

The Crockett Courier.

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CROCKETT, TEXAS, NOVEMBER 19, 1908.

NO. 43.

SHUPAK



The Thanksgiving Turkey

is now the center of interest, but that should not detract your interest from Thanksgiving clothes. You will have calls to make and a dinner to attend, so it will be your fault if your wardrobe is not what it should be, especially in view of the advantage gained by having your garments made by Shupak, the satisfactory tailor.

Shupak Tailoring Company
Exclusive Tailors
Crockett and Teague

SHUPAK

Louise Moore, corresponding secretary; Miss Bromberg, critic.

Because of visitors, in addition to the regular program Misses Mary Langston, Virginia Chamberlain, Alline Foster and Otice McConnell kindly consented to give extra numbers. At the close of the exercises Mr. Bernard gave an interesting talk for the benefit of the classes, in connection with which he read from the Greek story Parnassius.

Birth Day Fete.

"Young, loving and bleaved—these are brief words, And yet they touch on all the finer chords Whose music makes our happiness."

Wednesday afternoon, November 10th, 1908, little Miss Mary Monk Aldrich celebrated her sixth anniversary.

In white dress and blue sash, with nut brown ringlets below her waist, she stood in the hall, a veritable fairy queen, to welcome her guests, about fifty children and almost as many grown people. She was showered with presents galore—jewelry, dolls, toys, and, most appreciated of all, a quilt pieced by one of her oldest friends, "Grandma" Stanton, 84 years of age.

What a picture of childish happiness those children made, romping through the big rooms, playing "ring-around-rosy" and other equally fascinating games!

The dining room was the center of attraction, where stretched a long table massed with gorgeous November roses and chrysanthemums, the birthday cake aglow with its six shining candles. All were bountifully served with whipped cream, chocolate and delicious cake by Mrs. Jim Monk and Miss Etta Hall.

This home has always been noted for its genuine, old-fashioned southern hospitality, Mr. and Mrs. John Monk being ideal hosts.

The short afternoon was all too soon ended. Adieus were said with many good wishes to Miss Mary for many happy returns.

The Northwest Exposition.

Seattle, Nov. 18.—From the present indications it is practically certain that the Alaska-Yukon-Pacific exposition to be held in Seattle from June 1 to October 15, of next year, will have the distinction of being the first world's fair to be completed in every detail by the opening date.

According to official figures just given out the construction of the building and grounds is now seventy-five per cent complete. Three of the permanent buildings, to become the property of the University of Washington at the close of the fair, the auditorium, fine arts and machinery hall, are entirely complete.

The plans for the federal buildings have been approved and contracts for the construction will be awarded within the next thirty days, with a time limit for completion set for March 1, of next year.

The grounds are in excellent shape, even at this early date. A large section of the green lawns has already been laid out and a number of the winding paths have been completed.

There are more than a million

plants now in the green houses ready for transplanting and the mild climate of Puget Sound makes it possible to set out the more hardy of these during the winter months.

TRIBUTE OF THE SOUTH TO ROBERT E. LEE.

Written for the Courier.

At the time when God gave gifts of human kind,
A spark of life was traced to eighteen hundred seven;
When by the hand of providence alone,
A soul was brought to point the way to Heaven.

To linger in our midst some three score years and more,
To paint for us ten thousand hues of his transcendent name;
To fill our minds with gifts of priceless lore,
Were but for he the human thirst for fame.

Oh, comrades, dear comrades, it was he
Who has left to us a record here below,
To be emblazoned on the walls of memory's waste,
To echo on the hills of blood-stained snow.

The leaves on monarch oaks have breathed the name
Of him who raised the hand to shield his fellow-man;
When conflict upon mighty conflict reigned,
He bore a cross that beards the lion's den.

The proud magnolias wave a dulcet cadence old,
The bubbling waters gurgle soft and sweet;
The tiny pebbles form in cyphers bold,
A legendary story of his love complete.

The giant rocks that lay for ages past,
On hills trod by feet long laid to rest;
Have listened for his voice in silence kept,
And dreamed, their tired heads upon his breast.

The ocean star, its vigil keeps by turn,
O'er him who sleeps as only he has slept;
Whose name is written with unsullied pens,
And stands to-day to show where sages wept.

And when pale luna o'er the scene comes gilded,
Her silvery radiance rivaling yonder sun,
She drops a tear on mother earth's fair bosom,
With index finger, points to deeds of valor done.

When warrior, hero, statesman, all in one,
In perfect peace, his spirit passed from mortal clay;
To us, who lost a victory and a son,
It quenched for us the blessed light of day.

But we have lived to rally round alters of hope,
Wreathed with the emblems and honors of U. D. C.;
Till the hand of eternity beckons us on,
We will carry a banner for R. E. Lee,
Mrs. C. E. Stephenson.

Itch cured in 30 minutes by Woolford's Sanitary Lotion. Never fails. Sold by Murchison & Beasley, Druggists.

COMPLETED BY NEW YEAR.

Work on All Locks and Dams on the Trinity Is Progressing.

Dallas, Texas, Nov. 9.—Returning from an inspection trip to locks and dams of the upper Trinity River, Assistant United States Engineer Ralph C. Smead declares that conditions are favorable for work and that rapid progress is being made. Final concrete work is under way at No. 1 on the foundation for the Boule gate dam. With continued favorable weather the first lock and dam will be ready for use by Jan. 1.

Steam derrick and cable cranes are installed for work on No. 2 and No. 4, and it is the belief of the engineer that work under such circumstances, done after the manner of the government operations on Panama, will be much more expeditious than any of the other river work in the state.

At No. 6 the lock is drawing toward completion and the coffer dams are nearly ready. Good weather and water stages will permit the closing of this work early in the new year, it is said.

These four locks and dams are of the same pattern as that on the Brazos at Navasota, though not so large. No. 1, it is said, will be the first of its kind constructed in the United States. It is one of the kind that permits the removal of the gates of the dam in flood stages.

Plans are ready for the lock and dam at Hurricane Shoals, some 200 miles down the river. This is the greatest fall in the stretch from Dallas to the bay, and it is said that the breadth of stream and the height of banks make the movable dams unnecessary, and a solid masonry dam will be placed.

Capt. A. E. Waldron, engineer in charge, has lately returned from inspection of the Red River work, especially that part above Fulton, Ark. The new Charles A. Culbertson is taking trees 200 feet long from the river bed and is clearing the channel steadily. It is believed that the removal of the trees and obstructions and the clearing of the banks will mean a stable channel for even Red River.

Sunday night Capt. Waldron and Mr. Smead start for the Brazos to make a week's inspection trip.

COURIER HAS BARGAIN MONTH.

Beginning November 24 and Continuing Until December 24 Inclusive.

The Courier will have some obligations to meet on January 1, 1909, that will require all the money that it can raise by that time. There will not be much doing Christmas week. For these reasons the Courier is going to inaugurate a bargain month beginning November 24 and running to and including December 24. During this time all subscribers paying up back dues can secure a year's subscription in advance to the Courier for 75 cents, a discount of 25 per cent. Twenty-five cents is small, but if you could get all your bills for 1909 discounted at 25 per cent, don't you think you would be making good money?

All subscribers taking advantage of the above proposition will have their subscriptions dated up to January 1, 1910. This is a proposition that the Courier has never made before and it is one that likely will never be made again. We are going to need the money. You will need the paper next year and you might as well take advantage of the 25 per cent discount now while it is being offered. This offer positively will be withdrawn on December 24, 1908. After that the Courier will cost you \$1.00 a year, payable in advance. If you want to save 25 per cent of your Courier subscription account, take advantage of this offer.

If you are not already a subscriber of the Courier and wish to become one, if your subscription is handed in during Bargain Month, you can get the Courier from time of subscribing until January 1, 1910, for 75 cents, cash with subscription.

HOUSTON COUNTY ELECTION.

Vote Small, But Election Costly—Will Have Small Convention Vote.

The total number of votes cast in Houston county in the recent general election was 1847. This will give Houston county a small convention vote in the district and state conventions.

The cost to Houston county of holding the election was \$830.55. It costs just as much for a few to vote as it does for all to vote. Many poll-tax payers are not getting their money's worth of voting.

Of the total vote cast, Campbell got 1338 and Simpson 477. The Bryan electors fell behind Campbell as also did Taft behind Simpson. Bryan received 1310 votes while Taft received 413.

Of the amendments the one relating to public free schools was the only one that carried, the other two losing by big majorities. There were 860 votes for the school amendment and 471 against it. For the commissioner's precinct amendment there were 394 votes and against it 780. Against the increase in the governor's salary were 901 votes while for this amendment there were only 297, this amendment meeting with worse defeat than the other.

It is unnecessary to say that all district and county nominees were elected with handsome democratic majorities.

School Notes.

Friday, November 13, closed the first term of the Sam Houston Literary Society and the following officers were elected for the ensuing term: Armistead Aldrich, president; James Wootters, vice president; Hattie Valentine, secretary;

FOR FEEBLE-MINDED CHILDREN.

Need of an Institution for These Unfortunates Pointed Out.

To the Houston Post.

I noticed several different times editorials in your valuable paper on the need of more adequate room for the State's poor unfortunate insane. I want to compliment you on the splendid writeup on the subject. I want to thank you for the humane interest that The Post takes in the matter. I believe, like the remainder of the people that are interested in this matter, that the state certainly ought to provide for these poor unfortunates. I believe that every newspaper throughout this great State ought to take up this matter, and so impress the lawmakers of the Thirty-first legislature that they could not overlook this important need.

Inoticed in The Post that Dr. Worsham, superintendent of the State insane asylum at Austin, has already asked for an appropriation for this very work. Governor Campbell is in accord with this program, and so I should not think it a very hard matter to get favorable action from the Thirty-first legislature.

In the meantime I wish to call your attention to another need in this State, a need that is surprising to the extreme in lack of interest by the great newspapers of the State, as well as the people and lawmakers, and that is an institution for the care, study and training of feeble-minded children. The Post, through its powerful influence with the people throughout the State, as well as the other large and influential newspapers, in my opinion would do a great humanitarian act in advocating the creation of such an institution for the benefit of uplifting these help-

less young children. There are hundreds, if not thousands, of such children in this great State, and still Texas has all along forsaken them. A State, one of the richest in the Union in resources, and larger in area by hundreds of miles than all the New England States put together, and still behind the little State of Massachusetts, the said State having two institutions of the kind, with a capacity of 900 to 1500, respectively, with an appropriation of several hundred thousand dollars for another such institution.

So let us get up and move; let us do something and keep space with our more kindly inclined sister State. In mentioning the State of Massachusetts in this particular subject, I don't want the reader of this communication to think that Massachusetts is the only State of the group known as the New England States that provided for this class of unfortunates. Nearly every State in the group has such institutions. Nearly every Northern State, if not all, are caring for their feeble-minded children.

Surprising as it may seem to many, Missouri and Virginia are the only two Southern States that have such institutions.

During the session of the Thirtieth legislature several prominent ladies from different parts of the State, Dr. Worsham of Austin and Dr. Gregory of San Antonio interested themselves on this proposition, a bill was introduced, passed in the house and, I might say, killed in the senate. The original amount of the appropriation was cut so niggardly that the very friends of the bill requested Governor Campbell to veto the bill on the ground of the insufficiency of the amount. So let us hope that it won't be the same this time. Governor Campbell favored the bill at the time, so according to that he will more than likely

MOORE & SMITH
On Thursday, November 26



Thanksgiving Day Comes This Year

as our Uncle Samuel has proclaimed. Don't wait until it is too late to get your supply of

GOOD THINGS TO EAT



Just to Keep Things Moving we are offering exceptionally good values. Must have more room for new goods. If you want bargains in these lines, step up and take your pick.

Something in Dry Goods.

Fancy Dress Goods, Calicoes, Outings, Stripes, Domestics, Bed Tick, Old Fashioned Jeans, Meltons, Ladies' and Men's Underwear, Hosiery, Ladies' Collars, Ties, Men's Ties and Collars, Handkerchiefs a specialty. A fine line of Ladies' Handkerchiefs.

Our Clothing.

Have a fine line men's pants and boys' suits, also have ducking clothes for men and boys, working clothes, horse clothes,

In the Shoe Line.

Yes, we sell them; shoes for grandpa, for grandma, for mother and father, for big brother and sister—for baby, too, also for the horse.

Something in Hats.

Men's hats of all kinds from John B. Stetson down, and caps for boys and girls.

A Variety in Shirts.

Dress shirts, work shirts, top shirts, undershirts.

Hardware.

We sell hardware and cutlery, carpenters' tools, handsaws, X cut saws, saw sets, saw clamps, brace and bits, metal frame level and plumb, bevel squares, steel squares, try squares, cotton cards, toy wagons.

Groceries.

Flour, bacon, sugar, salt, meal, syrup, tea, coffee, soda, baking powders, laundry and toilet soap, Ivory soap, snuff and tobacco, rice, lima beans, potatoes, onions, spices, extracts and canned goods of all descriptions.

Ammunition.

Old fashioned powder, shot and caps, and loaded shells—22 cartridge.

Wagon Repair Material.

Axles, tongues, houns, front and rear, spokes, fellows, wagon bows and covers.

Comfortable Blankets.

Have blankets from the cheap cotton to all wool.

See Us, and You Will Be Glad and So Will We.

MOORE & SMITH,

Wooters' Old Stand, Northeast Corner Public Square.

MOORE & SMITH

Why Endanger Your Health

By sleeping on an unsanitary bed when you can buy a sanitary bed for the same money?

Sanitary Beds

Guaranteed 10 Years



Prices from \$5.00 to \$25.00

The ten year guarantee means you take no risk. Why buy an unknown, unguaranteed bed when a sanitary costs no more, is better finished, better constructed and more beautiful in design? The finish is durable, hard as flint, impossible to chip off. Come in and let us show you how you have ten years' satisfaction to your credit when you buy a sanitary iron bed from us.

Bedroom Suits

At Reduced Prices

For a short time all suits have been reduced from \$2.50 to \$5.00 per suit.

Wardrobes, Buffets, China Closets

and Leather Couches

have all been reduced in price and will be sold as long as they last at prices that will please the closest buyer. Come and let us show you what we have. Bring along your catalogue. I will duplicate anybody's price.

Art Squares and Rugs

A large assortment and prices the lowest. Come in and see them.

J. D. SIMS

FURNISHER AND UNDERTAKER

CHRYSANTHEMUMS.

Written for the Courier.

Droping in all of their purity,
With petals sweeping the ground,
Clusters in great profusion,
In various colors found;
Peeping from under the hedges,
These flowers at set of sun,
Trophies of God's great blessing,
Our fair Chrysanthemum.

With faces turned toward Heaven,
But modest in their repose,
Rivaling all creation,
Even the fairest rose
That decks the bridal costume;
And the tender vines that run
Along our paths in perfume,
Our sweet Chrysanthemum.

They come when the daisies have vanished,
They come at autumn's call;
Like the faded leaves of summer,
They are brightest before they fall.
They rest on nature's bosom,
A mass of rarest gems,
With richest garland's laden,
They fall with their tired stems
Drinking from a golden goblet
The last rays of summer's sun
Reflected into gladness—
Beloved Chrysanthemum.

Mrs. C. R. Stephenson.

favor it this time.

I am of the opinion that with organized effort on the part of the newspapers, so as to create a demand for this need the thing can be accomplished with ease. The State has plenty of money in the treasury, and there won't be any excuse this time for some of our would-be watch-dogs of the treasury to oppose it.

In conclusion, I want to say that if the lawmakers of Texas create this institution, in the end it will mean a saving for the State, for if you take one of these children and teach and develop his mind you make a useful citizen, if not you have to take care of him as a grown-up insane with no hopes for the future.

Hoping that this may interest

you to the extent of taking it up, and as a subscriber for years of The Post, I hope you will publish this in your valuable paper with much success to the cause.

John D. Friend.

Crockett, Texas.

IT'S ALWAYS BAD.

The Best of Backs are Bad When They Ache—Crockett People Know It.

A bad back is always bad. Bad at night when bedtime comes.

Just as bad in the morning. Ever try Doan's Kidney Pills for it?

Know they cure backache—cure every kidney ill?

If you don't, some people do.

Read a case of it:

Mrs. A. Inman, living in Groveton, Tex., says: "For sometime I was subject to a dull, nagging backache and also suffered from pains in the back and top parts of my head, occasionally accompanied by dizzy spells. When arising in the morning I felt dull and languid and no doubt greatly handicapped in attending to my housework. I used a number of remedies but until I learned of Doan's Kidney Pills I received no relief. They promptly strengthened my back, eradicated the pains and invigorated my kidneys. I was so pleased with the results that I gave a statement at that time recommending Doan's Kidney Pills, and I am at present pleased to confirm all I then said."

Plenty more proof like this from Crockett people. Call at I. W. Sweet's drug store and ask what customers report.

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

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

THE WIDOW and THE WIDOWER

A THANKSGIVING EPISODE

By Caspar Dullon

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DEACON SILAS LAPHAM, widower, had been paying attentions to Aunt Sarah Henderson, widow, for two years. Each heard that the other was stubborn, and each was watching and waiting for the other to exhibit the trait. Thanksgiving brought the crisis. The widow invited the deacon to dinner. There was no question about the deacon taking the head of the table, but when the matter of carving came up the widow took knife and fork in hand and said:

"I can do it so much better than you, you know."

"I fail to see how or why," he replied.

"Because I have always carved. It was an eccentricity of mine even when I was a girl. No doubt you can slice ham or pork, but when it comes to carving a turkey—"

"I have carved thousands of them."

"And your wretched temper"—
"Same to you."
"But I thought it a slander. Now, however, I can no longer doubt."
"Neither can I."
"It was my place to carve that turkey. In your obstinacy you continued to saw and jab and butcher without regard to my feelings. My only recourse is to bid you good day and take my hat and leave."

"If you will act like a boy, I can't help it."
"And never come again," finished the deacon as he got on his overcoat.

The widow ate her Thanksgiving dinner alone, but that turkey was never carved to form a part of it. After the deacon's departure she returned to the carving knife and eventually managed to saw off a piece of the meat, but she had no sooner tasted it than she started for the kitchen to



"THERE—YOU ARE JABBING AGAIN!"

as you must know," interrupted the deacon, with considerable asperity. "Don't jab the fork into the bird like that. That's like a hired man jabbing a pitchfork into a heap of hay."

"I was not jabbing. In order to start carving you must get a firm hold of the bird."

"Then take it by a leg."

"Never! How would you look holding the bird with one hand while you sliced away with the knife? If you have always carved that way—"

"I have, and it's the only way to carve. There—you are jabbing again! One would think you were a soldier bayoneting an enemy."

"Deacon Silas Lapham, you are talking like a child! When I think I need to be told how to carve a turkey I will call on you for advice. I simply get a firm hold with the fork and then—"

"And then jab, jab, jab. A woman has no business with the carving knife and fork when there is a man present. I will carve this turkey."

"I beg your pardon, but you will sit there and see me carve it. Don't forget that I am in my own house and that I am still my own boss."

"You invite me to dinner and then humiliate me, do you?" shouted the deacon as he shoved back his chair.

"Now, don't be a schoolboy," chided the widow as she flourished the knife around. "Having got a firm hold with the fork, I now proceed to cut around the thigh joint—thus."

"But you are sawing instead of cutting."

"No, I'm not."

"Widow Henderson!"

"Deacon Lapham!"

"If I was a swearing man—"

"You'd get off a swear word on this occasion. Yes, you look as if you were swearing to yourself this minute."

"I hadn't sworn a single swear, but when a man has to sit here and see a Thanksgiving turkey jabbed and poked and stabbed and sawed and butchered the Lord would surely forgive him for one or two swear words."

"Deacon Silas Lapham," she replied as she rested from her labors, "I said I could carve a fowl."

"Then why don't you?"

"I am doing it, and if you would keep quiet for five minutes I—"

"This is too much, widow—too much!" said the deacon as he started for his overcoat and hat. "You invite me here and then insult me. I heard about your obstinacy—"

"And I heard about yours."

interview the hired girl.

It was three or four days before the mystery was solved, for there was a mystery. The turkey, which had been killed three or four days ahead of time and hung up to freeze, had been cut down and devoured by cats, and to save himself from reproach the hired man had killed a peacock and hung it in its place.

"And so you see I had to saw and jab," explained the widow as the widower was sent for.

"Y-e-s, I see."

"And you would also have had to saw and jab."

"Y-e-s."

"And though you went away you didn't miss your turkey."

"N-o."

"And all things considered—"

"Yes, all things considered—"

The deacon's fur had to be rubbed the right way for a time, but he purred at last, and on this Thanksgiving day he will do the carving and his wife will pass the cranberry sauce.

Clouds and the Weather.

When two weather prophets disagree does it argue error or incompetence in either? No, says the author of "Storms and Storm Signals" in Yachting. The data upon which they base their predictions do not always bear one interpretation. Thus:

Because the clouds indicate weather in a different manner according to the geographical location of the observer, and also because they are in themselves but byproducts of the weather and are not causes, weather predictions from clouds at sea should be taken with plenty of reservation of judgment. To say, for instance, that at a "red sky at night sailors delight" is very tuneless and possibly truthful where knowledge is conspicuous by its absence, but a red sky at night may mean almost anything from a surplus of moisture in the air, meaning probably rains, to a volcanic eruption 2,000 miles away which has sent great clouds of dust into the air, causing the red color by reflection and refraction of the light rays.

The Eyes.

"Long, almond shaped eyes, with thick and creamy lids covering half the pupil and with a forehead that is full above the brows—there you have the eye of the man of genius." The

speaker's own eyes answered that description strikingly, but he was far from being a man of genius, being, in fact, a magazine editor.

"Protruding eyes," he went on, "show mental and bodily weakness. Eyes close together denote cunning. Those far apart denote liberality. Thin lashes without any upward curve to them and thin brows poorly marked are signs of melancholy and indecision. The eyes of a voluptuary move slowly under heavy lids. Those of a miser are small, deep sunken and blue, set in a bony and perpendicular forehead. The most beautiful eyes—large, brilliant and clear, glancing and flashing with a rapid motion—the most beautiful eyes denote elegance of taste, gaiety, some selfishness and a great interest in the opposite sex."—New York Press.

Like Father Like Son.

Four-year-old Clyde was a precocious youngster—very talkative and a close observer. He and his father were strolling through the meadows one morning when Clyde observed for the first time some tadpoles in a pond. He waded in and cried out, "Oh, father, what are they?"

"Tadpoles, son," the father replied.

"Please, father, let's take them all home with us, then come back and find the mamma and papa, and we'll have the whole family in our pond at home."

The father explained how impossible this would be, and as they walked on a few steps a large, ugly frog hopped across their path. Clyde's father said: "Look, son. Perhaps there is the papa."

Clyde was very thoughtful. He looked at the frog, then at his father, then at himself and exclaimed:

"Well, father, was there ever so much difference between me and you?"—Delineator.

Curious School Customs.

Mexican schoolmasters show their appreciation of a pupil's efforts in a curious manner. The diligent student is allowed to smoke a cigar during the lesson. When the whole class has given satisfaction, permission is given for a general smoke, and even the little Mexicans are allowed to light a cigarette for the occasion. Needless to say, the schoolmaster himself smokes a cigar of a size and quality proportionate to his superior position. But the scholars are not allowed to drink, this privilege being accorded to the master only. On his desk he always keeps a bottle of liquor, which, when empty, occasions much dispute among the parents of his scholars, as it is considered an honor to be able to fill the schoolmaster's bottle.—London Standard.

Cutting it Short.

A British lieutenant in the Second battalion, Lincolnshire regiment, who was called Leo Quintus Tollemache-Tollemache de Orellana Plantagenet Tollemache-Tollemache, gave notice by means of advertisement that he renounced the names of Quintus Tollemache-Tollemache Plantagenet Tollemache and should henceforth upon all occasions and at all times sign and use and be called and known by the name of Leo de Orellana Tollemache only.

Canada's Inland Sea.

People at home who have only seen Hudson bay on the map have mainly regarded it as a patch of polar desolation, forbidding and unexplored. In reality it is nothing of the kind. It is a huge inland sea as large as the Mediterranean reaching down into the center of the Canadian continent.—Milling.

Dumb Money.

Little Elmer—Mamma, this nickel you gave me this morning must be counterfeit. Mamma—Why do you think so, dear? Little Elmer—Well, I hear papa say that money talks, and I've had this money a whole day and it hasn't said a word.—Chicago News.

Modern Art.

Art in our time seems like an iridescent oil spread about on the surface of the muddy waters of our civilization; it and life don't mix.—London Saturday Review.

What She Wanted to See.

The chauffeur was taking his load of tourists for a ride through the residence portion of the metropolis and pointing out to them the state mansions of the nabob. "I've often heard," said the portly dowager with the diamonds, "of these Oliver Wendell homes. Would you mind showing us one of 'em'?"—San Francisco Argonaut.

Sensitive.

"I hear you is out of a job, Willie?"
"Yes, I may be a little too sensitive, but when the boss sez 'Git to blazes out of here before I kicked you out!' then I got mad and resigned me position."—Illustrated Bits.

He Knew.

Teacher—Now, Johnny, what was Washington's farewell address? Johnny—Heaven.—New York Sun.

Conscience and wealth are not always neighbors.—Messenger.

Jimmy's Thanksgiving.

By OLIVE HARPER.

JIMMY WEBSTER, more properly Geraldine, had determined to leave her country home to study art in New York. "I know I am an artist; perhaps I am a genius," she said. Her mother said nothing against the project, but new lines formed around her mouth. Some thing had gone out of her father's eyes



"JIMMY."

and step, and he looked older. He, too, remained silent. George Seabright, when his pleading proved vain, merely said, "If you find the world too much for you, let me know."

"Perhaps," replied the young girl, while her pretty lips took a hard outline new to them. She had \$180 and thought that more than enough to last until fame and riches came. When she was gone the whole farm seemed empty. Her brave, bright letters told how she and three other girls had rented a photograph left for only \$40 a month. They had made it very artistic, had built wardrobes of packing boxes and made divans of cots covered with denim, which served as cozy beds at night. She told of the screen made

of a clotheshorse, covered also with denim, which served to hide their bachelor girl kitchen with its coal oil stove and packing box closets for dishes. Her father made no comment on these pitiful makeshifts, but he and George read between the lines. They knew there was something wrong. There was a forced breeziness in the letters. George had loved Jimmy since she was a baby, and he decided as Thanksgiving drew near that he could stand the strain no longer.

In the meantime the four girls in the great, bleak, ancient photographer's gallery were finding it very hard to win fame. The rent, though divided among four, was high when nothing was coming in. They could not afford a stove, and tea and dry bread were their food. Finally one girl sat down on the floor and began to wall. She was cold and hungry and miserable. She was going home, "and art could go to grass!"

This voiced the general sentiment, but Jimmy had come from sterner stock, and she wouldn't give up. Three of the four girls wrote to their parents and in a week had said goodby to Jimmy, who faced the question of rent alone. She threw herself on the cot and cried all night with hunger, cold and the knowledge that she was beaten. From talent to genius was a far cry, and she was no genius.

"But I wouldn't care," she sobbed, "if it were not so near Thanksgiving. At home there'll be turkey and pies and cake and jellies and—I just can't stand it!"

But she never once thought of writing home for help. The next morning she lay unconscious in her lonely place tossing in fever, while her grieving father and mother were going around heavy footed making preparations for the coming feast.

Jimmy lay two nights and a day ill and alone, when a lady who had an office in the same building had a feeling that something was wrong upstairs and went up to find the poor deserted child. The doctor said she should go to a hospital and that he would send for her. There was a hurried step on the stairs, and in a minute George was on his knees beside the cot.

"Oh, Jimmy, little Jimmy! I knew something was wrong, and I've come to take you home if you'll go."

"Will I? Oh, George, I'll be so thankful! I'm a failure, George—I'm a failure!"

"I don't think so. Can she travel, doctor? I'll get a carriage. She'll be home just in time for Thanksgiving."

"It will be that for me," said Jimmy

weakly, while two tears jumped from her eyes, and big George Seabright put his arms around her and pressed his first kiss on her quivering lips regardless of the doctor and the lady.

"It will be an eternal Thanksgiving, Jimmy!"

Taking Their Temperature.

For three days on a transatlantic cattle steamer, with passenger accommodations. Mrs. Billings had been endeavoring by persistent and continuous questionings to obtain some ideas as to nautical proceedings, and the other passengers had about reached the end of their patience.

"Well," remarked Miss Talbot at dinner as she passed the salt, "I am glad to find that they treat the cattle so humanely on board. Why, they take the temperature twice a day regularly."

"Oh," cried Mrs. Billings in a high, piercing crescendo, "do they really? I'm so glad to hear it, but I shouldn't think they could very well."

"Why not, madam?" inquired an elderly man on her left.

"Well—well, why," said Mrs. Billings, "I should think that it would be hard to keep a clinical thermometer in a cow's mouth long enough to get any temperature without having it crushed."—Youth's Companion.

Diamond Cutters and Their Work.

Not only is diamond cutting not a specially highly paid occupation, but it is one involving a most humiliating system of espionage to the worker. Each man has to strictly account for the stones he receives on going to work in the morning, and the count has to be carefully taken when the unfinished work is handed in at night to be locked up in a safe against the return of the workmen the next day. The possibilities of theft are great, though a dishonest workman knows that an attempt to dispose of an unfinished stone would bring suspicion upon him wherever the attempt was made.

According to Law.

In one of the states an act was passed last year requiring heads of families to notify the health officer at once in case there was any contagious disease in the house. The following letter was recently received by a certain officer:

Dear Sir—This is to notify you that my boy Ephraim is down with the measles, as required by the new law.
PETER ADAMS.

The Bolster.

The crusaders are said to have brought home with them the bolster, and, according to Dr. Cantlie, their wives, in ignorance of the only rational way of using the article (i. e. lengthwise as a support for the back of a person when lying on his side) and not knowing what else to do with it, put the bolster where it is still found on the beds of those who have not learned the wisdom of discarding it altogether—under the pillow.—London Chronicle.

Truth in a Turkish Bath.

"Judge," said the colored witness, "I'm hungry now. I been tellin' de truth fer two hours!"
"Is that the longest time you ever told it?"
"Yes, sah, an' it's had me sweatin'!"
—Atlanta Constitution.

Wabby and Weak Versus Solid and Strong.



Water can't rise above its level.

Nor can a community rise above the level of its citizenship.

If the citizens are lukewarm, limp and lazy, the town will be wishy-washy, wabby and weak.

If the citizens have VERTEBRA, VIM AND VIGOR, the town will be substantial, solid and strong.

Let's all brace up and make this town of ours a place of energy, ambition and enterprise.

COUNTING CONTEST

Given Away **\$5,000.00** In Valuable
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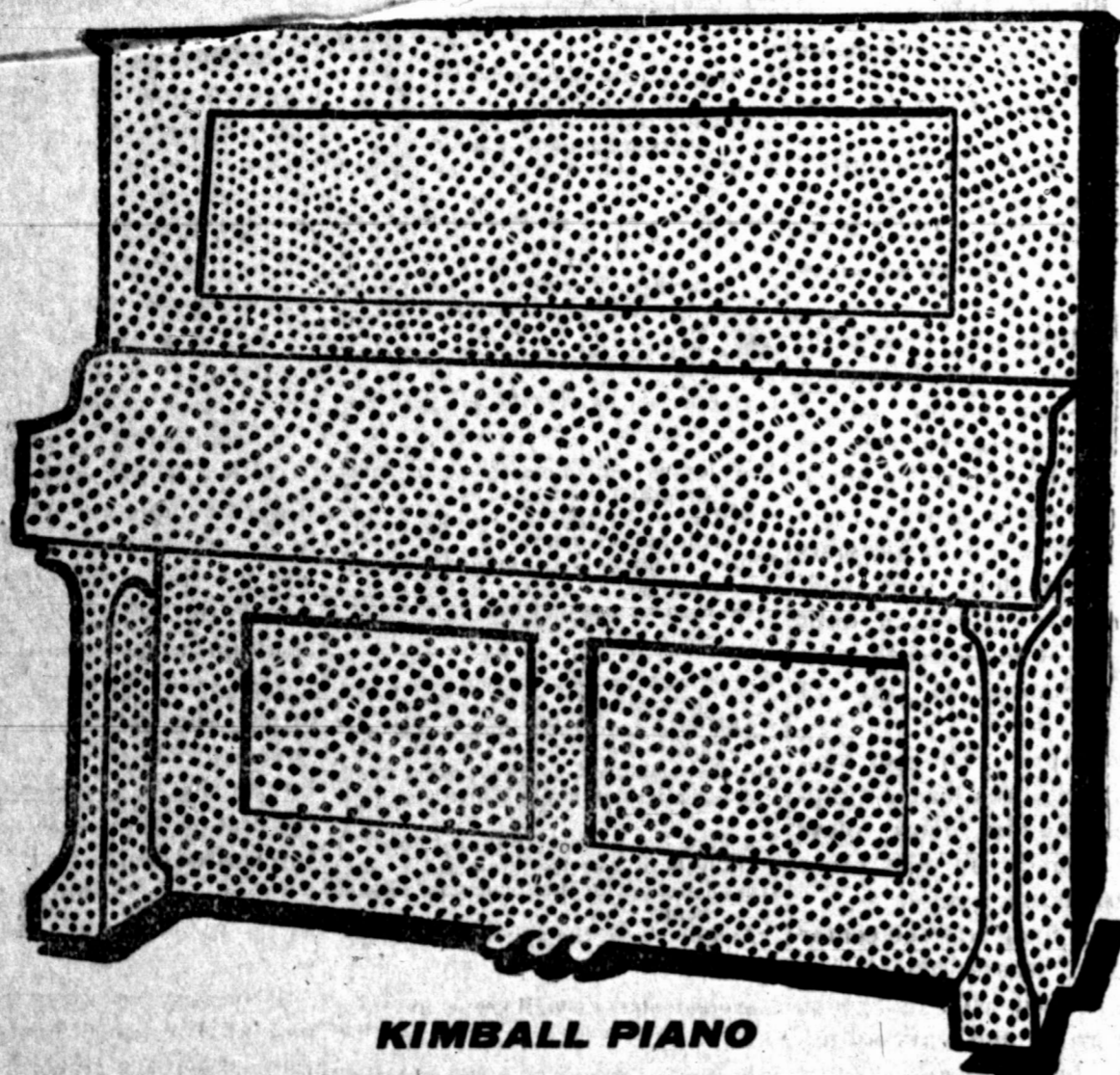
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Prizes Will Be Awarded as Follows:

ONE CELEBRATED KIMBALL PIANO, VALUED AT \$450 AS FIRST PRIZE. A HANDSOME
\$150 SIX OCTAVE KIMBALL ORGAN, SECOND PRIZE AND A FINE \$100 KIMBALL ORGAN AS
THIRD PRIZE AND OTHER PRIZES AMOUNTING IN VALUE TO \$4,800.00 IN ORDER OF MERIT
MAKING A GRAND TOTAL OF \$5,000.00.

Remember it costs nothing to try except use of your brains. Our reason for distributing these valuable prizes is

WE ARE HEADQUARTERS FOR HIGH GRADE PIANOS



KIMBALL PIANO

And we want to be thoroughly and favorably known throughout the state as dealers in but one quality, and that the best
that money will buy, and we want everybody who is interested in the purchase of a Piano, Organ, Piano Player or Player
Piano, Upright or Grand, to investigate. Call at our warerooms, West Ferguson Street, and examine our stock, and
give us a chance to prove all we claim.

The conditions under which this great counting contest will be held are as follows:

**IT IS EASY—Just Count the Dots That Appear on the
Outlined Kimball Piano**

The correct number of dots will be made known to the judges, who are well-known business men of Tyler, December
1st, and will be wired to the business office of the Courier and Times by the manufacturer. No one else knows it.
Each answer will be numbered consecutively as soon as received and will be opened by the following committee: Messrs.
L. Jester, of the Jester National Bank; J. L. Adams, of the Courier and Times, and T. L. Webb, president Tyler Box
factory.

Anyone residing in the United States is entitled to one answer. When more than one answer is received from the
same party, all but the first will be discarded.

This contest positively closes Tuesday, Dec. 1, at 6 o'clock p. m.
All answers must be written plainly and the coupon filled in, giving name and address. Also state whether you have
an Organ, Square or Upright Piano, giving name. No one engaged in the music business nor any one employed by this
firm or any other music firm will be allowed to participate in this contest.

More than 1,000 people throughout the state of Texas ATTEST TO OUR FAIR AND HONEST DEALING who have
purchased Pianos from us. We carry in stock over 100 Pianos and have the best lines in the state, and the prices on
the famous lines of Pianos handled by us are well established and are marked in plain figures, and have been sold here
for many years. We are factory distributors for Chickering Bros., Kimball, Davis & Sons, M. Schulz Company, Crown,
Packard, Mathushek, Ludwig, Walworth, Irving, Whitney, Hinze and others of established reputation; also Kimball
Piano Players, Player Pianos and Crown Combination Pianos. Address all guesses to Contest Department.

W. A. Leyhe Piano Co.:
The number of dots is
Name
Street No
Upright—Square—Organ
Name of instrument
City State

W. A. LEYHE PIANO CO.
West Ferguson Street
TYLER, TEXAS

A Hair's Breath Escape.
Do you know that every time
you have a cough or cold and let it
run on thinking it will just cure
itself you are inviting pneumonia,
consumption or some other pulmo-
nary trouble? Don't risk it. Put
your lungs back in perfect health
and stop that cough with Ballard's
Horehound Syrup. Prices 25c,
50c and \$1.00 per bottle. Sold by
Murchison & Beasley.

Raw Lungs.
When the lungs are sore and
inflamed, the germs of pneumonia
and consumption find lodgment
and multiply. Foley's Honey and
Tar kills the cough germs, cures
the most obstinate racking cough,
heals the lungs, and prevents
serious results. The genuine is in
the yellow package. McLean's
Drug Store.

Hexamethylenetetramine.
The above is the name of a
German chemical, which is one of
the many valuable ingredients of
Foley's Kidney Remedy. Hex-
amethylenetetramine is recognized
by medical text books and authori-
ties as a uric acid solvent and anti-
septic for the urine. Take Foley's
Kidney Remedy as soon as you
notice any irregularities, and avoid
a serious malady. McLean's Drug
Store.

Consumption Statistics
prove that a neglected cold or
cough puts the lungs in so bad a
condition that consumption germs
find a fertile field for fastening on
one. Stop the cough just as soon
as it appears with Ballard's Hore-
hound Syrup. Soothes the torn
and inflamed tissues and makes you
well again. Sold by Murchison &
Beasley.

A Broken Back.
That pain in your back caused
by lumbago, stiff muscles or a
strain is an easy thing to get rid
of. Ballard's Snow Liniment cures
rheumatism, lumbago, sore and
stiff muscles, strains, sprains, cuts,
burns, bruises, scalds and all aches
and pains. You need a bottle in
your house. Sold by Murchison
& Beasley.

If you suffer from constipation
and liver trouble Foley's Orino
Laxative will cure you perman-
ently by stimulating the digestive
organs so they will act naturally.
Foley's Orino Laxative does not
gripe, is pleasant to take and you
do not have to take laxatives con-
tinually after taking Orino. Why
continue to be the slave of pills and
tablets? McLean's Drug Store.

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If You are Over Fifty Read This.

Most people past middle-age
suffer from kidney and bladder
disorders which Foley's Kidney
Remedy would cure. Stop the
drain on the vitality and restore
needed strength and vigor. Com-
mence taking Foley's Kidney
Remedy today. McLean's Drug
Store.

Her Heart was Broken

because her complexion was bad
and she could find nothing to clear
it up. Ladies: a bad complexion
is caused by an inactive liver. An
inactive liver will be put in perfect
condition by taking Ballard's Her-
bine. The unequalled liver regu-
lator. Sold by Murchison &
Beasley.

Winter blasts, causing pneumo-
nia, pleurisy and consumption will
soon be here. Cure your cough
now, and strengthen your lungs
with Foley's Honey and Tar. Do
not risk starting the winter with
weak lungs, when Foley's Honey
and Tar will cure the most obsti-
nate coughs and colds, and prevent
serious results. McLean's Drug
Store.

Foley's Honey and Tar clears the
air passages, stops the irritation
in the throat, soothes the inflamed
membranes, and the most obstinate
cough disappears. Sore and in-
flamed lungs are healed and
strengthened, and the cold is
expelled from the system. Refuse
any but the genuine in the yellow
package. McLean's Drug Store.

The Stick For Wives.

In the old Anglo-Norman marriage
ceremony the gentlewoman used to
promise her husband to be buxom
"unto my gentil manne." The word
buxom corresponds to the modern Ger-
man biegsam, meaning bending or pliant,
and the old English was "busk-
am," all of which goes to show that
things must have been very pleasantly
ordered in the good old days that are
dead and gone. According to the old
English law, which is still unrescinded
in the statute book, the "gentil manne"
was allowed to beat his goodie wife
with a stick the diameter of which did
not exceed a quarter of an inch.—New
York World.

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Foley's Kidney Cure
makes kidneys and bladder right.

THE POSSUM DINNER



A THANKSGIVING DAY POEM

By Goodloe Thomas

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NOW, eb'rybody ought to know dey's welkim as kain be,
So pitch right in an' he'p yo'selbs to eb'ryting yo' see.
Jes' stah't dem biskits goin' round', fo' dat's yo' job, ol' man,
An' chase dem wif de sweet pertaters quick 's dey leab yo' han'.
(Now, Mose, yo' show yo' manna's 'fo' dese folks, er Ah tell yo'
Daih'll be a chile go hongry, an' he'll git a lickin' too).
Heah, Uncle Dan, is de possum meat—Ah's lookin' aftah dat—
An' heah's a piece espeshly youahs, all brown an' streaked wif fat.

WHAS dat—de graby? Don' yo' fret; it's comin' right up daih,
An' sich! W'y, dat air possum fat enough, I do declaih,
To mek enough er graby fo' de ma'chin' Isrulites.
Heah, Rev'end Mistah Ferguson, be suah yo' gets yo' rights.
De smell am sweet! W'y, man, yo' tas' an' den I bet yo' shout
An' mek de neighbors wondah wha' de fuss am all about.
Heah's little Eph. Now, chile, I's sated yo' sumpin' nice an' sweet.
Wha's dat? Good lan'! Dis boy is sayin' he don' lak possum meat.



"NOW FO' DE POSSUM DINNER!"

HE saize ne don' lak possum meat, an' him a son o' mine!
Now, honey, tuh'n to all dese folks an' knowledge up yo's lyin'.
Mek out 'tuz jes' a li'l joke to aggrivate yo' ma,
Or, 'clar' to goodness, Ah's jes' boun' to whup yo' till yo's raw!
Yo' speak de trufe, yo' li'l imp! Den wha's yo' doin' heah
A-settin' up wif niggah folks to mek yo'se'f appeah
A niggah, too, when eb'ry one kain tell, in spite youah black,
Dat tuh'nin' 'way f'um possum meat yo' ain't de hones' fack?

WELL, dere, yo' pa saize nebbah min', bekaize yo's such a mite;
Dat 'tain't youah fault yo' sum'ays missed youah nachul appetite.
Hol' out yo' plate; dere's plenty mo' to fill a chile lak yo'.
De good Lawd mek yo' sustain ways, Ah spouse, dat's got to do.
But, lan'! Ah's 'feared yo' grow up wron' an' mebbe be a shame
To all de cullahd circle an' de 'spected fam'ly name,
Fo' ebbah sence Ah's ol' enough to stan' upon ma feet
Ah's p'ishoned any niggah dat would tuh'n f'um possum meat.

The Power of Habit.

After having been a faithful devotee of the automobile two years or more Mr. Bragdon suddenly was seized with a violent fancy for motor boats. "A beautiful river runs by this town," he said. "Why not have some enjoyment out of it? In a motor boat you don't have to dodge policemen and rural constables."

So he bought one, took a day's instruction in the art of managing it and keeping the machinery in running order and started out on his first trip with it one bright morning in July.

It was late in the afternoon when he returned home. He came in by the back way. His clothes were water soaked, and he had a generally limp and bedraggled appearance.

"For pity's sake, Alfred!" exclaimed his wife. "What has happened to you? Did the boat upset?"

"No, Lucy," he answered. "Don't say anything about it and I'll tell you. The boat's all right, but when I had been out on the water an hour or two something went wrong with the motor."

"Well?"

"Well, before I—er—knew what I was doing I was over the side of the boat and trying to get under it to fix the thing."

Walking on Your Hat.

"Nothing is wasted in this house" is the proud remark which you may often hear from the lips of an expert housekeeper. It is a boast, however, that few people could really justify. Take the case of a worn-out derby hat. In the majority of instances this discarded article of headgear finds its way to the rubbish heap or perhaps into the hands of a passing tramp. If only people were aware of the fact, the most excellent felt soles for the inside of their boots and slippers are thus being discarded. These soles can be cut from the sides of an old hat and are much more comfortable than the ordinary cork ones.

The Japanese and Their Prisoners.

The Japanese have a rather kindly way of treating prisoners who have not yet been convicted. The regulation prison dress is a kind of strawberry red colored kimono, but men on remand wear light blue as a sign that, although under strong suspicion, they have not yet been found guilty. When prisoners in this class have occasion to pass through the public streets curious extinguisher-like baskets are placed upon their heads.—Wide World Magazine.

A Shrewd Doctor.

"This incident," said a doctor, "happened in France two or three centuries ago, in the days when public criers were always in evidence. There was a physician of Montpellier who used to go from place to place to practice the healing art. He employed a very ingenious trick to help him on his way. When he came to a town where he was not known he pretended to have lost his dog, which he declared was a very valuable animal, and ordered the public crier to roam about, beat loud on his drum and offer a reward of 25 louis to whoever should bring the dog to him. At the same time the crier was directed to mention all the titles and academic honors of the doctor as well as his place of residence. Of course it happened that the doctor was not long in becoming almost the sole topic of talk in the town. The people made up their minds that he must be a famous physician as well as a very rich one, as he could offer 25 louis for finding his dog. You might reasonably judge that the dog was never found, but plenty of patients were."

Winning a Juryman.

It is related of Lachaud, the most famous of French criminal lawyers in the last century, that in pleading a certain case he perceived that one of the jurors seemed to be hostile to him and his argument.

In the faces of all the other men in the box he saw with his practiced eye that his oratory or his shrewdness was having its effect, but this man, in spite of all Lachaud could do, remained frowning, suspicious, obdurate.

Lachaud continued with his work however, and presently saw that his opportunity had come. It was a hot day, and a ray of sunlight had penetrated a crevice on the curtain and was shining on top of the head of this juryman, who was quite bald. The lawyer paused in his argument and addressed himself directly to the court.

"If your honor would please," he said, "to order that the curtain in yonder window be lowered a trifle I am sure that the sixth juryman would appreciate it."

This sign of watchful attention won the obstinate juryman's heart and Lachaud's case.—New York Tribune.

A Sailor's Christening.

"The late Bishop Potter once in his early days had occasion to officiate at a christening in a small fishing village on the Massachusetts coast," says a writer in Harper's Weekly. "The proud father, a young fisherman, awkwardly holding his firstborn daughter, was visibly embarrassed under the scrutiny of the many eyes in the congregation, and his nervousness was not decreased by the sudden walling of the infant as they stood at the front.

"When the time for the baptism of the babe arrived the bishop noticed that the father was holding the child so that its fat little legs pointed toward the font.

"Turn her this way," he whispered, but the father was too disconcerted to hear or understand.

"Turn her feet around," the bishop whispered again, but still there was no response. The situation was fast becoming critical, when an ancient mariner in the back of the church came to the rescue. Putting his weather beaten hand to his mouth, he roared across the room, "Head her up to the wind, Jack!"

Throw 'Em Down Babies.

"I wonder," mused the young father, "what there is in a baby's makeup that prompts him to drop things. It isn't really dropping, though—it's throwing. My baby is good about sleeping and behaving when there is company, but everything he can snatch he immediately flings to the floor. I've noticed and known a lot of others, too, who do the same thing. It's not only the joy of throwing, but the delight in seeing somebody pick the stuff up. Babies certainly seem to take a fiendish delight in watching their fathers and mothers or nurses pick up the toys and other things which they throw out of their beds, carriages and chairs. My boy used to be quite pleased with a rubber toy attached by a string to his carriage so that it just escaped the ground. He would grin and dangle it for hours. Now he yells as soon as he discovers it is fastened, and the minute we give it to him loose, bang, it goes on to the ground, while he laughs aloud in his joy.—There's probably a reason, and the psychologists will discover it some day.—Exchange.

The Holy Grail.

From a book reviewed a passage is quoted in which mention is made of "the holy grail, the sang-real or true blood of God." This used to be a common mistake, and so learned a man as Thomas Warton in his "Remarks on Spenser's Imitations From Old Romances" writes, "The holy grail, that is the real blood of our Blessed Saviour." But this is wrong. It is the holy grail, or vessel, and does not mean real blood, though it contained the real blood, collected by Joseph of Arimathea. It was made from a diamond and emerald which fell from the crown of Satan when he fought with Michael. M. de Villemarque, who has written about Armoric legends, says

that this jewel was a diamond. The word great is old French, as I understand, for I have no knowledge myself that it is so. In the legend of Percival it is shown that the grail is a vessel. "The holy grail" Percival heard whispered by one voice after another. Then from the shining vessel streamed an endless supply of the costliest dishes and wines.—London Notes and Queries.

A Poor Defense.

"Speaking of a poor defense," said a lawyer, "reminds me of the valet who was accused of drinking his master's wine. To this valet the master said:

"Look here, you! I believe that you have been at this decanter of claret and then filled it up with water."

"Oh, no, sir," said the valet in an aggrieved tone.

"Well, it tastes like it," said the master, and he set down his glass with a wry face.

"Oh, no, sir," said the valet excitedly. "In the first place, sir, I never drink wine; in the second place, when I do drink it I never think of filling the bottle up with water, and, in the third place, when I do put water in I always am very careful to add a little brandy so that the wine may not lose its strength."

Two Great Orators.

As an orator Demosthenes was head and shoulders above Cicero the Roman. The great Athenian stands in a class all by himself, if we are to believe the consensus of learned opinion. Cicero, it is said, prided himself on his faculty of extemporizing at need, but probably trusted little to it on great occasions, while with Demosthenes it was the rule never to speak without the most careful preparation. The speeches of both were spoken without manuscript. They would never have made the reputation they did if they had been tied down to their notes.—New York American.

Their Only Job.

"Why, Mrs. White," began the summer visitor newly returned to Saymouth, "how those maples of yours have grown since last year! It's perfectly amazing!"

"Oh, I don't know's it's anything to wonder at," said Mrs. White easily. "They ain't got anything else to do."—Youth's Companion.

Erudite.

"Oh, baby," exclaimed the Boston mother, "what does make you cry so?"

"I really cannot say," was the unexpected answer. "I have never indulged in introspection."

The costliness of keeping friends does not lie in what one does for them, but in what one out of consideration for them refrains from doing.—Henrik Ibsen.

She Knew.

Little Girl—If I was a teacher I'd make everybody behave. Auntie—How would you accomplish that? Little Girl—Very easy. When girls was bad I'd tell them they didn't look pretty, and when little boys were bad I'd make them sit with the girls, and when big boys was bad I wouldn't let them sit with the girls.

Not a Bit Conceited.

Wife—You are positively the most conceited man I ever met. Hub—I conceited! Woman, there's not a conceited bone in my body. Why, another man with the same abilities would be absolutely carried away with pride.—Exchange.

A Crushing Come Back.

"I started to tell my wife about a woman who made her own gowns."

"Well?"

"She capped my story with one about a man who made a million dollars."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Unmasked.

"I was introduced to your wife to-day, and she glared at me."

"I can't account for that."

"I can. I s'pose I'm your scapegoat you old fraud."—Kansas City Journal.

Try to be something in the world and you will be something. Aim at excellence and excellence will be attained.—Boileau.

Way to Marital Happiness.

"Marry a bright woman for success and a pretty one for happiness," advises a student of the problem. Also one who can cook for the benefit of the digestion might be advisable, but the pesky laws limit you to one.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

The Penholder.

He had lent her his stylographic pen and she commenced to write a letter. She—Oh, it writes beautifully. I declare I'm in love with this pen. He—I'm in love with the holder. She saw the point.

His Bluff Called.

"My dear, you grow prettier every day."

"And shabbier, John. Compliments are all very well, but I'd like to see a little ready cash occasionally."

Confidence is a plant of slow growth in an aged bosom.—Chatham.

EMPEROR AT THE PLOW.

Peculiarities of China's Thanksgiving Celebration.

In China at the beginning of winter a thanksgiving festival is held at which the deities are especially thanked for the preservation of life and health during the preceding twelve



THE EMPEROR OPENS SEVERAL FURROWS.

months. Offerings are presented on the family altar, and the ceremony is brought to a close by a grand dinner at which all members of the family

can partake. The feasting and rejoicing are kept up for days.

On the fifteenth day of the first moon the emperor of China goes in great state to a certain field, accompanied by the chief officers of his household, and prostrates himself, touching the ground nine times with his head in honor of the god Tien, and pronounces a prayer invoking the blessing of the great being. Then as high priest of the empire he sacrifices a bullock to heaven as the fountain of all good.

While the victim is being offered a plow drawn by a pair of highly ornamented oxen is brought to the emperor, who throws aside his imperial robe, lays hold of the plow handles and opens several furrows. The principal mandarins follow his example, and the festival, which is really a species of thanks in advance for good harvests, ends with a distribution of clothes and money to the poor.

"RABBIT HUNTING DANCE."

Odd Thanksgiving Festival Held by the Pueblo Indians.

The "rabbit hunting dance" of the Pueblo Indians at Zuni, Acoma, Taos and Isleta is a festival contemporaneous with that of the white man. In the dance the Indians give thanks and pray for future favors. The chief of each village designates a day in November for the festival, and the dancers, who are dressed in white cotton shirts and pantaloons and carry guns, chant and dance as long as breath and strength remain. They begin at daylight and after a pause for food at noon continue dancing far into the night. They pray fervently that the Great Spirit may give them power to slay plenty of rabbits and other game and also thank him for the game, the crops and the rain of the season past.

Parents' Hairs and Heirs.

It is possible to predict from the hair of parents the form of their children's hair. Two blue eyed, straight haired parents will have only blue eyed, straight haired children. Two wavy haired parents may have straight, wavy or curly haired children, but the chances of curly hair are slight. Two curly haired parents may have children with either straight, wavy or curly hair, but the proportion of curly haired offspring will probably be large.—American Naturalist.

He Gave Them Latin.

Once, before he was president, Andrew Jackson was making a political speech in some obscure campaign in a backwoods Tennessee district. His address was very well received, but somehow there did not seem to be exactly the enthusiasm wanted for the occasion. Having vainly tried to "warm up" his hearers, the general was just going to sit down when the chairman of the meeting plucked him by the coat-tail. "For the Lord's sake, general, give 'em some Latin!" he hurriedly whispered in the speaker's ear. "They won't think you know anything at all if you quit like this. Smith, the opposition candidate, talked Latin to 'em half the evening."

Old Hickory rose to the situation. Advancing to the edge of the platform, he extended his arm and thundered out: "E pluribus unum! Sic semper tyrannis! Habeas corpus!"

The audience roared with applause. The credit of the orator was saved, and the Jackson ticket won out in that county.—St. Paul Pioneer Press.

BUSTER AND THE BEAR



A THANKSGIVING
EPISODE IN VERSE

By Earle Hooker Eaton

COPYRIGHT, 1908, BY EARLE HOOKER EATON

SISTER wanted chickens Thanksgiving day to eat,
Brother said a gander was mighty hard to beat,
Ma she wanted turkey, an' pa he wanted duck,
Nen I went out huntin' an' had the bestest luck.
Heard a norful growlin'; but, say, I didn't care.
I des aimed my rifle an' shot this grea' big bear!



"HEARD A NORFUL GROWLIN'; BUT, SAY, I DIDN'T CARE."

SISTER wants the gizzard, the neck er anything;
Brother wants a drumstick, an' mother 'll take a wing;
Father 'll take the wishbone, with des a slice of breast,
An' as I'm quite hungry I think I'll eat the rest.
Don't I wish that Rosefelt, the pres'dent, was my pa,
Nen I'd shoot some elfunts 'way down in Africkah!

A L'Espagnole.

"I wonder why it is," remarked the stranger to me.

"Why what is?" I queried.

He groaned and explained thus:

"Why is it that chefs at restaurants think that the mere addition of a tomato to anything under the sun justifies their calling the combination something 'a l'Espagnole'?"

"I see 'eggs a l'Espagnole.' My curiosity is at once aroused. 'What,' I ask myself, 'do the Spaniards do to eggs? So I order 'eggs a l'Espagnole.' 'What' are they? Eggs with tomato."
"I see 'chicken fricassee a l'Espagnole.' Nothing but tomato mixed with chicken. And thus it goes on and on through life, a continual round of hopes deceived. Spanish sauce is tomato catchup. It is absurd; it is careless. Chefs have no right to be so lazy. Why, if the same degree of carelessness is allowed to run rampant through other classes of men besides chefs I do not doubt!"

Here the stranger got positively tragic.

"I do not doubt that the good old phrase 'walking Spanish' will be applied to stepping on a tomato. I fear it; I fear it!"

And he faded thence, shaking his head with gloomy foreboding.—New York Times.

Tennyson and Lowell.

Mrs. Procter, the wife of Barry Cornwall, was a great figure in London literary society when Mr. Lowell was United States minister at the court of St. James. Mrs. Procter was most anxious to bring Tennyson and Mr. Lowell together. Tennyson, who was whimsical in his prejudices, made various excuses and affected to believe that Mr. Lowell was a poet of little importance and an after dinner orator whose graces of style were overrated. One day Mrs. Procter told Mr. Tennyson that Mr. Lowell had written some lines on her birthday and that she must insist upon reading them to him. The English poet looked at her askance and submitted with bad grace. Mrs. Procter did not go further than the opening line, "I know a girl—they say she's eighty." Tennyson scowled and sprang to his feet with a gesture of impatience. "Too familiar!" he

grew out in high disdain and refused to listen to the remaining lines. Mrs. Procter persevered in her efforts to bring the two poets together, and they finally met, and became intimate friends. Mr. Tennyson was a man of many caprices and had a touch of shyness and cold reserve which made him unwilling to meet a stranger.

A Sly Dog.

The late Dr. James Freeman Clark used to tell this story of his dog:

"At one time my dog was fond of going to the railway station to see the people, and I always ordered him to go home, fearing he would be hurt by the cars. He easily understood that if he went there it was contrary to my wishes. So whenever he was near the station if he saw me coming he would look the other way and pretend not to know me. If he met me anywhere else he always bounded to meet me with great delight. But at the station it was quite different. He would pay no attention to my whistle or my call. He even pretended to be another dog and would look me right in the face without apparently recognizing me. He gave me the cut direct in the most impertinent manner, the reason evidently being that he knew he was doing what was wrong and did not like to be found out. Possibly he may have relished a little on my nearsightedness in his maneuver."

Influence of Feminine Dress.

Few men realize the influence that dress has upon them. Man thinks that he is an unbiased being, open to conviction, to sound logic, to unanswerable argument. Fond delusion! He is open to nothing except to the eloquence of a few yards of silk and to the persuasion of soft laces.—London Graphic.

Made Quite a Difference.

Miss Watson—Did Mr. Sark say to you as I entered the drawing room last night, Clara, "Is that the beautiful Miss Watson?" Clara—Yes, dear with the accent on the "that."—Exchange.

All I have seen teaches me to trust the Creator for all I have not seen.—Emerson.

Belated Revenge.

"Once when I was a small lad on my father's farm in Ohio," said a judge, "a peddler got me to help him make some repairs to his wagon. I did so without any thought of pay, but when the vehicle was mended as he drove off he told me the next time he came by our house on his rounds he would bring me a gift in the shape of a copy of 'Robinson Crusoe,' a book I had long coveted. How I waited for him to come again and how my heart fell when he failed to bring me the volume! Again and again he promised, but never made good his word. Years passed, and I grew to manhood, but the memory of that cruel disappointment never vanished from my mind. I was made a school trustee of my district, and one day a man applied for a position as teacher. In him I recognized the peddler who had blasted my youthful hopes. There was another candidate for the job, and mine was the deciding vote. Nothing in life ever gave me more pleasure than in voting against the ex-peddler, who for his deception on a boy lost a good place. It was perhaps carrying the spirit of revenge too far, but there are not many who would have done otherwise."—Baltimore American.

A Skater's Daring.

Few feats of skating have ever excelled the exploit of one of Napoleon's officers performed shortly after the fight at Jena in 1806. The emperor dispatched an officer to Marshal Mortier requiring him to seize certain important towns without delay. When the officer arrived at the mouth of the Elbe, where the river is seven and one-half miles wide, he was threatened with serious loss of time. The river was just covered with ice; therefore to row over was out of the question. He could not cross by the nearest bridge without going twenty miles out of his way on roads heavy with snow, and he grudged the time that would thus be wasted. So he resolved to skate across the thin, freshly formed ice. Had he tried walking he would have sunk at once, but by skimming along on his skates at the top of his speed he got over the river both dry and unharmed. By this daring if dangerous deed he saved six hours, did what Napoleon bade him do and won great credit for his bold and clever exploit.

London Bakers in 1310.

In 1310 we find the following bow bakers accused of selling halfpenny loaves deficient in weight: Sarra Foting, Christina Terrice, Godiyeva Foting, Matilda de Bolingtone, Christina Pritch, Isabella Sperling, Alice Pegges, Johanna de Countebrige and Isabella Ponveste. One wonders why the husbands were not summoned. In a similar case in 1316, when Agnes Foting's bread was seized, it was adjudged that her bread should be forfeited and given to the prisoners in Neugate because her husband did not come to avow (own) the bread." Are we to assume that in the absence of the husbands the bread was merely forfeited without the infliction of a fine? An indication of the importance of the breadmaking business is also found in an enactment of the reign of Henry III. to the effect that "every cart of Bremble (Brombley-by-Bow) or Stevenheth (Stepney) that comes into the city with bread shall pay each day a halfpenny."—St. James' Gazette.

A Tardy Act of Justice.

Marriages between English actresses and men of a high social position began in the eighteenth century, if no earlier. There was Lavinia Fenton, the Polly Peachum of Gay's "Beggar's Opera," who became Duchess of Bolton; there was Miss Farren, who married Lord Derby; also Miss Brunton became Lady Craven not long before Lord Thurlow married Miss Bolton. Earliest of the list, though, comes the Earl of Peterborough, who married Anastasia Robinson, the singer, and kept the marriage secret until a few days before his death in St. James' palace, when he assembled his relatives and friends and publicly acknowledged the woman "to whom he owed the best and happiest hours of his life," a tardy act of justice that caused the lady to swoon away.

The Care of Goldfish.

The secret of success in caring for goldfish is to keep the water they are in fresh and sweet. Their globe should be emptied and its water renewed as often as every second day. Lift each fish out gently in a glassful of water, empty the globe, wash it out, then put in fresh water and put the fish back again. Clear, sweet rainwater should be used, and its temperature should be raised to 75 or 80 degrees by warming a part of it. Sparkling well water is too cold for the fish to thrive in and too pure, for the animalculae of rainwater form an important part of the food of these fish. They need no other sustenance than a very few bread crumbs sprinkled in their water daily, for overfeeding will kill them very quickly.—Housekeeper.

Barrie's Critic.

J. M. Barrie some years ago was persuaded to take the chair at a Burns celebration in Scotland. He was extremely silent and stole away at the earliest opportunity. Next week appeared in the National Observer a hu-

morous article entitled "Mr. Barrie in the Chair," in which Mr. Barrie's lack of social tact was held up to ridicule. Many people thought the writer had gone too far and protested. But the author of the article was Mr. Barrie himself.

A Grateful Crab.

"Alfred Sommerlad, musical director of the Devonshire Park theater, Eastbourne, and Edgar Bateman, the song writer, out fishing caught an edible crab," says an English periodical. "They tossed it back into the water. At that moment an accidental kick sent the bait box after the crab. There was one fragment of bait adhering to the hook, and this was lowered into the sea, and the anglers left the rod for a time. When they returned they found their basket, which they had left empty, full to overflowing with fine flounders, soles, rock, whiting and plaice. The explanation was soon forthcoming. Painfully unhooking its way up the fishing line came the creature whose life had been spared bearing in its nippers a fine young conger eel, which it placed with the other fish on the basket. Then it dropped back into the water. Apparently the grateful crab, knowing that he had caused the bait to be lost, had deposited fifteen and one-half pounds of live fish in the creel as a thank offering for its life being spared."

Piracy's Romance.

Piracy is as old as history, but we think of it more particularly as woven inextricably into the romantic youth of the new world. The word itself suggests first of all to Americans at least such names as Captain Kidd, Bartholomew Roberts, Captain Edward England, Captain George Lowther and that terrifying and dashing buccaneer Sir Henry Morgan, and the chief exploits of these men were accomplished at the expense of the coast of North America and the much harried shores of the Caribbean. The history of piracy is full of drama, stirring action and daring deeds, and it is on this account rather than because of its darker side of fire, murder, killing and inhuman cruelty that children even today, years after the last of the genuine pirates has been swept from the seas, are constantly playing in imitation of piratical exploits and that men and women still find a unique fascination in reading of the followers of the black flag.—Jackson Cross in Metropolitan Magazine.

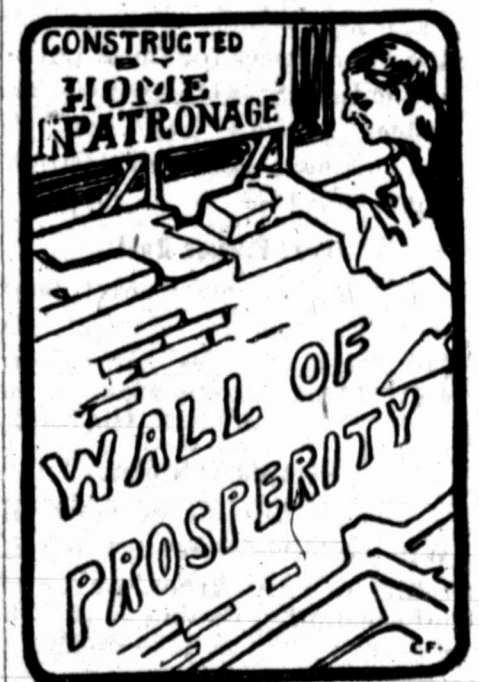
An Interesting Book.

A French marquis whose country house is crowded with guests during the hunting season hit upon the original idea of placing a register at the disposal of her visitors in which to record their desires and criticisms. The pages of the richly bound book soon began to be covered with notes such as:
"Count de R. still owes 25 louis. He knows to whom."
"The green peas yesterday were burned."
"Baroness M. flirts—unfortunately not with me."
The marquis has withdrawn the register.

A Patient Sufferer.

Boy (to tramp)—Don't you get awful tired of doin' nothin', mister? Tramp—Terrible! But I never complains. Everybody has their troubles.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Do You Want to Help Boom This Town?



If you do, you'll assist the editors in advertising the place.

If you do, you'll patronize home industries, including the printer.

If you do, you'll subscribe for this paper regularly and advertise in it.

But—If you don't, you'll sneer at our efforts for town improvement.

If you don't, you'll order your job printing from some outsider.

If you don't, you'll borrow your neighbor's copy of the paper to read.

DO YOU OR DON'T YOU?

Come Out And Join the Boosters' Band!



Join the Boosters' Band and boost!

Don't stay home and go to roost!

Keep awake and make a spiel!

Put your shoulder to the wheel!

Try to help your town along!

Boost it loud and boost it strong!

Everybody lend a hand!

Come and join the Boosters' Band!

Our Thankfulest Thanks.

By ROBERTUS LOVE.

[Copyright, 1908, by American Press Association.]

O H, we are thankful for manifold blessings.

Thankful for life and for home and for health.

Thankful for turkeys with savory dressings.

Thankful for progress and wisdom and wealth.

Thankful for corn and alfalfa and clover.

Thankful for money and faith in the banks.

Thankful, so thankful, election is over—That is the source of our thankfulest thanks!

One year in four is a leap year, remember. This is one of 'em, and many a man Sworn to stay single if this were December.

Now would give thanks to be freed of the ban.

Yet there's a bother that's still more distressing

One year in four—all the rest it outranks—

Namely, election, which keeps us a-guessing.

Now that it's over, our thankfulest thanks!

Man can escape from the maiden pursuing;

Man can resist the importunate miss;

Simply a system of shunting and shooing—

That will avoid matrimonial bills.

But there is never a man so evasive

He can escape the political tanks,

Always a drip with palaver persuasive.

Now that they're quiet, our thankfulest thanks!

Season of roaring and ranting and raving.

Period when it is perfectly plain

Every man's uppermost duty is saving

Washington's country from bondage's chain;

Time when your friend or your father or brother

For his opinions you class with the cranks.

Now for four years we cannot have another,

So let us offer our thankfulest thanks.

Maybe 'twas tariff and maybe 'twas labor.

Maybe 'twas courts that so split us apart;

Maybe the trusts so affected your neighbor

That he diserved himself from your heart;

Maybe injunctions or guaranteed banking.

Any or all of the partisan planks.

Well, it is over, so now for the thanking—

Now for reunion, our thankfulest thanks!

Oh, we are thankful the nation is living.

Thankful the dear old republic is still

Sure of a hand to proclaim a Thanksgiving.

Thankful, so thankful, his front name is J!!!

Thankful are we that Columbia is leaping

Four years away from political pranks.

Such a relief is occasion for heaping

Thus on Thanksgiving our thankfulest thanks.

A Spoiled Scene.

E. H. Sothern once found his wit fail him in time of need. It was in the fourth act of "The Lady of Lyons." Sothern played Claude Melnotte, and Virginia Harned was cast as Pauline Beausant, the villain, was pursuing Pauline, and she cried loudly for help. Claude is supposed to dash to her rescue and catch the fainting Pauline in his arms. Sothern dashed on to the stage, but slipped and slid, sitting down near the footlights. Losing his presence of mind, he declaimed the line: "Look up, Pauline. There is no danger." As Virginia Harned was standing, this was, of course, an impossibility. By this time the audience was in an uproar, and when Arthur Lawrence, who played Beausant, scornfully said, "You are beneath me," the amusement of the audience knew no bounds.

School Supplies

We carry all school books in stock and exchange new for old ones. Bring them in to us.

MURCHISON & BEASLEY.

IF YOU WOULD LIKE TO KNOW

WHERE TO DO YOUR SHOPPING, READ THIS COLUMN.

Some Rare Bargains Are Offered Here to Our Readers—The Seller to the Buyer.

Toilet articles. Sweet's Drug Store.

\$18.50 suits reduced to \$14.50 at John Millar's.

See those reduced samples at John Millar's.

Boys' Knickerbockers—something nice—at Moore & Smith's.

Prescriptions a specialty. Sweet's Drug Store.

WANTED—25 fat turkeys. It. J. G. Haring.

Nice suits for boys, with Knickerbocker pants, at Moore & Smith's.

One hundred standard brands of the best whiskey on the market at Hyman's.

Derma-Zema and skin soap, a pure medicated soap. Sweet's Drug Store.

If no one else handles it, try Hyman's Saloon, Palestine. He has them all.

Bargain week at Mrs. Bricker's. Every hat reduced for cash for one week only.

See those reduced samples at John Millar's before you order your suit or overcoat.

Beautiful hand-painted cup and saucer free with each bucket of coffee at Moore & Smith's.

Caps for men, ladies, misses, boys, children and babies—J. A. McConnell's Novelty Store.

No waiting, no disappointment—if you ordered it from Hyman it is there—you can count on it.

Knit gloves with fingers for ladies and children 15c. pair. J. A. McConnell's Novelty Store.

Your physician is well pleased with the way we fill prescriptions. Murchison & Beasley.

Silver finish knives and forks, W. B. W. brand, 60c. set at J. A. McConnell's Novelty Store.

FOR RENT—Two-story brick storehouse on east side of square. See Thos. Collins or phone 77. tf.

Special value in wool face velvet rugs 27x54, bright patterns, \$1.50 at J. A. McConnell's Novelty Store.

If you have anything to buy or sell, trade or exchange, see J. C. Stockton, Crockett, Texas, R. F. D. No. 5. tf.

Lone Star Orchard peaches far excel those canned in California or anywhere else. Ask your grocer for them.

For Rent.

A good six-room house in the Bruner addition in Crockett. Apply to S. F. Tenney. tf.

E. D. Lockey, one of the county's best farmers, was in town Monday.

We are practical tailors and experts in our line. We guarantee a perfect fit.

Shupak Tailoring Co.

We carry the stock and are in a position to fill your prescriptions as they should be filled.

Murchison & Beasley.

You take no chance. Satisfaction guaranteed or your money refunded. Buy your whiskey at Hyman's Saloon, Palestine.

When the argument is upon clothing it's all in our favor. Every man who knows will tell you so. Shupak Tailoring Co.

Prescriptions filled right is what you are entitled to, you get that if we fill them.

Murchison & Beasley.

Don't buy California peaches when you can get Crockett peaches. Ask your grocer for the peaches put up by the Lone Star Orchard Co.

Mrs. Bricker's \$5 hats going at \$3.75 for one week, 19 to 26. Eighty-five trimmed hats to select from. Everything reduced for cash except special orders.

Expert dressers are invited to inspect our work, which cannot be matched anywhere for style and workmanship.

Shupak Tailoring Co.

I am the only and exclusive agent for the original and genuine Magale's Monarch and Sugar Valley.

Hyman Harrison, Palestine, Texas.

We make suits that suit the fashionable dresser. Our suits are made by expert workmen with a guarantee of satisfaction.

Shupak Tailoring Co.

For Sale Cheap.

My house and one acre of land in Crockett. One business house in Grapeland. Apply to O. C. Hickey, Hillsboro, Texas. 4t.

See that fine display of woollens in our show windows and on our racks. Our styles are the latest and our prices absolutely correct.

Shupak Tailoring Co.

Write me for latest price list, order blanks, etc. Address Hyman Harrison, Palestine, Texas. I carry the largest stock of whiskeys of any house in East Texas.

Received this week at J. A. McConnell's Novelty Store another lot of ladies' long coats and children's bear skin coats and hoods. Close prices, come while they are here.

Crockett peaches are preferable. Ask your grocer for those put up by the Lone Star Orchard Co. and, besides getting the best for your money, you will patronize home industry.

Lost Pocket Book.

The finder of my pocket book, containing several receipts and \$40.30 cash, will be liberally rewarded by returning same to me. tf. John A. Goolsby.

Strayed or Stolen.

A large bay horse, very tall. Will pay liberal reward for his return to me at Arbor, or for any information leading to his recovery. J. C. Arnold. 2t.

The popularity of our clothing is being demonstrated daily by the large number of well-dressed men wearing our clothes. Our suits and overcoats, while medium priced, possess all the style of the higher priced garments.

Shupak Tailoring Co.

Farm for Rent.

One of the best corn and cotton farms in Houston county for rent. The Wall farm, 5 miles north of Crockett, must have a tenant, so name your terms. Enquire Crockett Bakery, opposite post office. 4t.

FOR YOUR Thanksgiving

Oysters

SEE

F. B. Webb

At the Bakery.

IF YOU WOULD LIKE TO KNOW

WHAT IS TAKING PLACE IN AND AROUND CROCKETT.

Read This Column—All the News, While It Is News, That Is Worth Printing.

The grand jury reconvened in session Wednesday.

The commissioners' court is still in session this week.

This is the sixth week of the district court and seven weeks make a full term.

The grand jury expects to finish its work this week and make report.

Christian Church—Sundy school at 9:30 a. m.; communion service at 10:30 a. m.; prayer meeting at 7 p. m. every Wednesday night. Everybody cordially invited to attend.

District Court.

John Grigsby, cattle theft; not guilty.

Henry Roberts, negro, murder; four years.

Pete Daniels, negro, murder; life term in penitentiary.

Rev. S. F. Tenney writes the Courier from Houston that he has had a slight operation performed by a specialist, but that it will not interfere with his filling the pulpit at the Presbyterian church in this city next Sunday as usual.

The D. A. Nunn chapter, Daughters of the Confederacy, will meet with Mrs. Dan McLean Saturday, November 28, at 3:30 p. m. All members are earnestly requested to be present.

Mrs. D. A. Nunn.

After looking Texas over, Dr. C. C. Blair, recently of Fort Worth, has decided to locate at Crockett. He says he finds no better section anywhere than Houston county. The Courier is glad to have him and his family among us.

The Busby embezzlement case has been transferred from the district court of Houston county to the district court of Cherokee county. This case was brought from Cherokee to Houston. A conviction was secured, but the case has been reversed and a new trial granted.

The Courier has just learned of the marriage at Nacogdoches last week of Mr. Doc Smith to Miss Tommy Murph of that city. Doc is so well and favorably known here that it is unnecessary for the Courier to say anything about him. He was reared here, is the youngest son of Dr. J. B. Smith, and has many relatives and friends who extend congratulations. His bride is said to be one of the old Stone Fort city's most charming and talented daughters. The Courier joins other friends in extending best wishes.

Money to Loan.

We make a specialty of loans on land and to farmers. We buy vendors lien notes and any other good paper. If you want to borrow money you will DO WELL to call and get our terms before placing your loan. We buy and sell real estate.

WARFIELD BROTHERS,

Office North Side Public Square, Crockett, Texas

H. M. Bradley of Pennington was a caller at the Courier office Saturday.

Ask your grocer if he handles the Lone Star Orchard Co's. peaches. If he does not, ask him to get them, for they are the best.

For killing a negro woman, Pete Daniels, also negro, was given a life sentence in the penitentiary by a district court jury Wednesday.

Mr. J. J. Hammond of Holly left some very fine Japanese persimmons at the Courier office Wednesday morning. They were of his own raising and the largest we have seen.

John Grigsby, a young white man living in the northern part of the county and on trial in the district court last week for cattle theft, was acquitted by the jury. The case attracted considerable attention in both Houston and Anderson counties and many witnesses were drawn here from both counties.

You don't know a good overcoat 'til you've worn a tailor-made—

If you have never had an overcoat that fitted perfectly.

If the coat collar has always sagged away down from neck.

If the backbone seams have not followed the backbone of the body.

If your coat has always lost its lines of style after a little wear—

Then you never had a perfectly tailored coat.

A Miller overcoat, made for use by expert tailors, will stand the wear of years—and still will have the "faultless" look of master tailoring.

Come in and look at my beautiful assortment of overcoatings—and the swell styles for this season. An overcoat made to your order for no more than the ready-made price.

JOHN MILLAR

TAILOR AND FURNISHER

NEXT TO POSTOFFICE

Thanksgiving Service.

It has been agreed by the pastors to have a Union Thanksgiving service at the Baptist church at 10:30 a. m. Thursday, November 26. Business men are invited to close their offices and stores and attend this service, and the public generally is invited.

S. F. Tenney.

The Emery Stock Co., playing at the opera house last week, gave a benefit performance on Friday evening for the Crockett Shakespeare Club. The play, "Hearts of the Blue Ridge," was well attended and decidedly the best performance of the week. A per cent of the proceeds went to the Shakespeare club. Doubtless many of those present will be glad to know that the Emery Stock Co. is considering playing a return engagement in our city.

Thanksgiving Millinery Opening

Mrs. Bricker has twenty-five pattern hats, worth \$5.00 each, reduced to

\$3.75.

Sale beginning Thursday, Nov. 19, and continuing until Thursday, Nov. 26—one week.

Strictly Cash

IF YOU WOULD LIKE TO KNOW

WHO IS VISITING IN AND OUT OF THE TOWN

Read This Column—It Contains Your Friend's Name and Perhaps Your Own.

Will Eastham of Huntsville was here Tuesday.

Mrs. Frank Harris was a visitor to Houston last week.

Dr. W. B. Collins and George Murray were here Monday evening.

Attorney R. O. Kenley of Groveton was here Thursday of last week.

W. F. Murchison of Percilla was among those remembering the Courier Saturday.

Mrs. Estelle Wootters and son, Jim, attended the carnival at Houston last week.

J. R. Hairston, living south of town, was among those remembering the Courier Monday.

Mrs. A. H. Wootters and little daughter, Delha Mildred, were visitors to Houston last week.

Mr. Ira C. Wall, a long-time friend of the Courier, was in to see us Wednesday afternoon.

G. W. Ferguson of Weches and J. M. Pelham of Grapeland were pleasant callers at the Courier office Wednesday morning.

Mrs. W. F. Arledge of Jacksonville is a guest at the homes of Mr. and Mrs. H. J. Arledge and Mr. and Mrs. Geo. W. Crook.

Misses Libbie and Shermie Sherman of Kennard passed through Crockett last week on their way to visit friends at Houston.

Mrs. R. H. Wootters and Mrs. F. G. Edmiston are spending a few days in Houston. They were joined at Huntsville by their sister, Mrs. Luther Eastham.

Mr. and Mrs. E. D. Terbell and daughter, Miss Anna, will leave Tuesday of next week for East Hampton, Long Island, N. Y. They will sail from Galveston Monday on the big, new ocean liner, the Brazos.

Thanksgiving Day --- Then Christmas

Are You Ready for the Great Festival of the Year?

Our great dress goods sections are ready with the widest range of assortment, in all the very choicest and very newest styles. The unquestionable moderateness of our prices affords unequalled opportunities for economy.

85c Brown Waterproof, 54 inches wide.....	50c
85c Navy Waterproof, 54 inches wide.....	50c
85c Black Waterproof, 54 inches wide.....	50c
85c Blue Check Serge, 38 inches wide.....	50c
75c Cream Mohair, 36 inches wide.....	50c
85c Gray Serge, 36 inches wide.....	50c
75c Navy Mohair, 36 inches wide.....	50c
75c Black Brilliantine, 36 inches wide.....	50c
75c Black Ground White Dot Mohair.....	50c
75c Navy Gray Plaid Panama, 38 inches wide.....	50c

A Combination of Special Silk and Dress Goods Values.

We show more styles and prices than any house in Crockett—moreover, our styles are more carefully selected, our silk and wool fabrics cannot be improved upon; the values are unmatched and unmatchable.

36-inch Black Guaranteed Taffeta, oil boiled and one of the most satisfactory Taffetas we have ever sold, \$1.25 grade, special.....	1.00
Navy, Pink and Black China Silk.....	35c
36-inch Gray Taffeta Silk, \$1.25 grade.....	1.00
36-inch Garnet Taffeta Silk, \$1.25 grade.....	1.00
36-inch White Taffeta Silk, \$1.25 grade.....	1.00

\$1.25 Brown Serge, 44 inches wide.....	85c
\$1.50 Black Broadcloth, 52 inches wide.....	1.00
\$1.50 Black Green Plaid, 36 inches wide.....	1.00
\$1.75 Cream Broadcloth, 54 inches wide.....	1.25
\$1.50 Check Wool Suiting, 44 inches wide.....	1.00
\$1.50 Castor Satin Finish Cloth, 42 inches wide.....	1.00
\$1.50 Green Broadcloth, 54 inches wide.....	1.00
\$1.25 Light Gray Serge, 44 inches wide.....	85c
\$1.25 Gray Serge, 44 inches wide.....	85c
\$1.50 Black Voile, 44 inches wide.....	1.00

Jas. S. Shivers & Company

Where Quality Dwells.

The Crockett Courier

W. V. 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.

LET THE PEOPLE RULE.

About six weeks ago the Courier sent to the Houston Post, to be sent to Mr. Herman Ridder, treasurer of the democratic national committee, a campaign contribution of \$4.00, \$1.00 of which was contributed by Dr. J. S. Wootters, \$1.00 by Mr. Geo. B. Lundy and \$2.00 by the Courier. About ten days ago the Courier received from Mr. J. B. Doolin, assistant treasurer of the democratic national committee, receipts for the amounts contributed, one receipt for Dr. Wootters, one for Mr. Lundy and one for the Courier. The receipts were all alike and read as follows, with the exception of the change in the names and amounts:

"Let the People Rule.—This certifies that the Crockett Courier of Crockett, State of Texas, believes that if the people would rule their own country they must pay the expenses of electing their own public servants. Millions of dollars from trusts and special interests are never given except in return for pledges as to policy of government, that give special privileges to the favored few and forever oppress the masses.

"You have given \$2.00 without any pledge in return except for honest government in the interest of the whole people. Signed,

Norman E. Mack, chairman democratic national committee; U. C. Wetmore, chairman national finance committee; Herman Ridder, treasurer democratic national committee. Countersigned, J. B. Doolin, assistant treasurer."

The election to determine whether waterworks bonds shall be issued is to be held on Saturday, November 28. Let every man in favor of progress vote for the bond issue. Let those who want to trail in the old rut of foggism vote against the issue.

Only about ten days now until the waterworks election. Let's all vote for the waterworks bonds and thus demonstrate our pride and confidence in the old town. The man who thinks Crockett is not large enough to sustain a system of waterworks hasn't much faith in the town.

The Tribune editor heard about a 2x4 individual "cussing" the paper, editor and all, the other day. Well, that's nothing. We have heard this same gentleman (?) and a few others of his kind, cussing the mayor, marshal, aldermen, school teachers, preachers, depot agent, county officers, from constable to judge. In fact they are going to "cuss" somebody, and we will try to be charitable enough to consider the source.—Bartlett Tribune.

That fellow used to live here. Fact is we have met him everywhere we have lived, and he is always trying to stir up a muss of some kind, but generally the people know him so well that they pay little or no attention to him.—Maxia News.

Is it possible that he has left Conroe? Thought he was still here, but if he has really gone Bartlett is welcome to him.—Conroe Courier.

He has not left Conroe, he has not left Mexia and he has not left

Bartlett. He is still in those places and he is in Crockett as he is in every other town. Every community is inflicted with him. He loafs on the street corners and sees no good in anything. He cannot attend to his own business because he has none to attend to. Actuated by a poisoned mind, he gossips about the good women of the town, and actuated by jealousy, he criticises the business men of the town who take the lead and try to do something. He says the editors have no backbones, the preachers are out for the money and the teachers are all grafters. His thought has run in this channel so long that his mind is mildewed and soured. Let's pity him and not censure him further!

The Courier regrets to learn that Mr. and Mrs. E. D. Terbell and daughter, Miss Anna, are going to leave Crockett. We learn that on next Tuesday they will leave Crockett for Galveston and on Wednesday sail for New York. The Courier hopes their sojourn in New York will be temporary only and that after a winter spent there they will return again to their home here. Surrounded with a beautiful orchard and vineyard, the Terbells have one of the prettiest residence locations in all Texas. Since coming from New York to Crockett four or five years ago, they have made many friends among our people and there is universal regret at their departure.

Invitations have been received in Texas announcing the coming marriage in Denver, Colo., of a young lady whose mother is a Texan. Mr. and Mrs. Fred B. Waters of 311 Bannock street, Denver, have issued invitations to the wedding reception of their

daughter, Miss Glennie Sophia, who is to be married on Wednesday evening, December 2, to Mr. Robert Samuel Laundon. The reception will be from half after eight until half after nine o'clock. Both the bride and the groom are prominent socially in Denver. The young lady is the daughter of a prominent business man of that city and, besides having a number of relatives in this state, has a large number of friends here also, who wish her much happiness and extend congratulations to the fortunate groom.

District Judge Gardner made a statement in district court Monday afternoon that in the future jurors would be required, when summoned for the week, to be present an 1 o'clock on Monday afternoons instead of at 10 o'clock Monday mornings. This will give all ample time to be present at the convening of court on Mondays.

Burned to Death.

A cabin in North Crockett, near Captain B. B. Arrington's place, was burned to the ground on last Thursday night. Nothing was saved. Friday morning the charred remains of old Aunt Rose, a very old colored woman who had lived in the house alone for a long time, were found burned to a crisp. It is supposed that the old woman was too feeble to leave the house and that the fire was accidental.

Drowned at Center.

While shooting ducks with a party of friends at Center last Saturday, William Thomas Patterson, the second son of Mr. and Mrs. Watson Patterson of this city, fell out of a boat in which he was standing and drowned before he

could be reached by his friends. The remains were embalmed and shipped to Crockett, reaching here Sunday night. Funeral services were conducted Monday morning at 10 o'clock, interment taking place from the family residence in North Crockett. The remains were followed to Glenwood cemetery by the Woodmen of the World and a large concourse of sorrowing friends. The burial was conducted by the Woodmen.

Willie Patterson was a young man of unimpeachable character and integrity and his death is deeply felt all over the city. Born and reared here, all knew him and none knew him but to speak of him in the very highest terms. He was connected with the management of the telephone system at Center and in that capacity made many friends in the Shelby capital. The Courier extends sympathy to the bereaved family.

Optical Goods

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