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MOTTO—Quality, Not Quantity.

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By the Wayside

SKETCHES AND NOTES

OF

MOUNTAIN, PLAIN
AND BATTLEFIELD

BY W. B. PAGE

(Continued from last week.)

Snickers Gap, Va.

In a previous article we spoke of the responsibility attaching to Longstreet for failure to win the battle of Gettysburg. There are those who believe and have said so that President Davis was largely responsible for that result. Just before crossing the Potomac, General Lee had written President Davis to have Beauregard threaten Washington with the force under his command. Davis declined to do this and sent a dispatch by courier to General Lee to that effect. The courier and dispatch were both captured and the latter sent at once to Lincoln. The effect of this information was to release three army corps from the defense of Washington and send them to Gettysburg to take part in the general engagement and to decide the turn of the fight. If these three corps could have been kept at Washington, the fight at Gettysburg would have been easy for Lee.

This circumstance, the capture of a dispatch, apparently an insignificant event, decided a great contest in which was involved the fate of an army and the independence of a people. And it was the same unhappy, untoward turn of the wheel of fortune which turned the tide of battle against Lee and the South at the battle of Antietam. Lee had sent by courier a dispatch to D. H. Hill outlining the entire plan of battle. This was found by a Federal soldier near the campfires of Confederate soldiers. Apparently it had been used to wrap up cigars. It was taken to McLellan and disclosed to him a full diagram of the fight from General Lee's standpoint. While the battle was a drawn one as it was, it would not have been but for the element of chance which played so important a part. McLellan and his army would have been hopelessly crushed and Baltimore, Philadelphia and Harrisburg would have all fallen. It is the little things which sometimes decide the destinies of nations.

The ground on which the bloodiest battles of the war were fought would be in plain view of the writer but for the Bull Run mountains. These battles are the Wilderness Spottsylvania, Chancellorsville. More men were killed here within a few square miles than in almost all the other battles of the war. It was here on these historic fields that the fate of the Confederacy was really decided, for in one of those mentioned, Chancellorsville, that great tower of strength, the pillar on which rested Lee's hope and the hope of the South, Stonewall Jackson was stricken down and by a ball from one of his own men.

And just here we may speak of an episode in Jackson's life

which happened the day preceding the fatal night which illustrates how deeply rooted and universal is the feeling of superstition. Col. Long of Lee's staff says that the day before the one on which Jackson was shot Lee and Jackson and their staffs had been reconnoitering Hooker's lines and had returned to the rear a short distance and bivouacked for the night among some pine saplings. Jackson was up on the faintest showing of dawn and had his cook making some coffee. Lee and the others were still sleeping. Before retiring the night previous Jackson had taken off his sword and stood it up against a tree a short distance from where he was lying. As Col. Long and General Jackson were drinking their coffee, Jackson's sword fell from the tree to the ground, without any cause whatsoever, there being at the time no one near it and no disturbance of the air by cannonading. Col. Long says no reference was made to the happening by either but that he himself was strangely and deeply impressed by the event and that it weighed heavily on him all day. At night after Jackson was shot by a North Carolina regiment the falling of the sword was recalled with vivid distinctness. And it was in this same fight and not far from the very spot where Jackson had been shot that General Lee and several of his commanders were consulting the maps which his engineers had made for him showing the roads through this vast tangle of vines, bushes, etc., for a front attack on Hooker when Jackson and one of his staff rode up and the following dialogue occurred: "General Lee, that is not the way to fight Hooker in this wilderness." "Well, sir," said Lee, "these charts prepared by field engineers is all I have to guide me. Have you any more?" "Yes, sir," said Jackson, "I have personally been over the ground and close to his lines on the flank and Hooker's right wing has no protection whatever. The way to fight him is to strike him in the flank." "Well, sir," said Lee, "go in and strike him." Then began Jackson's flank movement on Hooker's right. He got in behind him and struck his line while his men were cooking and lying around. There had been no such stampede since Bull Run. And ever after that Jeb Stuart's favorite song was: "Old Joe Hooker came tearing out of the Wilderness" etc.

Here too was the great death grapple with Grant; here on two occasions was it that Lee after his lines had been broken he proposed to lead his men in a charge to recapture and restore them. The first was in the battle of the Wilderness and the other at Spottsylvania. Grant's lines faced Lee's, Grant's forces numbering 160,000 and Lee's only 60,000. These lines of fortification faced each other for miles and time and the elements have not wiped out all marks of them yet. There were weak points in these earthworks. At one point on Lee's front Grant had massed two corps, 40,000 men and under cover of darkness and fog these men had been stationed in a few rods of the

Holiday Offerings



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

Sweet's Drug Store.

Confederate earthworks. By persistent, dogged charge after charge and the overwhelming weight of numbers an opening had been made and the Federals were passing through. Brigade after brigade was rushed to the scene of rescue. Lee as by intuition grasped the critical and perilous situation. Then it was that Gregg's brigade of Texans came up at a swinging double-quick and Lee on seeing them exclaimed—"Here are my brave Texans" and at once put himself at their head to lead them to the rescue. He had gone some distance in the charge before he was discovered, hat in hand, sword aloft and his face illumined with an expression which meant a grim determination to ride the storm of battle to victory. A grey-haired sergeant of Gregg's brigade grasped his bridle and turned his horse to the rear. Then it was the Texans refused to charge until Lee returned out of danger. Instantly along the Texas front rang out, "Lee to the rear," "Lee to the rear," from every throat. And the Texans refused to charge until Lee returned.

Lee returned to the rear and the gallant boys from the Lone Star State swept through the tangled maze of the Wilderness in a magnificent, impetuous charge which nothing could withstand and planted the flag once more where it had been dislodged in the mists of the morning. There has been some controversy as to the brigade which halted Lee and turned his horse to the rear but the weight of authority is that the

brigade was that of Gregg's Texans and that a grey-haired sergeant was the one who caught and turned Lee's horse. There is a small monument at this spot now, placed there we believe by some U. D. C. organization, that commemorates for all time this episode, and the spot where Gregg's Brigade of Texans immortalized themselves.

A few days after this the same thing happened again on the field of Spottsylvania. It was at the point of the Confederate earthworks called the "Salient," the apex of what was later known as the "Bloody Angle." Hancock with 40,000 men had broken through and captured General Edward Johnson and his division. This had been done under fog and darkness. Lee again realized that his army was crushed and all over unless the lines were restored. When the break occurred the Federals came passing through in thousands. They caught the Confederates cooking and unprepared. It was so sudden that they ran over quite a number of the Confederates. It was here that a Captain Hunter in trying to rally his men grabbed a frying pan from the fire and swung it hot and greasy against any part of his men he could reach. And after rallying his men he, this same Captain, charged back with the frying pan in his hand and again used the frying pan in the assault on the Federals.

It is little happenings like this that impart a dash of humor to an otherwise grim background. And here also it was, so said, that a

Confederate in the general route from the Salient when appealed to to halt replied "give any man fifty dollars to halt me—can't halt myself." In this stampede Lee met the men with exclamations of "shame on you, shame on you." Then it was he again stationed himself at the head of some fresh brigades and proposed to lead. Then it was too, that the peerless Georgian, Jno. B. Gordon, said: "General Lee, no man can lead my brigade while I am living and able to do so. You owe it to us and the South to go to the rear. These men have never failed you on scores of fields and they will not do it now, will you boys?" The words rang with the old yell of "never, never." "Lee to the rear, Lee to the rear." The charge was made and the lines restored. Lee only a day or two before had inspected his lines and at once recognized the weakness of the Salient and had had another line of works built across the base. And in this triangle it was that so many men were killed; they were piled up above the breastworks. Nothing could live within the zone of this triangle so terrific was the musketry fire. Trees eighteen inches in diameter were chipped away by bullets until they fell. The writer has seen a hickory of such size that was cut down by the leaden hail that came from and across this crater of fire. Men stood on each side of these works and clubbed and bayoneted each other as if it were from pastime. "The Bloody Angle" is an apt term for the place.

(To be continued next week.)



Christmas Greetings



FROM THE BIG STORE

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

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

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

YOURS TRULY

Jas. S. Shivers & Company

THE CONFEDERATE SEXTETTE.

Crockett Ladies Receive Repeated Encores—Some Old Time Music.

The most enthusiastic demonstration given during this meeting of the U. D. C. convention was accorded the Confederate sextette on Tuesday evening. The music that they gave to the audience is in a class to itself. Encores repeatedly from the audience evidenced its genuine and unstinted pleasure with the singing of this bevy of ladies from East Texas. "Old Houston county" should be proud of this sextette; in fact, the Empire State of Texas is honored by them. They have put Crockett on the U. D. C. map for keeps.

The sextette is composed of Mesdames J. D. Woodson, Johnson Arledge, J. P. Hail, Fisher Arledge, and Misses Minnie Craddock and Etta Hail.

The members of the sextette were costumed appropriately for their appearance upon an occasion of this kind—grey was the color and the army buttons were plentiful.

The sextette sang songs dear to the heart of millions of people—"Old Black Joe," "Annie Laurie," "Uncle Ned" and "Silver Threads Among the Gold." To say that they captured the audience is expressing it but mildly.—Marlin Democrat.

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.

FOLEY'S KIDNEY PILLS
FOR BACKACHE, KIDNEY AND BLADDER

WEAK, WEARY WOMEN

Learn the Cause of Daily Woes and End Them.

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

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

Doan's Kidney Pills cure such ills. Have cured thousands.

Read this woman's testimony.

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

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

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

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.



NORTH MAGNETIC POLE.

It is Not a Stationary Point, but is Constantly Moving.

Only the experts understand that the north pole and the north magnetic pole are two entirely different things. As a matter of fact, there are few localities on the earth's surface where the compass points due north. The reason is because the north magnetic pole or area lies in the vicinity of King William's Land, just off the arctic coast of North America, in Bothnia. When this magnetic pole is between us and the north pole the compass points due north. As we go either east or west from this line it is easy to see that the compass is off to a certain degree. If we were to travel north of the magnetic pole the needle would point south; west of it the needle would point east. Sir James Ross in 1831 located the north magnetic pole approximately at a point up in Bothnia. In 1903 Captain Roald Amundsen in the ship Gjoa set out on a three years' expedition, relocated the magnetic pole and made the "northwest passage" for which mariners have striven since the days of Henry Hudson. Terrestrial magnetic force is different in every part of the earth's surface and is not always the same at a given point. It is subject to regular daily and yearly changes. Amundsen posted himself near the seat of the magnetic power and for nineteen months, day and night, with his party, took readings of their instruments, both inclination and declination. He also made short excursions into the region of the magnetic pole and was able by the aid of the declination observations to prove that the magnetic north pole does not have a stationary situation, but is continually moving. But the general location is where Sir James Ross first had the honor to place it.—Chicago Tribune.

BOSTON LIGHT.

It is Said to Be the Oldest Harbor Beacon in America.

The outer light of Boston harbor is Boston Light, eight miles below the city and at the very outer end of the channel that ocean liners follow. It stands on Little Brewster island, a pile of rocks partly grassed over in its gentle hollow on the sheltered side. Three families live here—those of the head keeper and his two assistants. In all the inhabitants number a dozen souls.

The light itself is said to be the oldest in America, built in 1715 by the government of England. It is of rough boulder stone, hooped with iron bands, and its lean, whitewashed form is a landmark and searmark far and wide.

A rustic iron railway for carrying coal leads up from the waterside to the engine house, where is an engine and boilers in which steam is kept up continually to operate the siren foghorns. Their great trumpet-like forms protrude through the wall of the building on the seaward side. In foggy weather one can hear from the open windows the faroff moaning of the foghorn on the Boston lightship, seven miles away, as the keepers on the lightship can hear this one at Boston light.

An old cannon lies on the ground near the lighthouse. It was provided by the Cunard Steamship company before the foghorn was installed to give signals. It is unused now. But in addition to the great revolving light in the tower there is a set of red and white range lights that give the location of anchorage for vessels in the channel. If they see red it means that they are out of their proper location, but if white they are safe.—New York Mail.

The Sea Captain Librarian.

At the Melbourne university council Justice Higgins remarked that he had come across some queer librarians in his time. He knew one Australian institute that had appointed a retired sea captain to the office. That honest worthy catalogued Max Muller's "Chips From a German Workshop" under the heading of "Carpentry." He should have some fun with Ruskin's titles when it comes to classifying "Sheepfolds" and the "Ethics of the Dust."—London Chronicle.

Twisted.

"What we want," said the magazine editor, "is a story that reflects real life."

"That's the trouble with our current literature," replied the harsh critic. "We are getting too much fact in our efforts for fiction and too much fiction in our alleged facts."—Washington Star.

How the Days Go By.

Frank looked up thoughtfully from his engine and cars game of railroad-ing, played on the primitive plan of a five-year-old boy. "Mamma, isn't it funny how the days

go by, one after the other, just like a train of cars, with Sunday for the engine."—Harper's.

SMOKING MERRIHUANA.

It Fills Mexican Peons With Something Like Delirium Tremens.

Water bugs and worms are among the tidbits in which the Mexican peon delights. He catches his bugs as they skim along the top of fresh water ponds, drying them and then eating them with as much zest as an American boy eats peanuts. As near as the peon can explain it, their flavor is something on the order of the chestnut, but as no white man has ever tried eating water bugs, or if he has doesn't dare confess it, the exact taste of these Mexican morsels can't be described very accurately.

The peons dole, too, on the nice, fat pulque worm. This insect is about two inches long and half an inch thick. They fry the dainty in grease and pack it in brown paper packages of a dozen worms, which fetch 2 cents a paper. An industrious pulque worm collector makes a good living.

The worm inhabits the maguey or pulque plant, from which is distilled the agua miel, or honey water, of Mexico. After twenty-four hours' fermentation it is very intoxicating. After the Mexican has primed himself with several drinks of agua miel and has smoked half a dozen cigarettes made of the dried leaf of the merrihuana weed and brown paper he is ready for any crime of violence.

This combination of stimulant and narcotic has the effect of deluding the victim into thinking that his enemy—and every peon has a choice collection of enemies—is a pygmy in stature. At the same time it gives him an idea that he is tremendously strong and wonderfully brave. So he sallies forth to make mince-meat of his enemy or enemies and, as a rule, lands in the local calaboose.

One of the peculiar effects of merrihuana smoking is to distort the size of all animals, making them of enormous size and horrible shape. The smoker is filled with the horrible fear, something like the horrors brought on by delirium tremens. A kitten or a puppy to his distorted vision appears as some terrible creature. A common sight in Mexico is to see a swarthy "greaser," armed to the teeth, flee in terror from a small dog, while he would fearlessly attack any man with his knife or his machete.



ON TIME

HOLIDAY GOODS

¶ This store is chock full of the Christmas Display—and we still have many cases in reserve with which to replenish the stock as the holiday season grows nearer.

We Can't Enumerate; Might as Well Try to Count the Stars on a Clear Night.

¶ Maybe you will see lots of things that will not interest you, but remember that we also have the things that WILL. We have always taken the lead in this line of goods, and as usual we are away up at the front again this year. We are ready and anxious to show you through. COME NOW.

Murchison-Beasley Drug Co.



ROAR OF BIG GUNS.

The Effect Upon the Nerves and the Sense of Hearing.

One of the penalties attendant on firing off big guns is deafness. So sure is this penalty to be exacted that, it is asserted, no man can go through a long series of gunnery practice without having his hearing affected. A stranger on-deck who hears a big gun speak for the first time will not soon forget the stunning report.

One gun is enough to startle a stranger, but the shattering effect of the whole armament when in action together can hardly be conceived. The strain upon nerves and senses when the rending concussion takes place is terrible.

There is not a great difference between the effect of the big guns and that of the smaller pieces, strange as it may seem. If the visitor places himself beside one of the smaller guns and then listens to the roar of the big one, the sound will not appear much louder than that of the gun by his side. The extra distance to the muzzle of the big piece discounts the sound. The only apparent difference between the two will be that the smaller piece has a sharper, higher pitched tone, and that the big guns speak with a more bellowing roar.

If one watches the firing of the gun the crash has not such a startling effect as when it comes unexpectedly. Loud as it is, nature has prepared the watcher to resist the shock which he knows is impending.—Exchange.

A TARCOOLER FUNERAL.

Wood Was Scarce, but They Managed to Rig Up a Coffin.

In some of the mining districts of South Australia there is a great scarcity of wood. Consequently, if you are so foolish as to die there you must not expect to have a coffin, but must be content to be wrapped in a sack before being deposited in Mother Earth.

However, when a certain very prominent resident of a mining camp died the other people of the settlement—by the way, it was called Tarcooler, though coolness was unknown and Tarhatter would have been a more suitable name—determined that he should be buried in style. So they set about getting a coffin. They made one of a sort, placed a lid on it and laid it (with the deceased inside) in an empty tent for the night.

Next morning the lid of the coffin

was missing. It was afterward found that it had been stolen to make the tailboard of a butcher's cart.

However, in spite of this trifling loss the funeral was conducted with great solemnity. The coffin was much admired. It had been made out of the boxes in which the dynamite was sent to the mines. Some people might have considered that the obsequies were marred by the fact that the coffin bore in large letters on one side the legend "Keep dry," and on the other "Stow away from boilers," but that did not trouble the simple minds of the Tarcooler-uns.—London Tit-Bits.

WORSE THAN WAR.

Infernal Regions of the Buddhists and Mohammedans.

The infernal regions of Buddhism are horrible. They comprise a great hell and 133 lesser hells. In these hells, according to the scriptures of the Buddhist temples, men are ground to powder and their dust turned into ants and fleas and spiders. They are pestled in a mortar. The hungry eat red-hot iron balls. The thirsty drink molten iron.

Islamism says of the infernal regions: "They who believe not shall have garments of fire fitted for them. Boiling water shall be poured on their heads and on their skins, and they shall be beaten with maces of iron."

In the Scandinavian mythology, the mythology of Odin and Thor, we are told that "in Nastrand there is a vast and direful structure, with doors that face the north. It is formed entirely of the backs of serpents, wattle together like wickerwork. But the serpents' heads are turned toward the inside of the hall, and they continually send forth floods of venom, in which wade all those who commit murder or forswear themselves."

Her First Poem.

She was one of those soft eyed maidens, sweetly innocent, shy and gentle. She was unaccustomed to newspaper offices, but, being ambitious, she managed to find enough courage to try winning an editor's sympathy, sympathy to be expressed by the acceptance of her poem.

"I have here," she said demurely, "a little verse I've composed. I really don't know what you'll think of it. You may not like it at all, but it's my first—that is, the first I've ever written for a newspaper—and I'd be very pleased indeed if you honestly thought

it was good."

The editor kept at his work, now and then scowling, but not at the young woman especially.

"It's about a maiden tripping o'er the sea," she continued.

"What was the trouble?" asked the man behind the paper. "Couldn't she lift her feet?"—Philadelphia Times.

Slightly Mixed.

He wasn't good at conundrums, but when his turn came to ask one at a little social party he thought he could remember a good one he had heard. It was the old riddle:

"Why is a woman like the ivy?"

The answer, of course, is the gallant explanation:

"Because the more you're ruined the closer she sticks."

But he got it mixed and asked:

"Why is the ivy like a woman?"

None of the ladies present could give an appropriate reply, so he himself ventured this maladrofit solution:

"Because the closer it clings the more you're ruined."

Spoiled It For Him.

Mr. Clarke's butler had asked for a night off, for the purpose, as he explained, of attending a ball in the village. The next day Mr. Clarke asked him how he had enjoyed himself.

"Oh, pretty good, sir, thank you," was the response. "It would have been better if it hadn't a-been for the women. I can't abide women at a ball."—New York Press.

A Beautiful Thought.

A little girl absorbed in gazing at the starry skies being asked of what she was thinking said, "I was thinking if the wrong side of heaven is so glorious what must the right side be!"

A Threat.

Immature Conductor (to clarinet player)—See here, Mr. Schlag, why don't you follow my beat? Veteran Clarinet (solemnly)—If you don't look owd I will!—Puck.

A Surprise.

Gertie—I want to give my sweetheart a surprise on his birthday. Can you suggest something? Arabel—Well, you might tell him your age.

Bad men excuse their faults; good men will leave them.—Johnson.

Happiness and misery are two extremes, the utmost bounds whereof we know not.—Locke.

CINNAMON TREE BARK.

It Curles Up into Quills When Dried in the Sun.

The cinnamon tree grows to a height of from twenty to thirty feet and is sometimes eighteen inches in thickness. The leaves are from four to six inches in length, oval shaped and marked with three principal nerves. They taste very much like cloves. Cinnamon flowers are of a beautiful silky gray on the outside and a light yellow on the inside. The fruit is a small acorn shaped drupe, and when ripe it is quite brown.

It is, however, the bark of the cinnamon tree that makes it valuable. The finest comes from the island of Ceylon, where they have two seasons of cinnamon harvest. The first season begins in April and the last in November. The branches of three to five years' growth are cut down, and the epidermis is carefully scraped away. Then the bark is ripped up lengthwise with a knife and gradually loosened until it may be easily removed.

The slices of bark are then placed in the sun to dry, and as they dry they curl up into quills. The next thing is to examine and arrange the cinnamon according to its quality. The persons whose work it is to examine the cinnamon are obliged for this purpose to taste and chew it, although in a short time it produces a very painful effect on their mouths and tongues.

As the cinnamon quills are examined the smaller ones are inserted into the larger, and the whole is then tied up in bundles weighing about eighty-eight pounds each.

In Ceylon the oil of cinnamon is usually prepared by grating the coarsest pieces of bark, soaking this powder in sea water for two or three days and then distilling. Two oils pass over, one lighter, the other heavier, than water.

Well Guarded.

"Wuz yew guarded in yore conduct while yew wuz in teown, son?" asked the old man.

"Shore thing, dad," replied the boy. "I wuz guarded by two perlicemen most uv th' time."—Chicago News.

Chorus Cowed the Cow.

"I thought I would introduce a real cow into my comic opera."

"How did it work?"

"Didn't work at all. The milkmaids frightened the cow."—Pittsburg Post.

Watch for opportunities. Things are best done in season.

Catharine Parr.

Catharine Parr, the sixth wife of the much married Henry VIII., owed more to her intellectual than to her personal charms. She was not good looking, but had a pleasant face and a world of tact. So skillfully did she manage her troublesome husband as actually to turn him against some of the most trusted of his own officials. Once an order was made out for her arrest on a charge of heresy, but she got news of the matter and so cleverly flattered and soothed Henry as to effect a complete reconciliation, and when the officers came to serve the order he drove them out with curses and threats.

Disenchanted.

It takes a neighbor to disentangle a man from a handsome setting. A good many years ago, when Wordsworth was poet laureate of England, a worthy Cumberland yeoman walked many miles, in response to widely scattered notices, to hear the poet laureate address a meeting. When he discovered who held the high sounding title he left the hall in indignation. "Twas nobbut old Wadsworth o' Rydal, after aw!" he said scornfully on his return to his family.

Her Three Husbands.

"Yes, she has had three husbands, and she alludes to them as the three P's. The first was such a fine fellow she called him a paragon."

"Indeed!"

"Yes, and the second was such a model she called him a paradigm."

"How interesting!"

"And the third was so difficult to understand and acted so different from the others she called him a paradox."—Chicago News.

Couldn't Do It.

"I can't stay long," said the chairman of the committee from the colored church. "I just came to see if you wouldn't join de mission band."

"Fo' de lan' sakes, honey," replied the old mammy. "doan' come to me! I can't even play a mouf organ."—Lippincott's.

Keeping Him Guessing.

Tim—Would you scream if I kissed you?

Tessie—I suppose you flatter yourself that I'd be speechless with joy!—Mobile Register.

The weakest excuse is strong enough when we wish to do wrong.



The Lady Question



Is it the Question of a CHRISTMAS Present or a Woman That is Perplexing you? Have you seen **SIMS, the Furniture Man,**
ABOUT IT?

We can solve the problem for you. In fact we have our spacious floors full of Christmas gift selections for fair women, all surprisingly low in price, delightfully high in style and quality. Appropriate Xmas gifts for women—for mother, for wife, for sister, or the other fellow's sister.

Morris Chairs, Couches,
Bedroom Suites,
Sideboards, Buffets,
China Closets, Davenports,
Diningroom Suites,
Library Tables,
Writing Desks.



Music Cabinets, Bric-a-Brac,
Chiffoniers,
Turkish Rockers and Rugs,
Wardrobes, Brass beds,
Mission Rockers,
Parlor Suites
and Parlor Tables.

Every woman prizes a piece of Fine Furniture above any other Christmas Gift you could possibly buy. Such a gift beautifies the home, and is day by day useful and serviceable. It will be a beautiful remembrance of the thoughtful giver for years, if it is the right quality. This you can feel assured of if you see Sims about it, as Sims' Furniture Gifts never disappoint.

J. D. SIMS, the Furniture Man

METEORIC DUST.

An invisible but Constant Shower of Tiny Hollow Steel Balls.

Meteoric dust is composed of minute hollow spheres of steel that look under the microscope like leaden shot. They are infinitely finer than grains of sand. Their origin is interesting. Meteors, or shooting stars as they are generally called, have from the beginning of things been bombarding the world at a rate estimated by the highest authority at many thousands an hour. Owing to the earth's protecting envelope of air very few of these missiles reach us. In size meteors vary from a few ounces to many pounds in weight, and it is only very occasionally that one is of sufficient dimensions to survive the passage of 80 to 100 miles through an atmosphere increasing in density as the earth is approached. The speed at which they enter the atmosphere, calculated at not less than thirty-five miles a second, generates such intense heat by friction that the iron of which the meteor principally consists is immediately reduced to an incandescent vapor, which is the luminous train so frequently seen in the heavens on a clear night.

The vapor rapidly cools and condenses in the form of these minute particles, which assume the spherical form, as does shot during its fall from the top of a tower. Finally the little spheres are scattered by the winds and currents in the upper regions and gradually descend in their millions as an invisible but never ending shower. The perfect condition in which the spheres are found is due to the presence of certain noncorrosive elements found by analysis to be present in the metal of meteors which have come to earth.

These little spheres can be found in almost any sample of dust, particles where it has collected in sheltered recesses or hollows, as in the gutter, on the housetop or round the roots of old trees and dry ditches. They may be readily gathered by a magnet and when mounted form an interesting object for the microscope. — Chicago News.

CAGLIOSTRO.

Effect of a Draft of the Notorious Charlatan's Elixir of Life.

Cagliostro, the famous eighteenth century charlatan, was the hero of many strange stories. A great lady who was also, unfortunately for herself, an old one and was unable to re-

sign herself to the fact was reported to have consulted Cagliostro, who gave her a vial of the precious liquid (his "wine of Egypt"), with the strictest injunction to take two drops when the moon entered its last quarter. While waiting for this period to arrive the lady who desired to be rejuvenated shut up the vial in her wardrobe and the better to insure its preservation informed her maid that it was a remedy for the cold.

Fatal precaution! By some mischance on the following night the maid was seized with the very malady of which her mistress had spoken. Remembering the remedy so fortuitously at hand, she got up, opened the wardrobe and emptied the vial at a draft. The next morning she went, as usual, to wait on her mistress, who looked at her in surprise and asked her what she wanted. Thinking the old lady had had a stroke in the night, she said: "Oh, madam, don't you know me? I am your maid."

"My maid is a woman of fifty," was the reply, "and you"—
But she did not finish the sentence. The woman had caught a glimpse of her face in a mirror. The wine of Egypt had rejuvenated her thirty years!

Cagliostro's valet was as great a rogue as he and posed equally as a mystery monger. "Your master," said a skeptic to him one day, "is taking you all in. Tell me, is it true that he was present at the marriage at Cana?" "You forget, sir," was the reply, "I have only been in his service a century."

Showing Him Off.

Husband who fancies himself as a raconteur is, with his wife, paying his first call in a new neighborhood. He tells a humorous story with excellent results. His Proud Wife—Now tell them your other story, dear.—Punch.

True to the Saying.

"All the world's a stage," quoted one misanthrope.

"Yes," replied another, "and it's the same old story. A lot o' fellers that's cut out fer supers is tryin' ter star."

After a Fashion.

Reporter—Senator, if I mistake not, your name has been mentioned once or twice in connection with the presidency.

Senator Lotsmun—Why, yes; a London journal, I believe, once remarked that if the office of president of the United States was for sale I would probably buy it.—Chicago Tribune.

JARRED THE BANK.

Sensational Plays That Have Been Pulled Off at Monte Carlo.

The big players have never succeeded in carrying away very much money from Monte Carlo. In 1905 a London newspaper published a story to the effect that an American from Chicago had won 500,000 francs there in one day and had taken the money home with him, but his name was not given. In the early nineties the sensation at Monte Carlo one season was the play of a Chicago youth of twenty-one, named Harry Rosenfeld, who made something like 500,000 francs in a week, playing during the day, but lost most of it at baccarat at night after the casino had closed.

The late David Christie Murray used to tell a story of a sensational play at Monte Carlo that he witnessed himself. "It was my fortune," he said, "to be in the casino on a Sunday night in 1899 when a French nobleman bearing a historic name entered the room with a fancy to play on No. 8. He was followed by a valet who was marked 'pugilist' from head to heel and carried a cash box which proved to be full of 1,000 franc notes. 'Numero huit,' said M. le Duc, 'et maximum par tout.' He was known, and his challenge was accepted before the cash box was opened. No. 8 turned up three times running. M. le Duc netted three times seventeen times 6,000 francs in about three minutes, and the bank was closed. What brought his historic dukeship there in the nick of time for that trifling piece of luck nobody can tell. He did not want the money, for he had just married a few odd millions, and he did not seem to care whether he lost or won, but stood impassive as a red Indian through the few minutes of that stupendous game. It was within a quarter of an hour of closing time, and there were not many people present, but the salle went mad."

The two biggest winners at Monte Carlo of recent years to figure prominently in the newspapers are Charles Wells, a Londoner, who won 750,000 francs in a few weeks and lost it back and considerable more, and a Yorkshire mechanic named Jagers, who won 3,000,000 francs on a system and was rapidly losing it back by the same system when he had sense enough to quit the game. He got away with considerably more than 1,000,000 francs.—Frank Marshall White in Harper's Weekly.

Lisbon's Names.

Lisbon, the capital of Portugal, sometimes claims to have been founded by Ulysses in the course of his wanderings. But, according to the London Chronicle, there is no doubt that Ulysses is only a fanciful version of Ollisipo, the most ancient name of what was probably at first a Phoenician city. When the Romans absorbed and municipalized Ollisipo it became Felicitas Julia, but in the hands of the Moslems it slipped back to Lashbuna. Byron's line in "Childe Harold," "What beauties does Lisboa first unfold!" gives the Portuguese spelling of the name today.

Mercury and the Sun.

The distance of Mercury from the sun varies owing to the eccentricity of its orbit. When he is nearest to the sun he receives ten and a half times more light and heat than we do, but when he removes to his greatest distance the light and heat are reduced by more than one-half. Even then, however, the sun blazes in the skies of Mercury with a disk four and a half times larger than that which he shows to us on earth.

Their Last Hope Gone.

When the minister praised the raspberry jam at Mrs. Green's bountiful Saturday night supper he could not imagine why Angie and Horatio, the twins, gazed at him so reproachfully. "Don't you like raspberry jam, my little man?" he asked Horatio. "Yes, sir, I do, and Angie does," said Horatio in distinctly resentful tones, "and mother told us that she was afraid the last she made wasn't quite up to the mark and if you didn't praise it Angie and I could have it for luncheon on our bread, for Mrs. Willis and Mrs. Shedd never said a word when they ate it, and you've made the third. But now she'll use it for the church sociables." And Horatio looked gloomily at his twin, who returned the look in kind.—Youth's Companion.

The Language of Love.

"Has he proposed yet?"
"Not in so many words."
"That's no answer. Proposals never do come in words. They consist of sighs, 'hem, haws and gurgles."—Cleveland Leader.

His Wife's Mother, of Course.

Mabel—If your grandma has lost all her teeth, how does she eat? Willie—I heard pa say she had a biting tongue.—Boston Transcript.

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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 VOLCANIC BEACON.

Curious Lighthouse of the Republic of San Salvador.

The republic of San Salvador, on the Pacific side of Central America, is the only government on earth that collects lighthouse fees on account of a volcano that it owns.

The volcanic beacon is about eight miles inland from the port of Acajutla and its pillar of cloud by day and its fire sky night are visible for many miles out at sea. It erupts every seven minutes and is just as accurate as any revolving light that warns mariners in any part of the world. This volcano has been keeping up this seven minute series of eruptions ever since any one can remember. It is a favorite amusement of visiting gringos to sit by the hour during the lazy afternoons and, watch in hand, time the eruptions until they tire of the amusement and fall asleep.

Every vessel that puts in at Acajutla—and it is quite an important port of call along that part of the coast—has to pay its lighthouse fee. There is no other lighthouse than the volcano, but that is a sufficient excuse for the government of Salvador to make a charge for its services. The explosions that accompany the eruptions sound like detonations of heavy charges of dynamite, but are not sufficient to shake the ground perceptibly more than a mile or two from the summit of the crater. At night there is a spurt of fire, a muffled report and a cloud of steam. By day only the steam is visible.—New York Press.

CONAN DOYLE WAS LATE.

The Lonely Schwarenbach Inn and a Literary Coincidence.

Sir Arthur Conan Doyle once walked over the Gemmi. He was much impressed by the desolate appearance of the lonely looking Schwarenbach inn. Here, it seemed to him, was an ideal scene in which a novelist might locate a story of mystery and crime.

He proceeded to invent a story of mystery and crime suitable to the creepy environment. It was a story of murder—the murder of a long lost son just home from the wars by his own father, the needy innkeeper, who did not recognize him until after the deed was done, but had resolved to kill and rob the first lonely stranger that passed that way with money in his pocket.

"The very thing," thought Sir Ar-

thur, and he went down the hill cheerfully revolving the morbid conception in his mind. Then a strange thing happened.

After dinner, in the hotel at Leukerbad, he picked up a volume of Maupassant's short stories and he found that the French author had not only been to the Schwarenbach inn before him, but had actually located there a story practically identical with the one which he himself had just devised.—Travel and Exploration.

Prompt Punishment of a Liar.

Years ago the courthouse in San Francisco fronted the old Plaza. A trial was in progress, and counsel for the defendant was cross examining the plaintiff. An earthquake shook the chandeliers and dislodged some of the ceiling. Judge, jurors, witnesses and spectators rushed for the door; but, finding that the seismic disturbance was over, they returned.

"You can proceed with the cross examination of the witness," said the judge.

"Pardon me, your honor," said counsel for the defendant, "but after the late exhibition of the displeasure of the Almighty at the lies this witness was telling I do not care to further invoke divine wrath. I will ask him no more questions."—Los Angeles Times.

Horses in the Time of Homer.

The horses used in Homer's time were war horses. The warriors were drawn in chariots. The art of riding was known, but it is alluded to as something unusual. Ulysses at the time of his shipwreck "bestrode a plank, like a horseman on a big steed." There are reasons for believing that the practice of riding was much later than that of driving, and the myth of the centaur, where, according to Shakespeare, "man is incorporated and deminated with the beast," probably originated at an early period when the appearance of a man on horseback was a novel sight.

A Long Wait.

At a Denver hotel a woman went into one of the telephone booths and sat down. It is not possible to get a telephone number from the booth—the girl at the board has to call it. The girl went to the booth. "Did you want a telephone number?" she asked of the woman.

"No," replied the woman. "I'm just waiting for this elevator to go up."—Argonaut.

ROMAN ARENAS.

They Were Not Mere Rings as Those of the Modern Circus.

The arenas of ancient Rome were not, as some people suppose, mere rings or ovals, such as may be seen in the modern circus. They were broken up and varied in character according to the nature of the fighting to be done or to the caprices of those in authority.

On one occasion an arena might resemble the Numidian desert, on another the garden of Hesperides, thick set with groves of trees and rising mounds, while again it pictured the great rocks and caves of Thrace.

With these surroundings the combatants advanced, retreated, encircled their adversaries or kept wild beasts at bay as occasion offered or as their courage or fear suggested. Men combated not only with the more common brutes, but with such monsters as elephants, rhinoceroses, hippopotamuses and crocodiles.

On other occasions flocks of game, such as deer and war ostriches, were abandoned to the multitude, and in some cases the arenas could be turned into lakes, filled with monsters of the deep, and upon the surface of which naval engagements took place.—London Saturday Review.

Hints to Swimmers.

An expert swimmer is authority for the assertion that a vast majority of the drowning casualties which are attributed to cramps are in all probability the result of cardiac exhaustion. Nearly all experienced swimmers, he says, know that cramps when in the water are of comparatively infrequent occurrence. It is commonly in the calf of the leg, and the swimmer by lying quietly upon his back without undue alarm and stretching out the leg may overcome this somewhat painful involuntary muscular contraction. The exertion of swimming, however, is fully equal to the exertion of running, with the additional tax upon the system of a gradual lowering of the bodily temperature. It is one thing to know how to swim and quite another to be in a physical condition to do the swimming.—London Globe.

Sometimes Gets Embroidered.

Scandal is the one thing that never gets worn out at the edges by being passed around.—Chicago Record-Herald.

He is happiest who renders the greatest number happy.—Desmalus.

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TIDES THAT RAGE

Queer Pranks Played by the Ebb and Flow of the Ocean.

THE RUSH INTO THE AMAZON.

Three Successive Waves, Each Ten Feet High, Fling Themselves in a Roaring Mass Upon the Great River. The Tides at Panama.

The highest ocean tide in the world is in the bay of Fundy, where it has been known to rise eighty odd feet. The second highest tide is found at the mouth of the English river the Severn.

The top of the Severn tide is at Chepstow, and when there is a gale behind a spring tide a rise of nineteen feet seven inches has been observed within a single hour. The result of this is a "bore," a tidal wave which sweeps up the wide channel at more than ten miles an hour and swallows the bare sands under a wild tumble of turbulent waves.

The cause of the gigantic Severn tide is interesting. It is not entirely due to the rapid narrowing and shallowing of the Bristol channel, but is chiefly caused by the fact that two tides enter the Severn simultaneously. The crest of the tide which runs into the Irish channel meets at the mouth of the Bristol channel another wave, twelve hours older, which has come round the north of Ireland. These two together run up the Severn.

A tide almost equal to that of the Severn is seen in the bay of Mount St. Michael, on the French coast. At low tide carts drive across from La Vendee to the Isle of Noirmoutin; at high tide big ships sail across the road.

In stories of adventure one sometimes reads of the tide racing in over the sands faster than a man can run. This actually happens in the bay of Mount St. Michael.

At low tide there lies before one a wide plain of sand 150 square miles in extent, in the center of which rises the huge black mass of St. Michael's mount. The tide turns, and one sees it rushing in edged by a line of white. A liquid mass estimated at 1,470,000,000,000 cubic yards comes pouring into the bay and in a very few hours covers the whole great plain. The distance between ebb and flood marks in the bay is nearly seven miles.

Centuries ago all this desolate gulf was a wide stretch of fertile land, protected on the seaward side by tall sand hills. A great tide with a heavy gale behind it burst through the barriers and stole 90,000 acres of farm and pasture.

While the French side of the English channel is daily visited by immense tides, England's side has comparatively small ones, and from Poole harbor to the Isle of Wight the very peculiar phenomenon of double tides is seen. These are caused by the interruption of the tidal wave by the Isle of Wight.

All over the world we find the tides playing the queerest pranks. At the port of Panama, on the Pacific end of the Panama canal, you may watch a tide of twenty-three feet rise and fall. Less than forty miles away, at the Atlantic end of the big cut, there is practically no tide at all.

We have spoken of the "bore" in the Severn. Imposing sight as this is, it is child's play compared with the tidal wave which rushes up the enormous estuary of the Amazon.

This rush of water, which, by the way, makes a terrific roaring sound, comes in three successive waves, each about ten feet high, and vessels navigating the estuary are in as great danger as when they are overtaken by storm in the open sea.

The Ganges has a dangerous "bore" at high springs, and the "mascaret" on the river Seine is also a source of peril to small craft.

The force of the currents or races produced by tides penned in narrow channels must be seen to be believed. Every one has heard of the famous maelstrom off the Norwegian coast, the terrible whirlpool which was supposed to drag down ships and grind them to pieces against the rocks at the bottom. The whirlpool as such does not exist, but the tide race between Moskol island and its next neighbor is almost as dangerous as the revolving eddy of the fable.

The sea here rushes through a rock walled channel at more than ten miles an hour. A sailing vessel caught in this race is perfectly helpless, and a steamer must have uncommonly good engines to drive her way through it.

Between Jura and Scarba islands, on the west coast of Scotland, is a tidal race which for speed and fury holds a world's record. The native name for this race is Coltrebheacain, literally "caldron of the spotted seas." Here, the tide runs at no less than twelve and a half miles an hour, and when the wind is over the tide the whole strait becomes actually a boiling, foaming caldron, into which no

craft of any kind could venture without certain disaster.

In December, 1902, an easterly gale created enormous difficulties for the shipping at Hamburg. It took the water right out of the Elbe, and where vessels drawing twenty-five feet had been accustomed to move easily there was not water enough to float those drawing fifteen feet. All the large steamers in the port were stranded and some lay right over on their sides. The scene was a most curious and amazing one.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

A LESSON FOR HIS WIFE.

The Husband Found That He, Too, Had Something to Learn.

All Paris is laughing at an adventure on the French frontier line which occurred the other day to a young dramatic author well known in Paris.

He is newly married, and part of the honeymoon was spent in Belgium. While there the bride was very anxious to buy lace, which is much cheaper in Belgium than it is in France. But the bridegroom objected to smuggling the lace through and told his wife at Feignies the customs examination was very severe. She laughed at him, and in the train she said, "I am quite sure that I could easily have smuggled any amount of lace under my dress."

To prove himself right and teach his wife caution for the future the bridegroom whispered to one of the custom house officers at Feignies and, pointing to his wife, who was not looking, said, "I think that lady has some lace."

The officer made a sign, and madame, protesting angrily, was taken off and searched, while the author smoked a cigarette and chuckled at the thought that the search—although he thought she had no lace—would cure her of the wish to smuggle in the future. He ceased chuckling, though, when the custom house officer came up to him and said:

"We are very much obliged to you. The lady had \$200 worth of lace around her waist. But she says you will pay the fine."—Cor. Wichita Eagle.

The Ballot in Switzerland. Swiss voters go to the polls on Sunday. In some districts the elections are also held for a few hours on Saturday evening. In a few of the cantons voting is obligatory, and returns of from 70 to 80 per cent of the voting population are the result. The obligatory measure is, however, not rigorously enforced. Small fines are imposed unless an adequate excuse for nonattendance is forthcoming. These include illness in the family, mourning, absence from the city, a birth in the family and, in St. Gallen, necessary attendance at a christening by a parent or godparent. "Official business" is also usually accepted.

Mixed Motives.

"Few motives in this world can be pure. That is our great trouble," said a lecturer. "A clerk wept bitterly on the beach one stormy day while out on a boiling sea tossed a cockleshell of a fishing boat wherein sat his employer. As the clerk watched with wild eyes the little boat, now buried under white foam, now shooting forward gallantly, now buried again, he clasped his hands and cried in great anguish, 'If that boat sinks I'll lose my job!'"

Tibetan "Demonology."

The religion of the Tibetans is literally saturated with demonology, and their festivals take the form of ceremonies intended to propitiate various evil spirits and demons. Their devil dances—in which each performer represents some particular malignant spirit—are extremely curious.—Wide World Magazine.

Logical Inference.

"Hello, Grimes! Neighbor of yours got a new dog, eh?"
"Don't know. Why?"
"Saw that boy Bobbie of yours going home with an old tin can and a string."—Browning's Magazine.

On Other Nights.

Mr. Goodthing—How does your sister like the engagement ring I gave her, Bobby? Her Young Brother—Well, it's a little too small. She has an awful hard time getting it off when the other fellows call!

Unreasonable.

Mrs. Sharpe (severely)—Norah, I can find only seven of these plates. Where are the other five? Cook (in surprise)—Sure, mum, don't ye make no allowance for ordinary wear an' tear?

Very Considerate.

George—Do you see that pretty girl in the hammock? Harold—Yes. What of her? George—I saved her life last summer. Harold—Indeed! At the seashore? George—No; on the front porch. I proposed to her and she said she'd die if she married me, so I excused her.—Stray Stories.

Bogey.

Stranger—I say, my lad, what is considered a good score on these links? Caddy—Well, sir, most of the gents here tries to do it in as few strokes as they can, but it generally takes a few more.—Scottish American.



THE TURKISH BATH

A Victim's Story of the Real Thing in Its Native Land.

WELL MAULED AND SCRAPPED.

He Was Kneaded, Plucked, Turned Over and Walked Upon and Then Scrubbed as Though He Were a Kitchen Floor.

The tourist who wanders about Stamboul will from time to time come on domed buildings of all sizes which might be taken for mosques but that they seem to have no fountains and no minarets. From some place, such as the terrace of the mosque of Sultan Sulayman, where their roofs may be overlooked, it will be seen that the low domes are often of a peculiar salmon-pink color and always covered with glass bullseyes. These are the real Turkish baths.

Quite apart from the ceremonial wash before prayer, Islam, which considers cleanliness not so much next to godliness as a part of godliness itself, ordains a periodical scrub all over. And the Turk, unlike the sodden west, never sits in hot water, but prefers a hot room, a tap and a basin as a minimum and a shampooer and a flesh glove if he can afford such luxuries.

One enters, as in the west, into the cooling room, generally a high domed room with many galleries around, a marble floor and a fountain, and before going to a private room or, if the bath is to be done on the cheap, to a place on the big common sofas one exchanges dirty boots for slipshod heelless slippers. Watch and valuables may be left under the care of the cooling room attendant, who superintends the process of undressing, winds a loin cloth around one and throws a primrose towel over one's shoulders. Before crossing the floor of the cooling room the slippers are again exchanged for wooden clogs, wherein the novice walks like Agag, delicately, in fear of a fall, till he learns to imitate the speed of the bath men by abandoning all attempts to walk and executing a fast shuffle.

The outer hot room, at about the temperature of an English shampooing room, is a very secondary affair. One stays there for a little, still clothed in the primrose towel, reclining on a distant imitation of a bed, drinking coffee and smoking a cigarette, perhaps watching a couple of shampooers amusing themselves by a wrestling bout. The customer and the shampooer wear the same type of loin cloth, an elaborate check of red and yellow that may be seen any day in the streets on an apron worn by the Albanian sellers of chestnuts or sweetmeats.

If that cigarette is finished come into the inner room, heavy with damp heat, the real bath. The attendant pulls off the shoulder towel and opens the door, a heavy wooden affair, kept shut by a counterweight, whose banging is not the least characteristic noise in the bath. Inside is a large square domed room. Innumerable bullseyes in the dome admit the light, which the whitewashed walls reflect, making a light and airy effect. On the great square slab in the middle they have placed a towel and a pillow, and here one lies, leaving the clogs on the floor.

Round the room, screened from one another by dwarf walls, are a row of marble basins, and here may be seen all classes—such is the democracy of Islam—from the army officer to the day laborer, whose shaved head oddly suggests a tonsure. The poorer classes do not indulge in the luxury of massage. They come for a wash only and often bring their own soap for economy's sake. It is not uncommon to see two of them scrubbing one another by turns.

Presently, unbidden, the shampooer mounts the slab and squats beside his victim. Most of his work consists in kneading the flesh rather than the long, heavy strokes of an English masseur. But when the customer is turned on his face the masseur becomes more energetic. He plucks the skin on each side of the spine, walks up and down on the back and strenuously gathers up arms and legs into curious bone breaking knots regardless of the grunts of the stiff jointed west. A final super-Gordian knot and the clapping of his hands show that it is over.

The customer, as soon as he can collect limbs which seem to have been pulled clean off him, adjourns to one of the basins and is rubbed with a rough glove to take off the old skin. Then the man brings a battered metal bowl ("old bowl, old bath," is the Turkish proverb for "the old, old story") with soap and a lather wisp of "lyf" (Mecca palm fiber, and scrubs conscientiously for some ten minutes, working with the abandon of a zealous housemaid on a floor, forgetful apparently that the object he is scrubbing is flesh and blood.

Finally he pours warm water from the bowl to wash away the last of the soap and, if the bath is a large and up to date one, conducts his well scrub-

bed victim to a cold douche.

Drying takes place in the outer hot room, sundry loin cloths and towels are wrapped about the body, a small towel makes a turban for the head and clean clogs are produced for the feet, which have been dried with great—sometimes inconveniently great—care. A loud clapping of hands announces that the process is over, and the three or four Turks who seem always to be doing nothing zealously in the room crowd round to wish one good health.—London Globe.

THE WEREWOLVES.

Fantastic Story of a Sixteenth Century Tragedy.

John of Nuremberg relates how a man, lost at night in a strange country, directed his steps toward a fire that he saw before him. On reaching it he found a wolf sitting enjoying its warmth and was informed by him that he was really as human as himself, but that he was compelled for a certain number of years, like all his countrymen, to assume the shape of a wolf.

A strange country, indeed, where wolves when the evenings grow chilly light a fire and in the comfort of its ruddy glow are found ready to entertain the passing traveler with their conversation!

Olaus Magnus in the early part of the sixteenth century tells us a story of a nobleman and his retinue who lost their way in journeying through a wild forest and presently found themselves hopelessly foodless and shelterless. In the urgency of their need one of the servants disclosed to him in confidence that he had the power of turning himself at will into a wolf and doubted not but that, if his master would kindly excuse him for a while, he would be able to find the party some provision. Permission being given, the man disappeared into the forest under semblance of a wolf and very quickly returned with a lamb in his mouth and then, having fulfilled his mission, resumed his human form.

In Auvergne in 1588 a nobleman in returning from the chase was stopped by a stranger, who told him that he had been furiously attacked by a savage wolf, but had been fortunate enough to save himself by slashing off one of his fore paws. This he produced as a trophy, when, to the astonishment of both, it was found to have become the delicate hand of a lady. The nobleman felt so sure that he recognized a ring upon it that he hurried to the castle and there found his wife sitting with her arm tied up, and on removing the wrappers the hand was missing. She had to stand her trial as a loup-garou and, being convicted, perished at the stake.—Hulme's "Lore and Legend."

A TURBULENT VOLCANO.

The Boiling Hot Pools of Taal, in the Philippines.

The central or main crater of Taal is nearly round. Its diameter on an air line north and south is 6,233 feet and the east-west diameter 7,546 feet. The edge of this crater is somewhat irregular, but is nowhere broken through, its highest point standing at only 1,050 feet above sea level and its lowest at 426 feet.

Within the rim are two hot pools, known respectively as the yellow and the green lake, and a little active cone above fifty feet in height from which escape steam and sulphurous gas in varying quantities.

In the smaller lake every few minutes the water in the center is blown up like an immense bubble, which, rising above the surface, finally bursts, revealing a black orifice and causing the boiling and very turbulent water to assume all imaginable colors. The aqueous vapor escaping is sufficient to form a broad, smokelike column which is visible especially during the night and in the early morning.

At some distance and before reaching the edge of the crater, where a view of the bottom can be obtained, the rumbling sound produced by the escaping vapor, under the influence of the mysterious subterranean forces, can be heard like that of an immense boiling kettle.

The greatest eruption of Taal took place in 1754. The eruption began on May 13 and did not end till Dec. 1. During this dreadful time the intensity and aspect of the eruption were continually changing, and the four principal towns of the laguna of Bombon disappeared—viz, Sala, Lips, Tanauan and Taal, with the numerous villages around them.—Manila Times.

Pasture's Revenge.

In Vallery-Radot's "Life of Pasteur" we read the story of his misery. It is nothing to say that the war nearly broke his heart. But it broke neither his faith nor the straight line of his work. Only a sort of rage possessed him to redeem and console France by working for her. "Henceforth," he said, "every one of my books shall have written on it these words, 'Revenge, revenge, revenge.'" And this was his revenge, to set the name of France in the honors list of science higher than ever, to give the rest of his life to her service and to wear himself out for her sake.

60 YEARS' EXPERIENCE

PATENTS

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Anyone sending a sketch & description may
obtain a free opinion as to whether an
invention is probably patentable. Communications
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Patents taken through **Munn & Co.** receive
special notice, without charge, in the
Scientific American.

A handsomely illustrated weekly. Largest cir-
culation of any scientific journal. Terms, \$3 a
year; four months, \$1. Sold by all newsdealers.

MUNN & Co. 361 Broadway, New York
Branch Office, 65 F St., Washington, D.C.

Local News.

See Daniel & Burton for Liver-pool salt.

Save money by trading at the Big Store.

Buy your fireworks at H. J. Phillips'.

Stetson hats all shapes at Daniel & Burton's.

Let the Big Store sell you your Christmas gift.

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

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

For holiday goods for gentlemen see John Millar.

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

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

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

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

Make our store your headquarters. Daniel & Burton.

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

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

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

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

A. P. Moore of Tyler was a visitor here the first of the week.

You can find goods to suit any pocket book at the Novelty Store.

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

H. R. Bement of Kilbourn, Wis., is spending a few days here.

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

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

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

Joe Rice of route 6, an old-time friend of the Courier, was here Saturday.

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

A. D. Bynum of Lovelady was among those calling at the Courier office Saturday.

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

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

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

A. H. Jordan of Pennington was a pleasant caller at the Courier office Saturday.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

S. J. Patton, Sr., of Creath was here last week and made a pleasant call at the Courier office.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

D. D. Gentry of route 6 and R. C. Spinks of route 2 were callers at the Courier office last Thursday.

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

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

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

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

We will have our store warm, well lighted and plenty of nice clerks to wait on you at the Novelty Store.

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

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

Loaded Down.

The 5c, 10c, 15c and 25c counters at the Novelty Store. You had better hurry.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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.

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

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

We send a special invitation to the ladies of the town and country to come and see the large display of holiday goods at the Novelty Store.

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

There will be preaching at the First Methodist church Sunday morning and evening. The board of stewards will meet at 2:30 o'clock p. m.

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.

"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.

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.

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

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

For Xmas.

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

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.

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

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.

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

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.

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

W. W. Aiken has returned from Palestine, where he spent nearly four weeks in a sanitarium, made necessary by an attack of appendicitis. He has not yet fully recovered from the operation and will not be able to do any work for a week or two.

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.

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

Back to Texas.

"Dear Courier:—I enclose a dollar. Please change the address of my paper from Boaz, Ala., to Winnsboro Texas. I am now pastor of the First Baptist church of this place, which you will please announce in the locals of your very valuable paper, and oblige. Come to see us. Fraternally," W. W. Harris."

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.

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.

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.

Population of Houston County.

The population of Houston county as officially compiled from the records made last June, is 29,564 inhabitants, as against 25,452 in 1900—a gain of 4,112. The population being given by counties, and not by towns, we are still in the dark as to the figures for Crockett.

The U. D. C. sextette has returned from the annual convention of the Daughters of the Confederacy held at Marlin last week. That these ladies acquitted themselves in a creditable manner is evidenced by the fact that at the close of the convention the Marlin chapter presented to each member of the sextette a beautiful "Loving Cup," as a token of their appreciation.

Death of Mrs. Nancy Stanton.

The lady above named, mother of Mr. Joe Brown Stanton, died Saturday night and was buried at the family burial place in the country on Sunday. Mrs. Stanton was one of our oldest citizens, being nearly 85 years old, and having been a resident of this county more than 50 years. She was born in Carrol county, Georgia, joined the Baptist church at 18 years of age, and was a member of the Presbyterian church in this county about 32 years. She was the mother of eight children, three of whom survive her. A good and useful woman has gone from us.

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.

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.

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.

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 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.

Houston County's Good Showing.

The census returns for Texas have been announced by counties, and the showing for Houston county is good. Taking the other counties of Central East Texas for comparison, Houston county stands above the average, holding second place in point of numbers and first place in point of increase. Anderson county leads in numbers with a population of 29,650, but with only an increase of 1,635. Houston county comes second with a population of 29,564 and with an increase of 4,112, thus holding first place as to increase. The population of the other Central East Texas counties is as follows: Nacogdoches, 27,406; Rusk, 26,946; Cherokee, 29,038; Angelina, 17,705; Walker, 16,061; Trinity, 12,768; Madison, 10,318; Leon, 16,583.

Alleged Yeggman Arrested.

John Johnson, alias Pat Dunbar, was arrested Saturday night at the home of his mother, a short distance from Grapeland, and brought to Crockett and placed in jail. Johnson was indicted by the last grand jury, charging him with robbing the Grapeland bank, which robbery occurred several weeks ago, an account of which appeared in this paper. The arrest was made by Sheriff A. W. Phillips and State Ranger Joe L. Lacy. It seems that Lacy has been working on this case since the night of the robbery and has followed this party over a great portion of Texas and into Oklahoma and was prepared to arrest him there when he learned that he was preparing to return to his home in Grapeland, to which place he was followed and arrested. This is the first arrest made since the robbery occurred.

Good Will and the Christmas Present.

A great deal of criticism is yearly poured out about the Christmas present. Some of it is deserved. The Christmas present that is a soulless exchange between reluctant acquaintances; the Christmas present that is the largest amount of worthless show for the smallest amount of value; the Christmas present that is beyond the giver's means or felt as an obligation by the receiver; the Christmas present that was somebody else's last year and is saved up and passed on; the Christmas present, in other words, that is machinery and pretense, and not the living, real thing—this ought to be criticised out of existence. But the real Christmas present is a different thing, whose critics judge themselves.

The real Christmas present is a concrete bit of good will and affection. The baby's first Christmas stocking—what family could argue calmly about doing away with it? The children's gift to mother, selected in conclave, and saved for enthusiastically—how much it means. The remembrances of friends, be they intimates of next door or divided by half the earth—what a fullness they give to the world-wide day! It is because of the sweetness of the Christmas gift that foolish people abuse it. They try to grasp too much, or to fill the empty place of

the real gift with the simulacrum of it. Let each Christmas present be real—let that rule be held to—and all the joy is kept, and all the mistaken rush and overloading and nervous strain vanish. For real gifts are full of simplicity and love, and the spirit of Christmas is peace—peace and good will.—Harper's Bazar.

TOTAL POPULATION OF UNITED STATES.

And All of its Possessions is 101,100,000 According to Census Announcements.

Washington, December 10.—In the United States and all its possessions the Stars and Stripes protect 101,100,000 souls. This enormous number is the official estimate of the United States bureau of the census announced today in connection with the population statistics for the country as enumerated in the thirteenth census. It includes the Philippines, Guam, Hawaii, Alaska, Samoa and the Panama canal zone.

Within its borders, the North American continent, exclusive of Alaska, the United States has a population 91,972,266 inhabitants. During the last ten years the States of the Union had an aggregate increase in population of 15,977,691, which amounts to 21 per cent over the 1900 figures.

Since the first census was taken in 1790 the country has grown twenty-five times as large, for the population then having been but 3,929,214, slightly larger than the present population of the State of Texas.

The growth of the country was greater than has been expected by the expert statisticians who have closely watched the progress of the country's population.

Up to last night it was not believed that it would greatly exceed 20.5 per cent, whereas, when the final tabulation was made it was found to be 21 per cent, giving a total increase of 15,959,860, practically sixteen millions.

The rate of increase, however, was smaller than that scored in any previous decade except between 1890-1900 when the increase amounted to 20.7 per cent.

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.

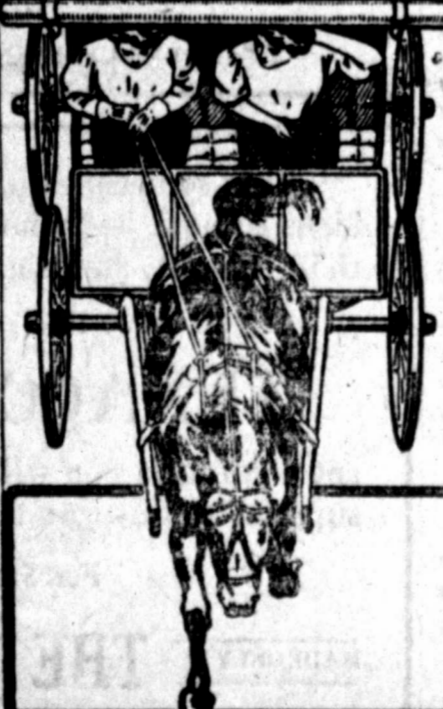
"Right Every Wrong"

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



When In Doubt

GO TO

McLean's Drug Store

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

M'Lean's Drug Store

THE POPULATION OF TEXAS ANNOUNCED.

Total is Placed at Only 3,896,542, an Increase of 27.8 Per Cent in Ten Years.

Washington, December 7.—The population of the state of Texas is 3,896,542, according to statistics of the thirteenth census issued tonight. This is an increase of 847,832, or 27.8 per cent, over 3,048,710 in 1900. The increase from 1890 to 1900 was 813,187, or 36.4 per cent.

A number of the counties show a decrease from the figures of 1900, which, in part, accounts for the disappointment which will undoubtedly result from publication of the figures.

Texas ranks fifth in the list of states having passed Missouri and Massachusetts; New York leads with 9,113,279; Pennsylvania is second with 7,665,111; Illinois third with 5,638,591, and Ohio fourth with 4,767,121. Massachusetts is in sixth place with 3,366,416 and Missouri is seventh with 3,293,335.

In the percentage of increase in ten years Oklahoma has 109.7, Idaho 101.3, Nevada 98.4, while a number of other states show a considerably larger percentage than does Texas.

In the actual number of inhabitants gained New York leads with 1,844,385; Pennsylvania is second with 1,362,996, California 892,496, Oklahoma 866,764, putting Texas in fifth place with 847,832.

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.

Take Care!

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

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

FOLEY'S KIDNEY PILLS
FOR BACKACHE, HEADACHE AND BLINDNESS

COMING

Mighty Haag Shows

CROCKETT, TEXAS, TUESDAY, DECEMBER 20

Afternoon and Evening

Greater, Grander, Better

Than Ever Before

Monster Parade, 12:30 P. M.