

Crockett Courier.

Entered as Second-Class Matter at Crockett Post-Office.

Subscription Price \$1.00 Per Annum, Payable at Crockett

VOL. XVI.

CROCKETT, TEXAS, DECEMBER 21, 1905.

NO. 48.

CHRISTMAS SHOPPERS

Just at this time, when you are thinking of those Christmas presents, you can be relieved of a great deal of worry and trouble if you will call here. You will find a polite and obliging set of salesmen who will take pleasure in showing you our line of

HOLIDAY GOODS

<p>Hand Painted China</p> <p>Always makes a nice present. Our line of this is complete.</p>	<p>Statuary.</p> <p>Busts, Figures, etc. All styles, sizes and prices. Ask to see this line of goods.</p>	<p>Perfumery.</p> <p>Nice holiday package in the Japanese style. Many kinds at many different prices.</p>
<p>Dolls</p> <p>For every little mother. Blondes and brunettes, dressed and undressed.</p>	<p>Toilet Cases,</p> <p>From 50c to \$7.50 each. We have a splendid line and they are worth the money.</p>	<p>Cigars.</p> <p>Your brother or your brother's friend will appreciate the kind we have.</p>
<p>Fancy China</p> <p>In sets and in odd pieces. The Japanese goods are particularly pretty.</p>	<p>Toys.</p> <p>We have not forgotten the little fellows and can please them. You'll be pleased, too, with our prices.</p>	<p>We Have Mirrors,</p> <p>Novelties, Albums, Picture Frames and such goods in quantities so that you can make a nice selection.</p>

Come to Our Store

And see our line. Everything suitable for gifts can be found and at the very lowest possible prices.

Murchison's Drug Store,

The People Who Appreciate Your Business.

EASTERN TEXAS TO EXTEND.

Road Will Pass Through Crockett on Its Way to Western Connections.

Mr. R. W. Miller, vice president and general manager of the Eastern Texas railroad, was in Crockett last Friday on his return trip from Centerville and Jewett, in Leon county, to which places he had gone overland. Mr. Miller was looking out a route for the Eastern Texas railroad in its extension toward Waco. The charter of the Eastern Texas calls for a railroad from Lufkin to Crockett. The road is now completed and in operation to a point this side of Kennard, about thirty miles being completed. With the extension to Crockett and on to a connection with other lines, this road would be a wonderful help to our town. The small roads have built up Lufkin and would do the same thing for Crockett. Lufkin is now drawing on Crockett's trade territory by means of her railroad facilities. The many advantages of another road have been set forth from time to time by the COURIER. Trinity has another road and her growth is such that she will have two banks after January 1 where she has had none heretofore. There are two new roads crossing the I. & G. N. at Jewett. It is believed that the Eastern Texas is heading for the same place where it will have connection with three different and

distinct lines—the International and Great Northern, the Trinity and Brazos Valley and the Houston and Texas Central. With the building of another railroad into Crockett, the town would take on new growth and new life. Crockett's railroad committee should now become active and see that the proper inducements are held out to Mr. Miller and his associates in the Eastern Texas.

Society Items.

Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Wootters gave a dinner Thursday evening for Miss Mary Young of Bastrop. Those participating were, the guest of honor, Miss Young, Miss Ethel Wootters, Mr. J. W. Young, Mrs. Croft of Indiana and Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Wootters. Later in the evening the party was supplemented by the following: Misses Lena Bromberg, Jo Bayne and Margaret Foster; Messrs. D. A. Nunn, Jr., Arch Baker and W. W. Aiken.

Among the many pleasant social affairs enjoyed by the people of Crockett in the last few weeks one of the most charming was a dinner given by Mr. and Mrs. E. D. Terbell on Monday evening, in honor of Mrs. J. H. Painter, who will leave Crockett after the holidays. Mr. and Mrs. Terbell have recently moved to Crockett from New York, and have won for themselves already a place in the hearts of the people.

Covers were laid for nine and each guest felt the charming personality of host and hostess. The

personnel were Mesdames J. H. Wootters, E. D. Terbell, Stites, J. H. Painter; Misses Wootters, Terbell and Painter; Messrs. Terbell and Young.

On Tuesday evening Mrs. R. H. Wootters gave a dinner for Mrs. Burk Morris of Tyler, Mrs. Edmiston's guest, which, for simple elegance, has not been surpassed by any social affair this season.

On Wednesday afternoon Miss Margaret Foster gave a remembrance shower for Miss Mattie Collins, who is to become Mrs. W. I. Kennedy on Wednesday evening of next week.

Creek.

December 12, 1905.

Ed. COURIER:—We have had some very cold weather, or sorry clothes.

We are making preparations for farming next year. There will be some cotton and plenty of corn and feed stuff planted. The people are lucky at last. There is plenty of mass to fatten the hogs. Corn is an object with us. But things can't be so bad but what they could be worse.

We have some of our west Texas folks back here on a visit. Mrs. Fannie Tibbs of Palo Pinto county and Mr. Grover Furlow of Dallas are visiting relatives. Lucky George Taylor says old Houston county beats west Texas for wood.

Creek seems to be building up. Mr. Strozzi is adding to his shop and J. C. Allee is remodeling his store.

Hog selling has been a good business with our people and has helped wonderfully.

We are looking for Dr. J. P. Westmoreland and wife back here to live with us.

Uncle Turner High is "banking" on the Farmers' Union.

We have a good school. Our teacher is Miss Lula Malone from Madisonville. The boys say she does not say "I wish you would study," but says "you must study." That is what Creek has been needing.

Christmas will soon be here. Some people will not know when it comes except when they are told.

Good wishes for the COURIER and its many readers.

HARD LUCK.

Boy's Life Saved From Membranous Croup.

C. W. Lynch, a prominent citizen of Winchester, Ind., writes, "My little boy had a severe attack of membranous croup, and only got relief after taking Foley's Honey and Tar. He got relief after one dose and I feel that it saved the life of my boy." Refuse substitutes. Smith & French Drug Co.

Report From the Reform School.

J. G. Gluck, Superintendent, Pruntytown, W. Va., writes: "After trying all other advertised cough medicines we have decided to use Foley's Honey and Tar exclusively in the West Virginia Reform School. I find it the most effective and absolutely harmless." Smith & French Drug Co.

A LASTING EFFECT.

This Evidence Should Prove Every Claim Made for Doan's Kidney Pills in Crockett.

Relief from the pains and aches of a bad back is always welcome to every backache sufferer; but to cure a lame, weak or aching back is what's wanted. Cure it so it will stay cured. It can be done. Here's the strongest evidence to prove it.

Patrick Ryan, of 11 Fulton street, Palestine, Texas, foreman in the employ of the I. & G. N. R. R., says: "Since I publicly recommended Doan's Kidney Pills in the summer of 1902, after their use had relieved me entirely of pains across my loins and kidneys which had bothered me off and on for some years, I have told many of my fellow workmen in the shops about them, and know of several who have found the same good results from their use. If ever I feel any indications of the coming on of kidney trouble I always use the pills and find in them prompt and effective relief. I am pleased to re-endorse the preparation."

For sale by S. L. Murchison. Price 50 cents. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, New York, sole agents for the United States. Remember the name—Doan's—and take no other.

Coughs, Colds and Constipation.

Few people realize when taking cough medicines other than Foley's Honey and Tar, that they contain opiates which are constipating besides being unsafe, particularly for children. Foley's Honey and Tar contains no opiates, is safe and sure and will not constipate. Smith & French Drug Co.

A Business Proposition.

Every person should be a conservative buyer. In buying conservatively you should select a place where you can find everything that man, woman or child eat, wear or use. The only place in Houston county is

THE BIG STORE

Here you find any and all kinds of high-class merchandise. Each article is a value, every purchase not satisfactory (except cut goods) can be returned. Here we will quote you a few prices on the best selected and highest class line of dress goods [for the least money] in Houston county.

Best Standard Prints, in all colors, including the oiled solids. Best that money can buy. At, per yard.....	5	The prettiest line of Outing Flannels, in all the newest patterns and colors. The cloth that you need for winter. At from 10c down to ...	5	F. & F. F. Cashmeres in all the newest shades. A fabric that the people want and can use to best advantage, at per yd., from 25c to ...	15
The very best Vicuna Cloth, Downettes and Flannellets, the correct things for house dresses and kimonos, at per yd., from 10c to	7 ¹ / ₂	A pretty line of fancy and plain mixed Worsteds. Something you need for various purposes, at per yard.....	10	A nice line of pretty Henriettas, colors in blue, black, red, green and brown. You know the fabric. At from 30c to	22 ¹ / ₂
Line of pretty Calumet Ginghams in 4 x 4 and 6 x 4 checks—the very things you need, at per yard.....	5	Beautiful Brocadettes, in cardinal, scarlet, brown, blue, green and castor. Patterns of the latest, at per yd., from 17 ¹ / ₂ down to	12 ¹ / ₂	The only perfect line of Sicilians, Panamas, Aeolians, Poplins, Chiffons, Mohairs, Shark Skins and Mercerised Broadcloths in Houston county.	

You are sure to want something for holiday wear, so we especially invite you to call on us, where you can have your every want in merchandise of all kinds gratified. The holidays are very near and we wish every man, woman and child in Houston and adjoining counties a very merry Christmas.

Yours truly,

JAMES S. SHIVERS & CO.

U. D. C. SESSIONS CLOSED.

Last Meeting Tinged With Spiciness In Discussion of Affairs.

Waco, Dec. 8.—The last day's session of the state convention of the United Daughters of the Confederacy began at 10 o'clock, Mrs. Austin, the president, presiding. Rev. R. C. Barnes of this city pronounced the invocation, after which Miss Minnie Johnson rendered a most beautiful solo.

The secretary read the minutes of the previous day, which were adopted without correction.

At this point Mrs. S. W. Sholars of Orange arose. She said she understood that the secretary, Mrs. Vincent, had been sent to San Francisco to the national meeting of the United Daughters of the Confederacy by a commercial organization for the purpose of inviting that organization to hold its next meeting at Dallas.

This is where the fireworks were touched off. When Mrs. Sholars took her seat, Mrs. Vincent arose. She desired to say that this was an error, for she went to represent the state organization as its secretary as well as to represent Dallas.

There was nothing in the minutes to show that her expenses had been paid by any one than herself.

Mrs. Moore Murdock arose and, in an impassioned statement, declared that there was no truth in the statement that any club had paid Mrs. Vincent's expenses to San Francisco.

Mrs. A. C. Johnson, treasurer, arose and urged the elimination of such feelings. She moved that the convention proceed with its business. This motion was

adopted and the business was taken up.

Mrs. Cornelia Branch Stone presented the report of the committee on Memorial day, recommending that Jackson's birthday, January 15, be observed as a memorial day. The recommendation was adopted.

The afternoon session was given for the most part to committee reports.

On motion of Mrs. Mollie Magill Rosenburg of Galveston a telegram was sent to Mrs. Jefferson Davis.

An amendment to the constitution was adopted changing the time for the election of officers of local chapters from January to October. Resolutions of thanks to the people of Waco, the press and to the officers and chairmen of committees were adopted.

The president declared the next thing in order was the selection of the next place of meeting. Miss Tabor presented Bryan and did so in such an effective manner that there was no opposition to that city.

The election of officers was then taken up and resulted as follows:

President, Mrs. J. B. Dribell, Seguin; first vice president, Mrs. Z. T. Fulmore, Austin; second vice president, Mrs. M. R. Bolton, Wharton; third vice president, Mrs. Mary G. Webb; fourth vice president, Mrs. Arminia Branson, Waco; secretary, Mrs. Louella Styles Vincent, Dallas; treasurer, Mrs. M. Wheeler, Victoria; registrar, Mrs. J. L. Hazlett, Hearne; historian, Mrs. S. H. Watson, Waxahachie; custodian, Miss Mary Lee Horton, Austin.

Mrs. D. A. Nunn of Crockett, one of the ladies whose names was mentioned for president, was

elected past president, with the honor of having a vote in all conventions and being a delegate to all meetings.

The convention then adjourned, after the doxology had been sung and Rabbi Wheelberg pronounced the benediction.

Grip Quickly Knocked Out.

"Some weeks ago during the severe winter weather both my wife and myself contracted severe colds which speedily developed into the worst kind of la grippe with all its miserable symptoms," says Mr. J. S. Egleston of Maple Landing, Iowa. "Knees and joints aching, muscles sore, head stopped up, eyes and nose running, with alternate spells of chills and fever. We began using Chamberlain's Cough Remedy, aiding the same with a dose of Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets, and by its liberal use soon completely knocked out the grip." These Tablets promote a healthy action of the bowels, liver and kidneys which is always beneficial when the system is congested by a cold or attack of the grip. For sale by S. L. Murchison.

A Thousand Dollar's Worth of Good.

A. H. Thurnes, a well known coal operator of Buffalo, O., writes, "I have been afflicted with kidney and bladder trouble for years, passing gravel or stones with excruciating pain. I got no relief from medicines until I began taking Foley's Kidney Cure, then the result was surprising. A few doses started the brick dust like fine stones and now I have no pain across my kidneys and I feel like a new man. It has done me a \$1000 worth of good." Smith & French Drug Co.

A Timely Topic.

At this season of coughs and colds it is well to know that Foley's Honey and Tar is the greatest throat and lung remedy. It cures quickly and prevents serious results from a cold. Smith & French Drug Co.

BALLARD'S SNOW LINIMENT

A SURE CURE FOR RHEUMATISM, CUTS, SPRAINS, WOUNDS, OLD SORES, CORNS, BURNS, GALLS, BRUISES, CONTRACTED MUSCLES, LAME BACK, STIFF JOINTS, FROSTED FEET, BURNS, SCALDS, ETC.

AN ANTISEPTIC that stops Irritation, subdues Inflammation and drives out Pain.

PENETRATES the Pores, loosens the Fibrous Tissues, promotes a free circulation of the Blood, giving the Muscles natural elasticity.

CURED OF PARALYSIS

W. S. Bailey, P. O. True, Texas, writes: "My wife had been suffering five years with paralysis in her arm, when I was persuaded to use Ballard's Snow Liniment, which effected a complete cure. I have also used it for old sores, frost bites and skin eruptions. It does the work."

BEST LINIMENT ON EARTH. ONCE TRIED, ALWAYS USED. REFUSE ALL SUBSTITUTES.

THREE SIZES: 25c, 50c and \$1.00
BALLARD SNOW LINIMENT CO.
ST. LOUIS, U. S. A.

SOLD AND RECOMMENDED BY
S. L. MURCHISON

Hot and Cold Baths

AT THE

Hotel Barber Shop

J. D. FRIEND, Prop.

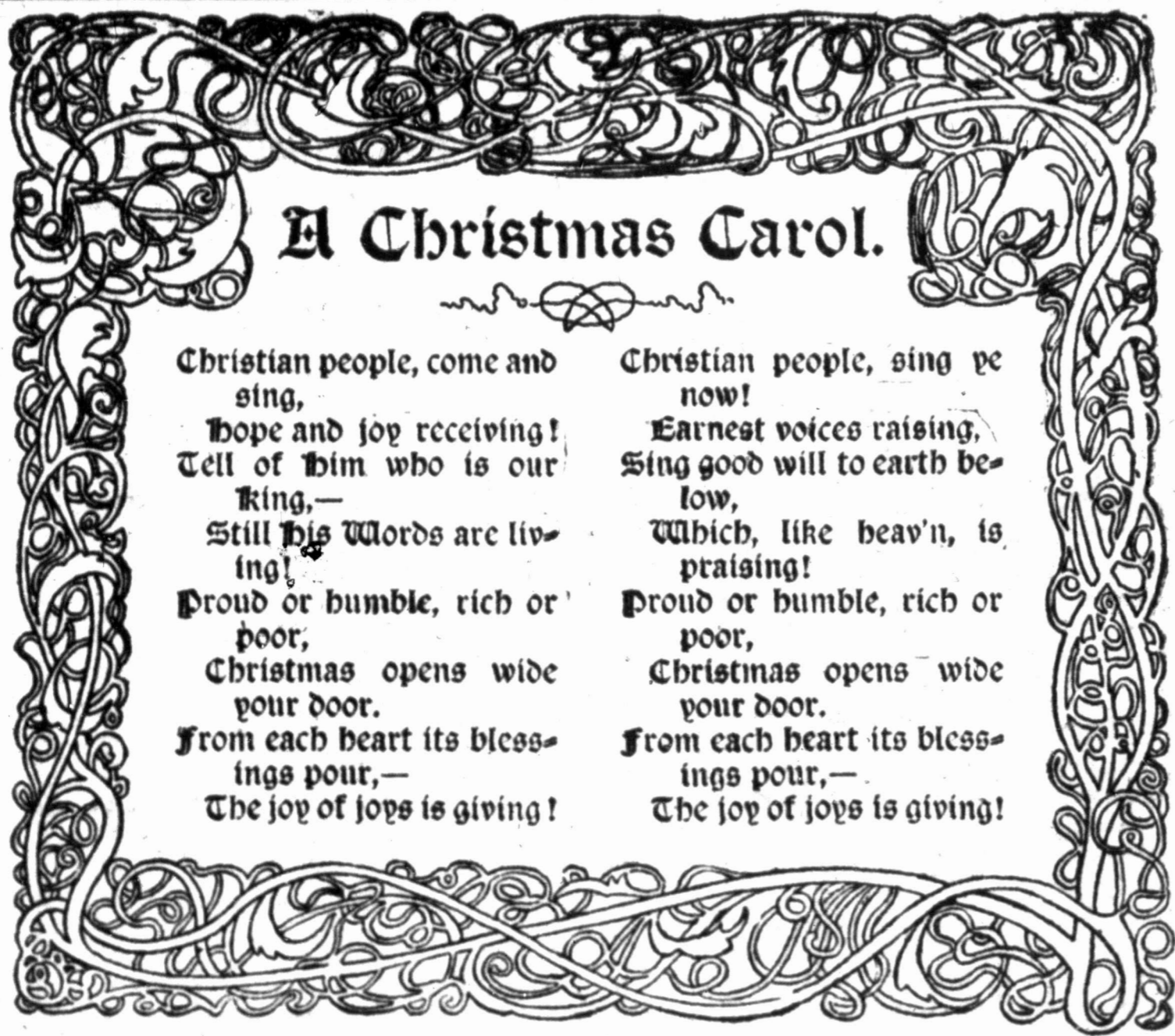
Don't be imposed upon by taking substitutes offered for Foley's Honey and Tar. Smith & French Drug Co.

WHITE'S Cream Vermifuge



THE GUARANTEED
WORM
REMEDY

THE CHILDREN'S FAVORITE TONIC.
BEWARE OF IMITATIONS.
THE GENUINE PREPARED ONLY BY
Ballard-Snow Liniment Co.
ST. LOUIS, MO.
Sold by S. L. Murchison.



A Christmas Carol.

Christian people, come and sing,
 Hope and joy receiving!
 Tell of Him who is our King,—
 Still His Words are living!
 Proud or humble, rich or poor,
 Christmas opens wide your door.
 From each heart its blessings pour,—
 The joy of joys is giving!

Christian people, sing ye now!
 Earnest voices raising,
 Sing good will to earth below,
 Which, like heav'n, is praising!
 Proud or humble, rich or poor,
 Christmas opens wide your door.
 From each heart its blessings pour,—
 The joy of joys is giving!

CHRISTMAS MEMORIES

Time was, with most of us, when Christmas day encircled all our limited world like a magic ring, left nothing out for us to miss or seek; bound together all our home enjoyments, affections, and hopes; grouped everything and every one around the Christmas fire; and made the little picture shining in our bright young eyes, complete.

Time came, perhaps, all so soon! when our thoughts overlapped that narrow boundary; when there was some one (very dear, we thought then, very beautiful, and absolutely perfect) wanting to the fullness of our happiness; when we were wanting too (or we thought so, which did just as well), at the Christmas hearth by which that some one sat, and when we intertwined with every wreath and garland of our life that some one's name.

That was the time for the bright visionary Christmases which have long arisen from us to show faintly, after summer rain, in the palest edges of the rainbow! That was the time for the beatified enjoyment of the things that were to be, and never were, and yet the things that were so real in our resolute hope that it would be hard to say, now, what realities achieved since, have been stronger!

What! Did that Christmas never really come when we and the priceless pearl who was our young choice were received, after the happiest of totally impossible marriages, by the two united families previously at daggers-drawn on our account? When brothers and sisters-in-law who had always been rather cool to us before our relationship was effected, perfectly doted on us, and when fathers and mothers overwhelmed us with unlimited incomes. Was that Christmas dinner never really eaten, after which we arose, and generously and eloquently rendered honor to our late rival, present in the company, then and there, exchanging friendship and forgiveness, and founding an attachment, not to be surpassed in Greek or Roman story, which subsisted until death? Has that same rival long ceased to care for that same priceless pearl, and married for money, and become usurious? Above all, do we really know, now, that we should probably have been miserable if we had won and worn the pearl, and that we are better without her?

That Christmas when we had recently achieved so much fame; when we had been carried in triumph somewhere, for doing something great and good; when we had won an honored and ennobled name, and arrived and were received at home in a shower of tears of joy; is it possible that that Christmas has not come yet?

And is our life here, at the best, so constituted that, pausing as we advance at such a noticeable milestone in the track as this great birthday, we look back on the things that never were, as naturally and full as gravely as on the things that have been and are gone, or have been and still are? If it be so, and so it seems to be, must we come to the conclusion, that life

is little better than a dream, and little worth the loves and strivings that we crowd into it?

No! Far be such miscalled philosophy from us, dear reader, on Christmas day! Nearer and closer to our hearts be the Christmas spirit, which is the spirit of active usefulness, perseverance, cheerful discharge of duty, kindness, and forbearance! It is in the last virtues especially, that we are, or should be, strengthened by the unaccomplished visions of our youth; for, who shall say that they are not our teachers to deal gently even with the impalpable nothings of the earth!

Therefore, as we grow older, let us be more thankful that the circle of our Christmas associations and of the lessons that they bring, expands! Let us welcome every one of them and summon them to take their places by the Christmas hearth.

rays shine from a star, we see how, when our graves are old, other hopes than ours are young, other hearts than ours are moved; how other ways are smoothed; how other happiness blooms, ripens, and decays—no, not decays, for other homes and other bands of children, not yet in being nor for ages yet to be, arise, and bloom and ripen to the end of all!

Welcome, everything! Welcome, alike what has been, and what never was, and what we hope may be, to your shelter underneath the holly, to your places round the Christmas fire, where what is sits open-hearted! In yonder shadow, do we see obtruding furtively upon the blaze, an enemy's face? By Christmas Day we forgive him! If the injury he has done us may admit of such companionship, let him come here and take his place. If otherwise, unhappily, let him go hence, assured that we will never injure nor accuse him.

On this day we shut out Nothing! "Pause," says a low voice. "Nothing? Think!" "On Christmas day, we will shut out from our fireside, Nothing."

"Not the shadow of a vast City where the withered leaves are lying deep?" the voice replies. "Not the shadow that darkens the whole globe? Not the shadow of the City of the Dead?"

Not even that. Of all days in the year, we will turn our faces towards that City upon Christmas day, and from its silent hosts bring those we loved, among us. City of the Dead, in the blessed name wherein we are gathered at this time, and in the Presence that is here among us according to the promise, we will receive, and not dismiss, thy people who are dear to us!

Yes. We can look upon these children angels that alight, so solemnly, so beautifully, among the living children by the fire, and can bear to think how they departed from us. Entertaining angels unawares, as the Patriarchs did, the playful children are unconscious of their guests; but we can see them—can see

a radiant arm around one favorite neck, as if there were a tempting of that child away. Among the celestial figures is one, a poor, misshapen boy on earth, of a glorious beauty now, of whom his dying mother said it grieved her much to leave him here, alone, for so many years as it was likely would elapse before he came to her—being such a little child. But he went quickly, and was laid upon her breast.

There was a gallant boy, who fell, far away, upon a burning sand beneath a burning sun, and said, "Tell them at home, with my last love, how much I could have wished to kiss them once, but that I died contented and had done my duty!" Or there was another, over whom they read the words, "Therefore we commit his body to the deep!" and so consigned him to the lonely ocean and sailed on. There was another who lay down to his rest in the dark shadow of great forests, and, on earth, awoke no more. O shall they not, from sand and sea and forest, be brought home at such a time!—Charles Dickens



Botticelli's Madonna

Welcome, old aspirations, glittering creatures of an ardent fancy, to your shelter underneath the holly! We know you, and have not outlived you yet. Welcome, old projects and old loves, however, fleeting, to your nooks among the steadier lights that burn around us. Welcome, all that was ever real to our hearts; and for the earnestness that made you real, thanks to Heaven! Do we build no Christmas castles in the clouds now? Let our thoughts, fluttering like butterflies among these flowers of children, bear witness! Before this boy, there stretches out a future, brighter than we ever looked on in our old romantic time, but bright with honor and with truth. Around this little head on which the sunny curls lie heaped, the graces sport, as prettily, as airily, as when there was no scythe within the reach of Time to shear away the curls of our first-love. Upon another girl's face near it—placider but smiling bright—a quiet and contented little face, we see Home fairly written. Shining from the word, as

ALL OVER TEXAS.

City Attorney Stone of Houston, has resigned.

Johnson City, Blanco County, has voted local option.

Waco has undergone a thorough trash cleaning, preparatory to the inevitable fireworks.

Clifton Lilley, a negro, living near Tyler, is under arrest for shooting Clayton Ross, another negro, in the back.

A deal has been consummated, backed by Northern capitalists, which will give Denison a wire fencing and gate works, employing one hundred hands.

F. Bran, of Waelder, was found dead in a mud hole. It is thought that he was attacked by vertigo while attempting to get into his buggy and fell strangling to death in the mud.

A local grain dealer shipped a car of pecans to Galveston from Belton. The shipment is consigned to New York. The load represented 30,540 pounds.

Baxter Edwards, a messenger boy, shot himself through the right hand. The boy was attempting to shoot a dog that was biting at the tire of his wheel.

The Texas Paper Company of Dallas has filed an amendment to its charter in the state department, increasing its capital stock from \$100,000 to \$200,000.

Senators Bailey and Culberson and Representatives Burgess, Stephens, Smith and Randall will each have an appointment to make to the Naval Academy.

The body of a white man was found beside the Cotton Belt tracks Thursday afternoon, about three miles east of Waco. He was found lying beside the Cotton Belt tracks, but it could not be told how he came to his death.

Editor Thompson of the Herald, Louis Eppestine and A. D. Bethard, traffic manager of the Katy, all of Denison, are having a \$1,500 gasoline pleasure launch built for service on Red River.

The sudden death of Steve Spence took away one of the good citizens of Houston, the like of whom is not found one in a thousand. He was at home, and while preparing to go to bed fell from his chair and died from heart trouble.

Champron R. Fallant, in attempting to swallow carbolic acid at the Grand Central depot at Houston Thursday night missed his mouth and poured the fluid over his face, some running into both eyes. He was horribly burned and may lose the sight of both eyes.

The committee on right of way for the Oklahoma and Texas Railroad reported to a meeting of the Board of Trade at Wichita Falls that the necessary funds had been secured, and that the bond of agreement between the road and the committee had been signed and forwarded.

Uncle Jake Oakes, a negro, died on the prairie Wednesday night and the body was not found until Friday. He started on foot to visit relatives and becoming exhausted fell and perished from exposure in the cold rain.

Oscar Stromberg, the young carpenter who fell fifty feet from the city bridge at Houston, died Thursday morning from his injuries. He was making repairs on the structure and was knocked off by a swinging beam striking him on the head.

The Texas and Pacific will lay 80-pound rails along its whole system in Louisiana and Texas. Twelve car loads of new rails have arrived, and work will be begun at once from both New Orleans and Shreveport.

There has probably never been a time in the history of Waco when there was so much sidewalk construction going on as now. The city council has ordered miles of sidewalks built both in the residence and business portions of the city.

The work north on the Kansas City, Mexico, and Orient Railway from Sweetwater is being pushed. The track is now laid on the main line one mile north of Sagerton, which is fifty-three miles north of Sweetwater.

The Missouri, Kansas and Texas is now enjoying the use of the biggest part of new equipment aggregating 3,000 cars. At least 2,000 of the order have been put into commission, thereby relieving to some extent the congested condition of things.

SEVEN YEARS AGO.

A Rochester Chemist Found a Singularly Effective Medicine.

William A. Franklin, of the Franklin & Palmer Chemical Co., Rochester, N. Y., writes:



"Seven years ago I was suffering very much through the failure of the kidneys to eliminate the uric acid from my system. My back was very lame and ached if I overexerted myself in the least degree. At times I was weighed down with a feeling of languor and depression and suffered continually from annoying irregularities of the kidney secretions. I procured a box of Doan's Kidney Pills and began using them. I found prompt relief from the aching and lameness in my back, and by the time I had taken three boxes I was cured of all irregularities."

Sold by all dealers, 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

Cats as Heirs-at-Law.

An extraordinary action at law has just been heard before the civil tribunal of Swette, in Bohemia. Some time ago an old rag dealer named Kondretl, who had lived alone, was found dead in his hotel, and howling around him were his 12 pet cats, which had to be tempted away from his dead body by baits of fish. In the old miser's apartment were found 4,000 crowns and a will, duly executed, constituting the cats his sole heirs. The man's relatives at once impugned the will, alleging that Kondretl was insane, but the court has within the last few days given judgment upholding the will and finding for the cats, which are to be tended as provided by the testator.

Constable as Violin Maker.

Police Constable Gaskin, who has just retired from the Metropolitan force, has made quite a reputation in musical circles by the hand-made violins he has constructed during his spare time. Some of his instruments have been praised by the finest players, and recently Kubelik paid him a visit, highly commending several that he tried.—London Tit-Bit.

As the wise man knows he is a fool, he is miserable; the fool imagines he is wise, and is happy.

Berlin has about thirty vegetarian restaurants.

Words of Wisdom.

Westfield, Ill., Dec. 18th (Special)—All who are suffering with Bright's Disease, should read carefully the following letter from the Rev. G. L. Good of this place. He says:—

"I feel it is my duty to tell you of the wonderful benefit I have received from the use of Dodd's Kidney Pills. I am a Minister of the Gospel, and in my work, I am frequently exposed to all weathers. Six years ago, I was laid up sick. I doctored with a number of physicians, and finally consulted a specialist, but without success. They all told me I had Bright's Disease. I was in a bad way and almost helpless when, thank God, I heard of Dodd's Kidney Pills. They saved my life. I took sixteen boxes and now I am cured. The first day I took them I felt relief. When I began I weighed only one hundred and five pounds, now I weigh one hundred and sixty-five and I am the picture of health. I recommend Dodd's Kidney Pills to all my friends who have Kidney Trouble and I pray to God that other sufferers will read these words and be helped by them."

When there is a right way and a wrong way the average man goes wrong.

AGONY OF SORE HANDS.

Cracked and Peeled—Water and Heat Caused Intense Pain—Could Do No Housework—Grateful to Cuticura.

"My hands cracked and peeled, and were so sore it was impossible for me to do my housework. If I put them in water I was in agony for hours; and if I tried to cook, the heat caused intense pain. I consulted two doctors, but their prescriptions were utterly useless. And now after using one cake of Cuticura Soap and one box of Cuticura Ointment my hands are entirely well, and I am very grateful. (Signed) Mrs. Minnie Drew, 13 Dana St., Roxbury, Mass."

A small boy's idea of greatness is to be able to lick another boy a size larger.

Trials of Winter.

Do not permit yourself to be a victim to a cold or cough. They lead to pneumonia, consumption and elsewhere. Be wise; use Simmons' Cough Syrup. It cures coughs, heals lungs and will keep you right here to enjoy the beauties of spring.

A man may burn so much "midnight oil" that he has none left to oil the day's machinery.

SOME CHRISTMAS POEMS

A Christmas Carol

The earth is bare and dreary,
And cheerless is the light,
The distant hills are gleaming,
With snow-drifts fleecy white.
The summer birds are silent,
The flowers are sleeping low,
Upon the earth's warm bosom,
Safeguarded from the snow,
The dear old year is dying,
But ere it quite departs,
With beams of golden glory
It cheers our wistful hearts.
For Christmas—merry Christmas
The Christian's Day of Days,
A tender benediction
Upon it softly lays.

Oh Christmas—merry Christmas
In spirit we go back,
To see the star that guided
The sages on its track.
To see the Baby Jesus
Upon His lowly bed,
While sapphire hosts adoring,
Sang praises o'er His head
And we, in spirit kneeling,
The Babe of Bethlehem
New born of Virgin Mother,
Adore and praise with them.
Oh, Son of God, most Holy!
And yet no home so small,
But Thou, our King and Savior,
Wilt be the Guest of all!

Oh, Christmas—merry Christmas
It comes to make us glad,
To happy and to sad,
It comes, with sweet insistence,
Our drooping hearts to cheer,
And touch with tender glory,
These last days of the year.
With golden rays of promise,
The hopes that chill have lain
To fuller life it quickens,
Until they bloom again,
Good-will all hearts uniting,
We bid vexations cease—
Then unto God be glory,
Who unto earth gives peace.
—Helen Marion Burnside.

The Bethlehem Star

The Bethlehem Star! The Guiding Star
Of Old Jewry's night,
Has it become a faded scar
Across the orient night?
The guess of Science, and the guess
Of critic, seer, and sage?
Has it the dimmer glow, or less
For change of clime and age?

Star of the East!—it is not set,
Though Science scout the sky,
'Tis burning in the heaven yet,
As bright and sure and high
As when the Shepherds saw it flame
Over Old Bethlehem,
And followed it until it came
And showed a Christ to them.

The Bethlehem Star—each mother sees
Its holy promise-light,
Believing each its destinies
Her darling's, in the night;
Believing each the little star
Is set above her son,
To light her mother-hopes that are,
And shine when hers are done.

The Bethlehem Star! The Guiding Star
That hovers full and clear
Wherever babe and cradle are,
And parents watching near;
Wherever cherub lips of love
Bring tidings of great joy,
Where'er a mother bends above
—Aloysius Coll in Designer.

The Christmas Star

A little Star all undismayed
Stopped down the dusky ways of night;
White-footed, smiling, unafraid
It passed the orbs of greater light.
It held its slender taper high,
The tiny splendors peering far,
It knew its time to shine was nigh;
For lo! it was the Christmas Star.

A little child knelt in the dark,
With clear eyes raised and lifted face,
She saw the tiny traveling spark
Move on from its appointed place.
The tears welled so she scarce could see,
Its orb of brightness grew a bar,
"Mother," she cried, "it comes to me,
It kissed my eyes—the Christmas Star!"

God knows that both these things are
One—
The star that shines, the eye that sees,
The answer to the prayer is shown
Unto the sinner on his knees,
On the long lanes of splintered light
Descends the shining avenger,
But only tears of pure delight
Could bring the holy Christmas Star.
—Grace Mae Gowan Cooke, in The Sunday Magazine.

The Christmas Feeling

I like the Christmas Feeling that is filling
all the air,
That fills the streets and busy stores, and
scatters everywhere,
I like the easy manner of the people on
the street,
The bundle-laden people, and the shop-
girls smiling sweet,
There's a glow of warmth and splendor
in the windows everywhere,
There's a glow in people's faces which
has lately stolen there,
And everywhere the bells ring out with
merry peal and chime,
Which makes me like the Feeling of the
happy Christmas time.

I like the Christmas Feeling; there is
nothing can compare
With the free and kindly spirit that is
spreading everywhere;
The rich, the poor, the young and old,
all catch its atmosphere,
And every heart for once is full of good
old Christmas cheer.
—Life.

Holly Song

The holy is for happiness;
Hark it, hark it high,
When the holy morn we bless
Shows its rose along the sky.
The holy is for heartsome cheer;
Hark it, hark it high,
While the glory of the year
Lights the heights of all the sky.
The holy is for bliss-side mirth;
Hark it, hark it high,
For the dearest day of earth
Pours its shades along the sky!
—Clinton Scottard.

Christmas in Australia

A long, narrow track curls in and out amongst the forest trees like a great dirty yellow ribbon. The sun pours down upon it all day long, and the unceasing glare adds to its ugliness. There is no sign of moisture anywhere within sight; not a drop of water has fallen from the blue skies for six months past. The wheels of wagons and the hoofs of horses have churned and kicked the surface of the track into fine red dust—so fine that every passing breeze picks up the powdered earth and plays with it. On the straight stretches of the forest trail, the breeze carries the dust in a filmy haze, like the dun-colored mist, one meets with at eventide in the China seas. Where the trail bends suddenly to right or left, the playful winds catch up the dust and whirl it round and round in swiftly-revolving circles, lifting it higher and

higher until its topmost spirals seem to melt into the very skies. All along the track the trees on both sides are covered with dust; it lies thickly upon the trunks, it clings to the boughs, it bows down the leaves, giving a strange, unnatural appearance to everything that grows. If you were not a bushman you could not tell one tree from another under that summer mantle.

Half a dozen horsemen come along the track, each rider leading a pack-horse by a halter. Long of limb are these men, bearded for the most part, with dry, thin, weather-tanned faces. They wear their broad-brimmed, soft felt hats pulled far down over their brows to keep the dust out of their eyes. They sit loosely in the saddle, with a slovenly, careless seat, and look to an untrained eye as if it would not take much to shift them should a horse buck suddenly or stumble. Yet most of them could ride a whitewind if they could only saddle it, for they are Australian pioneers making their way into the big

mining camp in time for the Christmas revels that are certain to take place.

The great camp comes in sight. A long, narrow gully flanked on both sides by low hills, dotted all over with dirty tents that look too hot to shield even a dog on such a blistering day. In front of nearly every business place, no matter whether it be made of galvanized iron, wood or bag and canvas, the owners have tied a liberal amount of fresh green foliage. All day long men have been busy bringing in great wagon loads of young trees and green branches cut in the forest close by, and the business folk have purchased liberally.

Camels are kneeling in the highway, whilst their Afghan drovers unload them, and they guggle and cluck and groan dismally as though loth to

and saffron-colored robe looking out of place amidst the whirl of Australian life. The Chinaman gets no compliments, he is not welcome on a gold field, and he knows it, and, what is more, he has no legal right there, a fact which he also knows as well as his neighbors.

The sun sinks in a blood-red bank of clouds in the West, there is a great glow on all the earth, and the glory of the everlasting skies fills the world with splendor. The crimson flame flickers for a moment, then dies out, and the clouds turn purple, then black, and the night is mistress of the mining camp. A myriad lights leap into being, Chinese lanterns glow in every bunch of greenery, they flutter across the track in long gleaming strings. Then women and boys ride down the highway on the horses, on mules, on camels, and all eery Chi-

Along the causeway comes the little band of carol singers. At their head a wandering preacher, who, with his daughter, goes wherever the Spirit calls him. The man carries his hat in his hand and sings in a deep bass that is almost a roar. The girl, with hands folded in front of her, with her bonnet pushed back almost on to her neck, fills the street with melody:

Glory, glory, glory, glory,
Glory to the new-born King.

The half-dozen disciples who follow the preacher and his daughter take up the words, and send the old, old message ringing proudly, joyously into the very heart of the night. The music, the words, touch and stir the crowds, they cease to shout and yell. They cease to dance and drink; they cease to curse and gamble. Out from the drinking dens they pour into the street, out from the gambling halls,



part with their burdens. Mules with ears laid flat back, and big, dirty, yellow teeth laid bare, step quickly through the throng, drawing carts daily decorated and covered with quaint devices planned by the different tradesmen to whom they belong. Auctioneers and cheap jacks are holding impromptu sales in the open air. Little squads of horsemen dash in from the outside camps, wearing white, soft, slouch hats, blue or red shirts, breeches, and spurred boots. They sing and shout merrily, and get and return chaff with careless freedom. All is noise and motion, all is merriment and reckless freedom; for the diggers are out to spend their gold, and spend it they will, though the heavens fall. Little brown men and women, too, from Japan, dressed in all their Oriental finery, jostle their way amidst the eager crowd, the Jap women smiling gaily as the bronzed diggers toss them playful compliments. A serious-faced Chinaman now and then puts in an appearance, his big plaited straw hat, long pigtail,

and glisten joyously. On comrades who have been sundered for years meet and clasp hands in the sturdy grip the digger loves; they shoulder their way to the nearest bar, and drink to the memory of comrades buried and comrades bankrupt, and live again through the scenes that made them friends.

As the night wears on men reel out of the drinking hells flushed, hot, eager for quarrels; groups link arm-in-arm and go reeling down the causeway, shouting, singing, capering, laughing, ripe for fun or mischief. Hark! a bell rings out loud and high above the din, a bell that tells that Christmas day has come. Hark! yet again. A young girl's voice comes straying sweetly through the warm night air, other voices join in and blend with it, strange sounds to catch the listening ear amidst such surroundings:

Hark! the herald angels sing,
Glory to the new-born King,
Glory, glory, glory, glory,
Glory to the new-born King.

out from the dancing saloons. A mighty hush falls on the camp. "Hughie, the Baker," chief professional gambler in the camp, leans his elbows on the window sill of his hotel, and quietly tears his cards across the middle one by one, and drops his dice box out amongst the feet of the crowd. Then, just as some of the baser spirits in the throng try to drown the choir voices with a ribald shout, the gambler, thinking of his far-off home amidst the green English lanes, raises his deep, rich voice, a voice that every digger knew, and blending perfectly with the voice of the preacher's daughter, sings:

Hark! the herald angels sing,
Glory to the new-born King,
Glory, glory, glory, glory,
Glory to the new-born King.

Then the whole street bursts into one great glad song of praise and adoration, and Christmas came to the camp.—A. G. Hales in Montreal Herald.

The Crockett Courier

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.

Kemp Voice: It is estimated that 10,000 turkeys were consumed in Dallas yesterday. The carload of peanuts shipped from Kaufman hardly lasted until noon.

And the birds sold at 15c a pound. It is partly the new markets in Texas which are brought about by the growth of towns that is making diversification in all forms popular and profitable.—Ex.

We again rise to remark that Crockett "is the center of the surrounding country." Now, seriously, it is a good town to live in and a good town to do business in. There have been few failures here. It is a town of pretty homes and hospitable people. Fortunate is the man whose business permits him to live here and among these people, who pride themselves in homes, churches and schools.

The country has been waiting for some time to hear from Postmaster General Cortelyou as to how those large amounts of campaign funds were extracted from the big life insurance companies for the campaign purposes of the republican committee of which he was chairman. No doubt Mr. Cortelyou could throw a good deal of light on the subject should he be called on to testify in the insurance investigation now in progress at New York.

Texas is the greatest pecan-growing section in the world. Pecans are a valuable food product. Cultivation of pecans is a profitable industry, the trees in many orchards being valued at \$100 each. Experts declare the crop will pay more in proportion to the care given and money invested than any other crop. There are pecan orchards in Texas more than 1,000 acres in extent, and even larger ones are to be created.—Galveston News.

Bishop Turner of Georgia preaches by precept only. The Baltimore Sun, commenting on Bishop Turner's impassioned appeal to the negroes to go back to Africa and build up a nation of their own, asks why the Bishop does not "show them the way over" if he is so anxious for them to go. Well, as a matter of fact, says the Savannah News, "the Bishop has shown them the way over, and the way back. If we remember rightly he went to Africa—to Liberia—some years ago, and then speedily came back to Georgia. The Bishop thinks he can do more good by telling others to go than by going himself."

The COURIER does not favor Federal control of railway freight rates and life insurance. It does not believe in the centralization of so much power and authority in the hands of the Federal government. There is too much of a tendency in that direction by the republicans and the movement should receive general opposition from all principle-loving democrats. The COURIER believes in the absolute control of freight rates and life insurance by the different states. There is, of course, an exception in the matter of interstate freight rates,

but that can be regulated by the interstate railway commission without a further centralization of power in the hands of the Federal government.

The recent sensational flurry in the cotton market following the appearance of the Department of Agriculture's December estimate of the full cotton report has brought from Mr. North, director of the census, an expression of views concerning the gathering of cotton statistics. "If it is the judgment of the representatives of the planting interests and of the manufacturing interests that it would be wise and beneficial for the Census Office to return to the method of issuing the cotton report in installments as fast as it comes in," said Mr. North, "I shall be very glad to do so, notwithstanding the opposition of the Cotton Exchange. I believe it would accomplish in a very large measure the purpose referred to."

Pittsburg Gazette: Hearst spent \$65,000 in his race for Mayor of New York, so he swears, yet he is seeking evidence to convict a man who was seen to draw \$10,000 in one-dollar bills out of a bank on the day of election. Hearst got his money out of the bank without anybody seeing him, therefore he is safe.

Mr. Hearst, in his statement of his expenses in the campaign, explains how he spent his money. There was a lot of advertising and such things as that which cost a pile of money. Statements of campaign expenses are often suspected (though Mr. Hearst may have told nothing but the truth), since they can be manipulated so easily. Anyhow, if \$65,000 is legitimate and necessary expenses in a New York campaign, it would appear that all poor men who have ambitions might as well fly up on a limb. Few will believe for a moment that a man could spend this enormous amount of money in the way of legitimate and necessary expenses in running for a city office.—Galveston News.

Teachers' Institute.

The Houston County Teachers' Institute convened at Kennard Mills December 8 and 9.

On December 8 at 8 o'clock p. m. the meeting was called to order by the chairman, B. F. Dent.

Ex-Judge E. Winfree was present and delivered an eloquent address of welcome; Prof. Douglas Cater of Crockett High School responded.

The question, as to whether there should be a law of compulsory attendance in the public schools of the state of Texas, was ably discussed by O. C. Goodwin and J. H. Snell, affirmative, and J. F. Mangum and J. K. English, negative. The discussion was followed by a few remarks of Prof. C. E. Godbey.

On December 9 the meeting was called to order by Judge Newman.

The lesson in Tompkins' School Management was taken up, and the class was enlightened on many subjects of school management, which were very closely discussed by Prof. C. E. Godbey, conductor.

Teachers present: Messrs. C. E. Godbey, B. F. Dent, J. F. Mangum, J. H. Snell, Sam Kennedy, W. O. Brannen, E. J. Holcomb, W. T. Ham, Will Durham, Douglas Cater, O. C. Goodwin, J. B. Zimmerman, J. K. English, Aroma Galant, Albert Moore, Nat Patton, Gus Goolsby, C. G. Lansford, G. G. Alexander, J. N. Herbert and R. L. Dewees; Misses Ida Patton, Houston Ratcliff, Alice Sullivan, Eva Holcomb, Emmie Glenn, Ellie Curry, Annie Curry, Rosetta Huff, Mary Belle Miller, Leila Driskill, Pauline Hopper,

Libbie Box, Addie Hallmark, Hattie Sturgis, Josie Payne, Myra Hemphill, Miss Duckworth, and Mrs. Samples and Mrs. Robinson. Visitors present: Messrs. Moore, Nichols and Sneed.

Many congratulations are due the good people of Kennard Mill and Ratcliff for their success in entertaining the teachers while they were in their midst. Professors Patton and Dewees seemed to be very anxious that every one should have a pleasant time during their stay.

Also many thanks are due the K. of P. lodge for the use of their beautiful hall. The K. of P. band rendered some excellent music which was enjoyed by all who were fortunate enough to hear it.

REPORTER.

School News.

Our public school is moving on fairly well and the results obtained are generally good. We have some difficulties to contend with, but that is probably true of any school anywhere.

It would probably not be amiss to ask the parents to help us in dealing with some annoyances. It is exceedingly difficult to hold in check the tendency to explode torpedoes and fireworks in school if children are allowed to carry them. We have been seriously disturbed by these things, and it is almost impossible to discover the offender. Several times explosives have been placed in the stove during the regular exercises of the school, and yet we can never find who does the mischief. The management of the school respectfully asks parents to forbid pupils to carry any explosives to school at all. It is of no advantage to any one, and is a great hindrance.

Quite a number of our young people attended the recent session of the county institute at Kennard. They all seemed to have a very pleasant time. To the teachers the trip seemed to be both pleasant and profitable. It was decided to hold the next institute at Crockett.

After much effort our young people have at last succeeded in placing an elegant new piano in our school. It adds greatly to the interest of the work, especially of our literary society. We have not funds enough yet to pay for the year's rent, and we trust the people of Crockett will aid us in securing the necessary amount.

At the last meeting of the literary society, much interest was manifested, and an excellent literary program was carried out. The inaugural address of our incoming president, Mr. Walter Newman, and the playing of the piano by Misses Wilson, Valentine and Eichelberger, and the entertaining recitation by Miss Duckworth were features of the occasion.

A feature of our school work that is arousing great interest is the exchange of letters with pupils in other schools. The pupils of the grades are exchanging letters with the pupils of the Laclede school in St. Louis. During the past week, each one of our High School pupils received a very interesting letter from a pupil in the High School of Ottawa, Canada. We expect to derive much pleasure and profit from this work. Some of the letters we received are remarkably well written.

Our schools will close for the holidays on Friday, December 22, and will re-open on Monday, January 1. There has been quite a demand on the part of some for longer time, but that has been thought sufficient.

While we are writing up the

What Is Xmas Without Egg Nogg?

In order to have good egg nogg, you want the purest and the best of whiskey. You don't know what you are getting when you don't get it from reliable parties.

ALL KINDS OF CHEAP

compounds are being offered to the public at any old price. They poison your system. You know me and my brands of whiskies are known to you. You know them to be good. Below you will find a price list of the whiskey I carry. I handle the largest assortment of the most standard brands of whiskies on the market and will appreciate your order for your Christmas whiskey.

PRICE-LIST.

BARREL GOODS

Price per Gallon.

Full 90 proof Bourbon	\$2.00
Full 100 proof Bourbon	2.50
Monogram Rye	3.00
Woodford Club	3.50
Nelson Club	4.00
Paul Jones Four Star Rye	4.00
Magale's Monarch	4.00
Planet Rye	4.00
Rose Valley	4.00
Sugar Valley	5.00

Full 188 proof Best Grain Alcohol.

CASED GOODS

Price per Bottle

FOUR ROSES	\$3.00
Mount Vernon (full quarts)	2.00

AT \$1.50

Mount Vernon 5s.—Old Forester.—Mumm's Extra Rye. Billy Lee.—Billy Lee's Old Crow.—Cascade. Hunters Rye.—Camel's Milk.

AT \$1.25

Club House—Carstairs Rye—Wilson Whiskey Old Valley—Parker Rye—Green River—Puritan Rye Autocrat—Montreal Malt Rye—Hill & Hill Edgewood—Paxton's Private Stock.

AT \$1.00

Paul Jones Four Star Rye—Paxton's Pennsylvania Rye Paxton's Monogram—Bellbrook—Old Private Stock. Old Crow (3 to gallon)—Duffy's Malt—Hostetter's.

All Kinds of Wines, Brandies, Gin, Imported Goods and Beer.

AND ABOVE ALL.

WE KEEP MUMM.

All orders filled promptly. Send your Christmas order to

HYMAN HARRISON,

Palestine, Texas. Prop. Hyman's Saloon.

P. O. Box. 235. Long Distance Phone, No 19.

school notes, it may not be amiss to make mention of the good work done by our colored school. It has been visited regularly once a week ever since the opening of the term, and many features there deserve honorable mention. Let us do all we can to encourage them in every honorable word and work.

In conclusion, let us urge on all patrons and friends of the school to visit us as often as it may be convenient. We always appreciate visitors, and your presence encourages teacher and pupil alike.

C. E. GODBEY.

The People Who Told You So.

By W. H. Wilson.
Of all unpleasant people 'neath the skies,
The pessimistic prophet I despise:
The ones who sit and prophesy for woe,
Then, if it comes, exclaim "I told you so!"
They never see the sunny side of things,
Find in the sweetest rose the thorn that stings;
Delight in all the adverse winds that blow,
Because they recollect they "told you so."
If ever they miss the pearly gate
And be condemned to meet their proper fate,
They'd surely find a pleasure there below,
A saying to themselves "We told you so."

An Emergency Medicine.

For sprains, bruises, burns, scalds and similar injuries, there is nothing so good as Chamberlain's Pain Balm. It soothes the wound and not only gives instant relief from pain, but causes the parts to heal in about one third the time required by the usual treatment. Sold by S. L. Murchison.

A kidney or bladder trouble can always be cured by using Foley's Kidney Cure in time. Smith & French Drug Co.

The Lost Decoy.

H. E. Buermeyer, the president of the National Amateur Skating association, was describing a banquet that he had once attended in New York.

"I found this banquet interesting," he said, "and I was one of the last to leave. In the cloak-room, as I was putting on my hat and coat, I couldn't help noticing the weebegone look on the attendant's face. The poor fellow appeared worried and sad, and every little while he sighed and muttered to himself.

"You seem disconsolate, my friend," I said.

"I am disconsolate, sir," said the attendant.

"What is the trouble?" said I. "Haven't the guests tipped you well tonight?"

The attendant answered in an excited voice:

"It's not only, sir, that they haven't tipped me, but they've taken the quarter that I put in the tray for a decoy."

Johnny—Paw, did Moses have the dyspepsia like what you've got?"

Father—How on earth do I know? What makes you ask such a question?

Johnny—Why, our Sunday School teacher says the Lord gave Moses two tablets.—Scraps.