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MOTTO—Quality, Not Quantity.

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MR. PAGE'S OBSERVATIONS.

(Continued from last week.)

Snickers Gap, Va.

According to his own story he never once came in sight of a rebel; never once did he draw his sword to cleave in twain the representatives of disunion and rebellion. Only the sullen reverberations of the distant conflict reached him. In a short while he met men in mad flight from they knew not what, hurrying with hot foot on to they knew not whither. He undertook to interview those who were leading in the race for life as if they had been entered in the Olympic games for prizes, but to stop and talk they would not. It was a wild spin for their dear, sweet lives and they balked and halted for nothing and nobody. It was a riot of racing, a carnival of skeedaddle; every man was seized with a panic and the rule was, every man for himself and the devil take the hindmost. The small matter of official rank and dignity was cast to the winds and it was a contest between officers and men, not to rally and return to the scene of battle but to get away from that scene and as far away and as fast as their hind-legs would carry them. There is no parallel to such a rout, to such a panic, of record in any page of history. There has never been anything like it. The pen of mortal man falls from his grasp whenever he attempts to portray the scenes of that historic flight from Bull Run. So that, our Federal friend, the Captain, told us that after failing to get any information from those who had made a contract with themselves to get to Washington and behind fortifications within a limit of time never yet surpassed by trolley or steam road, he joined in with the frenzied, motley throng and got down to business in the free-for-all race for life and the gate fees. He says he ran in breathless haste and broke all records he ever made before or since. The terror in the rear, he said, must be something appalling and imminent from the manner in which others were reeling off the miles. In an instant he was *en rapport* with them. The occasional booming of Beauregard's guns in the distance gave wing and fleetness to his feet. That jeweled sword presented him by his New York friends was beautiful to gaze upon but just then it impeded progress and over the fence it went. His cap followed in the wake of the sword, then his coat, and thus relieved of such useless ballast he spun along at a gait that he didn't believe was in him. Mud-hole after mud-hole met him square in the face; he delayed not to negotiate them by circling or "cooning" it on a fence rail, but splashed through with sand-hog indifference and sped on. Those Virginia roads then were not air-line easements, but frequently turned hither and yon at sharp and obtuse angles. Such digressions materially interfered with that rapid-transit contract to deliver himself at Washington with record-breaking promptness. So over the fence, across fields and over ditches, through all kinds of entanglements of briar

patch, cactus mats, thorn bushes, copse of sassafras and other bushes, he hurried as the wind hurries "when forests are rended;" he hurried as the old time Virginia darkey hurried when caught out on a dark night and Jack O'Lantern was abroad, flashing his mystic torch here and there in meadow and marsh. Well, our friend says he got there—to Great Falls Church, a short distance out of Washington. Then he took an inventory of himself to see if he was all there or only a part of his former self. The most of him, that part of him which man and woman had invested him with before leaving for the Bull Run fight, was gone, utterly, irretrievably gone. It was lying out yonder in those red Virginia fields and hanging to bushes and vines. The reader will recall that our valiant Captain never saw a rebel or the field of battle. He met the Yankee soldiers rushing to the rear and to be sociable joined in the mad scramble and burly-burly for Washington. That beautiful, glittering, gorgeous uniform in which he was arrayed before leaving for the field of action was all shreds and tatters; his shoes were gone; there was not as much as a six inch square piece of cloth on him. That Tam O'Shanter heat which he had finished and in which he was both horse and jockey had stripped him almost nude; his person looked like it had been harried and heckled with wire bristles. Blood was streaming from scores of scratches and gashes and it was weeks before he was sound and all set-up again. But the supreme trial was yet to come. It was dark when he reached the home of his friends at Great Falls Church. He knew under what circumstances he had left them for the fight. He recalled all that bravado of his, all those vain-glorious boastings, the wonderful things he was going to do when he got in sight and reach of the rebels. Where was the wreath he was to wear on his return? Where the "rebel rag," as they sometimes contemptuously spoke of the "Stars and Bars," which he had promised to pluck from the cannon's muzzle? Where were the many other souvenirs, mute witnesses of his first baptism of fire, and the countless other testimonials of his valor on the field of battle; never afterwards to be impugned? Where are all these speechless mementoes? Echo answers. While his run against time along those Virginia roads and through those Virginia fields had not exactly rendered him *hors de combat*, it had left him anything but a "glass of fashion and a mould of form." He was a fit subject for the application in part of Carlyle's quaint phrase, "*Sartor Resartus*." While he wasn't a tailor he had to be retailed. His suit had to be constructed from the ground up. He didn't have time for that and he wasn't presentable as he was. Besides he was ashamed to go among the family for the night for more reasons than one. And what does he do? He goes to the barn and spends the night in the hay loft in unspeakable humiliation, after the manner partly of a Weary Willie or a Knight of the Road. He

Christmas Offerings



OUR line of Christmas goods for this year is complete in every respect.

When you are ready to select your gifts for old or young, remember that



our stock contains everything you will want. Our store is filled with excellent ideas for practical Christmas remembrances and in the line of toys we can satisfy the wishes of every childish heart.

Everything here is new and up to date, nothing carried over from last year. Buy early and avoid the rush.

Sweet's Drug Store.

couldn't sleep, he wasn't in a prayerful spirit and his day's experience had furnished him nothing to be thankful for. To indulge in profanity availed nothing for during the day he had exhausted all profane terms that fit or didn't fit his case. The night dragged through. With morning came the landlord. He was thoroughly ensconced in the forage and trying to dream the morning hours away. And here he received the unhappiest thrust of all, compared with which those from the briars and thorns and fence rails of those Virginia fields were as nothing. The lord of the manor in forking around up in that loft to supply his stock with forage jabbed the tines of the instrument into the person of our hero. Such a scream of pain and terror issued then from that hay loft that the owner of it dropped the fork in a convulsion of fright and skipped out in hot haste himself. And this, our valiant friend thought, was the crowning act of the long series of misfortunes which had befallen him. In closing this episode I will only remark that it is a faithful reproduction of the narration as given to the writer by the officer himself. He had been so humiliated by the infamy of the first chapter in his history of military life that he has never had the nerve to apply for a pension.

But there is a companion piece to this picture, the reverse side. This, too, was related to the writer by a veteran of the Confederate army. He lives in Loudon county and his name is Saunders. At

the beginning of the war he joined a company which entered the service as a part of the 60th Virginia Infantry. In the same regiment was a company from the lower end of the valley, composed in the main of young men from Christiansburg and near there. In this company one family by the name of Christian was represented by eighteen members—sons, nephews and cousins. In the first battle of any note in which the 60th Virginia was engaged, one of the Christian boys was killed. In the next one another was killed and in the third another and so on it ran, the grim monster taking toll of one of these boys in every battle. This tragic sequence continued with such fatal persistency that it came to be a matter of camp-fire speculation and marvel just before a battle as to which one of the Christian boys would be called next. There had been never a break or exception to the terrible roll-call of the dead and silence and sorrow unspeakable was the only response, so to speak, when the dead member of that band of patriots was called. It was the last year of the war. The battle of Cedar Creek was on and there had been one day's fighting. Up to that contest seventeen Christians had been killed. One only remained. There rested on him a subtle spell born of the superstitious belief that in the fore-ordering of human affairs in the great drama of life destiny had marked him as it had others of his name.

The result of the first day's engagement was the utter rout by

Gordon of two of Sheridan's corps. Sheridan rallied his men and returned to the battle field. It was getting dark when he in person led them in the night assault on Early's lines. This was the last fight in which the last of the eighteen Christian boys was to engage. Intuition, the faculty of second sight or the "still small voice," speaking in some inscrutable manner had impressed this young man with the conviction that his time was near. The cumulative weight of a fatality which had pursued his family through every battle and taken from him seventeen of his companions and relatives rested on him with disturbing impressiveness. Feeling thus he was one of those who went in and helped to stay the terrific, impetuous shock of Sheridan's night charge. As in seventeen previous battles only silence and sorrow was noted when the name of some one of the seventeen was called, thus it was now and for the last time. He was never seen again, living or dead. But somewhere in that beautiful valley for which he and so many of his name had fought and died his remains were put to rest by unknown hands and are "awaiting the Judgment Day."

(To be continued next week.)

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.

THE BIG STORE



Clothing Shoes and Sewing Machines



Superb Clothing, Star Brand Shoes
and Standard Sewing Machines.

Anybody with even half sense can catch the superiority of the above named articles from the very names they bear. The word Superb means GREAT and GRAND, and this is the line of clothing and overcoats we handle. Notice the distinctiveness of style—they hang right, look better and wear longer than any other clothing you can buy, and the price is \$3.00 to \$10.00 a suit less. Then why not give us a look?

Our shoes are largely Star brand. All stars are above, and likewise the quality of our Star brand shoes are above other makes, being made of the very best solid shoe leather, and is backed up by a guarantee that means your money back or a new pair of shoes for any shoe not up to this guarantee. We suggest that for your next pair you try the Society for ladies or Patriot for men.

And now in regard to your sewing machine. We have wondered why everybody who wanted a machine did not buy a Standard. The name itself implies a model or pattern that others must follow as near as possible in order to reach perfection. Then why not get the pattern yourself and settle the machine business in your home for all time to come. The Standard will run easier, looks better, will do more work, make less noise and last longer than any other machine on the market. The price is also less than other machines and often twice as low as the machines sold by agents through the country, and if you are not able to pay cash we can give you terms to suit you. Come to see us and tell us your wants.

—YOURS TRULY—

Jas. S. Shivers & Company

THE BIG STORE

OLD ENGLISH BOXERS.

Hired to Prevent Trouble at George IV's Coronation.

Boxing was introduced into England in the earlier part of the eighteenth century. Its first practitioner being John Broughton, who kept a booth for exhibitions in Tottenham Court road, London, and rules were drawn up Aug. 10, 1743. The vogue was due to the decline of sword combat exhibitions in the reign of George I. Broughton himself was the first who stood in the position of champion, a distinction which he held for eighteen years, but eventually he was knocked out by a butcher named Slack. Broughton was a great pet of the Duke of Cumberland, who took the pugilist with him to Berlin, when he declared himself ready to take on the entire regiment of grenadier guards there "if he were only allowed a breakfast between each two battles."

The English fighter Tom Cribb once secured a very remarkable engagement. Just before the coronation of George IV, certain sympathizers with Queen Caroline bragged that on the day of the coronation they would make matters warm in the neighborhood of Westminster abbey, and this reached the ears of the earl marshal. That high functionary sought an interview with the pugilist "Gentleman" Jackson, who taught Lord Byron to box.

Jackson got together some two dozen bruisers. Besides Cribb, the band included John Gully, in turn fighting man, racing man, colliery proprietor and member of parliament. They were attired as king's pages and gathered about the abbey doors. There was no trouble.—Chicago News.

REINDEER IN LAPLAND.

They Furnish the People With Shelter, Clothing and Food.

Some people have said that the reindeer of the northern regions is to the inhabitants of those countries what the horse, cow and sheep together are to the dwellers in southern lands, and very probably they are right. What would the Laplander be were he deprived of his favorite? How could he travel without his pair of reindeer harnessed to his sledge?

The reindeer has large black hoofs, behind which are false or secondary hoofs; the result is that when running they make a clattering sound, which may be heard a good distance away.

The reindeer has much endurance and takes a long journey without seeming tired, though it is only about four and a half feet in height and not very strong. Its horns are long and slender, with branched, rounded antlers, but they are not much used in combat, like those of some other deer.

The largest reindeer are found where the weather is coldest, and their color is lighter. Usually it is brown and white, but in the case of old animals the hair is sometimes quite white. From the skin of the reindeer the Laplanders get not only their clothes, but also bedding and tents; the milk is drunk and made into cheese and the flesh is also good to eat, the tongue and haunches being particularly liked. Penicillin, an important article of food, is made by pouring fat over the pounded meat and mixing them well together.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

A Financial Genius.

"He is a financial genius. In a restaurant the other day he spilled a cup of coffee over a fellow's gray trousers."

"And got out of paying for them, eh?"

"Why, he talked the other fellow into paying for the coffee."

The Man Behind the Message.

The value of a thing depends largely upon who says it. Words may be bullets, but character must be the powder at the back of them to give them projectile force. The man behind the message is as important as the man behind the gun.

By Comparison.

Singleton—I understand you had a pretty lively time at the club last night. Wedmore—I thought so until I got home.—Boston Transcript.

Virtue is like a rich jewel—best plain set.—Bacon.

He Told Her.

Mr. Economic—Did you write to the man who advertises to show people how to make puddings without milk and have them richer?

Mrs. Economic—Yes, and sent him a dollar.

"What did he reply?"

"Use cream."

To dread no eye and to suspect no tongue, is the greatest prerogative of innocence.—Dr. Johnson.

ARIZONA ROAD RUNNER.

A Sociable Bird That is Said to Hate a Rattlesnake.

The road runner is one of Arizona's distinctive ornithological institutions. It is a long legged, long billed bird, slender of build and standing some ten inches high. It is not often seen in the farming districts, but is a familiar sight on the desert.

It has gained the name of road runner from its habit of taking the road in front of travelers be they on horseback or wheeled conveyance, and running swiftly or slowly, as occasion requires, showing off its neighborly spirit and running qualities. It is not uncommon for it to keep in company of the traveler for several hundred yards.

No resident of Arizona would kill a road runner. It is firmly believed that the bird is the deadly enemy of that monster of the desert, the rattlesnake. We don't know whether any of our readers ever saw a road runner kill a rattlesnake. If there is an authentic story of such a thing we would be glad to publish it. But the accepted tradition is that the road runner and the rattlesnake are deadly enemies and that the rattlesnake fears the road runner beyond anything else.

It is told that the bird drives the snake into a coil and then, darting around the serpent like lightning, pecks it to death. Whatever truth there may be in the stories of the road runner's accomplishments as a disciple of St. Patrick, it deserves the friendly protection it receives. Its quaint sociability is always a diversion for the lonesome desert traveler.—Arizona Republican.

BRAINY BABY.

John Stuart Mill Was a Genius at Three Years of Age.

At three years of age John Stuart Mill began the study of Greek, with "arithmetic as an evening relaxation."

At eight he began Latin, Euclid and algebra and had to act as tutor to the younger children. He was a stern and efficient tutor.

At twelve he began scholastic logic and political economy—the latter his main lifework.

At fourteen, while paying a long visit to Sir Samuel Bentham in southern France, he learned French as a relaxation from studying two or three hours before breakfast, five hours between breakfast and dinner and two or three in the evening. Being for the time master of his own hours and not sub-

ject to a stern father, he took lessons also in his spare hours in music, singing, dancing, fencing and riding, but never became proficient.

At sixteen Mill could speak in debate with adults with ease and freedom. At eighteen he contributed to the Westminster Review. At twenty-one he was made assistant in the India office and received a large salary for those days.

But Mill was bald at twenty-two. He did not marry until he was forty-five. He himself said: "I never was a boy. It is better to let nature have its own way."

The Green Flash of Sunset.

One of the most rarely witnessed of natural phenomena, but one that has often been discussed at scientific meetings and that always awakens wonder when seen, is the so called "green flash" occasionally visible at the moment of the disappearance of the sun behind a clear horizon. The observer's eye must be fixed upon the rim of the sun as it disappears in order to catch the phenomenon. One authority tells us that he has seen the green flash, although rarely, at the instant of the setting of a bright star. Among the explanations offered is one based upon the optical principle of complementary colors. If one looks at the sun and then closes the eyes a green disk will be perceived. A sensitive eye might be similarly affected by a brilliant star.—New York Herald.

He Took the Blame.

"The guilty man always gives himself away," said a detective, "for, like the chap who bought the forty-cent bathing suit, he can't hide his guilty conscience. The chap I have in mind entered the water at Atlantic City in a forty-cent suit of blue flannel. As he splashed about he was joined by a girl friend. The girl flashed her bright eyes over the tumbling expanse of sea and then with a sigh of delight she said:

"Isn't the water blue today?"

"It's shameful," said the man, with a hot blush; "it's perfectly shameful how this cheap bathing flannel runs!"

How to Look Pleasant.

By her gracious and cordial manner the wife of a western senator has long charmed those so fortunate as to attend her delightful "functions."

On one such occasion a close friend was alluding to the hostess' graceful method of making every one feel at

home. "How on earth do you manage to do it?" the friend asked.

"Oh, it's easy enough," replied the woman with the engaging manner. "As each guest approaches to shake hands I just pretend to myself that the person I am going to speak to is some one I like."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Up the Rhine.

Mrs. Robinson—And were you up the Rhine? Miss Nurich (just returned from a European trip)—I should think so, right to the very top. What a splendid view there is from the summit!

Duty and today are ours; results and futurity belong to God.—Horace Greeley.

The Most Important Thing.

Commander Peary, at one of the numerous Washington dinners following his triumphant return from the pole, got the better of a senator in a war of wits.

"What is the good of your discovery?" the senator said. "I'll wager that you didn't find a single important thing at the north pole."

"Oh, yes, I did," said the explorer. "I found one very, very important thing."

"Humph! What was that?" the senator grunted.

"The way back home again," was the reply.

Hate All Around.

The famous English chief justice, Holt and his wife hated each other to the limit, and when she fell dangerously ill he was so delighted that he became disgracefully tipsy. But his wife was equal to the emergency and sent for the great Dr. Radcliffe, who hated Holt, and therefore out of spite when the case was presented to him came with great promptness and saved her life.—Westminster Gazette.

Old Enough to Notice.

"Are your papa and mamma at home?" asked the caller.

"No," replied little Marguerite. "One of them may be here, but they never are both at home at the same time."

Told Him.

"What's that boy yelling at?" asked the farmer of his son.

"Why," chuckled the boy, "he's just yelling at the top of his voice."

DRAWING A TOOTH

Tushmaker's Pulling Machine Was a Wonderful Invention.

KILLED HIS FIRST PATIENT.

But That Simply Couldn't Be Helped, and the Autopsy Showed Why the Victim Lifted His Right Leg Each Time the Lever Was Turned.

Mr. Tushmaker was never regularly bred as a physician or surgeon, but he possessed naturally a strong mechanical genius and a fine appetite, and, finding his teeth of great service in gratifying the latter propensity, he concluded that he could do more good in the world and create more real happiness therein by putting the teeth of its inhabitants in good order than in any other way, so Tushmaker became a dentist.

He was the man who first invented the method of placing small cog-wheels in the back teeth for the more perfect mastication of food, and he claimed to be the original discoverer of that method of filling cavities with a kind of putty which, becoming hard directly, causes the tooth to ache so grievously that it has to be pulled, thereby giving the dentist two successive fees for the same job.

Tushmaker was one day seated in his office in the city of Boston when a stout old fellow named Byles presented himself to have a back tooth drawn. The dentist seated his patient in the chair of torture and, opening his mouth, discovered there an enormous tooth on the right hand side about as large, as he afterward expressed it, "as a small polyglot Bible." "I shall have trouble with this tooth," thought Tushmaker, but he clapped on his heaviest forceps and pulled. It didn't come. Then he tried the turnscrew, exerting his utmost strength, but the tooth wouldn't stir.

"Go away from here," said Tushmaker to Byles, "and return in a week and I'll draw that tooth for you or know the reason why." Byles got up, clapped a handkerchief to his jaw and put forth.

Then the dentist went to work, and in three days he invented an instrument which he was confident would pull anything. It was a combination of the lever, pulley, wheel and axle, inclined plane, wedge and screw. The castings were made and the machine put up in the office over an iron chair rendered perfectly stationary by iron rods going down into the foundations of the granite building.

In a week old Byles returned. He was clamped into the iron chair, the forceps connected with the machine attached firmly to the tooth, and Tushmaker, stationing himself in the rear, took hold of a lever four feet in length. He turned it slightly. Old Byles gave a groan and lifted his right leg. Another turn, another groan, and up went the leg again.

"What do you raise your leg for?" asked the doctor.

"I can't help it," said the patient.

"Well," rejoined Tushmaker, "that tooth is bound to come out now."

He turned the lever clear round with a sudden jerk and snapped old Byles' head clean and clear from his shoulders, leaving a space of four inches between the severed parts. They had a postmortem examination. The roots of the tooth were found extending down the right side, through the right leg and turning up in two prongs under the sole of the right foot.

"No wonder," said Tushmaker, "he raised his right leg."

The jury thought so, too, but they found the roots much decayed, and, five surgeons swearing that mortification would have ensued in a few months, Tushmaker was cleared on a verdict of "justifiable homicide."

He was a little shy of that instrument for some time afterward, but one day an old lady, feeble and flaccid, came in to have a tooth drawn, and, thinking that it would come out very easy, Tushmaker concluded, just by way of variety, to try the machine. He did so and at the first turn drew the old lady's skeleton completely and entirely from her body, leaving her a mass of quivering jelly in her chair. Tushmaker took her home in a pillowcase. She lived seven years after that, and they called her the "India rubber woman." She had suffered terribly with the rheumatism, but after this occurrence never had a pain in her bones. The dentist kept them in a glass case.

After this the machine was sold to the contractor of the Boston custom house, and it was found that a child of three years of age could, by a single turn of the screw, raise a stone weighing twenty-three tons. Smaller ones were made on the same principle and sold to the keepers of hotels and restaurants. They were used for boning turkeys. There is no moral to this story whatever, and it is possible that the circumstances may have become slightly exaggerated. Of course there can be no doubt of the truth of the main incidents.—John Phoenix.

LOW CASTE MANGS.

Hindus Not Only Despise Them, They Fear and Hate Them.

By his fellow Hindu the Mang, one of the lowest of all Indian castes, is not only despised, but even feared and hated. A writer in the Times of India says: "To be cruel is to be 'Mang hearted;' to fly into a passion may be expressed in Marathe Idiom as having a Mang within one. When on the occasion of an eclipse fears are awakened for the safety of the sun or moon, it is the Mang whose help is sought. He goes among the people claiming their propitiatory gifts, saying: 'Give your gifts that the grasp may be removed. For are not Rahu and Ketu, the enemies who have laid evil hands on the heavenly bodies, themselves Mangs?' Similarly, to their recognized relation with 'dark' worship and with subterranean and demoniac influences is to be traced the making of offerings to Mang women on Dasera day and the sinister fact that there are few great buildings erected in pre-British days in this part of India that have not—whether they be temples or forts or palaces—Mang victims built into their foundations.

"The peculiar place that these popular superstitions have given to the Mang community is seen especially in the ceremonies that are sometimes performed for the removal of disease. Frequently when some one has fallen ill a Joshi is consulted and explains the illness as due to the influence of some evil spirit. The one effective prescription in such a case is to call a Mang and give him a dinner. This is not by any means an act of friendliness toward a despised community, but has as its object apparently the propitiation of the demoniac power and the removal of the source of the disease from the sick man to its proper habitation.

"With this end in view practices of sympathetic magic, which can be paralleled in the folk lore of many peoples, are employed. Portions of the finger nails or, it may be, fragments of hair of the invalid are secretly mixed with the food to be given to the Mang, and before the sugar water of which he is to partake is given to him the sick man must see his face in it. In this way the evil is supposed to be passed back to where it properly belongs and the disease removed.

TAR AND FEATHERS.

A Coat of These Means Excruciating Torture to the Victim.

People who read of tarring and feathering know that the punishment is a very unpleasant one, but few imagine how terribly painful and dangerous it is. Hardened tar is very hard to remove from the skin, and when feathers are added it forms a kind of cement that sticks closer than a brother. As soon as the tar sets the victim's suffering begins. It contracts as it cools, and every one of the little veins on the body is pulled, causing the most exquisite agony. The perspiration is entirely stopped, and unless the tar is removed death is certain to ensue.

But the removal is no easy task and requires several days. The tar cannot be softened by the application of heat and must be peeled off bit by bit, sweet oil being used to make the process less painful. The irritation to the skin is very great, as the hairs cannot be disengaged, but must be pulled out or cut off. No man can be cleaned of tar in a single day, as the pain of the operation would be too excruciating for endurance, and until this is done he has to suffer from a pain like that of 10,000 pin pricks. Numbers of men have died under the torture, and none who have gone through it regard tar and feathering as anything but a most fearful infliction.

TOBACCO IN THE ARCTIC.

Resource of Miners When They Can Neither Chew Nor Smoke.

"When the wind is blowing thirty miles an hour and the temperature is 40 below it is some cold," said a man from Alaska. "If a man used tobacco in the ordinary way out of doors during such weather and got his lips wet through smoking a pipe or chewing he would be apt to get into trouble. First thing he knew he'd have his lips cracked, and they would be raw all winter long.

"The regulars stationed at the military posts up in Alaska found that if they tied a tobacco leaf in their armpit previous to undesired duty they would become very sick and could pass the post surgeon for hospital, getting rid of detail work they wanted to avoid.

"The miners up there learned something of this and found that the tobacco craving could be satisfied by binding a quantity of the leaf either in the armpit or against the solar plexus. This avoided broken and bleeding lips during the winter, and they weren't prevented from smoking indoors as well if they wanted to. It was the outdoor smoking or chewing that made all the trouble."—New York Sun.

MEASURES ALTITUDES.

The Use of the Barograph on Aeroplanes and Balloons.

What the compass is to the mariner the barograph is to the aviator. The barograph is an instrument for measuring altitudes. The pressure of the air as it increases or decreases causes a delicate needle to trace a wavy line upon a cylinder which revolves by clockwork. This line indicates not only the exact height that is reached by the aviator, but also the speed at which he is traveling.

The barograph is kept in a weather proof box with a glass front, which is attached to a bar of the aeroplane or to a rope on the balloon. It is officially sealed before the aviator embarks, so there is no possibility of tampering with it, and the seal is taken off in the presence of witnesses at the end of the flight. In this way it is possible to establish absolutely and graphically the altitude which an aviator attains in his aeroplane or balloon. It is necessary for the aviator to watch the barograph constantly, as it indicates a change in the elevation almost to the foot. The sky pilot has to keep his eye on the indicator much as the man at the wheel of the seagoing ship watches his compass. Should the aeroplane or the balloon rise or fall ten or twenty feet the aviator would not be conscious of it unless he looked at the wavering needle tracing its permanent record on a chart before him. This tells him immediately of any changes in the nature of the air currents and gives him timely warning of aerial dangers.

These instruments are so delicate and so accurate, it is said, that a man might hang one of them about his neck in its glass case or carry it in his hand and climb a flight of stairs, the height of his ascent being graphically indicated by the inked needle on the machine.—New York Press.

A CAREFUL MAN.

His Indecision in the Matter of Employing a Doctor.

The parsimony of the old New Englander of the type now almost vanished was nobly exemplified in Mr. Benny Huntingdon, who lived with his maiden sister in a little town in western Massachusetts. Neither had ever spent a penny unnecessarily and when in his old age Mr. Benny became crippled with "the rheumatiz" and had, as well, strange flutterings of the heart, which were unrelieved by the best recommended "yarb teas," they were greatly shocked at the suggestions and warnings of their friends and neighbors that they ought to send for a doctor. Mr. Benny refused, declared his scorn of the entire medical profession and continued to save his pennies.

But the pain grew worse. Mr. Benny was confined to his bed in great agony and overheard some of the neighbors telling his sister that he was going to die. Then he sent for an old schoolmate, a man as "careful" as himself.

"Josiah," he asked, in a low, confidential tone, "have you ever had a doctor?"

Josiah shook his head. "Dunno as I have," he answered.

Mr. Benny reached out and laid a trembling hand upon his old friend's arm. "Josiah," he asked again, "did you ever hear how much one of them doctors charges for a visit?"

Josiah looked at his suffering friend with pitying sympathy. "Well," he said, breaking it as gently as he could—"well, I have heard, Benny, that they charge as much as \$2 a visit!"

"Two dollars!" Mr. Benny repeated. "Two dollars!" Then he sank back on his pillow and sighed in a voice of strangely mingled relief, regret and resignation. "Well, I dunno but I'd rather spend \$5 than die!"—Youth's Companion.

The Licorice Plant.

The licorice plant resembles a rose with a single green stem, reaches a height of about three feet and bears a small purple star shaped flower. The first year's root growth resembles a loosely twisted string of tow and may run to twenty feet in length. The second year it assumes a woody substance when dry, and the third year it acquires its commercial value. The time for digging the root is the winter, when it is dried and crushed under heavy stones drawn round on it by mules, much as olives are crushed to extract their oil.

Queer Kaffir Custom.

Kaffir women will not pronounce their husband's names or even use words which contain the emphatic syllable of those names. One old woman, being taught to say the Lord's prayer, changed the word from "come" in "Thy kingdom come" to something that made nonsense, and it proved that the proper "come" word was the main syllable of her husband's name.

Proving His Contention.

"Jones is an optimist, even in the most discouraging circumstances, isn't he?"

"Why, no. His mother-in-law is slightly indisposed, and he thinks there's no hope for her recovery."

"Well, what did I tell you?"

CYCLONE FORMATION.

The Mechanical Laws Are the Same as in a Whirlpool.

Any one can make the exact counterpart of a cyclone if he so desires. Of course a cyclone is caused by the air over a big area getting warm and light with small pressure. This air consequently tries to rise almost in a body and leaves a partial vacuum behind, but the outside cold air rushes in from all sides. Now, it is a scientific and mechanical truth that when a fluid runs in from all sides toward a central point it causes a whirlpool or rotation of the fluid. The exact analogy of a cyclone, then, although with the fluid water instead of air, is seen when the stopper is pulled out of the bottom of a basin full of water. An almost perfect vacuum, as far as the water is concerned, is caused by the water immediately over the stopper running out. The rest of the water rushes in from all directions, and a whirlpool is the result. There is one difference here from the air cyclone. In the air the force with which it rushes toward the center greatly compresses the air whirling at that point and makes it very dense—so dense, in fact, that a straw carried in the central whirl can be driven into a big block of wood without bending. Of course in a whirlpool the water is not compressed, remaining practically the same in density all the time. That is one highly important property of water; it is practically incompressible. Nevertheless it is very interesting to see the whirl form in a basin and know that the mechanical laws are the same as in the formation of a cyclone many miles wide.—Harper's Weekly.

Way to Treat Venison.

The sportsman was explaining to a few of his uninitiated friends.

"If you don't like venison," he said, "it is because it has not been prepared properly. I think I know the kind you have tried to eat, and I agree with you it is not fit. After the deer has been shot the carcass probably has been allowed to lie around until the blood has discolored the meat and really has almost tainted it. Few hunters dress their game carefully enough. As soon as a deer is killed the carcass should be thoroughly bled, skinned, the entrails removed and the meat hung up in the dry air for some hours. Thorough and prompt bleeding is of the utmost importance. Venison prepared in this way is comparatively light in color—that is, it is a clear, bright red, and the fat is white and clean. There is no strong, rank taste."—New York Press.

Revenge.

"Stop!" The brakes of the motor were suddenly applied, a pandemonium of whirling wheels ensued, and the motorist came face to face with Constable Coppem, who had been hiding in the hedge.

"Excuse me, sir," said the portly policeman, taking out his notebook and pencil, "but you exceeded the speed limit by two miles over a measured piece of road."

"I have done nothing of the kind," retorted the motorist, "and, besides"—"Well, if you don't believe me I'll call the sergeant, bein' as it was 'im as took the time. He's in the pigsty yonder."

"Don't trouble, Robert," the other hastened to reply. "I would sooner pay fifty fines than disturb the sergeant at his meals!"—London Answers.

Faithful Woman.

I tell you that women, as a rule, are more faithful than men—ten times more faithful. I never saw a man pursue his wife into the very ditch and dust of degradation and take her in his arms. I never saw a man stand at the shore where she was wrecked, waiting for the waves to bring back her corpse to his arms, but I have seen a woman with her white arms lift a man from the mire of degradation and hold him to her bosom as if he were an angel.—Ingersoll.

His Way of Doing.

"Could the cashier of that company explain the muddle in the books?"

"He said he would clear it all up."

"Did he?"

"No, he didn't clear it up. He cleared out."—Baltimore American.

Ungallant.

Henderson—Ever met with any serious accident while traveling? Henpeck—Did I? I met my wife while traveling abroad.

Trouble springs from idleness and grievous toll from needless ease.—Franklin.

Chees In Ancient Ceylon.

In ancient Ceylon the game of chess was played with local variations peculiar enough to note. The king may not castle, but he is permitted to jump like a knight till checked. The pawns are exchangeable on the last row for the pieces on whose row they stand.

Though the world may owe every man a living, only the persistent collector gets it.

NEW JERSEY TEA.

Red Root, That Did Good Service in Revolutionary Days.

You housekeepers of today whose favorite brands of Orange Pekoe, English Breakfast, India and Ceylon, etc., diffuse their fragrance over your tea table would hardly suppose that tea, or, rather, a fairly good substitute for it, was once made from the leaves of one of our prettiest New Jersey wild flowers. Yet so it was in the old turbulent days of the American Revolution, when they had so much trouble over the imported article and used various beverages as substitutes for that to which they had become accustomed.

New Jersey tea, or red root, as it is also called, is a low growing shrub with many branches, seldom over three feet high, and is found from Canada to Florida, growing usually in dry wooded sections. It is very abundant in New Jersey, for which it is named. It blooms profusely in July and is so showy, with its many paled white blossoms, as to be quite worth a place in the gardens as an ornamental shrub. It has a dark red root, with leaves downy beneath and very much veined, by which it is easily distinguished from the pure tea. An infusion of the leaves prepared in the same manner as the genuine article has somewhat the taste of ordinary grades of the tea of the orient, but is not supposed to possess any of its stimulating properties.—Exchange.

Bulwer Lytton and His Chorus.

The Princess von Racovitsa met Bulwer Lytton in the Riviera toward the end of the fifties. He was then, she says in her autobiography, "past his first youth; his fame was at its zenith. He seemed to me antediluvian, with his long dyed curls and his old fashioned dress. He dressed exactly in the fashion of the twenties, with long coats reaching to the ankles, knee breeches and long colored waistcoats. Also he appeared always with a young lady who adored him and who was followed by a manservant carrying a harp. She sat at his feet and appeared, as he did, in the costume of 1830, with long flowing curls, called Anglaises. He read aloud from his own works, and in especially poetic passages his 'Alice' accompanied him with arpeggios on the harp."

A Tree Climbing Dog.

A government official in Bavaria connected with the forestry department has a wonderful dog, which is as clever at climbing trees as a cat. If his master fastens a handkerchief up in the treetops the animal will clamber up after it in the blindest way and never fails to bring it down. He was taught by his mother, who was famous as a tree climber. The clever animal has won several medals by his extraordinary talent and takes particular delight in climbing silver birches, not the easiest tree in the world to scale, for the trunk is particularly smooth and slippery.—Wide World Magazine.

Kindness to Animals.

"What I believe in," said Mr. Erasmus Pinky, "is kindness to dumb animals."

"Yes," replied Miss Miami Brown, "I have hushed dat some folks kin lift a chicken off de roost so gentle an tender dat he won't have his sleep disturbed aka'sely none."—Washington Star.

The Alternative.

Figg—My wife wants a new silk dress.

Fogg—Are you going to let her have it?

Figg—Yes. It's a case of silks or sulks.—Boston Transcript.

Debbling de Crabs.

In the service of a Baltimore family is an old negro cook known as Aunt Sally, and not the least of her achievements is the preparation of sea food.

In the kitchen one day Aunt Sally's nephew, a nine-year-old lad from a point where crabs are seldom seen, was watching in breathless interest the old lady's deviling of a dish of such crustaceans.

"Aunt," asked he after much reflection upon this mysterious point, "does debblil crabs come from de debblil?"

"No, chile," promptly responded Aunt Sally, "but dey is de debblil to make."—St. Louis Republic.

The President's Oath.

The oath of office taken by the incoming president of the United States is the shortest and the simplest required of any ruler on earth. It is prescribed by the constitution and is as follows:

"I do solemnly swear (or affirm) that I will faithfully execute the office of president of the United States, and, to the best of my ability, protect, preserve and defend the constitution of the United States."

Her Cooking.

The Doctor—How is your appetite? The Patient—Wretched. The best meal my wife cooks doesn't tempt me. The Doctor—Um—er—er—do you ever try a meal in a restaurant?—Chillicothe Herald.

Christmas Economy

It's your own fault if you don't let us save you money on your holiday purchases.



The Place to buy your Xmas Presents



Furniture to please everybody. A square deal and a Merry Xmas to one and all.

It is nearing the time when you must select your holiday gifts. The worry of the Christmas season is the difficulty of picking presents and making one's money go "round." We believe we can help you out of both difficulties. What to give becomes an easy matter when you have so ample a stock as ours to choose from. We have the most desirable gifts, such as rockers in all the latest finishes for old and young, dining chairs, dining room suites, parlor suites, buffets, sideboards, china closets, wardrobes, chiffoniers, chifforobes, bedroom suites in bird's eye maple, quartered oak, mahogany and Circassian walnut, pictures, picture frames, child's beds, child's cribs, chairs, go-carts. Axminster, tapestry, velvet and Brussels art squares and rugs, fibre rugs, fibre art squares, brass beds, iron beds, costumers and hall trees. Also the Sanidown and Sealy mattresses, both guaranteed for 20 years. The latest in kitchen cabinets, a household necessity. They possess all the qualities that gifts should have—newness, beauty, novelty and intrinsic worth. The prices are right. They cannot be beaten. We are in a position to know that we can save you money. We believe that the more you inspect the goods the more you will realize this. Remember we are careful about the quality of everything. Real bargain prices on goods of worthy quality is what we promise you. Surprise your wife Xmas with a nice art square. Let us surprise you with the price. We have art squares from \$3.50 to \$35.00. On Friday, December 9, we are going to give you the opportunity of buying an art square at your own price. Remember the big matting sale is still on. We sell pianos.

J. D. SIMS, the Furniture Man

Embalmer and Undertaker.

THE WHITE WASH.

Its Presence on the Hudson Bay Company's Boat Explained.

It is or was a rule of the Hudson Bay company that no woman be allowed passage on its boats. One day some years ago as a steamer of the company neared one of the northernmost ports a string of white garments was seen stretched across the deck. The watchers were amazed, for to them the wash line suggested only the presence of a woman aboard the boat.

Comment was freely made of the scandal that would ensue and the shakeup that would follow. When the boat docked the line of washing had disappeared—still another proof of the scandal.

Later one of the landmen said to the captain:

"Why, how did it happen that you carried a woman passenger this trip?"

"There was never a woman along the whole voyage," was the indignant answer. "What do you mean?"

"If there was no woman aboard where did all that white wash come from?" was the triumphant reply.

The captain looked puzzled for a moment, and then he laughed.

"Oh," he said, "and didn't we have Lord Strathcona, the governor himself, along with us on this trip? And every day doesn't he insist on having his clean white shirt, no matter how far north we are? That's the white wash you saw strung along deck. And, what's more, doesn't his lordship insist upon having his London paper laid beside his plate every morning, no matter if it is a year old?"—Pearson's.

A MASTER OF METAPHOR.

It Must Have Relieved Him to Get This Out of His System.

A water consumer in a certain city, whose supply had been turned off because he wouldn't pay, wrote to the department as follows:

"In the matter of shutting off the water on unpaid bills your company is fast becoming a regular crystallized Russian bureaucracy, running in a groove and deaf to the appeals of reform. There is no use of your trying to impugn the verity of this indictment by shaking your official heads in the teeth of your own deeds.

"If you will persist in this kind of thing a widespread conflagration of the populace will be so imminent that it will require only a spark to let loose

the dogs of war in our midst. Will you persist in hurling the cornerstone of our personal liberty to your wolfish hounds of collectors thirsting for its blood? If you persist the first thing you know you will have the chariot of a justly indignant revolution rolling along in our midst and gnashing its teeth as it rolls.

"If your rascally collectors are permitted to continue coming to our doors with unblushing footsteps, with cloaks of hypocritical compunction in their mouths, and compel payment from your patrons this policy will result in cutting the wool off the sheep that lays the golden egg until you have pumped it dry, and then farewell, a long farewell, to our vaunted prosperity."—Everybody's.

THE BIG DIPPER.

It is the Hour Hand of the Woodman's Celestial Clock.

The pole star is really the most important of the stars in our sky. It marks the north at all times. It alone is fixed in the heavens. All the other stars seem to swing around it once in twenty-four hours.

But the pole star of Polaris is not a very bright one, and it would be hard to identify but for the help of the so called pointers in the "Big Dipper," or "Great Bear." The outer rim of the dipper points nearly to Polaris at a distance equal to three times the space that separates the two stars of the dipper's outer side. Various Indians called the pole star the "Home Star" and the "Star That Never Moves," and the dipper they call the "Broken Back." The "Great Bear" is also to be remembered as the pointers for another reason. It is the hour hand of the woodman's clock. It goes once around the north star in about twenty-four hours, the reverse way of the hands of a watch—that is, it goes the same way as the sun—and for the same reason—that it is the earth that is going and leaving them behind.—Country Life In America.

Fall In With the Argument.

"The leading question," said the colonel, "is the financial one."

"Right," replied the major, "and I was just about to ask you to add \$5 to that \$10 I borrowed from you yesterday."—Uncle Remus' Magazine.

"The easiest thing I know of," says the philosopher of folly, "is to begin to save up some money next month."—Cleveland Leader.

THE DEAREST GIFT.

A Pathetic Incident in the Life of Robert Browning.

A young American woman was traveling one day in an Italian railway coach, the only other occupant of the compartment being an elderly gentleman. Observing the interest of the young woman in the country through which they were passing and seeing also that it was new to her, the more experienced traveler pointed out objects and places of note.

From scenery the conversation drifted to books and authors, until something suggested to the young American one of Elizabeth Barrett Browning's sonnets, which she quoted.

She was astonished and abashed because the gentleman made no reply, but during the rest of the ride sat looking intently out of the window, having apparently forgotten the very existence of his traveling companion.

As they neared the station where the young lady was to leave the car she said timidly:

"I fear, sir, that I have offended you. Perhaps you do not like Mrs. Browning's poetry."

The man slowly turned upon her tear dimmed eyes, and in a voice full of emotion he said:

"Madam, that sonnet is the sweetest, as its singer was the dearest, gift God ever gave to me."

Her traveling companion was Robert Browning.—Youth's Companion.

A CURIOUS ANIMAL.

The Sea Cucumber Can Part With and Replace Its Organs.

Among the curious animals which inhabit the sea we may take the holothuria, or sea cucumber, so called from its resemblance to the cucumber.

When this animal is attacked by an enemy it does not stand up and fight, but by a sudden movement it ejects its teeth, stomach, digestive apparatus and nearly all its intestines and then shrivels its body up to almost nothing. When, however, the danger is past the animal commences to replace the organs which it has voluntarily parted with, and in a short time the animal is as perfect as ever it was.

Dr. Johnstone kept one in water for a long time, and one day he forgot to change the water. The creature in consequence ejected its intestines and shriveled up, but when the water was changed all its organs were reproduced. Although the animal is not

eaten in Europe, it is a favorite with the Chinese, and the fishing forms an important part of the industry of the east. Thousands of junks are annually used in fishing for trepang, as the animals are called.—London Tit-Bits.

Helped the Thief.

"A simple, honest Scotch farmer had taken a sack of meal to dispose of in Aberdeen castle market," says Mrs. Mayo in her "Recollections of Fifty Years." "It was in the days when people were hanged for any petty theft, and an execution was in progress, the culprit being a sheep stealer. The worthy countryman stood aghast when a stranger bustled up with the question:

"What's a-do?"

"'A hanging,' said the other, awed, 'for stealing a sheep.'

"'Eh, what won't folks risk for gear?' cried the stranger. 'Will ye just give me a hand up with this sack?'"

"The farmer promptly complied. It was only afterward that he discovered he had helped a thief to make off with the sack of meal he had brought to sell!"

Force of an Oil Well.

Oil has been ejected from the Baku wells with such force and accompanied with so much sand that steel blocks twelve inches thick placed over the mouth of the well to deflect the flow were perforated in a few hours and had to be replaced. The casing with which the wells were lined was often torn to shreds and eventually collapsed, and hundreds of thousands of tons of sand which accumulated in the vicinity necessitated the services of large bodies of workmen.—London Mail.

The reward of one duty is the power to fulfill another.

He Promised.

Sutton—No, can't spare the money very well, but I'll lend it to you if you promise not to keep it too long. Gayboy—I'll undertake to spend every penny of it before tomorrow.—Washingtonian.

Feeding the Fish.

Disgusted Fisherman (emptying his bait into the stream)—Hanged if I'll wait on you any longer! Here, help yourselves.—Life.

Sorrow is an evil with many feet.—Simonides.

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Christmas is Coming



Christmas is almost here and one begins to wonder what they are going to get for themselves or friends. Nothing can be appreciated more than something to wear. We feel that you will find it to your interest to see us before the holidays.

Our clothing racks are full of nice, up-to-date suits, both men and boys', that, as the little fellow says, almost "makes your mouth water." Our shoes need no introduction—Walk-Over for men, Julian & Kokenge for women and Buster Brown for children. In the hat realm we know none can excell. From John B. Stetson on down to our famous Fox brand we can suit the most fastidious, fit the most difficult and last but not least tickle your pocket book. Our gentlemen's shirts, ties, socks, handkerchiefs, mufflers, etc., afford an almost unlimited collection of gifts that would gladden the heart of the most unappreciative.

There is no woman but who would go into ecstasies of delight at receiving something from our line of beautiful belts, bags, scarfs, silk hose, handkerchiefs, etc.

Baby has not been forgotten by us, for little colored mittens, caps and leggins, wool and fur ones, nice, soft, downy little saques, pretty little shoes, etc., we have in abundance.

So do not worry about what you are going to Santa Claus with, but come to us and let us do it for you.

Dan J. Kennedy

A DEED OF DARING.

Twenty-seven Lives Saved by One Man in a Shipwreck.

A historic case of daring and endurance rarely equaled in life saving annals was that of the rescue of twenty-seven souls by one man in 1867. The fishing schooner Sea Clipper was driven by the tempest against a reef near the Spotted Islands on that coast and speedily went to pieces. Captain William Jackman, in charge of a fishing crew at these islands, had wandered in a direction he had never been before as if by inspiration and suddenly saw the whole tragedy enacted before his eyes. Hurrying his one companion back to the fishing station to summon help, he plunged into the howling swirl himself and eleven times swam to the ship. Each time he took back a human being to safety, battling splendidly against wind and tide.

Then help arrived, but no means was available of communicating with the vessel, so Jackman fastened a rope around his waist and made fifteen more trips, returning with a castaway on each occasion. It was then discovered that a woman had been overlooked and left on board, and the belief was expressed that she was dead, but he declared that he would not leave her there, living or dead. Accordingly he plunged into the surf again and soon bore the hapless creature to the shore, where, divesting himself of his flannels, he wrapped her round her, as she was almost at death's door. She expired a few hours later, but lived long enough to thank her preserver for his noble efforts in her behalf.—Wide World Magazine.

BROUGHT UP HOT WATER.

The Friction of the Boat Made the Ocean Almost Boil.

The steamship was speeding over seas with a record breaking list of passengers when one of the gay, young and inquiring girls who are found on every trip skipped up to the captain and asked:

"Captain, are we really going fast? It seems as if we were just crawling."

"Fast," answered the captain gruffly, "of course we're going fast. With nothing to see but water and sky you can't judge our speed, but, my dear young lady, the friction of the boat is so great it makes the water hot aft."

"I don't believe it," giggled the girl, and the captain, with a great show of indignation, called for a rope and bucket to prove his words. These

brought, he swung the pail down aft of the vessel directly under the drainpipe of the galley, where hot water runs all day, and brought it up smoking, to the astonishment of the awestruck girl.

A long, lean Yankee who had been watching the performance then came forward and drawled, "Say, cap, that must make you change your course mighty often."

"Change my course?" blustered the captain. "What would I change my course for?"

"Well," said the Yankee slowly, "so darn much friction as that must wear the ocean out mighty quick."—Philadelphia Times.

Sugar.

Our word "sugar" is said to be derived from the Arabic "sukkar," the article itself having got into Europe through the Arabian Mohammedans, who overran a great part of the world in the seventh, eighth and ninth centuries. According to Dr. Van Lippman, a Dutch writer, as a result of the Arab invasion of Persia sugar found its way into Arabia, whence again its culture was carried to Cyprus, Rhodes, Sicily and Egypt. In the last named country the preparation of sugar was greatly improved, and the Egyptian product became widely famous. From Egypt the industry spread along the northern coasts of Africa and so entered Spain, where, about the year 1150, some fourteen refineries were in operation. Columbus introduced sugar cane into the new world.—Argonaut.

His Bad Dream.

Truly oriental was the defense put forward by a prisoner at Allipore. Charged with stealing a Hindu idol with its ornaments, he stated that the goddess told him in a dream the night before that, as she was not properly worshiped by the Hindu priest, she would be better taken care of by him, a Mohammedan, and that unless he took charge of her worship she would in her wrath destroy his whole family. The magistrate, however, was not satisfied with the story and sentenced the accused to two months' rigorous imprisonment and to pay a fine.—Bombay Gazette.

When the Loss Was Felt.

Wife (on returning home after a long visit)—Have you noticed that my husband missed me much while I was away, Mary? Maid—Well, mum, I didn't notice that he felt your absence much at first, but this last day or two he has certainly seemed very down-hearted, mum.

Cows That Never Drink.

The "wild cow" of Arabia, in reality an antelope, the Beatrix oryx, is said never to drink, which is probably correct, for unless these animals can descend the wells they can find no drinking water for ten months in the year. There is no surface water, and rain falls but precariously during the winter. Only once during my journey did I find a pool of rainwater, caught in a hollow rock, and even this I should have passed by without knowing of its existence had not my camels sniffed it from a distance and obstinately refused to be turned from going in that direction. These antelope, however, are provided by nature with a curious food supply, especially designed as a thirst quencher. This is a parasite which grows on the roots of the desert bushes and forms a long spadix full of water and juice. The antelope dig deep holes in the sand in order to get at these.—Wide World Magazine.

Easily Explained.

"They have to admit in the old world," said a New York theatrical man, "that we've got them beaten on every count. Talk to them about the matter and they can only quibble."

"Oh, yes," said an English banker to me the other day, "you've got a great country, the greatest country in the world, there's no denying that."

"Then he gave a nasty laugh."

"But look at your fires," he said. "Your terrible fires are a disgrace to mankind."

"Oh, our fires," said I, "are due to the friction caused by our rapid growth."

Man's Early Building.

The ruins of successive human habitations unearthed in Asia show how man advanced from primeval savagery to the pomp of Babylon and Nineveh. First he improved the caves in which he dwelt by leveling the floors and cutting windows to give him light. Afterward he constructed entirely artificial habitations for himself, at first roughly made tents of boughs and leaves, then huts of mud and finally dwellings of wood and stone.

Spiteful.

"Yes," said the engaged girl, "Dick is very methodical. He gives me one kiss when he comes and two when he goes away."

"That's always been his way," returned her dearest friend. "I've heard lots of girls comment on it."

Thus it happens that they cease to speak to each other.

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A WILY ORIENTAL

Guile of a Tricky Native Snake Charmer in India.

GATHERED IN THE SERPENTS.

It Was No Trouble to Him to Lure the Reptiles into His Basket, and the Supply Was in No Danger of Giving Out and Losing Him a Job.

Among the numerous objectionable and dangerous creatures peculiar to the orient none is more repulsive than the snake. One shudders involuntarily as one thinks of its wriggling body and vicious characteristics. During my residence in India I never felt safe from its presence. I had my closets, bed and even my bathtub searched every day lest one should be found coiled up in some corner, writes Eliza K. Van Bergen in the Christian Intelligence.

I was always on the watch for the creatures and ever in mortal terror of treading on one. It never occurred to me to sleep without a light, and a stick was always near at hand lest I might find one unawares and be unprepared to meet it. I even looked upon my thin mosquito curtain as a slight protection, for it would at least break its fall should a snake tumble down suddenly from the ceiling.

The creatures have a decided preference for cool, damp places and often choose the bathroom and sometimes the tub for their habitation, much to the discomfort of its rightful habitue. It is not unalloyed bliss to live in a place infested with serpents. With such formidable enemies, one never forgets to be cautious, nor to guard against their presence and sudden attack. It makes one alert to be in the midst of danger and adds spice to life.

Well, as I started out to say, my garden was infested with snakes, and I was persuaded to have a native charmer summoned to lure them away. His hideous occupation, weird incantations and strange pets surrounded the snake charmer with a peculiar fascination. His magnetism and skill are considered phenomenal in the east.

This specimen was tall and lank and had deep, cavernous eyes and an abstracted air. Some of the creatures were coiled around his wrist, which made him still more repellent. He handled them as if they were perfectly harmless. About the neck he wore a chain with a fute attached. Two other jugglers accompanied him, similarly attired, but minus the snakes. One carried a closed basket on his arm.

He stopped at a respectful distance to make his "salaam" which is the customary salute of the country. Then he approached the aloe hedge which inclosed my grounds, squatted himself tailor fashion on the grass and began to produce weird, plaintive sounds on the fute, to which music the reptiles entwined themselves around him and seemed to sway their bodies to and fro.

After some time a snake appeared, gliding slowly and stealthily out from the hedge toward the spot where it heard the enchanting music. The charmer allowed it to come quite close, and to wind itself around his arm. Another followed and yet another, while the other two men stood by holding a basket ready to receive them as soon as they unwound themselves. At least a half dozen appeared and were disposed of in this manner. After being captured they appeared as if in a stupor.

Horried with his performance, I begged him to stop and bade him leave the place. He assented and, picking up the basket, departed with the snakes without ever ceasing to play his uncanny tune. His companions gathered up the rest of his belongings and followed him. I paid a certain sum for each snake thus dispatched.

He came repeatedly thereafter and went through the same performance, conjuring up more reptiles and disposing of them in the same way until I began to suspect some trickery. He refused to allow the snakes to be killed, insisting that they were sacred and must not be put to death. It looked as if he replaced the snakes in the hedge after removing them, and thus he multiplied their number and increased his gains.

I was finally forced to have him removed by the police and threatened with punishment in order to keep him away. Nothing would persuade me to permit one of the fellows to enter my premises again.

Amplly Qualified.

Proud Parent—If you would win my daughter, young man, you must prove to my satisfaction that you have fortitude, patience under discouraging circumstances, strength of character, courage, an indomitable will to succeed and, above all, an ability to bear with misfortune. Have you those qualifications? Suitors—I've known your daughter for some time, sir, and am asking you for her hand. Do you wish other assurances?

STAGE REALISM.

Why Jefferson Didn't Have a Dog Schneider in the Flash.

It was the privilege of the writer years ago to attend a reception at which Joseph Jefferson spoke on the drama. His treatment of the subject was interesting, the utterance of a man who knew the art of which he spoke. But the most interesting part of the hour came after the completion of the formal address, when an opportunity was given to the audience to ask any questions they wished of Mr. Jefferson. Soon the familiar topic was introduced, the effect of the modern elaboration and realism in stage setting. Mr. Jefferson at once rose to the question. He spoke somewhat rapidly, with a quaint humor and sympathetic charm that were irresistible. He characterized the modern fashion of stage setting as "a tribute to the weakness of the human imagination." "I am often asked," he went on, "why I do not have a real dog Schneider. But if I did none of you would be satisfied. You would go home saying, 'Well, Schneider never looked like that dog.' You love Schneider because you have made him out of a piece of your own heart. And then," meditatively, "if I had a real Schneider some one in the gallery would probably whistle to him at the critical moment, and he would bark and spoil the play, while if he knew his part perfectly and did just what Schneider ought to do"—pausing and with his delightful smile—"Schneider would be the hero and not Rip!" Then, with a twinkle of the eye, he summed up the whole matter with the quiet remark, "Realism with a tail to wag in the wrong place is a dangerous thing."—New York Post.

THE SOLAR SYSTEM.

Its Flight Through Space Toward the Constellation Lyra.

In what direction are you moving? If you are going toward the Battery you will answer "south;" if up Broadway you will answer "north;" toward the Hudson you will say "west," and if in the direction of the East river you will reply "east."

These answers might be correct as regards the surface of the earth, but they may be far from answering the question, for the earth is turning eastwardly at the rate of about a thousand miles an hour, which carries you in that direction very much faster than you can move over the ground.

But that rotating motion, constantly changing your direction in relation to all outside the earth, is quite subordinate to another far more rapid motion that is carrying you and the earth around the sun eastwardly on an entirely different curve at the rate of about nine miles a second, ever changing your direction in relation to the stars in a circular path 279,000,000 miles long.

Yet that isn't a key to your direction, for little you, your tiny earth and your third rate sun, with all of its planets, are traveling as a united group in one direction, differing from all those mentioned. Find the large first magnitude bluish white star Vega, in the constellation of Lyra, and you will be looking in the direction of the flight that our system is taking through space. If you will observe the stars around Vega for a few hundred years you will find that they are apparently slowly separating, while the stars at the opposite pole of the heavens are slowly drawing together. That means we are moving toward Vega and away from the opposite point. This motion is in a circle that cannot be exactly measured, but there is evidence to show that it will require 18,200,000 years for our system to complete it.

Then can you answer, "I am moving toward Vega." Perhaps so, but more likely perhaps not, for it is far from unlikely that you and your solar system, with Vega and all of the galaxy of stars that eye can see on the clearest night, are moving in the same general direction around some great common center yet unknown. Who can tell? No one now, but the possibility is presented to the human mind from what we know of the motions of the great universal clock of space that marks off the seconds of eternity.—New York Herald.

A MAN'S GLOVE.

In the Old Days It Served as Proxy For Its Owner.

In the early days everything was not regulated for the people as it is now by the government and the law courts. Europe was still young then, and people had rough and ready means of dealing with one another, of buying and selling or giving goods and property and settling disputes. A glove, as it was very close indeed to a man's hand, came in course of time to be looked upon as taking the place of the hand itself, and sometimes took the man's place and was made to represent him.

For example, to open a fair it was necessary then to have the consent and protection of the great lord in whose country it was going to be held. Those who wished to open the fair would

come to the nobleman and petition him to be present. He might be very busy or bored at the idea of having to go, yet he would know that it must be opened or his people would be discontented. So he would say to the leaders of the people: "No, my trusty fellows, I can't open the fair in person, but I will send my glove to do it. You all know my glove. Nobody has one like it in the country. It is the one my lady mother embroidered for me in colored silks and silver wire, and it has a deep violet fringe. You can hang it above the entrance of your fair grounds as a sign that you are acting with my permission. If any one disputes your right or touches his master's glove I will attend to him. That's all." So the glove would travel in state to open the fair.—Westminster Gazette.

Ready With His Tongue.

James T. Brady, a prominent member of the New York bar in the last century, was noted for his ready wit. Quick as Mr. Brady was with the readiness of his race for repartee, he sometimes met his match among his own countrymen. He was once examining an unwilling witness who persistently called him Mr. O'Brady. At length, even his proverbial good nature being a little ruffled, he said to the witness: "You need not call me Mr. O'Brady. I've mended my name since I came here and dropped the O." "Have ye, now?" retorted the witness. "Pon my sowl, it's a pity ye didn't mend yer manners at the same time!"

Why He Was on Time.

Beranger was one day complimented by a lady on the punctuality with which he kept his engagements. "It is a pleasure," said she, "to invite you to dinner, for you never make us wait."

"I am no longer young, madam," replied the poet, "and experience has taught me one thing—it is dangerous not to arrive at the precise hour, for the guests who are waiting for you will pass the time in discussing your faults."

Spoiled the Evening For Her.

"I suppose you had a perfectly lovely time at the dinner party last night?" "No. Through some mistake they seated me next to my husband."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Quakers Never "Nervous."

It is not in my memory that a professing Quaker ever came into my hands to be treated for nervousness. If the opinion I have already stated so often is correct, namely, that want of control of the emotions and the over-expression of the feelings are prime causes of nervousness, then the fact that discipline of the emotions is a lesson early and constantly taught by Friends would help to account for the infrequency of this disorder among them and add emphasis to the belief in such causation.—From "Self Help For Nervous Women," by Dr. Kearsley Mitchell.

A Remarkable Man.

John Ziska, the great Hussite leader of the fifteenth century, was one of the most remarkable men that ever lived. His life story reads like a romance. Nothing in history is more interesting, more thrilling, than the account of his heroic deeds. Though blind and always greatly outnumbered, Ziska invariably beat his enemies and established for himself a fame that will last forever. He was never beaten in a battle. His very name was a terror to his enemies. He died in 1424, while besieging Prazabslaw, at the age of sixty-four.—New York American.

Spoons.

The origin of the spoon is uncertain. It must have been invented at a very ancient date, for it is found among people that have never come into contact with civilization. The necessity of having some implement for dipping water seems to have led first to the invention of the calabash or the use of the cocoon shell and later on to the spoon.

Didn't Know "the Uncle."

Aunt Jane—I guess Mr. Spender must be a very neat person. Edith—And what leads you to that opinion? Aunt Jane—He told your Uncle George all his clothes but those upon his back were hung up. Some men, you know, throw their things round anywhere.—Boston Transcript.

Mistook the Punctuation.

The Young Woman (surprised and indignant)—How dared you kiss me, sir! Penitent Young Man—Why, you said you'd like to see me do it. The Young Woman—But you know as well as I do that I said it with an exclamation point at the end!—Chicago Tribune.

The Assent Sarcastic.

He (at the end of a fishing story)—My word, it was a monster! 'Pon my word, I never saw such a fish in my life! She—I don't believe you ever did!—London Mail.

Riches are able to solder up an abundance of flaws.—Cervantes.

FOOLED HIM BADLY.

Now He Kicks on Letters Written in the Third Person.

In one of the Paris restaurants a party of literary men were discussing the merits of various epistolary styles. One of them, Monsieur A., made a fierce attack on letters written in the third person, such as "Monsieur X. has the honor to inform"—and so on. Another of the party defended them, maintaining that they were not only more ceremonious, but that they were more polite.

"That's a good idea," replied Monsieur A. "The foundation of all politeness in letter writing is to express clearly what you mean to say. Now, nothing can be more ambiguous than these confounded notes in the third person. I will just tell you what happened to myself. I received from my friend D., the chief of division, a billet doux, which I will show you."

Taking the note from his pocket, Monsieur A. read as follows: "Monsieur D., chief of division at the war office, hastens to inform his friend, Monsieur A., that he has just been named chevalier of the Legion of Honor."

"You can fancy my delight at reading this note," continued Monsieur A. "I ran to an engraver and ordered him to make the flattering addition to my cards, 'Monsieur A., Chevalier of the Legion of Honor.' I ran to a mercer's and bought a piece of the richest red ribbon for my buttonhole. I ran to the houses of my friends for the pleasure of receiving their congratulations. At last I ran to my friend D.'s. As soon as I caught sight of him I threw myself into his arms. 'Ah, my dear fellow,' I exclaimed, 'you have no idea what pleasure you have given me. How shall I ever thank you sufficiently? You are an excellent fellow, my worthy A., to sympathize thus with my happiness.'"

"Thank you for that expression; the decoration is mine, and the happiness is yours."

"How is that? Have you received the order?"

"Certainly; have I not?"

"No, my good friend; 'tis I who am now made chevalier."

"You?"

"Yes, you deserve the honor more than I do, but, nevertheless, it has been conferred on me."

"But you wrote me word that I had received the cross." I took his letter out of my pocket and showed it him. Alas! I now understood clearly what meaning I ought to assign to the ambiguous phrase. "The deuce take you and your note," I said to D. "Instead of your affected and formal announcement in the third person, why could you not write to me simply and plainly, 'My dear friend, I have the pleasure of informing you that I now am decore chevalier?'"

FLED FROM BOREDOM.

The Tale of a Purposely Interrupted Yachting Cruise.

A few seasons back a well known postess chartered a splendid yacht for August and invited a large number of her friends for a three weeks' cruise. At first all went well, though the party was not specially well assorted, but after a few days they began to evince signs of being somewhat bored with each other's company.

The hostess marked these signs of incipient boredom, which became more plainly evident each day, and at last in despair she took counsel with one of her guests, an old and experienced yachtsman.

"What on earth shall I do to amuse these people?" she asked.

The yachtsman looked at the serene sky and calm, blue water and shook his head doubtfully.

"A storm would enliven them up a bit," he said. "but the weather looks quite settled. There is only one thing to be done. You must arrange a breakdown; the engineer will manage that all right for you. He has probably often done so before. Then you must make for the nearest port for repairs and let your guests have a run ashore. Some of them, I expect, will find an excuse for bidding you goodbye and those who remain with you will get along all right together."

The hostess took her guest's advice and arrived at Toulon a day later, where high twenty of her guests bid her goodbye.—London M. A. P.

THE PRINCE WINKED.

And Miss Alcott Was at the Other End of the Flirtation.

It seems an awful thing, but here is the circumstance on record that Louisa M. Alcott, the sainted author of "Little Women," once publicly flirted with Edward VII. The fact comes out in Mrs. Belle Mose's book, "Louisa May Alcott, Dreamer and Worker." There is a passage in the book which contains Miss Alcott's personal account of the incident. It refers to the time when the late king, then Prince of Wales, made his famous visit to this country. "I went to Boston," Miss Alcott relates, "and I saw the Prince of Wales trot over the common with his train at review—a yellow haired laddie, very like his mother, Fanny W. and I nod-

ded and waded as he passed and he openly winked his boyish eye at us, for Fanny with her yellow curls and wild waving looked rather rowdy, and the poor little prince wanted some fun. We laughed and thought that we had been more distinguished by the saucy wink than by a stately bow. Boys are always jolly—even princes."

By the way, this incident occurred in 1860, when the Prince of Wales was nineteen years old and consequently quite a broth of a boy, and when Miss Alcott—we blush to record it—was twenty-eight.—New York Mail.

The Gold Dust Was There.

North America has counted as a gold producing continent only since the late forties. But it might well have done so for about 200 years. According to the London Chronicle, in the voyage round the world which began in 1719 the privateer Captain Shelvocke found in certain California valleys "a rich black mold which, as you turn it fresh up to the sun, appears as if intermingled with gold dust. Though we were a little prejudiced," he adds: "against the thought that it could be possible that this metal should be so promiscuously and universally mingled with common earth, yet we endeavored to cleanse and wash the earth from some of it, and the more we did the more it appeared like gold. In order to be further satisfied I brought away some of it, which we lost in our confusion in China."

Ate Himself Thin.

A terribly emaciated man, about thirty-five years of age, was eating four meals a day, including a heavy breakfast. He was also taking milk between meals. I induced him to give up the milk between meals and to take only a cup of weak tea for breakfast. At once his weight began to increase. It is now normal. Obviously it was a case not only of ordinary mental worry, but also of worry and overwork of the millions of cell lives within him. He gave the cells and organs a rest and at once there was a storage of energy and weight.—Metropolitan Magazine.

Linked Before and After.

Having entered the church at Regensburg, in Germany, for the purpose of being married and taken his place beside the bride, a man named Wahl, who seems to have been of a somewhat nervous disposition, suddenly rushed out of the building, took a cab to the station and jumped into a moving train. We have always maintained that the bridegroom should be handcuffed to the best man until the conclusion of the ceremony. It is foolish to take unnecessary risks.—London Globe.

Happiness.

"There is an instinct in the heart of man which makes him fear a cloudless happiness. It seems to him that he owes to misfortune a tithe of his life, and that which he does not pay bears interest, is amassed and largely swells a debt which sooner or later he must acquit."

Her Long Dream.

Estelle—Ah! His proposal was just like a dream! Agnes—Well, you ought to know, dear. You've been dreaming of that proposal for years.

The Leech as a Barometer.

A leech confined in a glass jar of water will prove an excellent weather prophet. If the weather is to continue fine the leech lies motionless at the bottom of the jar and rolled together in a spiral form. If it is to rain, either before or after noon, it is found to have crept up to the top of its lodging and there remains till the weather is settled. If we are to have wind the prisoner wriggles through his limpid habitation with amazing swiftness and seldom rests till it begins to blow hard. If a remarkable storm of thunder and rain is to succeed the leech gives itself up to violent throes and convulsive motions. In frost, as in clear summer weather, it lies constantly at the bottom, and in snow, as in rainy weather, it pitches its dwelling on the very mouth of the jar.

African Grosbecks.

The social grosbecks of South Africa live in large societies. They select a tree of considerable size and literally cover it with a grass roof, under which their common dwelling is constructed. The roof serves the double purpose of keeping off the heat and the rain, and 400 or 500 pairs of birds are known to have the same shelter. The nests in this aerial dwelling are built in regular streets and closely resemble rows of tenement houses.

Good Cause For It.

"A friend of mine who visits that newly married couple saw the husband the other day throwing stones at his wife."

"Good heavens! Was she hurt?" "Not a bit of it. She was just tickled to death. They were diamonds."—Baltimore American.

Never let familiarity exclude respect.—Vanburg.

Don't Wait

Until that cold has the best of you. It is poor policy to leave it go unattended to when you can find instant relief and a sure cure in our White Pine cough syrup

The Murchison-Beasley Drug Company

Local News.

See Daniel & Burton for Liverpool salt.

J. A. McClain of Kennard was here last week.

Stetson hats all shapes at Daniel & Burton's.

For holiday goods for gentlemen see John Millar.

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

Put your duds in our suds at Arledge Tailoring Co's.

That Superb clothing at the Big Store is selling fast.

Red Rust Proof seed oats for sale by Shivers & Leathers'.

Get you a Superb overcoat at the Big Store and be in style.

Come to the Novelty store. You may find something you want.

Let us clean and press your next suit. Arledge Tailoring Co.

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

Make our store your headquarters. Daniel & Burton.

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

Hon. D. W. O'Dell of Cleburne is spending a few days in the city.

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

A. M. Brewer of Altus, Okla., spent several days here last week.

Ladies' red, white and gray all wool sweaters at the Novelty store.

25c matting for 18c at the Big Store during the big furniture sale.

B. J. Cash of route 2 was among those calling at this office Saturday.

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

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

P. J. Willis of Grapeland was a caller at the Courier office Thursday.

Let your next suit be a Superb and you'll have no further suit troubles.

If your feet hurt you get a Patriot shoe for men or the Society for ladies. They have solid leather soles, at the Big Store.

A swell line of art squares and rugs just received at Deupree & Waller's.

Try some of that fresh, new ribbon cane syrup at Shivers & Leathers'.

Be sure to read Jas. S. Shivers & Co's. ad in this issue. It will interest you.

Mrs. L. L. Cannon has a sale on millinery. Hats at cost. Call and see them.

No clothing is better or look so well as the Superb. The Big Store has it.

W. P. Bishop has accepted a position with the Murchison-Beasley Drug company.

A few plain truths told in the ad of Jas. S. Shivers & Co. this week. Don't fail to read it.

G. B. Miliken of Lovelady is among those remembering the Courier since last issue.

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

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

Santa Claus sends a special invitation to every one and wants to see you at the Novelty store.

Rev. S. F. Tenney is expecting to preach at Oakland Church next Sunday afternoon at 4 o'clock.

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

Take advantage of the cut prices on boys' knee suits and ladies' long capes at the Novelty store.

You suffer no delay when you phone your grocery orders in to Shivers & Leathers. Phone 21.

"All is well that ends well"—put a pair of Well's high grade shoes on your pedal extremities and keep well. For sale only by Shivers & Leathers.

Pianos, pianos, pianos! Don't fail to get our prices on pianos before you buy. We give our customers the lion's share of the profit. Pianos from the cheapest to the high grade player pianos.

J. D. Sims, The Furniture Man.

Mrs. Berta Wootters and Mrs. C. N. Corry are attending the U. D. C. convention at Marlin this week.

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

Joe Adams is attending the annual communication of the grand lodge of Texas Masons at Waco this week.

If you expect to get your suit before Xmas, had better order now, and to be sure it fits order from John Millar.

The issuance of bonds for the building of a school house at Holly has been authorized by the commissioners' court.

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

Mr. J. R. Harin is an expert on cleaning ladies skirts and fancy dresses of all kinds.

Arledge Tailoring Co.

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.

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

An election has been ordered for the common school district at Ash for the issuance of bonds for the purpose of building a school house.

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.

W. H. Tomme, principal of the Lovelady High school, was here last week with his senior class who were taking the state and county examinations.

Just received a full line of high grade pianos. Get our prices before you buy. We can save you money.

J. D. Sims, The Furniture Man.

Ginning Notice.

Until further notice my gin will be operated only on Fridays and Saturdays of each week.

A. F. Daniel.

A car of new buggies just arrived. Sixty buggies, carriages, etc., to select from. Come and see them.

Jno. R. Foster, The Buggy Man.

To make room for Santa Claus we will now give cut prices on ladies' long military capes and boys' knee suits.

The Novelty Store.

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.

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

Read the half page ad of J. D. Sims, the furniture man, in this issue. A grand array of holiday gifts are listed in this ad, presents that are useful as well as ornamental.

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.

Going to need matting before Xmas? We have an elegant line to select from, all new, of the latest designs and at prices that will astonish you.

Deupree & Waller.

Remember the special sale on art squares Friday, Dec. 9. Art squares to suit everybody and the price will surprise you.

J. D. Sims,

The Furniture Man.

John F. Baker of Rogers, Texas, has accepted a position as pharmacist at McLean's drug store. Mr. Baker is a former resident of Crockett and his many friends here are glad to see him back.

Try a pair of our noiseless single cone bed springs for 60 nights and if you do not say that it is the best spring that you ever slept on we will gladly take it back and refund your money. Price \$3.25.

Deupree & Waller.

The Courier is gratified to learn that Rev. Geo. W. Davis has been returned to the pastorate of the First Methodist church of Crockett. Also that Rev. F. M. Boyles has been re-appointed presiding elder for this district.

We guarantee all our pianos to have genuine ivory keys, no celluloid keys. We stand behind our pianos with a guarantee. We have pianos in both mahogany and oak cases.

J. D. Sims,

The Furniture Man.

Notice.

The public are warned not to purchase a certain note or paper purporting to be signed by me as given for one Florence Sewing machine. It is fraudulent and I will not pay for it.

2* John B. Satterwhite.

Everything from a window shade to a Sealy mattress, from a mattress tack to the highest priced quartered oak bedroom suit, for less money than any house in Houston county.

Deupree & Waller,

House Furnishers & Undertakers.

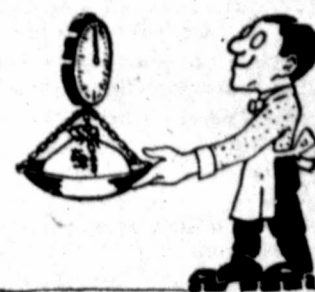
Examinations for state and county teachers' certificates were held at the court house in Crockett on last Thursday, Friday and Saturday. There were twenty-two white applicants, eighteen of them being from Lovelady. Report on the examination papers will be made Thursday of this week.

To Our Friends and Patrons.

Until further notice our gin will be operated only on Fridays and Saturdays. However, we will have a man on the ground at all times to buy your remnant cotton. Thanking you for past favors and soliciting a continuance of same, we are, yours very truly,

Crockett Ginning Co.

J. F. Standley, Manager.



Weigh Your Money Carefully

If you do we are sure you will find that your money goes further here towards supplying your needs in the way of jewelry than elsewhere. The reason is simply this, we don't ask the earth, reasonable profits satisfy us and when we make a sale, we don't think only of the pecuniary profits we make on same, but have in mind your satisfaction which means a permanent customer.

A concern that adopts such a policy surely merits your favors, doesn't it? Then why don't you buy here?

McLean's Drug Store

Roped a Big Buck.

The following card handed in at this office is self-explanatory: "Mr. B. F. Chamberlain, Crockett: Your old pal, Gus, roped a big buck yesterday and brought him in. Give him a big blow on it. He greased his rope and went after another one. Respt., Will Carson."

The U. D. C. sextette went to Marlin Sunday where they will take part in the exercises of the annual convention of the United Daughters of the Confederacy. The sextette is composed of the following Crockett ladies: Mrs. Pinkney Hail, Mrs. Johnson Arledge, Mrs. Fisher Arledge, Mrs. Dudley Woodson and Misses Etta Hail and Minnie Craddock.

Be sure you buy a genuine SEALY when you buy a Sealy mattress. On each and every genuine Sealy mattress is sewed in the following guarantee: "This mattress is guaranteed for twenty years against becoming uneven or lumpy," and is signed by the Sealy Mattress Co. If the above guarantee is not sewed on the mattress, it is not a Sealy. We have the genuine Sealy mattress and sell them for less money.

Deupree & Waller,

House Furnishers & Undertakers.

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.

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.

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.

Passenger Depot Burglarized.

During the wee small hours of last Sunday night a burglar, or burglars, entered the ticket office at the I. & G. N. depot, forced the lock of the cash drawer, secured fifty four dollars in currency and made their escape.

The door leading into the ticket office is supplied with a spring lock and it is presumed that the burglar, or burglars, had tampered with the lock in advance so that it failed to catch when Ticket Agent Valentine closed up for the night. Hence they experienced no difficulty in obtaining an entrance. The lock on the cash drawer was forced with a chisel or some like instrument.

The officers are at work on the case, but as yet no arrests have been made.

Prohibitionists Organize.

On Saturday, December 3, the prohibitionists of Houston county met at Crockett and proceeded to organize their forces for the statewide campaign which is to be upon us the coming year. A. A. Aldrich was elected chairman and Geo. W. Crook secretary. The meeting listened to short addresses by I. A. Daniel, Jno. R. Luce and A. A. Aldrich, and on motion authorized the chair to appoint delegates from Houston county to the Fort Worth mass meeting of statewide prohibitionists which meets on December 8.

I. A. Daniel was then chosen county chairman and Geo. W. Crook secretary.

On motion the following central campaign committee was appointed to advise and assist the chairman, to-wit: T. W. Thompson, A. A. Aldrich, J. A. McConnell, C. L. Edmiston, J. E. Monk, J. W. Madden, Joe Adams and Frank Hill, and it was agreed and understood that this committee should be self perpetuating and have authority to increase its numbers.

The meeting was harmonious and enthusiastic and means the beginning of an earnest effort to land old Houston county on the side of statewide prohibition by a handsome majority.

Geo. W. Crook, Sec'y.

News From Lovelady.

Mrs. F. N. Parker of Trinity was the guest of Mrs. J. J. Stanfill last week.

Mrs. L. L. Werner and Miss Sybil Werner spent two weeks in Groveton with relatives.

Dr. Simm H. Moore of Humble is the guest of his father, Mr. C. B. Moore.

Jewel Alexander of Palestine was in Lovelady last week.

Miss Nell Turner of Dodge spent Saturday and Sunday with home folks. Miss Molte Mae Roark was her guest while here.

Mr. Arch McNeely and family of Kenton, Tenn., have moved to Houston county and will locate permanently near Lovelady.

Mr. and Mrs. Earle Cooper of Brookshire have been the guests of Mrs. T. B. Perry.

Misses Bessie Jones, Mildred Collins, Beatrice Bayne and Irene Hart spent a few days in Crockett.

Mr. Horace Chilton of Marlin was a visitor in Lovelady last week.

Mrs. T. S. Cochran of Living-

ton is the guest of Mrs. W. B. Cochran.

Miss Maud Beeson of Nevil's Prairie spent last week with Mrs. H. W. Beeson.

Miss Ethel Thompson of Weldon was in town shopping last week.

We are glad to have Rev. H. E. Harris and family in our midst again. He having accepted the call to Baptist church here.

Warrants Are Delayed.

Austin, Texas, December 2.—Confederate pensioners are not getting their warrants for the quarter ending December 1, as speedily as heretofore, due, it is said in the comptroller's department, to the recent reduction in the force in that department. There are 12,500 warrants to be issued each quarter in that department, and some of the clerks usually employed at other tasks have been assigned to assisting in the issuing of these warrants. Thus far not quite half of the warrants have been issued. There are approximately 300 new pensioners added to the rolls for this quarter.

School Apportionment.

Austin, Texas, December 2.—The state department of education has made the apportionment of available school fund for the month of December, the sum of \$700,000 having been apportioned. This gives a per capita of 75 cents based on a total scholastic population of 968,269.

This is considerably more than was apportioned for November, when the amount was 30 cents per capita. The department was enabled to make the apportionment larger this year on account of the heavy school tax collections.

For Christmas Pardons.

Austin, Texas, December 2.—Governor Campbell is already getting petitions and applications for Christmas pardons. From time immemorial it has been customary for the governor of the state to grant a number of pardons during the Christmas holidays, the number being between twenty-five and thirty. The board of pardons is also engaged in looking over a number of applications already filed and will be kept busy from now until after Christmas passing upon the most meritorious applicants for executive clemency.

Holiday Excursion Rates.

The I. & G. N. R. R. will sell excursion tickets to points in Texas, Louisiana, Arkansas and Oklahoma, December 22nd to 26th, 31st and January 1st; limit January 5th, at rate of one and one third fare; also to St. Louis, Kansas City, Chicago, Washington, D. C., Memphis and all points in the Southeast, and to Mexico and Colorado, December 20th, 21st and 22nd; limit January 18th.

For particular information address ticket agent. 2t.

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.

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.

WEALTH OF STATE.

Figures Received by Comptroller's Department Show Increase of \$12,941,504.

Austin, Texas, December 1.—The wealth of the State of Texas for 1910, as disclosed by the tax rolls received by the comptroller's department, just compiled, aggregates \$2,382,637,058. This is an increase of \$12,941,504 over the estimate made by the comptroller's department last August for the use of the automatic tax board and upon which the tax rate was fixed at 4 cents on the \$100 property valuation, the total estimate being \$2,369,695,554. This year's taxable values is an increase of \$72,833,432 over 1909, when the total values amounted to \$2,309,803,829.

This net increase of \$72,833,432 is not as great as was the increase of 1909 over 1908, when the increase was \$132,752,321. This abnormal increase at that time, however, was due to the fact that the full rendition law had just become effective.

BACHELOR JORDAN EXPLAINS

How Single Man Knows Problems of Married Life.

Louisville, Ky., December 2.—William George Jordan, former magazine editor, at present a writer of books which teem with the philosophy of optimism, has had more to do with the success of the conference of governors which adjourned yesterday than he will admit, although he is permanent secretary of the informal organization.

Not long ago Mr. Jordan published a book, "Little Problems of Married Life," and though he openly declares that he is a "bachelor by profession," after the "Little Problems" had circulated around among the elect for two or three months there came one day to the author a letter from a Washington woman, who asked the bachelor:

"How can you presume to solve the problems of married life?"

Mr. Jordan lay awake several nights thinking it over, and then penned the reply:

"Dear Madam: Dante did not write his 'Inferno' after he got there. The big fish that swallowed Jonah never told the history of that incident, although he was full of his subject. As for the pearl we never have heard a word from the oyster."

The Editor's Creed.

I believe in the stuff I am handing out, in the firm I am working for, and in my ability to get results. I believe that honest stuff can be passed out to honest men by honest methods. I believe in working, not weeping; in boosting, not knocking; and in the pleasure of my job. I believe that a man gets what he goes after, that one deed done today is worth two deeds tomorrow, and that no man is down and out until he has lost faith in himself. I believe in today and the work I am doing; in tomorrow and the work I hope to do; and in the sure reward which the future holds. I believe in courtesy, in kindness, in generosity, in good cheer, in friendship and in honest competition. I believe there is something doing, somewhere, for every man ready to do it. I believe I'm ready right now.—Elbert Hubbard.

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.

YES, SHE REMEMBERED.

Man Who Rescued Her Came Back to Mind at Last.

"Why," he said "you surely remember me. I met you at the seaside two years ago."

"Did you?" she replied; "it's strange, but I can't remember seeing you before."

"Don't you remember one August afternoon when something extraordinary happened?"

"Let me see. Really, I can't recall it now."

"That's strange. I should think you'd remember it vividly as long as you live. Take another look at me and see if it doesn't all come back to you."

"No," she said, after she had gazed earnestly at him for a moment, "I really can't remember it at all. Perhaps you have shaved off your mustach or in some other way changed your appearance since we met."

"No I look about the same as I did then. Why surely you haven't forgotten me. You're having fun with me."

"Oh very well, if you choose to think so. But I don't remember ever having seen you before."

"If you are not jesting, your forgetfulness is the most remarkable thing I ever heard of."

"Do you think so? It could hardly be much more remarkable than your egotism. Do you suppose every girl who happens to meet you on an August afternoon is likely to remember you all her life?"

"I don't flatter myself that any such thing is likely to happen; but I did have an idea that any girl I ever met as I met you that afternoon might remember me for a while."

"What was there strange or extraordinary in our meeting?"

"You had fallen from the pier, and I merely jumped into the sea and saved your life."

"Oh, I remember now. It was at Ocean Beach, wasn't it? You are the man who plunged in after me before the one whom I wished to come to my rescue had time to do anything heroic."—Chicago Record-Herald.

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.

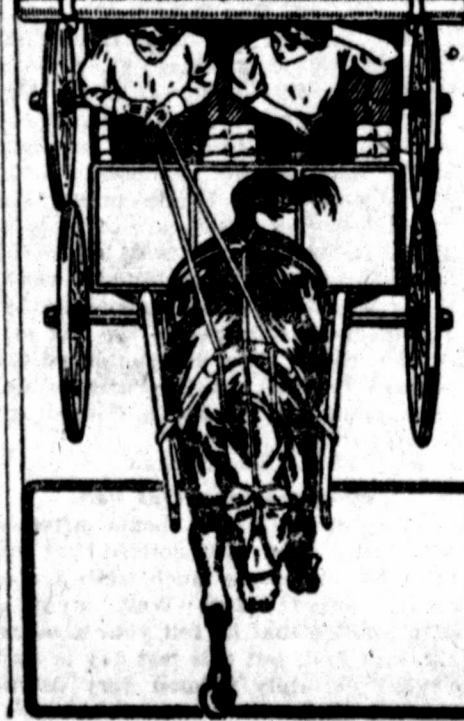
"Right Every Wrong"

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



Come to Texas.

Venus Times: Recent census figures show that the large increase in Texas' population is due not only to the exodus from the cities and towns of other states, but that farmers from the Northern and Eastern states have moved within our borders by the thousands, which proves beyond a doubt that Texas is an ideal farming state, possessing a soil not equaled in any other state in the union, besides winters that are delightful and summers that are comfortable.

The steady stream of newcomers knows no end. From January to December the wise men of the East come West to grow up with the country. Some of them pass through Texas and land in New Mexico or Arizona. A few even go as far as California, but the great majority who invade the Lone Star State on prospecting tours cry "Eureka!" in a loud voice and settle down somewhere between Texarkana and El Paso or Brownsville and Dalhart. And then they subscribe for the News, join the church and become fixed assets of the common-wealth. Come to Texas.—Galveston News.

GOOD NEWS.

Many Crockett Readers Have Heard It and Profited Thereby.

"Good news travels fast," and the thousands of bad back sufferers in Crockett are glad to learn that prompt relief is within their reach. Many a lame, weak and aching back is bad no more, thanks to Doan's Kidney Pills. Our citizens are telling the good news of their experience with the Old Quaker remedy. Here is an example worth reading:

J. A. Jeanes of Crockett, Texas, says: "I had kidney and bladder trouble for several years. I was obliged to void the kidney secretions four or five times during the night, and the passages were very painful. Another symptom of my trouble was a pain across the small of my back. Several months ago I began the use of Doan's Kidney Pills, procured from I. W. Sweet's drug store, and since that time I have been in much better health. This remedy certainly lives up to the claims made for it."

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.

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.

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.

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.