

The Crockett Courier.

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MOTTO—Quality, Not Quantity.

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WILL APPLY BRUSH MONDAY.

Whitewash Lorimer, and, if Necessary, Ballinger, Condemn Gore and Kill Popular Election Bill.

Washington, Dec. 17.—The program which the element of the republican party in control of the house and the senate has cut out, for what Senator Hale has graphically described as the "dying gasp of the party in power," is fairly distinguishable from the primary work and is expected to be in part as follows:

The whitewashing of Ballinger, if the opposition force the issue.

The whitewashing of Lorimer at any event.

The condemnation of Senator Gore.

The loading down of the election of senators by a direct vote of the people with such restrictions as will insure the failure of the proposal.

DEMOCRATS ALSO IN.

In the Lorimer scandal the blame lies as much with the democrats as with the republicans of the investigating committee, for Senator Bailey, the ranking democrat in the committee, and his democratic colleagues, Frazier of Tennessee, Paynter of Kentucky, Johnson of Alabama and Fletcher of Florida, it is understood, will vote with the republicans, Burrows, Depew, Beveridge, Dillingham, Gamble, Heyburn and Bulkley for the exoneration of Lorimer. Indeed, of the democrats, Paynter and Johnson have already voted with the republican exonerators of the subcommittee, and it is understood that this course will be pursued by the democrats in the senate generally, though there be a few who will not vote on the matter when it comes before the senate proper and there may even be a few adverse democrats. It is said that Senator Beveridge will balk at lending a hand when the full committee applies the brush on Monday, but this is by no means certain. It is also said that some democrats will file individual views to take the sting out of their vote exonerating Lorimer, but that will not alter the result.

This proposed whitewashing is to be done on the following finding of the sub-committee: "That Lorimer had a majority of 3 votes outside of the votes which the testimony taken by the committee alleges were paid for."

BURNED GOOD MONEY.

This is a finding not that money was not paid to Illinois legislators to vote for Lorimer, but that the bribed votes were unnecessary so far as to the testimony shows. It is rather a reflection on the political sagacity and the extravagance of the men who burned good money to buy votes for Lorimer when, as far as the committee could learn he did not, by three votes, need the bought legislators.

There is nothing heard now to the effect that it need not be necessary to prove that Lorimer bribed any one, but only to show that money was used illegitimately to obtain his election.

The subcommittee finds directly that the evidence does not show that Lorimer was connected with the distribution of the famous

Illinois "jackpot." It has been said that there has been great pressure brought on democrats to go along with the republicans on this matter allegedly for the political reason that the Illinois statesmen who were said to have been bribed are democrats. Naturally no such reason will be offered for the democratic vote to exonerate Lorimer. From what has become public of the subcommittee finding it appears the democratic exoneration, like the republican, will probably have to rest on the foundation of the majority of three that was not proven to have been paid for by Mr. Lorimer's philanthropic friends.

Advised Physicians to Advertise.

San Antonio, Tex., Dec. 16.—Dr. C. C. Young of Chicago has startled the physicians of San Antonio by coming out boldly and advising that they adopt modern methods and become advertisers. Dr. Young is one of the leading physicians of Chicago, and has always been numbered among the most "ethical."

In an address before the Bexar County Medical Society, whose guest of honor he was, Dr. Young said the physician had just as much right to advertise as did any other person if he faithfully represented his ability and equipment. He predicted the physician in a few years who did not advertise would be accounted as much of a "moss-back" as the merchant who failed to avail himself of the space in the newspapers.

Change of Venue Granted.

Palestine, Tex., Dec. 14.—The venue in the cases against Jim Sperger, B. J. Jenkins, Isom Garner, Curtis Sperger, Andrew Kirkwood and Steve Jenkins, white men charged with the murder of negroes near Slocum, this county, several months ago, was changed to Harris County by action of the district court and upon the motion of Judge B. H. Gardner, who announced that the cases would be transferred to Limestone county unless attorneys on both sides could agree on one of the following courts: Navarro, McLennan, Williamson, Travis or Harris.

After consultation, the attorneys decided on the latter county. The change of venue does not apply to William Henry, who has been indicted but not arrested, nor to the Houston county cases.

You must read this if you want the benefit

J. W. Greer, Greenwood, La., suffered with a severe case of lumbago. "The pains were so intense I was forced to hypodermic injections for relief. These attacks started with a pain in the small of my back which gradually became fairly paralyzing. My attention was attracted to Foley's Kidney Remedy and I am glad to say after using this wonderful medicine I am no longer bothered in any way by my old enemy lumbago." Will McLean.

The greatest danger from influenza is of its resulting in pneumonia. This can be obviated by using Chamberlain's Cough Remedy, as it not only cures influenza, but counteracts any tendency of the disease toward pneumonia. Sold by Murchison-Beasley Drug Co.

Holiday Offerings



It has been a custom for several years for Santa Claus to make this store his headquarters, and this year will not be an exception to the rule. We think you will agree with us, after carefully looking, when we say our line of Holiday Goods is superior to any shown in the city, and our prices are right. We cannot mention all the gifts we have in stock, for our store is brimfull of beautiful presents. DO YOUR HOLIDAY SHOPPING NOW WHILE THE STOCK IS COMPLETE.

Sweet's Drug Store.

FOR TEXAS WATERWAYS

Will Ask Increases in Rivers and Harbors Bill of \$475,000 and offer Amendments.

Washington, Dec. 13.—Senator Culberson will offer an amendment this week to the rivers and harbors bill providing for an increase by \$100,000 of the appropriation made by the house for Trinity River. Representative Beall submitted to Senator Culberson today a draft of such an amendment. It provides, in addition to the \$40,000 allowed in the house bill, the sum of \$50,000 for the beginning of a new lock and dam at Pine Bluff, 260 miles down the river from Dallas, and \$25,000 each for lock and dam No. 7, and the lock and dam at White Rock Shoals. That would make the total Trinity River appropriation \$140,000.

Representative Henry expects to raise the house appropriation of \$25,000 for the Brazos River to \$125,000 in the senate, while representatives Burgess and Garner are confident that the senate will also include an appropriation of \$375,000 for Harbor Island in the bill. Representative Burgess has the assurance of the chairman of the house rivers and harbors committee and of the ranking democrat on that committee that they will support the Harbor Island project in conference, which would insure the retention of the senate amendment.

Representatives Burgess and Dies and W. P. Hobby, represent-

ing the Beaumont Board of Trade, appeared before the reviewing board of the board of engineers this morning in support of the Beaumont-Orange waterway. They found the board apparently favorably inclined to the project which already has a strong endorsement from the special board which investigated the proposed project last fall. The Texans urged the board to expedite its report so that the item may be incorporated in the senate bill. Senator Bailey will offer the Beaumont item as an amendment to the house bill.

Methodist Church.

Christmas service, 11 a. m.—Silent prayer.
"Hark! The Herald Angels Sing," Mendelssohn—Choir.
Hymn No. 2, the congregation standing.
Apostles' Creed, repeated by all.
Prayer.
"In Old Judea"—Mrs. A. M. Decuir.
Psalm No. 23, read responsively.
Gloria Patri.
Selection—Methodist Quartette.
Anthem—Choir.
Hymn No. 78, the congregation standing.
Sermonette, "The Significance of Christmas."
Solo—Mrs. J. D. Woodson.
Christmas offering for orphans.
"Jesus, Our Shepherd," No. 677, congregation standing.
Benediction.
There will be no service at the Methodist church Sunday night. All are invited to the Xmas service Sunday morning at 11.

SMITH'S TARIFF SPEECH.

Contraverts the Assertion That the Democratic Party is Opposed to Free Raw Material.

Washington, Dec. 13.—Representative William R. Smith of the Sixteenth Texas Congressional District made the first tariff speech of the present session of congress. Judge Smith spoke for nearly two hours, dealing largely with the democratic position on raw materials. In this connection Mr. Smith controverted some historical assertions which were made during the debate on the Payne bill and subsequently to show that the democratic party is nominally opposed to free raw material, and that free raw material is heresy.

In the presentation of the historical side of the tariff question, Judge Smith cited passages, pages and books to sustain his contention that free raw material is true democratic doctrine. The speech covered the whole tariff subject in a more thorough manner than it has been treated in the house in many years.

The impression it made may be gauged by the fact that Judge Smith has had numerous requests for the speech in pamphlet form. Representative John G. McHenry of the Sixteenth Pennsylvania District, stated that he intended to circulate 10,000 copies of the speech in his district for the enlightenment of his constituents on this view of the tariff.

FOLEY'S KIDNEY PILLS
FOR BACKACHE, KIDNEY AND BLADDER



Christmas Greetings



FROM THE BIG STORE

We wish to extend to each and every one of our many customers our Christmas Greetings and sincerely wish for each a Merry Christmas and a Happy and a Prosperous New Year. And we wish to state to you that we are prepared to a large extent to help make merry those about you in a substantial way. While we do not handle toys, we have grouped a large assortment of articles that come in use in the every day life of all of us, and that will make our friends feel glad of the fact that they have not been forgotten and that the Christ Child was born and once lived as a man on this earth. Our gatherings for tokens of this kind consist of the following articles which we are going to sell at very low prices:

Ladies' Hand Bags, Combs, Barrettes, Belt Pins, Silk Handkerchiefs, Linen Handkerchiefs, Stick Pins, Purses, Neck Ties, Kid Gloves, Button Sets, and numerous other articles, many of these displayed in our large show windows

In conclusion we desire to thank you one and all for the liberal patronage you have shown us during the year that is drawing to a close, and trust that you will continue same during the years to come.

YOURS TRULY

Jas. S. Shivers & Company

FAKE "SPECIAL" ON TARIFF ISSUE

Denial Comes From Washington That Watterson Endorsed Bailey Views.

Washington, Dec. 17.—Positive denial is made in Washington concerning a political special which appeared in the Houston Post of December 10. This special quoted Henry Watterson, editor of the Courier-Journal, as criticizing democratic congressmen from Texas who have sought the enactment of tariff legislation in harmony with the last national democratic platform. Colonel Watterson was further quoted as indorsing the tariff views of Senator Bailey, which are antagonistic to the national platform of his party. Colonel Watterson's views were declared by the Washington correspondent of the Post to have been imparted to Champ Clark, minority leader and prospective speaker of the house of representatives. Mr. Clark has emphatically denied that any such conversation as that detailed in the Post occurred.

STATEMENT BY MR. HENRY.

Congressman Henry of Texas, upon being requested for a statement, gave the following to your correspondent:

"In the Houston Post of December 9 appeared an alleged conversation between Colonel Henry Watterson and Hon. Champ Clark, touching the tariff controversy in Texas and Senator Bailey's position with reference thereto.

"Immediately following the appearance of this story in the Houston Post, Hon. B. M. Johnston, who happened to be in Washington city, instructed his correspondent here to interview the six Texans supposed to be the ones re-

ferred to in the conversation. Whereupon Messrs. Smith, Burleson, Hardy, Henry and Randell gave duly authorized statements to the correspondent of the Houston Post. They not only wished that these statements be printed in the Houston Post to refute the unfounded story as published in the Post, but they insisted that their interviews be printed in the Houston Post. The Houston Post so far has refused and failed to give publicity to their views. In reply to the urgent request of the Houston Post correspondent, Miss Brooks, I dictated to her on Monday, December 10, following the appearance of the story in Saturday's Houston Post, the following interview:

"First, Colonel Henry Watterson did not make the statement, because Champ Clark says he did not. Second, I do not regard Senator Bailey a sound democrat on the tariff. Third, I am opposed to him and will chose my own time and method of assailing him and his vicious record. I am in no combination, but am acting on my own responsibility."

"Since that time I have again conversed with Champ Clark on two occasions and he reiterates emphatically that no such conversation ever occurred with him."

STATEMENT BY MR. SMITH.

"On the 12th instant the correspondent of the Houston Post, Miss Brooks, showed me the Watterson-Clark story in the Houston Post and asked me what I had to say with reference to the same. I told her that I had introduced a bill to put lumber on the free list in obedience to the last national democratic platform, and that I did not do so with any intention of making any attack upon Senator Bailey or any one else. I

told her also that Mr. Clark had had no such conversation with Mr. Watterson, that Mr. Clark had denied to me any such conversation, that from the first I did not believe that Mr. Watterson had endorsed the anti-free raw material views of Senator Bailey, because they were contrary to the history and leaders of the democratic party and to Colonel Watterson's own record upon the question. I insisted that my statement be given publicity in the Houston Post."

Instruments to Locate Hidden Wealth.

Harrisburg, Pa., Dec. 16.—Abram G. Stauffer, Oscar Stauffer and Abram S. Stauffer, prominent residents of Philadelphia, were arrested there today, charged with using the mails to defraud.

The Stauffers are charged with having been selling instruments to locate hidden wealth, one of the articles being the "Spanish needle."

The first two men are said to have been doing business under the names of the Prospectors and Miners Agency, Hall & Co., Electric Motor Company, Diamond Publishing Company, Gem Novelty Company, Franklin Drug Company, Smith Remedy Company and Stauffer & Co. Abram S. Stauffer is said to have been interested in a concern known as the Miners Supply Company.

The men were held in \$5,000 bail.

A Simple Safeguard for Mothers.

Mrs. D. Gilkeson, 326 Ingles Ave., Youngstown, Ohio, gained wisdom by experience. "My little girl had a severe cold and coughed almost continuously. My sister recommended Foley's Honey and Tar. The first dose I gave her relieved the inflammation in her throat and after using only one bottle her throat and lungs were entirely free from inflammation. Since then I always keep a bottle of Foley's Honey and Tar in the house. Accept no substitutes. Will McLean.

UPHELD ARTICLE 486.

Chief Justice Gaines Renders Important Decision Relative to Issuance of Street Improvement Bonds.

Austin, Tex., Dec. 14.—The supreme court of the state today rendered its opinion, through Chief Justice Gaines, in the case of G. A. Bodenheim, mayor of Longview, vs. Jewel P. Lightfoot, attorney general, upholding article 486 of the revised statutes as amended by the thirty-first legislature, authorizing street improvement bonds to issue against the 15c tax for roads and bridges, provided for by the constitution in addition to the bonds authorized by this statute for the purpose of public buildings, water-works, sewers and other permanent improvements. The result of the decision is to authorize the use of the 15c tax for the street improvement bond purposes and the 25c tax for bonds for the purpose of public buildings, waterworks, sewers and other public improvements, giving a total bond-issuing power of 40c tax to a city created under the general law.

This decision is considered very important, for the reason that some of the leading municipal bond lawyers of the United States, as well as the attorney general's department, were of the opinion that article 486 as it at present exists was of very doubtful constitutional authority on the question of the use of the 15c tax for roads and bridges for the purpose of paying interest and sinking fund on street improvement bonds. In fact, some of the bond attorneys of the East have advised bond purchasers against purchasing street improvement bonds issued

by a city organized under the general law in Texas, because, in their opinion, the statute authorizing the bonds to issue was unconstitutional.

This decision will remove this cloud from street improvement bonds issued by cities organized under the general law in Texas and will remove all objections to the sale of such bonds.

WEAK, WEARY WOMEN

Learn the Cause of Daily Woos and End Them.

When the back aches and throbs. When housework is torture. When night brings no rest nor sleep.

When urinary disorders set in. Women's lot is a weary one. There is a way to escape these woes.

Doan's Kidney Pills cure such ills.

Have cured thousands.

Read this woman's testimony.

Mrs. M. J. Rogers, 509 Reagan St., Palestine, Texas, says: For over a year kidney trouble annoyed me. My back pained me a great deal and I had considerable difficulty in passing the kidney secretions. A few months ago when Doan's Kidney Pills were advertised, I procured a box and used them according to directions. They did me a great deal of good and I, therefore, have no hesitation in recommending them."

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.

Many persons find themselves affected with a persistent cough after an attack of influenza. As this cough can be promptly cured by the use of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy, it should not be allowed to run on until it becomes troublesome. Sold by Murchison-Beasley Drug Co.

WIT OF THE INDIAN

The Dignified Red Man Has a Keen Sense of Humor.

STORIES OF STANDING BEAR.

The Race the Old Chief Was Willing to Run Against a Government Attorney—A Gallant Brave and His Mirror—An Invisible Bridge.

The impression prevails widely that the Indian lacks the saving sense of humor—"that most characteristic of all American qualities." To the creating and the spreading of this impression many recognizable traits of Indian character have indisputably contributed—his ancestral pride, his exclusiveness, his gravity of face and dignity of manner in public.

Nevertheless an injustice is done him, for among no primitive peoples is the sense of humor keener or more spontaneous and kindly.

Years ago I was conversing with a group of children of the Omaha tribe. They were on their way to a reservation school, and directly in their path lay a swamp an eighth of a mile wide, and straight through this they were required to wade twice a day.

"It is too bad," I remarked. "Can you not go around the swamp? Your feet will be wet, and you will be uncomfortable and possibly ill."

"Oh," cried a girl of about twelve years, her dark eyes dancing with merriment, "we walk over the \$1,200 bridge."

They all laughed at this. What could it mean? I saw no bridge; there was no bridge to be seen. It made them merry to see me mystified, and I heard them laughing and chatting as they went through the water and mud. Afterward I discovered the humor in the remark. Some years previous to that time the government had appropriated \$1,200 to build a bridge over this swamp, but somehow the money had vanished into somebody's pocket and the work was not done.

One evening I saw a gallant young brave making his way swiftly over the prairies of the Omaha reserve. He was dressed in all his finery, and at his side dangled a small mirror. Manifestly he was an ardent lover. This I should have surmised from his dress and eager haste, even if I had not known him. As he was a friend of mine, I had inside information of his hopes and purposes; also I ventured to stop him for a moment, precious as I knew him time to be.

"That mirror at your side," I remarked, "is to give opportunity for Prairie Flower to discover how lovely she is, is it not?" He considered a moment, and then, with a twinkling eye, he replied:

"No. Maybe so she will talk too much to me, and then I will look into my mirror to see how tired I am."

This certainly was the humor of absurdity. Examples of Standing Bear's humor I could give almost without number. During the trial of his case before Judge Dundy the contention of the government attorney was that an Indian is not a person within the meaning of the law. This puzzled the old chief greatly. It also amused him.

One day at my table he was vigorously plying a knife and fork when suddenly he paused in his eating, lifted up his hands, and, a humorous smile lighting up his noble, storm-scarred face, he remarked: "The attorneys say I am not a person. But I can use a knife and fork. Does a bear do that? If he, the attorney, is a person I am one also. We both eat with knives and forks. Indeed, I think I can use them faster than he can. If he wants to race me eating I am ready." We all laughed at this. When we were quiet Standing Bear added, "That is, I will run an eating race with the attorney if he will pay for the beefsteak."

The first public address Standing Bear ever made was given in my church. In the course of it while he was pleading for assistance he addressed various classes of people present—the men, the women, the clergy, the business men, the children. When he was pleading with the women he said: "I appeal to you because you are brave and patient. Whenever you have anything hard to do you never rest until it is done." This was a gallant sentiment worthy of a chief. But Frank La Flesche, who was interpreting, rendered the sentence thus: "You women are patient. When there is anything hard to be done we men let you do it." This was so true to Indian custom that the audience laughed.

Standing Bear was puzzled. As he stood silent a moment wondering what mistake he had made Bright Eyes, the beautiful Omaha maiden, stepped forward and said, "My brother Frank has made a mistake in interpreting the chief's thought." Then she gave the proper rendering.

The Chicago papers took liberties with Standing Bear's name, one of them referring to him constantly as Upright Bruin. When this was explained to the chief he took the matter

with great good nature.

"What does it matter?" he remarked, his face beaming. "I am all tied up with names. I am like a pony tangled in his lariat. Father Hamilton, the Presbyterian, calls me elder. The Episcopalian clergyman calls me warden. For I am an officer in the little church in our village, where both these good men preach. And now the papers call me—what is it? Yes, Bruin. No matter. The judge in Omaha says I am a person, and that satisfies me."—Southern Workman.

A FAMOUS RACE.

The Greatest Steamboat Contest on the Mississippi River.

The greatest race ever run on the Mississippi was between the Natchez, a boat built in Cincinnati and commanded by Captain T. P. Leathers, and a New Albany boat, the Robert E. Lee, under Captain John W. Cannon. There was spirited rivalry between the two vessels, and when the Natchez made the fastest time on record between New Orleans and St. Louis (1,278 miles in 3 days 21 hours 58 minutes) Captain Cannon resolved to beat it. He engaged the steamer Frank Fargous and several fuel boats and arranged for them to meet him at various points up the river with wood and coal. Then he had his boat cleared of all her upper works likely to catch the wind or make the vessel heavier.

On Thursday, June 20, 1870, at 4:45 p. m., the Robert E. Lee steamed out of New Orleans. The Natchez followed five minutes later. The race had been advertised in advance and was now awaited with gathering interest at all the river towns. Large crowds were assembled at Natchez, Vicksburg, Helena and other large places.

Between Cairo and St. Louis the Natchez afterward claimed to have lost seven hours and one minute on account of a fog and broken machinery. The Robert E. Lee, however, was not delayed and arrived in St. Louis thirty-three minutes ahead of the previous record established by her competitor. Fifty thousand people from the house-tops, the levee and the docks of other steamers welcomed the winner as she steamed into port. Captain Cannon was the lion of the hour. The business men gave a banquet in his honor.—Travel Magazine.

Not a Savant.

A Harvard man told at a dinner in Cambridge a story about ignorance. "Some sailors were being banqueted in Philadelphia at St. George's hall," he said, "and a young bluejacket, pointing to a superb silver chandelier, said: 'Waiter, bring up that 'ere chandelier.'"

"That ain't a chandelier," the waiter answered, laughing. "That's a cruet."

"Well, never mind what it is," said the sailor. "Bring it up. We ain't all been to college."

Both Affected.

"Whenever she gets to thinking how much they're in debt it affects her nerves."

"Huh! The way it affects her husband is singular."

"How singular?"

"Just singular; it affects his nerve. He tried to borrow a hundred from me today."—Catholic Standard and Times.

A Misapprehension.

The young man leading a dog by a string lounged up to the ticket office of a railway station and inquired, "Must I—aw—take a ticket for a puppy?"

"No; you can travel as an ordinary passenger," was the reply.—Suburban Life.

A Jewel.

"Are you satisfied with your new maid?"

"Very. She's too old to get married and too fat to wear my things. So I think we'll be able to keep her."—Detroit Free Press.

Education begins the gentleman, but reading, good company and reflection must finish him.—Locke.

Dangerous Sport.

First Lady (reading a newspaper)—This golf seems to be a very dangerous game. Did you see what happened to a man named Taylor? He went into bunker and was in two when he came out.

Second Lady—How dreadful!

"Yes, here are the words: Taylor getting out in two, Braid secured a half."

"Does it say what happened to the other half?"

"No, but there was worse to follow. According to the report, Taylor then fell altogether to pieces."—Word of Golf.

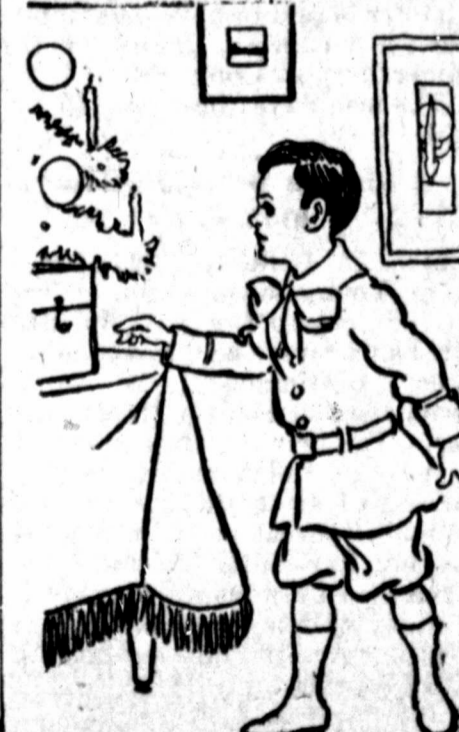
Room For Doubt.

The cuckoo clock had just chirped the half hour before midnight, and the girl in the parlor scene was weary.

"Mr. DeBorem," she said as she vainly attempted to strangle a yawn, "I heard something about you the other day that I'm sure is not true."

"Indeed!" he exclaimed. "What was it?"

"I heard some one say you were an easy going chap," she answered.—Chicago News.



LIFE IN NEW YORK

How It May Run In a Deep Rut In the Matter of Locality.

LAMENT OF A MAN WHO MOVED

The Homesickness That Came With Working Uptown After Twenty Years of Routine Travel to and From and in the Downtown District.

There are thousands and thousands of men in New York city whose business has been confined to one district for twenty years or more, whose daily routine seldom fluctuates, who are punctual in traveling by a certain train every day in the week, who reach their offices, barring tie-ups, at a regular hour and take up their daily grind and hold to it until the hour of closing.

Many of these men unconsciously get to know and make friends of people whose names they never learn. They become attached to localities in a strange sort of way and do not realize how strong is the attachment. Here is the story of one of them into whose life there has come a change through moving that startles and surprises him and throws a quaint light upon some of the city's people.

"In the twenty years that I was downtown," the man said in telling his experience, "I was in the habit, weather permitting, of taking a walk after the luncheon hour every day in some street between City Hall and the Battery. I have footed every bit of un-built ground in that territory. What marvelous changes have come in those twenty years! How many signs on buildings have changed in that time! How many houses have been pulled down! How many new ones have gone up, some of them towering skyward, to take the places of the landmarks?"

"I got to know the lower end of town so well I could shut my eyes and make a mental picture of many of the blocks and see the names on the buildings. If I wanted any article, from shoelaces to anything elaborate, I knew exactly where to get them. If some particular dish were desired I knew where it could be served and just what it would cost."

"A great city never stands still. It is as restless as the great deep. But the man who becomes a part of it does not think until he gets away from the part of it where he has done business what the changes are. When I began my strolls there were no tunnels under the two rivers. In the years that have drifted away great bridges have been constructed between Manhattan and Long Island. It does not seem long since I used to hear the restless puff of the coal fed locomotives of the elevated system, yet so gradually did the old order pass that I do not distinctly recall when the present system was installed."

"The changes that took place in business firms were interesting. Many, many times I have seen the name of the man who established a trade taken down and that of his son or sons take its place. So frequently were the same people met in the same place and at the same hour that we nodded as we passed, although none of us knew the name of the nodder."

"Not long ago the business with which I am connected made a jump uptown. Never until I took my traps uptown had I any occasion to walk in the street where our new building stands. The first day I went out to luncheon I had to search for a restaurant. It seemed odd. I saw people I never saw before. I read signs—one of my fool habits—I never read before. Many of the vehicles that passed were quite unlike those I used to see downtown."

"I had to change my hour and route for coming to business. For awhile I had to watch the street signs to know where to get off. How I missed the familiar call of the guard of the car—for I always came down in the same car in the makeup of the elevated train—the one I always boarded at the same hour."

"And that makes me think. I came to know by their faces most of the passengers who boarded that train at my station. I knew where most of them got off. Now that I am in new quarters in a new section I miss all these people with whom I traveled for years. Do they miss me, I wonder?"

"And the many whom I came to know downtown—how they will be missed! There is the old street preacher who used to stand on a soap box near Wall street or on the stone steps of the custom house and talk to people in the summer days and again in the days that betokened the coming of autumn. Then there were the Lenten days when I spent a part of my hour at Trinity or in old St. Paul's. I came to know the regular attendants on those services so that the strangers became conspicuous. There are no street preachers in the new district to which I have gone. I wonder why the middle district of the great city doesn't need spiritual direction as well as the downtown districts."

"And so it seems sometimes that I am in a new town, among new people,

seeing new buildings, reading new signs, hearing new voices, but all in the same old New York. And when I think of the old walks I have taken downtown, the old buildings that I passed so often that they became as familiar as the faces I met and never knew by name, of the strolls along the two rivers, of the craft I saw so often coming and going—when I think of all these there comes over me that sort of feeling that a boy has when he misses his mother. I think it is called homesickness."—New York Press.

THEIR COLORS.

A Touch of Human Nature Amid the Horrors of War.

Out of the midst of the bloody horrors of the battle of Fredericksburg comes a sweet and touching incident which goes to prove that the rage of battle cannot obliterate the tenderness dwelling in the hearts of men. The story is taken from Major Robert Stiles' "Four Years Under Massa Robert." The Federal army was entering the town, shot was flying in all directions, and Buck, a Confederate soldier, was peering round the corner of a house.

A little three-year-old, fair haired baby girl toddled out of the alley, accompanied by a Newfoundland dog, and in the midst of the hissing shells chased a cannon ball down the street. Buck grounded his gun, dashed out into the storm and swung his great right arm round the baby. Then he ran after his company, the little one clasped to his breast.

The company took refuge behind the stone wall which has now become historic, and there for hours and days of terror the baby was kept. Pierce nurses took turns in petting her while the storm of battle raged and shrieked. Never was a baby so cared for, and scouts scoured the countryside to get her milk.

When the struggle was over and the Federal army had left the company behind the wall received the post of honor in the van to lead the column into the town. Buck stood about in the middle of the regiment, the baby in his arms. There was a long halt, and the brigade staff hurried to and fro. The regimental colors were not to be found.

Suddenly Buck sprang to the front. He swung aloft the baby girl, her little garments fluttering like the folds of a banner, and shouted:

"Forward, men of the Twenty-first! Here are our colors!"

Off started the brigade, cheering lustily.

SHIRKING JAIL WORK.

Bidwell, the Forger, Was a Champion at Malingering.

Malingering is common in jail, but surely a case quoted from his own experience by Dr. Quinton, the late governor of Holloway, in "Crime and Criminals" is a record. The "hero" was a violent prisoner who feigned stiffness of the index finger to avoid oakum picking. He was so angry when the finger was forcibly bent that "on returning to his cell he promptly placed the offending finger in the hinges of his table, which was attached to the cell wall, and violently raised the leaf, with the result that the finger was absolutely shattered and had to be removed."

Another case even more remarkable in its way was that of the notorious American criminal Bidwell, who was sentenced to penal servitude for life in connection with the Bank of England forgeries.

"He was in good health on conviction, but never did any active work. Feigning loss of power in his legs, he lay in bed from day to day and from year to year, defying all efforts of persuasion and resisting all unpleasant coercive measures devised to make him work. When I saw him at Dartmoor at the end of eight or nine years of his sentence long disuse of his legs had rendered him almost a cripple. The muscles were extremely wasted, and both hip and knee joints were contracted in a state of semiflexion, so that he lay doubled up in a bundle. Though he was examined time after time by experts, no one succeeded in discovering any organic disease or any cause for his condition other than his own firmly expressed determination never to do a day's work for the British government, a threat which, I believe, he ultimately carried out."

To accept good advice is but to increase one's own ability.—Goethe.

Realistic.

The Author—Well, how did you like my play?

The Critic—Oh, it was very nice.

The Author—Didn't you think the church scene realistic?

The Critic—Intensely so. Why, a great many of us actually went to sleep while it was on.—London Tit-Bits.

Her New Role.

Patience—Do you remember my sister who was on the stage?

Patrice—Oh, yes.

"Well, she's married."

"Oh, got a speaking part at last, has she?"—Yonkers Statesman.

Sims' the Place to Solve the Gift Problem

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CUTTING HIS PANTS.

A Funny Man's Criticism of the Bar-torial Artist's Efforts.

When a tailor puts you on the measuring box, with a man guarding the door so that you can't get away and another making a book on the game, he reels off something like this as he goes about you with his measuring tape: "13-2-11-16-2-4-18-11-46-Geo, you're beginning to get a front, ain't you?—4-17—side and two hips, Jimmie—33-36—Can you come in tomorrow or Friday?—19-6—Houson of a flat, did you say?—28—Custom of the house to have a deposit on all orders—16—What was that last, Jimmie, did I say? Oh, make it 23 in the middle—What did you say your name was, mister?"

Now, nobody can make any combination of the foregoing figures which will spell anything like a decent pair of pants. But the tailor cares nothing whatever about the figures which he calls out to Jimmie and indeed makes no reference to them in his later operations. He knows the pants won't fit, anyhow, so what's the use? If you watch him you will discover that he usually takes up some other man's measurements when he undertakes the laying out of that particular garment on which he puts your name.

Having selected from the mass of papers on his desk a set of figures which suits him, he goes behind his counter, yawns, looks in the glass, smooths down his hair, hunts for the place where he left his cigar and at last picks up a thing which looks like a board rule, with a curve in the corner like a hockey stick. If you are not watching him he will probably cut your pants by ear and will not bother to use this implement, but if you insist upon inspection he'll make a pretense of scientific use of this instrument, whose real nature or purpose no human being knows or ever will know.

What the tailor is thinking of as he begins to make chalk marks in a piece of blue paper, using this rule as a straight edge, is the "joy ride" he is going to have with Marie in his new auto that evening. It makes no difference to him whether the chalk slips or not, nor is it important how far along this or that angle he allows the straight or curved line to run. He knows they are not going to fit, anyhow, so why should he bother about it overmuch? The only hope you can

possibly have meantime is the one raised in your bosom when the tailor, from behind the counter, looks up and says: "Jimmie, why in the world didn't you mark the name on this gent's pants? Oh, well, never mind."

The tailor goes on making several cute little pictures on the blue paper by aid of this curved thing, which has numbers scattered along it here and there. He draws in several isosceles triangles, converging at more or less the same point; but, not liking the looks of these, he rubs out some of the lines and tries over again. Then he forgets which ones he rubbed out. It makes no difference anyhow. At last he stands off, critically gazes upon the pattern which he has been casting, makes a bit or miss crosswise dab with the chalk—which determines, wholly by chance, how long your pants are going to be—and smiles to himself.—Everybody's Magazine.

Fearless Queen Sophie.

In 1890, when the combined armies of Victor Emmanuel and Garibaldi attacked Gaeta, Queen Sophie of Naples conducted the defense, her husband, Francis II., being utterly unnerfed. Most of her time was spent upon the ramparts, where she remained during the hottest fire. She was absolutely without fear. Once when a bomb burst in the room where she was dining with her husband and his suit she walked to a mirror that hung on the wall and, noticing that her hair was whitened by the plaster the bomb had scattered, remarked: "What a pity powdered heads are out of fashion! White hair suits me admirably."

He Won the Trick.

"Oh, George, dear," she whispered when he slipped the engagement ring on her tapering finger, "how sweet of you to remember just the sort of stone I preferred! None of the others was ever so thoughtful."

George was staggered but for a moment. Then he came back with: "Not at all, dear. You overrate me. This is the one I've always used."

She was inconsistent enough to cry about it.

Locality.

"Where were you born?" asked the judge of election.

"Have I got t' answer that question?" inquired the man who wished to vote.

"Yes; that's the law."

"Well, sir, I was born in th' steerage, if ye've got t' know."—Chicago Tribune.

OPEN AIR EXERCISE.

Always a Factor in the Building Up of a Man.

An athlete is like an aeronaut—safe enough while going, but in danger the moment he stops, especially if he stops suddenly.

If the first great danger of athletics for the professional or business man, the brain worker and man of sedentary habits generally is not getting enough of them the second is like unto it—stopping them too soon. No little of the bad after effects so frequently ascribed to athletics in college and school life is really due to their sudden discontinuance after graduation.

The building of man is never finished until he is dead. His life is all in one piece, and what is good for him at one stage of his existence is, mutatis mutandis, good for him in all. While man's mere stature and gross weight and even "horsepower" may have attained their maximum by twenty-two or twenty-three, the efficiency of both his mind and body for his particular life work ought to and under most circumstances does go on steadily increasing until he is fifty, fifty-five and even sixty years of age. And the same health giving agency—exercise in the open air—which has been the very life secret of his structural growth and development is equally indispensable to his further functional development and growth in efficiency. We not merely limit our growth, but actually shorten our lives, by taking it for granted that we have reached our limit at a certain age or stage and may therefore drop the means of further progress—play in the open air. When we stop playing we stop growing.—Dr. Woods Hutchinson in Outing.

His Mark.

Edmond Rostand, the famous French playwright, was once the hero of an amusing episode. During a visit to a friend in the country M. Rostand was requested to accompany him to a mairie in order to register the friend's newborn infant. The adjunct of the mairie, a conscientious little man, booked the infant and then turned to M. Rostand as the first witness. "Your name, sir?" "Edmond Rostand." "Your vocation?" "Man of letters and member of the French academy." "Very well," replied the official; "you have to sign your name. Can you write? If not you may make a cross."

"The O'Teck."

The late Prince Francis of Teck was known in royal circles as The O'Teck. The story goes that when Prince Francis was making his arrangements for hunting in Ireland he wrote to a forage dealer in County Meath with reference to the necessary supplies for his stud.

The man was greatly puzzled by the signature and at length, after anxious consideration, addressed his reply to Francis O'Teck, Esquire.—London Graphic.

Her Auto Duster.

Mrs. Kean wasn't exactly satisfied with her new maid.

"Don't you ever use your duster, Pauline?" she sternly inquired.

"Oh, yes, ma'am," replied Pauline absently; "I always use it when my chauffeur beau takes me riding!"—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Proof of Her Ability.

The One—I can't understand why you imagine she has wonderful conversational powers, when, as a matter of fact, she talks extremely little.

The Other—That's just it. She shows remarkable discretion in the selection of things to be left unsaid.—Chicago News.

Long and Short.

"What's all this trouble about the long and short haul?" demanded the secretary of the woman's club.

"It's this way," explained the treasurer. "Some dressmakers say a train ought to be six feet in length. Others say three feet is enough."—Washington Herald.

The Genius.

The principal difference between a genius and a fool is that the genius is able to get people to take up his idea and make fortunes out of them.—Chicago Record-Herald.

The man who combats himself will be happier than he who contends with others.—Confucius.

Cruel.

Two elderly belles were talking at the ball.

"What a flatterer Wootter von Twiller is!" said the first belle.

"Why, did he tell you you looked nice?" said the second.

"No," was the reply; "he told me you did!"—Exchange.

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TIME

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THE "HEATHEN CHINEE."

And the Cards Bret Harte Wrote into
His Flowing Sleeves.

Every one who knows American poetry is familiar with Bret Harte's "Heathen Chinese," written in the early seventies at the time when the feeling on the Pacific coast ran high against the mild eyed Celestial and voicing that feeling by portraying the hero, if such a term may be applied to Ah Sin, as a crafty card cheating villain who outwits the sharps of the California mining camps.

It is not generally known, however, that the poem is unique in that it contains an error which the author failed to detect when reading the galley proofs and which survived and still survives all attempts at correction. Perhaps it is the only instance in literature where a grossly patent error in the copy reading of an afterward famous article, whether prose or poem, has persisted through numerous editions despite all efforts of author and editor to kill it.

The poem was written while Bret Harte was employed on a San Francisco daily and, to him, was merely a part of the day's work. It tells of a Chinese, Ah Sin, who, "with a smile that was childlike and bland," sat in a game of euchre with Truthful James and Bill Nye.

At a crucial point of the game the artless Chinese plays the winning card, "which," says Truthful James, the narrator of the catastrophe, "the same Nye had dealt unto me!" Whereupon Truthful and Nye proceed to "go for that heathen Chinese." The damaging evidence disclosed by their rough and searching investigation is told as follows in the poem as it was printed—and has been printed ever since the initial publication:

In his sleeves, which were long, there were twenty-four packs.
Which is coming it strong, yet I state but the facts.

In this form the busy Bret Harte let the proofs go down to the printer, and it was not until some time later that he recalled having overlooked an error in it. He hurried down to the press, but already several hundred copies had been struck off and were being distributed about the city to the morning subscribers. Bret Harte, attaching no importance to the fugitive verses, which had merely oozed from his pen the afternoon previous, made no effort at correction then. When, however, the eastern press enthusiastically copied it and publishers and il-

lustrators rang all manner of comic changes in it he tried to substitute the correct phrase, but without avail, and "The Heathen Chinese" has persisted in its original form through numberless editions ever since.

What Bret Harte wrote was:
In his sleeves, which were long, he had twenty-four jacks.

Now, in the game of euchre, as all card players know, the jacks are of great value, and the stuffing of numberless jacks up his flowing sleeves, as the poet intended to sing, showed great astuteness on the part of Ah Sin. The uncorrected error of the compositor who set up "packs" instead of "jacks," still left enough of sense to pass muster when embodied between the contexts.

The poet, after years of fruitless endeavor, finally gave up all hope and resigned himself to the butchered reading.—New York Times.

Mule Riding in Portugal.

In odd contrast to the modern rush and honk of the automobile and the clang of the trolley cars are the salolos or small farmers of Portugal, who ride nonchalantly through the twentieth century hubbub on the back—the extreme back—of small, patient eyed mules. Though the country has progressed and the farmers are progressing toward prosperity, they have consistently refused to move farther forward on the mule's back in Portugal than the last fifth of his anatomy. Perhaps the custom arose from the time when the mule carried a large load just before the rider and the habit has not been broken.—Christian Herald.

Among Highwaymen.

"What did that shady financier do when you stopped him and said, 'Your money or your life?'"

"He told me that if I didn't give him a half interest in my little enterprise he'd organize a competing enterprise and drive me out of business."—Washington Star.

A Burning Answer.

"An abstract noun is the name of something of which we can think, but which we cannot touch," said a teacher to a pupil. "Give me an example."
"A redhot poker, sir!"—London Tit-Bits.

A Bargain.

"John, can you let me have \$20?" asked Mrs. Jones.

"Gladly," said Jones, proceeding to write a check for \$19.98, for he knew woman's falling.—Buffalo Express.

OLD CRIMINAL LAW.

When Prisoner's Counsel Was Not Allowed to Address the Jury.

It seems hardly credible that less than a century ago counsel were not allowed to address a jury in defense of a prisoner. Sydney Smith first preached against this cruel law.

He pointed out that, while in any court where property was concerned counsel was heard on both sides, in a court where human life was trembling in the balance only the prosecuting counsel was heard, and it was unfair to match a prisoner, unaccustomed to marshal facts and unable to speak against skilled counsel, whose sole purpose for its own reputation was to win a case. Sydney Smith's eloquent words led to the passing of the prisoner's defense act, 1820, which altered the practice.

Another unjust practice which was peculiar to the Old Bailey was that when an accused person was acquitted he was obliged to pay the fees of Newgate or go back for want of money. So many unfortunate prisoners died in Newgate through this that Alderman Brown, lord mayor in 1733, caused an order of the court to be made that when any accused persons were acquitted by their country they should instantly be discharged in court without paying any fees whatsoever, an order which has been strictly adhered to ever since.

Of the challenging of jurors one remembers a tale from Ireland. The prisoner was hard to satisfy, and jurymen after jurymen was asked to leave the box. However, all things come to an end, even in Ireland, and at last the swearing of the jury was completed. And then the prisoner leaned over the dock and sought the ear of his solicitor. "The jury's all right now, I think," he whispered, "but ye must challenge the judge. I've been convicted under him stivral times already, and maybe he's beginnin' to have a prejudice."—London Chronicle.

Sure to Get It.

"There is one kind of game that no one has to carry a gun to hit when he is hunting it."

"What game is that?"

"Trouble."—Baltimore American.

An Enjoyable Occasion.

"Was your chaffing dish party a success?"

"Great. We spotted all the food early in the evening and then went to a regular restaurant."—Exchange.

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AN IDOL IN COURT

Made to Serve the Ends of Justice
In a Case in Japan.

THE RUSE OF A WISE MAYOR.

This Solomon-like Official, to Whom an Innocent Man Accused of Theft Appealed, Devised a Simple Scheme That Disclosed the Real Culprits.

One day a servant employed by the proprietor of a big store near Japan bridge, in Yeddo, was sent with a heavy pack of valuable cotton goods on his back to a dyer in Honjo district. When the store's messenger reached Yokogawa street he was ready to seek rest. What more safe than the little grove of trees set about the stone statue of the god Jizo, the patron saint of travelers and defenseless woman and children.

The somnolent porter awoke from a nap to find that his employer's cotton had disappeared. In great distress he went to the storekeeper and confessed that he had slept and that a robber had made off with the goods during his slumber. The master would not believe his story, saying that it would have been impossible for a robber to make off with so large a bundle in broad daylight. Unless the porter should pay for the lost goods he would have to go to prison, said the master. In despair the porter took counsel of Mayor O-oka.

"You are certainly to blame for having fallen asleep," reproved the mayor, "but Jizo is equally to blame, for he is a god bound to protect every one who trusts in him, and in this instance he has betrayed you. I will have him arrested and brought before me for trial."

O-oka gave immediate orders to his court officers to go and arrest the Jizo of Yokogawa street and bring him before the mayor's seat for trial. Three of the officers departed on their mission. They first bound the arms of the stone god with coils of rope; then they tried to lift him from his firm pedestal into a cart. A great crowd assembled before the Jizo, attracted by the unusual behavior of the court officers. When they were told that Jizo had to go before the mayor for trial the citizens marveled.

The task of unseating the god was too much for the three court officers, and they sought aid of those standing about. They promised that in return for assistance they would admit all volunteer workers into the courtroom to witness the extraordinary trial. Hundreds were spurred by curiosity to lend a hand, and when the stone god went through the streets strapped to a cart like an offender the crowd grew. It filled the great hall of justice when Jizo was placed before the platform upon which sat the mayor. O-oka addressed the god in stern words.

"You are a negligent fool, O Jizo!" he exclaimed in a voice loud enough for all to hear. "You are supposed to protect every one who believes in you and who renders tribute, yet this trusting porter here made a prayer to you, then fell asleep at your feet, and he was robbed while he slept. You stand accused of being an accomplice in this robbery. Have you anything to say for yourself before I pass sentence?"

Mayor O-oka waited for a few moments as if expecting the stony lips of Jizo to open in reply, but when no answer was made by the god he passed sentence immediately.

"Since you do not defend yourself I consider that you are guilty," said his honor, "and I shall imprison you."

At this remarkable spectacle of a mayor passing sentence upon a stone god there was a titter of laughter. O-oka thundered in a voice of brass.

"Who are all these people standing about here?" he inquired of his court officers. "Are they accomplices of Jizo or only plain thieves? They think this court is a penny show, and they laugh at the court's orders. Shut all the gates at once!"

The scared attendants hastened to shut the gates of the courtroom. Then Mayor O-oka adjudged every man in the great crowd in contempt of court and fined each of them one tan (a kimono length) of cotton cloth. The hundreds thus suddenly found in contempt were happy that their punishment had been so light at least, and under bonds they hurried to their homes to bring back the cloth fine. Before the day was done 700 pieces of cotton cloth had been presented before the mayor's court, the name of each culprit being set down upon the one tan of cotton cloth which he presented.

Before he would allow the 700 to go, however, O-oka retired with the porter who had been robbed to an inner chamber, and he asked the porter to look over the 700 pieces of cotton cloth and see if he could identify any of them as having been once in the pack he had carried. Since every manufacturer of cotton cloth in Yeddo always marked the selvage of each strip with a little red trademark stamp the porter searched the edges of the many strips of cloth for a stamp similar to

that borne on the cloth of which he had been robbed. He found that two of the pieces of cloth brought to pay the mayor's fine bore the stamp of his plundered pack. Instantly Mayor O-oka gave orders for the arrest of the two men who had brought this cloth. They confessed to the robbery, and all of the cloth they had taken from the sleeping porter's pack was restored to him.—Japan Magazine.

A CUP OF TEA.

It Plays a Curious Part in Chinese Business Etiquette.

When a salesman or person seeking a business interview presents his card at the entrance to a Chinese merchant's place of business the possibility of an audience depends altogether upon how he deports himself while awaiting the return of the card bearer. Should he be so indiscreet as to put one foot over the twelve inch railing that intervenes between the step and the doorway no manner of persuasion can prevail upon the merchant to grant him an interview.

In case he waits patiently in the space allotted to unknown callers this fact is noted, and he is usually ushered in.

Once in, there is still a more delicate matter to be disposed of, and in case the newcomer is ignorant of the custom he fares ill with his errand. Immediately upon the caller's entering and taking a seat a servant brings a serving of tea, which includes a small cup for each person present. The point of etiquette demands that this tea shall not be touched until the guest is ready to depart, in case the interview has been a pleasant one, in which case the caller is supposed to take up and drink his tea at parting, and at this signal all the others do likewise. However, should it so happen that the Chinaman is not pleased with his caller and is in any way annoyed by him the merchant takes up the tea and begins to drink at once, which act is a direct and decided hint that the interview is ended and has not been to the pleasure of the merchant. The caller is then expected to take his immediate departure.

When a caller has become well acquainted some of the formality is broken by the Chinese, and on a cold day a cup of tea is served immediately to the guest in a social way. But the "formal" tea is still to be observed and partaken of at parting, irrespective of the cup given to warm and greet the caller on his arrival. This, however, is done only after many visits, when the business dealings have been of such a nature as to warrant friendship and hospitality.—Youth's Companion.

FRENCH FISH STORY.

Three Days' Carnival of Marpignon's Intrepid Anglers.

Though their lakes and ponds are few and their rivers comparatively destitute of fish, the French people are extremely fond of angling. Indeed, nervous and excitable as the average Frenchman may be, he is content to sit by a stream with a pole and wait all day for a bite.

In a certain country town not far from Paris there existed a fishing club named the Intrepid Fishers of Marpignon. A pretty stream goes through Marpignon, but for many years not one fish had been seen in this stream, from which circumstance, it followed, the Intrepid Fishers had little to do, says Harper's Weekly.

The excitement may be imagined, therefore, when the word ran through Marpignon that a large barbel—a tough and gamey fish—had been seen in the stream. The Intrepid Fishers turned out and, having ascertained that there was indeed a barbel in the stream, immediately stopped the water some little distance above and below him with gratings so that he could not get away.

Then they ranged themselves joyfully along the stream with hook and line, and all went to fishing for the one fish.

By and by one Intrepid Fisher caught him and immediately threw him back into the water. In the course of time another caught him and did the same.

For three days one voracious account has it the Intrepid Fishers kept at work catching this one barbel, and at the end of that time the fish died of exhaustion and loss of blood. Then the Intrepid Fishers counted up the notches that they had made on their fish poles, and the man who had caught the barbel the most times was declared the champion fisherman of Marpignon and received great honors.

Fishskin Tartars.

The skin of the fish does not suggest itself as a suitable material for the making of clothes, yet it is used for this purpose by a tribe of Tartars in Manchuria. They inhabit the banks of the Poony river and live by fishing and hunting. During the past 100 years they have become nearly extinct owing to the invasion of their domain by agricultural Chinese. They are known as Fishskin Tartars. The fish they use is the tamara, a species of salmon. Both the flesh and the skin of the fish are supposed to possess wonderful heat giving properties.—Chi-



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GREAT SALT LAKE

Puzzling Aspects of Utah's Wonderful Saline Sea.

ONE OF NATURE'S MYSTERIES

Science Unable to Solve the Problem of Its Escaping Waters and Diminishing Area—The Maelstrom Near Antelope Island.

The Great Salt lake of Utah continues to be one of the greatest mysteries of nature. For sixty years its rise and fall have been studied by scientists in an effort to account for the changes, but as yet they have reached no satisfactory solution of the problem as to what is the principal cause of the decrease in its depth.

Those familiar with its depth and the shrinking in its size each year assert that at the end of twenty years or so the bed of the lake will be nearly all exposed, with the possible exception of a few shallow pools of water. Then perhaps the mystery connected with it will be solved.

In its dimensions the lake is really a sea, it being above seventy-five miles in length and fifty miles across at its greatest width, containing, therefore, over 2,000 square miles of surface. Near the shores the water is so shallow that there are places where one may wade out from the beach for a distance of a mile, yet will not be immersed up to his shoulders.

The buoyancy of the water is such that it is almost impossible for one to remain on his feet at a greater depth, his body being lifted up as a strip of wood thrown into the water in a vertical or oblique direction like a dart is returned to the surface in a horizontal position.

Indeed, it is believed the Great Salt lake will support more weight to a given volume of water than even the Dead sea, to which in many respects it bears a striking similarity.

The large quantity of salt in solution is the principal reason for the buoyancy. As the lake recedes its bottom is shown to be composed of a heavy crust of salt, which is almost pure, lying upon a stratum that consists chiefly of sand. In this respect the bed of the lake is similar to some of the deserts in the southwest which once contained bodies of water equal in size to that in Utah or even larger.

It is known that the Great Salt lake loses a large quantity of water yearly by evaporation, but estimates of this quantity indicate that it is far less than that annually poured into the lake from the rivers and creeks entering it.

So far as is known no natural outlet exists, but the lake supplies an irrigating system in the country adjacent that requires a quantity of water yearly equal to a depth of four inches of the present area. This is a very small proportion of the volume of water that enters it through its feeders, so the scientists know the water escapes in some other manner than by the irrigation canal or by evaporation.

This is proved by the fact that the increase in the quantity that enters the lake at a rainy season at times does not increase its depth, and the records show that actually it has fallen immediately after the Jordan and other streams have contributed a larger volume than usual.

Near what is called Antelope island there is an indication that a subterranean opening exists. Frequently the waters near the island are so violently disturbed that people in the vicinity call this place the "maelstrom" and carefully avoid it when on the lake in boats.

A number of years ago, it is said, a sailing vessel loaded with sheep chanced to approach too near the "maelstrom," and despite the strong breeze that was blowing the force of the water was greater than the power of the sails, the vessel being drawn into the middle of the disturbance and capsized. Although sheep are naturally strong swimmers and land was but a few hundred feet away, not one of the animals escaped and most of the carcasses went under never to appear again.

While the buoyancy of the water is so great that it will support a person without aid, the boats designed for use upon the lake must be constructed especially to counteract this feature. The ordinary wooden vessel when empty is actually too light to be navigated with safety upon it, since such a small portion of it would be immersed. Care must therefore be taken, especially in the building of sailboats, lest they be top heavy. For this reason navigation is dangerous on the lake even when there is only a moderate wind, unless the sailing vessel is loaded heavily so that it sits deep enough in the water to counteract the buoyant tendency.—New York Press.

CHEROKEE BALL GAME.

Preceded by Songs and Dances Which Last All Night.

The ball game as played by the Cherokees is as important to them as

football or any other popular game is to other people. The eastern band of Cherokees live on the Qualla reservation, in western North Carolina.

The neighborhood in which I live, writes an Indian girl in the Red Man, is divided into four main sections—namely, Yellow Hill, Soco, Big Cove and Birdtown. The Indians living in one of these sections will challenge those living in another to a game of ball. They choose their players and agree upon the time and place for playing the game. It is generally played in an open field far different from the well graded field upon which the game of football is played.

The evening before the game the Indians, the women included, hold a dance in their respective sections of the country. These dances are held in the open air, usually near some small stream. The women do the singing while the men dance. In their songs they make all kinds of remarks about those of the opposing side. These dances continue all night long. From the time of the dances until after the game the players are not allowed to eat any food.

The following day the people from the different sections gather at the appointed place to witness the game. They either sit or stand around the edge of the field. The ball players each have two sticks similar to those used in the game of lacrosse, only smaller. The ball is tossed up in the center of the field, and the game begins. The object is to get it around two poles placed at each end of the field a certain number of times. They cannot pick up the ball in their hands. The players who succeed in getting the ball around the poles at the end of the field the greatest number of times win the game.

OUR NATURAL SAVAGERY.

It Will at Times Break Through the Veneer of Civilization.

It's a mighty short step from modern civilization to the natural impulses of ancient savagery. If you don't believe it just watch some time, and you'll see a small boy—or a grown man—discover a rabbit.

The first thought that comes into his mind is to kill the rabbit. Quickly he searches his mind to see where a weapon can be found.

The second thought is to secure a rock to throw at it, just as some cave man might.

A man finds a snake coiled in the road. It may be a harmless snake, but it's a snake, and therefore his primitive instinct calls upon him to kill it.

A weapon! He seeks about for a club, just as his ancient, skin clothed ancestors would have done, and, having secured the club, he dispatches the snake, his soul singing with triumph.

Modern civilization probably would have urged the man to cut a forked stick and catch the snake by the neck with it, then to secure 10 cents' worth of chloroform and kill it swiftly and painlessly. But he goes after the club just as naturally as if he had never seen a steam heated flat or ridden on a trolley car or seen an automobile.

Children roam in the woods and eat every variety of berry they can find. It matters not if they be poisonous. They taste them all from the looks, and the amount eaten depends on the taste. This is probably what the cave children did, and the modern infants follow the same intelligent caution regarding what they put in their mouths.

It's that way all through. We may have acquired a more or less thick veneer of modern civilization, but let emergencies arise and we're as primitive as the most primitive of our ancestors.—Galveston News.

The Terrible Police.

When the scheme was first broached fierce opposition developed to the establishment of London's metropolitan police in September, 1829. Police to patrol the streets of London? Such a scheme was "repugnant to the spirit of English law and to the theory of free government," according to an editorial in the Standard of the day. "As a system of clandestine intelligence the thing is complete," it went on. "The low constable is instructed to make himself acquainted with the inhabitants of every house within his beat. And how is this information to be obtained but by the pumping of the servants?"

Domestic Science.

"Reginald, dear," said the young wife, who was trying to do her own cooking, "this recipe says 'first draw the fowl carefully.' How do you draw a chicken?"

"With a drawing knife, of course," said the young husband, yawning. "Didn't the grocer send one along with the bird?"—Exchange.

Reckless.

Madge—I hear that Charlie is an awful spendthrift. Marjorie—I should say he was. He's trying to make two wild oats grow where only one grew before.—Puck.

The man of perfect virtue is cautious and slow of speech.—Confucius.

Local News.

See Daniel & Burton for Liverpool salt.

Save money by trading at the Big Store.

Buy your fireworks at H. J. Phillips'.

Stetson hats all shapes at Daniel & Burton's.

Let the Big Store sell you your Christmas gift.

Mr. Van Clark has returned to Mineral Wells.

Buy your fruits, nuts, candies, etc., of R. C. Stokes.

Read the ad of Jas. S. Shivers & Co. in this issue.

D. J. Keels of Creek paid the Courier a visit Friday.

For holiday goods for gentlemen see John Millar.

Fifty barrels ribbon cane syrup at Daniel & Burton's.

M. W. Satterwhite of Trinity was in Crockett Saturday.

Carpenter work done on short notice. W. E. Cannon.

H. J. Phillips still pays the highest price for your turkeys.

Make our store your headquarters. Daniel & Burton.

A complete, up to date abstract. Aldrich & Crook.

Carpenter work done on short notice. W. E. Cannon.

Come on, Santa Claus has his headquarters at the Novelty store.

Two cars of farm implements just received at Daniel & Burton's.

J. R. McIver was here Saturday from his Trinity river plantation.

Remember W. E. Hail when you order your Christmas whiskey.

J. W. Wolf of Kennard was a caller at the Courier office Thursday.

Lone Star Orchard peaches are the best. Ask your grocer for them.

For the best to be had in sweaters and sweater coats see John Millar.

Remember Hyman's Saloon when you order your Christmas whiskey.

Fruits, candies, nuts and all kinds of Xmas goodies at Johnson Arledge's.

Ask your grocer for Lone Star Orchard peaches, canned by C. A. Clinton.

Four Star Paul Jones, \$4.00 per gallon, sold by W. E. Hail, Palestine, Texas.

Don't know anything better for a Xmas present than a Rayo lamp. Sold by Billy Lewis.

Criterion, bottled in bond, \$4.00 per gallon. W. E. Hail, Palestine, Texas.

Don't know anything better for a Xmas present than a Rayo lamp. Sold by Billy Lewis.

Apple brandy, bottled in bond, \$5.00 per gallon. W. E. Hail, Palestine, Texas.

Miss Florence Leaman is spending a few weeks with home folks at Blessing, Texas.

Just received at Daniel & Burton's one car of pure ribbon cane syrup, the best on earth.

Don't know anything better for a Xmas present than a Rayo lamp. Sold by Billy Lewis.

Worthy quality and honest values in china, crockery and table cutlery at R. C. Stokes'.

Pure grain alcohol, 188 per cent, \$4.00 per gallon. For sale by W. E. Hail, Palestine, Texas.

Carpenter work done on short notice. W. E. Cannon.

Mrs. James Denton of Gilmer is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. James DeDaines.

Don't know anything better for a Xmas present than a Rayo lamp. Sold by Billy Lewis.

Miss Willie Park Blair of Tyler will be a guest of Mrs. F. G. Edmiston next week.

Old Keller whiskey, 8 years old, bottled in bond at \$1.25 per qt. Hyman Harrison, Palestine.

C. A. Turner of Route 5 is among those remembering the Courier since last issue.

We are selling dishes of all kinds at a 50 per cent discount. Foster Furniture Store.

We are displaying a nice line of holiday goods. New things. John Millar.

We can handle your orders for apples and oranges by the box. H. J. Phillips.

Don't fail to visit our store when in town. Daniel & Burton.

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

We will sell anything at a large discount this coming week. Foster Furniture Store.

Look at the nice line of rubber tired doll buggies at the Foster Furniture Store. They are swell.

Make your wife glad of Christmas by giving her one of those pretty hand bags at the Big Store.

Old Crow, Old Forester, Old David and Mount Vernon whiskey sold by W. E. Hail, Palestine, Texas.

See the special line of gloves, neckwear and linen handkerchiefs for the holiday trade at John Millar's.

Miss Lois McConnell of Haskell, who has been visiting Miss Otis McConnell, left for home Monday morning.

The celebrated brand Hill & Hill, bottled in bond. Hyman Harrison, Palestine, Texas, exclusive agent.

Best \$2.00 and \$3.00 whiskey, finest \$2.00, \$3.00 and \$4.00 gin, for sale by W. E. Hail, Palestine, Texas.

Camel's Milk and Jersey Cream whiskey, \$5.00 per gallon. For sale by W. E. Hail, Palestine, Texas.

The genuine Magale, Paul Jones, Nelson Club and Sugar Valley for sale by Hyman Harrison, Palestine, Texas.

When buying peaches for Xmas ask for the Lone Star Orchard brand, canned by C. A. Clinton, and take no substitute.

Kentucky Club and Dripping Springs, bottled in bond, the reliable brand for the home. W. E. Hail, Palestine, Texas.

For Sale. Underwood typewriter, extra wide carriage, first-class condition. Apply to Frank F. Shupak.

Get a rug or rocker for a Xmas present. We sell on ezy payments. Foster Furniture Store.

We are better prepared to handle your Xmas orders than we ever were before. H. J. Phillips.

Best \$2.00 and \$3.00 whiskey, finest \$2.00, \$3.00 and \$4.00 gin, purest \$3.00 and \$4.00 alcohol at Hyman's Saloon, Palestine.

We are now prepared to frame pictures, and promise good work and prompt service. Deupree & Waller.

Let me tune your piano. I guarantee my work and will do it cheaper than the other man. V. B. Tunstall.

Try Boston Club or Puritan Rye, cased goods at \$1.00 per qt., if you want something smooth and mild, at Hyman's, Palestine.

Mince meats, raisins, currants, figs, dates, and in fact every thing you want to make your Xmas cookings a success at Johnson Arledge's.

Try Hyman's Pride if you want a high proof straight Kentucky Bourbon whiskey, bottled in bond at \$1.00 per qt. Hyman Harrison, Palestine, Texas.

A car of new buggies just arrived. Sixty buggies, carriages, etc., to select from. Come and see them. Jno. R. Foster, The Buggy Man.

Lost. A liver-spotted bird dog, pointer, about 8 months old. Will pay reward for recovery. S. R. Ellis.

Let Clinton connect you with the city water and be assured the work will be first-class. After January 1st in the building now occupied by McLean's drug store.

Park Ridge, Green Valley Club, Fine old Equality and Puritan Rye, best \$1.00 per quart case goods on the market. For sale by W. E. Hail, Palestine, Texas.

A Mrs. Updegraff of Latexo was sent to Palestine Friday by Dr. Stokes to be operated on for appendicitis. The operation was performed Saturday by Dr. Hathcock.

All of the sea flavor is saved in "Seal Shipt" oysters. They are never watered. You get solid oyster meats for your money. Fresh every day at our store. Johnson Arledge.

For Xmas. One more car of new buggies came in to-day. They are beauties. Come and see them. Jno. R. Foster, The Buggy Man.

Our oysters come straight from the ocean beds under seal. They taste just the same as though you ate them at the sea coast. They are "Seal shipt" oysters. Try them. Johnson Arledge.

Services at the Court House. All regular services. Songs appropriate to the occasion. Preaching: Morning subject, "The Day-spring From On High;" evening, "Groping at Noontide." You will be welcome. Pastor.

Art squares, rugs, nice rocking chairs, china closets, pictures, and in fact all kinds of high class furniture make very appropriate Christmas presents. We have a nice line to select from and will save you money. Deupree & Waller.

The peculiar properties of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy have been thoroughly tested during epidemics of influenza, and when it was taken in time we have not heard of a single case of pneumonia. Sold by Murchison-Beasley Drug Co.

Hardwood Lumber for Sale. We are prepared to fill all orders for hardwood lumber, such as bridge lumber, fence posts, railing and anything in the hardwood lumber line. For prices or other information call on or write O. W. Ellisor. All letters should be addressed to O. W. Ellisor, Crockett, Texas. Ellisor & Kuhlman.

The Courier's Sub-Editor. During the editor's absence of a month in a Palestine sanitarium, the editorial and business management of the Courier was in the hands of Mr. Tom Aiken, who faithfully strived to keep the paper's policies up to the standard and succeeded admirably. To those who assisted him with their patronage, the Courier desires to express its appreciation and thanks.

Mr. Page's Articles Next Year. On account of the holiday rush this week, the Courier does not contain any of the articles being contributed by Mr. Page. But after the first of January next, this series of articles will be resumed and continued until the series is finished. Those who do not want to miss any of these articles should not let their subscriptions for 1911 elapse. Besides, the Courier will have other good features next year, improvements now being under contemplation.

Get the Genuine Always. A substitute is a dangerous makeshift especially in medicine. The genuine Foley's Honey and Tar cures coughs and colds quickly and is in a yellow package. Accept no substitutes. Will McLean.

Worse than an alarm of fire at night is the metallic cough of croup, bringing dread to the household. Careful mothers keep Foley's Honey and Tar in the house and give it at the first sign of danger. It contains no opiates. Will McLean.

Nothing Too Good for Our Customers. Ladies' Private Lunch Room

F. B. WEBB PROPRIETOR

WEBB'S RESTAURANT AND CROCKETT BAKERY.

Nothing Too Good for Our Customers.

Ladies' Private Lunch Room

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

J. A. Maxey of Volga called at the Courier office Monday afternoon. He said the public roads of his sections were in a very bad fix. Mr. Maxey is in favor of a district bond issue for road improvement.

How about that Sealy mattress, the kind that have the company's 20-year guarantee sewed on them? We give our personal guarantee also with each and every Sealy we sell, and we sell them for less money than any house in Houston county. Deupree & Waller.

Compliments of the Season.

This is the season of rejoicing and merry-making, all of which is proper, when kept within reasonable bounds. At this season of good-cheer, the Courier wishes all of its subscribers and friends a joyous Christmas and a bounteous New Year.

Removal Notice.

After January 1st my plumbing establishment will be located in the building now occupied by McLean's drug store. My stock of plumbers' material will be larger and I will be better prepared than ever to take care of your work in the plumbing line. Let me know your wants. C. A. Clinton.

Notice, Tax Payers.

I will be at Lovelady and Grapeland on the following days for the purpose of collecting 1910 taxes: Lovelady, Friday, January 6, 1911.

Grapeland, Saturday, January 7, 1911. A. L. Goolsby, Tax Collector, Houston County, Texas.

Hardwood Lumber for Sale.

We are prepared to fill all orders for hardwood lumber, such as bridge lumber, fence posts, railing and anything in the hardwood lumber line. For prices or other information call on or write O. W. Ellisor. All letters should be addressed to O. W. Ellisor, Crockett, Texas. Ellisor & Kuhlman.

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Get the Genuine Always.

A substitute is a dangerous makeshift especially in medicine. The genuine Foley's Honey and Tar cures coughs and colds quickly and is in a yellow package. Accept no substitutes. Will McLean.

No Courier Next Week.

As has been customary with this paper for a number of years, there will be no issue of the Courier next week. It is the only holiday the Courier office force gets and it is only one week out of every fifty-two. For fifty-one weeks the office force has worked hard and unceasingly to get each issue out on time, and it is nothing but meet and proper now that a week's holiday be had and, unnecessary to say, enjoyed. Beginning with the first week in January the Courier will be issued each week as heretofore.

Moved to Dallas.

On returning from the sanitarium, the Courier editor regrets to learn of the departure from Crockett of Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Downes, who have taken up their residence at Dallas. Mr. and Mrs. Downes were among Crockett's oldest and most honored citizens, having always taken a leading part in social, church and civic circles. They will long retain a warm place in the affections of our people. Their residence in Crockett embraced almost a life time. The Downes home, among the finest in the city, is still owned by them and the Courier hopes that they may see fit to again occupy it some day.

Notice to Subscribers.

Under a ruling of the Postoffice Department no publisher is permitted to send a weekly paper through the mails for more than one year, unless all arrears are paid, without subjecting himself to prosecution and the deprivation of second-class postage rates.

The Courier has granted time to many of its subscribers who did not feel able to pay at the time of subscription, and now at the close of the year it asks all delinquents to please be prompt in settling their accounts before the first of January, 1911, for at that date the mail lists of the paper will be revised, and positively no copy will be sent to any one who is in arrears for as long a period as one year.

Some Cotton Statistics.

Mr. J. R. Sheridan, the cotton census enumerator for Houston county, has supplied the Courier with the following figures relating to cotton ginning in Houston county during the past four years. It will be noted that the figures cover the two years when the boll weevil was so destructive to the crop—the years 1905 and 1906—and the more successful years—1909 and 1910, in comparison. The figures are taken from the November 1 report for each year: For 1905, number bales ginned, 4729; for 1906, number bales ginned, 3240. Those were the two lowest years. Now follows the two more prosperous years in comparison: For 1909, number bales ginned, 16,337; for 1910, number bales ginned, 17,873. It must be borne in mind that the 1910 figures are taken from the November 1 report, nearly two months ago.

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.

DAIRYING IN THE SOUTH.

Students of agricultural conditions in the Southern states agree that there is no better section in the country for profitable dairying and stock raising. The cattle tick pest has been a serious drawback and has had not a little to do in discouraging dairying in the South. With this pest eradicated by the aggressive work of state and federal authorities there is now no reason why the farmers of the south should not appreciate the advantages of dairying.

Some of the finest dairy herds in the country are found in the extreme Southern states and dairying is more profitable there than in the colder sections where dairying is so largely carried on.

There are several reasons for this. Cattle need not be housed so expensively and for so many months in the year. Pasturage is cheaper and forage crops grow abundantly. Cottonseed meal, one of the cheapest and most efficient dairy feeds, is produced in abundance, and markets are unsurpassed.

Perhaps the greatest benefit that can come to the South through the promotion of dairying is the increased fertility of the land. The land will not only produce greater yields but increases in land values must follow.

Dairying consistently followed by the farmers of a community always increases land values. This is due not only to increased productiveness of the soil, but to the fact that the business itself is a very remunerative one.

The Southern farmer who is anxious to improve his circumstances, and who may not be fully convinced of the benefits of dairying, should ascertain the truthfulness of the above claims before deciding his course. He can secure such information from the U. S. Department of Agriculture or from any of the state experimental stations.

The dairy cow will do more for the farmers of the South than she has done for the farmers of the North because conditions there are even more favorable for dairying.

Southern statesmen and others in position to do so should appreciate this great truth and be willing at all times to preach the gospel of the dairy cow to the Southern farmer.

U. D. C. Notes.

On Saturday afternoon, November 26, the D. A. Nunn Chapter met in the pleasant home of Mrs. Smith Wootters.

The chapter having been called to order and the Lord's prayer repeated in unison Mrs. Adams, the retiring president, in a few well chosen words introduced the newly-elected president, Mrs. W. C. Lipscomb, and was answered by Mrs. Lipscomb in her usual charming manner.

The regular routine of business was then transacted, and after dues were collected all unpaid dues for the past year were remitted. Discussion then took place as to the advisability of soliciting new members. Committee appointed for this purpose.

The following delegates to be sent to the annual convention at

Marlin were next decided on and credentials given them: Mesdames John Wootters, Pinkney Hail, Norris, D. F. Arledge.

A motion was then made and carried that an appropriation be made to purchase flowers to be presented to Mrs. Howard, state president of U. D. C., at Marlin on president's evening.

The business portion of the meeting being attended to, the chapter enjoyed a musical number by the U. D. C. sextette, after which "A Confederate Woman" was read by Mrs. John LeGory and much enjoyed. Mrs. Nunn then gave the chapter much pleasure by reading a paper written by Mr. Page while travelling in Virginia during the past summer. An original poem by Mrs. Stephenson was greatly enjoyed by all who had the privilege of hearing it.

At the close of the program delicious ice cream and cake were served by the hostess and a pleasant social half hour followed, after which, thanking Mrs. Wootters for an unusually pleasant afternoon, the chapter adjourned to meet with Mrs. Norris on December 31 at 8 p. m.

Mrs. W. C. Lipscomb, Pres. Mrs. D. F. Arledge, Sec'y.

A Menace to Houston.

A fusillade of bullets fired on Main street by a member of the police department of Houston has again advertised to the world the utter recklessness as to the value of human life that is felt by the average policeman.

The crimes of policemen, the feuds between policemen and expolicemen, have made the name of this city to stink in the nostrils of those who love and value the God-breathed life of men that men can take but not regive.

A woman was shot in the hip; one of the best known ladies in the city barely escaped death from the pistol bullet that shattered the window of her electric coupe, and scores of bystanders, shoppers and citizens on Main street had their lives put in jeopardy by bullets that gushed hot and hate-hurled from the muzzle of a gun whose trigger was pulled by an officer sworn to uphold the law.

Thirty minutes after he had thus put in danger the lives of the innocent, the guilty man was free under a bond of only \$500, granted in Justice McDonald's court.

The case of the ex-policeman who slew the assistant chief of police of Houston is yet unsettled.

The pistol-toting officers have

become a danger so real that it can not be longer ignored.

The Cossacks who charge a Russian mob and use their whips are less deadly than the pistol armed policemen who settle personal difficulties on the most crowded street of the city at the most busy hour of the day, with bullets for arguments.

Laws so stringent should be enacted that when one man accidentally kills a bystander on a public street or in a public building in pursuit of private vengeance he will be punished in a way that will forever after free every community from the menace of his presence.

We have had enough of the killers. Also we must face the fact that the habit of going armed, of being brutal at will, of occupying a position of armed supremacy over the average citizen, breeds in the minds of men a contempt for human life.

We are not concerned with private grievances, family troubles or anything else that puts armed men on the street hunting for trouble, but The Chronicle proposes to back and lead any movement that will enable the charitable women and peaceable men of this city to go on its streets without being in danger from guns leveled by men who hold the city's license and wear its uniform.—Houston Chronicle.

A sprained ankle will usually disable the injured person for three or four weeks. This is due to lack of proper treatment. When Chamberlain's Liniment is applied a cure may be effected in three or four days. This liniment is one of the best and most remarkable preparations in use. Sold by Murchison-Beasley Drug Co.

When In Doubt

GO TO

McLean's Drug Store

For there you can find Watches, Diamonds, Jewelry of all kinds, also a well selected stock of Cut Glass, Chinaware, Silverware and Dependable Holiday Presents of every description

M'Lean's Drug Store

Take Care!

Remember that when your kidneys are affected, your life is in danger. M. Mayer, Rochester, N. Y. says: "My trouble started with a sharp shooting pain over my back which grew worse daily. I felt sluggish and tired, my kidney action was irregular and infrequent. I started using Foley Kidney Pills. Each dose seemed to put new life and strength into me, and now I am completely cured and feel better and stronger than for years." Will McLean.

If you are suffering from biliousness, constipation, indigestion, chronic headache, invest one cent in a postal card, send to Chamberlain Medicine Co., Des Moines, Iowa, with your name and address plainly on the back, and they will forward you a free sample of Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets. Sold by Murchison-Beasley Drug Co.

Foley Kidney Pills are tonic in action, quick in results, and restore the natural action of the kidneys and bladder. They correct irregularities. Will McLean.

Holiday Greetings.



Demand Good, Well Fitting and Stylish Clothes....

If you are intending spending your holidays at home or abroad you want the consciousness of being well dressed and better fitted with chic or style that you can only get from

Arledge Tailoring Company

Ladies' and Gents' Suits Cleaned, Pressed, Repaired.

"Right Every Wrong"

THAT'S OUR MOTTO
As to mail-order house vehicles, bring in your catalogs. We'll meet or beat their prices on vehicles or anything in our line. Our profit is less than the freight you would pay, and you see what you buy.
We are here to right every wrong and they are not.

T. J. WALLER

