time since 1884, the inhabitants of Brownsville looked out this morning on a world wrapped in a blanket of snowy sleet.

THE democrats have made such a miserable "out" of running congress, that the republicans can certainly do better without half trying.

BY THE way what business have members of the state legislature to be lending their influence either way in San Antonio's municipal election?

THOSE legislators who went over to San Antonio last Saturday night to participate in the Callaghan rally were warmly received—by the hoodlums.

THE establishment of any industry here means more employment for the laboring class, and will also keep at home the money usually sent abroad for the supplies produced by such industries. Success to any effort in this line!

HOUSTON POST: Many cities are almost doubling their number of street lights as a precaution against crime. It is figured that an additional light is cheaper than a policeman, equally as protective and always stays on the street.

THOSE Hawaiian conspirators seem to be in great danger of ornamenting the gallows for their pains in attempting to restore the throne of the ex-queen. As they were without doubt prompted by motives of pure selfishness and speculation, rather than any spirit of patriotism or interest in the fallen ruler, they deserve but little sympathy.

DAME RUMOR has it, on good authority that Mr. Geo. Brulay has gone North for machinery to establish a paper mill at "Rio Grande," his beautiful sugar plantation just six miles below Brownsville. THE HERALD sincerely hopes that there may be no mistake about the matter. There is no reason why such an enterprise should not prove a paying one. With the abundant cheap labor at hand, Mr. Brulay should successfully compete with foreign manufacturers, and control the entire paper trade on both sides of the river for several hundred miles up the river.

TEXAS RESOURCES, Vol. 1, No. 1, has reached THE HERALD's exchange table. It is a sixteen page monthly, four columns per page, and is a very neat, newsy journal which promises to fill a long felt want in Texas. Its editor, J. K. Street, has culled from exchanges which are published in Texas, items of interest regarding every portion of this broad state, and thus provides a most excellent medium for keeping posted upon general resources and conditions throughout the state. Waco is the home of this new journalistic venture.

THE McMINN MEMORIAL.

The following resolution regarding the McMinn memorial was presented in the House last Saturday by Representative McLemore of Nueces:

"Whereas, in a memorial presented to this House certain charges were made against Hon. John C. Russell, judge of the Twenty-eighth judicial district of the State of Texas, affecting his private and judicial character; therefore be it

Resolved, that the committee on State affairs, to which said memorial was referred, be requested to report the result of its investigation of said charges to this House as soon as practicable.

THE war correspondents still have Mexico and Guatemala on the verge of a desperate conflict.

THE LOST SILVER VEIN.

How Albright Carried His Secret With Him to the Grave.

The Lost Vein of Colorado still eludes the eager prospector. Behind it range the incidents of one of the most touching love stories ever written. In the early sixties Amos Albright went to Colorado to seek his fortune, leaving his wife and children on an Illinois farm. His health began to fail soon after his arrival in Colorado, and, to make matters worse, came distressing news from home, for to make the journey to the goldfields he had borrowed money from a rich neighbor, in former days an unsuccessful suitor for his wife's hand, and the wife wrote that their creditor now threatened to foreclose his loan and drive her and her children from their home. The news made Albright desperate. He sold a portion of his scanty belongings, exchanged the money for provisions and set out alone for the mountains. He was sick unto death, but desperation nerved him on. He reached the mountains, turned from the trail and began prospecting on unbroken ground, but day after day disappointment alone attended his efforts. In a fortnight his provisions were gone, and he saw that only starvation or retreat lay before him. One weary day sundown found him sitting on a heap of drift at the base of a great rock. He was fearfully hungry, and weariness and the cold winds of the mountains bitterly oppressed him. Then came a discovery such as is seldom heard of outside the pages of old romance. What was it that he saw in the rock upon which he was sitting? Silver! Not quartz nor glauc, but virgin ore. The vein was as broad as his hand in the middle and dwindled away in wavered lines a yard in length.

Albright sprang up and set to work with feverish energy and the unimpaird strength of a giant. It was a bright moonlight night, and he labored without pause until sunrise. When morning came, he had mined more ore than he could carry away with him. He saw clearly that the vein he had discovered was a true one and probably extended a great distance. Within his grasp lay a fortune of millions. He made a careful reckoning of his bearings, staked his claim, concealed all traces of his labor, and collecting as much of the ore as he could carry away with him set out for Denver, which city he reached late that night. Next morning he purchased an outfit, an abundance of provisions and a mule, and again set out for his claim. Within a month he had mined enough silver to lead a train. Moreover, he had traced the fissure to its origin in the hills and satisfied himself that he was the owner of one of the richest claims in Colorado. Then a hemorrhage struck him down, and it was by a miracle that, blind and staggering, he reached Denver alive. As soon as he had gained sufficient strength he set out for his home in Illinois. As yet, though eagerly importuned to do so, he had revealed to no one the location of his claim. He reached home only to find that his wife and children had been driven from their home by his creditor and to die in his wife's arms. The money he had brought with him from Colorado served to recover the home from which his family had been driven, but the secret of the Lost Vein died with him. No one of the hundreds who have since attempted to search has been able to find it. Western mining history contains no more pathetic story than that which relates to Amos Albright and the Lost Vein. —Washington Post.

A Maine Pastoral. A Buckfield man and his wife milk the old cow together, sitting down on either side of her and both working at once. What a harmonious trio! —Lewiston Journal.

CORSICA AND ITS PEOPLE.

The Men Were Endowed With Courage and Other Primitive Virtues.

A lofty mountain ridge divides the island into eastern and western districts. The former is gentler in its slopes and more fertile. Looking as it does toward Italy, it was in the middle ages closely bound in intercourse with that peninsula. Richer in its resources than the other part, it was more open to outside influences and for this reason freer in its institutions. The rugged western division had come more completely under the yoke of feudalism, having close affinity in sympathy and some relation in blood with the Greek, Roman, Saracenic and Teutonic race elements in France and Spain. The communal administration of the eastern slope, however, prevailed eventually in the western as well, and the differences of origin, wealth and occupation, though at times occasioning intestine discord, were as nothing compared with the common characteristics which knit the people of the entire island into one national organization, as much a unit as was their territory by reason of its insular situation and in spite of its mountain spine.

The people of this small commonwealth were in the main of Italian blood. Some slight connection with the mother land they still maintained in the relations of commerce and by the education of their professional men at Italian schools. While a comparatively few supported themselves as tradesmen or seafarers, the mass of the population was dependent for a livelihood upon agriculture. As a nation, therefore, they had long ceased to follow the course of general European development. They had been successively the subjects of Greece, Rome and the caliphate, of the emperor and of the republic of Pisa. Their latest master was the Genoese republic, which had now degenerated into an untrustworthy oligarchy.

United to that state originally by terms which gave the island a "speaker," or advocate, in the Genoese senate and recognized the most cherished habits of a hardy, natural minded and primitive people, they had little by little been left a prey to their own faults in order that their unworthy mistress might rule thereby with less exertion. Agriculture languished, and the minute subdivision of arable land finally rendered it profitless. Among a people who are isolated not only as islanders, but also as mountaineers, old institutions are particularly tenacious of life. That of the vendetta or of blood revenge, with its accompanying clanship, never disappeared from Corsica. In the centuries of Genoese rule the carrying of arms was winked at, quarrels became rife, and often family confederations, embracing a considerable part of the country, were arrayed one against the other in lawless violence. The feudal nobility, few in number, were unrecognized and failed to cultivate the industrial arts in the security of costly strongholds, as their class did elsewhere, while the fairest portions of land not yet held by them were gradually absorbed by the monasteries, which the Genoese favored as likely to render easier the government of a turbulent people. The human animal, however, thrives. Of medium stature and powerful mold, with black hair and piercing eyes, with well formed, agile and sinewy limbs, endowed with courage and other primitive virtues, the Corsican was everywhere sought as a soldier and could be found in all the armies of the southern continental states. —"New Life of Napoleon" in Century.



Mrs. M. E. Wade, Stonehill, Tenn.

A Helpless Invalid

Kidney and Liver Trouble and Nervous Debility

16 Years of Suffering Ended by Taking Hood's.

"C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.: "The effects of Hood's Sarsaparilla in my case have been truly marvelous. It far surpasses any other medicine I have ever taken. For 16 years I was troubled with torpid liver, kidney trouble and nervous debility, and was

A Helpless Invalid.

I have been taking Hood's Sarsaparilla for three months and I feel that I am cured. I feel better now than I have for sixteen years. I thank God first, for my health, and C. I. Hood & Co., second, for Hood's Sarsaparilla. I have recom-

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mended it to all my neighbors and several of them are using Hood's Sarsaparilla with good results. I am 63 years old and feel better than I did at 40." Mrs. E. Wade, Stonehill, Tenn.

Hood's Pills act easily, yet promptly and efficiently, on the liver and bowels. 25c.

TIME TABLE

—OF THE—

Rio Grande R. R.

[NEW SCHEDULE.]

Passenger Train between Brownsville and Point Isabel in effect on and after June 1st, 1894.

Leave Brownsville.....9 a. m.
" Point Isabel.....5 p. m.

From and after the above date the regular passenger train will run as follows (Sundays included.)

Leave Brownsville.....9 a. m.
Arrives ".....6:30 p. m.
Ar'v Point Isabel.....10:30 a. m.
L'v'e Point Isabel.....5 p. m.

SIMON CELAYA,

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Fancy and Staple Groceries, Flour, Crockery, and Country Produce

Fresh goods received by every steamer.

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BOTTOM PRICES

On and after February 15th and until SOLD OUT I will sell for cash (only the stock of IMI ATION STEVENSON KOKOS.

Best qualities of DERBYS and many other styles of

HATS, SHIRTS, ALPACA COATS AND VESTS.

And Footwear of the best material and workmanship, consisting of

LADIES, MISSES, MEN'S AND BOYS'

Laced and Buttoned Shoes,

CONGRESS GAITERS,

BLUCHERS TAN-COLORED LACED SHOES, ETC., ETC.,

Lately belonging to L. N. Pettipain, deceased. These goods were formerly stored and on sale with L. A. Rousset.

I will sell the above and a large quantity of other First Class Goods at 25-33 to 50 Cents discount according to the condition of the Goods.

Having bought and marked the entire stock at much less than it can be bought from the manufacturers.

S. L. DWORMAN, with BLOOMBERG & RAPHAEL.

"A grateful Mother" endorses a remedy her son is taking for MALARIA. We do not know her and she writes of her own accord to praise Brown's Iron Bitters. The letter is dated July 17, 1894—just the other day—Washington, D. C. "My son is taking Brown's Iron Bitters for dangerous Malaria, and it has done him a great deal of good." Mrs. MARY LEACH, 911 Grant Ave., N.W.

LENOX :-: PIANO

THESE PIANOS are in artistically designed cases, handsomely finished, of full size, and seven and third octaves, with all improvements. For smoothness and evenness of its scale, rich, clear, sweet Tone, excellence in touch, and standing well in tune these pianos cannot be excelled.

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