

# Crockett Courier.

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NO. 7.

## U. D. C. COLUMN.

### In Memoriam.

Tenderly and reverently we speak of the dead, and to day we meet to give expression to the deep sorrow we feel in the death of our neighbor and friend, Mrs. N. B. Wortham, who departed this life Saturday morning, Feb. 27th, 1904.

Mrs. Wortham was the daughter of Capt. John L. Hall, a Texas patriot, who fought to free Texas from the yoke of Mexico and who, with those gallant spirits, achieved the independence which we enjoy to day. Capt. Hall was one of the earliest settlers of Crockett and a man of much force of character.

She was born in Crockett, Feb. 20th, 1845, while Texas was yet a republic. A child of the republic, born and reared in Crockett, her childhood and early womanhood passed surrounded by a family devoted to her every wish and a large circle of relatives, in comfort and happiness. She married Captain Wm. Wortham, a brave confederate soldier and a true, good man. When the cruel war was over, and the reverses incidental thereto came, she was still happy in the return of her husband, and they together gathered up the broken threads of life, and yet happiness was hers. Then her husband was taken from her, and life became for her a hard struggle, but she bore up with loyalty and devotion to those left for her guidance and support. Cheerfully and faithfully she did her work, her duty, until the end came and found her ready for the Master's call.

As a daughter of the republic and the wife of Capt. Wortham, the Confederate Chapter elected her honorary member, when we found her health did not permit her to become an active member. She appreciated the courtesy, and her best wishes were assured us for our success.

The following resolutions, showing in a public way, our feeling for one so loyal and true were presented by the committee appointed for the purpose, a copy to be sent to the family and to the Courier for publication.

Resolved, that in the death of Mrs. N. B. Wortham, her family has sustained an irreparable bereavement. No sympathy of ours can relieve the hearts for the loss of a beloved mother or sister, but sympathy and love give us a glimpse of Heaven, and "the peace which passeth understanding."

To the hearts of the bereaved, we can but whisper hope for that reunion beyond the grave, and that it will be but a short time before the faithful shall have their reward in the beautiful assurance that

"There is no death! What seems so transient,  
The life of mortal breath is but a suburb of the  
life eternal  
Whose portals we call death."

MRS. J. N. H. WOOTTERS,  
MRS. EARLE ADAMS,  
MRS. D. A. NUNN.

### War Relics.

Austin, Texas, Feb. 10, 1904.  
To the Patriotic People of Texas:  
The legislature of Texas at its last regular session having by

joint resolution set aside a room in the capital building at Austin to the Texas division United Daughters of the Confederacy, in which to deposit, classify and exhibit relics of all wars in which Texas and her people have taken part:

And, whereas, the president of the Texas division, U. D. C., has appointed the undersigned board of regents for said room and to carry out the objects of said joint resolution:

Now, therefore, we respectfully appeal to the lovers of Texas and her glorious history to aid us in this laudable undertaking by procuring and sending to us all kinds of relics in any way connected with any war in which Texas and her people have taken part, with a memorandum stating something of its history and the war, raid or excursion in which it was used, and when possible, by whom used.

We want all we can get from an Indian arrow to a Gatlin gun; from the ragged, bullet ridden jacket of the private soldier, to the uniform of his general; from the old canteen, with or without a bullet hole through it, to the finest equipment of the field officer. We would gladly receive also paintings, portraits and historic papers such as would be interesting in such a collection.

If possessors of such relics are not willing to donate them to this purpose, we will be pleased to receive them as a loan, to be returned when called for. In every instance a receipt will be given, a record of the loan or donation made, the article properly labeled and numbered so as to properly identify it.

Chapters of the U. D. C. Camp of U. C. V. and Sons of Confederate Veterans are requested to have this appeal read at their meetings and appoint committees to aid in securing such relics. Respectfully, Mrs. L. J. Storey, Chairman; Mrs. Geo. W. Littlefield, Mrs. J. D. Roberdeau, Mrs. Corinne Nunn Corry, Mrs. J. B. Williams, Mrs. J. D. Field, Mrs. John H. Reagan, Mrs. Annie P. Norton, Mrs. H. G. Askew, Mrs. Geo. W. Massie, Mrs. J. H. Alsworth.

Papers friendly to the cause will please copy.

### Republican Precinct Meeting.

Persuant to the call of the chairman of the republican executive committee of Houston county, the republicans of precinct No. 1 met March 5th and elected delegates to the county convention to be held on the 12th inst.

Owing to the disqualification of the precinct chairman, and no appointment having been made by the executive chairman, Chas. Hall was elected chairman.

J. W. WILLIAMS,  
Precinct Sec'y.

### A Favorite Remedy for Babies.

Its pleasant taste and prompt cures have made Chamberlain's Cough Remedy a favorite with the mothers of small children. It quickly cures their coughs and colds and prevents any danger of pneumonia or other serious consequences. It not only cures croup, but when given as soon as the croupy cough appears will prevent the attack. For sale by B. F. Chamberlain.

### Lovelady's Wonderful Discovery.

EDITOR COURIER:

In the wilderness Moses smote the rocks and forth gushed the purling waters to quench the parched tongues of Israel. This miracle has challenged the wonder of succeeding generations, but, in the light of recent developments in Texas, it pales into the mediocre. Water is entirely too commonplace for the fin de siecle Texan.

Gully probed the prairie of South Texas with his steel drill and it took fifty men a week to check the flow of pure grease. As is their custom, people went wild, and every fellow who could borrow a gimlet bored a hole in his back yard, cut his farm up into square blocks ten feet in area, and touched the public for a handsome price in payment for these valuable bits of "terra grease." Real gushers, projected gushers, expected gushers, possible gushers, impossible gushers, we read of in every paper; and it is probable that not a day passed for two years which has not been the natal day of one of these real or hypothetical spouters.

But thus far mother earth has yielded nothing but grease or hot air.

Now, Lovelady is a wee bit of a fragment of the earth, one of those scraps which appear to have been left over from the great masterpiece of creation. Her people are not unlike the drowsy denizens of Sleepy Hollow. Nothing ever disturbs their equanimity; quietly they pursue the even tenor of their way amid the distracted perturbations of the age. Newspapers find their way here occasionally, and these worthy people have read of the wonderful gushers aforementioned, with perhaps a passing comment of surprise, but secure in their retired harbor, they have at all times been free from the violent waves of excitement which of late have swept conservative people from their moorings.

Lovelady is at last aroused. Necessarily it is a wonder which has accomplished the awakening. I give it to the good people of our county for what it is worth, trusting they will make all due allowances for the natural exaggeration due to enthusiasm.

One of our even tempered farmers was digging a hole not long ago. The object of this, he declares, was to furnish his family with water. He violently denies that he had any ulterior motive in view and affirms that the wonderful revelation consequent upon his digging was not due to malice aforethought. He has learned that it is dangerous to stick holes in Texas. Well, the digging had progressed without notable event to considerable depth when the driller noticed oozing from the ground a peculiar whitish liquid with a strangely familiar smell, the odor being that of fresh buttermilk, a perfume which never fails to produce an effect of soul-lifting upon the gustatory nerves of the normal man. Surprised out of his usual equanimity, the owner pulled the drill, bottled a sample of the liquid and hid him off to Lovelady where he submitted his aqua alba to a well known

chemist who, from excessive modesty, wishes his name withheld. This scientist, after applying every known test declared the substance to be pure buttermilk, excellent for culinary purposes and fairly good as a beverage.

The citizens of our little burg received this declaration from so eminent an authority with dismay, for it means that the obscurity which, like a thick veil, has screened our community from the vulgar gaze of the commercial world has been torn asunder and no longer can they rest in undisturbed tranquility and allow moss, mistletoe and other parasites to grow upon their dorsal vertebrae. It may be remarked just here, by way of parenthesis, that a strange unrest is noticeable among the town cows, attributable perhaps to the fact that many of these faithful creatures will be permanently put out of business by this wonderful revelation of what is under Lovelady.

But I digress. Our people have ever been of a philosophical turn of mind and with a zeal and accuracy equal to that displayed by various experts in accounting for the wonderful finds at Beaumont, Sour Lake and Crockett, they have turned the search-light of supposition upon the phenomenon. Several very plausible theories have been advanced. The one which is most popular and which receives the endorsement of the ultra-scientific circle here, is as follows: It is a well established fact that there is a sub-stratum of clay impermeable by water which extends from this section northwestward. Now, before this country was settled, the central and western plains were the homes of billions of wild cattle and buffalo. For ages these beasts roamed the prairie practically undisturbed by man, and among them stampedes were frequent. It is a fact known to all that a cow when she runs with a full udder, loses her milk. Thus, in the course of time, billions of barrels of lactic fluid were wasted. Wasted? No. In the economy of nature there is no such term. The ground received this valuable liquid and transmitted it to the surface of this stratum of clay. Here it collected in large quantities and slowly permeated south-eastward. We must bear in mind the fact that the earth rotates on its axis at a rate of about 850 miles an hour in this latitude. This rotary motion has acted like a great natural patent churn and has, by its ceaseless energy, separated the butter from the milk. Even had it not been for this device of nature, there has been agitation enough in Texas for the past generation or so to have accomplished the same result. The milk, freed from the butter, has slowly percolated through the permeable layer of earth immediately above the clay. It so happens that the stratum of clay comes very near the surface at the particular spot where our well was sunk.

Now, gentle reader, this is the story and its explanation. The possibilities of the find are simply incalculable. For instance, it may solve the prohibition question by offering this abundant and palatable beverage as a compromise between the aqua pura of the pros and the fire water of the antis. Then, if the theory as above advanced is true, there must be a large deposit of butter somewhere to the northwest of us and if it be near Saltville, we may expect to find it ready prepared for table use. These are simply suggestive; time alone will tell what the developments will be.

It is hoped that the railroad will offer excursion rates at an early date, so that anyone wishing to verify the above may have an opportunity of doing so at a small cost. Each visitor will be presented with a generous vial of the liquid free of cost.

A stock company with all home capital (an example to some of our sister towns) has been formed and has secured options on all of the land within a radius of five miles. Good bargains in land at a greater distance may be had by applying to J. D. Freeman, land agent, or to W. B. Collins, promoter.

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### Bridewell-Anderson Recital.

The song recital Tuesday evening by Mrs. Kate Bridewell-Anderson, assisted by the Lind Harmonics, was well received and every number applauded. Mrs. Anderson is a singer of national note and the audience expected something of unusual merit. In this they were not disappointed. She is a Southern woman of Southern education and possesses a deep, soft, soprano voice that is of itself beautifully Southern. Her expression was pleasing and her voice showed cultivation of a high order. Her rendition at the close of the recital of "Nobody is Looking but the Owl and the Moon" completely captivated the audience.

Crockett fortunately possesses some local talent that is praiseworthy and of which too much could not be said in a complimentary way. The singing Tuesday evening of the Lind Harmonics was greatly enjoyed by the audience, as evidenced by the hearty applause they received. This quartet is composed of Mrs. Walker King, Mrs. John LeGory, Miss Ethel Wootters and Mrs. Henry Baker. Members of the quartet rendered beautiful solos.

A pleasant surprise to the audience was the reading of Mr. O. C. Payne. As an evidence of appreciation by the audience, he was heartily encored which continued until he re-appeared.

Miss Ethel Wootters was accompanist for Mrs. Kate Bridewell Anderson.

### Strayed!

One sleek back mare with long blaze in forehead, and one of both hind feet white, branded on hip, holds a high head and shows whites of eyes. Also one dark bay or brown filly four years old. Both animals are long bodied and a little above medium height. \$5.00 reward for penning same and notifying T. N. Mainer, Lovelady, Texas.

It is believed at the various fruit centers that the crop is not hurt up to this time, and that the outlook for a large crop is unusually good.—Rusk County News.













