

people still Sunday morning. Seth was clearing five acres which he owns inside the corporation and about the first of March will set out two acres of orange trees. He will also raise truck. They have fine soil through all that country and at present are using artesian wells for irrigation but can raise some without the extra water.

We left Raymondville for Brownsville on Sunday morning. This, you will remember, is the town which the negro soldiers shot up two years ago, and they have made a landmark of the place where they did the shooting. With our mouths watering we preceded to the only white restaurant in the city, and after a good dinner, but right there was where we came very near meeting our, "Waterloo." We ordered up for three and got three very small pieces of fish, one order of potatoes to be divided among us, a couple two by three slices of bread apiece, and something to drink which they called coffee, we didn't drink it to find out, and we paid one dollar and ten cents for the shot. My! but I pited those who came after us as we were in the front rank going to the restaurant.

Next we went down to the bank of the Rio Grande. People cross to Old Mexico by ferry rowboats. We paid three cents a piece to get across on one of these. Then, hurrah, for a street-car ride to Matamoros. We went some, I tell you. The cars hold ten people inside when they are packed in properly and have a motorman

and conductor. The conductor takes the fares, which is four cents to Matamoros, and the motorman applies the rawhide as the cars are drawn by one little mule, about the size we call donkeys.

We did not have available time to see all the sights at Matamoros. This olden city had, at one time, a population of from one hundred and fifty to two hundred thousand but it is only an old ruin of its past glory at the present time. We got the most delicious oranges, I ever ate, while over there. They pick them in their gardens when they will melt in the mouth.

We left Brownsville on the return trip in the afternoon, riding back this way which is northeast for three hundred miles, we left the train at Bay City at four A. M. and put in the day seeing that section of the country. We went to Galveston that evening, being just one week from the time of our leaving home. On Tuesday, we took in the whole town. Went to wharves in the morning. There we saw them loading freighters which it takes a small army of men a whole week to load. Think of putting 50,000 bales of cotton and 83,000 bushels of rice, besides 15,000 barrels of other goods into the hold of one great ocean going vessel. That is what is done at the Galveston docks oftentimes. We went to the beach where the city is building a great sea wall five miles long to protect the city in case another great wave such as they had a couple years

back, when nearly 10,000 people lost their lives. Galveston is becoming one of the most beautiful cities I have seen.

After Galveston, we came back to Houston the Patterson boys buying farms twelve miles out northwest on a fine shell road and at the town of Fairbanks on the Southern Pacific road.

This is a beautiful country through this section of the state and the climate is fine now. The thermometer gets up to 78 degrees once in a while but the nights are always cool because of the Gulf breeze. They say the thermometer goes no higher than in Michigan in the summer and the nights are much more pleasant. This land seems to be the place for a man to put his money, in order to make more fast.

Well I will close for this time, hoping to see more of you here in the future. May write again later on. Wishing all of you goodluck, I remain,

Your sincere friend HOMER BROWN,
1109 Prairie Ave.,
Houston, Tex.

WEDNESDAY MAR. 17

OBITUARY.

Homer G. Barber.

Born in Benson, Rutland county, Vermont, November 25, 1830, Homer G. Barber passed from earth at his home in Vermontville, on Wednesday morning, March 10, 1909, in the seventy-ninth year of this mortal life. The father, step-mother and four brothers constituted the pioneer family that came

from Vermont and settled in Vermontville 70 years ago. Of the twenty-two families that formed the Vermontville Colony and located in the wilderness during the three years which followed purchasing the land and erecting the first log cabin in 1836, there are now only four survivors, all living in Michigan, Henry J. Martin of Vermontville, Mrs. Francis Mears Stebbins of Grand Rapids, John C. Barber of Battle Creek and Edward W. Barber of Jackson. The record of the original pioneers is nearly closed.

Of the early settlers in Vermontville not one lived a more active life than Homer G. Barber. His education was obtained in the primitive district school, three months in the winter, and two terms of four months each in the Vermontville Academy, while the rest of the time for eight years was devoted to work among the stumps on a new farm. In 1847, at the age of seventeen, he went to Kalamazoo and soon became head clerk in the post-office of that town, Alexis Ransom being the postmaster. Two years later, in 1849, in company with Chauncey A. Dwight, Hinman S. Dickinson and Franklin P. Hopkins, he went to California, the new El Dorado of youthful hopes, ambitions, and desires to get on in the world.

These Argonauts went to New York intending to take a steamer to Panama, cross the isthmus, and by another steamer on the Pacific make the trip to San Francisco. On arriving in New York it was learned that the steamer passage had been engaged by others