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**Insure in the SOUTHWESTERN LIFE INSURANCE CO., Dallas, Tex.**  
 Why? Because it is a Texas company, has ample Capital and Surplus and will keep Texas money in Texas. Joe B. Reed will explain the different plans and rates, and can also write Accident and Sick Benefit Insurance with the best companies and give you just what you want, and you will know what you are getting. Every man and woman under 65, in good health, should join Friend-in-Need Society. Many are now enjoying the benefits of Life Insurance that would not, if not for my efforts.  
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**For Choice Fresh Meats see**  
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**The African Buffalo.**  
 A wounded buffalo is vastly more dangerous when he runs away than when he charges, for in nine cases out of ten after a dash that may be for a few hundred yards or a mile he will reverently circle back to an interception of his own trail, stand hidden in grass or thicket until his pursuer comes plodding along the trail and then charge upon him. Despite the fierce temper of a lone bull, his savage cunning and his great, charging bulk, I believe him much less dangerous than the lion, for he has far less speed, lacks the lion's poisoned claws and is a much bigger target. This opinion is substantiated by the indisputable fact that at least ten men are killed or mangled by lion to one killed by buffalo.—Edgar Beecher Bronson in Century.

**The Temple of Zeus.**  
 All that remains of the great temple of Zeus, which was 700 years in building, is to be found about 150 yards from the foot of the Acropolis at Athens. The ruins consist of sixteen columns of the Corinthian order, six and one-half feet in diameter and sixty feet high. It was the second largest temple erected by the Greeks, one superior to it in size being the temple of Diana at Ephesus. According to a legend, its foundation was laid by Dukallon, the Greek Noah, who from this point witnessed the waters of the flood subside. An opening in the ground is said to be the orifice through which the flood disappeared.

**Amended.**  
 In a book of musical criticism the author alluded in flattering terms to the works of his friend Herr Q. Unfortunately during the printing of the volume the two friends quarreled. Then the offended author had inserted in each copy of the book a slip of paper with the following note: "Erratum, page 94, line 21, for 'Herr Q., the eminent composer and distinguished musician,' read 'Herr Q., the pretentious violinist and impudent and clumsy plagiarist!'"—London Mail.

**A Diplomat.**  
 Possible Client—And is the district at all malarial? My husband asked me to be careful to inquire about that Agent—Er—what is your husband's business, madam? Possible Client—He is a physician. Agent—Hm—well—er—truth compels me to admit, madam, that there has been a good deal of it about here of late years.—Life.

**Cautious.**  
 Cook (angrily)—See here, you little Imp, did you take that cake off the shelf? Small Boy (son of an attorney)—I decline to answer any questions until I have conferred with my lawyer.—Chicago News.

**THE RIVER SEINE.**  
 It is the Most Picturesque of the Highways of Paris.  
 We have heard almost too much of the streets of Paris and not enough of that street most distinctive of all—the river Seine. Flowing through the city for six miles, it is a highway, with its bateaux mouches, its bridges and its quays. Of a dark night the Seine may seem to lugubrious fancy the symbol of death in the city's life abounding—murky death and inky crime, cozy and silent wickedness. Yet normally, even perhaps to suicides, the Seine is but the mirror of a city's mood. There are lights everywhere—lights lengthened in the water. The Louvre and the Conciergerie shown in the stream are things fairer than their originals. It is better to look upon the eddying reflections of the bridges here than to stand in the Place de la Concorde, bright with its orange lamps in honor of an auto show. The lights on the Seine and its images are more alluring, more intimately of fairyland and Paris, than the gilded boulevards.

Nor is it only in the moonlight that the Seine has charms. The holiday sculler finds it a paradise for miles above the city, and there are ever such fishermen as Maupassant's Renard. Line fishing is more than a mild sport at Paris. Even to watch its devotees seems to amuse your true Parisian. A legend tells us that in the commune days, when the Hotel de Ville was fired on and a dark page written in the city's history, the Seine fishermen pursued their pastime, imperturbable. And the tale seems likely enough as the saunterer watches the fisher folk, whose leisure may be envied more than their occupation and who are found not on the city quays alone, but in the banlieu, where the Seine's green bank is dabbled with villages in brown and red and gray and where one stops to watch the peasants bathe their horses in the stream itself, rubbing them down soon afterward by the river's brink. Within the city there are the men who clip poodles on the quays and his/her book and picture stalls with their merchants and shifting groups of bargain hunters—the Odéon arcade for new books, the riverside for old.—Scribner's Magazine.

**Testing Dear Little Fido's Milk.**  
 "Aigy, dear," remarked a young wife to her husband, "I wish you would taste this milk and see if it is perfectly sweet. If it's the least bit sour I mustn't give any of it to dear little Fido!"—London Tit-Bits.

"A man's religion never dies so long as he uses the Golden Rule in measuring his actions."

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**Meat Markets**  
 Upper Market Phone 301  
 Lower Market Phone 326  
 Choicest of Beef, Pork, Veal, Mutton, and Sausage. Your trade is appreciated.

HERRICK and GURNEY  
**REFRIGERATORS**  
 New stock just received. Call and see them before you buy.  
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**GASOLINE ENGINES**  
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**Protect Your Clothes**  
 Have just received a Fresh Supply of White Tar Flakes, Lavender Camphor, Red Cedar Chips and Moth Balls.  
**M. H. JAMES** THE LEADING DRUGGIST

**MR. MERCHANT:**

This Ad is to remind you that your advertisement in these columns would greatly benefit your business. The readers of the Eagle would read your ad just as you are reading this. The object of an advertisement is to bring the buyer and seller in touch with each other. Tell the people what you have to sell and what you ask for it and some person will see it that wants that very thing. Naturally he will go straight to your store for it.

A well worded advertisement is to a business what the heart is to the body; it sends the life principle tingling through every fiber of its being to the farthest extremity, and instead of stagnation and death, there is the rich red blood of life and activity. Be introduced to the buying public through an ad in these columns.

**THE BRYAN EAGLE AND PILOT.**