

The Crockett Courier.

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NO. 46.

Spread the Good News!

Owing to the fact that we are going to make some changes
In our store-house and to keep from moving this stock we
Will for the next 60 days

Sell All Goods at Cost!

So everybody that's tight run and want to invest their little
Money this will be the place to do it. Come one and all
And take advantage of this great

Clearing Out Sale.

With many thanks for all kindness and favors shown and
Given us in the past year, and trusting that the year 1897
Will be the most prosperous and happy year of your life
And trusting that you all will live such lives and be so
Prepared that should your earthly career be wound to a close
That your lives then may be like a beautiful flower unfold
And blossom in Eternity.

YOURS, VERY RESPECTFULLY,

W. V. McConnell.

Habeas Corpus Trial of J. W. Howell.

Application being made to Judge Gill by Adams & Adams attorneys for J. W. Howell charged with the murder of Kilpatrick, proceedings began at 10 a. m. in the court house in Crockett Wednesday. Counsel for defendant put Will Norris on the stand who stated in substance that Kilpatrick told him three weeks before the shooting that he was going to have that cotton or blood. Knew Kilpatrick well; his character for violence was bad; he was an overbearing man. When Kilpatrick made a threat it was generally believed that he would carry it out. Howell had a good reputation as a peaceable, law-abiding citizen. On cross examination Norris denied ever making a statement to Bud Hale or any one else.

J. W. Howell next took the stand. Said he tried to get Kilpatrick to go to town and fix up the rent. Kilpatrick refused to go and said he was going to have that bale of cotton that day or kill him. Kilpatrick insisted on my leaving that bale of cotton with him. I told him that Denny had mortgage on cotton and had to have it. I went on to Crockett. On the road Kilpatrick and Kirkpatrick overtook me. I didn't know Kirkpatrick and didn't know he was an officer or had a writ for the cotton. When Kilpatrick rode up he remarked "I told you I was going to

have that cotton." He threw his hand to his bosom as if to draw a pistol. I was not arrested at Groesbeck but surrendered to the officers. Kilpatrick's character for violence was bad. I didn't know who was the constable of Augusta precinct."

Dan Deer: I knew Kilpatrick well; talked with him in July about matters generally; he also talked about Howell and the rent he owed him. Kilpatrick said he intended to have his rent or blood. The defense rested at this point.

The state then introduced a few witnesses. Mrs. Kilpatrick testified "that she heard her husband and Howell talking the day of the killing. My husband asked Howell to help him just a little and he would wait 'till next year for the balance or if he would get some one to go his security. This conversation was in a friendly spirit and tone—no threats or manifestations of bad blood—they talked like brothers. After this Howell drove off to Crockett with cotton and Kilpatrick, my husband, rode off to Augusta. Never saw him again alive. Never knew or heard of any bad blood between them."

Andrew Shivers took the stand. Kilpatrick had no arms on when I examined him.

Bud Hale, deputy sheriff, being sworn said: "I had a talk with Norris day after the killing. I

tried to find out the causes of the killing. Norris told me they had never had any trouble before that he ever heard or knew of." Mrs. H. H. Grounds being sworn said: "I was present after the shooting. "I asked Mr. Howell to help straighten out the body of Kilpatrick. He refused to do so saying: "Let him lie there—it is good enough for him. I told him not to follow me. He has been threatening my life all the year." Mr. Howell sat on the wagon a few minutes and then took out the team, remarking that he was going to town to give up." Both the state and the defense rested at this point.

Judge Gill discussed the evidence briefly and remarked that the evidence adduced made the case a bailable one. Bail was fixed at \$2500. Counsel for defense thought that defendant's father-in-law could make the bond.

At the Aldrich house last Friday night there was a wedding to which the element of elopement gave romantic spice. The contracting parties were Mr. O. G. Bartle and Miss Mable Ayres, both of Conroe. Miss Ayres left home ostensibly to visit friends in Palestine and Mr. Bartle, who had been duly posted, made it convenient to go along, his presence not being suspected by the parents of the former. At Crockett they left the train and were married at the Aldrich house by Dr. Tenny. They were nice people and the bride was decidedly handsome.

A Bright Future.

Not a county in Texas has a future of more substantial promise than Houston. In fact it already leads all its neighboring sisters east of the Trinity and is pushing to the front as a ranking county for the entire State. It surpasses all east of the Central railroad in variety and fertility of soils as well as adaptability of these soils to an innumerable assortment of products. Nothing grown in the temperate or sub-tropic belts but will and does flourish here. These resources have lain here dormant and unknown for years but we are happy to be able to state that they are now coming into notice and the homeseekers as well as the speculators are turning their attention this way. There is hardly a day that we don't hear of new-comers buying and settling and in not a few instances paying the cash. Not from the southern states alone do these immigrants come. From Kansas and Missouri and Michigan and other far away northern states are they coming. All that is needed to swell a gentle flowing stream of new comers now into a flood of immigration is judicious and systematic effort on organized lines. There is nothing being done except what the COURIER is doing and has done for nearly seven years. A field rich in lucrative returns awaits the firm of land agents who have the energy and business

judgment to take hold of the matter and push it.

Frank Smith within the last few days has located on his farm near Daly three families from Ga., and Ala., with a membership of thirty three and more are to follow. Fourteen of them are workers and have money to run themselves. This is only one instance of fifty or more similar that we could name. The county is settling rapidly. Never before has there been seen such activity in agricultural affairs as now. There is more building, clearing and cleaning of land, repairing of houses than was ever seen before in Houston county. McKenzie's Bend twenty five years ago was the hiding place and the general rendezvous of criminals, and one rarely ever saw the inhabitants thereof figure conspicuously in the affairs of the county except in the criminal courts. Within the last thirty days there have been erected there some fifteen or more residences and twelve or fifteen hundred acres of new land have opened up. A most excellent class of citizens have gone in there and are controlling the affairs of the Bend. Such men as Rogers and McIver have been worth a great deal in the development of that section. What has been said of McKenzie's Bend in the way of development may be said of every section of the county. There is no boom! But a healthy, robust vigorous growth has been taken on that betokens incalculable benefits for the county.

K. O. P. Banquet.

The annual banquet of the Knights of Pythias, Davy Crockett Lodge, No. 193, in this city last Tuesday night was in all respects successful. The members of the lodge and their guests assembled at the K. of P. hall and until 10 o'clock indulged in conversation, games etc. At that hour the company proceeded to the Capitol Hotel and sat down to a banquet that would have satisfied the most exacting epicure. The feast of reason and flow of soul were also present to spice and supplement the material features of the table, and as all the world's troubles had been left outside, the memory of that banquet prepared by mine host R. M. Frazier, will always remain one of unalloyed pleasure. The following is a list of those present:

Richard Cassidy and wife, Jno. R. Sheridan and wife, Judge Aldrich and wife, Joe Adams and wife, Allen Newton and wife, Jno. Ellis and wife, J. T. Dawes and wife, J. G. Haring and wife, R. D. King and wife, Geo. W. Crook and wife and Mrs. B. O'Dell, Robt. McConnell and wife, Dr. J. S. Wootters and Miss Sue Craddock, A. B. Burton and Miss E. McConnell, Robt. and Miss Lola Janes, A. M. Carleton and Miss Minnie Bruner, Walker King and Miss Bertha Mangum, Arch Baker and Miss Minnie Craddock, J. L. Romansky and Miss Hughes, A. H. Murchison and Miss Hattie B. Arledge, Frank Edmiston Jr. and Miss Ethel Wootters, Jno. Eaker and Miss Narcia Bayne, Jas. Asa Smith and Miss Fannie Thomas, Chas. Edmiston and Miss Lucia Wootters, J. M. Crook and Miss Grace Smith, Hugo Klein, and E. D. Hellrigle

Marriage Licenses Since Dec. 3rd.

Ed Robertson to Francis Harrison; Louis Davis to Annie Fowler; Henry Broadus to Lou Simmons; J. A. Brannen to Della Rhoden; W. B. Smith to Mrs. S. J. Beasley; Lewis Haskell to Margaret Richardson; Thomas Plummer to Mrs. Lucina Furcle; Mac Monroe to Lizzie Roberson; Major Spurlock to Mrs. Evalina Freeman; Daniel Jones to Mrs. N. Calbert; H. L. Buford to B. A. Lakey; W. H. Holly to Malvina Holly; N. J. Woodard to Willie Allen; E. C. Satterwhite to Minnie Rains; J. M. Kelley to Mrs. L. J. Ford; I. H. Shaver to Mattie Whitehead; H. F. Newman to Beulah Bush; Robert Lamb to Rosetta Vaughan; J. J. Davis to Ida E. Ethridge; Plummer Clark to Mollie Andrews; G. O. Evans to M. L. Summers; Walter Johnson to Daisy Danieis; Albert Terry to Mrs. Susan Kinman; Daniel Rusher to Sally Ann Lacy; Henry Jones to Mrs. M. Johnson; Wm. Talford to Linnie McCelvey; Otis G. Bartle to Mable Ayres; S. W. A. Dutch to C. D. Guice; G. G. Stanley to Marvin Moore; W. M. Coleman to Mrs. Dora McGill; J. D. Wall to Fannie May Edens; J. M. Rushing to I. C. Stubblefield; Charlie Johnson to Beatrice Wallace.

Married in Whitewright.

On this, Thursday, evening at Whitewright, Grayson county, Mr. Thomas Self, of this city, will be united in marriage to Miss Beulah Marshall, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. S. E. Marshall, at the Central Christian church in Whitewright. As manager of the Oil Mill in this city, Mr. Self has established a fine reputation as a thorough man of business, faithful and capable; and those who are intimate with him know him to be a young man of sterling moral worth and force of character, well equipped in all respects to achieve success in life. His bride is a handsome and charming young lady of superior character and accomplishments, and the COURIER extends congratulations

to the young couple. Mr. and Mrs. Self will arrive in Crockett the latter part of this week and will make their home at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Long until their their own home, now under construction, is completed.

He shook and he shook, till his shaking was chronic. He then bought a bottle of Cheatham's Chill Tonic. As said to his friends, though a shaker of some thanks to the Cheatham's I am a shaker no more.

To the People of Houston County.

There is no more appropriate season for the acknowledgment of obligations to one's friends than Christmas, and I desire through the columns of the COURIER to return my heart-felt thanks to that loyal body of friends to whom I am indebted for my re-election to the office of county clerk of Houston county. My gratitude is deep and lasting, and I shall endeavor while I remain in office to justify the good opinion of those who supported me and vindicate their judgment in doing so. N. E. ALBRIGHT.

Major C. T. Tipton is manager of the State Hotel, at Denison, Texas, which the traveling man say is one of the best hotels in that section. In speaking of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy Major Tipton says: "I have used it myself and in my family for several years, and take pleasure in saying that I consider it an infallible cure for diarrhoea and dysentery. I always recommend it, and have frequently administered it to my guests in the hotel, and in every case it has proven itself worthy of unqualified endorsement. For sale by B. F. Chamberlain.

Last Friday morning a demented and almost frozen colored woman came to the residence of Mr. J. H. Smith near town, and that gentleman, after providing for her immediate wants, endeavored to find out something about her. She could give no intelligible account of herself further than to say that her name was Mary Cloud, and she seemed to be in dread of personal injury from some one. Her manners were very polite and she had apparently been decently raised. Mr. Smith brought her to town Saturday, and a jury summoned by Judge Winfree decided, after investigating the case, that she was of unsound mind and she was sent to the county jail until some further disposition could be made of her.

Ballard's Snow Liniment.

This invaluable remedy is one that ought to be in every household. It will cure any rheumatism, neuralgia, sprains, cuts, bruises, burns, frosted feet and ears, sore throat and sore chest. If you have lame back it will cure it. It penetrates to the seat of the disease. It will cure stiff joints and contracted muscles after all other remedies have failed. Those who have been crippled for many years have used Ballard's Snow Liniment and thrown away their crutches and been able to walk as well as ever. It will cure you. Price 50c.—Sold by L. H. Haring & Co.

Up to Last Tuesday morning there had been shipped from this city during the season, 7895 bales of cotton. At the same time there were between twelve and fifteen hundred bales on the various platforms here, making a total received in Crockett thus far of about 9200 bales.

A complete line of coffins and metallic caskets at The Furniture Store at moderate prices.

Cheatham's Chill Tonic is peculiarly adapted to persons in enfeebled health and invalids. It assists digestion, and is a perfect strengthener and appetizer. Satisfaction or money refunded. Put up in both the Tasteless and bitter styles. The Tasteless in 50 cent size.

Two Lives Saved.

Mrs. Phoebe Thomas, of Junction City, Ill. was told by her doctors she had consumption and that there was no hope for her, but two bottles Dr. King's New Discovery completely cured her and she says it saved her life. Mr. Thos. Eggers, 139 Florida St. San Francisco, suffered from a dreadful cold, approaching consumption, tried without result everything else then bought one bottle of Dr. King's New Discovery and in two weeks was cured. He is naturally thankful. It is such results, of which these are samples that prove the wonderful efficacy to this medicine in Coughs and Colds. Free trial bottles at B. F. Chamberlain's Drug Store. Regular size 50c. and \$1.00.

Whose business is it to look after the condition of the streets? Are there any ordinances looking to the keeping of them clean? If not there should be. If there are, why doesn't the marshal enforce them? The present condition of our streets is fearful to contemplate. They look like we imagine those of Stambul look. From a hygienic standpoint they constitute a magazine for small-pox or yellow fever or cholera—the only condition not present is the igniting germ or microbe. And from an aesthetic standpoint they are enough to disgust a Fiute Indian. Give us some ordinances on the keeping of clean streets—if we have them, what is the matter, Mr. Recorder or Mr. Marshal, that these ordinances are not enforced?

Closing Out at and Near Cost.

I am selling out at and near cost my general stock of merchandise, consisting of Dry goods, Boots, Shoes, Hats, Dress-Goods, Hardware, everything carried in a general stock of goods. I am going out of business and mean what I say. Come and try me. J. R. B. BARBEE Lovelady, Texas.

Rev. J. S. Mathis returned last Monday from the Methodist conference at Marshall. The conference assigned him to a new post of duty for the coming year, Mount Pleasant, Titus county, and next Wednesday he will leave for that town. The COURIER has heretofore expressed the feelings of the people of Crockett toward Mr. Mathis and it is unnecessary to say more than that our best wishes go with this good man and his family to their new home. Mr. Mathis will preach for the last time in this city at the Methodist church, Sunday. Rev. A. S. Whitehurst, late of Nacogdoches, has been assigned to this station as the successor of Mr. Mathis and he will preach here on the first Sunday in January.

A Sound Liver Makes a Well Man.

Are you bilious, constipated or troubled with jaundice, sick headache, bad taste in mouth, foul breath, coated tongue, dyspepsia, indigestion, hot dry skin, pain in back and between the shoulders, chills and fever, etc. If you have any of these symptoms, your liver is out of order, and your blood is slowly being poisoned, because your liver does not act properly. HERBINE will cure any disorder of the liver, stomach or bowels. It has no equal as a liver medicine. Price 75c. Free trial bottle at L. H. Haring & Co.

J. C. WOOTTERS. A. H. WOOTTERS.

J. C. Wootters & Co.,

Dealer in

General Merchandise, Dry Goods, Notions, Boots, Shoes, READY-MADE CLOTHING, HATS, CAPS, SADDLERY, HARNESS, STOVES, CROCKERY, All kinds of Agricultural Implements and Hardware.

Also constantly on hand a large ASSORTMENT OF GROCERIES.

CALL AND SEE US.



RESTORED MANHOOD

DR. MOTT'S NERVE-PILLS

The great remedy for nervous prostration and all nervous diseases of the generative organs of either sex, such as Nervous Prostration, Falling or Lost Manhood, Impotency, Nightly Emissions, Youthful Errors, Mental Worry, excessive use of Tobacco or Opium, which lead to Consumption and Insanity. With every \$5.00 order to give a written guarantee to cure or refund the money. Sold at \$1.00 per box, 6 boxes for \$5.00. DR. MOTT'S CHEMICAL CO., Cleveland, Ohio.



DR. MOTT'S PENNYROYAL PILLS

The only safe, sure and reliable Female PILL ever offered to Ladies, especially recommended to married Ladies. Ask for DR. MOTT'S PENNYROYAL PILLS and take no other. Send for circular. Price \$1.00 per box, 6 boxes for \$5.00. DR. MOTT'S CHEMICAL CO., Cleveland, Ohio.

INSURANCE THAT INSURES.

- A Policy absolutely without restrictions.
- A Policy with but One Condition, namely, the payment of premiums.
- A Policy with a Month's Grace in premiums, and paid in full in case of death during the month of grace, less only the overdue premium with interest.
- A Policy providing for Re-instatement within six months after lapse, if the insured is good health.
- A Policy automatically non-forfeiting after three annual premiums have been paid.
- A Policy with privilege of Cash Loans at 5 per cent interest five years after issue.
- A Policy with Six Options in settlement at the end of 10, 15, or 20 years.
- A Policy incontestable from any cause one year after issue.

THAT'S THE ACCUMULATION POLICY OF THE

New York Life Insurance Co.

JNO. MANGUM, Agent, Crockett, Tex.

D.M. CRADDOCK,

Fire Insurance Agent,

CROCKETT, TEXAS.

Representing over \$100,000,000 Capital in the following old line companies—Liverpool & London & Globe, Hartford Insurance Co., Continental, Phoenix, of Hartford, Hamburg Bremen, Commercial Union of London, Imperial, Fire Ass'n., Scottish Union & National, Delaware, Lancashire, Queen, German, Pennsylvania, Germania, London & Lancashire, New Orleans Ins. Ass'n., British America, Mechanics & Traders, Teutonia, Aetna, Providence Washington, Greenwich.

Also Write Tornado Insurance.

J. S. COLLINS, M. D., Physician & Surgeon. CROCKETT, TEXAS. Office at Haring's drug store.

A. A. NUNN, D. A. NUNN, R. V. NUNN, Nunn, Nunn & Nunn ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW. Will Practice in all courts, both State and Federal in Texas. CROCKETT, TEXAS.

What is a Guarantee?

It is this. If you have a Cough or Cold, a tickling in the Throat, which keeps you constantly coughing, or if you are afflicted with any Chest, Throat or Lung Trouble, Whooping Cough, etc., and you use Ballard's Horehound Syrup as directed, giving it a fair trial, and no benefit is experienced, we will authorize our advertised agent to refund your money on return of bottle. It never fails to give satisfaction. It promptly relieves bronchitis. Price 25 and 50c.—Sold by L. H. Haring & Co.

Did You Ever.

Try Electric Bitters as a remedy for your troubles? If not, get a bottle now and get relief. This medicine has been found to be found to be peculiarly adapted to the relief and cure of all Female Complaints, exerting a wonderful direct influence in giving strength and tone to the organs. If you have Loss of Appetite, Constipation, Headache, Fainting Spells, Nervous, Sleepless, Excitable, Melancholy or troubled with Dizzy Spells Electric Bitters is the medicine you need. Health and strength are guaranteed by its use. Fifty cents and \$1.00 at B. F. Chamberlain's drug store.

I will give a 3 mo. subscription free to the Texas Farm & Ranch, The Christian Advocate or Christian Courier and The Baptist Herald with every bottle of Cheatham's Chill Tonic bought from me B. F. Chamberlain.

A traveler named McGaffigan has sued the Pullman Car company for letting the fire go out in the sleeper in which he was riding from New York to St. John, N. B. Mr. McGaffigan contracted a very bad cold and he proposes to warm up the company a little if he don't recover a cent.

Frank Hill, the wealthy citizen of Burlington, Ind., who discovered gold in large amounts in that vicinity, has died and his secret is dead with him. Prospectors will hunt around and try to discover where the treasure lies.

Queen Victoria completed a longer reign on September 23, 1896, than any other English sovereign has had.

"A woman without religion is like a flower without perfume."—Hume.

Borne Down With Infirmities.
Age finds its surest solace in the benign tonic afforded by Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, which counteracts rheumatic and malarial tendencies, relieves growing inactivity of the kidneys, and is the finest remedy extant for disorder of the stomach, liver and bowels. Nervousness, too, with which old people are very apt to be afflicted, is promptly relieved by it.

"In painting the character of a woman it is necessary to use a quill from the wing of a butterfly."—Aron.

How's This?
We offer One Hundred Dollars reward for any case of catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.
We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by their firm.

West & Truax, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.
Walding, Kinnan & Marvin, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price 75c per bottle. Sold by all druggists.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Chicago cast 46,535 votes more than New York did—in fact, 15,030 more than Gotham had registered. Will New York now please take a back seat?

A peddler in Boston, Ind., is said to have sneezed so hard that he broke his neck. This is simply another illustration of the fact that the hoosier is not up to snuff.

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY.
Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All Druggists refund the money if it fails to cure.

Political human nature seeks to make believe that it is making a sacrifice in accepting what it has begged and schemed to get.

We are all apt to consider others stupid if they do not detect and correct our errors in such a way that we do not know that they occurred.

Ms. Winslow's Soothing Syrup
Furthest reaching, softens the bowels, relieves inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic, 25 cents a bottle.

"No man ever lived a right life who has not been chastened by a woman's love, strengthened by her courage and guided by her discretion."—John Ruskin.

FIVE PER CENT. A WEEK PROFITS IS THE AVERAGE RETURN ON MY INVESTMENT SYSTEM. Send for pamphlet free. W. E. FOREST, 36 Broadway, N. Y.

"The woman who does not please is a false note in the harmonies of nature."—Holmes.

OUR ENEMY STOLE IN

An enemy stole into your house one day last week and touched you lightly in passing. You thought little of the matter at the time, for the enemy was only a vagrant current of air. But now you are beginning to learn what mischief the little intruder did, for your back is stiff and painful. Your head aches, and at times you feel dizzy.

What happened? This cold has settled on your kidneys, they are overcharged with blood and inflamed. Instead of passing the waste matter out of the body they are damming it up in the blood. Every minute, yes, every heart beat adds to the poison in you. Normal action of the kidneys will purify the blood. Nothing else will.

WATERBURY'S Safe Cure

Is the friend in need. It will reduce the inflammation, so that the grip on the tissues of the blood-vessels is relaxed, and the uric acid is sent on its way out of the body.

Thus You Overcome Your Enemy

Large bottle, or new style, smaller one at your druggists.

If afflicted with **Thompson's Eye Water.**

PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION

CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. "Just Good." Do in time. Sold by druggists.

T. N. U.—HOUSTON—52—1896.
When Answering Advertisements Kindly Mention This Paper.

BESSIE'S CHRISTMAS GIFT.

"How long is it till Christmas, mamma?"

"Only a month, dearie."

"Will I be well by that time?"

"I don't know, darling." Mamma's face was sad as she said it, but she tried to keep a cheery tone. "If you are not you will try to be patient, I am sure."

Bessie lay for awhile silent. Two or three months before she had been thrown from a carriage and hurt. Very weary, indeed, had been the weeks since in which she had had to lie still.

"Mamma," she said, at length, "do you remember those poor little hospital children we went to see a little while before I was hurt?"

"Yes, dear."

"And we were so sorry for them. And we said we'd do something nice for them."

"Yes," said mamma. "But since we've had one poor little hospital girl at home I'm afraid we've forgotten the others."

"I wanted to do something for them myself. Aunt Lucy said she'd show me how. I wanted to dress some little dolls, and now I'd like to do it more than ever, because I know what it is to be sick. But I haven't done anything."

"Bessie," said mamma, "I think you might do it; you are so much better now. If you like I will get the dolls and you may try."

"Oh, I would like to do it," said the little girl, a flush of pleasure overspreading her pale face. "Mamma, don't you remember when you talked to us about Christmas being Jesus' birthday?"

"Yes, Bessie."

"And how people love to give presents that day because Jesus came as a gift of himself to us all? And how we ought to think of giving presents to him because it is his own birthday—and we can do that by giving to the poor little ones he loves—"

"Yes, dear, but don't tire yourself with talking."

"No; but I'd like to give the dolls for a Christmas gift to the hospital children."

Six small dolls and plenty of gay bits of silk were bought, and for a few days Bessie's eyes were bright and her thin fingers were busy. Then the work went on more slowly, till one day she shook her head as mamma brought it to her.

"I can't do it, mamma," she said, with tears and trembling lips. "It makes my back ache and it hurts my eyes; I've tried and tried—but—"

"Dear child!" Mamma took her in her arms. "I ought not to have let you try it."

"Yes, you ought," said Bessie, "because Jesus knows that I did want to give them a birthday present."

Then there were more of the long days in which Bessie found it so hard to be still and do nothing, when all about her were in the full tide of getting ready for Christmas.

Mamma and Aunt Lucy were among the busiest, and there were many talks as to how the Christmas season could best be made into a time of rejoicing to the patient little girl.

And by the pleased smiles on the faces of those who loved her, any one might have been sure that they would succeed.

On Christmas morning Bessie was awake early. It was, before the first peep of the sun; for, as we all know, he is not an early riser at holiday time, and that very few little ones are caught napping by him on that morning of all the year.

She looked toward the chimney where she knew her stocking was hanging. It was almost too dark to see anything, but she felt sure that it was not where she had seen it before she went to sleep last night. Could anyone have taken it away? Could it have fallen down?

But something else was there which she had not seen last night.

It grew light fast. What a very odd thing that was! Almost the shape of a stocking—but who ever saw such a stocking as that? Why, it was six times as big as papa could wear.

Just then the sun got the better of the morning mists and threw a long, bright streak across the room.

It was a stocking!

it, for no stocking could be found which would hold such gifts.

All gathered around as the small hands drew out the Christmas love-tokens. There was a beautiful book from papa, a doll and cradle from mamma, a tiny locket from Aunt Lucy.

But Bessie's face shone brighter at what came next.

The six dolls, dressed and ready for their journey to the hospital.

Six picture books to keep them company.

Six bags full of fruit and candy to make a merry feast for the sick children.

"They are all to be sent after breakfast," said mamma, "and you will have the joy all day long of thinking of the six who are happy today because of your thoughts of them."

"But," said Bessie, "they are not quite exactly my own gift to Jesus and his little ones, you know."

"Dear child," said Aunt Lucy, "don't you know that the best gift you could bring for the dear Lord's birthday is your sweet patience under the suffering he has seen best to send you?"—The Child's Hour.

Homeless
They played "Sweet Home" at the close of the fair,
And hundreds turned to their homes away.

Alas! I am homeless evermore,
Wherever my feet may stray.

True, I've a chair at a table set,
And a pillow on which to lay my head,
But no one to welcome me with delight,
For those who loved me are dead.

Alone, in the midst of the crowd, I sat,
And heard the sweet march from Lohengrin,
I thought of the time that I was a bride,
And of him I was proud to win.

And then I thought of a lonely grave
'Neath the pines on far New England's coast,
I heard the waves dash, and saw the mist
Flit by like a white-robed ghost.

Then I thought of my boy, so tall and fair,
Who was all in the world that was left to me,
And how he lay forever at rest
'Neath a palm by the blue tropic sea.

I listened enrapt to the music sweet,
I heard through its measures an undertone
Of harp and voices not of earth,
And somehow I felt not alone.

But they played "Sweet Home" at the close of the fair,
And sadly I turned away with the rest,
Not many the years since I had a home,
And was welcomed, and loved, and caressed.

—Grace Hibbard.

The Meaning of Christ's Coming.
Christ came to open up a larger and fuller life, the life of the spirit, the eternal life, which begins the moment the soul comes into union with Christ and partakes of his nature. It is in this high realm of life that the truest happiness is realized. This is so because union with God is man's normal condition. He is a child of God by creation and endowment, and can only be truly happy, and can only enjoy life in the truest sense of the word, when he is in union with God.

If such indeed be the significance of Christ's mission to the earth, we may well count the day that marks his advent into the world as a day of supreme joy. Let the bells in all the steeples of Christendom ring out their notes of gladness. Let our homes and our churches echo with the brightest and cheeriest songs in all our hymnology. Let childhood, youth, and age vie with each other in filling the day with good cheer.

"Joy to the world; the Lord is come!
Let earth receive her King.
Let every heart prepare him room,
And heaven and nature sing."

—Christian Evangelist.

Christmas Is Here.
Hark! how the bells do ring!
Glad news to us they bring;
Christmas is here.

Santa Claus came last night,
Over the snow so white,
With his reindeer;
Quick down the chimney crept,
While all the children slept
Dreaming of joy;

Packed all the stockings tight
With what would give delight
To the girl or boy;
Left, a lot of love;
Then off he drove,
So much to do,
Now, tho' he isn't near,
Yet still I think he'll hear:
"Santa, thank you!"

—Maud L. Betts, in Child Garden.

Nothing more completely baffles one who is full of trick and duplicity than straightforward and simple integrity in another.—Colton.

Some enterprising citizen ought to organize a few regiments of Yankees to go down to Cuba and end the brutal butcheries of innocent people. This would be a good time of the year for a trip of that kind, and we know of many who would like to go. The vacation need not be a very long one.

"Blessed be the man who finds his lifework early and does it!" exclaimed Doctor Cuyler recently, in speaking of General Armstrong; "and cursed be the man who has it hinted to him and fails to do it!"

The most discontented people on earth are those who really do not know what they want.

If we were all governed by our feelings, most of the work done in the world would be the result of spite.

Holes in Your Health.

What does that mean? Suppose you are taking in money all day, and drop it into a pocket with holes; you will find yourself a loser instead of a gainer by the day's business. Same with your health. You eat and drink and sleep, yet lose instead of gain strength. There's a hole in your health. Some blood disease, probably, sapping your vitality. You can't begin, too soon, to take the great blood purifier,

Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

THE MAIN MUSCULAR SUPPORTS OF THE BODY WEAKEN AND LET GO UNDER


BACKACHE

OR LUMBAGO. TO RESTORE, STRENGTHEN, AND STRAIGHTEN UP, USE

ST. JACOB'S OIL

FREE BUTTONS

An Elegant Button Given Away With Each Package of



DUKE CIGARETTES

An Opportunity to make A COLLECTION OF BUTTONS WITHOUT COST.

HEADACHE THIS MORNING.

Shows you did not take a tablet of Cascarets Candy Cathartic last evening. Cascarets prevent sour stomach, tone up the intestines, stimulate the liver, leave no chance for sick headaches in the morning. You eat them like candy, and they leave your breath sweet and fragrant. Better send out for a box right now, 10c., 25c., 50c., any drug store, or mailed for price. Write for booklet and free sample.


Cascarets CANDY CATHARTIC
Cure Constipation.

ADDRESS: STERLING REMEDY COMPANY, CHICAGO; MONTREAL, CAN.; NEW YORK.

Important Notice!

The only genuine "Baker's Chocolate," celebrated for more than a century as a delicious, nutritious, and flesh-forming beverage, is put up in Blue Wrappers and Yellow Labels. Be sure that the Yellow Label and our Trade-Mark are on every package.

WALTER BAKER & CO. Ltd., Dorchester, Mass.



THE CROCKETT COURIER.

CROCKETT, TEXAS.

People who are really busy are seldom aware of the fact.

In taking chances do not forget that the weight of accident is also generally against you.

If every man had the courage of his convictions there would be no end of strife in the world.

People who do good for the sake of praise ought not to grumble if that is all the return they receive.

Every man dreams away down in his heart that the law does not apply to him, and sometimes he is rudely awakened.

As long as individual members of the sexes persist in humbugging each other, just so long will the millennium be postponed.

The navy, says a Washington dispatch, is to be put on a war footing. Presumably they are going to try to get it to float.

The tougher a man is the more apt he is to show by his conduct that he believes that careless charity will atone for a vast amount of reckless sin.

One of the superstitions that will survive until the end of time is that the man who does not smile when addressing a female acquaintance is a crossgrained bear.

People generally are now putting football on the same plane as prize-fighting. In a prize-fight it is hardly possible for more than two people to be killed during the game, while in a football scrap half a dozen or more may perish. We may all live to see it prohibited.

The New York Journal collected opinions from a number of prominent people on Thanksgiving day, as to why they were thankful and what for. Among others Mr. Frederic R. Couderd informed the questioning reporter that he was thankful that "he was a lawyer and not a journalist."

Postmaster Smith of Horton, Iowa, used to burn campaign documents instead of delivering them, and now Postmaster Smith of Horton is in a peck of trouble. When Horton people are as eager for educational documents as they were last fall it was too bad to deprive them of them. Only Mr. Smith knows what they missed, and he wishes now that he didn't.

The features of the proceedings of the National Grange recently at Washington, were the submission of the report of the executive committee and the calling of the members in a body on President Cleveland. The executive committee reported a total of over \$31,000 loaned on real estate securities deposited with the fiscal agency. The report says agriculture is suffering from disproportionate burdens, which, if long continued, may cause such disastrous results as have overtaken the agricultural class in other countries. The report is a strong plea for farmers' rights.

The civilizing effects of clean streets on the tenement-house districts in New York city are distinctly marked. Fresh-painted on the stores, clean windows, and other tokens of a change for the better, attest the value of the objection of streets no longer a disgrace to the municipality. Observers also note that tenement-house entrances are not tracked with street mud. Even the children seem to look more tidy. The moral influence of ways fit for the foot to walk upon and for the eye to rest upon is undoubted. It is just as true that good roads in country districts have done a service in promoting order and cleanliness.

Expenditures on account of the navy last year amounted to \$26,262,155, of which \$6,974,435 was paid for the construction of new ships, the other principal item of expenditure being \$15,194,862 for maintenance of the establishment, of which \$7,091,903 was required by the ships in commission. The cruiser New York was the most expensive vessel to run, costing \$412,307 for the twelve months. The Columbia and Minneapolis consumed \$300,000 each; but when the big battle ships have been a year in operation they promise to exceed these figures. Over \$11,000,000 worth of stores have been kept on hand with a great saving over the old system of indiscriminate purchases, corrected by Secretary Whitney. The naval clothing factory has to be considerably enlarged, owing to the growing demands upon it, all clothing being now made there for the navy, the revenue cutter service, and the naval militia. The estimated value of real estate improvements and machinery in the navy yards is placed at \$60,000,000. During the year nearly \$5,000,000 was paid for labor.



MISS RHODA'S MEASURE.

Miss Rhoda sat in the west doorway. Her face was turned toward the sweet sky, radiant with its rays of red and golden light; it was nature's "withdrawing season." At Miss Rhoda's right was a field of stubble from which the wheat had been harvested. At her left the corn still stood, like Indian wigwags, all over the field, waiting for the husking time. At her feet the maple leaves, so gorgeous in their autumnal plaids, were falling. Here and there the note of a stray bird which had tarried later than its fellows fell upon her ear. There was a chill in the air; the wind was rising, and it stirred the locks of silvery hair which usually lay with such calm precision about Miss Rhoda's face. She folded her black shawl closer about her shoulders, but still she lingered.

There was no kindly voice to warn her of the dangers that might come from longer exposure. No loved form to come to the door and say, "Come in, now; the air is chill and the fire is burning brightly. It is lonely in the room without you." Miss Rhoda was alone in the world; she had outlived those nearest and dearest to her.

In the afterglow of the lives of those who had belonged to her in the old home sweet memories lighted up the closing day, and as she looked intently at the western sky she seemed to see



HE'S TOO CLOSE-FISTED. A vision of the pearly gates, behind whose portals those loved ones were dwelling. Watching the red and gold light fade away, and the darkness gather, she, like Christian, "fell sick" at the glimpse of the glories and wished she could be among them.

As she turned and went into the house, there was a look on her face which, if an artist had caught it at that moment, might have inspired him to paint a picture and call it Renunciation. The most notable thing after one has grown old is the fact of renunciation. But in some lives, like that of Miss Rhoda, it is a more deeply felt fact than in others.

"I was passing Miss Rhoda's house just at sunset to-night, and I saw her sitting at her west door," said Mr. Bates, as he sat down at the supper table. "I know she was trying to work out the kinks and knots about that mortgage on her place. But old Tom Carpenter will foreclose when the time comes. She can't expect any mercy from him; he is too close-fisted for that."

"Dear me!" exclaimed Miss Martha Bates; "what will become of her?" "She will have to go to the town-house, I suppose. It will be very hard for her; Miss Rhoda was always a high-strung woman," her brother replied.

"And after all that woman has done to help other folks when they were in trouble!" exclaimed Mrs. Bates. "Think how she took in those Butler children and kept them after their mother died; and how she kept that young man who was too sick to work all winter.

An own mother couldn't have done more for him. I declare if Miss Rhoda has to give up her place and go on the town at her age, it will be a shame."

"Doesn't the Bible say, 'With what measure ye meet it shall be measured to you again?'" asked Arthur, the tall boy at his mother's right. "How do you reconcile that passage of scripture with Miss Rhoda's prospects of going to the town-house? All my long life I have looked upon Miss Rhoda as one of the freest sants of the earth; she has always been in some good work, and has had a kind word for everybody."

Aunt Martha did not like the spirit of criticism which her nephew had shown of late about reconciling statements of the Holy Scripture. She spoke up in a quick way and said, "Miss Rhoda hasn't gone to the town-house yet."

"No; but the finger on the signboard points that way," replied Arthur. "It is dreadful for old people to be obliged to give up their home and old associations and go 'where they would not,'" said Mrs. Bates. "Young folks can bear changes—many really enjoy them—but it is different with the aged."

Aunt Martha had not married—her acquaintances called her "a maiden lady." It was not because she never had opportunities to marry, she told her nephews and nieces, but because she loved them too well to break her home ties with them. It had long ago been settled that the Bates family could not do without Aunt Martha, and Aunt Martha could not get along without them. "How dreadful it must be," was her thought that night, "to have no lovelight in one's life."



"THE LORD STAYED HIS HAND."

Then Miss Martha sat down and wrote a letter to her brother John, who lived in the city. She told him of Miss Rhoda; what a patient, faithful life hers had been, and now, just as nearing the end of the journey, she must be forced to give up her home and go to the town-house. Then she added, "John, you and I must pay off that mortgage, and give Miss Rhoda the home for her life. We are able; let us be willing to do it. What a joyous Christmas we shall have if we do this! Miss Rhoda must have the

measure meted out to her that she has meted out to others."

The result was that Brother John who was quite apt to act on sister Martha's suggestions, joined her in the labor of love for her neighbor. When Miss Martha went over to see Miss Rhoda, a short time before the foreclosure of the mortgage, she found her looking over her things—she could not carry many with her; for the room was small she expected to occupy. But there was this little memento and that gift with sweet memories associated about them which made it a hard matter to decide what to take and what to give up. There was the mother's old workbasket, once so full of the making and mending for the loved ones, and her copy of "Daily Food" lying in it, and father's well-thumbed Bible, with here and there words of comfort and explanation written on the margins—those of course must go with her.

Tear-marks were on Miss Rhoda's face as she offered the mother's rocker to her visitor.

"Yes, Miss Martha, I'm getting ready

to move. It's something I never did before, and it's sort of trying. But I'm thankful I don't feel so unreconciled and unhappy about it as I thought I should when I first made up my mind that there was nothing else I could do. My eyes are so poor I can't sew any more. I say with John Bunyan, 'Perhaps my way to heaven lies through this very valley.' It is just as near the town-house, heaven is, as it is to my old home here, but then—well, I won't say one word against the Lord's dispensations. The Lord keepeth the feet of his children. If this is his way for me to walk, I hope he will give me strength to follow without altering step."

"But, my dear Miss Rhoda, it is not going to be the Lord's will for you to leave your old home; you are to stay in it as long as you live."

When Miss Martha told her how her home had been secured to her, she exclaimed, "I never thought before how Abraham must have felt when he was ready to sacrifice Isaac and the Lord stayed his hand!"

It was Arthur who planned a house-warming for Miss Rhoda on Christmas eve. The young men and young women of the church and town filled her woodshed with wood and coal, and her cupboard-shelves with things needful for the necessities of the body. The fathers and mothers joined in the work of love, and there was never such a thorough house-warming done in that locality before. A new light came into Miss Rhoda's face that Christmas tide. It was lovelight—she was not alone in the world any longer; she belonged to her good neighbors, and they belonged to her.

When the Christmas bells rang in the church belfry on Christmas morning, and thanked the Lord that they had been enabled to help return Miss Rhoda's measure running over full.

Christmas Kindnesses.

At this season of the year, remember that it is your duty as children, and also your privilege, to glorify God, to promote peace, and to extend good will to those around you. You may promote the blessing of peace on earth by frankly forgiving those who may grieve or annoy you, by persuading enemies to be reconciled to each other, and by daily prayer to God to preserve the nations of the earth from the deadly horrors of war. And you may in a great many ways show good will to men. Are there not poor people within a short walk of your own door who will receive no Christmas cards, no nice presents of food or good clothing, whose children have no nice toys or picture books, of which some of you have such an abundance that you scarcely know where to find room for?—Christian Herald.

What Makes a Happy Christmas.

It does not require much money, nor indeed any money, to make a happy home circle on Christmas. The chief thing is a warm and merry heart. It will devise ways and means for filling the home with cheer, joy and gladness. A little invention, a little effort, and much love will give the day a halo brighter than tinsel and gold. God did not require extra material to paint every tree and bush in all this region a crystal whiteness the other night. He used only a little moisture and a little cold, and in the morning men exclaimed in wonder, "What beauty!" So the simple things beautify and glorify the home, and make holidays bright with joys beyond the purchase of money.—Michigan Christian Advocate.

THE THRONE OF THUNDER.

It Is the Highest Point on the Western Side of Africa.

Mungo Mam Lobel, the throne, or place, of thunder, as the natives call it, the peak of Kameruns, as the whites call it, is the highest point on the western side of the African continent, says National Review. The first view the voyager gets of it, who, coming for weeks along low shores and up the stagnant rivers fringed with mangrove swamp is a thing no man can ever forget. Suddenly, right up out of the sea, the great mountain rises to its 13,766 feet, while close at hand, to westward towers the lovely island mass of Fernando Po to its 10,190 feet, and, great as is its first charm, every time you see it it becomes greater, although it is never the same. Five times I have been in the beautiful bay at its foot and have never seen it twice alike. Sometimes it is wreathed with indigo-black tornado clouds, sometimes crested with snow, sometimes standing out hard and clear as though made of metal and sometimes softly gorgeous, with green, gold, purple and pink vapors tinted by the sunset. There are only two distinct mountains or peaks to this glorious thing that geologists brutally call "an intrusive mass"—Big Kamerun and Little Kamerun. The latter, Mungo Mah Etindah, has not yet been scaled, though it is only 5,824 feet. One reason for this doubtfulness is that people desirous of going up mountains, a rather rare form of human being in fever-stricken, over-worked west Africa, naturally try for the big peak; also the little peak is mostly sheer cliff and covered with almost impenetrable bush. Behind the Kamerun mountain, inland, there are two chains of mountains, or one chain deflected, bearing the names of the Rumbi and Omon mountains. These are little known at present and are clearly no relation of Mungo's. They are almost at right angles to it, and are, I believe, infinitely older in structure and continuous with the many-named range we know in Kongo Francalse as the Sierra del Crystal. In a southwest direction from Kamerun mountain, out in the Atlantic, is a series of volcanic islands, presumably belonging to the same volcanic line of activity—Principe, 3,000 feet; Sao Thome, 4,913 feet, and, farther away still, Ascension, St. Helena and the Tristan d'Acunha groups.

AN ABLE PRACTICAL JOKE.

It Created Considerable Excitement in a University City.

The Cambridge (England) Independent Press retails the story of the hoax perpetrated upon the civic and university authorities at Cambridge on the occasion of the visit of the late shah of Persia to that country. It was on Saturday, June 28, 1873, at 11 o'clock in the forenoon, that a telegram was found lying on the hallkeeper's table in the Guildhall. It was directed to the worshipful the mayor of Cambridge, and was signed by Lieut.-Col. Hamilton and read as follows: "His imperial majesty the shah of Persia desires to visit your university town to-day en route for London by special, arriving at Cambridge station about 1:10 o'clock. Be prepared with escort and reception as far as time allow." Instantly everybody began tumbling over his fellow. The town clerk was sent for and messages were dispatched to the vice chancellor, the members of the corporation, the volunteer officers and the cook of St. Peter's college kitchen. The vice chancellor hurried on his robes, the aldermen and councilors did ditto, the volunteers donned their uniforms and the cook began to boil and fry. Nor was the general public behindhand. Flags were hung out and crowds gathered in the street. Dr. Cookson, the vice chancellor (irreverently known in those days as "Dismal Jimmy"), made his way to the station as fast as his dignity would permit. The mayor, Mr. T. H. Naylor, and the corporation followed suit. A guard of honor and carriages were in waiting and soon everybody was there except the shah. Then the news flew around that the railway officials knew nothing about the special train, and after a brief delay it was apparent that the whole thing was a hoax. The perpetrators of the hoax were never discovered, though two persons were afterward freely mentioned in connection with it. In the year of grace 1873 the era of practical jokes was past, but had the authors of the shah's visit been alive in the days of Theodore Hood they might have lived in literature.

Water-Works on His Farm.

L. W. Follis has finished putting in a system of water works of his own on his farm on Dry Creek. On the hill above his residence is a never-failing spring that he has piped down to the house. He has run a line to the yard where he can irrigate his lawn, and has also taken it to the barnyard where it supplies abundance of water for the stock. The spring is high enough to give considerable pressure. By attaching hose he can throw water to the roof of his big barn. It is a great convenience, and Mr. Follis says he would not take a thousand dollars for it.—Garfield (Wash.) Enterprise.

Christmas in the Confederate White House.

Mrs. Jefferson Davis.

While looking over the advertisements of the toys and everything else intended to make the children joyful, in the columns of the great city papers, I have been impressed with the contrast between the present time and the condition of the Southern country thirty-one years ago, but notwithstanding the great facilities of the present time, have been unable to decide whether to the young it was not as gay then as now.

That Christmas season was ushered in under the thickest clouds; every one felt the cataclysm which impended, but the rosy, expectant faces of our little children were a constant reminder that self-sacrifice must be the personal offering of each mother of the family. How to satisfy the children that nothing better could be done than the little makeshifts attainable in the Confederacy was the problem of the older members of each household. There were no currants, raisins, or other ingredients to fill the old Virginia recipe for mince pie, and the children considered that at least a slice of that much-coveted dainty was their right, and the price of indigestion paid for it was a debt of honor due from them to the season's exactions. Apple tarts grew and bore in spite of war's alarms, so the foundation of the mixture was assured. The many exquisite housekeepers in Richmond had preserved all the fruits attainable, and these were submitted for the time-honored raisins and currants. The brandy required for seasoning at one hundred dollars a bottle was forthcoming, the elder was obtained, the suet at a dollar a pound was ordered—and the pies seemed a blessed certainty—but the eggnog—now where were the eggs and liquors to be procured? without which Christmas would be a failure to the negroes.

"If it's only a little wineglass," said the little dusty-looking negro rubber in the stables who brought in the back log (our substitute for the yule log). "I dunno how we gwine git along without no eggnog." So, after redoubled efforts, the eggs and other ingredients were secured in advance. The little jackets, pieced together out of the cloth remaining when uniforms were turned out by the tailors, were issued to the children of the soldiers, amid the remonstrances of the mothers that the pattern of them "wasn't worth a cent."

Rice, flour, molasses and tiny pieces of meat, most of them sent to the President's wife anonymously to be dispensed to the poor, had all been weighed and issued, and the playtime of the family began, but like a clap of thunder out of a clear sky came the information that the orphans of the Episcopalian Home had been promised a Christmas tree and the toys, candy and cakes must be provided, as well as one pretty prize for the most orderly girl among the orphans. The kind-hearted confectioner was interviewed but our committee of managers, and he promised a certain amount of his simpler kinds of candy, which he sold easily at a dollar and a half a pound, but he drew the line at cornucopias to hold it, as sugared fruits to hang on the tree, and all the other vestiges of Christmas creations which had lain on his banes for years. The ladies dispersed in anxious squads of toy-hunters, and each one turned over the store of her children's treasures for a contribution to the orphans' tree, my little ones rushed over the great house looking up their treasures—eyeless dolls, three-legged horses, tops with the upper peg broken off, rubber tops, monkeys with all the squeak gone silent and all the ruck of children's toys that gather in a nursery closet.

Some small feathered chickens and parrots which nodded their heads in obedience to weight beneath them were furnished with new tail feathers, lambs minus much of their wool were supplied with a cotton wool substitute, ring dolls were plumped out and recovered with clean cloth, and the young ladies painted their faces in bright colors and furnished them with beads for eyes.

But the tug of war was how to get something with which to decorate the orphans' tree. Our man servant, Robert Brown, was much interested and offered to make the prize toy. He contemplated a "sure enough house, with four rooms." His part in the domestic service was delegated to another and he gave himself over in silence and solitude to the labors of an architect.

My sister painted mantel shelves, door panels, pictures and frames for the walls, and finished with black grates in which there blazed a roaring

fire, which was pronounced marvelously realistic. We all made furniture of twigs and pasteboard, and my mother made pillows, mattresses, sheets and pillow cases for the two little bedrooms.

Christmas Eve a number of young people were invited to come and string apples and popcorn for the tree; a neighbor very deft in domestic arts had tiny candle moulds made and furnished all the candles for the tree. However, the puzzle and triumph of all was the construction of a large number of cornucopias. At last some one suggested a conical block of wood, about which the drawing paper could be wound and pasted. In a little book shop a number of small, highly colored pictures cut out and ready to apply were unearthed, and our old confectioner friend, Mr. Pizzini, consented, with a broad smile, to give "all the love verses the young people wanted to roll with the candy."

About twenty young men and girls gathered around small tables in one of the drawing rooms of the mansion and the cornucopias were begun. The men wrapped the squares of candy, first reading the "sentiments" printed upon them, such as "Roses are red, violets blue, sugar's sweet and so are you." "If you love me as I love you no knife can cut our love in two." The fresh young faces, wreathed in smiles, nodded attention to the reading, while with their little deft hands they glued the cornucopias and pasted on the pictures. Where were the silk tops to come from? Trunks of old things were turned out and snippings of silk and even woolen of bright colors were found to close the tops, and some of the young people twisted sewing silk into cords with which to draw the bags up. The beauty of these home-made things astonished us all, for they looked quite "custom made," but when the "sure enough house" was revealed to our longing gaze the young people clapped their approbation, while Robert, whose sense of dignity did not permit him to smile, stood the impersonation of successful artist and bowed his thanks for our approval. Then the coveted eggnog was passed around in tiny glass cups and pronounced good. Crisp home-made ginger snaps and snowy lady cake completed the refreshments of Christmas Eve. The children allowed to sit up and be noisy in their own way as an indulgence took a sip of the eggnog out of my cup, and the eldest boy confided to his father: "Now I just know this is Christmas." In most of the houses in Richmond these same scenes were enacted, certainly in every one of the homes of the managers of the Episcopalian Orphanage. A bowl of eggnog was sent to the servants and a part of everything they coveted of the dainties.

At last quiet settled on the household and the older members of the family began to stuff stockings with molasses candy, red apples, an orange, small whips plaited by the family with high-colored crackers, worsted reins knitted at home, paper dolls, teetotums made of large horn buttons and a match which could spin indefinitely, balls of worsted rags wound hard and covered with old kid gloves, a pair of pretty woollen gloves for each, either cut of cloth and embroidered on the back or knitted by some deft hand out of homespun wool. For the President there were a pair of chamois-skin riding gauntlets exquisitely embroidered on the back with his monogram in red and white silk, made, as the giver wrote, under the guns of Fortreas Monroe late at night for fear of discovery. There was a hemstitched linen handkerchief, with a little sketch in indelible ink in one corner; the children had written him little letters, their grandmother having held their hands, the burthen of which compositions was how they loved their dear father. For one of the inmates of the house who was greatly beloved but whose irritable temper was his prominent failing, there was a pretty cravat, the ends of which were embroidered, as was the fashion of the day. The pattern chosen was a bee and on it was pinned a card with the word "amiable" to complete the sentence. One of the aides received a present of an illuminated copy of Solomon's proverbs found in the same old store from which the pictures came. He studied it for some time and announced: "I have changed my opinion of Solomon, he uttered such unnecessary platitudes—now why should he have said 'the foolishness of a fool is his folly'?" On Christmas morning the children awoke early

and came in to see their toys. They were followed by the negro women, who one after another "caught" us by wishing us a merry Christmas before we could say it to them: which gave them a right to a gift. Of course, there was a present for every one, small though it might be, and one who had been born and brought up at our plantation was vocal in her admiration of a gay handkerchief. As she left the room she ejaculated: "Lord knows mistress knows our insides; she jest got the very thing I wanted."

For me there were six cakes of delicious soap, made from the grease of ham boiled for a family at Farmville, a skein of exquisitely fine gray linen thread spun at home, a pin cushion of some plain brown cotton material made by some poor woman and stuffed with wool from her pet sheep, and a little baby hat plaited by the orphans and presented by the industrious little pair who sewed the straw together. They pushed each other silently to speak, and at last mutely offered the hat, and considered the kiss they gave the sleeping little one ample reward for the industry and far above the fruit with which they were laden. Another present was a fine, delicate little baby frock without an inch of lace or embroidery upon it, but the delicate fabric was set with rairy stitches by the dear invalid neighbor who made it, and it was very precious in my eyes. There were also a few of Swinburne's best songs bound in wall-paper and a chamois needlebook left for me by young Mr. P., now succeeded to his title in England. In it was a Broidianian thimble "for my own finger, you know," said the handsome, cheerful young fellow.

After breakfast, at which all the family, great and small, were present, came the walk to St. Paul's Church. We did not use our carriage on Christmas or, is possible to avoid it, on Sunday. The saintly Dr. Minnegerode preached a sermon on Christmas love, the introit was sung by a beautiful young society woman and the angels might have joyfully listened. Our chef did wonders with the turkey and roast beef, and drove the children quite out of their propriety by a spun sugar hen, life-size, on a nest full of blanc mange eggs. The mince pie and plum pudding made them feel, as one of the gentlemen laughingly remarked, "like their jackets were buttoned," a strong description of repetition which I have never forgotten. They waited with great impatience and evident dyspeptic symptoms for the crowning amusement of the day, "the children's tree." My eldest boy, a chubby little fellow of seven, came to me several times to whisper: "Do you think I ought to give the orphans my I. D. studs?" When told no, he beamed with the delight of an approving conscience. All throughout the afternoon first one little head and then another popped in at the door to ask: "Isn't it 8 o'clock yet?" burning with impatience to see the "children's tree."

When at last we reached the basement of St. Paul's Church the tree burst upon their view like the realization of Aladdin's subterranean orchard, and they were awed by its grandeur. The orphans sat mute with astonishment until the opening hymn and prayer and the last amen had been said, and then they at a signal warily and slowly gathered around the tree to receive from a lovely young girl their allotted present. The different gradations from joy to ecstasy which illuminated their faces was "worth two years of peaceful life" to see. The President became so enthusiastic that he undertook to help in the distribution, but worked such wild confusion giving everything asked for into their outstretched hands, that we called a halt, so he contented himself with unwinding one or two tots from a network of strung popcorn in which they had become entangled and taking off all apples he could when unobserved, and presenting them to the smaller children. When at last the house was given to the "honor girl" she moved her lips without emitting a sound, but held it close to her breast and went off in a corner to look and be glad without witnesses.

"When the lights were fled, the garlands dead, and all but we departed" we also went home to find that Gen. Lee had called in our absence, and many other people. Gen. Lee had left word that he had received a barrel of sweet potatoes for us, which had been sent to him by mistake. He did not discover the mistake until he had taken his share (a dieful) and given the rest to the soldiers! We wished it had been much more for them and him.

The night closed with a "starvation" party, where there were no refreshments, at a neighboring house. The rooms lighted as well as practicable, some one willing to play dance music on the piano and plenty of young men and girls comprised the entertainment. Sam Weller's soiree, consisting of boiled mutton and capers, would have been a royal feast in the Confederacy. The officers, who rode into town with their long cavalry boots pulled well up over

their knees, but splashed up to their waists, put up their horses and rushed to the places where their dress uniform suits had been left for safekeeping. They very soon emerged, however, in full toggery and entered into the pleasures of the dance with the bright-eyed girls, who many of them were fragile as fairies, but worked like peasants for their home and country. These young people are gray-haired now, but the lessons of self-denial, industry and frugality in which they became past mistresses then, have made of them the most dignified, self-reliant and tender women I have ever known—all honor to them.

So, in the interchange of the courtesies and charities of life, to which we could not add its comforts and pleasures, passed the last Christmas in the Confederate mansion.

VARINA JEFFERSON DAVIS.
New York World.

Exonerated by a Chimney.

A Liverpool chimney sweep recently found a bag containing coins worth \$200 in a flue which he was cleaning in a house. When the lady who had employed him learned of the discovery she burst into tears. The money had been saved by her hard work and self-denial. Some time ago her son, who was not a steady youth, left her house, vowing never to return. Having forgotten where she had hidden the money she had accused him of stealing it.

As time went by she had grown constantly more certain that the charge she had made against her boy was well founded. The sudden discovery that she had done him a horrible injustice filled her with bitter remorse. She is now living in the hope that he will hear of his vindication and return to her. —New York World.

Would Be Interesting.

"I dunno," said the gripman of the cable car, as he toyed impatiently with the brake. "I dunno about it, after all."

"About what," inquired the talkative passenger.

"About this new woman business. I'd hate to see them doing the work that men are drawing salaries for at the present time. But just out of curiosity I'd be willing to give up my situation."

"You'd like to see how the experiment would work, eh?"

"Yes. I'd like to see just what a lady gripman would do or say if she was sixteen minutes behindhand on the trip, with a car full of passengers to unload, and a lady passenger was to stand with one foot on the step, taking her time to give her friend a recipe to make raspberry jam." —Washington Star.

It Is Impracticable in Boston.

The very latest fashion in uncovering the head as a salute has reached Boston by way of New York. It consists in lifting the hat from the head and then suddenly thrusting it straight out before you at arm's length. On Broadway no other style of salutation is recognized as good form, but in the crowded and narrow streets of Boston it is most difficult of achievement. It is not unusual for a man who attempts it to not only smash his hat, but to waste ten minutes in apologizing to the people who were too near him when he executed the salute. It has to be done with such a jerk to be effective that one stands a good chance giving the person in front of him a notion that he has been sandbagged, and it is difficult to explain away an impression like that. —Boston Journal.

Must Go by Schoolhouses Slowly.

Superintendent Linden, at the instance of Director Ritter, called the attention of the police lieutenants and sergeants to the ordinance of Nov. 11 last, regulating the speed of trolley cars in passing schoolhouses, making it unlawful for any passenger railway company operating in the city to run any car propelled by electricity between the hours of 8 a. m. and 5 p. m. at a greater rate of speed than six miles an hour over a distance of 150 feet on either side and in front of any public school. The ordinance also provides that it shall be the duty of the bureau of police to instruct patrolmen on duty where public schools are to time the speed of the cars at least once a day so as to become familiar with the rate of speed and to report the same to their superior officers. The penalty for a violation of the ordinance is a fine of \$20.

Ought to Stop It.

The British commissioner in Central Africa writes in the Central African Blue Book: "Undoubtedly another cause of ill health here is the increasing consumption of alcohol, which is too obviously prevailing among many of the more recent arrived Europeans. The chief bane of British Central Africa is that accursed spirit, whisky." Again he says: "It is whisky which is at the bottom of much of our ill health; it is whisky which is answerable for many of our deaths."

Largest Tobacco Warehouse.

Louisville, Ky., has the largest tobacco warehouse in the world. It can store 7,000 hogsheads. It has also the greatest handle factory, where handles of axes, hammers and all sorts of tools are made of the best hickory, and are shipped by millions to all parts of the world.

TOLD BY THE PLANETS

FAMOUS ASTROLOGER GIVES SOME FREE READINGS.

How the Lives of Men and Women Are Influenced by the Signs of the Zodiac—Revival of the Ancient Art of the Egyptians.



ASTROLOGY: This

art or science enables the astrologer to read from the horoscope, or map of the heavens at the time of a person's birth, many useful, curious and important things relating to one's life, characteristics, health, wealth, business, marriage, etc. The facts and evidence will justify at all times and to all persons the conclusion that some are naturally fortunate while others are just the opposite and some just an average. The astrologer always finds a marvelous sympathy existing between the indications of horoscope and the life of the person born at any particular time.

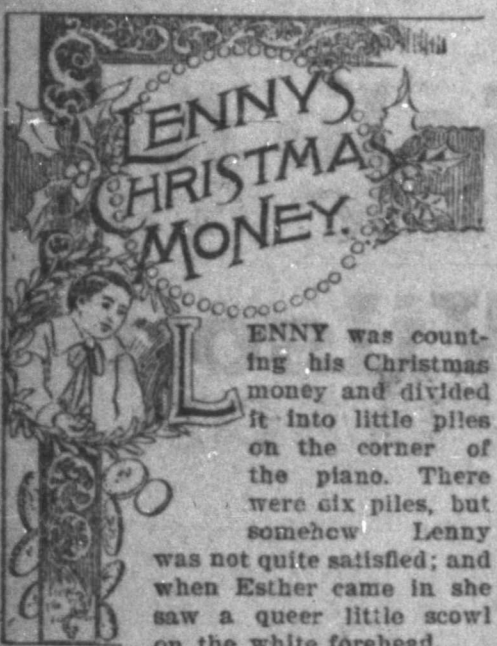
For the benefit of the readers of this paper we will publish FREE in these columns: The zodiacal sign rising at your birth including your ruling planet and a brief character reading by Astrology. Those wishing readings should send the following data written plainly in ink: Sex, race or nationality, place of birth including state, county and city, year, month, date, hour and minute of birth, A. M. or P. M. as near as possible; also give name or initials and address under which you wish your reading published. If you know the date but do not know the time of birth and wish a reading send two 2-cent stamps for further instructions. Letters will be numbered as received and the readings published in regular order so those wishing to take advantage of this liberal offer should write at once for we can only allow one column in each issue for this department. Address Prof. G. W. Cunningham, Dept. 4, No. 194 South Clinton St., Chicago, Ill.

Note:—The following readings are given according to data furnished. The description may vary slightly in some points in accordance with which sign the ruling planet may be found. It always partakes of the indications of the sign in which it is placed at birth, also the planets in configuration with it:

Miss Mary, Detroit.
You have the zodiacal sign Sagittarius, which Jupiter rules, rising at your birth, and therefore Jupiter is your ruling planet or significator. Sagittarius usually denotes a person above medium height; a well proportioned and commanding figure; the complexion clear and healthy; the hair near a chestnut color growing thin and forming a notch above the temples; the forehead is full and broad; the eyes expressive; the laugh is loud, merry and cheerful; you are jovial, happy, generous and charitable; you are kind to animals and fond of a fine horse; you are not as conservative as you should be and are liable to get into too large deals; you are a natural leader and have plenty of courage to carry any scheme through that you know is legitimate; you always have a certain kind of good luck that does not seem to come to others; you may apparently be on the brink of a financial precipice and just ready to tumble over, yet something will turn in your favor and pull you through all right.

Paul G., Chicago.
You have the zodiacal sign Taurus, which Venus rules, rising at your birth, and therefore Venus is your ruling planet or significator. The sign Taurus usually denotes a person with short, but full, strong and well-set stature; broad forehead; dark, curly hair; dark complexion; broad full chest and shoulders; short thick neck; wide nose; full, pouting lips; you will have a habit of shaking your head sideways when talking earnestly. You are very quiet, peaceable and patient in your disposition, have great love for the beautiful in art and nature; you are very fond of the fine arts, such as music, painting, drawing, sketching, etc. You are fond of good living and generally manage to get it; you are subject to attacks of the blues without any apparent good cause. You seldom lose control of your temper, yet when you do you become furious. You dislike to change your business or location and have great love for home and its pleasant surroundings.

He Found Out.
A good East Winthrop, Maine, deacon got into a discussion the other day with a newspaper man relative to the size of a hole a horse could go through. The solution came quicker than he anticipated. Going to his stable, he found that his horse, weighing over 1,000 pounds, had fallen through a scuttle into the cellar, ten feet below, without receiving a scratch, although the dimensions of the scuttle were fifty-four inches one way by 18½ the other.—Ex.



LENNY'S CHRISTMAS MONEY.

LENNY was counting his Christmas money and divided it into little piles on the corner of the piano. There were six piles, but somehow Lenny was not quite satisfied; and when Esther came in she saw a queer little scowl on the white forehead.

"Oh, what a lot of money," she said, smiling, "are you going to buy a velocipede?"

"That's my Christmas money," said Lenny; "the pennies for not being late to breakfast, and the dollar grandma gave me, and my five cents for bringing in wood. I suppose there's 'bout four dollars." "Two dollars and eighty-four cents," said Esther counting it over.

"And it won't divide good," said Lenny. "This pile is for papa, and this for mamma; I'm going to buy papa a ring, and mamma a red necktie like Norah's; and this is for grandma, to buy a cap with roses in it; and this is the baby's. I'm going to get her a whole lot of chocolate creams and peanuts; and this is for you, Esther, only I shan't tell what I am going to buy." Lenny stopped, and Esther tried very hard not to laugh at the thoughts of papa with a ring and mamma in a red necktie. "But there's another pile, Lenny," she said. "Yes, that's just the trouble; seems to me I ought to have some of my money myself. I can tell you I worked hard for that money, Esther."

"Well, then, this pile is yours, is it?"

"Yes, I thought so," said Lenny, slowly. "Only the minister said we should remember to save some of our gifts for the poor. I think poor folks and heathens are an awful bother, Esther."

And Lenny looked up defiantly, as if ready to endure all that Esther might say in answer to such a shocking sentiment. To his great surprise Esther said quietly, "So do I, Lenny; sometimes I feel about discouraged when I think what a bother they are."

Lenny's fat hand reached out and transferred the sixth pile to his pocket.

"There's lots of folks taking care of them, too, and giving them money and things," he said.

"Yes," said Esther, "there are people in the great cities who spend their



WHAT A BOTHER THEY ARE.

When time looking after these poor persons, -lating them at their homes, begging fuel to keep them from freezing, and food to keep them from starving, getting them into hospitals when they are sick, and teaching them to work. They don't do this for pay, but just for the dear Lord's sake, and they keep on at work until they are worn out and die, and then someone else takes it up. Oh, it is a dreadful bother."

Lenny's hand crept into his pocket and fingered the money doubtfully.

"And there are people who go out in the new countries, and live in miserable little cabins, and have scarcely enough to eat or to wear, and no money to buy books, or papers, or Christmas presents, or to send their children to school, all because they are trying to teach the poor people about Jesus, and keep them from growing as wicked and lawless as the heathen themselves. What a bother it must be to give up everything so!"

Lenny's hand crept into his pocket and laid about half the money back upon the piano, but Esther went on as if she had not seen him.

"And then there are the heathen; just think how many men and women have left their homes and their friends, and gone away to try to win those poor, ignorant creatures from worshipping idols, and murdering their children, and their sick friends, and leaving their poor old parents to starve to death. Just think, Lenny, of the fathers and mothers who have seen their dear children dying in these unhealthy regions, or had to send them away from them to save their lives—the martyrs that have given up their own lives, all for these heathens. I think they are a dreadful bother. And when, besides this, I remember how much trouble they have been to God, and how much they have cost Him, I am sure they must be precious or He never would have given His Son to save them. For if we would give all we have, our money and our lives, we never could give so much as God gave—for them, and us, Lenny." Lenny's lips quivered a little, but he laid the rest of the money down with a bang, as he said, "There, Esther, you needn't talk any more; that's God's money in this pile, and I guess I wouldn't be mean enough to touch it."

CHRISTMAS RAPPINGS.

(By James Rolfs Hapgood.)

If a friend should rap at your old home door
On the Christmas morning fair,
With a present for you and your little dears,
Say, wouldn't you open, Claire?

If a boy should rap at your old home door
On the Christmas morning fair—
Your wandering boy, that you thought was lost—
Say, wouldn't you open, Claire?

If a babe should rap at your old heart door
On the Christmas morning fair,
To give you a kiss or a hug or two,
Say, wouldn't you open, Claire?

If a God should rap at your old heart door
On the Christmas morning fair,
To give you a Son with a heavenly home,
Say, wouldn't you open, Claire?

The Season of Good Will.

The love that is in the world is a little larger after each Christmas Day. "Good will toward men"—is not that the keyword of the song that was the lullaby of His manger-cradle and the melodious harmony of His life? We may differ much about Him, but on one point there will be a substantial agreement—He brought into our human life a new governing force; that is to say, he elevated to the first place the spirit of love, and fellowship, and good will. The heart of man ascends the throne wherever Jesus of Nazareth is known and loved. If our forms of manifesting affection by gifts be often empty, yet is there in them a large measure of this genuine and uniting good will.

If our belief is wrong, our eternity will be wrong.



CHRISTMAS CHANCES.

ETHINKS I hear the rumbling car
As time sweeps on its way tonight,
And feel the thrills that jerk and jar,
And almost set my thoughts to flight.

I would not look adown the track
That measures all life's weary years;
Nor would I call one moment back
With all its train of pain and tears.

Yet I may look with hopeful sight,
Expectant of that fairer day
When darkness vanishes in the light
Of coming Christmas' hallowed ray.

Oh, Christmas Day! The guileless heart
Of childhood thrills with roseate dreams
Of merry hours; the larger part
Of bliss is what to them it seems.

We almost hear the distant bells
As reindeer steeds prance through the snow;
And eager urchins haste to tell
How swiftly they come and go.

How through the winter's snow and sleet
The aged driver, clad in furs,
Heeds not the cold nor chimney's heat,
But comes as sure as roll the years.

He brings the gifts of sweets and toys,
Piled to profusion in his sleigh;
Gifts for the girls and for the boys,
And gifts for older ones than they.

But when he comes, the boys and girls
In sweetest dreams are being led
Through dreamland's castles; on their curls
The light of Christmas cheer is shed.

Night passes on; the day is born,
The gladsome hours of joy begun;
Another auspicious Christmas morn
Has come to magnify the "Anointed One."

The Christmas Festival.

To-day in every land where Christ is known, and by believers of every name, Christmas is becoming more and more the festival of festivals in which all rejoice. It is not only pre-eminently the children's festival, but at Christmas we all become children again in the home, in the school, in the orphanage, in the pulpit, and in the pew—all the people and all the children catch the inspiration of the angels' song on the plains of Bethlehem. Ignorance and prejudice melt away in the presence of the Manger, and the universal heart is filled with good will to high and low, to rich and poor alike. Not only the patient on the hospital couch, but even the prisoner in his penal cell, feels the thrill of the Bethlehem story.—Lutheran Evangelist.

Christmas to Exhibit the Christ Life.

A day set apart to the expression of patriotic feeling helps to strengthen that feeling; so a season which associates itself with the mission of Christ may be used to exhibit something of the Christ life. It is a good thing for others to know that we are thinking about them. There are, indeed, daily opportunities of expressing such feelings and giving such positive expression of sympathy, but when the custom of so using a certain time has grown up, we may use it with all other opportunities to good advantage, and all the more because there are hearts turning toward us.

At Fort Leavenworth, Kan., twenty-three privates of the United States army went up for examination for omissions, and only three failed to pass. Of these three, two failed in history. This is the best record ever made by a group of privates trying for omissions.

Samuel Kellar of Eureka Springs, Ark., has on exhibition a fine crop of ranges raised there, and also states that he is picking a second crop of rawberries and cherries in his orchard.

FITS stopped free and permanently cured. No fits after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. Free 24 trial bottle and treatment. Send to Dr. Kline, 231 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

"Women have more strength in their looks than we have in our laws."—Saville.

On December 23rd, 24th, 25th 30th and 31st and January 1st the H. & T. C. R'y. will sell round trip tickets to any point on H. & T. C. C. T. & N. W., F. W. & N. O., and A. & N. W. R. R.'s, and to Galveston, at rate of double the child's fare. Tickets limited to January 4th, 1897. M. L. Robins, G. P. & T. A.

"Those who know nothing are the born enemies of the higher education of women."—Stendahl.

For Lung and chest diseases, Piso's Cure is the best medicine we have used.—Mrs. J. L. Nothcutt, Windsor, Ont., Canada.

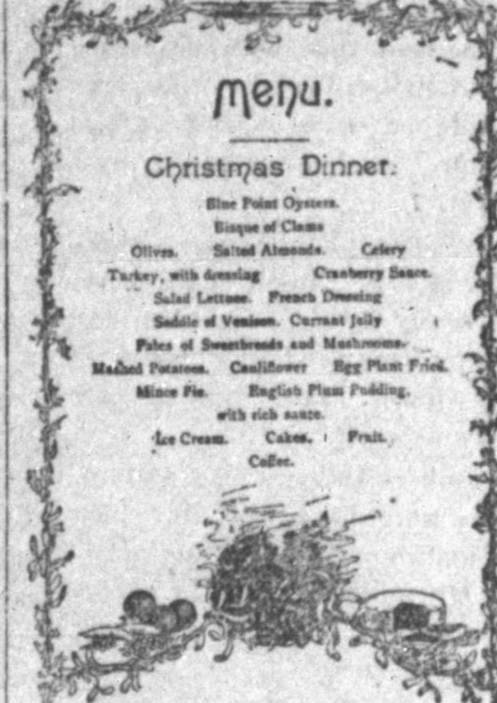
Mrs. Sarah Malloy of Cheyenne, Wyo., was elected a presidential elector.

"Earth has nothing more tender than a pious woman's heart."—Luther.

"All the reasoning of men are not worth one sentiment of woman."—Voltaire.

The Modern Mother
Has found that her little ones are improved more by the pleasant Syrup of Figs, when in need of the laxative effect of a gentle remedy than by any other, and that it is more acceptable to them. Children enjoy it and it benefits them. The true remedy, Syrup of Figs, is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Company only.

"It is to the natural taste of woman for beauty and riches that the greatest progress of industry and art is attributed."—Alphonse Karr.



menu.

Christmas Dinner.

Blue Point Oysters.
Escalope of Chicken.
Oysters, Salted Almonds, Celery.
Turkey, with dressing. Cranberry Sauce.
Salted Lentens. French Dressing.
Sauté of Venison. Currant Jelly.
Pâté of Sweetbreads and Mushrooms.
Mashed Potatoes. Cauliflower. Egg Plant Fried.
Mince Pie. English Plum Pudding.
with rich sauce.
Ice Cream. Cakes. Fruit.
Coffee.

Christmas gifts for thee,
Fair and free!
Precious things from the heavenly store
Filling thy casket more and more;
Golden love in divinest chain,
That never can be untwined again;
Silvery carols of joy that swell
Sweetest of all in the heart's lone cell.

Save Hood's Sarsaparilla

The expense of doctors' bills. Keep your blood pure, your digestion good and your system regular at this season by taking a course of Hood's Sarsaparilla.

The Best—in fact the One True Blood Purifier. Hood's Pills are the only pills to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

If you ever want to sell or exchange your Organ, remember it will be twice as valuable if the name on the front is **ESTEY**.

Write for Illustrated Catalogue with prices, to Estey Organ Company, Brattleboro, Vt.

Leading dealers everywhere sell **FERRY'S SEEDS**.

Don't risk the loss of time, labor and ground by planting seeds of any other quality. The market is full of cheap, unreliable seeds. FERRY'S SEEDS are all what the best do not accept any substitute. Seed Annual Free. D. M. FERRY & CO., Detroit, Mich.

Galveston, La Porte and Houston RAILWAY.

"The Bay Shore Line."

3-Daily Trains-3

Time-Table in Effect September 24th, 1896

SOUTH		NORTH	
Head Down.		Head Up.	
No 7	No 5	No 2	No 6
P. M.	P. M.	A. M.	P. M.
7:30	1:30	8:00	4:10
7:40	1:50	8:20	4:30
7:45	1:55	8:25	4:35
7:47	1:57	8:27	4:37
7:51	2:01	8:31	4:41
7:54	2:04	8:34	4:44
7:56	2:06	8:36	4:46
7:58	2:08	8:38	4:48
7:59	2:09	8:39	4:49
8:00	2:10	8:40	4:50
8:01	2:11	8:41	4:51
8:02	2:12	8:42	4:52
8:03	2:13	8:43	4:53
8:04	2:14	8:44	4:54
8:05	2:15	8:45	4:55
8:06	2:16	8:46	4:56
8:07	2:17	8:47	4:57
8:08	2:18	8:48	4:58
8:09	2:19	8:49	4:59
8:10	2:20	8:50	5:00
8:11	2:21	8:51	5:01
8:12	2:22	8:52	5:02
8:13	2:23	8:53	5:03
8:14	2:24	8:54	5:04
8:15	2:25	8:55	5:05
8:16	2:26	8:56	5:06
8:17	2:27	8:57	5:07
8:18	2:28	8:58	5:08
8:19	2:29	8:59	5:09
8:20	2:30	9:00	5:10

Trains marked * stop on signal only.
Trains do not stop where no time is given.
All Bay Shore Line trains use Grand Central Station at Houston, and the Union Depot at Galveston.
Through tickets on sale at Galveston for all points north, east and west.
Close connections at Houston with all trunk lines.

W. F. SIMMONS, Union Ticket Agent, Houston, Tex.
M. F. SMITH, General Agent, Galveston, Tex.
E. W. NELSON, G. P. & T. A., Houston, Tex.

Beware Of the Knife.

Mr. Lincoln Nelson, of Marshfield, Mo., writes: "For six years I have been a sufferer from a scrofulous affection of the glands of my neck, and all efforts of physicians in Washington, D. C., Springfield, Ill., and St. Louis failed to reduce the enlargement. After six months' constant treatment here, my physician urged me to submit to a removal of the gland. At this critical moment a friend recommended S.S.S., and laying aside a deep-rooted prejudice against all patent medicines, I began its use. Before I had used one bottle the enlargement began to disappear, and now it is entirely gone, though I am not through with my second bottle yet. Had I only used your S.S.S. long ago, I would have escaped years of misery and saved over \$150."

This experience is like that of all who suffer with deep-seated blood troubles. The doctors can do no good, and even their resorts to the knife prove either fruitless or fatal. S.S.S. is the only real blood remedy; it gets at the root of the disease and forces it out permanently.

S.S.S. (guaranteed purely vegetable)

A Real Blood Remedy.

is a blood remedy for real blood troubles; it cures the most obstinate cases of Scrofula, Eczema, Cancer, Rheumatism, etc., which other so-called blood remedies fail to touch. S.S.S. gets at the root of the disease and forces it out permanently. Valuable books will be sent free to any address by the Swift Specific Co., Atlanta, Ga.

SSS

\$250,000 To Be Given Away

this year in valuable articles to smokers of **Blackwell's Genuine Durham Tobacco**

You will find one coupon inside each 2-ounce bag, and two coupons inside each 4-ounce bag. Buy a bag, read the coupon and see how to get your share.

The Best Smoking Tobacco Made

Save Hood's Sarsaparilla

The expense of doctors' bills. Keep your blood pure, your digestion good and your system regular at this season by taking a course of Hood's Sarsaparilla.

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7:59	2:09	8:39	4:49
8:00	2:10	8:40	4:50
8:01	2:11	8:41	4:51
8:02	2:12	8:42	4:52
8:03	2:13	8:43	4:53
8:04	2:14	8:44	4:54
8:05	2:15	8:45	4:55
8:06	2:16	8:46	4:56
8:07	2:17	8:47	4:57
8:08	2:18	8:48	4:58
8:09	2:19	8:49	4:59
8:10	2:20	8:50	5:00
8:11	2:21	8:51	5:01
8:12	2:22	8:52	5:02
8:13	2:23	8:53	5:03
8:14	2:24	8:54	5:04
8:15	2:25	8:55	5:05
8:16	2:26	8:56	5:06
8:17	2:27	8:57	5:07
8:18	2:28	8:58	5:08
8:19	2:29	8:59	5:09
8:20	2:30	9:00	5:10

Trains marked * stop on signal only.
Trains do not stop where no time is given.
All Bay Shore Line trains use Grand Central Station at Houston, and the Union Depot at Galveston.
Through tickets on sale at Galveston for all points north, east and west.
Close connections at Houston with all trunk lines.

W. F. SIMMONS, Union Ticket Agent, Houston, Tex.
M. F. SMITH, General Agent, Galveston, Tex.
E. W. NELSON, G. P. & T. A., Houston, Tex.

LADY Manager and Agents wanted for Dr. Kay's Uterine Tonic, no money required until goods are sold. "Womanhood," a valuable booklet on female diseases free. Dr. B. J. Kay Medical Co., Omaha, Neb.

OPIMUM HATE DRUNKENNESS AND ALL OBSTINATE CASES OF SCROFULA, ETC. CURED BY DR. J. L. STEPHENS, LITTLE ROCK, ARK.

RODS For tracing and locating Gold or Silver. One best or hidden treasures. M. D. FOWLER, Box 337, Southington, Conn.

PICTURES and FRAMES Supplying agents a specialty. Liberal terms. Write to C. B. Anderson & Co., 509 Elm, Dallas, Tex.

OPIMUM FREE. Dr. B. J. WOODLEY, ATLANTA, GA.

LOCAL NEWS.

B. F. Chamberlain for drugs.

A nice line of ladies' saddles. Cheap. J. T. Dawes.

W. H. Gill has qualified as judge.

The streets of the city are crowded every day.

Charley Story is again in charge of the county jail.

Cicero Dupuy of Coltharp was in the city last Monday.

A. J. Leighty, former station agent here, is now located at Grapeland.

A. A. Aldrich and A. D. Lipscomb will form a legal copartnership.

Dr. H. J. Cunyus, dentist, Crockett, Texas. Office over Arledge, Kennedy & Co. grocery store.

Dr. Lawrence Corley expects also to go to Weldon and go into practice of medicine.

Get your hand made saddles, that are guaranteed to stand the wear from J. T. Dawes.

Dr. W. H. Denny is reported to be suffering from fresh complications in his illness.

Dr. Jay Collins will move to Weldon about January the 1st. and take place of Dr. Lynn on convict farm.

Mrs. Louis Bergman and baby have gone to Shreveport to spend the holidays with Mrs. Bergman's parents.

Miss Duskie Walker has returned to her home in Bryan after a visit of several weeks to friends in this city.

Sheriff Waller will give the prisoners in the county jail, five in number, a good Christmas dinner and all the egg-nog they want.

T. M. Bowers, Jr. of Houston son of Col. Bowers of the Enterprise, accompanied by his wife and son, came up Sunday night to spend the holidays.

Do you ever travel? If you do you should take out an accident policy first. D. M. Craddock represents the old Aetna Life and Accident company of Hartford and sells 'em cheap. See him before you start.

Those who are due city taxes are hereby notified that unless such are paid by January 1st. 1897 I shall proceed to take the legal steps necessary in such cases.

J. C. LACY
City Marshall.

Frank Bodenhamer keeps the choicest fruits, nuts, fresh grapes, and all kinds of confectioneries. He also keeps the leading brands of cigars, cigarettes and chewing tobacco. Stand in Mangum's feed store. Call on him.

Prof. Richey and Sam Munn of Burnett county came in Tuesday night, and on Christmas day they will go out on Trinity river in company with Deputy sheriff Hale and Ike and Albert Daniel for a grand hunt.

**CASH! CASH!!
CASH!!!**

Just received at the CASH STORE 2 CARS TEXAS RED RUST PROOF OATS, 2 CARS SACKED CORN, 2 CARS Hay Forney and alfalfa, 1 CAR RICH WHEAT BRAN, 1 CAR BOLTED MEAL, 2 cars salt one coarse and one fine, 200 lb. COARSE AT 85c 200 lb FINE AT 90c. Will keep on hand cotton seed meal. You will find the CASH STORE headquarters for all kinds of feed.

R. M. ATKINSON.

Dawes' harness is the best.

Mrs. Dr. Beasley is visiting her daughter Mrs. Miller, at Corpus Christi.

Prof. J. B. Smith of the college, is just recovering from an attack of la grippe.

The S. S. H. Club will receive on New Year day at the residence of Mrs. Judge Wall.

Bryant Wilson has returned from Winona, Mississippi, and looks improved in health.

An immigrant train of half dozen wagons bound for Daly passed through town Wednesday.

Miss Reba Miller has dismissed her school at Tadmor for the holidays and is at her home in this city.

D. V. Grounds having sold his property north of town, left this week for Houston where he will make his home.

Miss Lucia Wootters has returned from Austin where she has been attending school, to spend the holidays at her home here.

Mrs. Octavia Todd and daughter, Miss Ethel, of Greenville, are visiting Mrs. R. D. King, daughter of Mrs. Todd, in this city.

Miss King who has been teaching school at Coltharp, is in town for the holidays as the guest of Judge and Mrs. Winfree.

There will be a dissolution in the copartnership of a prominent mercantile firm in Crockett within the next sixty days.

Last Monday morning County Clerk Albright was dismayed at discovering his fine Jersey cow lying dead in the stable yard. She had died during the night from some unknown cause.

The public schools were dismissed last Monday for the holidays and will not reopen until Monday Jan. 4th.

Those wanting strawberry plants can get same by giving me their orders. Expect to make an order from Alvin in a few days

W. B. PAGE.

The Federal Government has gone to work on the fortification of Galveston. The fort will be about a half mile east of Fort Point Light House.

Tom Green a noted negro horse-breaker who formerly lived in this city, and was quite a character, was in town this week. He has been away for several years.

The report in circulation that there is a case of diphtheria in this city, is groundless. There is no diphtheria in Crockett nor anywhere in the county.

S. C. Arledge is authority for the statement that between three and four thousand coon skins have been shipped from Crockett the past year. And the coons aint all dead yet.

Little George Fluker, seven years old son of J. S. Fluker of this city, was severely scalded last Monday by falling backward in a vessel of boiling water. His injuries are not serious.

A couple of lawyers from Columbus, Ga. were here one day last week, looking around to buy property. One of them offered Charley Stokes \$2500 for his residence property.

The I. & G. N. will resume the fast mail trains between now and the first of January. The schedule between Houston and St. Louis will be shorter than before and instead of a fast train only one way as formerly, there will be one each way.

Hog Law Election.

There were elections in five precincts on the 22nd inst. We have not heard from all. In the Augusta beat the law was carried by a majority of ten; in the Grapeland precinct it was defeated; in the McIver ranch district it was carried and also in the Porter Springs precinct. It is only a question of a short time when the entire county will go under it.

The streets of Crockett are positively filthy. We can't give an inventory of all the things we saw one day last week. One was a couple of dead toxes which we heard had been lying on the sidewalk for three days. Another was a mass of paper and other trash scattered from one end to the other.

Dr. McCarty of Porter Springs was in Crockett Monday. He is outspoken in his commendation of the specific virtues of Monk's well water. He says he suffered from chronic hepatitis for three years and cured himself by drinking this water about two months. When he came to town he drank all of it he could and he took only a couple of gallons home with him. This is a remarkable test and shows the true worth of the water.

When selecting a Christmas present, get something useful as well as ornamental. Aldrich & Newton have a beautiful assortment of Christmas goods. If you wait till Christmas eve these goods will all be gone as they are being sold very fast, so be wise and call early before you are too late. Our line of ladies dressing tables, French plate mirrors, hat racks, upholstered chairs and numerous other holiday goods, is the prettiest we have ever had. Everything at the very lowest prices.

ALDRICH & NEWTON.

The wife of Mr. D. Robinson, a prominent lumberman of Hartwick N. Y., was sick with rheumatism for five months. In speaking of it, Mr. Robinson says: Chamberlain's Pain Balm is the only thing that gave her any rest from pain. For the relief of pain it cannot be beat." Many very bad cases of rheumatism have been cured by it. For sale at 50 cents per bottle by B. F. Chamberlain.

When most needed it is not usual for your family physician to be away from home. Such was the experience of Mr. J. Y. Schenck, editor of the Caddo, Ind. Ter., Banner, when his little girl, two years of age was threatened with a severe attack of croup. He says: "My wife insisted that I go for the doctor but as our family physician was out of town I purchased a bottle of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy, which relieved her immediately. I will not be without it in the future." 25 and 50 cent bottles for sale by B. F. Chamberlain.

Ballard's Horehound Syrup.

We guarantee this to be the best cough syrup manufactured in the whole wide world. This is saying a great deal, but it is true. For consumption, coughs, colds, sore throat, sore chest, pneumonia, bronchitis, asthma, croup, whooping cough, and all diseases of the throat and lungs, we positively guarantee Ballard's Horehound Syrup to be without an equal on the whole face of the globe. In support of this statement we refer to every individual who has ever used it, and to every druggist who has ever sold it. Such evidence is indisputable. Price 25c and 50c Sold by L. H. Haring & Co.

Hon. B. J. Fletcher of Lexington, Lee county, who spent last fall and winter in this city buying cotton, returned here last Monday to re-enter the cotton business, and will probably remain during the winter. Mr. Fletcher made many friends during his previous residence here and they were glad to meet him again.

**Wait For Our
Big Christmas Clearing Sale Ad**

We have prices that can't be touched.

McLean & Wilson.

THE COURIER,

W. B. PAGE, Editor.

LET US BE THANKFUL.

The COURIER wishes all its readers, and in fact all the world, a merry Christmas and a happy new year. There is abundant reason for thankful hearts, for, pessimists to the contrary, the world grows steadily better, and there is a higher average of morality, intelligence and prosperity with each recurring year. The times are hard but they might be and have been a great deal harder; the late election didn't go to suit everybody—no election ever did, nor ever will; the lazy and thriftless go unrewarded, as is right and proper; there is plenty of evil to be discovered by those who go around hunting for it; but thank the Lord, there is good in abundance, also, and if we would keep tab on the latter as we do on the former, we would find the balance largely in favor of good. If we had nothing else to be thankful for, the very fact of having been born into the world and endowed with the priceless heritage of immortality is of itself enough to thrill every heart with exhilarant hope, even that of the agnostic, for he too must admit that this "splendid dream of all the centuries" may be something better than a dream when death has swept away the fogs of life. If you want to realize how well fixed you are, even though you be poor and toil with only a pittance for reward, just suppose that you had never been born at all. Then you would be out of luck, sure enough. Away with pessimism and let us enjoy our Christmas and face the future with the courage inspired of glorious life and the sure reward of honest living!

CREEK.

There is some sickness on the Creek at this time.

Cotton about gone; there are a few bales left. A few have some hogs to kill.

We have a new store at this place. Mr. Owens has opened up with a full stock of goods. Our old merchant, Mr. Nat Atkinson, is still at the old place.

Dr. Bever's new house is completed and is a neat building.

Our school master has a nice school and the boys complain that he does not let them go to the rags.

Creek had a game hunt and supper and had plenty of quails, squirrels, deer and turkey and the supper was a success. It was gotten up for the benefit of our grave yard to put a fence around it. After the supper Miss Sanders, a blind lady, entertained the crowd for an hour with music and singing which delighted the audience.

In addition to home people there were guests present from Lovelady Post oak and the Chandler neighborhood and all had a nice time, for the ladies of Creek know how to prepare a supper. We learn that one of the hunters went to Madison county and killed one squirrel. Of course we had wild turkey; no one disputes that. N. A. Atkinson made the most points. As for us, we were on the winning side as usual in game hunts as well as politics.

Some time soon we will try to write up Creek as to land, inhabitants and everything in general.

There are rumors of weddings and if many more come off soon we will have to emigrate.

ISHMAELITE.

Last Friday was Tax-collector Sheridan's big day in the matter of collections. On that day he collected \$3274.78. Of this amount \$3139.78 was the tax paid by the railroad company.

The streets of Crockett every day this week have presented a cheerful and busy aspect. The country people are in by hundreds making their Christmas purchases and general good humor prevails.

D. F. Morgan and J. C. West of Julian, were callers at this office this week.

The square was crowded Wednesday morning with immigrant wagons, some bound for counties further south and some to stop in this county. Most of the immigrants were from northern and western Texas.

Recently there have been three delightful musical entertainments at the public school building, the first by the pupils of Miss Minnie Bruner, week before last; the next by the pupils of Miss Grace Smith, last week, and the last one on Wednesday night of this week by the pupils of Miss Ethel Wootters. Large audiences were out on each occasion and the programs were rendered in a way that reflected much credit upon both pupils and teachers.

The board of stewards of the M. E. Church will please meet me at Glovers, Holcomb circuit, Saturday before the first Sunday in Jan. 1897. C. B. SMITH.

Misses Florence and Mamie Hogue and Mrs. M. K. Frazier left Wednesday for Dallas where they will spend the holidays.

On this, Thursday, evening, there will be a grand Christmas tree at the Baptist church, to which all the churches will contribute. Hundreds of presents will be distributed from the tree, and it is the purpose of the committee in charge, not only to make all the Sunday school pupils happy, but also to give a useful present to every poor white child in the city.

Miss Charm Aldrich, daughter of Col. Aldrich, has returned home for the holidays from Tyler where she has been attending school. She brought back a gold medal awarded to her for department.

Cards are out announcing the wedding of Miss Jennie V. Numsen of Palestine, and Mr. Thomas D. Craddock of Crockett, to take place in Palestine, at the residence of the bride's mother, Mrs. J. B. Numsen, on Tuesday, Dec. 29.

The mystery tea and doll sale at the residence of Mrs. Fannie Long, under Presbyterian auspices, last Monday night, was a perfect social success and netted a fair sum for the church. Mr. Long's spacious residence was taxed almost to its limit to take care of the crowd. Youth, beauty and gallantry, a swarm of happy children, pleased matrons and benevolent fathers were there, and it was an evening of genuine enjoyment for them all.

E. Broxson showed good sense in administering on his own estate while in the flesh. He made deeds to land as follows: Alvis Ellis 2200 acres; G. W. Broxson 2066; W. J. Garner about 600 or 700; O. Crowson's daughter also came in for a share; also the children of C. W. Ellis by his first wife. And S. F. Sanders got 160 acres.

Watchmaker & Jeweler

R. C. Stokes On or about December the first will have a complete line of Up to Date Watches, Jewelry, Novelties, Clocks, together with the best, prettiest, latest and most complete silver ware that has ever been in Crockett.

We Buy and Sell for cash; No Other way.

Complicated watch repairing a specialty Adjusted from 2, 4 to 6 positions.

Our Motto: Reliable goods, Fair Dealing And Bottom Prices.

Selling Out At Cost.

Owing to a change that will occur in our business within the next 60 days, we will from now until our entire stock is disposed of, sell at actual cost.

Now is your opportunity to put in a supply of winter goods at half the price that you would have to pay regular elsewhere.

Do not forget that our stock is complete and it consists of dry goods, clothing, boots and shoes, hats, trunks, matings, window shades, lace curtains and everything else carried in a first class Dry Goods Store.

Remember that you can buy these goods at actual cost. We mean business.

YOURS FOR BUSINESS,

The New York Store, Bloch & Romansky.

A. A. ALDRICH,
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
Will Practice in Houston and Adjoining Counties.
Office over Arledge, Kennedy & Co's.
CROCKETT, TEXAS.

Bargains, Bargains.

J. E. Downes is selling some wonderful bargains in all wool clothing. Mens' suits for \$3.25. Boys' suits from 75c. up to \$4.00, all WOOL goods.

Boys and young men, remember: he keeps the "Manhattan" shirts and the genuine "Cluet" collars, no imitations.

Downes says he is determined to give some of the best bargains in the next 30 days ever offered in Crockett or any where else in Houston county.

Remember we have all of the latest styles in hats, the genuine "Laufer" hat, one of the best makes in the world, and the most nobby shapes. Be sure and call for bargains. Respectfully,
J. E. DOWNES.

To Men and Boys Who Wish to Dress Well this Fall.

I have the most complete line of samples in the town. They are in patterns one yard and a quarter square, thus enabling the buyer to judge of the effect of a piece of goods, which is impossible when selecting from the small card and book samples. These pattern samples are not to be found elsewhere in Crockett. Please get my prices before placing orders.

Very Respt.
J. F. DOWNES.

A 50 cent Iron Tonic. Pure Soluble Iron conc. contained and pure Amorphous Quinine if contained in Cheatham's Tasteless Chill Tonic, making it the most desirable Iron Tonic on the market. It is a true tonic, strengthening, appetizing, tones up the system, and blood-purifier. Only 50 cents.

To the People of Houston and Adjoining Counties:

When you need anything in the way of corn, oats, bran, corn chops, wheat, rye, barley or anything in the feed and grain line it will pay you to see me before you buy. I carry a large stock and am prepared to meet all legitimate competition. My motto is spot cash and honest weight and measure. Store under Opera House Crockett, Tex. Respectfully,
JNO. MANGUM.

To the Lovers of Fine Flour:

I have the agency of three of the best flouring mills in the South West and solicit your trade. My leading brands are, White Swan, Bell of Mexico and Peerless.

There is nothing better made of wheat than the above and to purchasers, I guarantee the fullest satisfaction or will cheerfully refund money. Respectfully,
JNO. MANGUM.

"Time and tide waits for no man." An occasional dose of Cheatham's Chill Tonic often saves you from a long spell of sickness. "No cure no pay." Put up in both Tasteless and bitter styles. Tasteless 50 cent size.

GO TO J. A. BRICKER & CO.

—FOR FE—

Gold and Silver Spectacles.
Gold and Silver Watches
Plain Gold and Fancy Set Rings
Silverware and Novelties.
Fine Watch and Jewelry Repairing a Specialty.
Casieburg Old Stand.

J. L. & W. C. LIPSCOMB,
Physicians and Surgeons,
CROCKETT, TEXAS

Lumber! Lumber!

I am now ready to furnish Any and All Kinds of Lumber, of any Grade and of any Dimension. Will supply in any quantities at mill or delivered, the very

Best Heart Lumber

or mixed as the log runs. Any one wanting lumber for any purpose Will Find it To His Interest to Call and See me before buying. I can make it to his interest to buy from me.

Mill two and a half miles South of Crockett right on Lovelady road. All bills Filled Promptly and at Prices that Defy Competition. Try me. A. M. Langston.

MADDEN & LIPSCOMB,

Attorneys-at-Law, :-:

Will practice in all the State Courts. Preparing deeds and like instruments, and making abstracts to land titles a specialty. Collections solicited, prompt attention guaranteed. Office in Wootters building.

CROCKETT, TEXAS

J. S. WOOTTERS, M. D.,

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,

Crockett, Texas.

Office over Arledge & Kennedy's store.

J. E. AL CROOK. GEO. W. CROOK
CROOK & CROOK,
Attorneys-at-Law.
CROCKETT, TEXAS.

The last rose of summer is in bloom on the hill And now's time to the whip-poor-will "Cheatham's Chill Tonic has cured the last chill." You can shatter the bottle now if you will.