

The Crockett Courier.

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MOTTO—Quality, Not Quantity.

CROCKETT, TEXAS, NOVEMBER 10, 1910.

VOL. XXI—NO. 42.

Shoes! Shoes! Shoes!

One Pair of Scissors Free With \$3.00 Worth of SHOES.

STAPLES and GROCERIES

Remember we are not to be undersold on staples or anything in dry goods or groceries. Our stock is complete, and you'll make money by getting our prices.

YOU'D A GREAT DEAL RATHER BUY IN A STORE WHERE YOUR INTERESTS ARE WATCHED RATHER THAN YOUR MONEY

WE are selling more and more Wells Shoes every week, but we don't think a sale pays us unless you think it pays you. That's why we are so particular about quality and fit and that is why we are advertising, recommending, showing and selling Wells Shoes.

This is the time of the year that makes things hum in our store. We are sure of this because our styles, quality and prices are correct. Seeing is believing—look around, then come to us—you'll certainly believe your own eyes.

SHIVERS & LEATHERS.

Election Returns.

Partial returns in the two Crockett boxes give Colquitt, democrat, 255; Terrell, republican, 16; Houston, prohibitionist, 3, and Andrews, socialist, 2. Constitutional amendment, for, 179; against, 12.

Complete returns from Grapeland give Colquitt 134, Terrell 3, Houston 9 and Andrews 1. For amendment, 106; against, 15.

Complete returns from Lovelady give Colquitt 83, Terrell 7, Andrews 1. For amendment, 56; against, 7.

Complete returns from Ratcliff give Colquitt 68, Terrell 1, Andrews 5. For amendment, 51; against, 11.

Mr. H. W. Moore is suffering from a serious and sudden attack of illness. His condition was considered serious enough to demand the calling to his bedside of both of his sons, Dr. Harvin Moore from Houston and Leroy from Austin. Dr. Frank Ross of Houston accompanied Dr. Moore and a consultation was held with the local physicians Sunday. The Courier is glad to note that Mr. Moore's condition is improving.

"It Beats All."

This is quoted from a letter of M. Stockwell, Hannibal, Mo. "I recently used Foley's Honey and Tar for the first time. To say I am pleased does not half express my feelings. It beats all the remedies I ever used. I contracted a bad cold and was threatened with pneumonia. The first doses gave great relief and one bottle completely cured me." Contains no opiates. Will McLean.

District Court.

State vs. Ed and Irwin Thompson—murder; verdict of jury not guilty. This case was on trial Thursday, Friday and Saturday, and went to the jury Saturday afternoon, when a verdict was reached in about thirty minutes.

State vs. John Pugh—murder. This case was taken up Monday and testimony was still being taken Wednesday morning. Pugh is a young man and is indicted for killing Constable Bobbitt at Weches by shooting.

The grand jury resumed work Wednesday.

Hamlin—Crowson.

On Sunday morning last, Mr. W. A. Hamlin and Miss Emma Crowson were united in marriage, Rev. L. T. Grumbles officiating. These young people live in the Pine Grove neighborhood. They have a bright future before them. We join their many friends in wishing them happiness and success.

Both Speedy and Effective

This indicates the action of Foley Kidney Pills as S. Parsons, Battle Creek, Mich. illustrates: "I have been afflicted with a severe case of kidney and bladder trouble for which I found no relief until I used Foley Kidney Pills. These cured me entirely of all my ailments. I was troubled with backaches and severe shooting pains with annoying urinary irregularities. The steady use of Foley Kidney Pills rid me entirely of all my former troubles. They have my highest recommendation." Will McLean.

FOLEY'S KIDNEY PILLS
FOR BACKACHE, KIDNEY AND BLADDER

Houston County Autos.

According to the register kept by County Clerk Allbright, there are now four automobiles kept in Houston county. The register shows that car No. 1 was owned by the late J. B. Smith, that No. 2 is owned by Smith Bros., No. 3 by Wm. Eardley and that No. 4 was registered Tuesday by J. J. Walker. Mr. Walker holds the last number. Two of the above cars are owned by Houston county farmers, which reflect the prosperous condition of the country.

A Quiet Election.

The Courier has been unable to get the election returns from over the county, but judging by the vote in the two Crockett boxes Tuesday, the election was quiet. The total vote cast in the two Crockett boxes was only 312, mostly democratic. The opposition to the democratic ticket was insignificant.

Hexamethylenetetramine

Is the name of a German chemical, one of the many valuable ingredients of Foley's Kidney Remedy. Hexamethylenetetramine is recognized by medical text books and authorities as a uric acid solvent and anti-septic for the urine. Take Foley's Kidney Remedy promptly at the first sign of kidney trouble and avoid a serious malady. Will McLean.

Lame back comes on suddenly and is extremely painful. It is caused by rheumatism of the muscles. Quick relief is afforded by applying Chamberlain's Liniment. Sold by Murchison-Beasley Drug Co.

THE REPUBLICAN PARTY SWEPT OFF ITS FEET.

Loses New York, New Jersey, Connecticut, Massachusetts and Ohio.

Galveston News.

Elections held throughout the country yesterday resulted in a political convulsion of far-reaching extent, similar at many points to the famous tidal wave of 1882, and apparently more widespread in its effect.

The indications toward midnight were that the national house of representatives had been carried by the democrats, reversing the present republican majority of 43.

The United States senate will probably have a reduced republican majority as a result of legislative elections held in many states.

In New York state, John A. Dix, democratic candidate for governor, is elected over Henry L. Stimson, republican, by a plurality of about 55,000, reversing the republican plurality of 70,000 in 1908 for Governor Hughes.

In New Jersey, Woodrow Wilson, democratic candidate for governor, is elected over Vivian M. Lewis, republican, by about 15,000 plurality, reversing the previous republican plurality of 8,000 for Governor Fort.

In Massachusetts, Eugene N. Foss, democratic candidate, has defeated Governor Eben S. Draper, republican, for re-election by about 30,000 plurality, reversing Governor Draper's former plurality of 8,000.

In Connecticut, Judge Simeon H. Baldwin, democratic candidate, is elected governor over Charles A. Goodwin, republican, by about 4,000 plurality, reversing the previous republican plurality of 16,000.

In Ohio, Governor Judson Harmon, democratic candidate for re-election, appears to have carried the state by about 15,000 over Warren G. Harding, republican.

In Tennessee the fusion candidate, B. W. Hooper, is apparently elected by 15,000 plurality.

The old, old story, told times without number, and repeated over and over again for the last 36 years, but it is always a welcome story to those in search of health—There is nothing in the world that cures coughs and colds as quickly as Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. Sold by Murchison-Beasley Drug Co.

Additional News Regarding Bank Robbery.

Dick Stubblefield of Elkhart, an Anderson county deputy sheriff, was in Crockett Saturday and gave the Courier the following additional information in regard to the Grapeland bank robbery:

In company with some Grapeland citizens Deputy Stubblefield went into the Trinity river bottoms lying along the western boundary of Anderson county. They believed that the robbers had gone in that direction and they had heard that two men had gone that way and that their conduct was at the least suspicious. The two men were reported to be driving in a buggy and following close to the Trinity river and crossing the roads. The deputy and party soon struck the trail of the buggy, which they followed until night, when they came upon the buggy. The two men had stopped at a farm house for the night, had taken out the team and were sitting on the front porch with the farmer and his family. Deputy Stubblefield went onto the porch and demanded the men to surrender. One surrendered immediately and after parleying awhile the second surrendered. The latter said that he was afraid he would be killed, but after being told that he would be killed if he did not give up, he decided to submit to arrest. The two men were brought to Grapeland by the deputy and party, but it seems that evidence sufficient to hold them could not be found and they were turned loose. They claimed that they were fishing in the river and were making their way up stream. They were arrested at Harcrow's bluff, which is in Anderson county. The men gave their names as J. O. Fallas and W. S. Dean. Fallas claiming Temple as his home and Dean claiming to be from Athens. They had over \$400 in money.

The Courier has authentic information that the exact amount secured by the robbers of the Grapeland bank is \$11,066. The bank carried burglary insurance to the amount of \$10,000.

Croup is most prevalent during the dry cold weather of the early winter months. Parents of young children should be prepared for it. All that is needed is a bottle of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. Many mothers are never without it in their homes and it has never disappointed them. Sold by Murchison-Beasley Drug Co.

White Crest Flour

THE very highest grade of Missouri Soft Wheat. Unequaled for pastry, cakes, biscuits, and all baking. Have your grocer send you a sack of "White Crest" and the results will please you.

Valuable coupons in every 48-pound sack of White Crest. Ask your grocer for particulars.

A Store of High Standards

WE ARE carrying better goods than we did a year ago. The variety of exclusive new things our buyer has brought in for this fall's trade is a most assuring sign of progress. There is a demand for higher class merchandise in the country that we propose to fill, and whether or not we are filling it we leave you to judge after you have seen our new fall showings. Our standards of store service, too, are constantly rising. We are not satisfied with giving our patrons the treatment they received a year ago. We insist that our salespeople shall be more attentive to our patrons' wants, and that in every way it shall be more of a pleasure to trade with us. Ours is not a perfect store. No store is. It is not as perfect as we would wish it to be to-day. But it is a store where STANDARDS are high, which is working constantly towards meeting the needs of all classes of people more accurately. We consider and protect our customers' interests and that is worth a great deal. And while we have in stock for you now almost everything you can think of in fine dress goods, in all the new fabrics and latest shades of color; in shoes for the whole family, MADE OF LEATHER; in hats for men, women and children; in hardware of every kind, including the Darling stove for your darling and the Oliver chilled plow for yourself; in the best groceries of every kind, including bagging and ties; yet specially we wish to call your attention to only four items, viz:

First, our Superb stock of clothing for men. They look better, fit better, hang better, wear better, last longer and cost less than any other high class clothing on the market.

Next is our Thoroughbred hats for men. Now everybody knows that Thoroughbred hats are in a class to themselves. None others like them. None look so well and none hold their shape so long. And they cost only \$3.00. Why not wear a Thoroughbred hat?

Next, our Patriot shoes for men, and to say they are made by Roberts, Johnson & Rand is enough, but you put a Patriot shoe on a man's foot and a Thoroughbred hat on his head and anybody can tell it as far as you can see him—and the shoe sells for only \$4.00 in our store.

And last, but not least, we have for you a good, smooth, 39-inch Sea Island finish domestic, worth 10c a yard in any store, that we are going to sell you for only 7c a yard.

Therefore if you want the best goods at lowest prices and the highest standard of service, come to see us.

—YOURS TRULY—

Jas. S. Shivers & Company

THE BIG STORE



THE GRAPES YOU CANNOT REACH.

Text: "Hope deferred maketh the heart sick."—Prov. xiii, 12.

Wonder why nature does it. The bunches are larger, fuller, riper, up there, just beyond your reach. At least they look so. And one must believe his own senses. Some say they're sour. Remember the fox in the fable? Munching luscious grapes, he happens to look up, sees larger, finer bunches; leaps, snags, snarls; can't reach them; finally gives up. "Sour grapes," quoth he and walks off, forgetting the rich purple clusters on the lower vine. Foolish fox to give up what he knew was good, because he could not reach what he was not certain was better. "Foolish Reynard," did you say? Well, I know some more, present company not excepted. We are snocked by the unattainable. Our vision is our Tantalus. None is satisfied. "How much is enough, Mr. Moneybags?" "Just a little more." The most satisfied beings I've met were at an asylum where I was acting chaplain. They were kings and queens fabulously wealthy. An old straw hat was a crown, a faded shawl was ermine, bits of paper were wealth. I smiled pityingly at them. On my soul, they were smiling pityingly at me! I felt uncomfortable. They were satisfied; I wasn't. Said one Thales, "Preacher, the real insane asylum is out of doors." My smile faded perceptibly. I had no answer. Possibly the best way to avoid a fact is to ignore it.

The Mirage of Life.

The distance lends enchantment to the view. And clothes you mountain in its azure hue, says Campbell. If you climb the mountain the hue isn't there; it's on another peak five miles away. That is life, a series of illusions—not deceptions, mind you. Your life begins with them. You're another guess on shape, distance, color. The treetops do not touch the sky. Heaven isn't just beyond that cloud; the earth isn't flat; the sun doesn't move around the earth; there aren't giants, fairies, Santa Claus nor—God help us!—possibly any angels; at least our elders haven't seen

any. Growing older, you learn the lesson of the falsehood of appearances. You modify and discount your earlier judgments. When the losses come too frequently you quote the old lines:

"'Twas ever thus from childhood's hour. I've seen my fondest hopes decay."

The purpose of the mirage is to draw us on, like the promise of a bicycle to a primary boy and Phi Beta Kappa to the college boy. In reaching for the prize they have got something else—ganglia and gray matter. As boys we dreamed we were going to be presidents some day. Were we not familiar with Longfellow's "Lives of great men all remind us we can make our lives sublime," etc.? But our lives haven't been sublime.

If You Must Have Them.

First of all, are you sure you want that upper branch fruit? Are you willing to pay the price? Leadership, for instance? Can you stand the fierce light that beats about a throne or that might beat on the unhappy occupant of a White House or some other Capitol hill? Would you exchange what you have for any number of blocks of Standard Oil or United States Steel corporation stock? All right. I simply wanted to know if you knew the varieties of grapes that grow up there. Might be "fox" or "chicken" grapes. Fruit high up is deceiving. Remember Maud Muller and the judge? Now, there are varieties that are worth while—Concord, Niagara, Catawbas and many others. You'll get them by reaching. Daniel in Babylon prayed with his windows open toward Jerusalem. Fling your lattice windows open toward what you cannot reach. The next turn in the cog may set in operation circumstances that will bring your heart's desire. There is a turn in the tide, you know. Get in the right attitude toward your unattainable. The impossible is just beyond. Notice Napoleon the night before Jena? An artillery column got stuck fast in a ravine. Officers said it was all over. The grapes of Jena would belong to the enemy. The little corporal patted the weary gunners, helped carry tools, held a lantern for them while they toiled through the night with sinking bodies under the eyes of the emperor. The column moved. Jena was his!

The Why of Those High Bunches. There's a discontent that's of God. At least it's elementary. The baby lies flat on its back, eyes fixed on ceiling. By and by it treads of that position—discontented. Soon wiggles till he turns over. After a time he crawls—primitive transit—hands and knees,

then stands at the chair. Now he's off. I knew a child of five that lay still. Then it died. God the merciful took it. Defeat isn't necessarily failure. No. The first Bull Run was really a godsend. Lee retreated from the Rappahannock to Appomattox, but he was on his way to the temple of fame. Columbus died in chains. Homer begged bread from door to door. Paul was beaten in one city, stoned in another, finally beheaded. The Nazarene was spat upon, scourged, crucified at the age of thirty-three. Then he said a queer thing. "It is finished!" He had succeeded. What, the grapes of Palestine? No, the vintage of humanity. 'Twas his task. He had done it. "Thank Jupiter, that's finished," says the Roman soldier. Finished? It has just begun! Today he lives. The power that crucified him is dead.

Crushed.

The late Sir Charles Hammond was addressing a meeting during a general election, at which he won a seat in Newcastle, when a man interrupted him. "Get yer 'air cut, Charlie!" he shouted.

Sir Charles, who was a magistrate, calmly adjusted his glasses and silenced the interrupter by saying, "My friend, if I am not mistaken, I have been the means of having your hair cut before today."—London Tatler.

Chastened.

A Wall street broker, turning the corner of Broad street, saw a friend coming down the steps which lead out of the office of a well known financier. This departing caller had a chastened and bored expression on his handsome face, and the Wall street broker inquired the cause. With thoughtful deliberation his friend replied:

"I just have been experiencing the unconscious insolence of conscious wealth."—New York Press.

Easier.

"Better take a hardwood table ma'am. It is the fashionable thing," the dealer said.

"No," said the young woman; "baby will soon be old enough to hammer, and he never could drive a nail into hard wood. I'll take a plain pine table."—New York Journal.

Housekeeper's Reason.

"What is your chief objection to moving pictures?"

"The dust that has accumulated behind them."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

A FEAT OF HORSEMANSHIP.

Threading a Needle While Riding at Full Gallop.

Some amazing feats of horsemanship have been performed by cowboys and Indians, not to speak of those astonishingly expert Cossacks, but it is doubtful if these have ever exceeded the feat of a Rif irregular cavalryman. Cossacks have been seen to snatch a baby from its mother's arms at full gallop, toss it into the air, catch it and repeat the performance. Indian riders in the far west have sprung from their horses' backs while the animals were moving at full gallop, picked up arrows and remounted instantly in a standing posture. But who ever heard of a Cossack, an Indian or a cowboy threading a needle while at full gallop?

The horsemen of the Rif coast use small mounts, slight, but quick and wiry, of thoroughbred Arabian barb type. Those of the irregular cavalry perform all manner of charges and evolutions. They will throw their swords and matchlocks into the air, catching them by the hilts and stocks. On one occasion, by way of offering some new and unusual entertainment to a French officer visiting that region, it was announced that one rider would attempt the needle threading feat.

A needle and a piece of thread possibly two or three feet in length were produced. They were both handed around for inspection. The needle was a cambric one and the thread fifty or sixty fine.

The rider galloped his mount down the sand about 400 yards or so. He finally wheeled his horse and remained stationary, facing his audience. The man who held the needle and thread waved them in his hand and rode toward the other. When he had covered about two-thirds of the distance he halted and waved his hand to the farther one. Immediately the latter spurred his horse into a gallop and came toward the audience at full speed. As he passed the other he took the needle and thread from his companion, bent over for a moment and pulled up when he reached the visiting Frenchman, holding the threaded needle triumphantly over his head.—St. Louis Republic.

A Necessity.

Judge—Why did you burn your barn down just after getting it insured? Farmer—Your honor, a poor man like me can't afford to have a barn and insurance too.—Meggendorfer Blatter.

Winter Home of Deer.

The winter home of the American red deer is very interesting. When the snow begins to fly the leader of the herd guides them to some sheltered spot where provender is plentiful. Here as the snow falls they pack it down, tramping out a considerable space, while about them the snow mounts higher and higher until they cannot get out if they would. From the main opening or "yard," as it is called, tramped out paths lead to the nearby trees and shrubbery which supply them with food. In this way they manage to pass the winter in comparative peace and safety.—St. Nicholas.

Family Relations.

"Who is that man you were just talking with?"

"That's my brother-in-law."

"He looks enough like you to be your own brother."

"He is my own brother. We are twins."

"Twins? Then why did you say he was your brother-in-law?"

"Because he is. I have three brothers—one in law, one in medicine and one in the army."

He Explained It.

"See here, young man," said the stern parent, "why is it that you are always behind in your studies?"

"Because," explained the youngster, "if I wasn't behind I could not pursue them."—Chicago News.

Gloomy and Peculiar.

"What is the baby crying for, my child?"

"I dunno; 'e's always crying. I never came across any one wot looks upon the dark side of things as 'e does."—London Punch.

Still a Baby.

"The last time I saw him was thirty years ago, when he was a baby."

"Well, I saw him yesterday, and he hasn't changed a bit."—St. Louis Star.

The covetous man loses what he does not get.—Seneca.

Progress.

"How is your boy getting on at school?"

"First rate," answered Farmer Corn-tassel. "He's goin' to be a great help on the farm. He knows the botanical names for cabbage an' beans already, an' all he has to do now is to learn to raise 'em."—Washington Star.

SATURDAY NIGHT SERMONS

BY
REV. SAMUEL W. PURVIS, D.D.

GOD'S PARENTHESSES.

Text, "Judas (not Iscariot)."—John xiv, 22.

In this matchless chapter of St. John, amid its pearls of comfort and hope, there occurs this little parenthesis that we skip over in our eagerness to feast our eyes and hearts on the words of our departing Saviour. The apostle, quoting Judas, takes pains to assure us that the speaker was not the traitor. Judas had seven namesakes in the Bible, and probably none of them resembled his cognomen resemblance to the betrayer. St. John realized that all future readers would confuse the speaker with his odious double, whose name was to be a hissing and a byword, and so carefully adds, "Not Iscariot!" Good. A parenthesis of God outweighs a paragraph of man. We are careful to place dollars and cents in separate columns, but we confound men, motives, errors and truths.

The Rarity of Charity.

Accuracy is divine. Mathematics arose in the councils of God. To err is human—and human alone. Occasionally it is inhuman. Voltaire, Paine, Burns, Byron—these have long stood as convenient pegs to hang illustrations that lack but one feature to be forceful—they are not true. Phillips Brooks of beloved memory was careful to write "Not Iscariot." One searches his sermons in vain to find a hasty imputation or thoughtless attack. We public speakers sometimes have a trick of using illustrations of a color that any good student of history knows will not wash. Labels are excellent things, but they should be properly applied. When we remember our own leanings from the perpendicular we ought to be shy of calling every Judas an Iscariot. It is a little confusing to think that some day the magnanimous sod will cover us all without reproach. Among men of my craft many a good "call" has been carefully boxed, its freight paid and the train started with prayer, only to be flagged by a zealous brother who forgot the parenthesis, "Not Iscariot." I do not know where either of the Judas brethren may be. I leave that to those who like to map the world above and that beneath. I do know that God's ledger is evenly ruled. No confusion there. No auditing required. Judas, the true, has one page. Judas, the false, another. In our arduous we quickly gum and affix our little tags. We use the terms "crank," "eccentric," "fanatic," "unbeliever," but God's directory of "Who's Who" remains the same. With him every Judas is not an Iscariot. I am glad the higher critics allow this little parenthesis to remain. It is a little gem of charity hidden amid the exhaustless mine of God's word.

Drawing Inferences.

"Mose," said the employer to his colored teamster, "can you draw an inference?" "Deed, boss, dem mules can tote any inference you want if de tugs hold out." An ancient story, of course. But inferences and weakness of harness go together. In drawing inferences one is apt to forget—"not Iscariot." An inference is defined as "a probable conclusion toward which facts point, but do not absolutely establish." When Hannah knelt praying in the temple her lips moved, but her words were not audible. Eli, the priest, inferred the godly woman was drunk and so accused her. When Paul was shipwrecked at Malta he helped gather the sticks to make a fire. A deadly viper fastened itself on Paul's hand. The barbarians immediately inferred that he was a bad man. "No doubt a murderer. He escaped drowning, but the viper is God's avenger on him for his crimes." When Paul didn't fall dead from the viper's venom they drew another inference—"he must be a god." When John came "neither eating nor drinking" some inferred he "had a devil." When Christ came doing both they inferred he was "a glutton and a wine bibber." Of John Christ said, "None greater born among women." Of Christ God said, "This is my beloved Son." "Not Iscariot." Mrs. Jones' eyes look red as she descends the steps. Her neighbor "inferred" that she has quarreled with her husband. "Do you notice how often our pastor goes to Brown's? He knows on which side his bread is buttered." Go slow in your inferences. You may later have to write with shamed face, "Not Iscariot."

Your Neighbor's Name.

We owe it to our neighbor not to do him an injustice. A man's character is one thing, his reputation another. His character is what he is, his reputation is what you say he is. Jesus Christ had a good character, none better. He could say truthfully, "Satan cometh and findeth nothing in me." And yet his reputation during most of his public life was bad, very bad. Many men in public life have a good character and a bad reputation. Washington was such a one. So was Lincoln. Want to make your blood boil? Just read the journals of their time.

You are anxious that "not Iscariot" should follow your name. Off your morning's paper says a man in your town was arrested for some crime, you feel like writing a note to the editor something like this:

Dear Sir—Please call the attention of the public in your next issue to the fact that the John Smith who was arrested yesterday for beating his wife was another John Smith, not the one who lives in my street and at my number. Respectfully yours,
JOHN SMITH,
No. 10 Peaceful avenue.

Catch the idea for yourself—and your neighbor? "Not Iscariot."

A WOMAN'S LOGIC.

It Helped Her Out When the Customs Officials Bothered Her.

On one of the recently arriving transatlantic steamers was a young woman whose extreme economy had not permitted any lavish expenditure abroad. But she had repeatedly referred with commendable pride to the material for two silk dresses she had purchased at a bargain which she was bringing home for her mother and sister. Even the suggestion of one sympathetic listener that she would have to pay duty produced merely a temporary restraint.

Finally when the liner approached New York and the custom house officer received the somewhat plain woman at the cabin table her fellow passengers were curious. Being asked the usual questions about dutiable property, she replied stoutly and defiantly that she had the material for two silk dresses.

"Are they for yourself?" the inspector wanted to know.

"No, they are not," she declared. "I am bringing them home for presents."

"Then since they are not for your own use I shall be compelled to charge you duty," and he figured out for her the required amount.

Taking the pencil from his hand, she figured for a moment and then said: "Well, I declare! That has made those dresses cost me so much that I simply can't afford to give them away now. I'm just going to keep them for myself; that's what I'll do!"—New York Tribune.

The Animals in the Zoo.

The sleeping hours of the animals in the zoological gardens in Regent's park vary as much, according to the families to which they belong, as do their other characteristics and habits. The orang outang goes to bed at sundown, draping its head in a blanket and refusing to see visitors after dark. It is also an early riser. With lions, tigers and other members of the cat tribe the night finds them at their liveliest, and they sleep most between the midday meal and supper time. The eagles go to sleep just about the time their neighbors in the owl cage are waking up, while the bears during the winter months apparently sleep all day and night too. The residents of the monkey house object seriously to being disturbed after dark, and if one of the keepers happens to take a light into their quarters they scold him unmercifully. On the other hand, it would probably take a dynamite bomb to arouse the rhinoceros, and it is not uncommon, the keepers say, to find rats biting holes in its thick hide with impunity.—London Mail.

A Pious Wish.

It was in a city hospital that a man refused to undergo an operation for appendicitis until his minister could be present.

"What do you want the minister here for?" asked the surgeon.

"Because I want to be opened with prayer," was the reply.—New York Tribune.

Cause and Effect.

"After all, a man who marries takes a big chance."

"You're right. I have a friend who contracted a severe case of hay fever immediately after he had married a grass widow."—Memphis Appeal.

A Dialecture.

"My wife is foreign born. She always talks broken English when she is angry with me."

"Gives you a dialecture, so to speak."—Washington Herald.

Plant That Feigns Death.

In South America there is a plant, a species of mimosa, which resorts to death feigning, evidently for the purpose of preventing grass eating animals from eating it. In its natural state this plant has a vivid green hue, but directly it is touched by a human finger or by any living animal it collapses into a tangle of apparently dead and withered stems. Among British wild plants the most sensitive to touch is the insectivorous sundew of English bogs.—London Globe.

Kind Critics.

"How did Jones get such a reputation both as a singer and an artist?"

"He sang before the Painters' club and painted pictures for the Musicians' union."—Cleveland Leader.

Reason Enough.

"Why does she think he has such a splendid future?"

"Because she has promised to marry him, I guess."—Houston Post.

SATURDAY NIGHT SERMONS

BY
REV. SAMUEL W. PURVIS, D.D.

THE STRANGE STORY SIN.

Text, "Sin is the transgression of the law."—I John iii, 4.

One thing requires no argument—sin is here. It doesn't take much proof to show that the poor hulk in the surf with snapped masts, torn rigging, gaping holes in the side, is a wreck. The bodies washed ashore bear mute evidence that something has happened. The revelations of the police court, the moan of the prisoner, the quivering form in the electric chair, the poor scarlet girl of the street, the ghastly contents of the morgue, show a wreck somewhere. Let him who will deny it. The Bible proceeds from Genesis to Revelation with that assumption. If sin isn't a real thing, a veritable cancer eating at the vitals of humanity, then the Bible has no meaning and is a book of fables. The gospel then becomes the queerest hallucination that ever deluded this race of mortals, and the crucifixion was a suicide—nay, a fearful burlesque. Indeed, civilization begins its calculations with sin as a principal integer. They are cutting prison stone now for boys not yet born. Horrible to contemplate, the hemp is growing to make the noose for the little fellow now nursing at his mother's breast. Is sin inherent or part of our growth? Have we fallen from "a little lower than the angels," or have we risen from "a little higher than the brute?" The Bible says the former, science the latter. The good book gives only a few verses to the fall, but whole chapters to the fallen. That seems sensible. The important thing is not, Did a storm strike the vessel? but What can be done for the passengers?

Sin is Suffering.

Sin is life's deepest malady. Not the "white plague" nor pneumonia nor cancer has the most victims, but sin. The devilish part is that that wasn't the bargain. Beginning bright as the morn, it ends dark as the midnight. Sin promised life pleasure and profit, but we find its wages are death, torment and destruction, with the epitaph "Thou fool." We think of sin as adultery, uncleanness, murder, drunkenness—things that belong down in the slums, and that mustn't be mentioned except with a quick look around and a guarded tone. Christ began his list with evil thoughts and from that worked out toward the surface. And now comes modern psycho-therapeutics and tells us that sin can be, outwardly, a mighty respectable thing, but that it is fruitful of disorders to our brain centers, hinders our mental processes, produces vapors and miasmas of the soul, and that these make directly for impaired health, dyspepsia, rheumatism and a great host of nerve troubles; that sin has a tremendous effect on the excretory organs and marked chemical effect on saliva and the gastric juices. That is only the start—the sin in the thought. The end of sin committed is like your shadow toward evening—monstrous in its growth. And, like the stone thrown in the water, one circle produces another. When hatred was in Cain's heart murder wasn't far off. David found the seventh commandment lay next to the sixth.

Sin is Solitude.

That is, it shuts out. That's a queer thing. Most sin requires companionship, but once you've sinned you stand alone. A young fellow told me in the Tombs one day that his first feeling in the cell was one of fearful loneliness, utter friendlessness. When you tell a lie you are separated from truth and those that want the truth. When you commit adultery fear of exposure shuts you away from the clean. When Cain's mark is on your soul every man's hand is against you. Cattle go in herds, sheep in droves, birds in flocks, bees in swarms. The instinct of humanity craves companionship. But you are alone. That is fearful. Prisoners sentenced to solitary confinement go mad, and Matteawan spells hell. We read of Judas that after supper he went out and it was night. He went out. Out—note! Inside were light and warmth and gladness and fellowship, the best on earth. There's a stroke of genius in the writer's pen. "It was night." No push, no curse, drove him out—just the momentum of sin. His bed that night was in hell. So, too, Peter went out from the court, having lied and sworn that he didn't know his Lord. He went out into the darkness and wept bitterly. When your father's door is shut upon you, when friends cross to the other side of the street, when there's no door open save the trapdoor of perdition, then it's night—the blackest night of your soul's eclipse. Sin is solitude—it shuts out. The saddest words that ever fell from Christ's lips are, "Depart from me." Departure into the blackness of darkness forever. The iron curtain of eternity drops.

Sin is Suicide.

"Consequences are unifying." Elliot said. The consequence of sin is soul

death. "The wages of sin is death." Sin is a trail of powder, we lay from our house to the train track where the sparks fall. The sinner is the acrobat standing on his head at Glacier point, in the Yosemite, or the boatman fooling around Buckhorn Island, in the rapids above Niagara. The wages are sure. Pay day comes early. Indeed, some are so anxious to give the devil his due that they pay him in advance. It isn't throwing dice. There's no chance—no gambler's luck. But "the gift of God is eternal life."

ARAB MANNERS.

Life in the Tents of the Roving and Eloquent Bedouins.

"By living with the Arabs, doing as they did and moving with them in their migrations," writes Douglas Carruthers in the Geographical Journal, "I obtained an insight into their mode of life and customs. Things move slowly in the east, and I spent fourteen days in buying three camels. But the time was not wasted. I studied Arab manners, learned more or less how to eat with my hands—how to wear the Arab costume with some comfort, how to drink coffee—a la Arab, and most difficult of all, how to sit still all day long doing nothing. I found this last most trying, more especially because it was cold. A Bedouin tent is a drafty place at the best, but in midwinter it is almost unbearable. On two occasions there was snow on the desert. "We used to feed out of a huge round dish, ten of us at a time. The fare was camels' milk and bread in the morning, and in the evening we generally had meat and rice cooked with an enormous amount of fat. During the day we appeased our hunger by sipping strong black coffee. At night there was always a large group of men in the tent of the sheik, and the talk was carried on far into the night. "Eloquence is a highly prized talent among the Bedouins, and not only would they recount their stories in the most beautiful manner, but on occasion, to the tune of a single stringed violin, they would sing extempore songs for hours on end."

KEEPING HIS RECORDS.

Unusual Business Methods of a Merchant in Western Canada.

In the Bookkeeper is recorded a case which clearly comes under the head of "unusual business methods." In a thickly settled prairie district in western Canada, not far from Moose Jaw, a few Canadians had opened up a coal mine, the product of which they sold to the surrounding farmers. Settlers would come in wagons and sleighs and load their own winter's fuel, which cost them from \$1 to \$2 a ton, according to the run. It was early winter when I first made the acquaintance of this mine and its remarkable "superintendent," and my first reception from this individual was a fierce yell on his part, with the frantic brandishing of a long stick and the words: "What the devil are you doing? Can't you see? Are you stone blind?"

I was literally walking through his books! Since morning—and this was at 8 o'clock in the afternoon—he had been keeping a record of outgoing sleighs and wagons of coal in the snow. About twenty farmers were drawing that day. With his stick he had written the initials of each in a clean spot in the snow and with that same stick had registered the number of tons they had taken away. I had spooled one-half of his "books," and it was an hour before he became at all affable. I was still more astonished when I entered the "superintendent's" little board office. The walls were black with pencil marks, figures and names. A fire would have burned down his "book" of two years past.

Where Microbes Thrive.

The alimentary canal is the most perfect culture tube known to bacteriological science. No part of the body is so densely populated with micro-organisms. It is estimated that in the alimentary canal of the average adult about 120,000,000,000 microbes come into existence every day. They crowd this region so densely that scientists originally believed that they were indispensable to human life. According to a writer in McClure's, Pasteur, who first discovered them, maintained this view, but recent investigations have rather disproved it. There are many animals that exist in perfect health without any intestinal bacteria at all. Polar bears, seals, penguins, elder ducks, arctic reindeer—these and other creatures in the arctic zone have few traces of these organisms.

Not to Be Fooled.

A certain magazine once took to advertising by means of personal letters. A critic got this letter:

Dear Brown—Have you seen article in this month's Trash Magazine? Heaven can it be true?

But the critic, not to be fooled, sent to the editor of the Trash—in an unstamped envelope, so that double postage would be charged—this answer:

Dear X—I have seen one previous number of the Trash Magazine, and with heart and soul I hope never to see another. This is quite true. BROWN.

PAWNSHOP LINGO.

A Business Chat Between a Customer and His Uncle.

Maybe you never had occasion to go to a pawnshop. Probably it's just as well. If you ever have gone there, though, you may have learned that the pawnshop has a lingo of its own.

Here is a conversation overheard—oh, a man told me about it—in a place on Ontario street.

A young man with a worldly wise expression had just walked in, unhooked a large gold watch from a chain and handed it to the man across the counter for inspection.

"How many do I cop on the chimer?" he inquired nonchalantly.

"Cough your figure," said the duck behind the counter.

"Would four sawbucks find you in the front parlor?"

"Not so, my cheeld. I c'n get a dray load of 'em for forty."

"Aw, well, pass me over sixty Mexicans, then."

"None. Come again. Thirty's too strong too."

"Say, bo, where do you think I gets this ticker—by findin' six out o' twelve faces in the picture?" inquired leser. "Anyhow, twenty-five's the rock figure. That goes. Nothin' less."

"Twenty-five on a gilt dial," murmured the money lender as he wrote out the ticket and the transaction was ended.

The next customer was a red haired youth with a forehead about one and one-eighth inch high and carrying a suit of clothes under his arm.

"How often for me happy togs?" he asked, spreading them out on the counter.

"Up to you."

"Bout four, then. They're gay ones."

"Split," said the other laconically. "Better rake it down too. Can't play the high one."

"Whut—on'y a double on them giddy rags?" in a tone of injury.

"Two's the limit."

"You win." And, taking the two dollar bill and his ticket, he went his way.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

FAULTS OF GOLFERS.

To Cure Them the Play of Experts Should Be Studied.

The common faults of the golfer may be named in the following order of importance: Swinging too quickly, taking the eye off the ball, holding the left hand under the club, keeping the hands too near the body and standing too near the ball.

The easiest, says Outing—indeed, the only satisfactory—way of curing all these faults is to go out and watch some first class experts play. If you cannot find any expert of the first class go for the best available.

This, of course, is rudimentary advice and certainly not original. The youngest caddie at St. Andrews has learned to request his master to keep his eye on the ball and not to press. The trouble is that no amount of book teaching will make you follow this advice.

There is only one way to hit a golf ball. You must watch a good player and imitate what he does. Most beginners make the serious mistake of taking lessons from professionals who teach their pupils play and try to correct them. The pupil would get twice as much good out of the lesson if he would watch the professional play and think as little as possible about himself.

The human being is naturally imitative. If you sit and watch a good tennis match between first class players you will unconsciously finish your stroke better the next time you take up a racket. With golf this is particularly true, because nothing is so important as the "rhythmical timing of the stroke which distinguishes a good player from bad."

Made a Social Outcast.

In court circles in England it is a serious matter to incur royal displeasure. The man or woman who does so intentionally ceases to be recognized by his majesty, which means social extinction. The offender's name is struck out of the visiting list of every person who is anybody in society, and should the offender be a man he is politely informed that his resignation from his club or clubs would not be out of place. No man or woman of social repute will in future know him, and if he be in the army or navy he has no option but to resign, for he will find himself cut dead by every one of his brother officers.—London M. A. P.

His Own Hands.

A fashionable painter, noted for his prolific output, was discussing at a studio tea in New York a recent scandal in the picture trade.

"Look here, old man," said a noted etcher, "do you paint all your own pictures?"

"I do," the other answered hotly, "and with my own hands too."

"And what do you pay your hands?" the etcher inquired. "I'm thinking of starting an art factory myself."

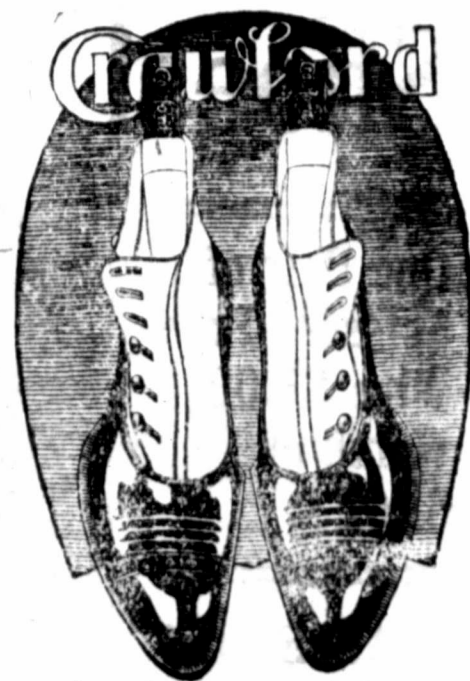
Honest Methods and Honest Merchandise

This Is and Always Has Been the Motto at Our Store



Have You Prepared for Cold Weather?

We beg to call your attention to our stock of comforts, blankets, underwear, cloaks, capes, gloves, coats for men, women and children, men's fine flannel shirts. Our stock of shoes for winter is complete. We have everything from the heaviest in men's boots to soft sole shoes for the little folks.



In your preparation for the long winter months, we ask you to come in and look our stock over and we are sure it will be to our mutual profit.

DANIEL & BURTON

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.

Mr. Page's Observations.

Winchester & Snicker's Gap, Va., October.

Editor Courier:

For many days I have had in mind the purpose and material for writing the Courier a long story of my wanderings and observations. During such time I have been close to nature and in near touch and communion with her almost innumerable and indescribable scenes of beauty and grandeur of plain and mountain. Here for more than two hundred years was the theatre and field for historical drama, military pomp and pageant, in which shone conspicuously great characters and geniuses in statecraft and war-council. Here and near by it was that Washington and Braddock and Fairfax first appeared on the field of action as representatives of a civilization which always followed the flag of old England and always conveyed and conferred the blessings of good government to those over whom that flag floated in triumph. Near here too is the place of Braddock's crushing defeat at the hands of savage and civilized foes. Near here too is where the council fires of such Shawnee statesmen and chiefs as Logan and Corn Stalk and Red Hawk burned brightly. I purposely speak of them as states-

men for no period of the world's history can show superiors in intellect and council-chamber to these great chiefs. Savage though they be but fighting for the homes and fire-sides of their fathers as the white man did over a century later on the same field. Near here was the home of Lord Fairfax and Greenway Court, the place where the English scion of nobility dispensed a princely hospitality. His landed domain extended from the top of the Alleghenies west of here to the Chesapeake Bay on the east including and comprehending a realm larger than all Scotland and Ireland combined. Here too was displayed in a day thus early the same spirit of selfishness, the same unscrupulous disregard of the proprieties, a practical exemplification of political tact and finesse that would do credit to some of those on political jobs down in Texas. There was a rivalry in those early days between two towns to be called the Capital city--Winchester and Stephensburg. Fairfax worked for Stephensburg. There was another citizen, however, who was doing a little logrolling on the quiet and under cover for Winchester. There were five county commissioners whose duty it was to decide as between the two. Baron Fairfax thought he had the job fixed and nailed down dead certain. But dead things crawled even in those days. There was graft passing around in those days of primitive simplicity. Of the five commissioners on the job, two were for Winchester and three for Stephensburg as citizen Fairfax thought. But my Lord Fairfax's rival didn't think so, or if he thought so, he went to work to change things. For when the day came to settle the question of the Capitol City, three Commis-

sioners voted for Winchester and two for Stephensburg. Poor old Lord Fairfax had gone to sleep on the job and the other fellow had landed the plum by placing before the third Commissioner a bowl of good apple toddy, made from good old apple brandy. And my Lord Fairfax--so it is recorded--never again spoke to the County Commissioner who had sold out for a bowl of Mint-Julip. And thus it was that Winchester--"that bastion fringed with fire" during the late civil war--came by its name. And here and hereabouts for nearly or quite two hundred years the Muse of History has been busy. For these lovely, beautiful valleys and, at this time of year, gorgeous pinnacles of mountain tops, glorious under the radiance of an October sun and smiling with plenty, have been baptized with blood. With Winchester as a center for a radius of one-hundred miles or less there is hardly an acre of ground that isn't consecrated with the blood of the South's bravest and noblest and from every state south of Mason and Dixon. Within the scope mentioned are nearly all the great battle-fields of the late war. On this theatre of action, now so quiet and peaceful, where only the songs and sounds of field and forest orchestra may be heard, where the harvest is not a human one and the reaper not the Grim Monster, only a few years since hardly a day or an hour passed that the thunder of Jackson's or Lee's guns wasn't heard and echoed from Mountain slope to Mountain slope. And along these pikes, the finest roads in the world, could have been heard the crashing charge of the peerless Ashby and his knightly followers. There two brothers, Tur-

ner and Richard, sleep in a common grave, in the Confederate Cemetery at Winchester, their remains after the war closed having been removed and re-interred by those noble women of Winchester. And in this same cemetery, the most beautiful of which has ever seen, lie "waiting the Judgment Day", 2800 other Sons of the South, every state represented by the very flower of its manhood.

And just across the fence lie 5000 of the boys in the blue. And in each may be found in a few instances, sons of the same family, brothers, each following the star of his destiny as he had learned to view it. A pathetic instance of this kind is where two Kentucky boys are buried in one grave, one having worn the gray and the other the blue. Each fought for what he thought was right, one under the Stars and Bars, the other under the Stars and Stripes. The father was too old to follow either, but after it was all over he gathered their remains together in a common sepulcher, erected a handsome headstone at the grave and inscribed on it: "GOD KNOWS WHICH WAS RIGHT." There are old veterans in Houson county who possibly may enjoy reading what I am writing in this and may-be-so in other articles. And there are ladies there too who have been engaged in the same kind of work as these Winchester ladies have been doing. My only regret is that they can't see what has been accomplished here in the way of monuments to the heroic dead interred in the Confederate cemetery. There are towering, noble shafts of marble erected by nearly every Southern state in this city of the heroic dead.

Some are somewhat more elab-

orate and commanding than others, all however are noble testimonials not only to the patriotic, self-sacrificing dead but to the undying devotion and love of the Winchester women to the Lost Cause.

In and around this little city, famous from earliest colonial days, cluster memories sacred and precious. Eighty times during the civil war did it change hands, occupied at first by the notorious Melroy whose chief distinction and claim to a page in history was his persecution of the women and children of the town. In the center of the town is the Taylor Hotel noted as Headquarters for both sides during the war and changing hands as many as four times in one day. The writer found the people of this town proud of its history and still prouder of the fact that they are loyal to every tradition and memory of the South. In and around it the war's fiercest battles raged. The inhabitants lost all but honor. In sight of the writer is the house occupied by Sheridan--the Attila of the civil war. Here is where he is said to have been indulging in a debauch when the news reached him that Gordon at the battle of Cedar Creek in a brilliant flank movement by night had struck the eighth and ninth corps of Sheridan's army and drove them in panic to the streets of Winchester. Then it was said Sheridan met them flying and rallied them and led them back to Cedar Creek. It was this flight and Sheridan's return to the battle field that furnished inspiration for Thomas Buchanan Reed's poem of Sheridan's Ride in which occurs this line: "And Sheridan twenty miles away." In sight of the writer also is the tollgate on the historic Shenandoah Pike which

SOME CONSIDERATION

A Careful Purchaser Observes When Buying

1. He is attracted by the place where his wants are more likely to be supplied.
2. He must be sure that his dollar buys a hundred cents worth in merchandise.
3. He must know absolutely that the firm will stand for nothing dishonest or crooked.
4. He wants to feel that his patronage is appreciated, and in return expects politeness and sincerity.

Our fifteen and more years of success we attribute to the above considerations. We feel that our patrons and friends will agree that we have filled to the letter the four reasons above.

Dan J. Kennedy

at the time of Sheridan's Ride was kept by a slip of a girl. When Sheridan and his staff appeared she dropped the pole and refused to let them pass until they had paid the toll. They paid it and she raised the bar. As they rode off Sheridan remarked that he wouldn't be responsible for his army which was following behind. When they came up the girl raised the bar and then as every ten men passed through she cut a notch on the pole and after the war sent her bill into Washington for payment which was promptly made. That girl's grand-son is keeping the gate today.

If Gordon hadn't been stopped at Cedar Creek after routing two corps the battle would have been over by 9 o'clock and Sheridan would never have boasted of burning 2000 barns, 400 mills and other havoc which he wrought as he swept up the valley like a cyclone of destruction. In his report he gloats over the condition he had brought about by saying—"a crow in passing over would have to carry its feed."

When we consider what Gordon had accomplished by his flank movement after midnight, we are constrained to think that Early richly deserved Court-Martialing for stopping Gordon after driving in panic from the field two of Sheridan's corps. Only one was left on the field, the 6th, and Gordon was preparing to charge that when "Old Jube" rode up and halted him by the remark that "we had won glory enough for one day." This sixth corps furnished the nucleus around which Sheridan rallied the routed 8th and 9th corps. And after doing so he whipped Early into a frazzle and mopped up the valley with him. Then it was that "Old

Jube" attempted to shift the responsibility of his defeat on the common soldiers of his command by saying they had quit fighting and gone to plundering the dead of the Federal side. "Old Jube" was given to just such fatal errors. He had tried the same tactics at Gettysburg and called back a Confederate division that was driving the enemy in confusion from the fires.

"Old Jube" as he was familiarly and affectionately called by his men was a rare genius and a character in a class all to himself. He was an old bachelor, grouchy in temperament and pungent in his style of English. It was well known that Mrs. Gordon, the wife of General Gordon, followed him all through the war and was by his side in camp, on the march and in the hospital ward. The stern exigencies on the commissary department and the hardships of camp life never shook her devotion to her husband or her loyalty to the cause. "Old Jube," however, never failed to evince his disgust at the presence of a woman in camp or on the march. While the battle of Cedar Creek was imminent and everything betokened a terrific conflict "Old Jube" gave orders for his wagon train to be parked in the rear of his lines near Winchester. As his orders were being carried out he discovered a vehicle unlike any of the others and called to his Quarter Master to know what it was. The Quarter Master replied: "That is Mrs. Gordon's carriage, Sir." "Well, I will be —," Old Jube said, "I wish the Yankees would capture Mrs. Gordon and hold her till the war was over." Later at a banquet given by the Winchester people to Ewell, Early, Gordon and others Mrs. Gordon had a seat at the table and man-

aged to get near "Old Jube." She didn't fail to remind him of his wish and he for once in his life summoned to his relief all the gallantry which his cold, unsentimental nature could command, replying "that General Gordon was a better soldier when she was present than when she was away."

But a few miles from where the writer stands today is Berryville and Snicker's Gap, both famous as the scenes of hard fighting by a handful of Confederates under Mosby. Through Snicker's Gap day after day and night after night flashed and flittered like a phantom troop the bold, fearless, dashing horsemen who rode recklessly behind the chivalrous Mosby.

Yeggmen Secured \$11,066

Austin, Tex., Nov. 3.—According to the report of Bank Examiner Thompson to the department of insurance and banking, the Farmers and Merchants State Bank of Grapeland will lose about \$1,500 on account of the robbery Sunday night, when the safe of the bank was blown. The robbers got \$11,066 in money, while the bank carried only \$10,000 burglary insurance. The explosion also did about \$500 damage to the furniture, fixtures and safe.

Mr. Otto Paul, Milwaukee, Wis., says Foley's Honey and Tar is still more than the best. He writes us, "All those that bought it think it is the best for coughs and colds they ever had and I think it is still more than the best. Our baby had a bad cold and it cured him in one day. Please accept thanks."

Will McLean.

Lame back comes on suddenly and is extremely painful. It is caused by rheumatism of the muscles. Quick relief is afforded by applying Chamberlain's Liniment. Sold by Murchison-Beasley Drug Co.

J. W. Hail Real Estate Comp'y

BUY AND SELL LANDS

In Houston and Adjoining Counties.

Lands Listed With Them Receive Their Immediate Attention.

Office in State Bank Building

Crockett, Texas

A Slight Elbow Crack



and biff! spurt goes the water from the pipe all over the place. Then it is a case of hurry for the Plumber, and, Presto! we are on the job! We lose no time in obeying a call and all trouble is over as soon as we get to work on it. We use the best materials added to practical experience, with the natural result that every job is successful and satisfactory.

C. A. CLINTON,
Plumbing and Supplies.

Don't Wait

until half of the season is gone before buying your new shoes and clothing. By buying now you get a full season's wear and have the advantage of picking out your goods while the stock is complete. You mustn't fail to see our shoe and clothes values.

H. ASHER

FURNITURE

We Not Only Carry the Stock But Make the Prices.

WE have on display an elegant line of the most modern household necessities, at prices that defy competition. We would appreciate a call and it will be a pleasure to show you our line of bedsteads, wood or brass, bedroom suits, wardrobes, dressers, washstands, and chairs of all kinds, also carpets, linoleum, matting, in fact everything needed in the home.

Whatever be your station in life, whether it be humble or in affluent circumstances, we have the furniture and household furnishings, that will meet your approval both as to quality and price.

Northeast Corner Public Square

Deupree & Waller

House Furnishers and Undertakers.

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Will practice in all the State and Federal Courts
and in both Civil and Criminal cases. Special
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Relieved in 30 minutes by Wool-
ford's Sanitary Lotion. Never fails. Sold
by Murchison & Beasley, Druggists.

Rank Absurdity.

A leading exponent of socialism in a recent article undertakes to explain in simple language just what socialism is. As he reduced it to a finality the creed simply stands for the removal of the idle stockholder in the great industries of the country and makes the returns from such concerns pay the men who do the work, rather than the men who own the stock. Answering the question as to how these companies are to be organized and maintained, the writer argues that the big financier is not essential, because in the first place he got his money from the work of others, and these others have furnished the money. The author goes further and argues that under the present conditions there is no chance for the ordinary laboring man to climb up. If this indeed is the creed of the socialists it is indeed an absurd creed. In the first place the statement that the man of small means has no chance is disproven by all history. In the present day even, when money is supposed to count most, the most successful men of the time have come from humble homes and started their careers under adverse circumstances, and in poverty. This is true in the financial world. It is the history of the Rockefellers, of the Guggenheims, of the Gates, and of thousands of others. It is the history of Beveridge of Indiana, and of Johnson of Minnesota and hundreds of others in the political world, and back to Lincoln and the other men of that day and time, who come from homes of poverty. There is no system devised under heaven that will ever put men on the same level, because men differ in talents, in genius, in brains, in capacity, and all the systems or creeds in

kingdom come cannot remove this eternal truth. Nor can creeds deny that to the man who will and who can there are unlimited opportunities today to go to the top of the mountain.—Palestine Herald.

Beauty of a Horse's Tail.

The custom of docking horses' tails, says the Trotter and Pacer, has no justification whatever except a senseless and snobbish deference to the decree of fashion. It is cruel, illegal and disgustingly silly, as repugnant to people of good taste as the spectacle of a short-haired woman or a long-haired man. The tail of the horse is as the hair of the woman, his crowning beauty, and those who would denude him of it have no aesthetic perceptions or refined sensibilities.

Croup is most prevalent during the dry cold weather of the early winter months. Parents of young children should be prepared for it. All that is needed is a bottle of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. Many mothers are never without it in their homes and it has never disappointed them. Sold by Murchison-Beasley Drug Co.

The old, old story, told times without number, and repeated over and over again for the last 36 years, but it is always a welcome story to those in search of health—There is nothing in the world that cures coughs and colds as quickly as Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. Sold by Murchison-Beasley Drug Co.

Dressed in "Black and Yellow"

Not "Football Colors" but the color of the carton containing Foley's Honey and Tar the best and safest cough remedy for all coughs and colds. Do not accept a substitute but see that you get the genuine Foley's Honey and Tar in a yellow carton with black letters. Will McLean.

Fire Live Stock Accident

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SEE

M. SATTERWHITE & COMPANY

Crockett, Texas

Telephone 217

A Household Medicine

To be really valuable must show equally good results from each member of the family using it. Foley's Honey and Tar does just this. Whether for children or grown persons Foley's Honey and Tar is best and safest for all coughs and colds.

Will McLean.

Many school children suffer from constipation, which is often the cause of seeming stupidity at lessons. Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets are an ideal medicine to give a child, for they are mild and gentle in their effect, and will cure even chronic constipation. Sold by Murchison-Beasley Drug Co.

60 YEARS' EXPERIENCE
PATENTS
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Anyone sending a sketch and description may quickly ascertain our opinion free whether an invention is probably patentable. Communications strictly confidential. **HANDBOOK on Patents** sent free. Oldest agency for securing patents. Patents taken through Munn & Co. receive special notice, without charge, in the **Scientific American**.
A handsomely illustrated weekly. Largest circulation of any scientific journal. Terms, \$3 a year; four months, \$1. Sold by all newsdealers.
MUNN & Co., 361 Broadway, New York
Branch Office, 625 F St., Washington, D. C.

Good Results Always Follow
The use of Foley's Kidney Pills. They are upbuilding, strengthening and soothing. Tonic in action, quick in results. Will McLean.

Don't Go Home Without a Can of

Texaco Axle Grease

It has no equal for saving the axles and preventing the wheels from squeaking. Makes hauling easy on the horses and gives satisfaction in every way.

FOR SALE BY ALL DEALERS.

MADE ONLY BY

THE TEXAS COMPANY

General Offices: Houston, Texas

Think!

WHAT is more pleasant than to sit out in the open air with an interesting book and a box of our delicious confections? Our candy department makes your mouth water just to look at such a tempting assortment of delicious sweets. We are always glad to have people come in and look around and see what fine goods we carry.

The Murchison-Beasley Drug Company

Local News.

German Mill flour at Bynum & Son's.

Every day bargain day at R. C. Stokes'.

German Mill flour is sold at Bynum & Son's.

Ring 151. You are sure to get fresh groceries.

B. D. Rains was a visitor at the Courier office Saturday.

German Mill flour is sold and guaranteed at Bynum & Son's.

T. M. Gossett was a caller at the Courier office Saturday.

Cypress shingles, \$2.00 per 1000. B. L. Satterwhite.

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

We do it right. Arledge Tailoring Co.

Walter Jones was among the Courier's friends calling Tuesday.

Buy your shoes from Shivers & Leathers and get a pair of scissors free.

Frank Shupak has returned from a business trip to Lobo and El Paso.

Mr. A. LeGory and John LeGory leave today for the San Antonio fair.

The Big Store has just received two car loads of furniture which they will sell cheap.

Tucker Baker of Ratcliff was shaking hands with friends here Thursday.

German Mill flour is guaranteed to be as good as any fancy patent. Sold by Bynum & Son.

Mrs. A. H. Wootters is visiting her mother, Mrs. Delha Eastham, at Huntsville.

German Mill flour, entitling buyer to a Rogers silver spoon, on sale by Bynum & Son.

W. B. Selman left with his family Tuesday for an overland trip to Beeville.

If you are in the market for a cook stove or heater the Big Store can save you money.

Mr. J. F. Leathers and Wesley Shivers left Wednesday for the San Antonio fair.

See John Arrington if you are needing a good, young, work horse or mule. He can save you some money.

Mrs. Bricker's cut price cash sale will be a great saving for you, ladies.

Now is the time to buy Oliver Chilled plows for your fall breaking. The Big Store has them.

R. H. Buford of Quincy, Fla., was visiting his friend, W. J. Wood, here this week.

Mrs. Bricker will give you some wonderful bargains on trimmed hats and willow plumes during her sale for cash. Ten days only.

Don't order buggies—give me same price and take mine. Jno. R. Foster.

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

Get our prices on fall and winter suits, they are low. Arledge Tailoring Co.

Don't forget to look at the only line of Japanese rugs in town at \$1.25. Foster Furniture Store.

Mrs. Luther Eastham of Huntsville is spending the week with her sister, Mrs. F. G. Edmiston.

J. A. Beathard of the Kennard section was among those in town Wednesday remembering the Courier.

Get a sack of that German Mill flour sold by Bynum & Son and a free coupon entitling you to a Rogers silver spoon.

FREE—With every \$3.00 worth of M. D. Well's shoes purchased from Shivers & Leathers you get a 50c pair of scissors.

Mr. D. F. Morgan, one of the Courier's good friends from the Kennard section, was in to see us Wednesday.

If you haven't placed your order for a new suit do it now. We give you correct style and fit. Arledge Tailoring Co.

Chairs and tables to rent to 42 parties, picnics and camping crowds.

Foster Furniture Store.

Mrs. J. D. Woodward and little Archie have returned home from Tyler, where they have been visiting Mrs. Woodward's mother.

When your clothes need cleaning and pressing and repairing, leave them with us, we are the doctor. Arledge Tailoring Co.

You can get anything you want to buy from a paper of pins to a Brown wagon, and the mules to pull it home, from the Big Store.

Mr. M. B. Vaughn of Tadmor was a visitor at the Courier office Thursday morning.

W. S. Foster will buy your chickens and turkeys and sell you fresh groceries, fruits, produce and feed. In the Downes old building.

W. W. Wilson of Augusta, A. L. Meek of Route 2 and R. T. Teel of Pennington were among the number remembering the Courier Monday.

W. S. Foster in the J. E. Downes old building, has a fresh stock of groceries, fruits, feed and produce, and will buy your chickens and turkeys.

Sixty buggies, carriages, etc. to select from now, at my buggy house. Lots of harness also.

Jno. R. Foster, The Buggy Man.

Matting, Matting, Matting.

Just arrived, the finest to the cheapest—laid on your floor for 5c less per yard.

Foster Furniture Store.

That car of buggies, carriages, etc., I got out of the Dallas fair exhibits are beauties and up-to-date. Also lots of harness.

Jno. R. Foster.

Harry Weiss of Fort Worth was in Crockett this week and was accompanied home by his wife, who had been visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Bromberg, in this city.

Ladies, visit Mrs. Bricker's millinery store for bargains. She has hats to select from of any color and style, prices ranging from 50 cents to \$35.00. Every hat reduced for the cash.

Now is the time to buy your horses and mules before the price goes any higher. John Arrington has some good, smooth, young stock and can save you some money. This stock must be sold.

Excursion Notice.

No-tsu-oh Carnival, Houston, Nov. 14-19. Excursion rates daily, Nov. 13 to 18, inclusive. For dates of popular excursions see I. & G. N. ticket agent.

Millinery Sale.

Mrs. Bricker's cut price cash sale begins Friday the 11th and lasts until the 20th. All trimmed hats and willow plumes will be sold at cut prices for cash only.

Horses and Mules.

J. S. Arrington has another shipment of young horses and mules, mostly work stock, that must be sold and sold quick. See them in the lot adjoining Goolsbee's shop.

So much that is new and important to the reading public appears in the columns of the Courier each week that its subscribers find it indispensable, hence the large number of renewals which the Courier is receiving.

We Want Your Trade.

If good, reliable goods, lowest possible prices, fair and square dealings, polite attention will get it, we can count on you for a customer.

Shivers & Leathers.

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

I have employed a third barber in the person of Mr. David McClain, who is well experienced in the business. Give us a portion of your trade and we'll appreciate same. Respectfully,

V. B. Tunstall.

Go see that car of buggies I bought out of the different exhibits at the Dallas fair, now at my buggy house. They are fine. Also fine line of harness.

J. R. Foster, The Buggy Man.

Lost Mule.

Brown horse mule, about three years old, about 14½ hands high. Will pay \$5 for information leading to recovery.

John S. Arrington, Crockett, Texas.

Jack for Sale.

A black jack, four years old July 25, 1910, between 13½ and 14 hands high, big bone, quick server and good foaler. For price and terms apply to S. H. Higginbotham, Lovelady, Texas.

Strayed.

Light dun Jersey cow, marked smooth crop in each ear with short split in one ear, no brands. \$4.00 reward for recovery.

W. M. Patrick, Porter Springs, Texas.

When you are in town make our store your headquarters, you're always welcome. And when you need furniture don't fail to get prices from us. We sell the best furniture on earth for the least money.

J. D. Sims, The Furniture Man.

Mr. E. B. O'Quinn returned Sunday night from Tyler, where on Sunday he was married to Miss Clota Stone of Garden Valley, Smith county. Mr. and Mrs. O'Quinn will make their home in Crockett, and the Courier joins their other friends in extending them a welcome.

When you are in the market for furniture be sure and get prices from the old reliable Furniture Store and save enough in the difference in our prices and the prices of other furniture stores to make your wife a handsome Christmas present.

J. D. Sims, The Furniture Man.

Baptist Services at the Court House.

The other churches of the city have been very kind to us. They have each offered to share their house with us while we are building. We appreciate this very much, yet we have decided that it is best that we have our services at the court house. This will not hinder or interrupt any other services.

Pastor.

State Medical Board of Examiners.

The State Medical Board of Examiners will hold their semi-annual examination at Palestine November 22, 23 and 24th. Applicants will please report to the secretary on the day before the meeting.

R. H. McLeod, Sec. State Med. Board, Palestine, Texas.

When a cold becomes settled in the system, it will take several days treatment to cure it, and the best remedy to use is Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. It will cure quicker than any other, and also leaves the system in a natural and healthy condition. Sold by Murchison-Beasley Drug Co.



Halt!

If you want the best in quality and the most reasonable in price, this is the place to buy.

McLean's Drug Store

The Pharmacy That Treats You Right.

Remember the Big Matting Sale at Sims' Furniture Store, all 40c, 35c, 30c and 25c matting put on your floor for 25c per yd. The greatest matting sale ever held in Crockett. Don't fail to take advantage of this opportunity to furnish your home with matting.

J. D. Sims, The Furniture Man.

Hardwood Lumber for Sale.

We are prepared to fill all orders for hardwood lumber, such as bridge lumber, fence posts, railing and anything in the hardwood lumber line. For prices or other information call on or write O. W. Ellisor. All letters should be addressed to O. W. Ellisor, Crockett, Texas.

Ellisor & Kuhlman.

Insure Your Property.

We are prepared to insure your residence or business of any kind, horses and cattle against fire, lightning and tornadoes, in the country or any town in Houston county, in as good companies as there are in the United States, at as low rate as the lowest. Call and see us or write. Yours truly,

J. W. Hall & Son.

A Big Slaughter Sale of Matting for 30 Days Only.

40,000 yards of matting in all the latest designs in both Japanese and Chinese, ranging in price from 25c to 40c, all going this sale for 25c per yard. This is no remnant sale, neither is it an old stock of matting, but fresh and new stock direct from the factory. Come early while the selection is good and take your choice.

J. D. Sims, The Furniture Man.

At the Fourth Quarterly Conference of the Methodist Church

the following officers were elected to hold office for the ensuing year: Stewards, J. E. Downes, A. H. Wootters, A. B. Burton, Joe Adams, T. R. Deupree, Dr. B. S. Elliot, George A. Berry, J. B. Ellis, Dr. E. B. Stokes, W. A. Norris. Recording Steward, C. W. Moore. Missionary Lay Leader, J. W. Madden. Trustee, Dr. E. B. Stokes. Superintendents of the Sunday School, Karl Porter and T. J. Aycock.

FOLEY'S KIDNEY PILLS
For Backache, Headache, Bladder

F. B. WEBB

PROPRIETOR

WEBB'S RESTAURANT
AND
CROCKETT BAKERY.

Nothing Too Good for Our Customers.

Ladies' Private Lunch Room

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.

A LETTER FROM MR. PAGE.

Mr. Page who has been spending the summer in the Virginia mountains sends us an article for publication, which appears in this issue. He advises us that he is going to furnish a series. For three months or more, while in pursuit of health, he has visited and been on the scene of action during the civil war. He has gone over and stood on many of these fields whereon was enacted the bloody drama. His observations and reflections and the many episodes which he presents are the result of the study of the battlefield face to face. Besides, he has talked with the old veterans who participated in these conflicts and who went over the ground with him. To all the historical data he adds many anecdotes of a personal nature which he picked up in conversation with the veterans who followed the fortunes of Lee and Jackson. The recollection of these old soldiers is vivid and their story one of graphic interest. While the narrative has to do with a struggle for a cause long since dead there still invests it a halo of love and devotion in the hearts and minds of all true sons of the Southland. Clothed with such charm the cause itself, though lost, stirs after the lapse of years more than an academic interest with these old heroes who stood stubbornly for the right as they viewed it. Mr. Page informs us that he is preparing an article for magazine publication and at leisure intervals in such preparation he proposes to send us the series of communications mentioned. We regret to hear, as he advises, that his health is critically bad, and that during the entire summer he has not enjoyed one entire day of sound health. He will probably return to Texas about or before the last of the present month.

Court Trial.

An illustration of difference in court procedure in the United States and England is found in the charge given to the jury by Chief Justice Alverstone in the Crippen case which is a surprise to many who, knowing that American law and court practice were taken from the English system, have believed there was no distinction between the countries in this respect. In most of the American States, whether the common law prevails or a code practice, or, as is the case in most states, there is a blending of the two systems, the jury is made the exclusive judges of the weight of the evidence and the credibility of the witnesses, and the judge of the trial court, while instructing the jury on the law, is not permitted to suggest the construction which is to be placed on the evidence. But the English justice informed the jury "there could not be a doubt in any reasonable mind that the body found in the cellar of the Crippen home was that of Crippen's wife." In this instruction, the judge practically outlined the verdict which the jury was expected to render, and its duty in the case was purely perfunctory. Whether this procedure is better than that which prevails in this country

is a question which is open to discussion, but it would seem that a jurist possessing a high degree of legal learning and with a long experience on the bench should be better qualified to decide some of the finer points in the facts of a case than an unskilled and untrained juror could possibly be.

And the fact that in the administration of law in England the criminal comes nearer getting his deserts than he does in this country, is a strong point in favor of the superiority of the English system.—Laredo Times.

U. D. C.

The D. A. Nunn Chapter of the U. D. C. was delightfully entertained by Mrs. Jas. Langston, at her residence Saturday afternoon, Oct. 29th.

The meeting was promptly called to order by the president, Mrs. Adams, opening with prayer as usual.

The secretary's report of last stated meeting was read and approved. The treasurer gave a report in full of the year's expenses and collections showing a balance of \$31.54 to the credit of the Chapter.

Dues for the year 1911 were paid in to the amount of twelve dollars.

Letters urging the re-appointment of Col. R. M. Wynne as superintendent of the Veterans home at Austin, were read before the Chapter and the following committee appointed to draft resolutions on same. Mrs. C. N. Corry, Mrs. Thos. Self, Mrs. Harry Painter.

The next item of business was the election of delegates to the U. D. C. convention which convenes in Marlin Dec. 6th, the following being chosen: Mrs. Berta Wooters, Mrs. John Millar, Mrs. Fisher Arledge, Mrs. J. P. Hail. Alternates, Mrs. Estelle Wooters, Mrs. Gail King, Mrs. John LeGory, Mrs. W. A. Norris.

The motion was made and carried that our delegates to the convention go instructed to cast their votes for the re-election of our State president, Mrs. A. R. Howard and her present staff of officers.

This being the date for the annual election of officers the Chapter proceeded to the election of same with the following results: President, Mrs. W. C. Lipscomb; 1st vice president, Mrs. G. Q. King; 2nd vice president, Mrs. W. A. Norris; 3rd vice president, Mrs. Julia Barbee; secretary, Mrs. Fisher Arledge; treasurer, Mrs. John Millar; historian, Mrs. D. A. Nunn; chaplain, Miss M. Craddock.

It was moved and unanimously carried that Mrs. Nunn be appointed life historian for the Chapter.

A new member in the person of Miss Etta King was added to our roll, her membership having been transferred from the Chapter at Baylor.

An ably written character sketch of Gen. John H. Reagan was given by Mrs. Fisher Arledge.

The following enjoyable musical numbers were rendered during the afternoon:

Piano Solo—Miss Langston. Sextette, "Old Uncle Ned"—Mesdames J. P. Hail, Julia Barbee, Dudley Woodson, Fisher Arledge and Misses Etta Hail and Minnie Craddock.

Piano Solo—Julia Spence.

This concluded the program and the Chapter adjourned for a social few minutes during which time the hostess assisted by her daughter, Miss Mary, served a delicious luncheon, consisting of fruit salad and wafers, hot chocolate and cake. Mrs. J. S. Wooters will be

An Introduction

to a well dressed man *always* causes the other fellow to "sit up and take notice."

Well-groomed gentlemen of to-day are looked upon as **MEN WHO CARE**, and **MEN WHO KNOW** how to appear before the critical eye of the public.



Men are usually judged by the clothes they wear. **PERSONAL APPEARANCE** is "half the game." Wear the kind of clothes that "START THE STYLE." Wear the kind we make, the kind that are just "over-crowded" with comfort.

John Millar

The Reliable Tailor and Furnisher

We Do Cleaning, Pressing and Repairing and Alter Ladies' Suits.

hostess at the next meeting which will take place, Saturday afternoon, Nov. 26th.

Mrs. John LeGory,
Secretary.

Dressed in "Black and Yellow"

Not "Football Colors" but the color of the carton containing Foley's Honey and Tar the best and safest cough remedy for all coughs and colds. Do not accept a substitute but see that you get the genuine Foley's Honey and Tar in a yellow carton with black letters. Will McLean.

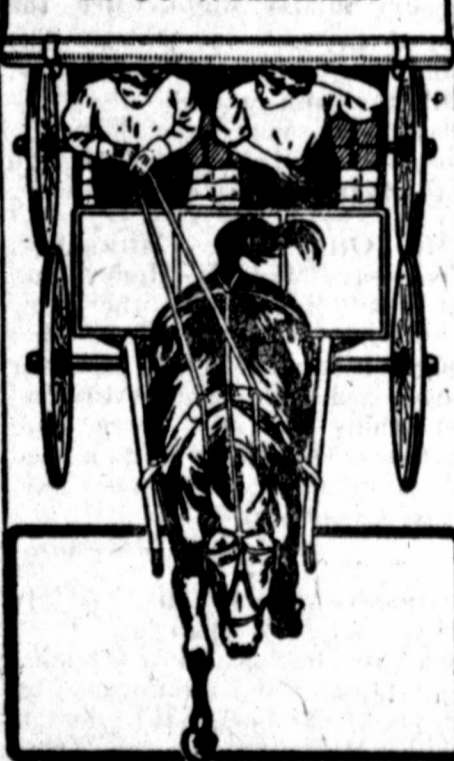
"Right Every Wrong"

THAT'S OUR MOTTO

As to mail-order house vehicles, bring in your catalogs. We'll meet or beat their prices on vehicles or anything in our line. Our profit is less than the freight you would pay, and you see what you buy.

We are here to right every wrong and they are not.

T. J. WALLER



DRESDEN POLICE.

They Are Permitted to Impose Small Fines on Offenders.

One advantage accrues to the respectable member of the community from the minuteness with which the Dresden police look into the affairs of every inhabitant of the city. If he is a careful man and always carries papers which may serve to establish his identity he is practically immune from the indignity of being arrested and marched off to the police station unless, indeed, he commits some especially heinous crime. Does he drive faster than the law permits, does he cross a bridge on the left hand side, he is stopped by the guardian of law and order and requested to give his name. If he has his papers with him the policeman may then and there impose a fine of from 1 to 3 marks. If then he admits that he is in the wrong and pays the fine the incident is closed. If, however, he wishes to appeal from the policeman's decision he may do so. Even in that case he is not arrested, but a day or two later he is notified to appear in court and answer to the charge against him. But then if he is found guilty the lowest fine that can be imposed is 3 marks. That this custom of permitting the policeman personally to impose small fines is little understood by foreigners is shown by a remark made by a gentleman who had lived in Germany the greater part of his life and in Dresden for a number of years. In reply to any inquiry as to whether there was ever any question of corruption in the police department he replied:

"No; none whatever as far as the higher officers are concerned. The individual men, however, may be bribed occasionally. For instance, if I were to walk on the grass in the Grossgarten and a policeman caught me at it I would give him a mark or two, and that would end the matter."

Awaiting Her Chance.

Maud—I do wish Tom would hurry up and propose.

Ethel—But I thought you didn't like him.

Maud—I don't. I want to get rid of him.—Boston Transcript.

In and Out.

Wigg—There seems to be quite a difference between a job and a situation Wagg—Oh, yes. For instance, when a fellow loses his job he often finds himself in an embarrassing situation.—Philadelphia Record.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

W. C. LIPSCOMB, M. D.,

PHYSICIAN and SURGEON
CROCKETT, TEXAS.

Office with The Murchison-Beasley
Drug Company.

T. R. ATMAR,

DENTIST,

CROCKETT, TEXAS.

Office over First National Bank.

Telephone No. 67.

Crown and Bridge Work a Specialty.

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 attention given to all business placed in our hands, including collections and probate matters. MADDEN & ELLIS.

J. H. PAINTER,

LAND LAWYER,

CROCKETT, TEXAS.

E. B. STOKES, M. D.

J. S. WOOTTERS, M. D.

STOKES & WOOTTERS

PHYSICIANS & SURGEONS.

CROCKETT, TEXAS.

Office with The Murchison-Beasley
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CHAS. C. STARLING,

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