

**HDR. C. O. WEBB,
DENTIST,**
Office over W. V. Berry's Store, East Side of Public Square.
CROCKETT, TEXAS.
**RICE MAXEY,
Attorney-at-Law.**
(Now Located at Sherman, Texas.)
will attend the District Court of Houston county, and will be pleased to give these regulations in all cases, civil and criminal, entrusted to his care.

CHURCH DIRECTORY.
METHODIST.—J. T. Smith, Pastor, Services the 2d, 3d and 4th Sundays in each month, morning and evening. Sunday school every Sunday. Prayer meeting every Tuesday night. First Sunday at Lovelady.
BAPTIST.—J. B. Armstrong, Pastor, Services the 1st, 2d and 3d Sundays in each month, morning and evening. Sunday school every Sunday. Prayer meeting every Wednesday night. Fourth Sunday at Lovelady.
PRESBYTERIAN.—S. F. Tenney, Pastor, Services every Sunday morning. Sunday school every Sunday. Prayer meeting every Thursday night. Lovelady Third Sunday night in each month.

YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION. Free Library and Reading Room, second floor, Opera House building. Rooms open at all hours. Prayer meeting for men only every Sunday at 4 o'clock. All invited.
A. G. ADRIER, Secy.

COURT DIRECTORY.
DISTRICT.
District Judge, Hon. F. A. Williams.
District Attorney, Hon. W. H. Gill.
District Clerk, Hon. W. A. Champion.
COUNTY.
County Judge, Hon. W. A. Davis.
County Attorney, Hon. S. A. Denny.
County Clerk, A. C. Dunham.
Sheriff, F. H. Bayne.
Treasurer, M. M. Baker.
Tax Assessor, Charles Stokes.
Tax Collector, Charles Long.
Surveyor, Enoch Brooks.

COURT CALENDAR.
DISTRICT.
Court convenes the first Monday after the 4th Monday in February, and first Monday after fourth Monday in September.
COUNTY.
Court convenes the first Monday's in February, May, August and November, consecutively.
Court in session the second Monday's in February, May, August and November.
JUSTICES.
Precinct No. 1, Crockett, last Monday in each month.
W. D. Pritchard, J. P.
Precinct No. 2, Augusta, 3d Saturday in each month.
John T. Cunningham, J. P.
Precinct No. 3, Coltharp, 4th Saturday in each month.
J. S. Gilbert, J. P.
Precinct No. 4, Lovelady, 4th Thursday in each month.
J. C. Sheffield, J. P.
Precinct No. 5, Grapeland, 2d Saturday in each month.
John A. Davis, J. P.
Precinct No. 6, Porter Springs, 1st Saturday in each month.
T. B. Henderson, J. P.
Precinct No. 7, Weches, 4th Saturday in each month.
W. L. Vaught, J. P.

ALLIANCE DIRECTORY.
PRESIDENT OF COUNTY ALLIANCE, J. F. Garrett, Grapeland, Texas.
C. G. Summers, Vice-President, Crockett, Texas.
John W. Sakon, Secretary, Crockett, Texas.
J. S. Gilbert, Treasurer, Coltharp, Texas.
W. L. Driskill, Lecturer, Holly, Texas.
N. S. Herod, Chap., Grapeland, Texas.
N. J. Sandlin, D. K. Lovelady, Texas.
J. M. Satterwhite, Sec'y, D. K. Broznan, Texas.
B. V. Holcomb, Sec'y at Arms, Augusta, Texas.
EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.
J. B. Ellis, Crockett; J. M. Sims, Daniel; J. M. Satterwhite, Broznan, Texas.
SUB-ORDINATE ALLIANCES.
Antim.—J. A. Hughes, President; J. H. B. Kyle, Secretary, Sheridan, Tex.
Harmony.—A. F. Horn, President; R. E. Earl, Secretary, Pennington, Tex.
Creek.—M. C. Williams, President; G. W. Furlough, Secretary, Creek, Tex.
Trinity.—W. E. Smith, President; J. L. Childs, Secretary, Daily, Texas.
Red Hill.—J. K. Jones, President; Crockett, Texas.
Mrs. B. C. Driskill, Secretary, San Pedro, Texas.
New Prospect.—J. N. Parker, President; J. W. Davis, Secretary, Grapeland, Texas.
San Pedro.—M. C. C. Richards, President; J. R. Richards, Secretary, Grapeland, Texas.
Zion.—J. H. Brent, President, Tadmore; J. S. Gilbert, Secretary, Coltharp, Texas.
Pine Grove.—W. A. Woolley, President; G. W. Broznan, Secretary, Broznan, Texas.
Eaton.—C. T. McConico, President; E. B. Dammann, Secretary, Grapeland, Texas.
Center Hill.—J. C. West, President; M. B. Malchett, Secretary, Julia, Texas.
Chandler.—J. B. Baker, J. President; B. F. Erwin, Secretary, Porter Springs, Texas.
Antioch.—W. C. Harrison, President; J. O. Smith, Secretary, Lovelady, Texas.
Nevel's Prairie.—N. J. Sandlin, President; T. C. Evans, Secretary, Lovelady, Texas.
Concord.—W. F. Pierce, President; John M. Sims, Secretary, Daniel, Texas.
Crockett.—J. D. Brewton, President; J. B. Wolter, Secretary, Crockett, Texas.
Holly.—J. J. Hammond, President; A. G. Driskill, Secretary, Holly, Texas.
Mt. Vernon.—J. D. Kaffir, Secretary, Ratliff, Texas.
Franklin.—W. E. Boykin, President; W. L. Vaught, Secretary, Weches, Texas.
Guililand.—J. D. Halkom, President; F. M. Collins, Secretary, Grapeland, Texas.

GRANGE DIRECTORY.
COUNTY GRANGE.
President, J. W. Barlow, master; J. E. Stanton, Secretary; meets first Wednesday in December, March, June and September.
SUB-ORDINATE GRANGES.
Carrle, No. 1382, C. M. Abbott, master; Miss Nellie Webb, secretary; meets first Saturday.
Lovelady.—D. C. F. Dodd, master; W. H. Hartgrave, secretary; meets first Saturday.
Nevel's Prairie.—J. W. Barlow, master; Ernest J. Kelly, secretary; meets second and fourth Saturdays.
Porter Springs.—J. F. Henderson, master; T. B. Henderson, secretary; meets second Saturday.
Beulah.—H. Platt, master; J. E. Stanton, secretary.
Houston County Central Co-Operative Association, P. O. H. meets annually first Tuesday in September.—T. E. Henderson, president; J. B. Stanton, secretary.

KNIGHTS TEMPLAR.
Palestine Commandery No. 3, K. T. holds their annual convention on the 1st Friday night in each month. Sir Knights of the order are invited to attend the convocation of the Commandery on the 1st Friday night, but are not given themselves according to the sublime tenets of our order.
C. A. STERRE, Recorder.

The Crockett Weekly Courier.

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R. M. ATKINSON,**
—GIVE US A CALL FOR—
**Dry Goods, Notions, Boots, Shoes, Hats, Groceries, Etc., Etc.,
CHEAPEST IN TOWN.**
Gents' Furnishing Goods a SPECIALTY, on hand or by special order.
A fit guaranteed.

EDUCATIONAL DEPARTMENT.
CONDUCTED BY PROF. E. A. FACE.

OPINIONS OF WOMAN.
What Noted Men of the Day Think of the Fair Sex.
(Correspondence of the Courier Journal.)
New York, Oct. 14.—When I asked James G. Blaine what he thought of the sex he smiled, and then he asked: "What sort of women do you refer to?" "Well," said I, "take for example the woman who mounts the stump to make a political speech." The smile vanished, and in its stead came that perpendicular line between the eyes which all Mr. Blaine's friends will recognize. "I hate that sort of a woman," he said, and he said it as if he meant it, too.

"Why do you hate her?" "Because she is out of her place. God never meant that woman should unsex herself in that way. A woman's power is for love, not battles. She should not enter the contest, but remain outside an inflexible judge of who should win the crown of victory." "I have observed," continued Mr. Blaine, "that on great occasions it is almost always women who have given us the strongest proofs of virtue and devotion. The reason for this is that with men, either good or bad qualities are the result of calculation, while in women they are the result of impulse, and impulses usually spring from the best that is in us. Now, since nature has given to women the realm of home and love and beauty, it is fair to suppose that she ought to don shield and helmet and fight, and, above all, that she should go into a political fight? I say no." "But you haven't said yet what you think of woman," I persisted. The great man was silent for a moment, and then he said, slowly and gravely: "I think that earth's noblest thing is a perfect woman, and she is nearest perfection when she is most womanly."

"What, then, is warmth for the human chicken? Happiness. One has to give them play room, by taking away what is painful, and their powers shoot up of themselves." "For the human being is not formed to grow altogether upward, like plants and deer's horns nor fey altogether downward, like feathers and teeth, but like muscles, at both ends at once."—The School Journal.

More popular agencies for study should be set in motion. The great Chautauqua idea of home study deserves its vigorous prosecution. But we need to go beyond this. There is work enough for the energies of a great publication society. The great publication societies seem slow to perceive that the times have outgrown the piously written but often weak tract of former days, and demand also a new order of literature. The Christian spirit, the scientific accuracy and method, the literary form, and the practical touch upon such subjects as are treated in this paper might be combined, in the hope of the widest usefulness, in issues from some of the old publication societies which have lost their hold upon large portions of our people. These tracts should be written by or under the supervision of the best teachers of their subjects whom we have, and by well-educated young men and young women mostly, who have taken in the fresh thought and methods of recent years at every step in their education. For it is useless to disguise the fact that recent advances in scientific methods have made rubbish of a great deal that was well enough a generation ago.—Samuel W. Dike, in January Century—Texas Journal of Education.

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My neyr approach was to that political war-horse, Murat Halstead—the man of whom William H. Seward said: "He is not afraid of anything on the face of the earth." I expected to see the merry twinkle in his eye that comes there when he talks of pleasant things, but instead there came in that keen member something very like mist and the strong, deep voice faltered just a little as he answered: "I couldn't answer your question without getting pretty deep into the roots of things. Five generations of woman-kind, from my grandmother to my granddaughter, have loved me—cherished, taught and sustained me far better than I deserve, and I love them with all my heart." "They are tender and true, fair and good, long suffering and lovely, the better, sweeter, brighter part of our race I would not be north living without them. The gift of beauty is not total, it is divine, and the grace that goes with it in woman is an inspiration. I believe man to be the inferior of woman in all things save physical strength."

"It would be worth while going back to barbarian again, if each Ingomar could find his Parthonia." When Mr. Halstead had finished his little speech the mist in his eyes was clearly defined, and then he told a story. When did Murat Halstead ever fail to tell a story? This time it was about a woman whom he met in Paris twenty years ago. There were troublesome times in Paris then, and Mr. Halstead was, as usual, master of the situation. He warned this woman that she had better get out of Paris, with all speed, as there was danger in remaining. She repeated what he said, although enjoined not to do so, and the result was that Mr. Halstead was taken for a spy and narrowly escaped hanging at the hands of a mob. "That is the only time I ever knew a woman fail to keep a secret," said Mr. Halstead, gallantly, "but it came pretty near cutting short my career."

And Chauncey Depew—our own Chauncey—who has been seasoning European dinners with his wit has come back to us sunburned and fat, and this is what he says: "I have been looking at pictures of Retzsch's angles. They are warm eyed as Mohammedan hours colored like an Eastern sunrise, limbed like—nothing earthly except an American girl." "I would rather not go on; when I speak of the beauty of my country-women, my heart swells. I do not believe the New World has a newer mold for its mothers and daughters. If there is anything on earth for which my eye is trained and my preception quickened it is for a beautiful woman, and I do think there is no such beautiful work of God under the arch of His sky as an American girl. And I would like," continued Mr. Depew, "to say a word for the 'superfluous women'—some people call them 'old maids'—what a world of comfort they are! The dusty years stretched far behind them, beauty and comeliness drift away from them, they grow faded and care-worn, and finally slip away into the gloom, and the shadows veil them. It is only meet that she should lay at the feet of women the laurels that without her smile we never could have gained."

"Mr. Grant, what is your opinion of our sex?" I asked the Mayor one day when he seemed to feel good-natured. "Well, that is a question it would take some time and some thought to answer," he replied. "But you have thought of it?" I said. Mr. Grant laughed. "Well, never with a view of making my thoughts public," he replied. "Well, now, for instance, what do you think of women for city officers?" "I think," replied the Mayor, "that there are some positions they could fill much better than men, because they are conscientious and careful about business matters." "What do you think of having women for Inspectors?" Mr. Grant shook his head. "I'd rather not specify," he said. "The wrong woman gets in the right place sometimes, you know. I have the greatest respect and reverence for women," said Mr. Grant, earnestly, "and the greatest admiration for her capabilities. I believe thoroughly in the higher education of women, and think much good will come of it." "And then the Mayor gave utterance to a sentiment worthy of an old-time sage—he said: "I have observed that every good thing which has existed in the world, had a woman at one end or the other of it." "Are their principles wrong to-day? Then I wager that to-morrow they will be most proper. They change their opinions with their dresses. He who takes a woman at her word is like a man who holds an eel by the tail; he has not much to depend upon." He faithful woman, when you swear I register your oaths in air," and yet the judge says he loves us!

Many women want to get a good opinion of herself and her sex, let her go and interview Col. Robert G. Ingersoll, the great-hearted man of whom it may be truly said: "He loves his fellow men." I talked with him at one of his famous Sunday receptions about women, and he made me more glad than I ever was in my life that I was a woman, and someone who I was in a wish to be a better woman than I have ever been. "It takes a hundred men to make an incantation," said Mr. Ingersoll "but one woman can make a home. I not only admire women as the most beautiful object ever created but I reverence her as the redeeming glory of humanity, the sanctuary of all the virtues, the pledge of all perfect qualities of heart and head. It is not just nor right to lay the sins of men at the feet of woman. It is because women are so much better than men, that their faults are considered greater. A man's desire is the foundation of his love, but a woman's desire is born of her love."

"The one thing in this world that is constant, the one peak that rises above all clouds, the one window in which the light forever burns, the one star that darkness can not quench, is woman's love. It rises to the greatest heights, it sinks to the lowest depths, it forgets the most cruel injuries. It is perennial of life, and grows in every climate. Neither coldness nor neglect, harshness nor cruelty can extinguish it. A woman's love is the perfume of the heart. This is the real love that subdues the earth: the love that has wrought all miracles of art; that gives us music all the way, from the cradle song to the grand closing symphony to the grand closing symphony that bears the soul away on wings of fire. A love that is greater than power, sweeter than life, and stronger than death."

General Dan Sickles, the hero of many battles replied to my question by quoting Moore's beautiful lines: "When the snare thorn of sorrow sinks deep in the heart. The sweet lip of woman assuages the smart. 'Tis hers o'er the couch of mistortune to bend, In fondness a lover, in firmness a friend, Adorned by the bay, or wreathed by the willow. Her smile is our pillow, and her bosom our mold." "Alas, for our poor sex! We get more blows than kisses, but we are ever loving and forgiving, and are ready to forget the blows, if we do but get the kisses."

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"Now," said Mr. Pettigrew, "that's much better than the Garden of Eden story, that makes Adam sneak out like a coward and try to put all the blame on the woman. And the Lord was so overcome by his generosity that he lifted them both back on the island. I tell you," said the Senator, earnestly, "women are superior to men in all save strength. God bestowed on her the duty of preserving all the virtues of the human race, and most nobly she has kept the trust." "Well, never with a view of making my thoughts public," he replied. "Well, now, for instance, what do you think of women for city officers?" "I think," replied the Mayor, "that there are some positions they could fill much better than men, because they are conscientious and careful about business matters." "What do you think of having women for Inspectors?" Mr. Grant shook his head. "I'd rather not specify," he said. "The wrong woman gets in the right place sometimes, you know. I have the greatest respect and reverence for women," said Mr. Grant, earnestly, "and the greatest admiration for her capabilities. I believe thoroughly in the higher education of women, and think much good will come of it." "And then the Mayor gave utterance to a sentiment worthy of an old-time sage—he said: "I have observed that every good thing which has existed in the world, had a woman at one end or the other of it." "Are their principles wrong to-day? Then I wager that to-morrow they will be most proper. They change their opinions with their dresses. He who takes a woman at her word is like a man who holds an eel by the tail; he has not much to depend upon." He faithful woman, when you swear I register your oaths in air," and yet the judge says he loves us!

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Speaking of Sages, I am reminded of Russell, for he, too, gave his opinion of women. "What do I think of 'em?" he asked. "Do you mean what do I think they're good for?" "Yes," I said, "that will do for a beginning. What do you think women are good for?" "Well, some of 'em make pretty good house-keepers, but I believe it ain't accordin' to the new-fangled idea of things for women to keep house. They all have missions nowadays, don't they? or spheres, or something like that?" "But," I suggested, "it might be a woman's mission to keep house." "Yes, it might," Mr. Sage answered reflectively, "but I reckon it ain't. Not very often. I s'pose it's right, though, if they like that sort of thing."

"But don't you think, Mr. Sage," I said, "that the opportunities of women are greater than when you were a boy?" "Well, they've got a better chance to show off; I s'pose that's what you mean by opportunity."

"And then I begged him to tell me what he really did think of women anyway, and he said: "I think a good woman is a blessed good thing in her place, but I want to see her stay there." And then he shut up like a clam and wouldn't say another word. His wife averts that he has been a good husband for forty years. So "he's all right."

Senator Pettigrew, the stalwart man from the new State of South Dakota, is one of the most gallant men, even for a Westerner, whom I have ever met. He is ready to swear by a woman because she is a woman. "Why," said he, "I was out with a surveying party once, when I was a young fellow. We had been gone almost a year, and had not seen a woman in that time. When we were on our return trip we passed a deserted camp, and one of our number found a woman's shoe. What do you suppose we did? Every mother's son of us got off his horse, and we all joined hands in a ring and danced around that shoe."

And then the Senator wanted to know if I had ever heard the Hindu story of the creation. A man and woman were created and placed upon a beautiful island, with everything upon it that they needed; but one night they saw a mirage, and what appeared to them a much more beautiful country than their own, so they went out toward it upon a log that floated on the water. When they reached the shore they found only a great waste of sand, and when they thought of going back they saw that their log had sunk, and there they were. Then the Lord appeared, and was going to kill them for not having stayed where they were placed, but the man said: "No; kill me, but let the woman live, for she is not to blame, it was I." "Now," said Mr. Pettigrew, "that's much better than the Garden of Eden story, that makes Adam sneak out like a coward and try to put all the blame on the woman. And the Lord was so overcome by his generosity that he lifted them both back on the island. I tell you," said the Senator, earnestly, "women are superior to men in all save strength. God bestowed on her the duty of preserving all the virtues of the human race, and most nobly she has kept the trust." "Well, never with a view of making my thoughts public," he replied. "Well, now, for instance, what do you think of women for city officers?" "I think," replied the Mayor, "that there are some positions they could fill much better than men, because they are conscientious and careful about business matters." "What do you think of having women for Inspectors?" Mr. Grant shook his head. "I'd rather not specify," he said. "The wrong woman gets in the right place sometimes, you know. I have the greatest respect and reverence for women," said Mr. Grant, earnestly, "and the greatest admiration for her capabilities. I believe thoroughly in the higher education of women, and think much good will come of it." "And then the Mayor gave utterance to a sentiment worthy of an old-time sage—he said: "I have observed that every good thing which has existed in the world, had a woman at one end or the other of it." "Are their principles wrong to-day? Then I wager that to-morrow they will be most proper. They change their opinions with their dresses. He who takes a woman at her word is like a man who holds an eel by the tail; he has not much to depend upon." He faithful woman, when you swear I register your oaths in air," and yet the judge says he loves us!

HOUSTON COUNTY. It is situated in Eastern Texas in latitude 31 degrees north; 100 miles north of Houston, and 140 miles north of Galveston. The Trinity river is the county's boundary line on the west and the Neches on the east. The county is one of the oldest and in area one of the largest in the state. It embraces in area 622640 acres of land. The population of the county by official returns reaches nearly 23,000.

POPULATION.
The population of the county, largely white, is between 22,000 and 25,000.

RAILROADS.
The Great (Northern branch of the International and Great Northern) railroad runs through the center in a direction almost due north and south. There are also three other railroad lines already chartered and being surveyed and partly constructed, projecting in the direction of Houston county, two of them by charter calling for the county. The Texas and Sabine railroad runs east and west near the south boundary line, and the Kansas and Gulf short-line but a short distance from the eastern boundary, both furnishing means of shipping easily accessible to those sections. In respect of transportation conveniences the county is well supplied, and when the other roads in contemplation are constructed, as they will be before a great while, no county in the state will surpass Houston in facilities for easy and rapid transportation to and from market.

CLIMATE AND WATER.
The climate is mild and healthful. An abundance of the best water can be had in any part of the county. Running through it in every direction are ever-flowing streams of water of the purest kind and of such volume and power as to be very valuable for any kind of manufacturing purposes. No county in the state can boast of as many streams.

CHURCHES.
The Methodist, Baptist, Presbyterian and Christian denominations have church organizations throughout the county.

SCHOOLS.
No county in Texas is better supplied with first-class schools. The reputation of some of these institutions have become state-wide. Besides a most efficient and excellent system of public schools, lasting six months every year, there are several Academies and High schools of high grade and first-class standing that are open all the year and are largely attended. It has been very justly remarked of the Crockett Academies that few, if any schools in the state, have sent out from their halls as many highly cultivated and accomplished young men as they have.

SCHOOL FUND.
Houston county has a permanent school fund amounting to \$70,000, which brings in annually from four to five thousand dollars to be used in running the public schools of the county. This added to state and local tax makes the sum of money spent annually in Houston county on public schools aggregate nearly \$30,000.

LAND IN CULTIVATION.
There are about 30,000 acres of land in cultivation. The county produces on an average 15,000 bales of cotton annually, 300,000 to 400,000 bushels of corn, 50,000 gallons of the very finest ribbon cane syrup, oats, wheat, rye, barley, millet, sorghum, etc.

SOILS.
Houston county can show a greater variety of rich soils than any other county in Texas. We have the black-waxy, the black loam, the stiff black-sandy, the gray, the sandy, the red the chocolate, the alluvial soils and other kinds. The following are some of the prairies, all of which are thickly settled and in a high state of cultivation: Nevel's, Saline, Mustang, Tyler, Nogales, Pine, East.

TIMBER.
Timber, adapted to the manufacture of any and everything for which wood is used can be had in Houston county, in almost unlimited supplies.

GOLD MEDAL.
Houston county, at the Fort Worth Spring Palace for 1890, carried off the GOLD MEDAL for the finest display of native wood. This was done in the face of sharp competition by other counties.

FRUITS.
This county yields to no other in the adaptability of its soils to the production of all kinds of fruits and vegetables. Apples, peaches, pears, figs, plums, apricots, grapes and all varieties of berries are grown, with ease and profit. The soil is specially fitted for early fruits and berries and truck and fruit farming is becoming very profitable.

ORES.
We have in almost exhausted supplies rich iron ore of the brown hematite and laminated varieties—besides other kinds. Clays for making brick, tiling, pottery, etc.

FINE STOCK.
This county is especially adapted to the raising of fine stock and quite a number of persons have made a success in Jersey cattle and other blooded stock.

TOWNS.
Crockett, the county seat, is located on the I. & G. N. railroad and has a population of 1800. There are two fine schools for whites, open ten months in the year. Two weekly newspapers, THE COURIER and ECONOMIST. Nearly all denominations have church organizations here. Society first-class. Lovelady is the next town in size. It lies twelve miles south of Crockett, and on the I. & G. N. railroad. It has a population of 1200. Grapeland is a population of 1000. Grapeland schools seldom fails to take and keep rank with the 400 to 500. They have a most excellent High School at this place and the best school building probably in East Texas. Several churches and excellent society. Grapeland, on the I. & G. N. railroad, is 12 miles north of Crockett, population 900. Good society, churches and are preparing to erect at once a splendid High school building. There are hamlets all through the county, located in thriving and cultivated neighborhoods. The following are some of them and have from one to three stores, churches, school, and post office: Augusta, Weeches, Tadmore, Ratcliff, Coltharp, Daly, Porter Springs, Creek, Weidon, Holly, Pennington, Beckett, Daniel and Dodson.

Houston county invites capital and immigration. Lands are cheap. For information—ADDRESS ANY OF THE PARTIES BELOW.
CROCKETT POST OFFICE.
Courier, Economist, J. H. Wooster, S. C. Arledge, B. F. Duren, Dr. J. B. Smith, E. Broznan.
LOVELADY.
W. J. Murchison, N. J. Maine, J. R. B. Barboe, R. H. Hutchings, Weidon, Ross Murchison, Porter Springs, Robert Furlough, Creek, Bud Brazzan, Holly, A. J. McLemore, Coltharp, G. S. Harrison, Weeches, Wm. McLean, Augusta, J. E. Hollingsworth, Grapeland, Jas. A. Hill, Daly, I. A. Daniel, Daniel, J. H. Ratliff, Ratliff, R. R. Harvin, Tadmore.

And the Houston county Real Estate Association, Crockett, Texas.
The Rights Here.
The first thing she noticed as he entered the parlor was the unusual pallor of his face, and she anxiously asked:
"Are you ill?"
"No."
"Heard any bad news?"
"No."
"Been frightened?"
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"Then what is it?"
"Nothing."
"Ah! Henry, but you cannot deceive me! Love's eyes are sharp. You are anxious and worried, but you need not be. I have expected it."
"What?"
"That the McKinley bill would knock our wedding day into the mill of doom of next week."
"And you—?"
"I'll wait for you 1,000 years—time—until old Bill McKinley has turned to dust, and his dust has been absorbed by the big woods of America!"
If the power to do hard work is not talent, it is the best possible substitute for it. Things that turn up in this world until a body turns them up. A young plunk is worth a ton of luck. It is an ignis fatuus. You may see it to ruin, but never to starve. James A. Garfield.

J. R. HOWARD,
Cheap Cash Store.
LEADER IN LOW PRICES IN
BOOTS, SHOES,
STAPLE GROCERIES
AND GENERAL MERCHANDISE.
SHOES A SPECIALTY.

HOUSTON COUNTY.
It is situated in Eastern Texas in latitude 31 degrees north; 100 miles north of Houston, and 140 miles north of Galveston. The Trinity river is the county's boundary line on the west and the Neches on the east. The county is one of the oldest and in area one of the largest in the state. It embraces in area 622640 acres of land. The population of the county by official returns reaches nearly 23,000.

POPULATION.
The population of the county, largely white, is between 22,000 and 25,000.

RAILROADS.
The Great (Northern branch of the International and Great Northern) railroad runs through the center in a direction almost due north and south. There are also three other railroad lines already chartered and being surveyed and partly constructed, projecting in the direction of Houston county, two of them by charter calling for the county. The Texas and Sabine railroad runs east and west near the south boundary line, and the Kansas and Gulf short-line but a short distance from the eastern boundary, both furnishing means of shipping easily accessible to those sections. In respect of transportation conveniences the county is well supplied, and when the other roads in contemplation are constructed, as they will be before a great while, no county in the state will surpass Houston in facilities for easy and rapid transportation to and from market.

CLIMATE AND WATER.
The climate is mild and healthful. An abundance of the best water can be had in any part of the county. Running through it in every direction are ever-flowing streams of water of the purest kind and of such volume and power as to be very valuable for any kind of manufacturing purposes. No county in the state can boast of as many streams.

CHURCHES.
The Methodist, Baptist, Presbyterian and Christian denominations have church organizations throughout the county.

SCHOOLS.
No county in Texas is better supplied with first-class schools. The reputation of some of these institutions have become state-wide. Besides a most efficient and excellent system of public schools, lasting six months every year, there are several Academies and High schools of high grade and first-class standing that are open all the year and are largely attended. It has been very justly remarked of the Crockett Academies that few, if any schools in the state, have sent out from their halls as many highly cultivated and accomplished young men as they have.

SCHOOL FUND.
Houston county has a permanent school fund amounting to \$70,000, which brings in annually from four to five thousand dollars to be used in running the public schools of the county. This added to state and local tax makes the sum of money spent annually in Houston county on public schools aggregate nearly \$30,000.

LAND IN CULTIVATION.
There are about 30,000 acres of land in cultivation. The county produces on an average 15,000 bales of cotton annually, 300,000 to 400,000 bushels of corn, 50,000 gallons of the very finest ribbon cane syrup, oats, wheat, rye, barley, millet, sorghum, etc.

SOILS.
Houston county can show a greater variety of rich soils than any other county in Texas. We have the black-waxy, the black loam, the stiff black-sandy, the gray, the sandy, the red the chocolate, the alluvial soils and other kinds. The following are some of the prairies, all of which are thickly settled and in a high state of cultivation: Nevel's, Saline, Mustang, Tyler, Nogales, Pine, East.

TIMBER.
Timber, adapted to the manufacture of any and everything for which wood is used can be had in Houston county, in almost unlimited supplies.

GOLD MEDAL.
Houston county, at the Fort Worth Spring Palace for 1890, carried off the GOLD MEDAL for the finest display of native wood. This was done in the face of sharp competition by other counties.

FRUITS.
This county yields to no other in the adaptability of its soils to the production of all kinds of fruits and vegetables. Apples, peaches, pears, figs, plums, apricots, grapes and all varieties of berries are grown, with ease and profit. The soil is specially fitted for early fruits and berries and truck and fruit farming is becoming very profitable.

ORES.
We have in almost exhausted supplies rich iron ore of the brown hematite and laminated varieties—besides other kinds. Clays for making brick, tiling, pottery, etc.

FINE STOCK.
This county is especially adapted to the raising of fine stock and quite a number of persons have made a success in Jersey cattle and other blooded stock.

TOWNS.
Crockett, the county seat, is located on the I. & G. N. railroad and has a population of 1800. There are two fine schools for whites, open ten months in the year. Two weekly newspapers, THE COURIER and ECONOMIST. Nearly all denominations have church organizations here. Society first-class. Lovelady is the next town in size. It lies twelve miles south of Crockett, and on the I. & G. N. railroad. It has a population of 1200. Grapeland is a population of 1000. Grapeland schools seldom fails to take and keep rank with the 400 to 500. They have a most excellent High School at this place and the best school building probably in East Texas. Several churches and excellent society. Grapeland, on the I. & G. N. railroad, is 12 miles north of Crockett, population 900. Good society, churches and are preparing to erect at once a splendid High school building. There are hamlets all through the county, located in thriving and cultivated neighborhoods. The following are some of them and have from one to three stores, churches, school, and post office: Augusta, Weeches, Tadmore, Ratcliff, Coltharp, Daly, Porter Springs, Creek, Weidon, Holly, Pennington, Beckett, Daniel and Dodson.

Houston county invites capital and immigration. Lands are cheap. For information—ADDRESS ANY OF THE PARTIES BELOW.
CROCKETT POST OFFICE.
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Office in The Courier Building, South-west of Court House. Subscription Price, \$1.50 Per Year.

Houston county the gold medal county. Houston county leads all counties in variety of soils. Houston county leads all counties in soil adapted to the growth of fruits and vegetables.

Houston county leads all counties in native woods adapted to manufacturing purposes. Houston county leads all counties in the number and volume of flowing streams. Houston County cane growers will have a hundred thousand gallons choice ribbon syrup for sale this season.

Woolfolk was hanged on 29th ult. What are we here for, Flanagan? Flanagan can now answer his own question. A sorry citizen is the man whose only inspiration for action is malice and hatred.

The best thing "Warwick" Imboden ever said was, "An ingrate is the meanest man that lives." There are people of whose existence the world would be in densest ignorance but for their feeble efforts to do mischief.

The Sunday editions of the daily papers are getting to be immense, too big in fact for any one to read who has anything else to do. Let the cane growers organize an association and then request the merchants to join with them in their labors to find a market.

If the cane growers of the county will organize, they can devise means and methods of disposing of their surplus syrup with profit. The man who succeeds in any undertaking in which he may engage may expect to be the victim of malice and slander from those who have failed.

We insist that the merchants of Crockett, Lovelady and Grapeland should make extra efforts to help the farmers find a market for their syrup. Of course editors never could afford to smoke ten cent cigars.

Jay Gould's comment on the effects of the McKinley Bill is characteristic. He says, if a man is not able to wear two suits, he must put up with one. It so happens, however that Mr. Gould by extraordinary economy during the year is able to buy two by a scratch.

There was an exhibition at the Memphis cotton exchange a few days since a bale of cotton gathered by the Todd cotton picker. The machine picked the cotton in two hours and it is said to be cleaner than the hand-picked. It brought from 2 to 3 cent a pound more than that gathered the old way.

If we had been able to do so, we should have gladly paid the expense of some of Houston county's citizens to the Dallas Fair that they might have seen the display of such counties as Wichita, Reeves, Smith and others. We think they would have returned thoroughly infused with the spirit of going to work for the development of our own section.

There has been considerable speculation as to whether the treasurer elect for this county could give the bond required. We sincerely hope he will be able to do it. The people have elected him and they want him and we trust he can and will give the bond, go ahead and qualify, and put a quietus for a while on what seems to be an everlasting turmoil.

The Courier wouldn't be fulfilling its obligations to its readers, if it didn't warn them of the probable, in fact almost certain, advance in all articles of merchandise, including farm-implements, before spring. This is due directly, as we have elsewhere said, to the operation of the new tariff bill.

We are not inclined to boast of what this paper is doing in behalf of Houston county, but we feel that we are doing a good work and that it is appreciated. It is gratifying to know that every enterprise we have advocated has come through all right except the county exhibit at the McGregor and Dallas Fairs.

The last stink-pot explosion leaves us very much in the condition that Sambo found himself after monkeying with the business end of a mule; indeed it did. Having partly recovered he moralized thusly: "Is dis heal me, or not me? Or is de debil got me? Was dat a cannon shot me? Hab I laid heal me 'n a week? Dai maids do kick amazin'— De beast was spiled in raisin'— But now I 'spect he's grazin'— On de oder side de creek."

The next legislature will be the most important in many respects that has met at Austin for years. The people will take a keen and lively interest in all it does. In addition to a full report of all its proceedings, The Courier will have every week a letter giving all the details of legislation in which the people feel a concern.

Table with 2 columns: Year, Per cent. Rows include years from 1791 to 1890 and their corresponding percentages.

Sam Jones begins a series of meetings at Palestine on the 16th of November which will continue to and include the 30th. Sam might have picked the State over and he couldn't have found a place where his fiery eloquence would have more inviting targets to thunder at.

It is but a short time till the commissioners' court meets in regular session. We hope the members of it will in the meantime be considering the bridge question and be ready to formulate some plan for giving the county better bridges than we have been having.

Get a front seat and watch the fun between "Warwick" Imboden of the Cherokee Herald and the editors of the Palestine Times. Editor Imboden affirms that Senator Reagan expressed his intention when elected senator, of retiring at the expiration of his term.

There has been a sharp advance in the price of every article of merchandise since the passage of the tariff bill. And the end is not yet. Wholesale dealers are serving notice on their retail customers that the advance is only partial as yet, and that it will not reach its full limit till late in the winter or next spring.

The speakership of the House or the Senatorship for Texas. The COURIER is under obligations to our efficient and accommodating station agent, Mr. J. M. Crook, for courtesies in connection with election returns.

The Text Book Representatives of the school book combination, the Big Four, are already in the field working as only lobbyists know how to work, to defeat any legislation looking to the settlement of the text-book question.

Up to time of going to press it is impossible to give complete returns of the vote of the county but so far as can be learned both the amendments to the constitution have been carried by about 700 majority. W. B. Bage carries the county overwhelmingly for the senate.

While we sympathize with his heart stricken widow and two little orphan boys, and with them deplore our loss as well as theirs, we have reason to believe that our loss is his eternal gain. Resolved, 1st. That we wear the usual badge of mourning as Masons for thirty days.

Resolved, 2nd. That we tender the said widow and her two little boys our deepest, heart felt sympathy and condolence, in this her dark hour of distress and loneliness; and encourage her by our counsel and means to rear and educate her children in morals and literature.

Resolved, 3rd. That the Secretary of this lodge be required to furnish a copy of these resolutions to The Courier and Economist, and a copy to the family of the deceased. Very respectfully submitted, W. H. MOORE, COMMITTEE, W. C. LIPSCOMB, G. W. WOODSON.

Less than county uniformity will afford no relief, while State uniformity may not be altogether advisable. But uniformity of some sort, and of a character to give the people cheaper text-books, they demand and will expect from the next legislature.

LOVELADY ... HIGH SCHOOL. SESSION BEGINS SEPT. 8 1890. Prof. A. S. Cannon of Colleta, Texas, Principal. Miss Ella McGowan of Colleta, Texas, first assist. RATES OF TUITION.

HOUSTON COUNTY RETURNS. BOTH AMENDMENTS CARRY. W. B. BAGE FOR SENATOR. Carries the County by an Overwhelming Majority. DAVIS IS ELECTED OVER MADDEN BY TWO HUNDRED AND TWENTY-FIVE MAJORITY.

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Smith & Smith. Crockett Male and Female Academy. Will Open Monday September 15, 1890. Continue 9 Scholastic Months. Tuition free to Pupils from 8 to 16, in all free school studies for 4 1/2 months.

J. C. WOOTTERS, Dealer in General Merchandise, Dry Goods, Notions, Boots, Shoes, READY-MADE CLOTHING, HATS, CAPS, SADDLERY, HARNESS, STOVES, CROCKERY.

J. L. LUNCEFORD, CITY BLACKSMITH AND WHEELWRIGHT, All Work Done With Neatness and Despatch. Work Solicited and Satisfaction Guaranteed.

John Murchison & Son, EAST SIDE PUBLIC SQUARE, Crockett, Texas. General Merchandise.

THE ONLY First-Class Barber Shop In The City. CROCKETT - TEXAS. When you wish an easy shave, As good as ever barber gave.

WE ARE DETERMINED TO REDUCE OUR STOCK and are offering goods at very small profits, and many goods at cost to close out, with special inducements on.

THE COURIER. FRIDAY NOVEMBER 7, 1890. Actual subscription guaranteed over 1200.

LOCAL AND COUNTY NEWS. French & Chamberlain for drugs. Mrs. H. B. Collins, we hear, is quite sick.

Mrs. A. LeGory was quite sick the past week. Go to Spinks' for the best sewing machine made.

The good [?] democrats will now eat their crow. Mrs. L. Dunwoody has been quite unwell but is better.

If you want a fine violin go to Spinks', he has a big stock. Don't miss the show to-night. If you do you will miss half your life.

W. S. Hogue, of Porter Springs, called on The Courier Saturday last.

The children of Prof. E. A. Pace who have been quite low for some time are convalescent.

J. R. Barbee, of Creek, was in the city Saturday and paid his respects to The Courier.

Rev. C. H. Ellis lectured at the Methodist Church on Tuesday night on the subject of temperance.

Dr. W. C. Miller and W. A. Fair, from Tadmor, were circulating among their friends in the city Saturday.

H. L. T. Durham, Wm. Kennedy, M. D. Steed, from the eastern end of the county, were in town the past week.

John Kenedy, Dr. Hall Wilson, John Bobbitt, Jim Conner and J. C. Tipton, from Augusta were in town Wednesday.

The report that an admittance fee of fifty cents will be charged at the Sam Jones meeting at Palestine is said to be false.

Harry McTier has purchased the Downe's homestead now occupied by J. R. Howard, and will move into the same shortly.

We regret to learn that Col. S. A. Miller is in bad health. We trust however, that the old Roman will soon be on his feet again.

Col. A. T. Monroe, who has been visiting friends in the city for several weeks, left for his home, Galveston, Saturday morning.

O. T. Sims had 4366 pounds of cotton of the Peterkin variety ginned by M. M. Baker, the cotton yielding 1710 pounds of lint.

The Hyers Sisters will be at the opera house on Tuesday night, November 11, admission, 50 cents. Reserved seats, 75 cents. Children 25 cents.

Don't fail to go to opera house next Tuesday night. The celebrated Hyers' sisters will be there. The only colored Comedy Company in the world.

Don't fail to see the African gem minstrels to-night. You will miss a good entertainment and a splendid opportunity to do a good turn for Crockett.

E. A. Shipley of Armstrong, Cator & Co., Baltimore, and president of the Amalgamated Association of Lairs, of San Antonio, was in our city the past week.

A. B. Robinson has sold his place near Crockett and is thinking about moving to Cherokee county. We hope he will change his mind and remain a citizen of Houston county.

Some of our good and enterprising citizens have expressed a willingness to aid the band in a substantial way. Patronize the boys and you will feel like you have done your duty.

Rheumatism was so bad that James Irvin, of Savannah, could hardly walk from pain in his shoulder and joints of his legs. P. P. F. (Frickley Ash, Foke Root and Potassum) was resorted to and Irvin is well and happy.—For sale by FRENCH & CHAMBERLAIN.

W. P. Connor, of Tadmor, wears a smile such as was never before seen on the face of man; he is the father of a ten pound boy, and it is hard to decide which is the happiest, Mr. Connor or the boy's grandfather, Mr. McElroy of this city. The mother and babe are both doing well.

The biggest show on earth can now be seen at the new store of W. E. Mayes, at Murchison's old stand. If you want to see the elephant at a small cost, just step in and the polite and obliging clerks, R. W. Huff and Dan Williams will show you through, and if you need anything from a cambrie needle to a fine suit they will sell you the same cheaper than any house in town.

PURE AND FRESH DRUGS. Chemicals and Patent Medicines.

For pure drugs go to Haring. For the best one dollar clock go to Spinks', he has a big stock.

For nice dress goods, boots and shoes, Bill McConnell is leading the day.

For a first class saddle Ike Murchison can suit you at lowest possible prices.

Hyers Sisters are the best colored vocalists in the world.—New York Tribune.

Rev. Sam Jones will open his meeting at Palestine on Sunday the 10th instant.

I. W. Murchison says his stock of saddles must go as he does not want to move them.

Now is your chance for a saddle; call on Ike Murchison and see how cheap you can get it.

Ike Murchison's old stand has been revamped and a new brick will be commenced soon.

African Gem Minstrels at opera house to-night. Come out and help the boys with the brass band.

There is no flies on The Courier when it comes to enterprise even if does cost money. Read the specials.

The steady and increasing demand speaks volumes for REED'S CHILL CURE. Try it.—Sold by J. G. Haring.

REED'S CHILL CURE is known far and wide as the best and most effective cure for chills.—Sold by J. G. Haring.

Truth. Truth has never yet proved fatal to anyone, and the truth is REED'S CHILL CURE is the best medicine on earth for chills.—Sold by J. G. Haring.

We hope all farmers experimenting with new varieties of cotton will send in the results of their experiments to The Courier.

T. F. Smith had 1400 pounds of cotton of the Truitt variety ginned and it made a bale weighing 522 pounds.

No use experimenting further when "C. C. Certain Chill Cure" is guaranteed to cure Chills and Fever, and is delightful to take.—Sold by FRENCH & CHAMBERLAIN.

The Courier always tries to give her patrons the latest and best news. If you don't believe this look over the columns and see the special dispatches.

Nervous and delicate women should not take Quinine and rack their nerves, but "C. C. Certain Chill Cure," the great remedy for Fever, Ague and Malaria. Sold and warranted by—FRENCH & CHAMBERLAIN.

Terrible blood poison, body covered with sores, and two bottles of P. P. F. (Frickley Ash, Foke Root and Potassum) cured the disease, making the patient lively as a ten-year-old. Sold by FRENCH & CHAMBERLAIN.

We are sorry to state that owing to the way the election has gone in Houston county three of our citizens have decided to leave the county. Be calm gentlemen, study the matter over carefully, and decide to remain.

Crockett's Brass Band. A first class entertainment will be given at the opera house to-night by the African Gem Minstrels, the proceeds to go toward purchasing instruments for a brass band. We have no doubt our people will patronize this entertainment as our city needs a good band.

The Courier from the start has strived to give to its readers the best and latest news of the day, and having many hundred readers in Houston county that do not have access to the daily papers the management went to the expense of getting telegraphic reports from the Northern States and we this issue present to our readers special press dispatches that can be relied upon.

For Sale or Rent. I offer for sale or rent my farm on Mustang Prairie, two miles from Porter Springs containing 160 acres, 80 in cultivation and having erected thereon a dwelling of three rooms, and stove room, together with three tenant houses, good well of water and cistern, good barn and stables. The above will be sold on reasonable terms or will rent to suitable party. Call on or address, A. W. Cook, 42 Porter Springs, Texas.

A DANGEROUS POLIOY. Is to buy spectacles at your residence from peddlers, as many of them are impostors. I will pay a liberal reward for information leading to the arrest of all such men who claim to be my representatives. I positively employ no peddlers and do not sell them my glasses. The genuine Hawkes' spectacles have the name "Hawkes" stamped on the bow. A. K. HAWKES. All eyes fitted and the fit guaranteed. At the store of J. G. Haring, Crockett.

SCHOOL BOOKS, BLANK BOOKS AND STATIONERY.

Col. D. A. Nunn has just returned from a business trip. See N. E. Allbright's china tea sets, 44 pieces for five dollars.

Albertine, the little daughter of Hampden Wilson, is quite sick. Get your Toilet soap from Haring if you want a good article.

If you want fine sundries, perfumery and toilet articles get them at HARING'S.

Willie Dunnwoody, who has been quite sick the past week is improving.

Don't forget that DeBerry & Clark are going to give away a fine buggy on January 1, 1891.

Miss Maggie Warren, of this city has gone on a visit to friends and relatives in Alabama.

Mrs. N. B. Barbee has been visiting her daughter, Mrs. A. M. Carleton, at Grapeland, this week.

Notice those plaid serge patterns at Bill McConnell's, they are all wool, silk finish and 40 inches wide.

If you want a good substantial saddle, go to the saddle shop, for they handle no shoddy goods.

Miss Fannie Samuel on of Pasting accomplish young ladies is visiting her father in this city.

The worst case of itech can be cured in a few days with HARING'S ICH OINTMENT.—Sold by J. G. Haring.

Ladies and gents, black silk hemstitched handkerchiefs at BILL MCCONNELL'S.

J. E. Hollingsworth, Grapeland, has on hand and intends to keep a full line of coffins and burial caskets.

Plenty of Linseed, Pure castor no 2, Golden and Black Oils, also Turpentine, Pine and coal Tar at Haring's.

N. E. Allbright has just received a fine stock of china ware, the hand-some and cheapest ever brought to this market.

REED'S WINE OF CARDUI for Weak Friends. We are glad to see our friend I. Cone, of the Pickwick hotel up and about after a week's tussel with rheumatism.

If you want a good saddle, buy the shop made or the Padgett saddle. You will find them at the saddle shop.

Obituaries not exceeding twenty lines will be inserted in The Courier free of charge, and ten cents will be charged for each additional line.

Those wanting to buy pear trees had better leave their orders for some as the supply is limited.

W. E. PAGE. The undersigned has a limited supply of pear trees for sale. Those wanting had better put in orders early.

W. E. PAGE. Car load best wood hoop molassee barrels for sale cheap. Get our prices before buying.

BREITLING'S WAREHOUSE. Rev. C. H. Ellis was in the city this week and organized a temperance club of twelve members, and good prospects of many more.

Calath originates in scrofulous taint. P. P. F. purifies the blood, and thus permanently cures Catarrh. Sold by FRENCH & CHAMBERLAIN.

REED'S WINE OF CARDUI for female diseases. Headquarters for Syrup Barrels. Car load best wood hoop molassee barrels for sale cheap. Get our prices before buying.

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BRICK, COMBS, BRUSHES, FINE PLUSH GOODS, ODER CASES ETC.

McKinley Goes—Cannon Acknowledges His Defeat. Quay Loses His Grip in Pennsylvania. Peck's Bad boy Gets There.

Special to the Courier. Houston, Texas, November 6, 1890. The democrats have won everywhere. No such tidal wave was ever witnessed. It surpasses that of 1874.

Quay lost his grip in Pennsylvania and the next-governor of the Keystone State will be ex-governor Pattison. Several congressmen will also be added to the delegation from the commonwealth.

George W. Peck will occupy the gubernatorial chair in Wisconsin, and out of nine congressmen the democrats get seven, for the first time in many years.

Tariff bill McKinley is in all probability defeated in Ohio by small majority. Six or seven congressmen will be added to the New York delegation.

Judge Williams defeats William Merriam, republican in the Minnesota gubernatorial race. New Jersey elects a democratic legislature.

Foulmouthed Joe Cannon acknowledges that he is defeated for Congress in Illinois. The tidal wave in Kansas submerges the republicans and renders Ingalls' hold on the next senate very shaky.

The democrats carry Wisconsin by 80,000 majority. In the State elections, with but few exceptions, the county democratic tickets have been elected, and but few nominees from the top to the bottom of the different tickets have been defeated.

In the seventh congressional district where the republicans spent money, and in which district they hoped to see success, the brilliant Crain is returned by a handsome majority. All the eleven democratic nominees are elected.

Returns safely indicate the ratification of the railway amendment but by a smaller majority than its friends anticipated. General Hogg will not receive as large a majority as Ross did, having been scratched considerably all over the State.

James W. Moore was born on the 29th day of June, 1829, in Limestone county, State of Alabama, emigrated to Texas in January, 1856; was united in the bonds of matrimony with Miss Sallie Bell in the summer of 1857; the fruits of that marriage were six children, all of whom, except one son, have preceded him to the spirit world.

He was married a second time to Miss Annie Cook, (who had been raised by her aunt Mrs. George) on the 16th day of September, 1869. The fruits of the second marriage were nine children, and all of them and a heart-broken widow survive him. He professed religion in early life and lived an exemplary christian; and when he was called to pass through the valley of the shadow of death he feared no evil.

He arranged all of his business with as much composure as one before lying down to sleep. He instructed all his children one by one how to live and act, and gave his weeping widow advice as to her future management of the children and all her temporal affairs, and requested her and his children to meet him in Heaven, and then said all is well, and fell asleep in Christ near Livingston, in Polk county, Texas, October 27th, 1890. He was deeply afflicted for a number of years but he bore his afflictions with Christian fortitude; and was never heard to complain or murmur; but frequently said he was hunting a crossing on the River. He was licensed to preach in the Methodist Episcopal Church South, as a local preacher, 1858, and continued to preach until his health became so bad he had to desist, but still retained his credentials until his death. He was an ordained deacon. He purchased a library of medical books and studied them closely; and practiced medicine extensively in Polk county for the last fifteen or sixteen years, until his health failed, and had successfully performed some difficult surgical operations, and was quite popular as a physician. Well done good and faithful servant you have set a good example for your children and the world. And if we follow them we will not be separated long. May Heaven smile upon that widow and her large and responsible family.

H. W. MOORE.

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DRUG, STORE, CAGES, PAINTS, OILS, VARNISHES, WINDOW GLASS.

THE DEMOCRATS SWEEP THE COUNTRY FROM THE ATLANTIC TO THE PACIFIC. AND FROM THE LAKES TO GULF.

THE DEMOCRATIC HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES ELECTED, AND SEVERAL UNITED STATES SENATORS GAINED.

Massachusetts And New Hampshire Elect Democratic Governors, And New Hampshire A Democratic Legislature, Insuring A Democratic Successor To The Long-Winded Blair-McKinley Beaten-Cannon Beaten.

Special Bulletin to the Courier. On Tuesday last an election was held in thirty eight States for members of Congress, and State legislators, and in a few of them for Governor. At the time of going to press enough is known of the result to warrant the assertion that the democrats have made a clean sweep. They have elected the governor of Massachusetts, the governor of New Hampshire, and carried the legislature of New Hampshire. They have elected the governor of Wisconsin and democratic legislature. The democrats elect two congressmen in Rhode Island, the first since the war. Virginia sends a solid democratic delegation. South Carolina likewise.

The democrats gain two congressmen in Connecticut, three to five in New York, three and probably more in Massachusetts, five in Ohio, two in Pennsylvania, three in Missouri, one in Louisiana, one in Tennessee, one in Maryland and several in the North Western States.

Arkansas returns Breckenridge and Cate. The democrats carry Indiana and elects legislature. The latest returns (Thursday evening) are that Cannon is beaten in Illinois for Congress.

The New York legislature seems to be undoubtedly democratic, thereby insuring the election of a democratic U. S. Senator in the place of Evarts Republican.

LUFKIN. This box gives for the railroad amendment 298, against 75; for Hogg 345, Flanagan, 55. For state Senate W. B. Page 393.

JEWETT. Page for State Senate carries this box.

MARQUEZ. Page for State Senate is elected here.

Both the commission and dirt road amendments to the constitution have carried in the state by handsome majorities.

The match-burn at Lovelady for the purpose of giving a supper for the benefit of the school building was a great success. Nearly every man and boy in town able to tote a gun and quite a number in the county joined in the contest and were out at day light or sooner. Frank Labit and L. P. Hemphill were captains of the two sides and there were some twenty-five or thirty on a side. Every one joined in with keen interest and the fun was glorious. Many, who had not heard of the shoot, quit work and wondered "what the devil was the matter" when they heard the bombing. Game was rated by boards, and each side had over 5000. It was not known which side was victorious at the time of leaving. A. LeGory, F. A. Williams, J. N. Goolsby and the Editor went down and participated. J. N. Goolsby led the list of quail hunters with a score of 38, followed closely by A. LeGory with a score of 37. F. A. Williams and the editor brought up the rear.

At night the good people of Lovelady set an elegant supper at the Smyri House for the benefit of the hunters.

WESLEY'S CHAPEL. Mr. Editor.—After a long silence I will endeavor to send you a few dots.

Health of community is very good.

Farmers are almost through gathering their crops.

Cotton is more than an average in this community.

We are sorry to learn that Mr. Tom Waller and family will soon move to Angeline County.

Miss Mamie Hogue, one of Porter Springs most charming young ladies is spending a month with her aunt, Mrs. Chas. Frazier. I hope that Tom Murray's big gun missed the mark. Poor Tom I am sorry that some body stole one stalk of cane.

Bad Boy.

DRUG, STORE, CAGES, PAINTS, OILS, VARNISHES, WINDOW GLASS.

THE

THE COURIER

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FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 7, 1890.

PLUNKETT'S FIRESIDE.

He Chats With a Group of "Since the War" Youngsters.

"That's been er lots of folks in Atlanta since the war closed, but not near all the old soldiers who fit their heads ever returned."

So spake Plunkett, as he knocked the ashes from his pipe and turned his chair to face a group of young folks who sat by his fireside.

"If them old soldiers could fall in line now and marched to the position they held when Hood and Sherman faced each other, what a wonder would meet their eyes as they looked around."

"Start at the left flank of Hood's army and follow the trenches around to where McPherson fell. The glory of a glittering city rolling in plenty is far from in keeping with the ragged rain that was there in 'sixty-four."

"The muddy trenches where soldiers shivered in hunger are leveled now, most of 'em, and have yielded this year products to make the husbandman easy for his year's supplies."

"This would make the country look strange to the soldiers who peeped at it from over breastwork and had to be darned careful how they peeped."

"But the strangest thing would be—looking from 'sixty-five—to see and know the use of some of the fine buildings that tower around these old battle-places."

"Stand in the confines of the old battery mound, on the high hill that marked Hood's left flank, and look about you."

"This battery swept the county from what is now the old barracks to Marietta street. To the west, a mile away, stands the white cottage of a market gardener. Just in the rear of this cottage children play upon a grassy sward that marks the battery that Sherman planted there to silence the rebel guns. The old trench which held the yankee soldiers who supported this Sherman battery, has been turned into hot-beds, and the glass reflects the bright sunshine and repels all thought of the gloom that once hung about the hill."

"But from where you stand—within a stone's throw of the battery where Hood's guns were planted—lowers a fine brick college, where niggers are taught to preach."

THE ATLANTA BAPTIST SEMINARY

reads in big letters over the arching doorway, and it makes an old man like me shed tears of sorrow when I think of how mistaken the brave men were who gave up their lives upon this very ground, in the honest belief that such things should never be.

"Standing upon that battery mound can be counted six fine nigger colleges."

"Just think of it! Six colleges, as fine as any white folks' colleges, standing in plain view of the lines of battle that faced each other there in 'sixty-four."

"Surely," said the old man, after a short pause, and with an entire change in his tone, and something of a twinkle in his eye; "shorley we know not what's before us, and that's what makes me like this verse," he said as he handed over the following:

"If I was young and supple,
Like these 'since the war' young men,
I'd do some mighty wonders
And be greater than I've been.
I'd be an abolitionist
Of the Horace Greeley school,
And as the nigger's done 'ot there,
I'd try it with the mule."

"I know that folks will tell you That I'm er darned old crank—I thought the same of Greeley, And that's why I'm er blank. If I could live life over,
I'd not do the sick er fool;
I'd preach, and print, and cry and talk
To emancipate the mule.

"It don't do me no good, I know,
To talk about sick things;
But I want to teach that greatness hangs
On mighty firms' strings.
It would be no stranger now
To start to free the mule,
Than it did to free the nigger
When I first went to school."

"So go to work, young sine the war,
And swear you'll make your mark;
Half the greatness in the world
Was er leap out in the dark.
Old Greeley, and sick men as he,
Went out upon this rife;
And the nigger war'n't er bit more
Then er kicking Georgia mule."

MISS DAVIS' OWN STORY.

PERSONAL REASONS ALONE LED HER TO BREAK HER ENGAGEMENT WITH WILKINSON.

She Denies That Mr. Wilkinson's Financial Affairs Had Any Influence Upon Her Decision.

The engagement of Miss Winnie Davis, "the daughter of the Confederacy," and Mr. Alfred Wilkinson, of Syracuse, is definitely broken. The principles themselves authorize the announcement. To a Star reporter, who met her in Mrs. George A. Custer's apartments at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, Miss Davis said: "I do not care to converse about the breaking of my engagement. Suffice to say that no mercenary motive prompted me in the course I decided to take, Mr. Wilkinson and I severed our relation by mutual agreement."

In regard to the report about her delicate health, Miss Davis declared that, while not robust, she is by no means an invalid. "My trip abroad did me a world of good," said she. "My travels are not over yet, either. This winter my mother and I purpose to make an extended tour through South America. I was there with my mother when a child and my recollections of the country are very pleasant. Mother and I have rooms at the New York Hotel, but I have been spending most of my time with relatives and friends. In a few hours I leave for Mississippi, and I have been away to long that I really yearn to get home."

Returning to the subject of her recent engagement, Miss Davis manifested some signs of pique: "All this chatter about Mr. Wilkinson and myself is exceedingly annoying," she exclaimed. Mr. Wilkinson is an estimable young man. I think a great deal of him and of his family. That's all there is to it. As far as my friends influencing me, that is absurd. The decision was left entirely to myself. Many of my relatives in the South were particularly fond of Mr. Wilkinson. But," said Miss Davis, checking herself and biting her lip just perceptibly. "I don't think such matters are for the public, I prefer to keep personal affairs to myself. My reasons for adopting the course I have chosen concern my immediate family alone. They are I perfectly satisfied with my conduct."

After Miss Davis and her mother had taken their departure, Mrs. Custer gave it as her opinion that the rupture of the much-talked-about engagement was due to personal reasons solely. "Miss Davis," she explained, "is very self-willed, and likes to have her own way. She has been the idol of every aristocratic Southern family since her birth, and has formulated some very decided notions concerning the late war, which she never hesitates to express. I believe, although I have no right to assert, that Miss Davis and Wilkinson agreed to disagree."

"There is great disappointment among Mr. Wilkinson's friends over the result of his noted engagement," continued Mrs. Custer. "Many of them refuse to accept such reasons as I have detailed, and persist in believing that Mr. Wilkinson's financial misfortunes are at the bottom of Miss Davis' refusal to marry him. Mr. Wilkinson is too high-minded to cherish such ideas for an instant."

Syracuse people still refuse to look upon Miss Davis' decision as uninfluenced by thoughts of wealth. Mr. Wilkinson's own family refused to credit the reports that the engagement was off until he gave his positive assurance of his authenticity. He is greatly disheartened by the unhappy turn which his affairs have taken, but magnanimously refrains from casting any reproach upon Miss Davis. He personally announced the breaking of the engagement, saying that he believed some such open declaration necessary to Miss Davis' comfort and happiness."

Some of Mr. Wilkinson's neighbors breathe the suspicion that a little war feeling got mixed up with the affair. It is certain that prominent Mississippians, old friends of Miss Davis' father, kept writing to find out as much as possible about Mr. Wilkinson's financial, social and professional status. They were willing enough to have romance in its proper place, but preferred to have it kept within comfortable limits and solidly backed up with good, hard dollars. People who pursue this line of argument dwell with emphasis upon the fact that the Mississippians' inquiries became especially searching after the Wilkinson homestead was destroyed by fire in July. There were dozens of persons in Syracuse who believe that, if such an event had not happened, Miss Davis would not have asked for his release.

Every motive which can possibly be ascribed to a young lady in

THE FAT END MAN.

And so Mr. Thomas B. Reed is going about the country delivering speeches which, compounded of fiction and a sneer, are designed to fire the Northern heart, to mislead the good, to inflame the bad, to make the mean meaner still, and, generally, to keep eternal war between a kindred people. The fiction in question relates to the McKinley Bill, and consists of many falsehoods in one; that the country decided for protection, pure and simple, two years ago; that the McKinley Bill protects all classes alike, the rich and the poor, the buyer and the seller, the producer and the consumer; whereas, the McKinley Bill is an act to redeem the pledges made by Boss Quay to the manufacturers out of whom many was black-mailed to elect the republican ticket, a majority of the people having voted the other way. But, in politics, lying is a kind of shimplaster—a paper promise to pay which no politician intends to meet and few expect to be presented at all—and so, perhaps, in this, Mr. Reed is no worse than the rest. Even Mr. McKinley, the one man among the faithful who really believes in his bill, is saying things with perfect sincerity which are just as false and foolish as the gibberish got off to gaping crowds by the greasy mountebank from Maine.

In the character of a liar, either picturesque or professional, the Speaker of the House is not a pre-eminent success; for he deceives nobody; not even himself; and Mulholland could give him odds and beat him.

His genius lies in that which is supposed to be sarcasm. He is one vast peripatetic sneer. The first thing he does when he wakes up of a morning is to sneer at the dawn of day, at the sunshine, as it glints through the blinds, at the birds, if any dare to venture so near, outside. He does not eat his breakfast; he sneers it down his sarcastic throat. Then he sneers his way to the Capitol, to sneer it back again, and the last thing of all he does, before he goes to bed at night, is to sneer at himself in the looking-glass. That such a man should make a point of sneering, and take a pride in sneering, at twenty millions of his countrymen—base as it is—cannot be said to be surprising.

Twenty-five years after the war, this modern Palastif, if talking about Northern bayonets, as if he ever carried one. He does not exactly pose for a hero—that would be too funny—but he sets up for a kind of trophy of a tin war, whom he imagines still somewhere upon the face of the earth. After all, however, we shall have but two weeks more of him; and then he will leave to fumble with the sheets of greatness and to babble of green fields, with Dame Quickly Cannon to soothe his declining hours of power and fame. His days are numbered. We shall not long be troubled with Reed. Presently we shall say of him "The ex-bully of the late Fifty-first."—Courier Journal.

WHICH IS IT.
I will take the liberty to send another poetical curiosity. Read as written and it gives one view of a certain matter. Read alternate lines, that is first and third, and second and fourth, and thus to the end; this gives another view: The man must lead a happy life
Who is directed by his wife;
Who's free from matrimonial chains,
Is sure to suffer for his pains.

Adam (we read) could find no peace.
Until he saw a woman's face;
When Eve was given for a mate,
Adam was in a happy state.

In all the female hearts appear
Truth, darling of a heart sincere
Hypocrisy, deceit and pride,
We're known in woman to reside.

What tongue is able to unfold
The worth in woman we behold?
The falsehood that in woman dwell
Is almost imperceptible.

Foiled be the foolish man, I say,
Who will not yield to woman's sway;
Who changes from his singleness,
Is sure of perfect blessedness.

The best education in the word is that got by struggling to get a living.—Wendell Phillips.

Nothing except what flows from the heart can render even external manners pleasing.—Blair.

Instead of trying so hard, as some of us do, to be happy, as if that were the sole purpose of life, I would, if I were a boy again, try still harder to deserve happiness.—James T. Fields.

I. W. MURCHISON,

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GROCERIES, STAPLE AND FANCY,
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When in town be certain to call on me before buying. I will make it to your interest to do so.

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BURIAL CASSETS, COFFINS AND UNDERPAKING GOODS GENERALLY.
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Call, Examine and Prior Before Making Your Purchases.

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It is so pleasant to the taste as lemon syrup.
The slightest fever will take it and never know it is medicine.
Children say "It's like sugar."
Chills and fevers will not return.
Cooling, only half the price of other Chill Tonics.
No quinine needed. No purgative needed.
Contains no poison. Cheaper than quinine.
It purifies the blood and removes all malarial poisons from the system.
It is as large as any dollar tonic and RETAINS FOR 50 CENTS.

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For Sale by All Druggists.

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International and Great Northern Railroad.
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THE LIME-KILN CLUB.

When the janitor arrived at the hall Saturday afternoon to make ready for the meeting he found that the bear-trap guarding the second landing had been sprung. Looking about him, he found a shoe-heel, a piece of steel watch chain, a vest buckle and half a plug of tobacco, and he had no trouble in arriving at the conclusion that another attempt—the fourteenth—had been made to destroy Paradise Hall. He raised no alarm, however, and said not a word until Brother Gardner arrived. The result of their whispered conversation was that, after the meeting had been opened in due form, the President looked up and down the hall and queried:

"Air Brudder Clingstone Davis present to-night?"

"He am," answered a voice, and the brother arose.

"You will step dis way. Now, Brudder Davis hold up your heels."

"W-hat fur, sah?"

"Kase I want to see em."

Clingstone reluctantly exposed the soles of his broad shoes. One of them had a new heel.

"Brudder Davis, what was you doin' when you losted dat ole heel?"

"Fell down, sah."

"Didn't fall into de bar-trap, did you?"

"N-no, sah."

"What was you doin' on de stair-way?"

"I dun forgot my pipe, an' cum back to look fur it."

"Y-e-s, I see. Brudder Davis, I has got a word or two to say to you. I know you to be lazy, shiftless an' sort-o'wicked. I has had my eye on you fur a hull year past. Der am no doubt in my mind dat you had some wicked objick in view in tryin to get into dis hall. I can't prove it, an' so we can't bounce you out o' de club. It am pisin 'nuff, however, dat you enter received a solemn warnin' to check you in yo' mad career."

"Ize mighty sorry, sah."

"Dat's no excuse. Brudder Giveadam Jones, you will take dis pusion out into de ante-room an' gin him a series of electric shocks to rouse his moral sentiments. De shocks be purty heavy, as his is a hard case."

Clingstone didn't return to the hall after the performance, which Giverdam Jones said was a great success.

THE CASE OF HARDFINISH SMITH.
"Air Brudder Hardfinish Smith heah tonight?" asked the president after the other case had been disposed of.

The brother was at the back end of the hall, ashoe off and working at a callous about as big as a silver dollar. He got into shape as soon as possible, his eyes bulging out with excitement, and when he stood before the platform the president said:

"Brudder Smith, I understand you is foolin' around wid politics a good deal."

"No, sah."

"Didn't you help run a ward caucus las' week?"

"I went around dar, but I didn't run nuffin."

"Didn't I pass along by dat caucus an' hear you whoopin' fur sumbody?"

"I jist hollered once."

"Brudder Smith, I have a word or two of advice fur you. De nigger whoop fur any white man in politics, don't do it fur fifty cents. Doan't do it fur leas'n ten dollars. Whoop fur a cullid' candydate fust, but if you can't find one, den whoop fur a white man. Doan' walk around on derim of pollyticks. De men who do dat ar mean an' cheap. Go right in to de tellness an' de nastiness of it. Lue, deceive an' cheat. Make yourself so solid dat you will be a power in de town, an' eben if de bigger fish despise you, day will not dare show it. As dis club has no politics an' no use fur politicians, you needn't cum heah no mo'."

"But I doan' want no pollyticks," protested Hardfinish.

"But you has got 'em already."

"Den lue gwine to drap 'em. It's de las' time I eber whoop."

"Well, we'll gin you a show. You can set down, but you'd better walk mighty soft. We hain't no room heah fur bummers."

Brother Smith had only taken his seat when the president inquired if Brother Convulsive Jones was in the hall. He was. He was asked to step to the front, and when he got there Brother Gardner said:

"Brudder Jones, I understand you is gwine to move ober to de State of Ohio?"

"Yes, sah."

"An' when you git dar' you is gwine to be married?"

"Yes, sah."

"Dat is good an' well. We shall be sorry to lose you from active membership in de club, but we shall be pleased ober your good fortune. In gwine to a new place, an' among new people, dar' am ar-

tin things you orter observe.

"Doan' wear too much plated watch chain."

"Doan' hev too many kinds of religion."

"Doan' attempt to vote wid all parties."

"Remember dat a three-dollar diamond pin doan' make up fur wipin' your nose on yer elbow."

"If de rest of de people walk on sidewalk you shouldn't take de middle of de road, eben if it is de safest. In gittin' married, Brudder Jones, doan' expect your wife to be an angel. Doan' imagine dat matrimony is all love an' no heavy bread. Be boss of de cabin, but doan' be a tyrant. Cultivate de impression dat you know a heap, but doan' git de idea dat your wife is an idiot."

"Doan' start in at de top. You is a pore man, an' you has got to make your way. It is better to hev five bushels of taters in de cellar dan a seven-foot lookin'-glass in de parlor. Larnness eats up de flour, while industry puts a red-kivered lounge in de parlor. Extravagance scrapes de bottom of de butter-jar, while economy puts nuff money in de bank to carry you frew a case of small-pox. You kin now be seated, an' de meetin' will purceed to suspend payment an' go home."—Detroit Free Press.

"Well, What About McKinley's Shirt?"—Case Reed.

McKinley's bill?
Put it down!
"Tis fraight with ill.
Put it down!
It robs the poor,
It grinds them sore.
Put it down!
McKinley's bill?
Put it down!
With might and will,
Put it down!
'Twill farmer rob
Of corn and reb.
Put it down!
McKinley's bill?
Put it down!
If freemen still,
Put it down!
'Twill labor press
With sore distress,
Put it down!
McKinley's bill?
Put it down!
'Twill commerce kill,
Put it down!
Its bonds are made
To shackle trade,
Put it down!
McKinley's bill?
Put it down!
'Twill mount to strand,
From mount to strand,
Put it down!

—St. Louis Republic.

Sleep eight hours of the twenty-four, eat three meals a day, and walk on the sunny side of the way.—Robert Collyer.

Diamonds are only found in the darkness of the earth, and truths are only found in the depths of thought.—Victor Hugo.

PP.P.

CURES SYPHILIS

PP.P. CURES SCROFULA

PP.P. CURES RHEUMATISM

PP.P. CURES MALARIA

PP.P. CURES DYSPEPSIA

PP.P. CURES BLOOD POISON

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