

The Crockett Courier.

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MOTTO—Quality, Not Quantity.

CROCKETT, TEXAS, NOVEMBER 4, 1909.

VOL. XX—NO. 41.

Don't Wait Another Day



No, Sir! You should order your suit to-day and have it ready. Don't delay. Don't let the other fellow get ahead of you. Order your fall suit to-day. Our pretty fall fabrics are awaiting you and our new fashion plates want you to look them over.

Shupak Tailoring Company

Chas. Clinton announces that he has received a complete supply of plumbers' material and is prepared to install bath tubs with modern fixtures, wash basins, water hydrants and everything appertaining to the plumbing business. See him if you want something nice at a moderate price.

A Broken Back.

That pain in your back caused by lumbago, stiff muscles or a strain is an easy thing to get rid of. Ballard's Snow Liniment cures rheumatism, lumbago, sore and stiff muscles, strains, sprains, cuts, burns, bruises, scalds and all aches and pains. You need a bottle. Sold by The Murchison-Beasley Drug Co.

Popular Young Girl Died.

Miss Mary Wilson, a student at Texas Christian university, died at 7 o'clock last night, succumbing to appendicitis. An operation was performed in the hope of saving her life, but failed to have the desired effect.

The remains were prepared for burial and shipped to the home of the deceased at Grapeland, Texas, today, accompanied by her mother, Mrs. Fannie Wilson, and her brother, Dr. S. P. Cunningham of San Antonio. Services were held at 9:30 this morning at the home of Mrs. O. L. Hazelwood, 1115 Herring avenue, where Miss Wilson and her mother were rooming. Rev. Colby D. Hall officiated, while hymns were rendered by the T. C. U. choir.

Classmates of the deceased acted as pall bearers, and school was dismissed while the services were in progress, the students attending in a body. Following the services at Mrs. Hazelwood's residence, memorial exercises were conducted at the university chapel by Rev. W. D. Parks and Dr. J. B. Eskridge.

Miss Wilson, who had been attending T. C. U. for two years, was only 17 years of age at the time of her death, and a musician of great promise. Her ability in a musical capacity won for her the great encomiums from teachers and friends, and her talent in this direction secured for her the most

generous and unstinted praise.

A prime favorite with her classmates, kind, obliging and always ready to extend any little courtesy in her power, the deceased was one of the most popular girls at T. C. U. By the faculty and students at that institution her death is universally regretted and the most sincere condolence has been extended to the bereaved mother and other relatives.—Waco Times Herald, Oct. 19, 1909.

To the Public.

Owing to the increased cost of the necessaries of life, we deem it necessary to charge fifteen cents straight for a shave, beginning the 15th day of this coming November, 1909; the prices of all other barber work to remain the same.

This additional two and a half cents charge on a shave to those customers who are accustomed to take checks, we are sure will agree with us; while to an individual customer this increase will not amount to much, to us it will mean a good deal towards helping us to earn a respectable living.

Respectfully,

John D. Friend.

V. B. Tunstall.

2t.

If you desire a clear complexion take Foley's Orino Laxative for constipation and liver trouble as it will stimulate these organs and thoroughly cleanse your system, which is what everyone needs in order to feel well. Will McLean.

\$100 a Bale.

Fourteen and a quarter cents was such a common price paid for cotton in Crockett Wednesday that not much notice was taken of it. Seed was readily taken at \$26 a ton. With cotton at 14 1/2 cents a pound and seed at \$26 a ton, the average bale brought close around the \$100 mark. This is as much as three bales brought a few years ago.

Will Pay Reward.

A belt with bag attached was lost Tuesday afternoon on the streets between the Murchison-Beasley corner and Dan McLean's store. The belt and bag are both of white embroidered linen; the belt has a metal buckle containing large amethyst stone, and the bag contained some money and a pair of spectacles. Liberal reward. Apply at the Courier office.

No Case on Record.

There is no case on record of a cough or cold resulting in pneumonia or consumption after Foley's Honey and Tar has been taken, as it will stop your cough and break up your cold quickly. Refuse any but the genuine Foley's Honey and Tar in a yellow package. Contains no opiates and is safe and sure. Will McLean.

The kidneys are small but important organs. They need help occasionally. Prickly Ash Bitters is a successful kidney tonic and system regulator. The Murchison-Beasley Drug Co., Crockett; C. R. Rich, Lovelady; special agents.

Profit Producing Merchandise Which Should Get Your Business



DANIEL & BURTON Want Your Business

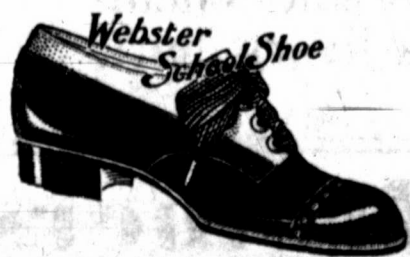
They want it on the merit of their merchandise—their liberal policies and up-to-now business methods.

They want it on a Fair and Square basis.

They want it because they know if they once get it they will have it as long as you live in or near Crockett.

They want it for the same reason others want it and to get it they fully realize that they must give you everything that is coming to you and sometimes a little bit more.

These facts cause you to get in touch with the House of Opportunities—the house whose goods are sold all over Houston and adjoining counties—the house that has built up the largest business on its own efforts and well selected stocks in the history of trade in Houston county.



DANIEL & BURTON

WE BUY YOUR COTTON



WE THANK YOU



TO THOSE people who have contributed to the success of our Emory Mill Remnant Sale by attending and making this sale one of the most successful we have ever inaugurated, we express our thanks. To our clerks we extend our thanks and appreciation for their services and faithfulness in face of the overwhelming crowds waited upon during this sale. We apologize to those people who were in any way hurriedly waited on, or forced to wait for the doors to open Saturday morning. Our store capacity was several times crowded to the extent that we were almost forced to close our doors. And now as this great sale draws to a close we desire to call your attention to a few articles which we think should appeal to you with special interest and quote you prices on same. And while we do not run special sales 365 days in the year, we can make things very interesting for 311 days in the year, being careful to observe 52 days out of the year as Sundays, and also Thanksgiving day and the glorious 4th of July; and when we do put on a special sale it means something to every man, woman and child who attends these sales. And now in conclusion we will give you the specials:

Clothing

- One lot No. 2157 men's black granite suits, worth \$12.00, for only, per suit. **6.98**
- One lot men's black cashmere suits, No. 4677, regular \$8.50 stock, for only, per suit. **4.24**
- One lot, No. 7131, black English worsted, worth \$10.00 a suit, going now for. **4.94**
- One lot men's No. 4015 suits, gray flannel, worth \$8.50 a suit, to close out for. **4.15**
- One lot No. 1374C men's striped flannel suits, regular \$9.00 stock, our price to close out. **4.24**
- One lot No. 5108 black English clay worsted, worth \$6.50, to close out at. **3.48**
- One lot men's black worsted suits No. 2101, regular \$5.00 stock, going out at only, per suit. **2.48**

Shoes

- In this line we have the largest and best stock in town and will quote you prices on a few styles we wish to close out at once:
- Lot No. 4102, ladies' black vici, patent tip blucher, good stock and style, regular \$2.50 seller, closing out price, per pair. **1.98**
 - One lot No. 4004, ladies' New Idea black kid blucher, patent tip, extra sole, worth \$2.25, going out at. **1.50**
 - One lot ladies' Banner shoes, kangaroo calf, double sole, regular \$1.75 stock, our price only. **1.15**
 - Lot No. 809, ladies' patent tip vici blucher, regular \$2.25 stock, closing out price only. **1.35**
 - One lot Men's Dr. John Wilson-Gibbs shoes, regular \$6.00 stock, our price while they last only. **4.00**
- Just received a new stock Rugs and Art Squares

Jas. S. Shivers & Company

FOR SALE

A carload of well-broke mules, from 3 to 6 years old, 14 to 16 hands high. At Ben Satterwhite's place, west of the freight depot.

SATTERWHITE & ALLEE

Our Modern Beatitudes.

- 1—Blessed are the poor; for they must obey the laws.
- 2—Blessed are they that mourn; for the railroad companies are good for damages.
- 3—Blessed are the meek; for they shall stand up in the street cars.
- 4—Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness; for they shall pay the preacher's salary.
- 5—Blessed are the merciful; for they shall be called mollycoddles.
- 6—Blessed are the pure in heart; for they can't swear off their taxes.
- 7—Blessed are the peace-makers; for they shall receive a Nobel prize.
- 8—Blessed are they which are persecuted; for they shall get their names in the newspapers.
- 9—Blessed are ye when men shall revile you; for you will be sent to Congress.—W. B. Kerr in Holland's Magazine.

A Card.

This is to certify that all druggists are authorized to refund your money if Foley's Honey and Tar fails to cure your cough or cold. It stops the cough, heals the lungs and prevents serious results from a cold, prevents pneumonia and consumption. Contains no opiates. The genuine is in a yellow package. Refuse substitutes. Will McLean.

MAN IN ISOLATION.

He is of Little Consequence and is a Barrier to Progress. It is not an easy thing for a man to separate himself from the thought and activity and purpose of the community in which he lives and to pursue an isolated, disconnected and selfish part. He can't do it, indeed, and if he tries it he will only reduce himself to a cipher or stumbling block. The community will get on somehow, for it must, but if it has many members of this kind it will be dull, heavy and unprogressive. Man in isolation is of little consequence, next to nothing. His association with others, the inspiration he receives from others, draw out his own powers. "The state," to this day, as Plato conceived it, remains "a product of mind." Out of the action and interaction of currents of mind, affected and even directed by variant views or opinions, comes the whole progress of man, of society, of the human race. We want what Burke described as "that action and counteraction which in the natural and political world, from the reciprocal struggle of discordant powers, draw out the harmony of the universe." The most isolated man cannot separate himself from the situation he lives in. If such isolation were general or could be general it would be the negation of civilization.—Portland Oregonian.

Encouragement.
Artist—Yes, I keep pegging away. Sometimes I get discouraged and say to myself, "What's the use?" Friend—Don't give up, old man. You can't do worse than you've done, you know.—Exchange.

Education is a capital to a poor man and an interest to a rich man.—Horace Mann.

Why He Was Deaf.

Scene—Stable of Scottish village inn. Landlord is busy repairing a piece of harness and is carrying on at the same time a conversation with the village blacksmith. Enter farmer.
Farmer—Look here, landlord! Can ye gie me a bottle o' yer best whisky?
Landlord—Weel, ye see, the horses are a' out, an' I dinna ken when ony o' them 'll be hame.
Farmer—It's no a horse I want; it's a bottle o' whisky.
Landlord—Aye; but, ye see, they're a guid bit awa', an' it'll be late before the first o' them's back.
Farmer (louder)—I tell ye, it's no a horse, but a bottle o' whisky, I want.
Landlord—Weel, ye see, the beasts 'll be tired, an'—
Farmer—Gang awa' wi' ye an' yer beasts!
Exit.
Blacksmith—Man, John, ye're gettin' as deaf as a doopost. It wasna' a horse, but a bottle o' whisky, the man was askin' for.
Landlord—Ou, aye, I heard him fine, but he didna' pay for the last bottle he got.—Pearson's Weekly.

The Order of the Bath.

The last Knights of the Bath made according to the ancient forms were at the coronation of Charles II, when various rites and ceremonies, one of which was bathing, were enforced. According to Froissart, the court barber prepared a bath, and the candidate for membership in the order, having been undressed by his esquires, was thereupon placed in the bath, his clothes and collars being the perquisites of the barber. He was then removed from the water to the words "May this be an honorable bath to you" and was placed in a plain bed quite wet and naked to dry. As soon as he was quite dry he was removed from the bed, dressed in new and rich apparel and conducted by his sponsors to the chapel, where he offered a taper to the honor of God and a penny piece to the honor of the king. Then he went to the monarch and, kneeling before him, received from the royal sword a tap on the shoulder, the king exclaiming, "Arise, Sir," and then embraced him, saying, "Be thou a good knight, and true."—London Strand Magazine.

England's Patron Saint.

The story of England's patron saint is surrounded by a mixture of truth and fable which defies definite sifting. He is generally believed to have been born at Lydia, but brought up in Cap-

padocia, and suffered martyrdom in the reign of Diocletian, A. D. 303. The legend of his conflict with the dragon may have arisen from a symbolical or allegorical representation of his contest with the pagan persecutors. When our crusaders went to the east in 1096 they found St. George elevated to the rank of warrior saint, with the title of the "victorious," and as they believed that they were indebted to him for aid in the siege of Antioch they adopted him as the patron of soldiers. Edward III. was thus led to make him patron of the Order of the Garter, and so gradually St. George became the tutelary saint of England.—London Mail.

Eve and the Apple.

Princess Duleep Singh at a dinner in New York said that she found the American woman a marvel of beauty and the American man a model of good looks and kindness. "The American man," said the charming princess, "is rightly held up to the world as the pattern husband. In Europe they have a saying about Eve and the apple which shows how wretched a failure the European husband is. This saying is unknown in America, I am sure. It would have no point, no application, here in the land of pattern husbands. The saying is this: "The evil one didn't give the apple to the man, but to the woman, because the evil one knew well that the man would eat it all himself, but the woman would go halves.""

Aisle of the Car in a Railroad Wreck.

A veteran railroad man gave a piece of valuable advice not long ago. "If you ever get into a wreck," he said, "and have time to follow out this suggestion remember this: Always stand in the aisle. Most of the injuries that are suffered occur because the victim is crushed between the seats. If you are in the aisle you may be thrown forward and bruised a little, but there is much less chance of receiving serious hurts. It isn't always possible to get out of your seat before the crash comes, but if it is follow that advice."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

A Use For Arithmetic.

"My boy," said the head of the firm, "I've noticed that you have a great head for figures, although you don't seem to be able to spell or write at all. How does it happen?" "I studied 'rithmetic," replied the office boy, "cause I wanted to know how to figure de battin' averages."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Trapping the Parson.

William Morris did not always get his jokes right end first. In a biography of her husband, Mrs. Edward Burne-Jones tells of the case with which he reversed them. A dinner gathering had all been asking conundrums. "Who killed his brother Cain?" asked Burne-Jones. Morris fell into the trap at once. "Abel!" he shouted. Later in the day he came in laughing. "I trapped the parson, by Jove!" he exclaimed. "I asked him, 'Who killed his brother Abel?'" "Cain," he said at once. "Ha!" I said. "I knew you'd say that. Every one does." I came away and left him puzzled enough, and I doubt if he's found out yet what the joke was.

Not Qualified.

Two men were getting warm over a simple difference of opinion. They turned to the third man. "Isn't a homemade strawberry shortcake better than a cherry pie?" demanded one of them. "Isn't a homemade cherry pie better than any shortcake?" inquired the other. The third man shook his head. "I don't know," he said. "I board."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

The Tripping Tongue.

"Henry Peck, you're a fool!" "You didn't seem to think so when I was single." "No, you never showed what a big fool you were until you married me."—Exchange.

Not an Umpire.

A clergyman startled his drowsy congregation the other day as follows: "My dearly beloved friends, permit me to remind you that I come here to preach, not to act as umpire in a snoring match."

The Explanation.

Fred—There seems to be a lot more fuss made of Miss A.'s singing than Miss K.'s, and I am sure Miss K. has by far the richer voice. Jack—Ah, yes, but Miss A. has by far the richer father.

Made Sure of the Pie.

A young girl who carried her dinner was observed to eat her pie first. When asked why, she replied, "Well, if there's anything left it won't be the pie, will it, now?"

George III. and the Wigmakers.

When George III. ascended the throne of England his wealthy subjects were beginning to leave off wigs and to appear in their own hair, "if they had any." As the sovereign was himself one of the offenders, the peruke makers, who feared a serious loss of trade, prepared a petition in which they prayed his majesty to be graciously pleased to "shave his head" for the good of distressed workmen and wear a wig, as his father had done before him.

When the petitioners walked to the royal palace, however, it was noticed that they wore no wigs themselves. As this seemed unfair to the onlookers they seized several of the leading processionists and cut their hair with any implement that came most readily to hand.

From this incident arose a host of curious caricatures. The wooden leg makers were said to have especial claims on the king's consideration, inasmuch as the conclusion of peace had deprived them of a profitable source of employment; hence the suggestion that his majesty should not only wear a wooden leg himself, but enjoy the people to follow his laudable example.

As Others See Us.

"The man who can pick out the best picture of himself is a rare bird," said a photographer. "Even an author, who is reputedly a poor judge of his own work, exercises vast wisdom in selecting his best book compared with the person who tries to choose his best photograph. Every famous man or woman who has been photographed repeatedly has his or her favorite picture. Usually it is the worst in the collection. It shows him or her with an unnatural expression, sitting or standing in an unnatural attitude. The inability to judge of his best picture must be due to the average man's ignorance of how he really looks, or perhaps it can be partly attributed to a desire to look other than he does. A stout man will swear that the photograph most nearly like him is the one that makes him look thin, a thin man the one that makes him look stout, the solemn man selects the jolliest picture, the jovial man the most cadaverous.—Philadelphia Ledger.

A Famous Quotation.

A story about Keats is quoted by the late Sir Benjamin Ward Richardson in his "Lives" of disciples of Aesculapius. Mr. Stephens, a friend of the doctor, once told him that one evening at twilight when he and Keats were sitting together in their student days, Stephens at his medical books, Keats engrossed in his dreaming, Keats called out to his friend that he had composed a new line—"A thing of beauty is a constant joy." "What think you of that, Stephens?" "It has the true ring, but is wanting in some way," replies the latter as he dips once more into his medical studies. An interval of silence, and again the poet, "A thing of beauty is a joy forever." "What think you of that, Stephens?" "That it will live forever." "A happy prophecy indeed!"

The Forests on the Niger.

The insects of Africa are expert disease carriers, and they come in such numbers on the Niger that one hardly dares to use one's lamp or go too near a light of any sort at night. These forests on the Niger are deadly places for all their haunting attraction and take a big toll both of European and native life. Yet the first three days on the Niger, with all its mud and its smell and its mangrove flies and its frogs and its crickets, are enough to give the newcomer an inkling of the drawing power, the fascination, of what is probably the most unhealthy country in the world.—W. B. Thompson in Blackwood's.

He Beat the Baker.

His name was Johnny, and he was the idol of his mother's heart in spite of what the neighbors might say to his detriment.

"You'll get my bread today before returning to school, John," remarked his mother to the boy while he indulged in his midday meal.

"Yes, mother," answered he and shortly went forth to carry out his mother's wishes.

"A quartern of bread—yesterday's, please," murmured John sweetly as he tendered fivepence halfpenny in payment of the two loaves forthcoming.

"Bread has gone up, my boy, one halfpenny," remarked Mr. Dough as he held out his hand for the needful balance.

"When?" queried John thoughtfully as the prospect of a distasteful double journey flashed across his mind.

"This morning, my lad, if that is any consolation."

Johnny's face brightened visibly. "Yes, I think it is," he remarked spasmodically, "for it was yesterday's bread I ordered."

The baker concluded he had no claim.—London Telegraph.

The Candle Tree.

One of the wonders of the vegetable kingdom is undoubtedly the candle tree of Panama, known to botanists as *Parmentiera cerifera*. This tree produces from its stem and older

branches a great profusion of yellowish, cylindrical, smooth fruits, twelve to eighteen inches long, which appear exactly like wax candles, as the botanical name implies. So close is this resemblance that travelers, seeing the tree for the first time, are liable to be temporarily puzzled as to whether the candles of shops are made in factories or grown on trees! The candle-like fruits are suspended from the branches and bare stem by short, slender stalks, dangling in the air, and readily give the impression of the chandelier's shop. As night falls and the numerous fireflies move among the fruit this impression is intensified. The inexperienced traveler is not infrequently informed that the fireflies perform the duty of lighting up these "candles" at night when light is required by the denizens of the jungle.—London Strand.

A Lich Gate.

A lich gate is a shed, generally of oak, over the entrance of a churchyard, beneath which the bearers passed when bringing a body for interment. Here the clergyman met the body and read the introductory part of the burial service as he preceded the funeral train into the church. Examples of old lich gates are still to be seen in many country churchyards. In Wales they are more modern and are usually built of stone. Some of the old lich gates are formed with one wide door turning on a central pivot and self closing by means of a rude pulley wheel in the roof and a stone weight inclosed in an iron frame, a primitive but effective piece of machinery. In Herefordshire they are also called "scallage" or "scallage" gates. "Lich gate" is derived from the Anglo-Saxon lich, a corpse; hence the north country "tyke wake."—London Answers.

Hypnotic Power in Animals.

An interesting instance of the hypnotic power possessed by a good many animals is given by a correspondent of the Glasgow Herald. One morning outside Elgin a blackbird was observed to be standing by the roadside, paying no heed to the footsteps of the passerby. It was gazing fixedly at four young wasps under the hedge, which were approaching in a semicircle, apparently to surround it. Just then a warning cry was heard from behind, uttered presumably by the parent wasp, and the young ones disappeared in the hedge. The bird still remained powerless and immovable, and only after repeated urging did it fly to a tree near by, when it gave forth a weak, frightened sound, as though still under the influence of the terror which had arrested its faculties.

A Mild Hint.

Two guests came to spend the evening and didn't know when to depart. The host and hostess were patient with them, very patient, but when 11, 12 and finally 1 o'clock struck the husband realized that something must be done. He was an original chap, and in his droll way he looked over at his wife and said mildly: "My dear, hadn't we better get up to bed? Our friends may want to be going."

The Separation.

"I understand that she is separated from her husband." "Yes." "Oh, tell me all about it. What did she do?" "Nothing. He died."

It Was Hard.

Hamfatter Hamlet (the actor)—That hard boiled egg gave me a headache. His friend—You shouldn't eat hard boiled eggs. Hamfatter—I didn't eat it. A fellow bit me with it behind the ear.

Coaxing.

Mrs. Brown—I'm afraid to let you have a bicycle. Little Johnny—Don't feel that way, ma. Even if it did kill me, remember that it would be the last thing I ever asked you for.

He Was Out.

Short—If Long calls with that little bill tell him I'm out. Mrs. Short—But that would be telling a falsehood! Short—Nothing of the kind. I'm out of cash.

Great men are they who see that spiritual is stronger than any material force.—Emerson.

Judging a Slander.

During a suit for slander brought in an Ohio town one of the parties was asked by the presiding magistrate:

"Is it true, as alleged, that you declared that Thomas Mulkins had stolen your pocketbook?"

"Your honor," responded the man, "I did not go so far as that. I merely said that if Mulkins had not assisted me in looking for the pocketbook I might have found it."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Before and After.

She was a frivolous, fashionable young woman with beaux galore, but one man with only a small income seemed to be the favorite.

"You'll have to work hard before you win that girl," said his mother.

"And a good deal harder after you win her," answered his father, who knew what he was talking about.

What a Dollar Dog Can Do.

A man in a nearby city bought for his wife and child a year ago a dog, for which he paid a dollar. It was obviously nothing wonderful in the canine way—merely a mongrel, with the bulldog strain predominant. The owner was a man in humble circumstances, and the dog in his modest dwelling was the principal asset aside from a few sticks of furniture. The other night Tom was tied to a leg of the kitchen sink, as usual, and the family went to bed. They were awakened by the dog at midnight scratching at his master's door. When his master came out to see what was the matter the dog, with a remnant of chewed rope hanging from his collar, whined and ran to the head of the stairway. The house was on fire, and shortly after woman and child and man and dog made their escape their poor dwelling was a mass of glowing embers. The owner of the dog has been urged to part with him for a large cash consideration; but, though he is penniless, he will not part with the four footed savior of his family. Neither has the dog at any time had thoughts of leaving them for luxurious kennels.—New York Times.

Slaves to the Servants.

"I am very tired," said the fashionably dressed woman. "I have been working dreadfully hard all day. Doing what? Why, seeing to my servants—working for them. Didn't you know that the more servants you have the harder you must work? Certainly I have to do all the shopping for my servants. I have to buy their uniforms, the caps and aprons of the maids, the clothing of the housekeeper, and have to see to the marketing, too, yes, and very often, in spite of the fact that I have a housekeeper. I must, or they will form a combine to rob me of everything I have. The housekeeper will get a rakeoff that will enable her to retire in a few years. Then perhaps it is I who must hunt a place as housekeeper for some one else. Oh, yes, if you want to keep your position as mistress of a household of servants you must keep hustling! You can't afford to let the grass grow under your feet to any great extent."—New York Press.

He Got a Hundred.

Sammy's mother talked to him long and earnestly about the poor marks he had been getting in his work at school. She painted in alluring colors the career of the little boy who studies his lessons and gains the love and respect of his teachers. She went even farther. She promised him that if he got good marks she would give him a whole dime all for his own. Sammy seemed impressed.

That afternoon he returned from school fairly dancing with joy. "Oh, mother," he shouted, "I got a hundred!"

"Sammy!" cried his delighted mother. She hugged him and kissed him and petted him and—gave him the dime.

"And what did you get a hundred in?" she finally asked.

"In two things," replied Sammy without hesitation. "I got forty in readin' and sixty in spellin'."—Everybody's Magazine.

Animals and Instinct.

It is a mistake to imagine that animals are prevented by instinct from eating injurious food. A chicken will drink paint; a cow partakes of water in which noxious chemicals have been washed; ducks cheerfully swallow snails and choke themselves in the process. No; animals, like children, need watching.

Recently numerous cases of poisoning in ducks, which followed the consumption of cabbage leaves, have attracted much attention. A few hours after feeding poisoning has manifested itself by loss of appetite, great weakness, tottering steps and sometimes death. From time immemorial ducks have thrived on cabbage leaves. The poultry farmers were greatly puzzled.

Then it was discovered that various caterpillars were concealed in the cabbage leaves; hence these tears. But the point is that, far from instinctively detecting any danger and behaving accordingly, the ducks consumed great quantities of the leaves with much apparent relish.—London Answers.

Pleasure and Sacrifice.

An alert little five-year-old was visiting a city park with her mother for the first time. She had noticed the beautiful red and white swan boats as they passed through in the morning, and her mother had promised they should come back after the shopping was done and have a ride.

Shortly after dinner they stood on the bridge over the lagoon watching the boats below and listening to the cry of the barker as he tried to induce the passing crowds to patronize his swan boats.

But when her mother started toward the boat landing little Elsie declared very vigorously that she did not want to go at all and, as her mother urged her, broke forth in tears.

This sudden fear was so different from her former eagerness that her mother could not understand it until she noticed the boatman's call.

He was crying: "Come along! Come

along! Ride clear round the pond. Only 5 cents for ladies and gents! Children thrown in!"

Apples as Omens.

In parts of England many quaint superstitions still center round the apple. Apples hung on strings and twirled before the fire are said to fall off in the order that the marriages of the various owners will proceed. An apple eaten before a looking glass is supposed to give a view of the inquirer's future husband, who will be seen peeping over milady's shoulder. Peel safely taken from an apple, tossed three times round the head and thrown to the ground unbroken forms the first letter of a future lover's name. A more recent, though hardly more serious, custom necessitates a bowl of water in which are floating a number of apples. Mothers must drop forks into the bowl from a distance of about four feet. If the fork pierces an apple the feat is believed to protect the performer's children from catching cold.—London Scraps.

Early English Scare.

In 1370 a report was circulated that "certain galleys, with a multitude of armed men therein, were lying off the foreland of Thanet," and an order was at once issued that "every night watch shall be kept between the Tower of London and Billingsgate, with forty men at arms and sixty archers." The watch was kept in the following order: "Tuesday, the drapers and the tailors; Wednesday, the mercers and the apothecaries; Thursday, the fishmongers and the butchers; Friday, the pewterers and the vintners; Saturday, the goldsmiths and the saddlers; Sunday, the ironmongers, the armorers and the cutlers; Monday, the tawers, the spurriers, the bowyers and the girdlers." Even in 1616 pirate vessels were captured off the Kentish coast, between Broadstairs and Margate.—London Chronicle.

The Label Language.

"There's a language in hotel labels, the same as in stamps or flowers," said a courier. "All over Europe the hotel porters paste the hotel labels on your trunks in such a way that the porters in future towns will know what sort of a tipper you are.

"Up at the top of the trunk the label means you are generous. In the middle it means you're a middling sort. Down very low it means you are no good."

Willing to Help.

"Ma, what are the folks in our church gettin' up a subscription fer?" "To send our minister on a vacation to Europe." "Won't there be no church services while he's gone?" "No, dear." "Ma, I got \$1.23 in my bank. Can I give that?"—Cleveland Leader.

Franklin and the Balloon.

When the balloon was first discovered some one said to Franklin, "What will ever come of it?" Franklin pointed to a baby in its cradle and said, "And what will ever come of that?"

A Truthful Sign.

Mr. Longear—By the way, did you ever know that large ears are a sign of generosity? Miss Beautif—of course, Mr. Longear. They are a sign that nature has been generous.

The Spelling Class.

Teacher—Spell coincidence, Willie. Willie—I can't spell it, but I can tell what it means. Teacher—Well, then, what does it mean? Willie—Twins.—Judge.

He who relies on posterity to do him justice will not feel the pain of disappointment.—Puck.

His Poems.

"May I offer you this little gift, Fraulein Kate?" "Excuse me—I never take presents from men." "But it is only a copy of my book of poems." "In that case I will accept. I thought it was something valuable."—Flegende Blatter.

The Place For It.

An old Scotswoman was advised by her minister to take snuff to keep herself awake during the sermon. She answered briskly, "Why dinna ye put the snuff in the sermon, mon?"

The Shake.

"What did you say last night when Jack asked you to marry him?" "I shook my head." "Sideways or up and down?"—Boston Transcript.

There is no plety in keeping an unjust promise.—German Proverb.

What He Found.

"He went into the country to find solitude." "Did he find it?" "No; quite the opposite. He sat down on an ant hill."

Cunning.

Deemster—Whenever I have to borrow money I try to get it from a pessimist. Fieldman—Why? Deemster—A pessimist never expects to get it back.—Life.

Matching the Braid.

After ten years he returned, footsore and weary. His wife met him at the door.

"I thought you were dead," she told him.

"You should have known better than that," he said. "Do you remember that last piece of net I tried to match for you? You scolded because there was a difference of an eighth of an inch in the width of the folds, and I vowed that I would never again return from matching anything for you until I had found the exact thing you wanted."

He handed her a package. "Here is that old rose binding braid that you told me to buy. I found it last Monday in Billings, Mont. I have looked for it in thirty-seven states."

She tore off the wrappings.

"It is a little too dark," she said.

"But the sample has faded some in ten years," he retorted.

"It is a little too heavy besides."

"But handling by thousands of clerks has worn the sample away some. It was heavier when I started out."

"I suppose I can make it do," she said.—Newark News.

Her Dime.

Somebody had given the east side woman a bad dime. It was composed largely of lead. She tried to pass it at several places, but they are wary for some reason or other on the east side. They invariably ring a dime on the counter once or twice and bite it besides. When she got home with the dime it had several holes in it from the pressure of east side teeth. "It is more impossible than ever," she said. The impecunious man called that evening. He had a dollar with him which was wholly intact—that is to say, it had not been broken.

"I am afraid they'll give me bad money for it," he said upon taking his departure, "over here in these east side cars. Will you change it for me?" "I shall be delighted," said she.

He called a week later with a groan.

"You can't seem to get away from the bad money over here on your old east side," he complained. "Somebody or other stung me with an old lead dime that was full of holes."—New York Press.

Convincing the Waiter.

"I have learned how to make the foreign waiters in the restaurants where I eat think I have lived in Europe half a lifetime," said a woman who never dines at home. "I dawdle over my dinner twice as long as anybody else in the place. It requires no effort for me to do that. By nature I eat in the same leisurely manner that I do everything else. Most of my compatriots bolt their food. As a consequence the foreign waiters who are used to leisurely dining regard them with amazed horror.

"Ah, those Americans!" they exclaim. "Some day they choke. But as for madame—meaning me—well, madame is different. Madame nibbles, she sips, she lingers; therefore she is not as those of common American clay. It takes madame never less than two hours to eat her dinner. That marks her as one of the European elect."—New York Globe.

Some Odd Spelling.

Americans, says the London News, employ the word "Britisher," which they invented, in a contemptuous sense. It was a certain Philadelphia wit who is said to have asked his friends what a "Britisher" would mean to convey by the written word "ghoughphtbeighteeau." He had to explain to them that, according to the genius of the English language, it meant "potato." Thus: Gh—p, as in "hicough"; ough—o, as in "dough"; phth—t, as in "phtis"; eigh—a, as in "neighbor"; te—t, as in "gazette"; and eau—o, as in "beau." This was at least as puzzling as the livery stable keeper's bill which contained the two lines—

Aosafada
Atacnoinaomgin.

Nobody who does not "know the answer" has ever yet arrived at the solution, which is, in the vernacular of the creditor himself, "A 'oss 'alf a day" and "A-takin' on 'im 'ome ag'in."

Unappreciated Efforts.

Unselfish goodness is seldom appreciated in this world of ours. There was that man in the electric car, for instance. Having rung up three fares in his efforts to stop the car for the lady that sat on the opposite side, he tossed after her the umbrella that belonged to the little gray whiskered man on his right. Neither the gray whiskered man nor the conductor liked the thoughtful Samaritan for his altruistic efforts.—Boston Transcript.

There Are Better Seats.

"He is now, they say, on the very pinnacle of fame, and yet he isn't exactly in comfortable circumstances."

"That's not surprising. Did you ever sit on a pinnacle of any sort?"—Brooklyn Citizen.

The Better Way.

"Awfully rude of him to throw a kiss at me."

"Yes, my dear; those are things which always ought to be delivered in person."—Illustrated Bits.

The Crockett Courier

Issued weekly from the Courier Building.

W. W. AIKEN, Editor and Proprietor.

PUBLISHER'S NOTICE.

Obituaries, resolutions, cards of thanks and other matter not "news" will be charged for at the rate of 5c per line. Parties ordering advertising or printing for societies, churches, committees or organizations of any kind will, in all cases, be held personally responsible for the payment of the bill.

I. A. DANIEL

Has Sold His Gin and Homestead in Kennard and Will Move to Crockett.

I. A. Daniel, of the firm of Daniel & Burton, general merchants of Crockett and Kennard, has sold his home and gin and grist mill in Kennard to E. D. Lockey, the consideration being \$2,500 for the home and \$3,000 for the gin, the deal taking place on Oct. 21, Mr. Lockey taking charge of the gin on that date, but will not occupy the home until Mr. Daniel can buy or build in Crockett, where he will in the future reside. The mercantile establishment of Daniel & Burton remains the same with F. P. Hudson, the man who has seen the business grow from a small country firm at Coltharp to one of the largest and most prominent in the county, the success of it being solely upon the popularity of its manager and the excellent gentlemen who compose the firm. In the loss of Ike Daniel, Kennard has sustained a blow, for the entire citizenship of the town as well as that of the whole of Houston county know that his power was for good and his influence cannot be overestimated. He is a man worth much to a town, and it is a case of Kennard's loss and Crockett's gain.

In conversation with the Herald editor Mr. Daniel said he had been in the mercantile business for the past sixteen years and that this year had been the banner of them all. "Everything in general is better than ever I saw it before, prospects are bright, everybody has money and the future has in store bounteous blessings."—Houston County Herald.

For the serious disease that attack the kidneys, Prickly Ash Bitters is an unfailing remedy. Relieves backache, swelling of the feet and persistent headache—symptoms which indicate kidney trouble. The Murchison-Beasley Drug Co., Crockett; C. R. Rich, Lovelady; special agents.

Foley's Honey and Tar cures coughs quickly. Strengthens the lungs and expels colds. Get the genuine in a yellow package. Will McLean.

Obituary.

At the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Straughan, near Lovelady, on the night of October 18, the spirit of little Pauline took its flight and entered into that home of everlasting rest and peace. She was a bright, promising child of ten years, possessing many noble traits in her childhood.

After an illness with typhoid pneumonia of eighteen days, she was called from her home and many loved ones to the great redeemed of God, where suffering and trials are not known. Sadly will she be missed, not only by her fond relatives but by a wide circle of admiring friends. Weep not, dear ones; for still she is yours in that home above.

"O how sweet it will be in that beautiful land. So free from all sorrow and pain; Where no storm ever beats on that glittering strand. To meet one another again."

One who loved her.

Popular Rates.

Via I. & G. N. R. R. account San Antonio International Fair. Season excursion tickets on sale Nov. 5 to 16, and trains arriving morning of 17th. Limit for return, Nov. 18.

Popular excursion rates in effect for special days.

For further information call on or write J. B. Valentine, Ticket Agent I. & G. N. R. R. 4t.

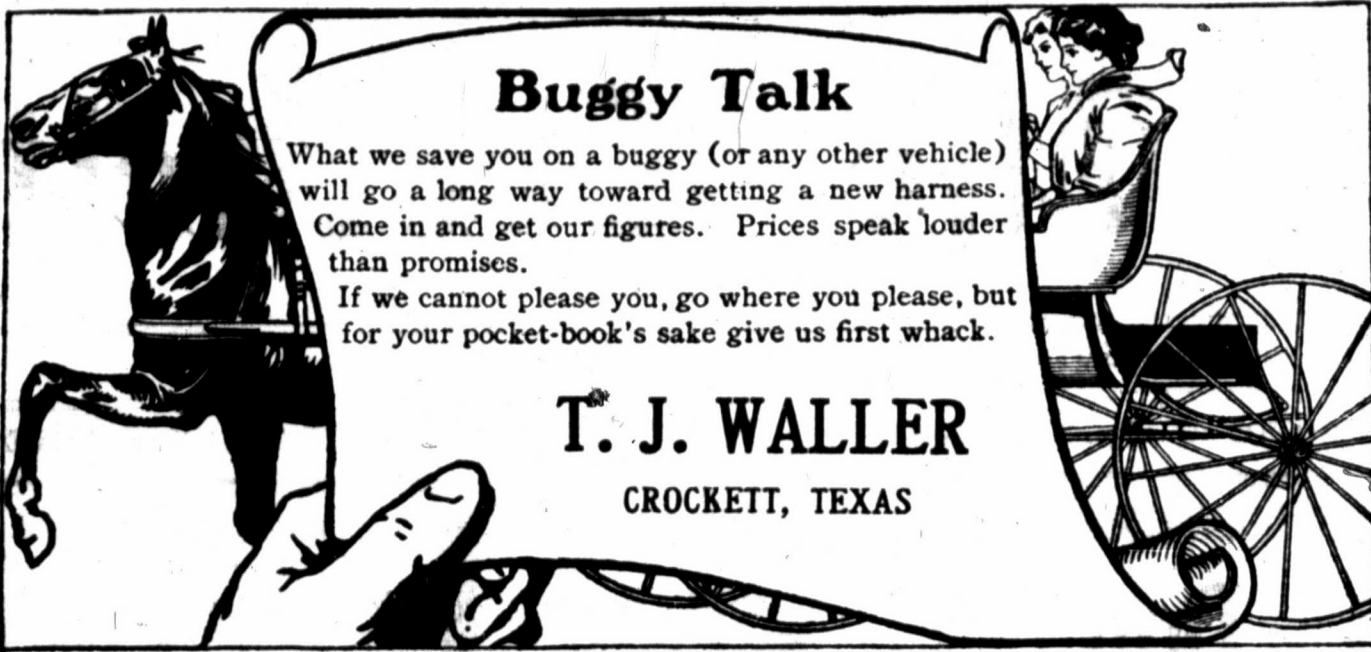
Group Cured and a Child's Life Saved.

"It affords me great pleasure to add my testimony to that of the thousands who have been benefited by Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. My child, Andrew, when only three years old was taken with a severe attack of croup, and thanks to the prompt use of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy his life was saved and today he is a healthy and robust boy." says Mrs. A. Coy, Jr., of San Antonio, Texas. This remedy has been in use for many years. Thousands of mothers keep it at hand, and it has never been known to fail. For sale by The Murchison-Beasley Drug Co.

Mrs. Louise Hite, 428 Outlen St., Danville, Ill., writes, October 1st: "Foley's Kidney Pills started me on the road to health. I was treated by four doctors and took other kidney remedies but grew worse, and was unable to do my housework, and the doctor told me I only could live from two to six months. I am now so much better that I do all of my own work, and I shall be very glad to tell any one afflicted with kidney or bladder trouble the good results I received from taking Foley's Kidney Pills." Commence today and be well. Do not risk having Bright's Disease or Diabetes. Will McLean.

Her Heart Was Broken

because her complexion was bad and she could find nothing to clear it up. Ladies: a bad complexion is caused by an inactive liver. An inactive liver will be put in perfect condition by taking Ballard's Herbina. The unequalled liver regulator. Sold by The Murchison-Beasley Drug Co.



Buggy Talk

What we save you on a buggy (or any other vehicle) will go a long way toward getting a new harness. Come in and get our figures. Prices speak louder than promises.

If we cannot please you, go where you please, but for your pocket-book's sake give us first whack.

T. J. WALLER
CROCKETT, TEXAS

Popular Rates.

Via I. & G. N. R. R. account No-tsu-oh Carnival, Houston, Texas, November 8-13, 1909.

Season tickets on sale daily Nov. 7th to 12th, inclusive. Limit for return Nov. 14th. Popular excursion rates in effect for special days.

For information call on, or write, J. B. Valentine, ticket agent I. & G. N. R. R. 4t

Good Cough Medicine for Children and Grown Folks, Too.

"We could hardly do without Chamberlain's Cough Remedy," says Mrs. Flora Despain of Bloyd, Ky. "I found it to be so good for the croup and have used it for years. I can heartily recommend it for coughs, colds and croup in children and grown folks, too." The above shows the explicit confidence that many mothers have in Chamberlain's Cough Remedy, a confidence based on many years' experience in the use of it. No one need hesitate to use this remedy for it contains no chloroform, opium or other narcotics and may be given to a child as confidently as to an adult. For sale by The Murchison-Beasley Drug Co.

A Methodist Minister Recommends Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy.

"I have used Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy for several years for diarrhoea. I consider it the best remedy I have ever tried for that trouble. I bought a bottle of it a few days ago from our druggist, Mr. R. R. Brooks. I shall ever be glad to speak a word in its praise when I have the opportunity."—Rev. J. D. Knapp, Pastor M. E. Church, Miles Grove, Pa. Sold by The Murchison-Beasley Drug Co.

What Would You Do?

In case of a burn or scald what would you do to relieve the pain? Such injuries are liable to occur in any family and everyone should be prepared for them. Chamberlain's Salve applied on a soft cloth will remove the pain almost instantly, and unless the injury is a very severe one, will cause the parts to heal without leaving a scar. For sale by The Murchison-Beasley Drug Co.

A Hair's Breadth Escape.

Do you know that every time you have a cough or cold and let it run on thinking it will just cure itself you are inviting pneumonia, consumption or some other pulmonary trouble? Don't risk it. Put your lungs back in perfect health and stop that cough with Ballard's Horehound Syrup. Price 25c, 50c and \$1.00 per bottle. Sold by The Murchison-Beasley Drug Co.

Consumption Statistics

prove that a neglected cold or cough puts the lungs in so bad a condition that consumption germs find a fertile field for fastening on one. Stop the cough just as soon as it appears with Ballard's Horehound Syrup. Soothes the torn and inflamed tissues and makes you well again. Sold by The Murchison-Beasley Drug Co.

A bottle of Prickly Ash Bitters kept in the house and used occasionally means good health to the whole household. The Murchison-Beasley Drug Co., Crockett; C. R. Rich, Lovelady; special agents.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

J. H. PAINTER,
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Crown and Bridge Work a Specialty.

ITCH cured in 30 minutes by Woolford's Sanitary Lotion. Never fails. Sold by The Murchison-Beasley Drug Co.

FOLEY'S HONEY AND TAR
Cures Colds Prevents Pneumonia

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A. H. Belo & Co., Publishers
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The best newspaper and agricultural journal in the South. Contains more state, national and foreign news than any similar publication, the latest market reports, a strong editorial page and enjoys a reputation throughout the nation for fairness in all matters. Specially edited departments for the farmer, the women and the children.

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The special agricultural feature of The News, consists chiefly of contributions of subscribers, whose letters in a practical way voice the sentiment and experiences of its readers concerning matters of the farm, home, legislation, etc.

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Published once a week, is a magazine of ideas of the home, every one the contribution of a woman reader of The News about farm life and matters of general interest to the female portion of the family.

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THE GUARANTEED
**WORM
REMEDY**

THE CHILDREN'S FAVORITE TONIC.
BEWARE OF IMITATIONS.
THE GENUINE PREPARED ONLY BY
Ballard-Snow Liniment Co.
ST. LOUIS, MO.
At Murchison & Beasley's

Fine Tailor - Made Clothing

THERE'S A DIFFERENCE
BOTH IN QUALITY AND
PRICE. . . SEE ME.

H. ASHER.

Horses and Mules

FOR SALE

We have some good horses and mules for sale cheap. Apply at brick livery barn.

Smith Brothers

WHEN THE KIDNEYS STOP WORK

The point where the kidneys cease to do their duty properly is the beginning of Bright's Disease or some other life-destroying ailment.

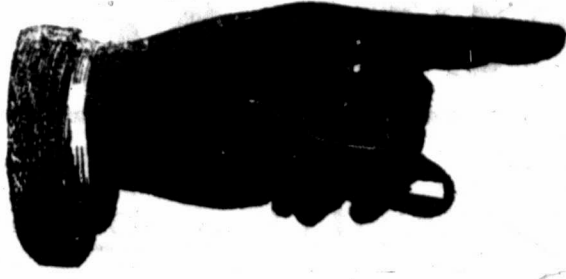
PRICKLY ASH BITTERS

is the Remedy Needed.

This great kidney tonic brings to bear an influence that quickly controls the disease, strengthens the weakened kidneys and by stimulating the bladder and bowels to greater activity, drives out of the body the impurities which brought on the disorder.

Get the Genuine with the Figure "3" in Red on Front Label.
Sold by Druggists. Price \$1.00 per bottle.

The Murchison-Beasley Drug Co., Crockett, Texas; C. R. Rich, Lovelady, Texas; special agents.



To all persons subject to Bilious Attacks, Sour Stomach, Indigestion, Constipation, Headache, Dizziness, Heartburn, Vertigo (blind staggers) Foul-Breath, Sallow Complexion or other symptoms of a Torpid Liver, WE SAY

TAKE

HERBINE

It is the Surest, the Safest, the most Speedy and Complete Liver Tonic and Regulator in the Whole Field of Medicine

It is a marvelous remedy. Its invigorating effect on a Torpid Liver is little less than miraculous. It acts instantly. The first dose brings improvement, a few days' use cures the most obstinate case. Tired, weak, despondent victims of a Torpid Liver are restored almost in a day.

A Brilliant Record in Malaria

It cures Malaria, Chills and Ague by destroying the disease germs in the system and driving them out of the body. Where Malaria is prevalent it is a faithful guardian of health. It puts the Stomach, Liver and Bowels in such fine condition that the malaria germ cannot exist.

Every home should have a bottle of this great Liver Tonic and Regulator. It stands for health for the whole family. The chill season is here and all those who are Constipated, who have a Torpid Liver or Digestive Disorders, will surely have trouble with that arch enemy of the race. BE PREPARED! Get in condition at once by taking HERBINE and you can defy the disease.

Price, 50 Cents Per Bottle.

BALLARD SNOW LINIMENT CO., Sole Proprietors, ST. LOUIS

SOLD BY

I. W. SWEET, Crockett, Texas

McLEAN'S DRUG STORE, Crockett, Texas

NOISES IN VENICE.

The Way They Crash Upon the Normal Quiet of the City.

With all the water traffic and with not a horse or a cab or a wagon to wake the echoes, the utter silence of Venice is the thing that first impresses the traveler. Yet because there is no undertone of city noises in which occasional noises may merge the Grand canal at Venice seems to the sleeper at night the noisiest place in the world, for every little noise crashes into one's sleep, and the most wakeful hours of our six weeks in Italy were spent on the Grand canal in Venice. The bells of the churches probably do not ring louder nor more frequently than they ring in other cities, yet because Venice is so still these bells clang through the night like the alarm of a continuous and ever increasing fire. The bawl of a loveless human calf carrying home three drinks and a throbbing heart, a noise that may be heard by the attentive listener any place on earth after 11 o'clock, in Venice becomes insistent and demoralizing. The common quarrel in the street enters the bedroom at night with nerve racking distinctness, and the morning song of the market gardener bringing his wares to town in his silent boat smites the sleeper's ears like a call to arms. If Macbeth really did murder sleep, the crime was done in Venice.

There are, of course, considerable acres in Venice—lands—where the streets are paved and where commerce goes on in the ordinary way, except that there are no horses or carriages in the narrow ways.—William Allen White in Emporia Gazette.

QUEER BURIALS.

Uncouth Methods of the Nomads of Queensland.

Of all the modes of burial ever practiced by creatures in the shape of human beings the method of the Queensland nomads is certainly the most uncouth. After drying the corpse in the sun and knocking out its teeth for keepsakes they deposit it on a framework of rough poles and bury it under a few armfuls of rushes and old kangaroo skins, leaving the bush wolves to sing its requiem.

No member of the dead man's tribe will settle within a mile of his grave for fear of being haunted by the spooks making the burial place their midnight rendezvous. The metaphysical opinions of the Australian aborigines prove indeed that savages can be afflicted with an abundance of supernaturalism without betraying a trace of anything deserving the name of religious sentiment.

They believe in evil spirits whistling in the blasts of the storm wind and try to exorcise them by spitting in the direction of the sky, but for the conceptions of the Deity, of future existence,

of repentance, atonement and conscience their language has not even a definite word. From somewhere in the land of their forefathers—eastern Asia perhaps—they have imported a notion faintly resembling the Buddhist doctrine of metempsychosis and believe that animals may be reborn as men and men as human beings of a superior rank.—London Answers.

Not So Bad as it Sounded.

In a downtown cafe two old college friends met by chance. They had not met before in several years and were properly delighted. In the course of conversation one, who had been long absent from town, bethought him of a mutual friend.

"Tell me," said he, "how I can reach Jim. I'd like to look him up tonight."

"My boy," said the other, "if you want to reach Jim you'll have to telephone to —, an undertaker on Sixth avenue."

"What! You shock me. Jim dead! I—I am sorry indeed to hear it."

"Dead? Who said he was dead. He's a friend of the undertaker and has rooms near by. He has no telephone, but has an arrangement for using the undertaker's, as the place is open at all hours. Just telephone the undertaker, and the message will be carried around to Jim."—New York Globe.

Taps Over a Soldier's Grave.

The custom of sounding taps over a soldier's grave originated with the late Captain John C. Tidball, U. S. A. On the retirement from the peninsula in August, 1862, Horse Battery A, Second artillery, was serving with the rear guard, and on reaching Yorktown one of the cannoners died and was buried there. Not wishing to stir up the enemy by firing three rounds from the battery guns, as was customary, Captain Tidball substituted the sounding of taps, lights out, which impressive ceremony has since been observed at all military funerals at the close of the services.—Argonaut.

Barring the Party.

"Pray, Mr. Canning," said a lady to the English statesman, "why have they made the space in the iron gates at Spring gardens so narrow?"

"Oh, ma'am," replied Canning, with the delightful absurdity for which he was famous, "because such very fat people used to go through."

A Social Botanist.

Guest—He seems a very nice young man. What's his profession? Hostess—He's a social botanist. Guest—And what is that, pray? Hostess—Oh, we invite him especially to give attention to our wallflowers.—Boston Transcript.

The Moisture.

"Does your wife cry when she gets angry?"

"Yes," answered Mr. Meekton. "I ain't the heat of her temper that distresses me so much as the humidity."

SUBMARINE RIVERS.

Cold Water Currents Flowing Along the Deep Sea Bottom.

The bottom currents of seas and oceans, such as those which possibly bring amber to our shores, are strangely disposed. The seigneur of Sark some fifty years ago was shipwrecked in his yacht near the island of Guernsey. He lost, among other things, a well fastened, strongly made chest containing silver plate. It was found a year later in deep water off the coast of Norway and restored to him.

In the really deep sea over a thousand fathoms down there are well marked broad currents which may be described as rivers of very cold water (only 4 degrees or so above freezing point). They flow along the deep sea bottom and are sharply marked off from the warmer waters above and to the side. Their inhabitants are different from those of the warmer water. They are due to the melting of the polar ice, the cold water so formed sinking at once owing to its greater density below the warmer water of the surface currents.

These deep currents originate in both the arctic and antarctic regions.—Sir Ray Lankester in London Telegraph.

Habit From the Dungeon.

Convicts who were forced to drag about a ball and chain at the galleys could often be detected when released by their habit of trailing one foot after the other. John Boyle O'Reilly, condemned to convict life in Australia for his Fenian sympathies, had also in after years a habit which told a like sad story. One who knows him said:

When walking abstractedly and mechanically he always went a short distance and then retraced his steps, no matter how wide a stretch he had before him. It was always three paces forward, turn and three paces back, exactly like the restless turning of a lion in a cage. One day I asked him, "Boyle, what was the length of your cell when you were in prison—how many paces?"

"Three," he said. "Why do you ask?" "Because when you are absentminded you always walk three paces forward and then retrace your steps."

A Lesson in Physiology.

The school superintendent was in the habit of dropping in to the different class rooms and demanding a recital of lessons from the pupils. One day her active mind hit upon physiology as the study for examination.

It happened that the teacher did herself not like the study of the human anatomy and therefore had not drilled her scholars as she should have done. But the little girl to whom the first question was put so bewildered the superintendent and made her lose her patience that there were no more questions of a similar nature asked. "Tell me," said the superintendent,

"what a skeleton is."

The little girl thought for a short time.

"A skeleton?" she asked. "A skeleton? Why, a skeleton is a man with his insides out and his outsides off."—New York Times.

Wanted Them Labeled.

There was a certain master of fox-hounds in one of the English shires who was greatly angered by the awkwardness of one of the gentlemen who invariably rode over the hounds. At one of the meets the M. F. H. rode up to the awkward hunter and in the most chilling tones said, "Mr. So-and-so, there are two dogs in the pack today, Snap and Tatters, which I am especially fond of, and I would esteem it a favor if you would avoid killing or maiming them with your horse's hoofs." "Certainly, my dear fellow," replied Mr. So-and-so; "but, as I do not know them, will you be kind enough to put tags on them for me?"

Father's Revenge.

"Here is a telegram from papa," says the eloping bride. "He says for us to come right home and live with him and mamma."

"I didn't think he would be so vindictive as all that," sighs the eloping bridegroom.—New York Life.

Change yourself and fortune will change with you.—Portuguese Proverb.

Out of Place.

A sentry, an Irishman, was on post duty for the first time at night, when the officer of the day approached. He called, "Who comes there?"

"Officer of the day," was the reply. "Then what are yez doin' out at night?" asked the sentry.—London Telegraph.

Demeanor Analyzed.

"Your chauffeur seems very respectful," said the guest.

"That air of deferential solicitude," replied Mr. Chuggins. "Is not respect. It is sympathy."—Washington Star.

His Opening.

Outcake—What be your son Jake a-goin' ter dew now that he bez left college?

Heyrix—I dunno yit. He's talkin' some of bein' a doctor, but I've heern tell es heow thar be a heap uv money in bankruptcy, so mebbe he'll try that fer a spell.—Chicago News.

His Bald Spot.

Little Margie's father had a bald spot. Whil kissing him at bedtime one evening she said: "Stoop down, papa. I want to kiss you on the head where the lining shows."

The greatest of all faults, I should say, is to be conscious of none.—Carlyle.

HIDDEN DANGERS.

Nature Gives Timely Warnings That No Crockett Citizen Can Afford to Ignore.

DANGER SIGNAL NO. 1 comes from the kidney secretions. They will warn you when the kidneys are sick. Well kidneys excrete a clear amber fluid. Sick kidneys send out a thin, pale and foamy, or a thick, red, ill-smelling urine, full of sediment and irregular of passage.

DANGER SIGNAL NO. 2 comes from the back. Back pains, dull and heavy, or sharp and acute, tell you of sick kidneys and warn you of the approach of dropsy, diabetes and Bright's disease. Doan's Kidney Pills cure sick kidneys and cure them permanently. Here is proof in the statement of a nearby resident.

W. B. Burton, 302 Palmer St., Palestine, Texas, says: "My kidneys were disordered for a long time. I had to pass the kidney secretions often during the night, and also suffered from pains in the small of my back. One day I happened to read about Doan's Kidney Pills, and deciding to try them, I procured a box. They helped me so much that I continued their use until I was in better health than before in two years. I have no hesitation in saying that Doan's Kidney Pills are the best kidney remedy I ever used."

For sale by all dealers. Price 50 cents. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, New York, sole agents for the United States.

Remember the name—Doan's—and take no other.

60 YEARS' EXPERIENCE

PATENTS

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Patents taken through HARRISON & ROBERTSON, Patent Attorneys, 605 Broadway, New York.

Scientific American.

A handsome illustrated weekly. Largest circulation of any scientific journal. Published every year: four months, \$1. Sold by all newsdealers.

HARRISON & ROBERTSON, Patent Attorneys, 605 Broadway, New York.

Not What He Expected.

A doctor in a Yorkshire village lately gave up his house and was succeeded in it by a veterinary surgeon. Before he had been many weeks in his new home the "vet" was awakened in the early hours of a rather bleak spring morning. Opening the window, he heard a voice call out of the darkness: "Can you come with me at once, mister? She's very bad."

The surgeon dressed and found a trap waiting to take him to a farm two or three miles away from the village. On the way he asked a few questions about the case he was to attend.

"I'm afraid there's very little hope for her," said the farmer. "She's been ailing now, you see, for ten years, and she's getting pretty old as well."

Annoyed at being called out at such an hour to see an obviously not very valuable animal, the veterinary surgeon exclaimed, "Why on earth don't you shoot her?"

"What!" exclaimed the farmer. "Shoot my mother!" Then the "vet" understood that it was the previous tenant who was wanted. —London Tit-Bits.

Work Day on a Mississippi Plantation.

The day begins on a plantation when it is yet night. The big bell rings between 4 and 5 o'clock for the "hands" to go to the fields. Mammy starts her small sable assistants around at the "big house" with early coffee about 6. Without this tiny cup of cafe noir your true creole gets up on the wrong side of the bed. He has no appetite for breakfast after a ride through the fields and still less for his generous noontime dinner. Supper is served at night, and the dishes are typically southern—the corn and batter breads, fried chickens and waffles and fig preserves, with "sillabub," that moon-beam mixture that makes modern ices and confections heavy by comparison, for dessert. Life on a plantation is not dull. There are visits to town and a constant stream of visitors from town. There are "sugar house" parties and hog killings, Christmas dinners and Thanksgiving dinners, to say nothing of house parties and hunts.—Memphis Commercial Appeal.

The Herring.

A peculiar feature in the herring trade is that an exceptionally large catch during one season has no effect whatever upon the next year's supply; also, large as is man's consumption of herrings, naturalists say the number killed by fishermen is quite insignificant as compared with the quantity destroyed every year by sharks, porpoises, cod, dogfish, ling and other fish, each of which must have its daily meal of from one to two score herrings, to say nothing of the sea birds, which practically live on surface feeding fishes. Herrings are not at all a modern article of diet. A vast commerce in them was carried on in northern Europe all through the dark and middle ages. The herring's chief food consists of minute organisms, which strains from the water by its gills, but it also eats worms and at certain seasons its own young, sprats and sand eels.—Pearson's Weekly.

Perusia Cities.

Taberan, Perugia's capital, is one of the least interesting cities of that ancient land. The houses are mean, the streets narrow and dirty, and even the palace of the shah is far from being a thing of beauty. It has no history worth mentioning and is only redeemed by the birth of Haroun-al-Raschid in a neighboring village. Its importance comes from the presence of the court, but it undergoes a sad decadence in summer, when the unhealthy climate drives the greater part of the population to more sanitary places.

Isfahan, the former capital of Persia, is far different. That city was once girdled by a wall of twenty-four miles, and Shah Abbas in the sixteenth century loaded it with magnificence. It contains splendid mosques and ancient palaces which appeal to the imagination. But Isfahan, too, has fallen upon evil days. "Houses, bazaars, mosques, palaces, whole streets," writes a traveler of a few years ago, "are to be seen in total abandonment, and one may ride for miles without meeting with a single living creature except perhaps a solitary jackal looking over a wall or a fox running to his hole."

The Smithy Settled It.

One of the candidates at an English election was announced to address a meeting in a Yorkshire village well known to horse dealers and breeders as the center of a district noted for its hackneys and roadsters. The candidate was an eloquent speaker, but for some reason or other he failed to make any great impression on the horse loving farmers. However, the local blacksmith came to the rescue by summing up the respective merits of the rival candidates in the following laconic little speech:

"Friends, this feller—the candidate—rides a 'oss. 'Tother feller rides a mortycar. You breeds 'osses, an' I shows 'em, so wot is there to argue about?"

In such a district and before such an audience the brief, businesslike speech of the blacksmith was not without effect, for it touched the pockets as well as the hearts of those present.—London Mail.

Poison in the Middle Ages.

In the middle ages so little was known of toxicology that all sudden and mysterious deaths were attributed to poison, but in the light of modern knowledge many of these, says the British Medical Journal, are now easily explained by such diseases as appendicitis and gastric ulcer. Even the Borgias can be absolved from many of the poisonings laid to their charge. Nevertheless from early times in Italy poison was a favorite means of "removing" an enemy. In England, France and Germany cruder methods of vengeance prevailed, and it was not until the sixteenth century that the Medici introduced poisoning into France. The fashion spread with terrible rapidity, and poison was employed in every rank of society to get rid of inconvenient persons. The art introduced into France by Catherine de' Medici and her followers took root so deeply as to blossom later into the black magic of Louis XIV.'s reign.

Monuments to Wellington.

Has any British national hero more monuments to his fame in London than Wellington? There is the Achilles statue by Westmacott in Hyde park, cast from cannons taken at Salamanca, Vittoria, Toulouse and Waterloo, at a cost of £10,000, defrayed by "the women of England." The equestrian statue by Boehm at Hyde park corner is the second equestrian statue erected in that locality. The former one, by Wyatt, costing some £30,000, was removed to Aldershot when the arch which it crowned was moved. Then there is the colossal equestrian statue by Chantrey at the west front of the Royal Exchange, the monument by Stevens in St. Paul's, which was over twenty years in hand, and a stone statue by Milnes, erected in the Tower of London near the Waterloo barracks. —London Chronicle.

Flower Gardens of the Sea.

The sea has its flower gardens, but the blooms are not on plants as they are on the land. It is the animals of the sea that make the gardens, the corals of the tropical waters particularly making a display of floral beauty that fairly rivals the gorgeous coloring and delicate grace presented by land flowers. So closely do they resemble plant blooms that it is hard to believe that they are wholly animal in organization. A naturalist says that among the coral gardens there are fishes of curious forms and flashing colors darting about, just as the birds and butterflies dart about plant gardens on land.

Not Much to Make Up.

"Fo' goodness sake," impatiently exclaimed Mr. Cooney during the poker game, "speak up lively an' say what yo' am a-gwine to do, Mose! Why, it don't take me mo' den two seconds to make up mah mind."

"If it did," replied the player addressed, very deliberately, "you'd suttainly be loafin'!"—New York Sun.

Wrong Either Way.

Isabel—I'll never have another photograph taken. Dorothy—Why not, dear? Isabel—Oh, if it looks like me I don't like it, and if it flatters me my friends don't like it.—Exchange.

A Mean Critic.

"How realistic your painting is! It fairly makes my mouth water." "A sunset makes your mouth water!" "Oh, it is a sunset, is it? I thought it was a fried egg!"

Fire is not extinguished by fire—Italian Proverb.

Cure For Disconsolate Lovers. Somebody has dug out of an old book of the time of Queen Elizabeth the following advice to a slighted and despondent lover: Try one end of a rope right over a beam and make a slippe noose at the other extreme. Just under the beam let a bucket be set; On it lett the lovier most manfullie gett. Right over his heade be left the snicket be sett. And under his care well fastened the knot. The buckett kicked cleare, lett him take a full swinge And leave alle the reste of the worke to the stringe!

Trusting the Dog's Judgment.

Friend—What on earth are you doing to that painting of yours? Dauber—Can't you see? I'm rubbing a piece of raw meat over the rabbit in the foreground. Mrs. Aishodde will be here today, and when she sees her pet dog smell of that rabbit she'll buy it.—Judge.

A Witty Widow.

A widow of the name of Rugg, having taken Sir Charles Price for her second husband, was asked by a friend how she liked the change. "Oh," she replied, "I parted with my old Rugg for a good Price."

The Missing Part.

Landlady—You say the chicken soup isn't good? Why, I told the cook how to make it. Perhaps she didn't catch the idea. Boarder—No; I think it was the chicken she didn't catch.

A Great Walker.

On July 12, 1899, the Newmarket bells rang a peal in honor of Captain Barclay's completed walk of a mile in each of 1,000 successive hours. In his first week of it he had averaged less than fifteen minutes for each mile and in the last week more than twenty-one, and his weight had gone down from thirteen stone four pounds to eleven stone. But on July 17 he joined the Walcheren expedition in perfect health as aid-de-camp to the Marquis of Huntly. Captain Barclay, who was a barclay of Ury and unsuccessfully claimed three Scottish earldoms, had performed wonderful feats before the Newmarket walk. In 1801 he walked 110 miles in nineteen hours in a muddy park. In 1808 he rose one morning at 5, walked thirty miles grouse shooting, dined at 5 p. m., walked sixty miles to his house at Ury in eleven hours, did some business and walked sixteen miles to dance at a ball, walked home by 7 a. m. and spent the day partridge shooting—in all 130 miles without sleep for two nights and three days. At twenty he could lift half a ton.—St. James' Gazette.

Not Afraid.

Personal courage invests its owner with a protection beyond that afforded by outside forces. An illustration of this is recorded by General William F. Draper in his "Recollections of a Varied Career," where he gives this incident:

In 1864 Colonel Daniels of the Seventh Rhode Island became unpopular with some of his command, and a rumor spread that he would be shot at the next engagement. He heard of it. It was customary when guns had been loaded for some time to have them discharged into some convenient bank, and Colonel Daniels took advantage of this. Marching his regiment out with loaded rifles, he faced them toward a suitable elevation, and, taking position on the top of it and in front of them as at dress parade, he gave the commands, "Ready!" "Aim!" "Fire!" and the pieces were discharged.

Needless to say, any man could have shot him with little danger of discovery, and, needless to say, also, none of them did. There were no more threats of that kind in his regiment.

Europe's Dirtiest Town.

All travelers should shun Boryslaw, in Galicia—"the back of Europe"—truly called the dirtiest place in Europe. It is the oil trade center and is decidedly not beautiful. In the main street all the houses have been built on mine refuse, and most of them have sunk below the level of the street. In fact, there is not a solid brick or stone building in the whole of the town, and many of the houses are in a state of partial or entire collapse. Unrefined petroleum is everywhere. It gets into everything—food and clothing—and the atmosphere reeks of it. Along one side of the main street is a raised wooden pavement, and beneath it is an oily ditch. Boryslaw's main waterway is a narrow, sluggish, oily stream. On its banks the town's refuse is cast, and the market booths are erected alongside, while the local washerwomen—though from external appearances one would judge that laundresses did not exist there at all—do their washing in its oily depths.

Got Too Familiar.

A story told of Justice Brewer concerns a trip he made to his old home in Kansas, accompanied by Mrs. Brewer. In Washington a justice of the supreme court is spoken of as "Mr. Justice," and that is the title Mrs. Brewer always has heard. When they reached Chicago, however, the "Mr." was dropped and the jurist was referred to as "Justice Brewer." At Omaha some old friends called him "David J.," and when they crossed the Kansas line some former neighbors referred to him as "David." "Let's go home," suggested Mrs. Brewer. "Why?" asked the justice. "Because, dear," Mrs. Brewer replied, "I am afraid if we go any farther they will be calling you 'David.'"—Cleveland Leader.

The Art of Saving.

I believe that if somebody could invent unique ways of saving money the public would have an assured future. Men, women and children would regard saving as a game and play it with all their heart. There are penny savings banks where newsboys and bootblacks carry their tiny savings, but other children regard their penny bank at home with unfriendly eyes. There are working girls who put away their five cent pieces and fatten their small bank accounts by walking instead of riding and making other petty sacrifices. But the majority of working girls spend as fast as they can earn and declare that they cannot help it. One reads of a man who began his career by regarding every dollar as a worker and getting all the profit he could. With that quaint conceit in his head saving became a pleasure, and he won riches without realizing that it was a struggle. I know of more than one woman who receives each night from her husband every dime he has

received in change through the day, for he is careful to avoid spending such a piece of money. These, with her own savings in the same direction, make a respectable weekly showing.—Kansas City Journal.

Only Seeking Information.

The average New York boy is not a wonder of wit and wisdom, but most of them know a good thing when they see it. Also the contrary. Not long ago one of them saw a sign in front of a Sixth avenue place, "Boy Wanted." He was looking for something of that kind and walked in. There was nobody in sight, and he stood gazing. Presently the proprietor, a most grouchy person, appeared.

"What do you want here?" he inquired with scant courtesy.

"Well," replied the boy, disturbed by the man's manner and hesitating, "do you want a boy here?"

"That's what the sign says, don't it?" snapped the man.

"Yep," responded the boy, getting his second wind.

"Then we want a boy."

"Aw right," grinned the boy, backing away. "You git one. You can't have me," and he wiggled his fingers at the man and went out quickly.—New York Herald.

Tire Themselves Getting Ready.

Washington Irving tells a story of a man who tried to jump over a hill. He went back so far to get his start for the great leap and ran so hard that he was completely exhausted when he came to the hill and had to lie down and rest. Then he got up and walked over the hill. A great many people exhaust themselves getting ready to do their work. They are always preparing. They spend their lives getting ready to do something which they never do. It is an excellent thing to keep improving oneself, to keep growing, but there must be a time to begin the great work of life. I know a man who is almost forty years old who has not yet decided what he is going to do. He has graduated from college and taken a number of postgraduate courses, but all along general lines. This man has not yet begun to specialize. He has fully believed he is going to do great things yet. I hope he may.—Success Magazine.

The Paper They Were Written On.

The average author would probably laugh at the statement that at one time in the world's history manuscripts, simply as such, irrespective of the nature of the text, were immensely valuable. In ancient times manuscripts were important articles from a commercial point of view. They were excessively scarce and were preserved with the utmost care. Even the users were glad to lend money on them when the owners were obliged to offer them in pawn. It is related in an ancient tome that a student of Pavia, who was reduced by his debaucheries, raised a new fortune by leaving in pawn a manuscript of a body of law, and a grammarian who was ruined by a fire rebuilt his house with two small volumes of Cicero through the ready aid of the pawnbroker.

Highest Cross in the World.

The highest cross in the world is said to be that which caps the loftiest peak of the Harz mountains. The cross is in reality a tower, and it commands a magnificent view of the country around. The height of the tower is 120 feet, and it stands on a mountain 1,731 feet above the sea level. A stair of 200 steps leads to the top of the cross, but there is an elevator of which people may avail themselves who for any reason wish to avoid the long climb.

Grateful.

Young Lady—Give me one yard of—why, haven't I seen you before? Draper's Assistant—Oh, Maud, have you forgotten me? I saved your life at the seaside last summer. Young Lady (warmly)—Why, of course you did. Then you may give me two yards of the ribbon, please.—Illustrated Bits.

Lettuce Salad With Fried Cheese.

Druss the lettuce in the usual way with French dressing. Have a mild cheese, rather dry, cut in strips like French fried potatoes, dip the strips in beaten egg, roll them in fine bread-crumbs and drop them into boiling fat to brown as quickly as possible. Serve with the lettuce.—Boston Post.

Passing Events.

Time is a sort of river of passing events, and strong is its current. No sooner is a thing brought to light than it is swept by and another takes its place, and this, too, will be swept away.—Marcus Aurelius.

Vengeance should be left to women.—Petarch.

Naturally.

Medical Professor—What is the result, young gentlemen, when a patient's temperature goes down as far as it can? Student—Why—er—he gets cold feet.—Cleveland Leader.

One at Home.

Mrs. Happywed—I never saw an educated bear. Did you? Patient Wife—Yes, indeed. We have one. Come over some afternoon when he is at home.

Death on the Guillotine.

Sardou, in order to be present at the execution of Tropman in January, 1875, spent the night before with La Roquette, the prison director. In his description he says: "At daybreak the guests went out upon the cold, bleak execution place, where the guillotine had already been erected. The bedraggled crowd, which had spent the night in drinking places, sang ribald songs and from time to time shouted for Deblier, the executioner, who meanwhile was explaining the mechanism. The basket in which the head was to drop was brought, and while looking at it I was horrified to see the lid arise and a human form emerge. 'Don't worry,' said Deblier, with a smile; 'that is only my wife, who wanted to see the execution, and I chose the simplest way to secure a good place for her.'" Clemenceau saw Emile Henry decapitated on May 22, 1894, in his capacity as a journalist, and, describing how the culprit was dragged to the machine, strapped upon the plank and there tortured by awaiting the pleasure of Deblier till the knife finally ended it all, said that the "horror of it" made him sick.

Why Blinds Were Drawn.

The Edinburgh landlady of the seventies who astounded James Payn by her stern determination to have the blinds drawn closely down on the Sabbath was but carrying on the traditions of her great-grandparents. The Scot of the early eighteenth century had a reason for drawing his blinds on Sunday. Mr. Thompson in his "Weaver's Craft" gives it. "Sometimes the minister himself," he wrote, "when he got a colleague to preach for him would make the rounds, accompanied by an elder, to spy with his own eyes the sins of the absentees. Here one man is found romping with his bairns, another as the minister peeped through the window was detected kissing his wife, two men were found drinking ale, and one was found with his coat off, as if he were going to work, and still another was seen eating a hearty dinner. All were pulled up before the session of the kirk and repentance forced upon each."—London Standard.

Bread and Cheese.

A couple advanced in years got married lately. The husband had a room in the house securely locked, the inside of which his wife had never seen, and, being curious of its contents, she begged again and again to see the room.

At last he consented, and, lo and behold, the room was full of whole cheeses!

He explained matters by telling her that for every sweetheart he had in his young days he bought a cheese.

His wife began to cry. "Don't cry, dear," he said. "I've had no sweethearts since I met you."

"It's not that," she replied, still sobbing. "I only wish I had been as thoughtful as you and bought a loaf of bread for every man that kissed me. We could have had bread and cheese enough to last us all our days."—London Tit-Bits.

Trouble For Creditors.

Even the simplest law transactions seem to be beyond the comprehension of some people. An old farmer went into a grocer's shop a short time ago, ordered a sovereign's worth of goods and when they were ready for delivery laid down a five shilling piece in payment thereof.

The shopkeeper called out, "Here, this isn't right!" as the customer started to leave.

"Oh, yes, that's all right," replied the man. "I've got permission from the judge to pay 5 shillings in the pound."

A heated discussion revealed that the man had lately settled an insolvency upon this basis and expected to continue that method indefinitely. When he was shown his mistake he was very indignant and evidently considered himself a much abused man.—London Globe.

She Wasn't Superstitious.

"Mary, Mary," cried Mrs. Johnson to her maid, "what shall I do? I've just had a most dreadful accident and don't know what's going to happen. I've broken my new hand glass, and you know how unlucky it is to break a looking glass. It means seven years' unhappiness."

"Lor' num," replied Mary, "don't you set no heed on that. Look at me. I'm not fretting, and I've just broken the large pier glass in the drawing room."—London Fun.

Leftover Material.

Barbara, aged four, had always been allowed to make small cakes out of the scraps of dough left from the morning's baking, so one morning after being sent to gather the eggs she came running in with a very tiny one and exclaimed: "Oh, mamma, see this little egg! It must be that's all the dough the hen had left!"—Delineator.

Ups and Downs.

"The world is full of ups and downs," quoted the wise guy. "That's right," agreed the simple mug. "We are either trying to live up to a good reputation or trying to live a bad one down."—Philadelphia Record.

ANNOUNCEMENT

Something that is of more than ordinary interest to the people of Houston county is the announcement that

WILL McLEAN DRUGGIST

Has added a beautiful and serviceable line of Watches and other Jewelry to his stock of Stationery, Toilet Articles, Etc. This addition marks another milestone in the growth of a business which in a short time has advanced to a foremost place in the business affairs of Houston County.

Everything New and Serviceable. Nothing Shopworn

Social News.

Best bagging and ties at the Big Store.

The Big Store will save you money on furniture.

The best line of clothing for boys at T. D. Craddock's.

Flour—the freshest and guaranteed—at Daniel & Burton's.

Our line of men's clothing going cheap. T. D. Craddock.

If you can't get it elsewhere, you'll find it at Hyman's Saloon.

T. D. Craddock sells the Packard shoe for men, the best in town.

Buy the best flour, "Golden Crust." For sale by J. E. Downes. 3t.

Darling stoves, Bucks stoves and heaters of all kinds, for sale at the Big Store.

J. A. Bricker is headquarters for watches, clocks and everything in the jewelry line.

See the pretty corner chairs, India stools and bamboo goods at The Furniture Store.

You get the benefit of an experienced optician when you buy spectacles from J. A. Bricker.

Bring your boys to T. D. Craddock's store if you want them fitted in a good suit of clothes.

For bath or shave go to Friend. Best equipped shop in Houston county. Cleanliness our hobby.

Tablets from one cent to 25c. It's your loss if you don't get in the deal. Sweet's Drug Store.

We positively will not be undersold on any article you want. Daniel & Burton.

We're right on easy street, simply getting fat on competition. T. D. Craddock.

Dripping Springs \$4.00 per gallon, express prepaid. W. E. Hail.

Hyman's Saloon, Palestine, is the largest mail order house in East Texas. Buy from headquarters.

Have you used any ALBATROSS FLOUR yet? If not, you have missed something. It is the BEST EVER.

There is a strong demand for Crockett real estate, as evidenced by the price recently paid for residence property here.

There is no use to buy any old brand, when you can get the very brand you know something about at Hyman's Saloon, Palestine.

For fine watch repairing see J. A. Bricker.

Hyman's Saloon is headquarters for good whiskey.

Liverpool salt, a car load, at Daniel & Burton's.

Strong line shoes, hats and dry goods at Daniel & Burton's.

For the best 25c meals, go to Maggie Stanton's Restaurant.

We still have wagons to sell. T. D. Craddock.

Just received a fine lot of rugs and art squares at the Big Store.

Call on Mrs. Bricker for special bargains in millinery next week.

Brown wagons are the best on the market, for sale at the Big Store.

For the neatest hair cut and smoothest shave, go to Stanton the barber.

Mrs. Bricker will have hats for everybody the last of this week and first of next.

The Big Store is headquarters for barb wire, hog wire and poultry wire of all kinds.

Over 100 standard brands of whiskey, from \$2.00 to \$15.00 per gallon at Hyman's Saloon.

Music cabinets, book racks, corner brackets and everything you want at The Furniture Store.

The Latest Out.

Sweet's Drug Store always has it. Toilet articles a specialty.

It is no trouble for us to sell people looking for bargains.

Will pay 7 to 7½ cents for green hides and 12½ cents for dry. B. L. Satterwhite.

R. Monarch Spring '02 \$4.00 per gallon, express prepaid. W. E. Hail.

Seventeen-piece hand painted Japanese tea sets at prices that defy competition at The Furniture Store.

Honest goods, honest measures and prompt shipment when you buy it from Hyman's Saloon, Palestine.

T. D. Craddock is now offering some special values in ladies' long coats, satin, Heatherbloom and silk undershirts.

Some pretty bamboo tables and India stools in birds-eye maple, weathered oak and quarter-sawed oak at The Furniture Store.

Ask your neighbor about her experience with ALBATROSS FLOUR, if you have not yet tried it yourself. It is guaranteed the BEST.

Personal Items.

Mrs. H. W. Moore is sick.

G. M. Waller of Trinity was in Crockett Monday.

Harry Castleberg is at home with his family for a few days.

Mrs. Nannie Brown, mother of Mrs. J. E. Downes, is very sick.

J. B. Meadors of Holly was a caller at the Courier office Friday.

Attorney Humphrey of Huntsville was here the first of the week.

H. F. Moore and D. A. Nunn, Jr., were at Madisonville the first of the week.

T. J. Ashby of Coltharp was a pleasant visitor at the Courier office Tuesday.

B. J. Cash of Route 2 was among those remembering the Courier Saturday.

Mr. H. Schuder renewed his subscription to the Courier for the twentieth time Wednesday.

G. L. McConico of Port Lavaca is spending the week with his brother, T. G. McConico.

Tom Smith has gone to Lobo, El Paso county, to take charge of a ranch for Smith Bros. & Young.

Jas. Owens of Grapeland was among those attending court Monday and remembering the Courier.

A. J. Dauphin of Lovelady and J. M. Pelham of Grapeland were visitors at the Courier office last Thursday.

Mrs. William B. Pegram returned Sunday morning from a two weeks' visit to relatives and friends in Kentucky.

A. S. Daniels of Route 5 was a caller at the Courier office Saturday morning. He had just sold his cotton at 14 cents.

Grover Hartt of Lovelady has returned from the State University and accepted a position in the Groveton public schools.

Dr. J. N. Dean of Lovelady, J. A. Ritcheerson and O. T. Ratcliff of Ratcliff were among those remembering the Courier Monday.

Silas M. Newton of Waco is spending the week with his friend, L. R. Meadows. He and Mr. Meadows were room-mates at Yale.

Porter Newman of Houston was here Saturday. He had been attending court at Lufkin and was returning home via of Augusta and Crockett.

W. F. West of Reynard was a visitor at the Courier office Wednesday morning. He said he had been offered 14 cents for all of his unsold cotton.

J. W. Goodwin of Creek was among the number welcomed at the Courier office Saturday. He moved to West Texas last fall, but has returned to Houston county to stay.

Baptist Services.

The pastor will preach at both hours. Morning subject, "Kadesh-Barnea;" evening subject, "Different Experiences in Conversion."

Minette Satterwhite was summoned to Houston Sunday by the serious illness of his wife, who had been operated on in a sanitarium there. The second operation had to be undergone and her condition was very critical this week.

Jas. Langston of this city has accepted a challenge to play a game of checkers for the state championship at Houston during the carnival. Many noted players will be there and the tournament promises to be one of the largest ever held in Texas.

Money to Loan.

We make a specialty of loans on land and to farmers. We buy vendors lien notes and any other good paper. If you want to borrow money you will DO WELL to call and get our terms before placing your loan. We buy and sell real estate.

WARFIELD BROTHERS,

Office North Side Public Square,
Crockett, Texas

Have you a sweet tooth? Try Lowney's chocolates, for people of good taste.

Sweet's Drug Store.

We have not put on a special sale, but our customers tell us we sell them cheaper.

T. D. Craddock.

All whiskies, wines, etc., bought from me same as advertised or money refunded.

W. E. Hail.

We make a specialty of covered buttons. Bring the material with which you wish them covered.

Shupak Tailoring Co.

Two car loads of barbed wire and Ellwood fencing (hog wire.) Let us figure with you first.

Daniel & Burton.

I handle nothing but the highest types of bonded barrel whisky with plenty of age to insure absolute purity.

W. E. Hail.

You are always welcome at our place. We are glad to have you come around.

The Murchison-Beasley Drug Co.

A few of the \$17.50 suits left. This is a solid oak, three pieces to suit, worth \$22.50, as long as they last will go at \$17.50 a suit at The Furniture Store.

Complete line hardware, Denton and Simond saws, axes, carpenters' tools, etc. Complete sets of wagon harness.

Daniel & Burton.

Drop in and drink at our fountain when thirsty. We sell more drinks every day. Must be a reason.

The Murchison-Beasley Drug Co.

Let me do your typewriting and circular job work.

100 circular letters \$1.25. 500 circular letters \$3.00. Phone 190. 4t Thos. Collins.

Guns and rifles, any kind you want. Prices very reasonable.

L. C. Smith and Stephens repeating shotguns.

Daniel & Burton.

We are here to fill your wants for anything in the drug line. If we haven't what you want in stock we will get it for you gladly.

The Murchison-Beasley Drug Co.

Of course you can buy whiskey from any ordinary saloon, but if you want the assortment, quality, quantity, price or prompt shipment, order it from Hyman's Saloon.

The way our friends are coming in and renewing their subscriptions to the Courier is conclusive proof that the efforts of this paper to build up Houston county are appreciated.

Mules for Sale.

I have a bunch of good mules for sale in the lot adjoining the Goolsbee blacksmith shop. Young, gentle, large size and broke to work. See me.

John S. Arrington.

Flour is 50c per barrel higher in the past two weeks. The best price now on ALBATROSS FLOUR is \$1.90 per sack. It costs more than any other flour, but is worth it, and you will be willing to pay 50c per sack more for it, if need be, after you have used one sack.

Desirable Residence Property.

The Miller home on the hill is for sale at reasonable terms. Apply to H. J. Arledge, Crockett, or Mrs. C. C. Comer, Carthage, Texas. 4t.

The "Cow-Puncher," at the opera house last week, was so ridiculously "bum" that it was enjoyable. Evidently the "Cow-Puncher" does not believe in half-doing things.

When in town drop in and take a rest in some of our comfortable rockers. You will see the best chairs ever shown in Crockett. You are always welcome.

The Furniture Store.

So much that is new and important to the reading public appears in the columns of the Courier each week that subscribers and patrons find it indispensable, hence the large number of renewals which we are receiving daily.

Let Chas. Clinton see to your plumbing. He can supply and install your bath tubs, wash basins, etc., as it should be done, furnishing the best material and workmanship. He has a full line of tubs, basins and fixtures.

I will begin a meeting at Grapeland, assisted by the Christian forces of that community, the third Sunday in Nov., this month. Come, let us petition the blessings of the Lord together.

James A. Arnold.

Dental Notice.

I will be out of my dental office about a week beginning with the 8th inst., during which time my patients will be waited on by Dr. I. M. Cochran, a very nice young gentleman and a competent dentist.

Chas. C. Starling.

Notice, Cotton Growers.

Beginning Monday, November 8, and continuing until further notice, our gin will be closed on Mondays, Tuesdays and Wednesdays, but operated all other week days. We will have a man here every day in the week to buy your remnant cotton.

J. F. Standley.

Don't Get Fined.

The attention of the public is called to the practice of throwing out trash on the streets. There is an ordinance against this, and the marshal has been instructed to indict all guilty of this offense hereafter. Provide yourself with an empty barrel or can, put the trash in that and the scavenger will take it up.

St. C. L. Edmiston, Mayor.

F. B. WEBB'S RESTAURANT AND BAKERY

Oysters and Fish

Pies and Cream Bread

Fruits and Confections

Lunches at All Hours

The Crockett Courier

Issued weekly from the Courier Building.

W. W. AIKEN, Editor and Proprietor.

PUBLISHER'S NOTICE.

Obituaries, resolutions, cards of thanks and other matter not "news" will be charged for at the rate of 5c per line.

Parties ordering advertising or printing for societies, churches, committees or organizations of any kind will, in all cases, be held personally responsible for the payment of the bill.

MONDAY, NOVEMBER FIFTEENTH

Is General Premium and Trades Day for Houston County.

Monday, November 15, is premium day in Crockett. Do not forget that and do not forget to bring in the best products of the farm. You may not get the premium, but you will help in stimulating an interest in better methods of farming. A nice list of premiums is being prepared by the business men of Crockett and many farm products will be covered, including live stock. Messrs. Jas. S. Shivers, Arch Burton and Thos. Self have the matter in charge and are being ably assisted by Mr. Arch Baker. The town has been only partially canvassed for subscriptions and the list is incomplete, but if completed in time will appear in the Courier next week. If you have anything to trade or sell bring it in on that day and if you have something to buy you should be here on that day. It is the intention of the committee to make it a general premium and trades day for Houston county. Bring a copy of the Courier with you on that day and make the merchants sell you as they have advertised.

Will Build a Magnificent Home.

I. A. Daniel has sold his residence property at Kennard with the intention of moving to Crockett to live. He arrived in Crockett Tuesday afternoon, and on Wednesday morning bought of J. W. Hall the vacant lot adjoining Mr. Hall's residence in East Crockett. The price paid was \$1000 an acre and the lot contains about five acres. Mr. Daniel will begin immediately the construction of a magnificent home on the property, the cost of which has not yet been decided. Crockett is fast becoming a city of fine homes.

Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Patterson of Los Angeles, after a week spent in this city, left Monday for a visit to their old home in Ohio. Before leaving Mr. Patterson called at the Courier office and verified all that he had previously said in regard to the future of Houston county, of which he was quoted last week as being so optimistic. His belief in the unlimited possibilities of Houston county was unshaken and he was especially optimistic in regard to the possibilities of Houston county soil. Mr. Patterson is vice president of the First National bank of Los Angeles and interested in many enterprises in California.

The Courier learns that about two miles of the Huntsville road leading out of town is soon to be graded, clayed and gravelled by private subscription. The Courier also learns that the grade along the south end of North street is to be reduced by filling in over the culvert, which will also be done by private subscription. If any one doubts that good roads can be constructed in Houston county with Houston county material, take him over that stretch of road around J. H. Smith's place in South Crockett. There he will find a model piece of roadway.

IN DISTRICT COURT.

Thirteen Witnesses Are Fined \$50 Each for Disobeying Grand Jury Summons.

As the Courier went to press last week the case of Elijah Davis et al. against the West Lumber Co. et al., constituting a suit for land, was on trial. The verdict of the jury was in favor of the defendants, the lumber company and others.

Following this another land suit, Tresser Wyley vs. West Lumber Co., was tried with the same result. These suits were the outgrowth of the lumber company buying land claimed by different parties, but the company bought from those having the best claims.

The criminal docket was taken up Monday morning and the case of the state against Henry Murchison, a negro, accused of burglarizing the store of T. S. Kent at Reynard, was gone into. This case was still on trial Tuesday morning.

Last week the following witnesses were fined \$50 each for disobeying grand jury summons:

J. R. McIver, Preacher Thompson, Dan Smith, John Foster, Elijah Oldham, L. O'Neil, Boyd Pyle, Monk Bass, Drew Jackson, W. F. Brooks, Mollie Sumrell, Jess Shuffield, Bud Johnson.

There are just thirteen of them—the unlucky number.

Saturday Night's Robbery.

Jake Endel, a peddler, reported to the officers Sunday that he had been robbed some time during the previous night while staying at the house of a Mrs. Riggs in the southwestern part of the county. The officers made an investigation and arrested Mrs. Riggs, her son, Arthur Riggs, and three younger sons, also a boy named Ackley who spent the night in the Riggs house. They were all locked in jail and the grand jury will work on their case next week. Arthur Riggs is just out of the penitentiary, where he was sent for murder, but had been pardoned on account of having consumption. He was sent up from this county for the murder of Bill McManus in the Creek country. The amount secured by the theft was \$50 cash and goods valued at from \$50 to \$100. The goods have been recovered by the officers, but the money has not yet been located.

Wholesale Thieving.

Two negroes did some wholesale thieving in Crockett Saturday. They went from store to store, pilfering and plundering as they went, until they were finally detected and reported to the officers. The arrests were made by the city marshal. The negroes were strangers here. The fact that there was an unusually large crowd in town Saturday was taken advantage of by the thieves, who are now in jail.

Cases Affirmed.

District Attorney Tom Harris received a telegram Wednesday morning informing him that the cases against Adolph Zachary, Henry Roberts and Will Carr had been affirmed. These men were convicted at the last term of the court as follows: Adolph Zachary, white, 20 years for rape; Henry Roberts, negro, 4 years for murder; Will Carr, negro, 2 years for hog theft. They are now in jail, but will be transferred to the penitentiary.

Foley's Kidney Remedy will cure any case of kidney or bladder trouble that is not beyond the reach of medicine. Cures backache and irregularities that if neglected might result in Bright's disease or diabetes. Will McLean.

East Texas.

(From the New York Commercial.)

East Texas is a large territory, comprising some twenty counties, and may appropriately be designated the fruit belt of Texas. It is a timbered region, with undulating surface and a great variety of soil. Water of fine quality and abundant quantity is obtained in wells, springs and clear running streams.

This part of the state has been the least exploited, mainly because the lands are not held in large blocks that would appeal to the colonization companies that have been advertising so extensively the gulf coast country and West Texas. Therefore East Texas is comparatively little known to the outside world, although one of the best sections of the state for those of moderate means who desire to make permanent homes in Texas.

The United States department of agriculture has established hundreds of experimental farms in this territory to demonstrate results that may be obtained by scientific agricultural methods. It has been clearly shown that the farms can be made to produce more than double the yield of the past, and forty to sixty bushels of corn, or one bale to one and a half bales of cotton per acre, are now being obtained from lands that have been yielding only fifteen to twenty bushels of corn and one-third to one-half bale of cotton an acre.

The farmers are profiting by these demonstrations by adopting the methods introduced at the experimental farms, and the benefits accruing to the whole country are incalculably great.

The methods of cultivating, harvesting and marketing fruits and garden truck are also undergoing a marked change, as a result of practical demonstrations made at the experimental farms. In-

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Crockett, Texas

Telephone 217

stead of rushing to the markets with fruits and truck for a few weeks after the ripening season commences until the markets become glutted and the prices paid no longer even defray the expense of shipping, and then leaving the balance of the crops to rot in the fields, it has been demonstrated that every farmer should provide a home canning outfit and should can all the fruit and vegetables that cannot be profitably sold in the fresh state. When this method becomes universally practiced the season for marketing the products of truck farms and orchards will no longer be confined to a few weeks, and these products may be sold at any time during the year, as is the case with cotton and corn.

East Texas shipped last year approximately 3,000 car loads of tomatoes and peaches, and there is no way of estimating the quantity left to rot in the fields after the market became glutted. It is too early to get reports on shipments this season, but from the little town of Jacksonville alone there have already been shipped about 250 cars of tomatoes.

While peaches, Irish potatoes, tomatoes and strawberries have been the crops most extensively grown heretofore, many other kinds of vegetables and fruits could undoubtedly be grown profitably. Pears, blackberries and asparagus would pay well, and yet but little attention is being be-

stowed upon them.

The growing of fine grade tobacco promises to develop into a great industry in the district around Palestine, Nacogdoches and Crockett. At Palestine something like fifty acres is devoted to growing the "wrapper," a grade of tobacco heretofore obtainable only in Cuba. It is grown under a shade, the fields being covered with slats or cheesecloth, but the product sells at prices ranging from 50 cents to \$2.50 a pound, and as the yield from one acre is 800 to 1,200 pounds it is a very promising industry.

Hog raising is receiving a good deal of attention, as the hogs may be kept on the waste products and at little or no expense. Fine milk cows are taking the place of the old time "Texas steers."

Mr. A. S. M. Hyder, one of the oldest citizens of the town, died Monday at the home of Mrs. M. E. Shivers, where he had been living for a long time. The funeral occurred from the residence of Mrs. Shivers Tuesday morning at 10 o'clock, interment taking place in Glenwood cemetery. Mr. Hyder was a life-time friend of the Shivers family and there was much sorrow at his death.

A bottle of Prickly Ash Bitters kept in the house and used occasionally means good health to the whole household. The Murchison-Beasley Drug Co., Crockett; C. R. Rich, Lovelady; special agents.

It Is Your Privilege

By nature, to trade wherever you choose, but in exercising this right, you are liable to do yourself and those dependent upon you a gross injustice if you do not see our immense stock of Dry Goods, Shoes, Hats, Children's and Men's Clothing, Hardware, Groceries, etc., because we paid the spot cash for all our goods and are able and willing to sell on as close margin as any house in East Texas; because we are at comparatively no expense in conducting our business, and for these few reasons we are not to be undersold by any one.

If you consider the matter of appreciation, courtesy, honest treatment, value for value, your money's worth or your money refunded, or satisfaction anything, and if these things appeal to you, then we think you will choose to make our store your shopping and stopping place.

Yours for business,

Moore & Shivers.