

# The Crockett Courier.

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

Subscription Price \$1.00 Per Annum, Payable at Crockett.

MOTTO—Quality, Not Quantity.

CROCKETT, TEXAS, DECEMBER 17, 1908.

VOL. XIX—NO. 47.

**SHUPAK**



**NOT TOO LATE**

To have your clothes cleaned and pressed for Christmas. Let us make your old suit new. We are the leaders in Crockett when it comes to tailoring, and can aid your appearance considerably on Christmas if you let us fix your clothes for that day.

**Shupak Tailoring Company**

Crockett and Teague

**SHUPAK**

J. B. McComb of Kennard was a pleasant caller at the Courier office Tuesday. Mr. McComb is a son of the lamented "Uncle Bill" McComb, who was one of the pioneer citizens of the eastern part of the county.

There will be no services at the Christian church for the next two Sundays. But beginning January, first and second Sundays, regular service in the morning. No service at night on account of protracted meeting at Baptist church.

**For Sale at a Bargain.**

Six mules and one horse, mowing machine, disc plow, disc harrows, disc cultivators, section harrow, Acme harrow, turning and shovel plows and other farming tools. Apply to Aldrich & Crook.

You get standard brands and better goods for your money; you get prompt shipment and I guarantee everything I sell. Order your Xmas whiskey now. Don't wait for the rush. Just tell me when you want it shipped. Address Hyman Harrison, Palestine.

**Counting Contest.**

In the W. A. Leyhe Piano Co.'s counting contest advertised in the Courier, Mrs. J. F. Tilley of Jacksonville won first prize, Mrs. H. Brad White, of Tyler, second prize and H. F. Farrel of Edgewood, third prize. The number of dots were 3456.

Why not three or four club together and buy your Xmas whiskey? Let me make you a special price by the case. I can save you money. Write Hyman Harrison, Palestine.

**Notice, Tax Payers.**

It is not long until the first of February when the 10 per cent. penalty is added to all unpaid taxes, so let everybody meet me at the following places and pay their taxes, and save the long ride to Crockett:

Grapeland, Tuesday, Jan. 5.  
Lovelady, Wednesday, Jan. 6.  
Ratcliff, Monday, Jan. 11, 1909.  
Kennard, Tuesday, Jan. 12.  
A. L. Goolsby, Tax Collector.

**Santa Claus**

Will give a Christmas tree at the Methodist church Christmas eve and something nice will be on the tree for every member of the Methodist Sunday School and for every baby whose name is on the cradle roll.

Santa Claus says he will come to the Methodist church that night and give presents in person.

Everybody is invited to meet with us and make the occasion more enjoyable.

"Thorns and Orange Blossoms," a consistently worked out story of love, intrigue, heroism and villainy dramatized from the world-famous novel of the same name by Bertha M. Clay, comes to the Crockett theatre Friday night, December 18, under the direction of the Rowland & Clifford Amusement Co. The drama is in its second season and is still drawing the same tremendous crowds as last year; new features have been added, the scenery is all new and bright, fresh from the studios. The company is said to be much stronger in every way than that of last year.

**HOLIDAY EXCURSION RATES**  
VIA I. & G. N. R. R.

Visit "The Old Folks at Home" at Xmas Time.

Excursion rates to St. Louis, Kansas City, Memphis and the old States in the Southeast; also principal points in Mexico. Tickets on sale Dec. 19-20-21, limit Jan. 17th. To all points in Texas: Tickets on sale Dec. 18-19-23-24-25-26 and Jan. 1st, limit Jan. 5th.

For rates, apply to nearest Ticket Agent, I. & G. N. R. R. or address D. J. Price, G. P. & T. A., Palestine, Tex.

On last Sunday evening, at the home of the bride's sister, Mrs. Robt. Thompson, seven miles east of Crockett, Miss Bertha McHenry became the bride of Mr. Will McLean, Rev. S. F. Tenney of this city performing the ceremony. The bride is a Houston county girl, was reared in the eastern part of the county and has lived at Ratcliff for the past several years. Through her many charms she has drawn around her a large circle of friends whose wishes are for her future happiness. The groom is a brother of our fellow-townsmen, Mr. Dan McLean, and was reared at Augusta, although now a resident of this city. By his manly demeanor he has made many friends in this city and elsewhere who are happy to extend congratulations.

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

**OPERA HOUSE**

Friday Night

**Dec. 18**

Rowland & Clifford's

New and Successful  
Comedy-Drama

**Thorns and Orange Blossoms**

By Lem B. Parker

The Most Attractive Play  
of the Year

A Beautiful Stage Story that  
Appeals to Everybody

**NEW**

Production Throughout  
SCENIC DISPLAY  
COMPETENT CAST  
EVERYTHING

**A TYPEWRITER**  
ON EASY PAYMENT

Would make a nice  
Christmas present. A  
small cash payment and  
**16 2-3 Cents Per Day**  
will buy a No. 5 Oliver  
Typewriter. See

**C. W. MOORE**  
LOCAL AGENT  
I Sell from the Factory Direct.

J. W. MADDEN C. M. (MARVIN) ELLIS  
**MADDEN & ELLIS,**

ATTORNEYS AT LAW,  
CROCKETT, TEXAS.

Will practice in all the State and Federal Courts and in both Civil and Criminal cases. Special and prompt attention given to all business placed in our hands, including collections and probate matters.  
Madden & Ellis.

Don't wait until the last day. Send me your order for your Christmas whiskey right now and write me when you want it shipped out. Address Hyman Harrison, Palestine, Texas.

I can't send whiskey C. O. D. by express, but I can ship it C. O. D. by freight with sight draft attached to bill of lading and sent to the bank for collection. Address Hyman Harrison, Palestine, Texas.

The Courier is glad to note the return of Henry Powers and family to this city. Henry has been living at Rusk for the past year or more and has returned to take charge of the Crockett light and ice plant.

I have the exclusive agency for Magale, Paul Jones, Parker Rye, Sugar Valley, Hill & Hill and Hyman's Private Stock. You can't get them elsewhere. Address Hyman Harrison, Palestine, Texas.

\$65 per month straight salary and expenses, to men with rig, to introduce our Poultry Remedies. We furnish bank references. Don't answer unless you mean business. Eureka Poultry Food Mfg. Co., East St. Louis, Ill.

Don't send your money out of the state. I give you better whiskey for the same money. Write for my price list and order blanks. Address Hyman Harrison, Palestine, Texas.

The Sunday school of the Christian church will give a tree Christmas eve night to which every one is cordially invited, not only to be present, but to share in the pleasure of the occasion by placing your gift for friends on the tree.

**Lost Cows.**

One is a small, brown cow, one-eyed, branded S. B. mark swallow-fork in left and half under-crop in right. Other is a white cow, red head and neck, same brand, same mark in left and over-crop in right ear. Will pay \$5.00 reward for them. S. M. Bruce.



## Holiday Goods

The time is near when you must get busy with Old Santa Claus, and the sooner the better.

We have a carefully selected stock this year, in fact the best line ever carried here before.

Do not wait, but come early and take your time to do your selecting. You will get better attention, also better results.

**Below Are a Few of the Many Articles in Stock**

- |   |  |  |
|---|--|--|
| Toys galore,<br>Work Boxes,<br>Hand Decorated China,<br>Nut Sets,<br>Collar Bags,<br>Jewelry Boxes,<br>Pictures,<br>Silver Novelties, | Toilet Sets,<br>Dolls,<br>Xmas boxes of Gunther's<br>Chocolate Candies,<br>Manicure Sets,<br>Namara Ware,<br>Hand Mirrors,<br>Candelabras, | Traveling Cases,<br>Cut Glass,<br>Smoking Sets,<br>Shaving Sets,<br>Puff Boxes,<br>Vases,<br>Manicure Sets,<br>Ink Wells, Etc. |
|---|--|--|

Buy from Us and Save Money. Don't Forget the Place.

# Sweet's Drug Store.



# THE December Jubilee!

Begins Saturday, Dec. 5, Closes Thursday, Dec. 24

Clearance, quick, decisive and complete, is the object; fearless price-cutting annihilation of profits, a total disregard of cost, is the method; fast, fierce selling, eager and zealous buying, happy and jubilant buyers and smaller, cleaner stocks will be the outcome. Some of the choicest bargains are limited in quantity and they will be snapped up before the first day is over, perhaps just the ones you want, so come early.

## General Jubilee Sale of Elegant Coats and Skirts

We will offer this season's choicest models in coats and skirts in a general jubilee sale, and our patrons can readily appreciate the significance of this statement. All our tailor-made garments of excellent quality material, in the much wanted colors, up-to-date styles and effects, are included in this event. Make a memorandum of these prices and come and get the one you want. Do it now.

### Ladies' Jubilee Skirt Clearance Sale.

Our entire line of \$11.50 skirts at.....	<b>\$8.50</b>	Our entire line of \$6.00 skirts at.....	<b>\$4.98</b>
Our entire line of \$8.50 skirts at.....	<b>\$6.00</b>	Our entire line of \$5.00 skirts at.....	<b>\$3.48</b>

### Ladies' Jubilee Cloak Clearance Sale.

Our entire line of \$22.50 cloaks at.....	<b>\$17.50</b>	Our entire line of \$15.00 cloaks at.....	<b>\$9.98</b>
Our entire line of \$20.00 cloaks at.....	<b>\$15.00</b>	Our entire line of \$12.50 cloaks at.....	<b>\$7.50</b>

## 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.....	<b>1.00</b>	36-inch Gray Taffeta Silk, \$1.25 grade.....	<b>1.00</b>
Navy, Pink and Black China Silk.....	<b>35c</b>	36-inch Garnet Taffeta Silk, \$1.25 grade.....	<b>1.00</b>
\$1.25 Brown Serge, 44 inches wide.....	<b>85c</b>	36-inch White Taffeta Silk, \$1.25 grade.....	<b>1.00</b>
\$1.50 Black Broadcloth, 52 inches wide.....	<b>1.00</b>	85c Brown Waterproof, 54 inches wide.....	<b>50c</b>
\$1.50 Black Green Plaid, 36 inches wide.....	<b>1.00</b>	85c Navy Waterproof, 54 inches wide.....	<b>50c</b>
\$1.75 Cream Broadcloth, 54 inches wide.....	<b>1.25</b>	85c Black Waterproof, 54 inches wide.....	<b>50c</b>
\$1.50 Check Wool Suiting, 44 inches wide.....	<b>1.00</b>	85c Blue Check Serge, 38 inches wide.....	<b>50c</b>
\$1.50 Castor Satin Finish Cloth, 42 inches wide.....	<b>1.00</b>	75c Cream Mohair, 36 inches wide.....	<b>50c</b>
\$1.50 Green Broadcloth, 54 inches wide.....	<b>1.00</b>	85c Gray Serge, 36 inches wide.....	<b>50c</b>
\$1.25 Light Gray Serge, 44 inches wide.....	<b>85c</b>	75c Navy Mohair, 36 inches wide.....	<b>50c</b>
\$1.25 Gray Serge, 44 inches wide.....	<b>85c</b>	75c Black Brilliantine, 36 inches wide.....	<b>50c</b>
\$1.50 Black Voile, 44 inches wide.....	<b>1.00</b>	75c Black Ground White Dot Mohair.....	<b>50c</b>
		75c Navy Gray Plaid Panama, 38 inches wide.....	<b>50c</b>

## Special Jubilee Sale of Silk Petticoats.

A decisive mark down enables us to offer extraordinary values in silk petticoats. The lots are small, but values excellent. All leading colors will be found in the assortment. Do not miss this opportunity. They will be on sale until all are disposed of. Come, make your choice.

Green silk taffeta petticoat, \$6.50 value, at.....	<b>\$4.98</b>	Brown silk taffeta petticoat, \$6.50 value, at.....	<b>\$4.98</b>
Changeable silk taffeta petticoat, \$8.50 value, at.....	<b>\$6.98</b>	Brown silk taffeta petticoat, best quality, \$7.50 value.....	<b>\$5.98</b>

## Clothing! Clothing! Clothing!

All round sale of boys' and youth's clothing, a really extraordinary money-saving buying time, long before the season is over, in order to do us good and allow our customers the benefit of present season's wear at after season's prices. The importance of this event is best told by the price lots arranged on special tables, but to which we add the choice of all other lines in this section at special prices; so whether you buy from any of the advertised lots or not, you are bound to save money. Come to-morrow.

Children's two-piece suit, worth \$1.50, at.....	<b>98c</b>	Lot 1—Men's high grade clothing, \$15.00 value, at.....	<b>12.50</b>
Boys' suits, good quality of goods, regular \$2.50 value, during this sale at.....	<b>1.48</b>	Lot 2—Men's high grade clothing, \$12.50 value, at.....	<b>10.00</b>
Boys' suits, good quality of goods, regular \$4.50 value, during this sale at.....	<b>3.98</b>	Lot 3—Men's high grade clothing, \$10.00 value, at.....	<b>8.50</b>
		Lot 4—Men's high grade clothing, \$8.50 value, at.....	<b>6.50</b>

## The Staples.

Best outing, per yard.....	8c
Calicoes, per yard.....	5c
Twenty yards bleached domestic, yard wide.....	\$1.00
Twenty yards brown domestic, yard wide.....	\$1.00
Twenty-five yards cotton checks.....	\$1.00
Twenty-five yards apron checks.....	\$1.00
All wool flannel, red and white, per yard.....	37c
Best percale, per yard.....	9c
Ginghams, all color, per yard.....	9c
11-4 Brown sheeting, per yard.....	20c
11-4 Bleached sheeting, per yard.....	23c
Heavy huck toweling.....	9c
Men's heavy fleece lined undershirts.....	39c
Men's heavy fleece lined drawers.....	39c
Ladies' heavy fleece lined vests.....	23c
Ladies' heavy fleece lined drawers.....	48c
Ladies' all wool hose, per pair.....	19c
Men's all wool hose, per pair.....	19c
Men's heavy cheviot work shirts.....	43c
A. C. A. feather tick, per yard.....	12c
Mattress tick, per yard.....	5c

Remember the Sale Begins  
**Saturday**  
**December 5**  
and Closes Thursday, Dec. 24, 1908

## Jubilee Sale of Shoes.

A special under-price sale, for a limited time only, of high grade, dependable footwear for women, children and men—footwear that is dependable in every way—stylish, comfortable and perfect-fitting, made by skilled workmen from well selected stock. Among them are many of our own well known makes. In this cut-price sale we have marked all winter stocks extremely low so as to insure a quick and positive clean-up of this season's stock. Remember these prices, cut them out and bring them along with you and see them just as we advertise.

### Shoes for Men.

Endicott-Johnson, box calf blucher.....	\$1 98
World-Over, hand sewed, patent leather.....	1 50
Courtney's National, vici kid.....	1 68
Endicott-Johnson's Prince, satin calf.....	1 88
Hoyt's Custom Shoe, congress, box calf.....	2 68
Dittman's S. R. Shoe.....	1 58
Vici blucher 922.....	1 10
Arco kid blucher.....	1 38
Courtney's \$2.50 shoe.....	2 00
Vici kid blucher.....	2 25
Corona colt blucher.....	2 98
Hoyt's Glenwood, vici blucher.....	2 58
Jas. S. Shivers' glazed kangaroo.....	3 00
Endicott-Johnson, bright kangaroo.....	3 00
Clover Brand, Sir Knight, \$4.00 shoe.....	3 48
Dittman's Custom Welt.....	2 39
Own Make, patent colt.....	3 28
Peter's Keh-I-Noor.....	2 38
Endicott-Johnson, patent colt blucher.....	2 28
Peter's Black Diamond shoe.....	1 68
Courtney's National, box calf.....	1 98
Hoyt's Kenwood, box calf blucher.....	2 25
Clover Brand, Dress Well.....	2 78
Dittman's Apollo, patent calf.....	2 98
Dittman's Champion, box calf.....	2 38

### Shoes for Women.

Dittman's Josephine.....	\$1 10
Dongola Polish.....	1 10
Dittman's New Idea.....	1 68
Freidman's Dolly Madison.....	1 25
Courtney's Luzana.....	1 10
Courtney's Lively.....	1 38
Dittman's O. K.....	1 88
Courtney's Lady Jefferson.....	2 98
Bradley & Metcalf's 'Rosahoe'.....	1 68
Courtney's Wonder.....	1 48
Box Calf.....	1 10
Desnoyer's Victoria.....	1 38
Dittman's Solid Leather.....	1 48
Dittman's 883.....	1 00
Banner Line.....	1 00
Dittman's 1472.....	98
Dittman's Made Well.....	1 48
Dittman's Peach.....	1 10
Dittman's Columbia Calf.....	1 48
Clover Brand Faultless.....	1 38
Freidman Bros.' National.....	2 10
Courtney's X-L-N-T.....	1 78
Dittman's Special.....	2 38
Courtney's Wonder.....	1 48
Dittman's Dazzler.....	1 10

THE BIG STORE



CROCKETT, TEXAS







# THE CROCKETT COURIER

W. W. AIKEN, Editor and Prop'r  
CROCKETT, TEXAS

## Earning a Plaid Cloak.

At colleges and boarding schools all over the country, girls are trying to replenish their slender purses by shampooing, darning, boot-blacking, tutoring, and other services. In one educational college a conspicuous sign announces, "Dogs valeted." The strange entrances by which girls force a way into the wage-earning world are not novelties, any more than their warm hearts and large ambitions are. A charming and characteristic story is told by Mrs. Sarah Stuart Robbins in her recent book, "Old Andover Days." The tale dates back to the first quarter of the nineteenth century. Its hero was a certain flute-playing German "theologue," afterward a famous missionary. He was poor but fascinating, and four little girls loved him dearly. They wanted to buy him a cloak, for he had no protection against the keen Andover winter. They racked their brains for ways and means. They sold lamp-lighters. They made a patchwork quilt which brought them three dollars. One day a pious and peculiar Andover matron offered them 25 cents apiece if they could come every holiday afternoon for many weeks and read aloud to her "Mason on Self-Knowledge." Moreover, if they would agree to let her "make remarks" to them on the book, she would increase their pay to 50 cents. So the four little maidens spent their long, precious afternoons with Mrs. Porter and "Self-Knowledge," and earned by their sacrifice money for a long red plaid cloak, with a voluminous cape, fastened with a large gilt clasp; and this "gay plumage" decked out a theological student in Puritan Andover. The girlish devices for earning wages a hundred years ago at least had the advantage, declares the Youth's Companion, of leaving their inventors no poorer in self-respect. One wonders if as much can be said for some of the modern schemes. Dollars may come too high, when they are sought greedily or sensationally.

The awakening of China must now be accepted as an assured and indeed a partially accomplished fact. It differs widely in many respects from the awakening of Japan, partly because of the difference in the manner and circumstances of its achievement and partly because of the radical difference in the genius of the people. But it is no less real and is likely to prove no less significant to the world. We may date it from the time of the war between Russia and Japan, and may credit it largely to that war as one of its unintended and perhaps unexpected results. There had been sporadic symptoms of unrest and uprising in China before that, but since then the movement has proceeded at a rate really startling to those who have imagined the Orient to be necessarily and invariably conservative and slow.

Chicago contains at least twelve women who believe that they have model husbands, and they do not use the term model as meaning a small imitation of the real thing. They had an exhibition the other day at which the husbands proved their right to the title. The final and supreme test was given when the men were called upon to fasten a 24-button embroidered shirt-waist; the waist was decorously put on a wooden dummy, so that the men might in no way be embarrassed. Two of the husbands fastened the waist in two minutes and seven seconds without pulling off a single button or tearing any of the embroidery. They will have to enter into a subsequent contest to discover who is the modest model husband of the lot.

President Roosevelt has accepted an invitation to address the Royal Geographical society in London on his return from his African hunting trip. He is one of the nine honorary members of the society, and the only one of them who is not royal. Probably when he makes his address there will be more popular curiosity and interest in the ex-president and American citizen than in all his other honorary and royal co-members put together.

Mme. Calve, the great singer, advises young women not to be ambitious for stage fame, but to marry and be happy. But the wise advice of those who have tried all ways and know life and the futility of its ambitions to satisfy generally falls flat on youthful ears. Each one claims the right to find out what is unhappiness in his or her own way.

# THE TEXTBOOK LAW.

CONTRACTORS FAIL TO SUPPLY AT TIME REQUIRED.

## COMPLAINTS MADE TO AUSTIN.

Clause in the Contract Whereby Any Books Patrons Desire Can Be Used If Official Books Are Not Ready.

Austin, Tex.—The most powerful influence that has yet been directed against the adoption of the State Text Book law is on the eve of eruption into a widespread condition of confusion that may suspend the text book law and adoptions thereunder and permit school patrons to purchase school books for their children from whatever source they may feel disposed to patronize. If this condition is precipitated it will have been caused by the dereliction of the book contractors and invocation of that section of the Text Book law that was inserted for defense against imposition and negligence on the part of the book men. If the scores of complaints that have been received by state officers from numerous counties are not hushed by a removal of the cause, the section of the law designed to remedy such a condition will be invoked and the people permitted, under the Text Book law itself, to purchase books wherever they choose. The cause of the confusion is the inability of the patrons of the schools to procure books. Throughout the State the condition prevails. There are no books. The letters filed with state officers conveying the strongest and most bitter of tests against the continuation of this status of affairs are numberless.

The section of the law by which it is thought the adoption can legally and instantly be vitiated is Section 10. It expressly and emphatically authorizes the patrons of the schools to procure books wherever they can in the event the contractor fails to furnish the books adopted, "at the time that said books are required for use in the schools." Lawyers here construe this section to authorize a repudiation on the part of the people of the restrictions of the Text Book law, confining the books used to those adopted last winter. Dealers throughout the State still have supplies of the old books on hand, those that were used under the previous adoption.

## NINETY-SIX HORSES BURNED.

Ninety-Six Animals and a Large Number of Vehicles Burn.

Denison, Tex.—In a spectacular fire which destroyed the livery stable of E. Davie at Rusk avenue and Chestnut street early Sunday evening, ninety-six horses were burned to death, while the number of vehicles and quantity of feed destroyed will bring the total loss of the fire up to not less than \$50,000.

The fire originated in the rear end of the stable from an unknown cause and before the alarm was turned in the blaze had gained such headway the building, a wooden structure, could not be saved, so the efforts of the firemen were devoted to an attempt to lead the frightened horses from the fast burning building.

The horses became utterly stampeded by the flames and smoke and the efforts of the rescuers were practically futile. Six horses were taken from the burning building only after they had been blindfolded and backed out of danger. The belief that a horse can not be driven or led out of a burning building was fully exemplified in the fire here.

As the flames spread throughout the interior of the building the efforts to save the horses were abandoned and the piteous neighing of the doomed animals as the heat became intense was most heartrending.

Thrown From Horse Onto His Head.

Luling, Tex.—J. E. Henkle, manager of the Bright Music Company of this place, was dangerously injured Sunday by being thrown from a horse. He was driving through the country when his vehicle became stuck in the mud and he started to town horseback. He was thrown on his head. His condition is critical.

Flaton, Tex.—Mr. H. F. Bridges, proprietor and editor of the Luling Signal, closed a trade, purchasing the Flaton Argus of Mr. J. F. Blanton. Mr. Bridges takes charge at once and will get out the next issue of the paper. He met with the business people here and met with good encouragement.

Gov. Ireland Home Sold.

Seguin, Tex.—Saturday afternoon a deal was consummated for the sale of ex-Gov. John Ireland's old homestead, the house that had been the scene of his political triumphs and the happiest moments of his life. The purchaser is Mr. A. K. Lipscomb, a banker of Luling, who will move to Seguin and occupy the property.

# DECLARES CANAL A FAILURE.

BUNAU-VARILLA SAYS IT DEPENDS ON GATUN DAM.

Cost Doubles First Estimate—Greatest Disaster in the History of Public Works Is Propheced.

Paris.—The reawakening of the Panama Canal question suggests a query much more serious than the question with which the recent polemics have been concerned. The higher and more important question now involved is that of the work on the canal itself and the \$300,000,000 which the United States is devoting to it. When asked his opinion regarding the work on the canal, M. Bunau-Varilla, one of the highest technical authorities on the subject, said:

"The difficulties of this task are greater than all theoretical provisions. We see the proof of this in the cost of the work. All the American commissions estimated at \$150,000,000 the cost of the present project, but up to date \$100,000,000 has already been expended, not including the \$40,000,000 paid the French company and the \$10,000,000 paid to the republic of Panama.

"It is hoped the work will be finished in January, 1915. The cost being \$30,000,000 a year \$180,000,000, or a total of \$280,000,000. That is to say, just double the estimate."

It pains me to express my profound conviction, but it is necessary to speak out.

"It is doing a service to the United States to affirm that the plan being followed will almost infallibly end in the greatest disaster in the history of great public works ever recorded. The canal, as conceived, will exist or not, according as the Gatun dam holds or does not.

"I, with all the French engineers who have studied the Panama Canal question, have the absolute conviction that the site of the Gatun dam will result in certain destruction. I raised the first cry of alarm in a letter to President Roosevelt on March 5, 1906, and not only is my conviction not modified, but it has just received an ominous confirmation in the accident which occurred at the end of November."

## CARNEGIE HERO IN BELL.

Agent Investigating the Case of Bert Chaffin, Who Saved His Brother.

Temple, Tex.—H. A. Pickering, special agent representing the Andrew Carnegie Hero Commission, was a visitor in this city Friday, his mission being the investigation of the act of bravery credited to Bert Chaffin, a young farmer living three miles south of this city, in connection with his refusal to desert his two brothers in a grave hour of danger, although no one else could be induced to go to their rescue. The three Chaffin brothers were engaged in digging a well on their father's farm, and John and Lane Chaffin were suddenly overcome by the fumes of gas while working at the bottom of the well. Bert Chaffin promptly flew to the rescue of his brothers, saving the life of John and bringing to the surface the dead body of Lane, this heroic act having been performed after numerous bystanders had not only refused themselves to descend into the well, but strongly urged Bert not to endanger his own life, as his brothers must be already dead. He persisted, however, in his purpose, and thereby succeeded in saving the life of one brother, although the latter and the brave rescuer were unconscious for many hours from the effects of the poisonous gasses which they inhaled. The brave deed came to the notice of the Carnegie commission, which dispatched Mr. Pickering to the scene to make an investigation.

## Times Charter to Be Attacked.

Austin, Tex.—R. E. Crawford, assistant attorney general, was in Houston Friday to file suit to cancel the charter of the Houston Times Publishing Company, as directed by the attorney general and which was stated would be done. The grounds of the suit will be alleged irregularities in attempted compliance with that provision of the statute requiring 50 per cent of the authorized capital to be paid in. The authorized capital is \$500,000. Large amounts of stock value were allowed for services in promoting the company. The state will insist that cash and cash only was meant by the law. The company paid \$580 to secure its charter from the state. That amount will be lost if the charter is canceled.

## Getting a Check on Gins.

Austin, Tex.—The commissioner of agriculture Friday mailed out blanks to the tax assessors of every county in Texas requiring that the number of gins and the name and address of the owner of each be sent to him at once. This is being done that he may get another check on the cotton crop, and also force those gins which are not making their monthly reports of ginnings to make such reports.

# CHILDREN AT EXHIBIT.

THE TUBERCULOSIS EXHIBIT IMPRESSES THEM GREATLY.

## EARLY IMPRESSIONS ARE BEST.

Thousands of Lives Are Being Saved by the Exhibit and the Accompanying Lectures.

Houston, Tex.—Everybody in Houston seems to be visiting the tuberculosis exhibit and taking great interest in the lectures. Contrary to expectation there is nothing gruesome connected with either the exhibits or the lectures. The manner in which the disease spreads and the germs propagate is clearly but not repulsively demonstrated, and the simple, everyday rules of health and sanitation, the observance of which will prevent the disease, are also as clearly exposed.

It seems to be the desire of those in charge to impress upon the mind of every visitor that there is nothing mysterious about "consumption," but on the contrary it is a disease that need not be feared by those who will take even ordinary precautions to prevent infection. It is also being clearly demonstrated that the observance of the necessary rules of health is not an expensive proceeding. Very few people get the idea that they must change their habitation to escape the disease. Such things as opening the bedroom windows instead of keeping them shut does not cost a cent, yet this is one of the principal things sought to be impressed upon the visitor at the exhibit.

There is nothing technical to be heard or understood at the exhibit. Pictures showing the manner in which a house should be kept to encourage the spread of tuberculosis are exhibited. Opposite a picture of this kind is another picture of the same house or room, showing how it should be arranged for health and comfort. The healthful way is always the simplest and least expensive.

Several hundred Houston school children have visited the exhibit in care of their teachers, and every school child in the city will have been there before the exhibit is taken away. Some one has said that the earliest impressions are the strongest. It can hardly be doubted by any one watching the interested expressions on the faces of these Houston school children while they are taking their turn at the exhibit that they are receiving an impression that will last a lifetime.

## SMUGGLING STOLEN HORSES.

Great Deal of It Along Rio Grande, and Officers Trying to Break It Up.

Marfa, Tex.—Inspector Thomas Perrin of Presidio captured two Mexicans near here, Manuel Rodriguez and Jose Battensuek, in possession of twelve head of horses, supposed to have been stolen in Mexico and smuggled across the Rio Grande. They had their examination trial before United States Commissioner Griffin Thursday, and were bound over in the sum of \$200 each to appear before the federal court in El Paso. There is a great deal of smuggling across the river, and officers are trying their best to break up the gang.

## A New Record Established.

Galveston, Tex.—The 2,000,000 bale mark in cotton receipts Thursday, the total number of bales received since Sept. 1 amounting to 2,025,129. This compares with 1,036,845 bales the same date last season and 1,953,257 bales the same date 1906. The 2,000,000 bale mark was passed Dec. 17, 1906, the earliest date of record; thus this season has established a new world's record in cotton receipts by a period of seven days.

## Story That Mrs. Guinness is in Austin.

Austin, Tex.—A story to the effect that Mrs. Guinness of Indiana, now a notorious character in the annals of crime, may be in Austin, is afloat. The appearance of two letters from the sheriff's department of Laporte, Ind., and another bearing the return card of the Pinkerton agency now awaiting delivery to the addressee are advanced as the grounds for the suspicion that Mrs. Guinness is still living and hiding in Austin.

## Killed by Hot Coffee.

San Antonio, Tex.—As the result of pulling off a pot of boiling coffee from the stove, Mariano Munos, an 18-months-old boy, is dead at the home of his parents. The child toddled to the stove while his parents were at breakfast. The boiling coffee struck him in the chest and stomach. The child lived only a short time.

Hempstead, Tex.—Waller county raised oranges and lemons are on display in a show window in Hempstead. The fruit is large and very juicy and is a fine sample of what can be raised here.

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LAW. ABSTRACTS.

CROCKETT, TEXAS.

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is always extended to those in distress, but we have no sympathy to waste on the man who borrows his neighbor's paper when he can have one of his own at a mere nominal expense. Your home paper stands for your interests and the interests of your home town. It deserves your moral and financial support. If you are not a member of our family of readers you should begin now by sending in your subscription.

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If so you want to know what is happening in this community. You want to know the goings and comings of the people with whom you associate, the little news items of your neighbors and friends—now don't you?

That is what this paper gives you in every issue. It is printed for that purpose. It represents your interests and the interests of this town. Is your name on our subscription books? If not, you owe it to yourself to see that it is put there. To do so

Will Be To Your Interest



From a Former Houston County Boy.

Chicago, Dec. 2, 1908. The Crockett Courier, Crockett, Texas.

Gentlemen:

Herewith you will find my check for \$1.00 to cover your bill dated November 17th, for one year's subscription to the Crockett Courier, expiring February 9th, 1909.

I trust that you will continue to send the Crockett Courier right along, as it is about the only means I have of keeping posted as to the developments, etc., of my old home county and state. I have been away from there for about sixteen years and naturally the changes that are constantly occurring are of the greatest interest to me.

I see from a recent article in the Crockett Courier that oil has been discovered in an old well about the neighborhood where my father used to live. This was joyful news to me. Nothing would give me greater pleasure than to see Houston county produce oil in paying quantities, because it appears from the best information I have received that the crops for the past several years in that particular part of the state have not been up to the standard, due jointly to the perseverance of the boll weevil and the unfavorable climatic conditions for other crops. If oil could be found in paying quantities, it would put new life into that part of the country. I might state further that I get great pleasure in reading the articles contributed from the various towns and villages in the county. It would seem to me that there could be and you could arouse a greater interest in these neighborhood places. A county paper is primarily a local affair and is interesting to the residents of the county, therefore, if each section of the county would make a brief report of its developments from time to time through the columns of the local paper it would keep the county in touch with the live issues of the day and would indeed prove interesting reading to those considered. I have often wondered why such settlements as Augusta, Grapeland and Tadmor, and the precinct settlements do not contribute more liberally to your columns. If I should be called upon to offer any criticism or to make a suggestion I would say that the average country paper or county paper is generally crowded with local news, that is to say happenings and doings of the town in which the paper is published, but that the great bulk of the people, those residing in the remote parts of the county and in the small hamlets and villages,

are not represented and due largely to their own fault. An editor has much to do and he has not always at his command the means of getting information from these centers. That should fall upon some enterprising, wide awake local party, who is interested in his own particular community and would see that it is represented and everything of a public nature told through the columns of his county paper.

I am informed through your paper and other sources that Crockett is soon to have another railroad. This undoubtedly will be a blessing to that particular part of the county. Houston county, as everybody knows, is a good county. Its resources have never been developed. It is one of finest timber counties in the State, both in soft and hard woods and if reports can be relied upon, the county undoubtedly possesses mineral of great quantities and immense places. There is nothing that does more to develop a community than a railroad, although railroads as a whole are condemned, their management abused, but notwithstanding all these criticisms, any fair minded man must concede that railroads do more to develop a country than any other agency. It is a competing road, a road not allied with or a part of the road that already runs through the county. Yours very truly, Geo. H. Grounds.

Ill Health Is More Expensive Than Any Cure.

This country is now filled with people who migrate across the continent in all directions seeking that which gold cannot buy. Nine tenths of them are suffering from throat and lung trouble or chronic catarrh resulting from neglected colds, and spending fortunes vainly trying to regain lost health. Could every sufferer but undo the past and cure that first neglected cold, all this sorrow, pain, anxiety and expense could have been avoided. Chamberlain's Cough Remedy is famous for its cures of colds, and can always be depended upon. Use it and the more serious diseases may be avoided. For sale by Murchison & Beasley.

Choked to Death

is commonly said of babies who have died of the croup. How unnecessary this is. No child ever had the croup without having a cold or cough at the start. If you will stop the first symptom of the cough with Ballard's Horehound Syrup there is no danger whatever of croup. Sold by Murchison & Beasley.

Request to Remove Hats in Church.

Beaumont, Tex., Dec. 6.—The stewards of the First Methodist Church held a meeting this morning and passed a resolution requesting ladies to remove their hats during services in the church in order not to obstruct and obscure the view of people sitting behind them. Rev. J. W. Moore, the new pastor, occupied the pulpit at the morning and evening services for the first time. Dr. Moore was transferred from the Houston Shearn Church to this city.

Accident to Hunter.

Ratcliff, Texas, Dec. 5.—Yesterday evening while out squirrel hunting, E. J. Conn, agent for the Eastern Texas railroad at Kennard, accidentally shot Jack Kennedy, a farmer. The two were after a squirrel in a tree, and as it ran Mr. Conn shot at it and several of the shot entered the thigh, leg and hand of Mr. Kennedy, who was on the opposite side. Fortunately they were only slight flesh wounds.

How One Doctor Successfully Treats Pneumonia.

"In treating pneumonia," says Dr. W. J. Smith, of Sanders, Ala., "the only remedy I use for the lungs is Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. While, of course, I would treat other symptoms with other medicines, I have used this remedy many times in my medical practice and have yet failed to find a case where it has not controlled the trouble. I have used it myself, as has also my wife for coughs and colds repeatedly, and I most willingly and cheerfully recommend it as superior to any other cough remedy to my knowledge." For sale by Murchison & Beasley.

Mrs. McRaney's Experience

Mrs. M. McRaney, Prentiss, Miss., writes: "I was confined to my bed for three months with kidney and bladder trouble, and was treated by two physicians but failed to get relief. No human tongue can tell how I suffered, and I had given up hope of ever getting well until I began taking Foley's Kidney Remedy. After taking two bottles I felt like a new person, and feel it my duty to tell suffering women what it did for me." McLean's Drug Store.

Foley's Orino Laxative cures chronic constipation and stimulates the liver. Orino regulates the bowels so they will act naturally and you do not have to take purgatives continuously. McLean's Drug Store.

For a Lame Back.

When you have pains or lameness in the back bathe the parts with Chamberlain's Liniment twice a day, massaging with the palm of the hand for five minutes at each application. Then dampen a piece of flannel slightly with this liniment and bind it on over the seat of pain, and you may be surprised to see how quickly the lameness disappears. For sale by Murchison & Beasley.

It's a Crime

to neglect your health. The worst neglect that you can be guilty of is to allow constipation, biliousness or any liver or bowel trouble to continue. It is poisoning your entire system and may lead to a serious chronic disease. Take Ballard's Herbine and get absolutely well. The sure cure for any and all troubles of the stomach, liver and bowels. Sold by Murchison & Beasley.

A Personal Appeal.

If we could talk to you personally about the great merit of Foley's Honey and Tar, for coughs, colds and lung trouble, you never could be induced to experiment with unknown preparations that may contain some harmful drugs. Foley's Honey and Tar costs you no more and has a record of forty years of cures. McLean's Drug Store.

The Correct Time

to stop a cough or cold is just as soon as it starts—then there will be no danger of pneumonia or consumption. Just a few doses of Ballard's Horehound Syrup taken at the start will stop the cough. If it has been running on for some time the treatment will be longer, but the cure is sure. Sold by Murchison & Beasley.

More people are taking Foley's Kidney Remedy every year. It is considered to be the most effective remedy for kidney and bladder trouble that medical science can devise. Foley's Kidney Remedy corrects irregularities, builds up worn out tissues and restores lost vitality. It will make you feel well and look well. McLean's Drug Store.

Don't be Hopeless

about yourself when you are crippled with rheumatism or stiff joints—of course you've tried lots of things and they failed. Try Ballard's Snow Liniment—it will drive away all aches, pains and stiffness and leave you as well as you ever were. Sold by Murchison & Beasley.

... a day—seven million dollars a day!

And \$3,500,000 of this money, every day of the year, goes into the pay envelopes of the workers. For half the money gathered in by the railroads—half of this \$2,600,000,000 a year—is the workers' share of this biggest of American businesses. So in two years the railroad workers receive in their pay envelopes as much money as there is in circulation in the whole country.

Big figures these! There is the humble trackman, usually an alien from the slums of Europe, who doggedly obeys the orders of the track foreman. Out of every \$100 gathered in by the railroads, six dollars goes to him—five times as much as goes to the railroad officials. The figures are big, you see, whether you start from the bottom or the top.

Let us see what becomes of every \$100 received by the railroads in their two-and-a-half-billion-dollar business.

Table with 2 columns: Item and Amount. Includes: Workers on railroads (1,700,000 men), Dealers in railroad materials, The state (taxes), Creditors (hundreds of thousands of bondholders), The owners (200,000 investors), For the surplus (improving the property).

Total \$100. Workers actually get \$50 out of every \$100, for from the \$25 paid for materials (rails, cars, engines, buildings, etc.) \$10 goes to workers in these industries. Every time you spend a dollar at a railroad ticket office or freight office, you are paying 50 cents for wages.

A Billion-Dollar Pay Roll.

Now let's see just how the \$40 out of every \$100 of railroad revenue is

men. You know, perhaps, that railroads have shops, where they mend broken wheels and put new paint on cars. But did you ever know that the railroad shops of the country employ an army of 350,000 men earning \$200,000,000 a year in wages? This repair end of the railroad business is bigger than the business of the Steel corporation itself—more men and more wages.

The army of shopmen has a big job. In the shops of the big railroads locomotives and cars are built as well as repaired. The smaller roads buy their equipment from the independent builders, but there is no road so small but that it has its shops for repairing equipment. The railroads own 2,200,000 cars—of which 50,000 are passenger cars. Made up into one train these cars would stretch around the earth, and to every fortieth car there would be a locomotive, for the railroads have 55,000 in service. You could carry every man, woman and child in America in this train, allowing only 40 passengers to a car. It's the business of the third of a million shopmen to keep these two and a quarter million cars and locomotives in running order.

A bigger army still is that on the track—430,000 men, made up of 45,000 section foremen—the bosses—and 385,000 humble workers, the lowest paid men in the service, averaging eight dollars a week. But they take six dollars out of every \$100 of railroad revenue, or \$150,000,000 a year, and no small part of this money finds its way back to "the old country." Many a good American citizen of today earned his first money in this country as a member of a track gang. The train crews, with 320,000 en-

proportions.

Dividends to Shareholders.

Having taken a look at the railroad business from the viewpoint of the 1,700,000 workers, let us see how it looks to the 50,000 owners. The railroads earned last year, gross, \$2,600,000,000. The small end of the railroad business is the passenger traffic. The receipts from 900,000,000 passengers were \$570,000,000. The average rate paid was a trifle over two cents a mile. The figures show that the average American made ten railroad trips in the year of an average length of 32 miles, paying \$6.50 for the service—so, 320 miles appears to be the average yearly travel of the American on the railroads. The railroads also received more than \$100,000,000 carrying mail and express matter, mostly on passenger trains.

But the 2,000,000 freight cars are the big earners. They brought in \$1,800,000,000 last year, 30 times as much money as all the gold mines of the country produced, 4 1/2 times as much money as all the gold mines of the world produced. Great is the American freight car, even if it does go banging along on a flat wheel! It earned this huge amount of money by sheer work, for it charged only three-quarters of a cent for carrying a ton of freight a mile. But even three-quarters of a cent a ton runs into money pretty fast in the big way we run our railroads. A 50-ton car, at this average rate, earns 37 1/2 cents a mile; this is \$18.75 a mile for a 50-car train—and in the 3,000-mile journey across the country this runs up to \$56,000. Big cars and long hauls make possible the low American freight rates.

A word as to where all the freight

ning of this article shows that after the railroads pay out of their revenues 40 per cent. for wages, 25 per cent. for materials, etc., and three per cent. for taxes, there is still left 32 per cent. of the revenues. The creditors—that is, the bondholders, spread all over the face of the earth—owning \$9,000,000,000 of American railroad obligations, get 13 per cent. of the revenues. This nets them 3.7 per cent. on the par value of their bonds. There is still 19 per cent. left. Of this 12 per cent. goes to the shareholders—the half million owners. They receive \$300,000,000 a year out of the \$2,600,000,000 earnings, which nets them only 3.6 per cent. on their \$8,000,000,000 of stock. The other seven per cent. of the earnings goes into surplus.

Such, in brief, is the story of the country's biggest business, the operation of 230,000 miles of railroads.

Price of Food Increased.

Increase in the price of grain and foodstuffs throughout India has become a serious matter on account of the poverty of the masses and the low wages paid for labor, according to a report made by Consul-General William B. Michael to the bureau of manufactures. He says that foodstuffs have advanced 40 per cent. during the last two years in India, rents from 50 to 60 per cent.

Change Easily Made.

Five-year-old Helen was industriously hemming a square of pink gingham for a doll's table cover. She held it up and examined it critically. "Mother," she said, "I don't think this is a very stylish tablecloth. I guess I'll put a pair o' sleeves in it and call it a corset cover."—The Delineator.

RE A COUGH

Cold in 24 Hours

... of Glycerine and a Virgin Oil of Pine com... a half pint of Straight... well and take a tea-... four hours. Virgin Oil of Pine com-... prepared only by The... Co., Cincinnati, Ohio, only in half-ounce vials, rely sealed in a round... to insure its freshness

Not She. ... ed you, would you give... mother? ... I don't think mamma

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# "Le Bretagne"

Leon's Christmas Home Coming

By W. A. FRAZER

(Copyright, by Short Story Publishing Co.)

It was two o'clock when Le Bretagne spread her white sails and crept out toward the eastern sky. It was six when the gray wall of the sea rose and blotted out the ship as though she had gone to the bottom.

Then the dark figure which had been outlined against the crimson of the big, red setting sun turned wearily and crept over the sands towards Arichat. It was Marie, returning to her newly widowed home.

"Leon said he would come at the time of Christmas, so why should I fear?" she kept muttering, "and Leon will keep his word in life or death. Even if I'm dead, Marie," he said, joking me, "I will come to thee at Christmas."

On the farther side of L'Isle Madam the sea was moaning as Marie reached her cottage.

One month had gone—one month of the loveliest weather—ideal weather for the fishing, the old wives said, only they used a stronger word than "ideal" to express their satisfaction.

It was just 34 days since the gray wall of water had risen between Marie and her Leon. There was no mistaking the day, for she had just drawn a line through the date, the nineteenth of October. Not for a moment had Marie slumbered that night. The sea had gone to rest with a sigh, a sigh of utter weariness, as though the wind had called it to battle to the death; only the sea heard the challenge, the sea and Marie—she knew.

The calm that rested over everything was awful; it was as though all life had gone out of the world. And so it was when the green sky that



"Yes, Yes! It's Le Bretagne," an Old Man Was Saying.

was in the west changed to blood red; still not a breath of air. Toward noon the glassy water grew dark, where little puffs of wind ruffled its surface.

By night the clouds had risen like a wall, stretching from the south to the northeast, but still it was clear overhead; no clouds, only a murky, yellow haze.

Fifteen blasts of wind came tearing through the quaint old fishing town of Arichat, making signs and shutters tremble and creak for an instant, and then silence—that dreadful silence that seemed to still the very beating of one's heart.

That night Marie prayed as though she were pleading for her soul: "O, Holy Mother, plead for me, even as thou hadst a Son," and then the hot flood of tears fell fast, blinding and searing, and choking the full heart. Words were vain; long she knelt beside her humble cot, and over and over pleaded in the same words, "Save my Leon." The promise of low masses to be said were made, with scarcely a knowledge of what she was uttering the cry, "Save my Leon," driving all else before it.

And outside, as she knelt, the wind moaned at the casement, and the gusts were coming faster and stronger now. The moon, which had looked down like a baleful ball of fire through the murky yellow of the upper sky, had been swallowed up in a vault, black as ink.

With a great sob Marie rose, and looked from her door across the waste

of heaving waters. 'Twas just across there that Leon had gone, his jaunty craft careening gracefully as the fresh breeze sped her on her way; to-night only the fitful gleam of a phosphorescent-capped wave was seen as it rose above its fellows for a moment, and then was lost in that awful gloom.

"Why should I fear?" Marie was trying to persuade herself; "Leon must be far away now, out of reach of this coming storm"—and then a sob would choke her, and only "Holy Mother, plead for me and my Leon," would give her peace.

In the morning the eastern shore of L'Isle Madam was shrouded in seething spray. The breakers were thundering at her guarding rocks. By night the world was spray covered—the world of L'Isle Madam. The sky and the earth and the sea were one. And still from the southeast the storm drove, and all that night.

And in the morning of the second day the crash of breaking timbers mingled with the boom of the mighty waves as they dashed against the granite walls.

People were hurrying towards the surf-beaten shore. Her long hair tossing in the maddened breeze, Marie rushed after them; in her heart the cry that had been there for so many hours, "Holy Mother, save my Leon!"

"Yes, yes; it's Le Bretagne," an old man was saying, slowly lowering his glass as Marie came up to the group of people who were straining their eyes seaward. "Her anchors are out," he continued, "but she cannot live in such a gale under that strain, and if she parts her cable she will go to pieces on the rocks."

His words were scarcely audible above the shrieking of the wind; but Marie heard, and there, among those rough fishermen, she knelt and prayed, over and over again, out of the choking fullness of her heart, "Holy Mother, save my Leon." The awful solemnity of the scene touched their rough heads, and hats were doffed, and heads bowed, as the young wife prayed to her God in that living gale.

And then, as if in mockery of all things human, a mighty wave, mightier than any of its fellows, and following in the wake of two scarcely less mighty, broke over the Bretagne, and buried her beneath its many tons of foam-lashed water. The vessel swayed, trembled and disappeared before their very eyes.

Two men were holding Marie now. "I will go to him! He is calling me!" she shrieked. "O, God! will no one save him?"

The bronzed faces of the fisher-folk were turned away each from the other. The salt spray was on their beards, but in their eyes was that of which they were ashamed.

Then they led her back to the house, the little house that Leon had taken her to only a few weeks ago. And two of them watched into the gray of the morning, for 'neath oil skins the fishers' hearts are warm.

That was the third night, and still she slept not. The storm was dying now, and moaning, together they passed away—the fury of grief and the rage of the storm. And for that day, and for many days the great grief had broken her mind.

Storm and sunshine, day in and day out, she sat down on the beach, and questioned the passers as to how many days to Christmas till her Leon would come home; for had he not said that he would come at Christmas, at the glad time of the year, and was not his word as the law among the fisher-folk, it was so true? And did she not pray every night to the Holy Mother to intercede for her, and bring her Leon home? And the masses that had been said for Leon, were they not to bring him home, too?

Poor little Marie, her mind, which

was like unto a child's, could not understand that the mass which Father Dupre had said, had been to take him to that other home; for the good father had said mass for the repose of the souls of the men lying out there in Le Bretagne.

And then a wonderful thing happened. Many days after, at the time of Christmas, again the cry of Le Bretagne rang through the streets of Arichat; and again was there much of horror in the cry, for though the sea was calm now, there was Le Bretagne slowly sailing into port; and was not Le Bretagne at the bottom of the sea, and all hands drowned?

Small wonder that the bronzed faces were blanched now, as the fisher-folk lined up on the sand, as they had on that day two moons before.

"What sorcery is this?" they asked each other. It was Le Bretagne, they knew her as they knew their own houses. Spirit hands were sailing her, for on her decks no one moved.

A solemn hush settled down upon them; few spoke, and when they did it was with bated breath. What evil was this? for good it could not be.

'Twas Marie who had first seen the ship. Had her prayers worked this magic?

Nearer and nearer the dread ship came, until but a short way out from the shore she stopped, and swung to an anchor. Invisible hands had anchored her, for there was the cable right enough, running out from her bow, as she lifted lazily to the long ground swell.

"Take me to my Leon," Marie pleaded of the awe-struck fishermen, "he is calling me. Do you not see that his boats are washed away?"

Shamed by the presence of the women, four stout fishermen brought up a boat, and, taking Marie with them, rowed off to the ship that was like a phantom.

"Stay with us, ma petite amie," the fisherwomen pleaded with Marie. As well had they striven to check the ways of the wind.

How silent the ship was as the boat glided under her stern! Not a sound, not a voice; no movement, only the lap, lap, lap of the waters against her wooden sides.

The men crossed themselves as Dumont, the bravest fisherman in all Arichat, rose up, and, with blanched cheeks, caught his boat hook in Le Bretagne's rail.

How low she was in the water; as they stood up in their boat they could see across her deck—not across did they see, for half way they saw something which caused them to shudder, and beg of little Marie to stop in the boat.

But Marie had risen and seen, too, and with a cry that rang in the ears of those four men until their dying day, she sprang up the side of the ship, and stood on the slippery, slimy deck.

Her Leon was there, lashed to the mast. She threw herself upon his poor bloated form.

The four understood. Dumont looked down an open hatch: "Her salt is gone!" he exclaimed.

That brief sentence explained it all. She had gone to the fisheries loaded with salt. When the water had washed all the salt out of her hold, being a wooden ship, she had floated, dragging her one remaining anchor until it had caught in the good holding ground near the shore.

Gently they lifted Marie away from her dead lover.

Christmas had come to Marie. The Holy Mother had heard her prayer, and she was with Leon.

And every Christmas since, in Arichat, a mass is said for the repose of the soul of little Marie, and the lover who rose from the sea to come to her, even in death.

## CHRISTMAS IN THE ARCTIC

Theatrical Performance by Crew of an Icebound Ship Sixty Years Ago.

Christmas eve was the opening night of the theater, the first one ever known in those regions, writes Capt. B. S. Osborn, in Recreation. It opened to a full house and yet not an advertisement had appeared in any paper on the face of the globe. No flaring posters had adorned the walls of the village on shore, but the villagers were all there as "first nighters." Promptly at eight o'clock the orchestra—the minstrel band—in lieu of an opening overture, gave us a selection from their repertoire, which was generally applauded, and to the tinkling of a bell up went the curtain. The play was "Black-Eyed Susan," adapted from a famous old song of that name, well known to all sailors in those times. It was a play in three acts, interspersed with some familiar sea ditties of the day. Susan was the star of the evening and the young fellow who took her part played and looked it to perfection. His make-up was very clever, considering the material at his command. The wig had been made of fine combed yarns braided as deftly as any girl could have done it. Susan's cheeks and lips were very red—from the

paint pot—and large pendant earrings dangled from her ears. Her dress was faultless in fashion and fit, her carriage graceful and she acted the girl to the unbounded satisfaction of the "vast assemblage." The Esquimaux portion of the audience was amazed at the performance; but Susan was an even greater puzzle to them. None of them had ever seen a white woman. It was good as a play to watch those poor, untutored natives as they followed the piece with intense wonderment.

### No Cause for Joy.

Photographer (taking family group)—Now, then, Mr. Housefull, the expressions are all right but yours. Try and look happy—remember that Christmas is coming.

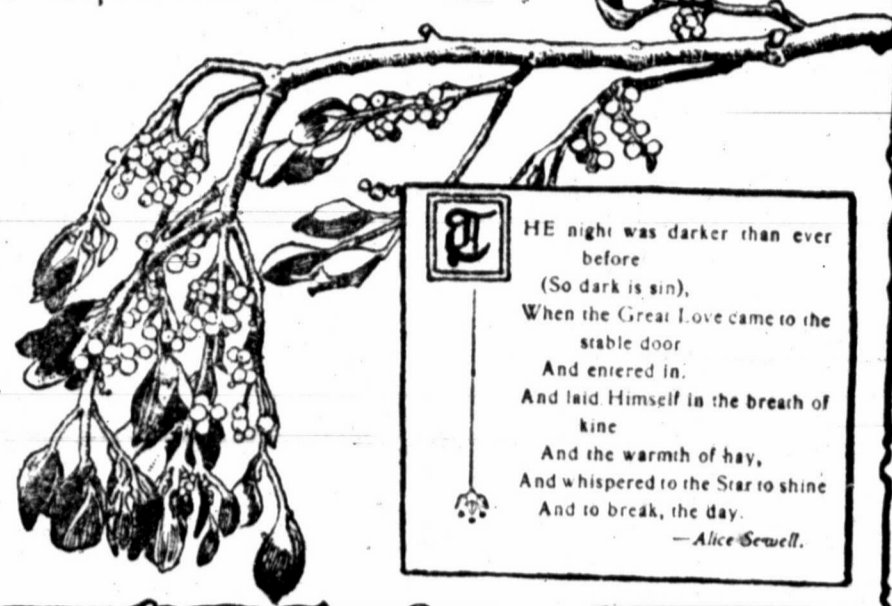
Mr. Housefull (despondently)—Confound it, man, that's just what I am thinking about!

### A Perpetual Christmas Present.

Mrs. Caller—You surely don't give your husband a necktie every Christmas?

Mrs. Athome—Oh, yes, I do! And the poor dear never seems to know that it is the same one!

## A Christmas Carol



THE night was darker than ever before (So dark is sin), When the Great Love came to the stable door And entered in, And laid Himself in the breath of kine And the warmth of hay, And whispered to the Star to shine And to break, the day. —Alice Sewell.

## THE CHRISTMAS OF TODAY

[Letter enclosed in a box which will arrive about 7 a. m. Christmas day for Fred, the protégé of learned sprites.]

EAR FRED: Within this package you will find some little things: just a crumb or two of pleasure, such as any fellow flings to a friend he's met but once or twice and yet considers rather nice and thinks of what the jolly season brings. We remember, sir, your courtesy in sitting while we lectured on the knowledge that is proven, also that which is conjectured. To our utter gratitude you were never, never rude, for your heart, indeed, is very finely textured.

When the series of discourses found its most untimely close, we assembled in a cornfield, and indeed we nearly froze. We'd forgotten, we're so old, there was such a thing as cold, and we're much too smart to think of things like those. But our hearts are always warm, and in thinking, Fred, of you, such a warmth arose as any time would boil an oyster stew. Then, a basking in the heat, we did all of us compete in discussion of what would and wouldn't do. Once the argument grew fierce, but over this we'll draw a veil. We are all of us so learned that we thought (you know the tale), that we each of us knew best what would lend the greatest zest—what a modern boy would not consider stale.

We consulted sundry lists which only mixed us up the worse; we rejected some suggestions far too long for any purse; and we bickered and we snickered, while above the moonlight flickered, and discovered that ideal things were "scarcely." And at last we gave up trying to decide it for each other, and departed, saying: "Give him what you like, my learned brother." So each made his own selection; which accounts for the complexion of the articles we hope you'll show your mother.

On the top you'll find a ticket for a trip around the earth. This, of course, is from old Jogerfy, the chap who had a dearth of ideas, but in fact was rather diligent than lax; he is hoping that you realized his worth.

Next in order is a dictionary—don't turn up your nose. It's no ordinary volume, as its queer appearance shows. When you're stuck for what to say, turn the knob the proper way, and the word is in your mouth, and out it goes. In this book is every language, e'en including that of birds and the speech the cows are using when they stroll about in herds. Why, you cannot go astray, as to how and what to say, if you use the present sent you by old Worlds.

With apologies we mention what you get from Anglo-Saxon. He's the chap for whom the speech of other nations had attraction. He sat down, it seems, and wrote you a promissory note. You will never get the coin without exaction.

From Numero, a present that will comfort you, we feel. It's a table with a marvelous, unusual kind of wheel. Yes, a multiplication table; turn the crank, if you are able, and you'll have before your eyes a luscious meal.

Old History, the grandpa of the whole great human race, sends a Patent Iron Memory—a thing you can't replace. Put it away into your ear, and you'll find that all you hear you'll remember quite distinctly—for a space.

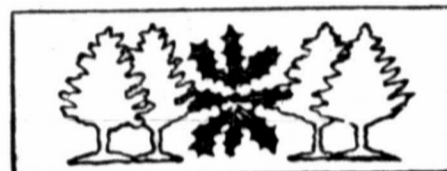
And lastly, Hy G. Ene, the man who gave you such a scare, puts in something you can always use and something you can wear. It's a thing that makes for health; indeed, for happiness and wealth. It's an everlasting bottle of fresh air.

So remember, when your toys are spread about you on the rug, that the Learned Sprites have tried to make you happy; they have dug in the pres-

ent-mines of China, than the which there's nothing finer, and we're sending you as much as we could lug. If you use these little gifts that we are forwarding just right you will never have to listen to another learned sprite. But there's one thing more, to-wit: "Merry Christmas,"—that is it.

So we hereunto subscribe, in black and white:

JOGERFY.  
WORDS.  
ANGLO-SAXON.  
NUMERO.  
GRANDFATHER HISTORY.  
HY G. ENE.



### TWO DINNERS FOR CHRISTMAS.

Menus in Which Roast Beef and Goose Are the Leading Entrees.

For the Christmas feast roast beef or roast young goose are the prime favorites, taking the precedence of turkey, which very soon after the first of December begins to lose its delicacy of flavor. The English dinner of roast beef and plum pudding is historic, and in recent years Americans have generally followed the custom of serving an English dinner on Christmas, improving on the old country menus by the addition of dainty entrees and salads.

Here are some suggestions for menus for Christmas home dinners.

MENU NO. 1.  
Grape Fruit with Sherry.  
Olives, Radishes.  
Small Oysters, Roasted in Shell.  
Cream of Chicken.  
Roast Sirloin of Beef.  
Macaroni au Gratin.  
Bermuda Potatoes, New String Beans.  
Endive Salad.  
Toasted Wafers and Edam Cheese.  
Plum Pudding.  
Fruit, Coffee.  
MENU NO. 2.  
Oysters on the Half Shell.  
Cream of Celery, Stuffed Olives.  
Fried Smeets, Sauce Tartare.  
Hothouse Cucumbers.  
Roast Young Goose.  
Apple Sauce.  
Mashed Potatoes, Boiled White Onions.  
Stuffed Green Peppers.  
Romanine Salad and Toasted Wafers.  
Rouffort Cheese.  
Plum Pudding or Mince Pie.  
Coffee, Fruit.

### She Had Tried It.

Belle—This holly in my hair wants a little relief—it's too red.  
Aunt—Well, why not put in a sprig or two of mistletoe, dear?  
Belle—Nonsense, aunt! Why, I should have all the young men kissing me.  
Aunt—Indeed, no, my dear. They'd do nothing of the kind. I've tried 'em!

### Human Nature's Weaknesses.

"I don't mind Mrs. Gigsaw making fun of the way I talk," said Mrs. Lapsling, forgivingly. "It's only her way. We've all got our little peculiarities and idiosyncrasies." —Chicago Tribune.

### How They Love Each Other!

Horace—I can't understand you girls. Now, you hate Mabel, and yet you kissed her.  
Hetty—I know; but just see how the freckles show where I kissed the powder off.—Pick Me Up.

### An Odd Combination.

"Young De Peyster's match with that girl who so unexpectedly fell into a fortune was a brilliant stroke."  
"In what way?"  
"He made a lucky hit with a lucky miss."—Baltimore American.

### For Scenic Effect.

"You don't mean to say that you are going back to horses?"  
"Temporarily. I have moved to a new country place, and I thought I should like to become acquainted with the scenery."—Life.





## In the Country's Greatest Business, Handling Five Times the World's Gold Output, the Worker Reaps the Lion's Share



**C**HICAGO.—The biggest business in the country is railroading.

If all the railroads in the country (there are 2,500 of them) could hoard from day to day the money they gather in for moving passengers and freight, at the end of a year there wouldn't be a dollar left anywhere else in the country. Every piece of metal and paper currency in the country would be in the railroad treasuries.

The railroads earn in a year five times the whole world's output of gold, thirty times this country's gold output; they take in four times as much money as the Steel corporation, five times as much money as the government itself—more money than is represented in all our trade overseas.

It's a big business that takes in \$2,600,000,000 in a year; this is \$7,000,000 a day—seven million dollars a day!

And \$3,500,000 of this money, every day of the year, goes into the pay envelopes of the workers. For half the money gathered in by the railroads—half of this \$2,600,000,000 a year—is the workers' share of this biggest of American businesses. So in two years the railroad workers receive in their pay envelopes as much money as there is in circulation in the whole country.

Big figures these! There is the humble trackman, usually an alien from the slums of Europe, who doggedly obeys the orders of the track foreman. Out of every \$100 gathered in by the railroads, six dollars goes to him—five times as much as goes to the railroad officials. The figures are big, you see, whether you start from the bottom or the top.

Let us see what becomes of every \$100 received by the railroads in their two-and-a-half-billion-dollar business.

Workers on railroads (1,700,000 men) \$ 40  
Dealers in railroad materials (chiefly the steel and coal trades) 25  
The state (taxes) 3  
Creditors (hundreds of thousands of bondholders) 13  
The owners (500,000 investors) 12  
For the surplus (improving the property) 7  
Total \$100

Workers actually get \$50 out of every \$100, for from the \$25 paid for materials (rails, cars, engines, buildings, etc.) \$10 goes to workers in these industries. Every time you spend a dollar at a railroad ticket office or freight office, you are paying 50 cents for wages.

**A Billion-Dollar Pay Roll.**  
Now let's see just how the \$40 out of every \$100 of railroad revenue is

distributed among the railroad workers:

	Total wages
Shopmen	\$ 210,000,000
Trackmen	150,000,000
Trainmen	92,000,000
Engineers	85,000,000
Conductors	55,000,000
Firemen	52,000,000
Station men	100,000,000
Miscellaneous	5 120,000,000
Clerks	1.60 45,000,000
Watchmen, etc.	1.20 30,000,000
Officers	1.20 22,000,000
Telegraphers	1 28,000,000
Total wages	\$1,000,000,000

When you look over this billion-dollar pay roll you get an idea of the bigness of railroading. Take the smallest item on the list—\$28,000,000 paid in wages to telegraphers and dispatchers, an army of 40,000 men "at the key." This is more money than all the telegraph companies in the country spend in wages.

And then the item at the top of the list—\$210,000,000 in wages to shopmen. You know, perhaps, that railroads have shops, where they mend broken wheels and put new paint on cars. But did you ever know that the railroad shops of the country employ an army of 350,000 men earning \$200,000,000 a year in wages? This repair end of the railroad business is bigger than the business of the Steel corporation itself—more men and more wages.

The army of shopmen has a big job. In the shops of the big railroads locomotives and cars are built as well as repaired. The smaller roads buy their equipment from the independent builders, but there is no road so small but that it has its shops for repairing equipment. The railroads own 2,200,000 cars—of which 50,000 are passenger cars. Made up into one train these cars would stretch around the earth, and to every fortieth car there would be a locomotive, for the railroads have 55,000 in service. You could carry every man, woman and child in America in this train, allowing only 40 passengers to a car. It's the business of the third of a million shopmen to keep these two and a quarter million cars and locomotives in running order.

A bigger money still is that on the track—430,000 men, made up of 45,000 section foremen—the bosses—and 385,000 humble workers, the lowest paid men in the service, averaging eight dollars a week. But they take six dollars out of every \$100 of railroad revenue, or \$150,000,000 a year, and no small part of this money finds its way back to "the old country." Many a good American citizen of to-day earned his first money in this country as a member of a track gang.

The train crews, with 320,000 en-

ginesmen, firemen, conductors and trainmen, make up the third largest railroad army, but they head the wage list with \$285,000,000 a year. They get more than a dollar out of every ten received by the railroads.

Here is shown the make-up of the railroad army:

Trackmen	450,000
Shopmen	350,000
Trainmen	132,000
Firemen	70,000
Engineers	65,000
Conductors	50,000
Total of crews	1,222,000
Station men	100,000
Miscellaneous	240,000
Clerks	16,000
Watchmen, etc.	40,000
Telegraphers	40,000
Officers	17,000
Total	1,700,000

Or they may be divided into three great armies in this way:

Officers and staffs	65,000
Army of the trains	725,000
Army of the tracks	550,000
Army of the shops	360,000
Total forces	1,700,000

The wages of these workers vary from a dollar a day paid southern trackmen to the five-figure yearly salaries paid the heads of transcontinental roads. The average daily earnings of the officers and men of the railroad forces is here shown:

General officers	\$11.80
Other officers	5.80
Clerks	2.25
Station agents	1.95
Other station men	1.70
Engineers	4.10
Firemen	2.40
Conductors	3.50
Station men	2.25
Machinists	2.70
Carpenters	2.25
Other shopmen	1.90
Section foremen	1.35
Other trackmen	1.30
Watchmen, etc.	1.30
Telegraphers	2.15
Miscellaneous	1.80

The average yearly earnings of railroad workers is a little more than \$600. A ten per cent. wage advance means only \$60 for each man, but it adds \$100,000,000 to the billion-dollar pay roll—a sum equal to a third of all the profits distributed to the half million owners of the railroads in the most prosperous year in their history. Similarly, a ten per cent. advance in freight rates, such as is now proposed, would add \$180,000,000 to the revenue of the roads, or more than two per cent. on all the outstanding \$8,000,000,000 railroad stock. The business is so big that fractional changes in receipts or expenditures, if spread over the country, produce results of astounding proportions.

**Dividends to Shareholders.**

Having taken a look at the railroad business from the viewpoint of the 1,700,000 workers, let us see how it looks to the 50,000 owners. The railroads earned last year, gross, \$2,600,000,000. The small end of the railroad business is the passenger traffic. The receipts from 900,000,000 passengers were \$570,000,000. The average rate paid was a trifle over two cents a mile. The figures show that the average American made ten railroad trips in the year of an average length of 32 miles, paying \$6.50 for the service—so, 320 miles appears to be the average yearly travel of the American on the railroads. The railroads also received more than \$100,000,000 carrying mail and express matter, mostly on passenger trains.

But the 2,000,000 freight cars are the big earners. They brought in \$1,800,000,000 last year, 30 times as much money as all the gold mines of the country produced, 4½ times as much money as all the gold mines of the world produced. Great is the American freight car, even if it does go banging along on a flat wheel! It earned this huge amount of money by sheer work, for it charged only three-quarters of a cent for carrying a ton of freight a mile. But even three-quarters of a cent a ton runs into money pretty fast in the big way we run our railroads. A 50-ton car, at this average rate, earns 37½ cents a mile; this is \$18.75 a mile for a 50-car train—and in the 3,000-mile journey across the country this runs up to \$56,000. Big cars and long hauls make possible the low American freight rates.

A word as to where all the freight

comes from—More than half of all the tonnage carried on the railroads is the product of the mines—a third is coal and coke. The soft coal tonnage is enormous—a quarter of all the traffic—because this is the great fuel in industrial plants from coast to coast. Hard coal—the householders' fuel—is a big item in freight, but not nearly so big as soft coal. Manufactures stand next to mine products in importance, with about a seventh of the total tonnage, and in this class the steel industry takes the lead. Lumber and other products of the forest rank third; agricultural products fourth, with merchandise and miscellaneous freight last. A 1,000-ton train, loaded with freight in the proportions in which the country's freight tonnage is divided, would carry:

Mine products	531
Manufactures	148
Forest products	112
Farm and ranch products	109
Merchandise	40
Miscellaneous freight	60
Total	1,000

So much for how the railroads earn \$2,600,000,000. Now let's see what is done with all the money. Two-thirds of all the money received by the railroads has to be spent to run them. The railroads spent on operation last year:

Running trains	\$ 970,000,000
Maintaining equipment	370,000,000
Maintaining roadbed, etc.	350,000,000
General expenses	60,000,000
Total operating expenses	\$1,750,000,000

Included in this billion and three-quarters is the billion-dollar pay roll. The other three-quarters is spent on various materials, coal and steel being the principal items. The coal bill for the locomotives is the biggest single item—\$185,000,000. Besides the coal bill, there is spent for locomotives \$10,000,000 on water, \$6,000,000 on oil, tallow and waste, and \$4,000,000 on other supplies—more than \$200,000,000 in all. The tie bill is big—\$40,000,000, bigger than the rail bill—\$25,000,000. Stationery and printing costs \$14,000,000, advertising \$7,000,000, wrecks and other damage \$22,000,000, clearing away wrecks \$5,000,000, killing and injuring people \$18,000,000, insurance \$7,500,000—and so on through a score of items all in the millions.

**Share of the Owners.**

A glance at the table at the beginning of this article shows that after the railroads pay out of their revenues 40 per cent. for wages, 25 per cent. for materials, etc., and three per cent. for taxes, there is still left 32 per cent. of the revenues. The creditors—that is, the bondholders, spread all over the face of the earth—owning \$9,000,000,000 of American railroad obligations, get 13 per cent. of the revenues. This nets them 3.7 per cent. on the par value of their bonds. There is still 19 per cent. left. Of this 12 per cent. goes to the shareholders—the half million owners. They receive \$300,000,000 a year out of the \$2,600,000,000 earnings, which nets them only 3.6 per cent. on their \$8,000,000,000 of stock. The other seven per cent. of the earnings goes into surplus.

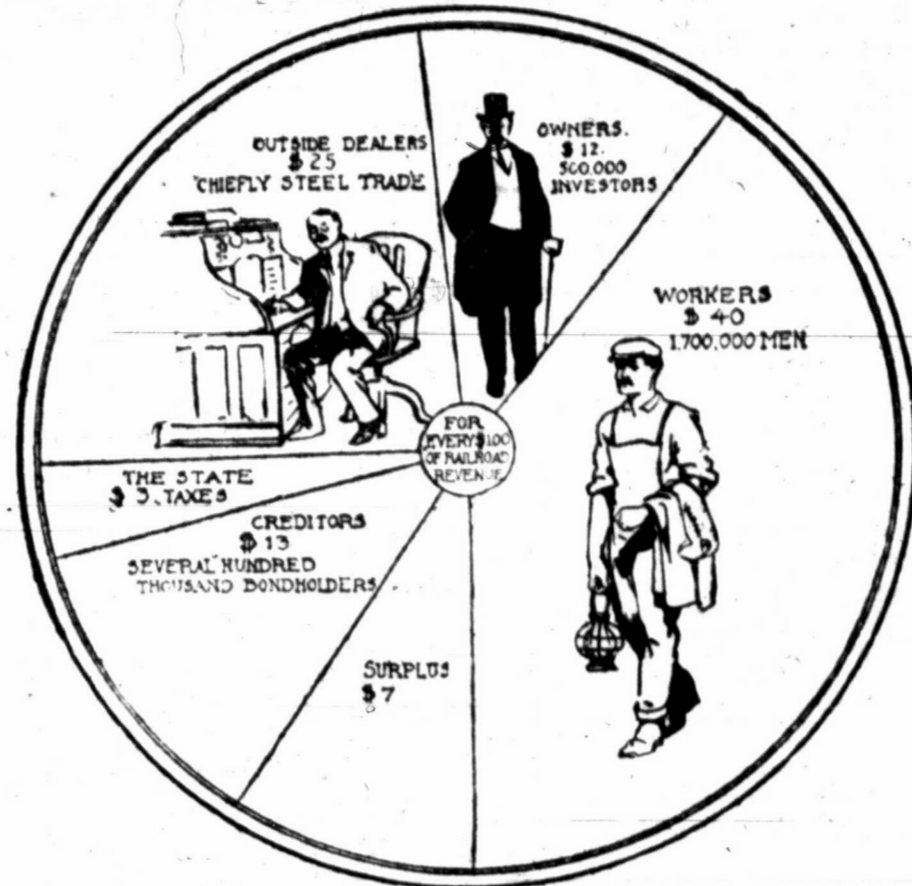
Such, in brief, is the story of the country's biggest business, the operation of 230,000 miles of railroads.

**Price of Food Increased.**

Increase in the price of grain and foodstuffs throughout India has become a serious matter on account of the poverty of the masses and the low wages paid for labor, according to a report made by Consul-General William B. Michael to the bureau of manufactures. He says that foodstuffs have advanced 40 per cent. during the last two years in India; rents from 50 to 60 per cent.

**Change Easily Made.**

Five-year-old Helen was industriously hemming a square of pink gingham for a doll's table cover. She held it up and examined it critically. "Mother," she said, "I don't think this is a very stylish tablecloth. I guess I'll put a pair of sleeves in it and call it a corset cover."—The Delineator.



### TO CURE A COUGH

Or Break a Cold in 24 Hours

Mix two ounces of Glycerine and a half ounce of Virgin Oil of Pine compound pure with a half pint of Straight Whisky. Shake well and take a teaspoonful every four hours.

The genuine Virgin Oil of Pine compound pure is prepared only by The Leach Chemical Co., Cincinnati, Ohio, and is put up only in half-ounce vials, each vial securely sealed in a round wooden case to insure its freshness and purity.

Not She.

He—If I kissed you, would you give it away to your mother?  
She—Oh, no. I don't think mamma would want it.

Try It Once.

There is more actual misery and less real danger in a case of itching, skin disease than any other ailment. Hunt's Cure is manufactured especially for those cases. It relieves instantly and cures promptly. Absolutely guaranteed.

If you have not much time at your disposal, do not fail to profit by the smallest portion of time which remains to you.—Fenelon.

**For Headache Try Hicks' Capudine.**  
Whether from Colds, Heat, Stomach or Nervous troubles, the aches are speedily relieved by Capudine. It's Liquid—pleasant to take—Effects immediately. 10, 25 and 50c at Drug Stores.

You may have observed that the man who boasts that he can drink or let it alone usually drinks.

**FILES CURED IN 6 TO 14 DAYS.**  
PAZO OINTMENT is guaranteed to cure any case of Itching, Blind, Bleeding or Protruding Piles in 6 to 14 days or money refunded. 50c.

Women are almost as absurd as men are foolish.



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\$300 SHOES \$350



W. L. Douglas makes and sells more men's \$3.00 and \$5.00 shoes than any other manufacturer in the world, because they hold their shape, fit better, and wear longer than any other make.  
Shoes at All Prices, for Every Member of the Family, Men, Boys, Women, Misses & Children  
W. L. Douglas \$4.00 and \$5.00 \$2.50 \$3.00 \$3.50 and \$4.00 shoes are the best in the world.  
Past Color Styles Used and Shown in the "Take No Substitute." W. L. Douglas name and price is stamped on bottom. Sold everywhere. Shoes mailed from factory to any part of the world. Catalogue free. W. L. DOUGLAS, 157 Spert St., Brockton, Mass.

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We claim that our seeds are the best, and to prove it to you, we will mail you five packages of excellent vegetable seed and 1000 beautiful flower seeds and our large catalogue in English or German, as wanted,

for only 14 cents

We also mail a Poultry and Bee Supply Catalogue FREE to all who want one.

**WERNICH SEED COMPANY**  
Dept. A, MILWAUKEE, WIS.

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YOU ARE WANTED AS A RAILWAY MAIL CLERK.  
Postal Clerk, Stenographer-Typewriter, etc. Only Complete School Education Required. Submit Originals, Passports, Photos, Big Pay. Superior Instruction by MAIL to meet Govt. Examinations. Earn Fourteen Years. Thousands of Successful Students. Sample Questions and "How Govt. Positions Are Secured" sent Free. C. C. DEY, INTER-STATE SCHOOLS, 74-1 Iowa Ave., Cedar Rapids, Iowa.

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Houston, Texas, operates the largest force of competent detectives in the South, they render written opinions in cases not handled by them. Reasonable rates.

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Stop Coughing!  
Nothing breaks down the health so quickly and positively as persistent cough. If you have a cough give it attention now. You can relieve it quickly with PISO'S CURE. Famous for half a century as the reliable remedy for coughs, colds, hoarseness, bronchitis, asthma and kindred ailments. Fine for children. At all drugists', 25 cts.



# "Le Bretagne"

Leon's Christmas Home Coming

By W. A. FRAZER

(Copyright, by Short Story Publishing Co.)

It was two o'clock when Le Bretagne spread her white sails and crept out toward the eastern sky. It was six when the gray wall of the sea rose and blotted out the ship as though she had gone to the bottom.

Then the dark figure which had been outlined against the crimson of the big, red setting sun turned wearily and crept over the sands towards Arichat—it was Marie, returning to her newly widowed home.

"Leon said he would come at the time of Christmas, so why should I fear?" she kept muttering, "and Leon will keep his word in life or death. Even if I'm dead, Marie," he said, joking me, "I will come to thee at Christmas."

On the farther side of L'Isle Madam the sea was moaning as Marie reached her cottage.

One month had gone—one month of the loveliest weather—ideal weather for the fishing, the old wives said, only they used a stronger word than "ideal" to express their satisfaction.

It was just 34 days since the gray wall of water had risen between Marie and her Leon. There was no mistaking the day, for she had just drawn a line through the date, the nineteenth of October. Not for a moment had Marie slumbered that night. The sea had gone to rest with a sigh, a sigh of utter weariness, as though the wind had called it to battle to the death; only the sea heard the challenge, the sea and Marie—she knew.

The calm that rested over everything was awful; it was as though all life had gone out of the world. And so it was when the green sky that



"Yes, Yes; it's Le Bretagne," an Old Man Was Saying.

was in the west changed to blood red; still not a breath of air. Toward noon the glassy water grew dark, where little puffs of wind ruffled its surface.

By night the clouds had risen like a wall, stretching from the south to the northeast, but still it was clear overhead; no clouds, only a murky, yellow haze.

Fifteen blasts of wind came tearing through the quaint old fishing town of Arichat, making signs and shutters tremble and creak for an instant, and then silence—that dreadful silence that seemed to still the very beating of one's heart.

That night Marie prayed as though she were pleading for her soul: "O Holy Mother, plead for me, even as thou hadst a Son," and then the hot flood of tears fell fast, blinding and scorching, and choking the full heart. Words were vain; long she knelt beside her humble cot, and over and over pleaded in the same words, "Save my Leon." The promise of low masses to be said were made, with scarcely a knowledge of what she was uttering the cry, "Save my Leon," driving all else before it.

And outside, as she knelt, the wind moaned at the casement, and the gusts were coming faster and stronger now. The moon, which had looked down like a baleful ball of fire through the murky yellow of the upper sky, had been swallowed up in a vault black as ink.

With a great sob Marie rose, and looked from her door across the waste

of heaving waters. 'Twas just across there that Leon had gone, his jaunty craft careening gracefully as the fresh breeze sped her on her way; to-night only the fitful gleam of a phosphorescent-capped wave was seen as it rose above its fellows for a moment, and then was lost in that awful gloom.

"Why should I fear?" Marie was trying to persuade herself; "Leon must be far away now, out of reach of this coming storm"—and then a sob would choke her, and only "Holy Mother, plead for me and my Leon," would give her peace.

In the morning the eastern shore of L'Isle Madam was shrouded in seething spray. The breakers were thundering at her guarding rocks. By night the world was spray covered—the world of L'Isle Madam. The sky and the earth and the sea were one. And still from the southeast the storm drove, and all that night.

And in the morning of the second day the crash of breaking timbers mingled with the boom of the mighty waves as they dashed against the granite walls.

People were hurrying towards the surf-beaten shore. Her long hair tossing in the maddened breeze, Marie rushed after them; in her heart the cry that had been there for so many hours, "Holy Mother, save my Leon!"

"Yes, yes; it's Le Bretagne," an old man was saying, slowly lowering his glass as Marie came up to the group of people who were straining their eyes seaward. "Her anchors are out," he continued, "but she cannot live in such a gale under that strain, and if she parts her cable she will go to pieces on the rocks."

His words were scarcely audible above the shrieking of the wind; but Marie heard, and there, among those rough fishermen, she knelt and prayed, over and over again, out of the choking fullness of her heart, "Holy Mother, save my Leon." The awful solemnity of the scene touched their rough hearts, and hats were doffed, and heads bowed, as the young wife prayed to her God in that living gale.

And then, as if in mockery of all things human, a mighty wave, mightier than any of its fellows, and following in the wake of two scarcely less mighty, broke over the Bretagne, and buried her beneath its many tons of foam-lashed water. The vessel swayed, trembled and disappeared before their very eyes.

Two men were holding Marie now. "I will go to him! He is calling me!" she shrieked. "O, God! will no one save him?"

The bronzed faces of the fisher-folk were turned away each from the other. The salt spray was on their beards, but in their eyes was that of which they were ashamed.

Then they led her back to the house, the little house that Leon had taken her to only a few weeks ago. And two of them watched into the gray of the morning, for 'neath oil skins the fishers' hearts are warm.

That was the third night, and still she slept not. The storm was dying now, and moaning, together they passed away—the fury of grief and the rage of the storm. And for that day, and for many days the great grief had broken her mind.

Storm and sunshine, day in and day out, she sat down on the beach, and questioned the passers as to how many days to Christmas till her Leon would come home; for had he not said that he would come at Christmas, at the glad time of the year, and was not his word as the law among the fisher-folk, it was so true? And did she not pray every night to the Holy Mother to intercede for her, and bring her Leon home? And the masses that had been said for Leon, were they not to bring him home, too?

Poor little Marie, her mind, which

was like unto a child's, could not understand that the mass which Father Dupre had said, had been to take him to that other home; for the good father had said mass for the repose of the souls of the men lying out there in Le Bretagne.

And then a wonderful thing happened. Many days after, at the time of Christmas, again the cry of Le Bretagne rang through the streets of Arichat; and again was there much of horror in the cry, for though the sea was calm now, there was Le-Bretagne slowly sailing into port; and was not Le Bretagne at the bottom of the sea, and all hands drowned?

Small wonder that the bronzed faces were blanched now, as the fisher-folk lined up on the sand, as they had on that day two moons before.

"What sorcery is this?" they asked each other. It was La Bretagne, they knew her as they knew their own houses. Spirit hands were sailing her, for on her decks no one moved.

A solemn hush settled down upon them; few spoke, and when they did it was with bated breath. What evil was this? for good it could not be.

'Twas Marie who had first seen the ship. Had her prayers worked this magic?

Nearer and nearer the dread ship came, until but a short way out from the shore she stopped, and swung to an anchor. Invisible hands had anchored her, for there was the cable right enough, running out from her bow, as she lifted lazily to the long ground swell.

"Take me to my Leon," Marie pleaded of the awe-struck fishermen, "he is calling me. Do you not see that his boats are washed away?"

Shamed by the presence of the women, four stout fishermen brought up a boat, and, taking Marie with them, rowed off to the ship that was like a phantom.

"Stay with us, ma petite amie," the fisherwomen pleaded with Marie. As well had they striven to check the ways of the wind.

How silent the ship was as the boat glided under her stern! Not a sound, not a voice; no movement, only the lap, lap, lap of the waters against her wooden sides.

The men crossed themselves as Dumont, the bravest fisherman in all Arichat, rose up, and, with blanched cheeks, caught his boat hook in Le Bretagne's rail.

How low she was in the water; as they stood up in their boat they could see across her deck—not across did they see, for half way they saw something which caused them to shudder, and beg of little Marie to stop in the boat.

But Marie had risen and seen, too, and with a cry that rang in the ears of those four men until their dying day, she sprang up the side of the ship, and stood on the slippery, slimy deck.

Her Leon was there, lashed to the mast. She threw herself upon his poor bloated form.

The four understood. Dumont looked down an open hatch: "Her salt is gone!" he exclaimed.

That brief sentence explained it all. She had gone to the fisheries loaded with salt. When the water had washed all the salt out of her hold, being a wooden ship, she had floated, dragging her one remaining anchor until it had caught in the good holding ground near the shore.

Gently they lifted Marie away from her dead lover.

Christmas had come to Marie. The Holy Mother had heard her prayer, and she was with Leon.

And every Christmas since, in Arichat, a mass is said for the repose of the soul of little Marie, and the lover who rose from the sea to come to her, even in death.

## CHRISTMAS IN THE ARCTIC

Theatrical Performance by Crew of an Icebound Ship Sixty Years Ago.

Christmas eve was the opening-night of the theater, the first one ever known in those regions, writes Capt. H. S. Osborn, in Recreation. It opened to a full house and yet not an advertisement had appeared in any paper on the face of the globe. No flaring posters had adorned the walls of the village on shore, but the villagers were all there as "first nighters." Promptly at eight o'clock the orchestra—the minstrel band—in lieu of an opening overture, gave us a selection from their repertoire, which was generally applauded, and to the tinkling of a bell up went the curtain. The play was "Black-Eyed Susan," adapted from a famous old song of that name, well known to all sailors in those times. It was a play in three acts, interspersed with some familiar sea ditties of the day.

Susan was the star of the evening and the young fellow who took her part played and looked it to perfection. His make-up was very clever, considering the material at his command. The wig had been made of fine combed yarns braided as deftly as any girl could have done it. Susan's cheeks and lips were very red—from the

paint pot—and large pendant earrings dangled from her ears. Her dress was faultless in fashion and fit, her carriage graceful and she acted the girl to the unbounded satisfaction of the "vast assemblage." The Esquimaux portion of the audience was amazed at the performance, but Susan was an even greater puzzle to them. None of them had ever seen a white woman. It was good as a play to watch those poor, untutored natives as they followed the piece with intense wonderment.

No Cause for Joy.

Photographer (taking family group)—Now, then, Mr. Housefull, the expressions are all right but yours. Try and look happy—remember that Christmas is coming.

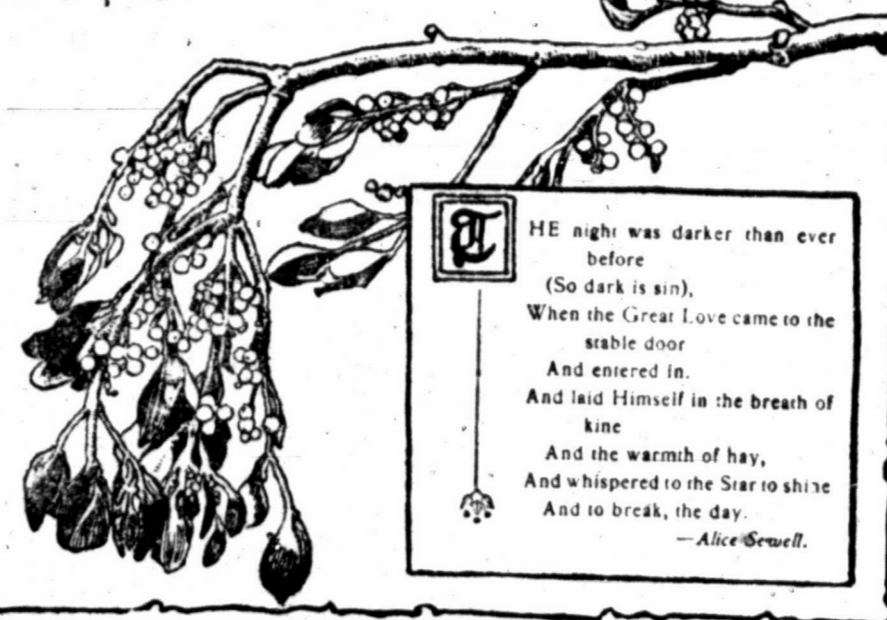
Mr. Housefull (despondently)—Confound it, man, that's just what I am thinking about!

A Perpetual Christmas Present.

Mrs. Caller—You surely don't give your husband a necktie every Christmas?

Mrs. Athome—Oh, yes, I do! And the poor dear never seems to know that it is the same one!

## A Christmas Carol



THE night was darker than ever before (So dark is sin), When the Great Love came to the stable door And entered in, And laid Himself in the breath of kine And the warmth of hay, And whispered to the Star to shine And to break, the day. —Alice Sewell.

## THE CHRISTMAS OF TODAY

[Letter enclosed in a box which will arrive about 7 a. m. Christmas day for Fred, the protégé of learned sprites.]

EAR FRED: Within this package you will find some little things; just a crumb or two of pleasure, such as any fellow flings to a friend he's met but once or twice and yet considers rather nice and thinks of what the jolly season brings. We remember, sir, your courtesy in sitting while we lectured on the knowledge that is proven, also that

which is conjectured. To our utter gratitude you were never, never rude, for your heart, indeed, is very finely textured.

When the series of discourses found its most untimely close, we assembled in a cornfield, and indeed we nearly froze. We'd forgotten, we're so old, there was such a thing as cold, and we're much too smart to think of things like those. But our hearts are always warm, and in thinking, Fred, of you, such a warmth arose as any time would boil an oyster stew. Then, a-basking in the heat, we did all of us compete in discussion of what would and wouldn't do. Once the argument grew fierce, but over this we'll draw a veil. We are all of us so learned that we thought (you know the tale), that we each of us knew best what would lend the greatest zest—that a modern boy would not consider stale.

We consulted sundry lists which only mixed us up the worse; we rejected some suggestions far too long for any purse; and we bickered and we snickered, while above the moonlight flickered, and discovered that ideal things were "source." And at last we gave up trying to decide it for each other, and departed, saying: "Give him what you like, my learned brother." So each made his own selection; which accounts for the complexion of the articles we hope you'll show your mother.

On the top you'll find a ticket for a trip around the earth. This, of course, is from old Jogerly, the chap who has a dearth of ideas, but in fact was rather diligent than lax; he is hoping that you realized his worth.

Next in order is a dictionary—don't turn up your nose. It's no ordinary volume, as its queer appearance shows. When you're stuck for what to say, turn the knob the proper way, and the word is in your mouth, and out it goes. In this book is every language, e'en including that of birds and the speech the cows are using when they stroll about in herds. Why, you cannot go astray, as to how and what to say, if you use the present sent you by old Worlds.

With apologies we mention what you get from Anglo-Saxon. He's the chap for whom the speech of other nations had attraction. He sat down, it seems, and wrote you a promissory note. You will never get the coin without exactation.

From Numero, a present that will comfort you, we feel. It's a table with a marvelous, unusual kind of wheel. Yes, a multiplication table; turn the crank, if you are able, and you'll have before your eyes a luscious meal.

Old History, the grandpa of the whole great human race, sends a Patent Iron Memory—a thing you can't replace. Put it 'way unto your ear, and you'll find that all you hear you'll remember quite distinctly—for a space.

And lastly, Hy G. Ene, the man who gave you such a scare, puts in something you can always use and something you can wear. It's a thing that makes for health; indeed, for happiness and wealth. It's an everlasting bottle of fresh air.

So remember, when your toys are spread about you on the rug, that the Learned Sprites have tried to make you happy; they have dug in the pres-

ent-mines of China, than the which there's nothing finer, and we're sending you as much as we could lug. If you use these little gifts that we are forwarding just right you will never have to listen to another learned sprite. But there's one thing more, to-wit: "Merry Christmas,"—that is it.

So we hereunto subscribe, in black and white:

JOGERLY,  
WORDS.  
ANGLO-SAXON.  
NUMERO.  
GRANDFATHER HISTORY.  
HY G. ENE.



### TWO DINNERS FOR CHRISTMAS.

Menus in Which Roast Beef and Goose Are the Leading Entrees.

For the Christmas feast roast beef or roast young goose are the prime favorites, taking the precedence of turkey, which very soon after the first of December begins to lose its delicacy of flavor. The English dinner of roast beef and plum pudding is historic, and in recent years Americans have generally followed the custom of serving an English dinner on Christmas, improving on the old country menus by the addition of dainty entrees and salads.

Here are some suggestions for menus for Christmas home dinners.

MENU NO. 1  
Grape Fruit with Sherry.  
Olives, Radishes.  
Small Oysters, Roasted in Shell.  
Cream of Chicken.  
Roast Sirloin of Beef.  
Macaroni au Gratin.  
Bermuda Potatoes, New String Beans.  
Endive Salad.  
Toasted Waters and Edam Cheese.  
Plum Pudding.  
Fruit, Coffee.

MENU NO. 2  
Oysters on the Half Shell.  
Cream of Celery, Stuffed Olives.  
Fried Smelts, Sauce Tartare.  
Hothouse Cucumbers.  
Roast Young Goose.  
Apple Sauce.  
Mashed Potatoes, Boiled White Onions.  
Stuffed Green Peppers.  
Roman Salad and Toasted Waters.  
Rouffort Cheese.  
Plum Pudding or Mince Pie.  
Coffee, Fruit.

She Had Tried It.  
Belle—This holly in my hair wants a little relief—it's too red.  
Aunt—Well, why not put in a sprig or two of mistletoe, dear?  
Belle—Nonsense, aunty! Why, I should have all the young men kissing me.  
Aunt—Indeed, no, my dear. They'd do nothing of the kind. I've tried 'em!

Human Nature's Weaknesses.  
"I don't mind Mrs. Gigsaw making fun of the way I talk," said Mrs. Lapsling, forgivingly. "It's only her way. We've all got our little peculiarities and idiosyncrasies."—Chicago Tribune.

How They Love Each Other!  
Horace—I can't understand you girls. Now, you hate Mabel, and yet you kissed her.

Hetty—I know; but just see how the freckles show where I kissed the powder off.—Pick Me Up.

An Odd Combination.  
"Young De Peyster's match with that girl who so unexpectedly fell into a fortune was a brilliant stroke."  
"In what way?"  
"He made a lucky hit with a lucky miss."—Baltimore American.

For Scenic Effect.  
"You don't mean to say that you are going back to horses?"  
"Temporarily. I have moved to a new country place, and I thought I should like to become acquainted with the scenery."—Life.



## Personal Items.

W. V. Clark returned to Mineral Wells Wednesday.

Hon. R. W. Hall of Vernon was in the city Wednesday.

Superintendent Howard Davis of Kennard Mills was in the city Monday.

W. C. Cook of Porter Springs was a caller at the Courier office Saturday.

Miss Elizabeth Sewell will leave next week for Houston to spend the holidays.

Romer Gallant arrived Tuesday night from the West to spend the holidays at home.

Miss Ruby Robinson of Point Blanc is visiting relatives and friends in this city.

O. E. Hairston, E. Willcox and J. E. Bynum were callers at the Courier office Monday.

J. R. Turner and H. H. Hallmark were among those calling at the Courier office Saturday.

Pick Lacy and family of Kennard Mills will spend the holidays with relatives in this city.

A. S. Walker of Lovelady and J. J. Keels were callers at the Courier office last Thursday.

Representative J. R. Luce was a pleasant visitor at the Courier office Wednesday of last week.

Lewis Morgan passed through Crockett Wednesday to Kennard on his way home from the West.

Miss Hortense LeGory and Lipscomb LeGory returned Friday evening from a visit to Houston.

S. K. Boykin of Weches and W. J. Graham were among those calling at the Courier office Friday.

Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Wood have moved into their new home two miles north of town on the Palestine road.

G. W. Allbright and C. B. Moore of Lovelady were among those remembering the Courier last Friday.

J. W. Young left Sunday night for Chicago, where he goes on professional business. He will be gone several weeks.

Mrs. J. E. Bynum and daughter, Mary Denny, will spend the winter in San Antonio; also will visit Pearsall and Dripping Springs before returning.

Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Hardeman of Henderson will be the guests of their son and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Pitser Hardeman, in this city Thursday and Friday.

C. J. and F. M. Peters of Little Rock and F. H. Peters and J. A. Starling of Fort Worth were at the Pickwick Monday on their way to their Trinity river plantation.

J. W. Goodwin and family were in Crockett Monday on their way from Creek to Loraine, Mitchell county, where they will make their home. The Courier regrets very much to see this family leaving Houston county.

Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Prince of Wilmington, N. C., after spending a week in this city, left for San Antonio Saturday night. Mr. Prince is general freight auditor for the Coast Line railway, one of the large railway systems of the east.

## Local News.

Ties to suit all at Kennedy's.

Swell line of belts at John Millar's.

Old Dutch Cleanser at Billy Lewis'.

Christmas baths at Friend's barber shop.

New shapes in collars at John Millar's.

A big supply of fruit at Billy Lewis'.

All kinds of hats to be found at Kennedy's.

For the newest in shirts see John Millar.

White Rose flour in wood at Johnson Phillips'.

Get the habit of bathing at Friend's barber shop.

Teachers, you are welcome at our store—Kennedy's.

The Courier's motto is, "Quality, Not Quantity."

Souvenir post cards—local views—at Sweet's Drug Store.

K. Jones was a visitor at the Courier office Saturday.

A full line of Walk-Over shoes on display at Kennedy's.

Billy Lewis has a few plates, cups and saucers at a bargain.

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

Buy a Rayo lamp from Billy Lewis and have a good light.

A new supply of Alderney baking powder at T. D. Craddock's.

An appreciated Xmas present for a man, Vest, sold by Kennedy.

For fireworks, candy, apples, oranges and nuts see "Tad" Burton.

A. E. Kent was among those remembering the Courier Saturday.

Nothing beats a Rayo lamp for a good light. Billy Lewis sells them.

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

Nothing beats a Rayo lamp for a good light. Billy Lewis sells them.

T. D. Craddock is making some surprisingly low prices before the holidays.

See "Tad" Burton for everything in fireworks, candies, fruits and nuts.

Mrs. Bricker will sell all \$5.00 hats from now until Xmas for \$3.75 cash.

Buy your buggies, hacks, carriages and harness from Jno. R. Foster, the buggy man.

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

Shoes, Shoes, we can shoe the whole family and save you money. Daniel & Burton.

Johnson Arledge has a fine line of candies in bulk. It will pay you to see him before buying.

We have the largest and best selected stock of boys clothing in the city. Daniel & Burton.

Have your clothes cleaned and pressed by us for Christmas. Shupak Tailoring Co.

If you need a hat see our fine line before purchasing. Daniel & Burton.

Raisins, currants, figs, dates, citron, nuts and everything else for fruit cakes. Billy Lewis.

See me before buying your fireworks. I will save you money. "Tad" Burton.

Give us your cleaning and pressing. We will send for it. John Millar.

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

Why does J. A. McConnell's Novelty Store sell so many goods? It's because they sell them cheaper.

20, 24 and 36 line covered buttons at 20, 25 and 30 cents per dozen, made by Mrs. Hayne Mainer, Lovelady, Texas. tf.

For Sale.

One span good mules, sound and in first class condition. One black mare. Edmiston Bros.

Old Dutch Cleanser at Billy Lewis'.

Fire works at Johnson Phillips' store.

New line of neckwear at John Millar's.

A big supply of fruit at Billy Lewis'.

Gentlemen's kid gloves at John Millar's.

Handkerchiefs, silk and linen, at Kennedy's.

Billy Lewis has a few plates, cups and saucers.

Unedda bath. Take it at Friend's barber shop.

Everything in men's underwear at John Millar's.

For a nice Xmas present, ask the boys at Kennedy's.

Billy Lewis has a few plates, cups and saucers at a bargain.

Another lot of ladies' collars arrived at Kennedy's Monday.

Buy a Rayo lamp from Billy Lewis and have a good light.

Everything you need in ammunition and guns at Daniel & Burton's. 2t.

Nothing beats a Rayo lamp for a good light. Billy Lewis sells them.

Buy Kokomo hog fencing from T. D. Craddock and thereby save money.

Buy a can of baking powder and get a set of dishes free at Johnson Phillips'.

You will make no mistake by buying your fruits for Christmas from Johnson Arledge.

Cravanet overcoats, raincoats and rubber boots at rock-bottom prices at Daniel & Burton's.

Raisins, currants, figs, dates, citron, nuts and everything else for fruit cakes. Billy Lewis.

If you are going to buy fireworks for Christmas, Johnson Arledge's is the place to get them.

Buy a New Home and be happy—the lightest running machine on the market. Daniel & Burton.

Raisins, currants, figs, dates, citron, nuts and everything else for fruit cakes. Billy Lewis.

Let us do it, we know how. Cleaning and pressing a specialty. Shupak Tailoring Co.

Come on good people as long as they last you can get them cheaper at J. A. McConnell's Novelty Store.

Ladies, your friend will appreciate a piece of drawn-work. You will find what you want at Kennedy's.

Lone Star Orchard peaches far exceed 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.

Buy Chase and Sanburn coffee from T. D. Craddock to go with the other good things you expect to enjoy for Xmas.

Ladies' cloaks and holiday goods are going like free ice cream at J. A. McConnell's Novelty Store, you had better hurry.

Honest goods, honest measure, prompt shipment, when you buy your whiskey from Hyman Harrison, Palestine, Texas.

Forty-six railroad tickets were sold at Lovelady Monday evening for the play, "The Clansman," at the Crockett opera house.

When in the city make our store your stopping place you are always welcome. Daniel & Burton.

New elastic belts, hand bags, barrettes and waist pins are excellent Xmas gifts. We have the latest. Big Store.

Our stock is complete and we guarantee to save you money on each article purchased from us. Daniel & Burton.

Let me figure with you on club orders for Christmas whiskey. I can save you money. Address Hyman Harrison, Palestine, Texas.

# 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

Old Dutch Cleanser at Billy Lewis'.

Shoes are going cheap at T. D. Craddock's.

Everything for fruit cakes at Johnson Phillips'.

An abundance of all kinds of nuts at Johnson Arledge's.

T. D. Craddock will sell you a wagon part pay and balance next fall.

Don't order your Xmas whiskey from other places when you can get exactly what you want from Hyman Harrison, Palestine.

A big supply of fruit at Billy Lewis'.

Try that delicious maple syrup at Johnson Phillips'.

Buy a Rayo lamp from Billy Lewis and have a good light.

High patent flour at T. D. Craddock's, \$1.35. Best patent, \$1.50.

Your overcoat needs a new collar. Let us put it on for you. Shupak Tailoring Co.

The Iron Clad hosiery is the best, buy them once and you want no others. T. D. Craddock sells them.



# To Holiday Shoppers

**WE** extend to each and every one a cordial invitation to inspect our line. A thousand things are here to amuse and interest you. We are here to tell you about them and we will not insist too strongly on your buying. Wise buyers however will confine the bulk of their purchases to our store

Our Line Will be Found on East Side of Square Next Door to Asher's.

# Murchison & Beasley

## Holiday Goods...

WE CAN SUIT YOU

J. A. BRICKER THE JEWELER.



# The Crockett Courier

Issued weekly from the Courier Building

W. W. AIKEN, Editor and Proprietor.

## PUBLISHER'S NOTICE.

Obituaries, resolutions, cards of thanks and other matter not "news" will be charged for at the rate of 5c per line.

Parties ordering advertising or printing for societies, churches, committees or organizations of any kind will, in all cases, be held personally responsible for the payment of the bill.

## Return of Prosperity.

As an indication of the return of prosperity the increase of deposits in the banks of Houston county is interesting at this time. The last published statements of the banks of the county show a healthy revival of business. The general prosperity or depression is reflected in the size of bank deposits. The First National bank of Crockett, the oldest institution of its kind in the county, shows the largest amount of deposits and the largest increase. The recent statement published by this bank shows an increase of about \$55,000 in its deposits. The Crockett State bank, a comparatively new institution, shows a healthy gain of about \$15,000 in its deposits. The First National bank of Lovelady, also a new institution, shows an increase of about \$8000. The Grapeland bank shows a big increase in its deposits. There are two private banks in the county, one at Lovelady and the other at Ratcliff, but as they make no statements the Courier does not know what their increase is. The above is sufficient to reflect the true condition of affairs in Houston county and it shows that a return to former prosperous conditions is a thing in reality. Let the calamity-howler take to the tall timber and the "knocker" cease his "knocking."

"The Clansman" was played to a packed house Monday evening. Those who saw this play elsewhere last year say that it was up to the standard.

A stranger from the East came into the Courier office last week and asked for a recent issue of this paper. He said he always accepted the newspapers of a town as a true index of the town itself, and in this he made no mistake. The enterprise or lack of enterprise of any town is always reflected in its newspapers. Think of this the next time you have any patronage to give to some newspaper and you won't lose any more time running from one office to the other to see where you can get the work done the cheapest.

Crockett now has about five miles of good streets as has any town of its size in Texas. The street movement began about five years ago and has averaged about a mile a year. Those who remember the deep ruts and gulleys that were once known as streets in Crockett wish that the work had begun twenty-five years ago. Think of this when any movement is started in the interest of progress and do not be a hold-back.

The editor of the Utica (Kans.) Enterprise evidently was thinking of some subscriber who is in arrears when he wrote this: "The man who refuses to pay an honest debt is as great a criminal as the man who commits a theft. And he is a greater rascal, for he violates a trust. The pickpocket is a gentleman beside the man who gets into your debt for a dollar and then refuses to pay it."

We notice from a statement issued from Austin, giving the indebtedness of the different Texas cities, that the bonded indebtedness of Crockett is less than that of any other Texas city with one exception. This is especially gratifying at this time because Crockett is getting ready to issue bonds for the construction and maintenance of a water system.

New concrete walks have been put down in a number of places in this city and those having the work done are to be commended. The Courier would like to see the work extended throughout the city until every sidewalk within the town limits is of concrete or something else as durable.

# MOORE & SMITH Cushion Sole Shoes

In Both Work and Dress Styles.



This beautiful ladies' shoe for only \$3.50

Shoes for  
Gentlemen  
In all styles  
From \$4.00  
Down.

Big  
Reduction  
In all  
Lines.

# Moore & Smith

## Christmas Is Coming Soon

So don't forget the house that always supplied you with ideal

## Christmas Gifts

Our Stock This Year is Larger and Better Than Ever Before

Compare Our Prices With Anybody's and See if We Haven't Got Them Bested Before They Make Their Prices.

### Look!

Three-piece suit, all solid oak, bed 6 feet 3 inches high, dresser 45x20, mirror 24x20, worth and sold for \$25.00, in this sale for only **\$19.90**

Suit No. 77½, solid oak, golden finish, large mirror 36x18, worth \$30.00, in this sale for **\$23.90** only

Every suit reduced in price until January 1st.

A large assortment of Dining Tables, Sideboards, Buffets and China Closets. Everything is marked down to the bottom. Get my prices before you buy.

### Rockers

Well, you will have to see them to appreciate the price. All the latest styles and shapes from \$12.50 to **\$1.00**

### Iron Beds

Get one of the guaranteed beds. Don't cost you any more than any other kind. Ten year guarantee with each one. If it breaks in ten years it will be made good.

### Rugs

In all sizes at from \$25.00 to **50c**

A Merry Xmas to You All.

UNDERTAKER  
AND  
EMBALMER

# J. D. SIMS

THE  
FURNITURE  
MAN

Every hat except special orders will sell at greatly reduced prices, big stock to select from, at Mrs. Bricker's.

Buy Alderney baking powder for your Christmas baking from T. D. Craddock. Just received a new supply.

We have a few sewing machines left which we are closing out at extremely low prices.

Daniel & Burton.

See our line of ladies' cloaks before it's too late, as they are selling fast at our reduced prices.

Big Store.

We handle a full line of groceries and everything is fresh. Prices lower than the lowest.

Daniel & Burton.

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.

We have about 25 boxes very fine eating apples, but small, which we offer at \$1.25 per box. Inquire at our office.

Edmiston Bros.

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.

See John R. Foster, the buggy man, for harness, buggies, hacks and carriages. He has a complete stock on hand, and prices that defy competition.

Holeproof hosiery, guaranteed to wear six months without darning. If they don't we agree to replace every pair free of charge.

Big Store.

Make up club orders for Xmas whiskey and let me make you a special price. You'll get better goods for less money. Address Hyman Harrison, Palestine, Texas.

### Haring Drug Co's. Holiday Prices.

25c Fine perfume.....15c  
50c Fine perfume.....25c  
\$1.00 Fine perfume.....50c  
25c Fine toilet water.....15c  
50c Fine toilet water.....35c  
75c Fine toilet water.....50c  
\$1.00 Fine toilet water.....75c

Haring Drug Co.

## Young Mules

## FOR SALE

Smith Bros. have 35 head of young mules for sale cheap. See them if you want a bargain. Terms to suit purchaser. At the

## BRICK LIVERY BARN

IN CROCKETT.