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MOTTO: "QUALITY, NOT QUANTITY."

CROCKETT, TEXAS, FEBRUARY 11, 1915.

VOLUME XXVI—NO. 3.

In Memoriam.

"Wm. M. Patton is dead!" These were the words that fell from many lips conveying the sad news of the death of this good man, and the sadness increased as the news spread. The sorrowful information came like a thunder-bolt from a clear sky to the people of Crockett and left a pall of grief and sympathy in its wake.

On the 25th day of January, A. D. 1915, at about 9:30 o'clock p. m., while he was sitting with his family around the family hearthstone, chatting and enjoying themselves as only an affectionate family can, the summons came, and before any one knew what it meant, the beloved husband and father was dead.

Although having been for several years a sufferer from that dread malady, "Bright's Disease," yet his condition was not thought to be alarming, and the end came as a great shock to the family and community.

The deceased was a member of one of those sturdy, pioneer families which came to Texas just after the Texas Revolution, and was the son of Robert S. and Louisa Jane Patton, who, with other relatives, settled on Hickory creek, near the old town of Tadmor, where he was born and reared and in which community a large number of his kin people still reside.

Wm. M. Patton was sixty years of age, the whole of his life having been spent in this, his native county. In his early childhood he came nearly losing his eyesight, which affliction was always a trying one to him and which deprived him of the benefits of an education. His entire youth was spent on the old home plantation, where good cheer, friendship and old-time hospitality ever predominated. It was here, amid Nature's purifying atmosphere, that were instilled into his young life those principles and exalting ideals which clung to him through life and so eminently fitted him for the duties of an exemplary husband, devoted father and loyal citizen.

It is probable that the writer of this article knew "Bill" Patton, as he was familiarly called, better, and more fully understood him, than any one except his family and nearest relatives. We were "boys together," being born and reared near each other, and became acquainted before we were in our "teens," and this early acquaintance soon ripened into a friendship that has lasted through the balance of our lives. Friendship with him was a sacred thing, and a more loyal friend never lived. He was a "plain" man, honest to a fault, of the most rugged integrity, faithful in all the relations of life, and could always be found on the "right side" of all questions affecting the welfare of his state and nation.

In politics he was a democrat of the old school, true and tried, and, as in all the walks of life, he was faithful and true to the principles of his party, his firm belief being that, in the carrying out of these principles, sternly and rigidly, rests the best interests of the people of this country. In religious belief he was a Presbyterian, and although he never did unite with the church after he came to Crockett, yet he was a man of strong religious con-

victions and he sought to live them as he understood them. His parents were a very devoutly religious people, and by both precept and example they left those deep impressions of good morals and religion on their children—which have largely guided and controlled them all through life. "As the twig is bent, the tree will grow," and so it was in this case in the truest sense.

At the time he was about grown he entered the mercantile business and farmed in connection with it, beginning at his old home, the little town of Tadmor, starting out with only twelve bales of cotton as his capital. And although affliction had denied him the benefits of a good education it could not deprive him of his good common sense and sound judgment, with both of which he was abundantly supplied. The result was that, from the very beginning of his mercantile career, his success was assured. He continued business at Tadmor for several years where, by dint of strict attention to business and by the exercise of business thrift, he built up a splendid trade. But, longing for broader fields and wishing to put his business on a lasting and permanent basis and get where he could give his children the best educational advantages, he sold his business at Tadmor and moved to Crockett. Here his business continued to grow and develop, and just how well he succeeded is testified to by the large trade that was always his and the erection of a block of six brick buildings, one of which he himself occupied and rented the others, all of which yielded him a handsome income. As a business man it must be said that he had few superiors.

In the year 1895 he was married to Miss Flora Gause, a Crockett girl, and he made no secret that to her good counsel and active assistance he, in a large measure, owed the success that had attended him. To this union were born four children—Willie Mae, Gause, Robert and Johnie—three of whom, Willie Mae, Gause and Johnie, survive him, Robert having died in infancy, and all who know the facts know that no happier family ever lived. His love of his wife and children was intense and he ministered to their ever needful want with the tenderest care and affection. His "home-life" was of the most beautiful character, and in his inviting and attractive residence he delighted in entertaining his friends and acquaintances, where they were always met with the most royal and hospitable welcome—from the heart. As is the case with all humanity, he had his failings, but he labored to overcome them and took special pleasure in loving his friends and forgiving his enemies.

Much more could be said about the life and character of this good man and citizen, but space forbids. In conclusion suffice it to say that, in his passing, his family has lost a faithful and devoted husband and father, the community, in many respects, a most exemplary member, and the county and state one of their truly useful and progressive citizens. In all the relations of life he was honest, straightforward, faithful and dependable. And, to which the general public was a stranger, he was one of the most charitably inclined men, for many

are the poor and needy who have received help at his hands and no class of citizens will miss him more than these. Only a few days before his death he said to the writer: "These hard times are making things tough with a great many people, and you would be surprised to know the numerous appeals I have from the poor to help them live. It must not be said of the people of Crockett and Houston county that any great suffering shall go unheeded, and it is a great pleasure to me to be able to render assistance to these hard-pressed people." In this, as in a thousand other ways, his life is worthy of studied emulation, and his successful career is a model for the young man of today, for it shows that a young man, though poor, if he will but set up for himself a high and commendable ideal and work to it, in an honest and honorable way, he can reach it.

The remains of the deceased were interred in Glenwood Cemetery, Crockett, and the funeral and burial were witnessed by a large number of the people of the community, who deeply sympathize with his heart-broken wife and children in this their saddest bereavement, and whose floral decorations at the grave, which were profuse and beautiful, testify to the high esteem in which he was held by the people who knew him best. A good life has gone out from among us and his place in many ways will be hard to fill. May God's richest blessings rest with and sustain his distressed family in this trying ordeal!

In the beautiful language of Sarah K. Bolton, the deceased was

"Like the man who faces what he must,
With step triumphant and with heart of cheer,
Who fights the daily battle without fear,
Sees his hopes fall, yet keeps unflinching trust
That God is good; that somehow, true and just,
His plans work out for mortals; not a tear is shed when fortune, which the world holds dear,
Falls from his grasp—better with love a crust
Than living just to live; envies not
Nor loses faith in man; but does his best,
Nor even murmurs at his humble lot,
But, with a smile and words of hope, gives zest
To every toiler. He alone is great,
Who, by a life heroic, conquers fate."

Adv. A Life-long Friend.

Fourth Week Petit Jurymen.

Petit jurymen for the fourth week of district court, to appear Monday, March 29, at 10 o'clock a. m.

J. A. Hooks, F. W. Goolsbee, C. E. Updegraff, D. H. Rhoden, J. M. Hartley, J. R. Richards, Willard Goodwin, C. M. Davis, J. B. Sallas, J. D. Hill, E. O. Goodrum, J. M. Hale, S. A. Grounds, C. W. Davis, J. D. Baker, J. C. Denson, T. D. Blakeway, James Music, C. B. Haddock, W. N. Ferguson, R. A. Hooks, R. A. Hester, J. N. Allee, J. N. Collins, W. N. Hale, P. H. Blakeway, R. C. Jones, B. F. Wolfley, J. W. Wolf, V. B. Smith, B. H. Brister, C. F. Rains, G. W. Turner, C. M. Cromwell, A. S. Calvert, J. W. Gregg, W. H. Denny, J. B. Best, J. W. Shaver, R. E. Ivey.

How to Prevent Bilious Attacks.

"Coming events cast their shadows before." This is especially true of bilious attacks. Your appetite will fall, you will feel dull and languid. If you are subject to bilious attacks take three of Chamberlain's Tablets as soon as these symptoms appear and the attack may be warded off. For sale by all dealers. Adv.

Teachers of Houston County.

A move is on foot throughout the state for diversified farming, and I am of the opinion that we teachers can do much in working with our U. S. Demonstration Agent toward causing the school boys and girls to take an interest in this matter.

With this end in view I now request all teachers to make an effort to organize clubs in their schools for the purpose of getting the students of our many schools interested in this work.

The following are some rules governing the organization of Boy's Club work of Texas:

1. All boys and girls between the ages of ten and eighteen on January 1 of the year for which they are enrolling are eligible for membership.

2. In order to become a member it is necessary to make application on a regular prepared form which will be furnished by the demonstration agent through the county superintendent.

3. Members must agree to grow an acre of one or more of the following crops: corn, cotton, milo, peanuts.

4. Each member must plant and cultivate his own crop. A small boy or girl may hire help to break land.

5. All members must submit samples of their products to be exhibited at county or state fairs upon request of their demonstration agent.

6. Members must keep an accurate daily record of their work and make a report at the close of the season on a regular report form furnished by the department through the county agent.

7. Corn exhibits should consist of ten ears each. Cotton exhibits of one stalk and twelve open bolls—the twelve open bolls selected from some stalk other than the one exhibited. Peanut exhibits, one peck of seed peanuts and ten vines with peanuts on them.

8. Each exhibit should be accompanied, unless otherwise directed, with a report or a certificate signed by two disinterested parties, showing yield, accurate measurement of land and cost of production.

9. It is suggested that all prizes on corn, cotton and peanuts be awarded on the following basis:

(1) Greatest yield per acre, 30 per cent.

(2) Best showing of profit, 30 per cent.

(3) Best exhibit, 20 per cent.

(4) Best written history on "How I Made My Crop," 20 per cent. Total—100 per cent.

10. In the estimation of the cost of production, uniform charges must be used as follows:

(a) Rent of land per acre, \$5.

(b) Per hour of work for each member, 10 cents.

(c) Per hour of work for each horse used, 5 cents.

(d) Per two horse load of stable manure, \$2.

(e) Commercial fertilizer, actual cost.

Any further information may be secured by writing to the county superintendent or to W. H. Beeson. The latter could give more information; however, I have complete instructions in the office and will be glad to show them to all concerned.

We will get up a county prize among the interested teachers and business men. We do not know how much we can raise, but I am certain that the teachers, farmers and merchants will be glad to assist in this move. J. N. Snell, County Superintendent.

Recognized Advantages.

You will find that Chamberlain's Cough Remedy has recognized advantages over most medicines in use for coughs and colds. It does not suppress a cough but loosens and relieves it. It aids expectoration and opens the secretions, which enables the system to throw off a cold. It counteracts any tendency of a cold to result in pneumonia. It contains no opium or other narcotic, and may be given to a child as confidently as to an adult. For sale by all dealers. Adv.

Hail & McLean

See us for Feed Oats, Seed Oats, Pure Corn Chops, Pure Maize Chops, Wheat Bran, Golden Rod, Johnson Grass, Bermuda Grass and Alfalfa Hay.

We sell feed for cash only and at the lowest prices. See us before buying.

Hail & McLean

The Exploits of Elaine

A Detective Novel and a Motion Picture Drama

By ARTHUR B. REEVE
The Well-Known Novelist and the
Creator of the "Craig Kennedy" Stories

Presented in Collaboration With the Pathe Players and the Eclectic Film Company

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SYNOPSIS.

The New York police are mystified by a series of murders of prominent men. The principal clue to the murderer is the warning letter which is sent the victims, signed with a "clutching hand." The latest victim of the mysterious assassin is Taylor Dodge, the insurance president. His daughter, Elaine, employs Craig Kennedy, the famous scientific detective, to try to unravel the mystery. What Kennedy accomplishes is told by his friend, Jameson, a newspaper man.

THIRD EPISODE

The Vanishing Jewels.

Banging away at my typewriter the next day, in Kennedy's laboratory, I was startled by the sudden, insistent ringing of the telephone near me.

"Hello," I answered, for Craig was at work at his table, trying still to extract some clue from the slender evidence thus far elicited in the Dodge mystery.

"Oh, Mr. Kennedy," I heard an excited voice over the wire reply, "my friend, Susie Martin, is here. Her father has just received a message from that Clutching Hand and—"

"Just a moment, Miss Dodge," I interrupted. "This is Mr. Jameson."

"Oh!" came back the voice, breathless and disappointed. "Let me have Mr. Kennedy—quick."

I had already passed the telephone to Craig and was watching him keenly as he listened over it.

He motioned to me for a pad and pencil that lay near me.

"Please read the letter again, slower, Miss Dodge," he asked, adding, "there isn't time for me to see it—just yet. But I want it exactly. You say it is made up of separate words and type cut from newspapers and pasted on note paper?"

I handed him paper and pencil.

"All right, now, Miss Dodge, go ahead."

As he wrote he indicated to me by his eyes that he wanted me to read. I did so:

Sturtevant Martin, Jeweler,
No. 1234 Fifth Avenue, New York City.
Sir—As you have failed to deliver the \$10,000, I shall rob your main diamond case at exactly noon today.

"Thank you, Miss Dodge," continued Kennedy, laying down the pencil. "Yes, I understand perfectly—signed by that same Clutching Hand. Let me see," he pondered, looking at his watch. "It is now half-past eleven. Very well, I shall meet you and Miss



A Remarkable Scene Greeted Us.

Martin at Mr. Martin's store directly." It lacked five minutes of noon when Kennedy and I dashed up before Martin's and dismissed our taxicab.

A remarkable scene greeted us as we entered the famous jewelry shop. Involuntarily I drew back. Squaringly in front of us a man had suddenly raised a revolver and leveled it at us.

"Don't!" cried a familiar voice. "That is Mr. Kennedy!"

Just then, from a little knot of people, Elaine Dodge sprang forward with a cry and seized the gun.

Kennedy turned to her, apparently not half so much concerned about the

automatic that yawned at him as about the anxiety of the pretty girl who had intervened. The too eager plain-clothes man lowered the gun sheepishly.

Sturtevant Martin was a typical society business man, quietly but richly dressed.

In the excitement I glanced about hurriedly.

Directly in front of me was a sign tacked up on a pillar, which read: "This store will be closed at noon today. Martin & Co."

All the customers were gone.

Martin himself was evidently very nervous and very much alarmed. Indeed, no one could blame him for that. Merely to have been singled out by this amazing master criminal was enough to cause panic. Already he had engaged detectives, prepared for whatever might happen, and they had advised him to leave the diamonds in the counter, clear the store and let the crooks try anything, if they dared.

Just back of us, and around the corner, as we came in, we had noticed a limousine which had driven up. Three faultlessly attired dandies had entered a doorway down the street, as we learned afterward, apparently going to a fashionable tailor's which occupied the second floor of the old-fashioned building, the first floor having been renovated and made ready for renting.

Had we been there a moment sooner we might have seen, I suppose, that one of them nodded to a taxicab driver, who was standing at a public hack stand a few feet up the block. The driver nodded unobtrusively back at the man.

In spite of the excitement, Kennedy quietly examined the showcase, which was, indeed, a veritable treasure store of brilliants.

Slowly the hands of the clock came nearer together at noon.

We all gathered about the showcase, with its glittering hoard of wealth, forming a circle at a respectable distance.

In deep-lunged tones the clock played the chords written, I believe, by Handel. Then it began striking.

Nothing had happened.

We all breathed a sigh of relief.

"Well, it is still there!" exclaimed Martin, pointing at the showcase with a forced laugh.

Suddenly came a rending and crashing sound. It seemed as if the very floor on which we stood was giving way.

The showcase, with all its priceless contents, went smashing into the cellar below.

The flooring beneath the case had been cut through!

All crowded forward, gazing at the black, yawning cavern.

Down below, three men, covered with smocks and their faces hidden by masks, had knocked the props away from the ceiling of the cellar, which they had saved almost through at their leisure, and the showcase had landed eight or ten feet below, shivered into a thousand bits.

A volley of shots whizzed past us, and another. While one crook was hastily stuffing the untold wealth of jewels into a burlap bag the others had drawn revolvers and were firing up through the hole in the floor desperately.

"Look out!" cried someone behind us before we could recover from our first surprise and return the fire.

One of the desperadoes had taken a bomb from under his smock, lighted it and thrown it up through the hole in the floor.

It sailed up over our heads and landed near our little group, on the floor, the fuse sputtering ominously.

I heard an exclamation of fear from Elaine.

Kennedy had pushed his way past us and picked up the deadly infernal machine in his bare hands.

I watched him, fascinated. As near as he dared, he approached the hole in the floor, still holding the thing off at arm's length. Would he never throw it?

He was coolly holding it, allowing the fuse to burn down closer to the explosion point.

It was now within less than an inch of sure death.

Suddenly he raised it and hurled the deadly thing down through the hole.

We could hear the imprecations of the crooks as it struck the cellar floor, near them.

"Leave the store—quick!" rang out Kennedy's voice.

Down below the crooks were beat-

ing a hasty retreat through a secret entrance which they had effected.

"The bag! The bag!" we could hear one of them bellow.

"The bomb—run!" cried another voice gruffly.

The explosion that followed lifted us fairly off our feet.

As the smoke from the explosion cleared away, Kennedy could be seen, the first to run forward.

Meanwhile Martin's detectives had rushed down a flight of back stairs that led into a coal cellar. With coal shovels and bars, anything they could lay hands on, they attacked the door that opened forward from the coal cellar into the front basement where the robbers had been.

A moment Kennedy and Bennett paused on the brink of the abyss which the bomb had made, waiting for the smoke to decrease. Then they began to climb down cautiously over the piled-up wreckage.

The explosion had set the basement afire, but the fire had not gained much headway by the time they reached the basement. Quickly Kennedy ran to the door into the coal cellar and opened it.

From the other side Martin, followed by the police and the detectives, burst in.

"Fire!" cried one of the policemen, leaping back to turn in an alarm from the special apparatus upstairs.

All except Martin began beating out the flames, using such weapons as they already held in their hands to batter down the door.

To Martin there was one thing paramount—the jewels.

In the midst of the confusion, Elaine, closely followed by her friend, Susie, made her way fearlessly into the stifling of smoke down the stairs.

"There are your jewels, Mr. Martin," cried Kennedy, kicking the precious burlap bag with his foot as if it had been so much ordinary merchandise, and turning toward what was in his mind the most important thing at stake—the direction taken by the agents of the Clutching Hand.

"Thank heaven!" ejaculated Martin, fairly pouncing on the bag and tearing it open. "They didn't get away with them—after all!" he exclaimed, examining the contents with satisfaction.

Events were moving rapidly.

The limousine had been standing innocently enough at the curb near the corner, with the taxicab close behind it.

Less than ten minutes after they had entered, three well-dressed men came out of the vacant shop, apparently from the tailor's above, and climbed leisurely into their car.

As the last one entered, he half turned to the taxicab driver, hiding from passers by the sign of the Clutching Hand, which the taxicab driver returned in the same manner. Then the big car whirled up the avenue.

All this we learned later from a street sweeper who was at work near by.

Down below, while the police and detectives were putting out the fire, Kennedy was examining the wall of the cellar, looking for the spot where the crooks had escaped.

"A secret door!" he exclaimed, as he paused after tapping along, the wall to determine its character. "You can see how the force of the explosion has loosened it."

Sure enough, when he pointed it out to us, it was plainly visible. One of the detectives picked up a crowbar and others, still with the hastily selected implements they had seized to fight the fire, started in to pry it open.

As it yielded Kennedy rushed his way through; Elaine, always utterly fearless, followed. Then the rest of us went through.

There seemed to be nothing, however, that would help us in the cellar next door, and Kennedy mounted the steps of a stairway in the rear.

The stairway led to a sort of storeroom, full of barrels and boxes, but otherwise characterless. When I arrived Kennedy was gingerly holding up the smocks which the crooks had worn.

"We're on the right trail," commented Elaine as he showed them to her, "but where do you suppose the owners are?"

Craig shrugged his shoulders and gave a quick look about. "Evidently they came in from and went away by the street," he observed, hurrying to the door, followed by Elaine.

On the sidewalk he gazed up the avenue, then catching sight of the street cleaner, called to him.

"Yes, sir," replied the man, stolidly, looking up from his work. "I see three gentlemen come out and get into an automobile."

"Which way did they go?" asked Kennedy.

For answer the man jerked his thumb over his shoulder in the general direction uptown.

With keen glance, Kennedy strained his eyes. Far up the avenue he could descry the car threading its way in and out among the others, just about disappearing.

A moment later Craig caught sight of the vacant taxicab and rapped his finger at the driver, who answered

promptly by cranking his engine.

"You saw that limousine standing here?" asked Craig.

"Yes," nodded the chauffeur, with a show of alertness.

"Well, follow it," ordered Kennedy, jumping into the cab.

"Yes, sir."

Craig was just about to close the door when a slight figure flashed past us and a dainty foot was placed on the step.

"Please, Mr. Kennedy," pleaded Elaine, "let me go. They may lead to my father's slayer."

She said it so earnestly that Craig could scarcely have resisted if he had wanted to do so.

Just as Elaine and Kennedy were moving off I came out of the vacant store, with Bennett and the detectives.

"Craig!" I cried. "Where are you going?"

Kennedy stuck his head out of the window, and I am quite sure that he was not altogether displeased that I was not with him.

"Chasing that limousine," he shouted back. "Follow us in another car."

A moment later he and Elaine were gone.

Bennett and I looked about.

"There are a couple of cabs—down there," I pointed out at the other end of the block. "I'll take one, you take the other."

Who, besides Bennett, went in the other car I don't know—but it made no difference, for we soon lost them. Our driver, however, was a really clever fellow. Far ahead now we could see the limousine drive around a corner, making a dangerous swerve. Kennedy's cab followed, skidding dangerously near a pole.

But the taxicab was no match for

ording to their plan for a getaway. He was a tough-looking individual who might have been heaving it to the city.

When, a few minutes later, Kennedy and Elaine had approached the fork, their driver had slowed up, as if

in doubt which way to go. Craig had stuck his head out of the window, as I had done, and, seeing the crossroads, had told the chauffeur to stop. There stood the hobo.

"Did a car pass here, just now—a big car?" called Craig.

The man put his hand to his ear, as if only half comprehending.

"Which way did the big car go?" repeated Kennedy.

The hobo approached the taxicab sullenly, as if he had a grudge against cars in general.

One question after another elicited little that could be construed as intelligence. If Craig had only been able to see, he would have found out that, with his back toward the taxicab driver, the hobo held one hand behind him and made the sign of the Clutching Hand, glancing surreptitiously at the driver to catch the answering sign, while Craig gazed earnestly up the two roads.

At last Craig gave him up as hopeless. "Well—go ahead—that way," he indicated, picking the most likely road.

As the chauffeur was about to start he stalled his engine.

"Hurry!" urged Craig, exasperated at the delays.

The driver got out and tried to crank the engine. Again and again he turned it over, but somehow it refused to start. Then he lifted the hood and began to tinker.

"What's the matter?" asked Craig,



Kennedy Quietly Examined the Showcase.

the powerful limousine. On uptown they went, the only thing preventing the limousine from escaping being the fear of pursuit by traffic police if the driver let out speed. They were content to manage to keep just far enough ahead to be out of danger of having Kennedy overhaul them. As for us, we followed as best we could, on uptown, past the city line, and out into the country.

There Kennedy lost sight altogether of the car he was trailing. Worse than that, we lost sight of Kennedy. Still we kept on blindly, trusting to luck and common sense in picking the road.

I was peering ahead over the driver's shoulder, the window down, trying to direct him, when we approached a fork in the road. Here was a dilemma which must be decided at once, rightly or wrongly.

As we neared the crossroad I gave an involuntary exclamation. Beside the road, almost on it, lay the figure of a man. Our driver pulled up with a jerk and I was out of the car in an instant.

There lay Kennedy! Someone had blackjacked him. He was groaning and just beginning to show signs of consciousness as I bent over.

"What's the matter, old man?" I asked, helping him to his feet.

He looked about dazed a moment, then seeing me and comprehending, he pointed excitedly, but vaguely.

"Elaine!" he cried. "They've kidnaped Elaine!"

What had really happened, as we learned later from Elaine and others, was that when the crossroads was reached the three crooks in the limousine had stopped long enough to speak to an accomplice stationed there, ac-

impatiently jumping out and bending over the engine, too.

The driver shrugged his shoulders. "Must be something wrong with the ignition, I guess," he replied.

Kennedy looked the car over hastily. "I can't see anything wrong," he frowned.

"Well, there is," growled the driver. Precious minutes were speeding away as they argued. Finally with his characteristic energy, Kennedy put the taxicab driver aside.

"Let me try it," he said. "Miss Dodge, will you arrange that spark and throttle?"

Elaine, equal to anything, did so, and Craig bent down and cranked the engine. It started on the first spin.

"See," he exclaimed. "There wasn't anything, after all."

He took a step toward the taxicab.

"Mr. Kennedy—look out!" cried Elaine.

Craig turned. But it was too late. The rough-looking fellow had awakened to life. Suddenly he stepped up behind Kennedy with a blackjack. As the heavy weight descended Craig crumpled up on the ground unconscious.

With a scream, Elaine turned and started to run. But the chauffeur seized her arm.

"Say, bo," he asked of the rough fellow, "what does Clutching Hand want with her? Quick! There's another cab likely to be along in a moment with that fellow Jameson in it."

The rough fellow, with an oath, seized her and dragged her into the taxicab. "Go ahead!" he growled, indicating the road.

And away they sped, leaving Kennedy unconscious on the side of the road, where we found him.

was coming up out of the basement. Jens growled a surly, "Yes—but Mr. Kannady, he bane out."

"Too bad—we've got this large cabinet he ordered from Grand Rapids. We can't cart it around all day. Can't you let us in so we can leave it?"

Jensen muttered: "Well—I guess it bane all right."

They took the cabinet off the wagon and carried it upstairs. Jensen opened our door, still grumbling, and they placed the heavy cabinet in the living room.

"Sign here."

"You fallers bane a nuisance," protested Jens, signing nevertheless.

Scarcely had the sound of their footfalls died away in the outside hallway when the door of the cabinet slowly opened and a masked face protruded, gazing about the room.

It was the Clutching Hand!

From the cabinet he took a large package wrapped in newspapers. As he held it, looking keenly about, his eye rested on Elaine's picture. A moment he looked at it, then quickly at the fireplace opposite.

An idea seemed to occur to him. He took the package to the fireplace, removed the screen and laid the package over the andirons with one end pointing out into the room.

Next he took from the cabinet a couple of storage batteries and a coil of wire. Deftly and quickly he fixed them on the package.

Meanwhile, before an alleyway across the street and further down the long block the express wagon had stopped.

Having completed fixing the batteries and wires, Clutching Hand ran the wires along the molding on the wall overhead, from the fireplace until he was directly over Elaine's picture. Skillfully he managed to fix the wires, using them in place of the picture wires to support the framed photograph until it hung very noticeably askew on the wall.

The last wire joined, he looked about the room, then noiselessly moved to the window and raised the shade.

Quickly he raised his hand and brought the fingers slowly together. It was the sign.

Off in the alley, the express driver and his helper jumped into the wagon and away it rattled.

Jensen was smoking placidly as the wagon pulled up the second time.

"Sorry," said the driver sheepishly, "but we delivered the cabinet to the wrong Mr. Kennedy."

He pulled out the inevitable book to prove it.

"Wall, you bane fine fallers," growled Jensen, puffing like a furnace, in his fury. "You cannot go up agane."

"We'll get fired for the mistake," pleaded the helper.

"Just this once," urged the driver, as he rattled some loose change in his pocket. "Here—there goes a whole day's tips."

He handed Jens a dollar in small change.

Still grumpy, but mollified by the silver, Jens let them go up and opened the door to our rooms again. There stood the cabinet, as outwardly innocent as when it came in.

Lugging and tugging they managed to get the heavy piece of furniture out and downstairs again, loading it on the wagon. Then they drove off with it, accompanied by a parting volley from Jensen.

In an unfrequented street, perhaps half a mile away, the wagon stopped. With a keen glance around, the driver and his helper made sure that no one was about.

"Such a shaking up as you've given me!" growled a voice as the cabinet door opened. "But I've got him this time!"

It was the Clutching Hand.

Craig gazed into our living room cautiously.

"I can't see anything wrong," he said to me, as I stood just beside him. "Miss Dodge," he added, "will you and the rest excuse me if I ask you to wait just a moment longer?"

Elaine watched him, fascinated. He crossed the room, then went into each of our other rooms. Apparently nothing was wrong and a minute later he reappeared at the doorway.

"I guess it's all right," he said. "Perhaps it was only Jensen, the janitor."

Elaine, Aunt Josephine and Susie Martin entered. Craig placed chairs for them, but still I could see that he was uneasy. From time to time, while they were admiring one of our treasures after another, he glanced about suspiciously.

"What is the trouble, do you think?" asked Elaine wonderingly, noticing his manner.

"I—I can't just say," answered Craig, trying to appear easy.

She had risen and with keen interest was looking at the books, the pictures, the queer collection of weapons and odds and ends from the underworld that Craig had amassed in his adventures.

At last her eye wandered across the room. She caught sight of her own picture, occupying a place of honor—but hanging askew.

"Isn't that just like a man!" she ex-

claimed. "Such housekeepers as you are—such carelessness!"

She had taken a step or two across the room to straighten the picture.

"Miss Dodge!" almost shouted Kennedy, his face fairly blanched. "Stop!"

She turned, her stunning eyes filled with amazement at his suddenness. Nevertheless she moved quickly to one side, as he waved his arms, unable to speak quickly enough.

Kennedy stood quite still, gazing at the picture, askew, with suspicion.

"That wasn't that way when we left, was it, Walter?" he asked.

"It certainly was not," I answered positively. "There was more time spent in getting that picture just right than I ever saw you spend on the room."

Craig frowned.

As for myself I did not know what to make of it.

"I'm afraid I shall have to ask you to step into this back room," said Craig at length to the ladies. "I'm sorry—but we can't be too careful with this intruder, whoever he was."

Elaine, however, stopped at the door.

For a moment Kennedy appeared to be considering. Then his eye fell on a fishing rod that stood in a corner. He took it and moved toward the picture.

On his hands and knees, to one side, down as close as he could get to the floor, with the rod extended at arm's length, he motioned to me to do the same, behind him.

Carefully Kennedy reached out with the pole and straightened the picture.

As he did so there was a flash, a loud, deafening report, and a great puff of smoke from the fireplace.

The fire screen was riddled and overturned. A charge of buckshot shattered the precious photograph of Elaine.

We had dropped flat on the floor at the report. I looked about. Kennedy was unharmed and so were the rest.

With a bound he was at the fireplace, followed by Elaine and the rest of us. There, in what remained of a package done up roughly in newspaper, was a shotgun with its barrel sawed off about six inches from the lock, fastened to a block of wood, and connected to a series of springs on the trigger, released by a little electromagnetic arrangement actuated by two batteries and leading by wires up along the molding to the picture where the slightest touch would complete the circuit.

A startled cry from Elaine caused us to turn.

She was standing directly before her shattered picture where it hung awry on the wall. The heavy charge of buckshot had knocked away large pieces of paper and plaster under it.

"Craig!" she gasped.

He was at her side in a second.

She laid one hand on his arm, as she faced him. With the other she traced an imaginary line in the air from the level of the buckshot to his head and then straight to the infernal thing that had lain in the fireplace.

"And to think," she shuddered, "that it was through me that he tried to kill you!"

"Never mind," laughed Craig easily, as they gazed into each other's eyes, drawn together by their mutual peril. "Clutching Hand will have to be cleverer than this to get either of us—Elaine!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The Penalty of Goodness.

He—You don't seem to care a straw whether I am comfortable or not. You are not as good a wife as your sister was to her husband. As long as he lived she was perfectly devoted to him and never tired of seeking his happiness.

She—Yes, and what was the result? He got to love her so well that he made a provision in his will that she should not marry again.

Nice Quiet Boy.

"Johnny," said the boy's mother, "I hope you have been a nice, quiet boy at school this afternoon."

"That's what I was," answered Johnny. "I went to sleep right after dinner, and the teacher said that she'd whip any boy in the room who waked me up."—Chicago News.

Her Compliment.

Little Johnnie—Mrs. Talkendown paid you a big compliment.

Mother—Did she, really? Well, there's no denying that woman has sense. What did she say?

Little Johnnie—She said she didn't see how you came to have such a nice little boy as I was.—Hartford Times.

Lucky.

"What are you crying about?"

"My husband beat me."

"Who is he?"

"A fiddler. He beat me with the fiddle bow."

"Then you ought to be mighty thankful he doesn't play a bass viol."—Fliegende Blätter.

BAD AIR TO BREATHE.

Avoid That Which is Stagnant, Dusty, Overmoist or Overheated.

Impure air is an evil thing to breathe, but we must know what impure air really is. It is generally supposed that air becomes impure through persons breathing it, using up its oxygen in their lungs and exhaling carbonic acid gas in its place.

The Journal of the American Medical Association points out that this is erroneous. "There is," it says, "always in the ordinary respired air of buildings and homes too little carbonic acid gas to do any harm to an individual. Also, a varying content of oxygen, within ordinary limits, is not an important factor in the effect of the air on human beings. It is only heat and extra moisture in confined, respired air that is depressing. Also, stagnant air is more depressing than air in motion, even when it is of the same constituency.

"Of course dust laden air is always injurious. In artificial ventilation in hospitals, schoolrooms and auditoriums screening from outside dust and vacuum cleaning from inside dust are essential. In fact, stagnant dust is bad and moving dust is worse.

"One great disadvantage of stagnant, overheated, overmoist air seems to be its effect on the skin. The skin cannot normally breathe, so to speak. Moisture remains on its surface, the skin glands cease to act properly, and the surface circulation and heat elimination are interfered with and the person feels depressed, metabolism is impaired, the appetite fails and loss of nutrition occurs. Every one realizes the refreshment felt when a window is suddenly opened in a stagnant room; hence the danger to health in a school, factory or store where the air is stagnant, dusty, overmoist or overheated."

The Dragon Tree.

The dragon tree of Tenerife is perhaps the strangest vegetable in the world. It is thought to be a kind of giant asparagus, whose dead branches serve as a support for the crowns. New roots as they come into being encircle and conceal the original stem, which is far away inside, and the roots which become detached from the stem may be seen hanging withered in the upper tree. The trunk is generally hollow, and in the case of an old tree which was destroyed in 1867 there was a spacious chamber which had served the natives as a temple for generations. The tree was forty-eight feet around and ninety-five feet high and is supposed to have been originally watered with dragon's blood, which is the name now given to the sap. This is a regular article of commerce.

Innocence.

"Why," he asked, "do girls like so much to display diamond rings on their engagement fingers?"

"Well," she replied as she carelessly twirled the jewel on her third finger, "you know there is nothing like a shining example to stimulate one when he has a purpose in mind."

When she had time to speak again she cried:

"Oh, Fred, I hope you don't think I was trying to throw out a hint. I never suspected that you cared about me at all!"—Judge.

He Objected.

A surgeon was explaining a very uncommon case to his students and finished up as follows:

"This, gentlemen, is a very rare tumor indeed. In all my thirty years' experience I have never come across one like this, and you will see me remove it tomorrow."

"No, you won't," said the patient. "If that's all the experience you've had of this sort of thing I'm going home."

Wanted to Find Out.

It was night. They—he and she—were sitting on the porch looking at the stars. "You know, I suppose," he whispered, "what a young man's privilege is when he sees a shooting star?"

"No," she answered. "I haven't the slightest idea. There goes one!"—Chicago Tribune.

It Has Indeed.

He—Do you think kissing is as dangerous as the doctors say?

She—Well, it has certainly put an end to a good many bachelors, at any rate.—New York Sun.

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The Exploits of Elaine

A Detective Novel and a Motion Picture Drama

By ARTHUR B. REEVE
The Well-Known Novelist and the
Creator of the "Craig Kennedy" Stories

Presented in Collaboration With the Famous Players and the Educational Film Company

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SYNOPSIS.

The New York police are mystified by a series of murders of prominent men. The principal clue to the murderer is the warning letter which is sent the victims signed with a "clutching hand." The latest victim of the mysterious assassin is Taylor Dodge, the insurance president. His daughter, Elaine, employs Craig Kennedy, the famous scientific detective, to try to unravel the mystery. What Kennedy accomplishes is told by his friend, Jameson, a newspaper man. Kennedy frustrates a daring attempt to rob a jewelry store and rescues Elaine from a boiler where she had been imprisoned by the thugs.

FOURTH EPISODE

The Frozen Safe.

Kennedy swung open the door of our taxicab as we pulled up, safe at last, before the Dodge mansion, after the rescue of Elaine from the brutal machinations of the Clutching Hand.

Bennett was on the step of the cab in a moment, and together, one on each side of Elaine, they assisted her out of the car and up the steps to the house.

Elaine's Aunt Josephine was waiting for us in the drawing-room, very much worried. The dear old lady was quite scandalized as Elaine excitedly told of the thrilling events that had just taken place.

"And to think they—actually—carried you!" she exclaimed, horrified, adding, "And I not—"

"But Mr. Kennedy came along and saved me just in time," interrupted Elaine with a smile. "I was well chaperoned!"

Aunt Josephine turned to Craig, gratefully. "How can I ever thank you enough, Mr. Kennedy," she said fervently.

Kennedy was quite embarrassed. With a smile, Elaine perceived his discomfort, not at all displeased by it. "Come into the library!" she cried gayly, taking his arm. "I've something to show you."

Where the old safe, which had been burnt through, had stood, was now a brand-new safe of the very latest construction and design—one of those globular safes that look and are so formidable.

"Here is the new safe," she pointed out brightly. "It is not only proof against explosives, but between the plates is a lining that is proof against thermit and even that oxyacetylene blowpipe by which you rescued me from the old boiler. It has a time clock, too, that will prevent its being opened at night, even if any one should learn the combination."

They stood before the safe a moment, and Kennedy examined it closely with much interest.

"Wonderful!" he admired. "I knew you'd approve of it," cried Elaine, much pleased. "Now I have something else to show you."

She paused at the desk, and from a drawer took out a portfolio of large photographs. They were very handsome photographs of herself.

"Much more wonderful than the safe," remarked Craig earnestly. Then, hesitating and a trifle embarrassed, he added, "May I—may I have one?" "If you care for it," she said, dropping her eyes, then glancing up at him quickly.

"Care for it?" he repeated. "It will be one of the greatest treasures—"

She slipped the picture quickly into an envelope. "Come," she interrupted. "Aunt Josephine will be wondering where we are. She—she's a demon chaperon."

Bennett, Aunt Josephine and myself were talking earnestly as Elaine and Craig returned.

That morning I had noticed Kennedy fussing some time at the door of our apartment before we went over to the laboratory. As nearly as I could make out he had placed something under the rug at the door out into the hallway.

"Well," said Bennett, glancing at his watch and rising as he turned to Elaine, "I'm afraid I must go now." He crossed over to where she stood and shook hands. There was no doubt that Bennett was very much smitten by his fair client.

"Good-by, Mr. Bennett," she murmured, "and I thank you so much for what you have done for me today."

But there was something lifeless about the words. She turned quickly to Craig, who had remained standing. "Must you go too, Mr. Kennedy?" she asked, noticing his position.

"I'm afraid Mr. Jameson and I must get back on the job before this Clutching Hand gets busy again," he replied reluctantly.

"Oh, I hope you—we get them soon!"

she exclaimed, and there was nothing lifeless about the way she gave Craig her hand, as Bennett, he and I left a moment later.

When we approached our door, now, Craig paused. By pressing a little concealed button he caused a panel in the wall outside to loosen, disclosing a small, boxlike plate in the wall underneath.

It was about a foot long and perhaps four inches wide. Through it ran a piece of paper which unrolled from one coil and wound up on another, actuated by clockwork. Across the blank white paper ran an ink line traced by a stylographic pen, used as I had seen in mechanical pencils used in offices, hotels, banks and such places.

Kennedy examined the thing with interest.

"What is it?" I asked. "A new kinograph," he replied, still gazing carefully at the rolled-up part of the paper. "I have installed it because it registers every footstep on the floor of our apartment. We can't be too careful with this Clutching Hand—I want to know whether we have had any visitors or not in our absence. (This straight line indicates that we have not. Wait a moment.)"

Craig hastily unlocked the door and entered. Inside I could see him pacing up and down our modest quarters. "Do you see anything, Walter?" he called.

I looked at the kinograph. The pen had started to trace its line, no longer even and straight, but zigzag at different heights across the paper. He came to the door. "What do you think of it?" he inquired. "Some idea," I answered enthusiastically.

We entered and I fell to work on a special Sunday story that I had been forced to neglect. I was not so busy, however, that I did not notice out of the corner of my eye that Kennedy had taken from its cover Elaine Dodge's picture and was gazing at it ravenously.

I had finished as much of the article as I could do then and was smoking and reading it over. Kennedy was still gazing at the picture Miss Dodge had given him, then moving from place to place about the room, evidently wondering where it would look best. I doubt whether he had done another blessed thing since we returned.

He tried it on the mantel. That wouldn't do. At last he held it up beside a picture of Galton, I think, of finger print and eugenics fame, who hung on the wall directly opposite the fireplace. Hastily he compared the two. Elaine's picture was precisely the same size.

Next he tore out the picture of the scientist and threw it carelessly into the fireplace. Then he placed Elaine's picture in its place and hung it up again, standing off to admire it.

I watched him gleefully. Was this Craig? Purposely I moved my elbow suddenly and pushed a book with a bang on the floor. Kennedy actually jumped. I picked up the book with a muttered apology. No, this was not the same old Craig.

Perhaps half an hour later I was still reading. Kennedy was now pacing up and down the room, apparently unable to concentrate his mind on any but one subject.

He stopped a moment before the photograph, looked at it fixedly. Then he started his methodical walk again, hesitated, and went over to the telephone, calling a number which I recognized.

"She must have been pretty well done up by her experience," he said apologetically, catching my eye. "I was wondering if—hello!—oh, Miss Dodge—I—er—I—er—just called up to see if you were all right."

Craig was very much embarrassed, but also very much in earnest.

A musical laugh rippled over the telephone. "Yes, I'm all right, thank you, Mr. Kennedy—and I put the package you sent me into the safe, but—"

"Package?" frowned Craig. "Why, I sent you no package, Miss Dodge. In the safe?"

"Why, yes, and the safe is all covered with moisture—and so cold."

"Moisture—cold?" he repeated hastily.

"Yes, I have been wondering if it is all right. In fact, I was going to call you up, only I was afraid you'd think I was foolish."

"I shall be right over," he answered hastily, clapping the receiver back on its hook. "Walter," he added, seizing

his hat and coat, "come on—hurry!" A few minutes later we drove up in a taxi before the Dodge house and rang the bell.

Jennings admitted us sleepily.

It could not have been long after we left Miss Dodge, late in the afternoon, that Susie Martin, who had been quite worried over our long absence after the attempt to rob her father, dropped in on Elaine. Wide-eyed, she had listened to Elaine's story of what had happened.

"And you think this Clutching Hand has never recovered the incriminating papers that caused him to murder your father?" asked Susie.

Elaine shook her head. "No. Let me show you the new safe I've bought. Mr. Kennedy thinks it wonderful."

"I should think you'd be proud of it," admired Susie. "I must tell father to get one, too."

At that very moment, if they had known it, the Clutching Hand, with his sinister, masked face, was peering at the two girls from the other side of the portieres.

Susie rose to go and Elaine followed her to the door. No sooner had she gone than the Clutching Hand came out from behind the curtains. He gazed about a moment, then, moving over to the safe about which the two girls had been talking, stealthily examined it.

He must have heard someone coming, for with a gesture of hate at the safe itself, as though he personified it, he slipped back of the curtains again.

Elaine had returned, and as she sat down at the desk to go over some papers which Bennett had left relative to settling up the estate the masked intruder stealthily and silently withdrew.

"A package for you, Miss Dodge," announced Michael later in the evening, as Elaine, in her dainty evening gown, was still engaged in going over the papers. He carried it in his hands rather gingerly.

"Mr. Kennedy sent it, ma'am. He says it contains clues, and will you please put it in the new safe for him."

Elaine took the package eagerly and examined it. Then she pulled open the little round door of the globular safe.

"It must be getting cold out, Michael," she remarked. "This package is as cold as ice."

"It is, ma'am," answered Michael. She closed the safe, and, with a glance at her watch, set the time lock and went upstairs to her room.

No sooner had Elaine disappeared than Michael appeared again, catlike, through the curtains from the drawing-room, and, after a glance about the dimly lighted library, discovering that the coast was clear, motioned to a figure hiding behind the portieres.

A moment and Clutching Hand himself came out.

He moved over to the safe and looked it over. Then he put out his hand and touched it.

"Listen!" cautioned Michael. Someone was coming, and they hastily slunk behind the protecting portieres. It was Marie, Elaine's maid.

She turned up the lights and went over to the desk for a book for which Elaine had evidently sent her. She paused and appeared to be listening. Then she went to the door.

"Jennings!" she beckoned.

"What is it, Marie?" he replied.

She said nothing, but as he came up the hall led him to the center of the room.

"Listen! I heard sighs and groans!" Jennings looked at her a moment, puzzled, then laughed. "You girls!" he exclaimed. "I suppose you'll always think the library haunted now."

"But, Jennings, listen," she persisted. Jennings did listen. Sure enough, there were sounds, weird, uncanny, he gazed about the room. It was eerie. Then he took a few steps toward the safe. Marie put her hand to it and started back.

"Why, that safe is all covered with cold sweat!" she cried with bated breath. "Sure enough, the face of the safe was beaded with dampness. Jennings put his hand on it and quickly drew it away, leaving a mark on the dampness."

"W-what do you think of that?" he gasped. "I'm going to tell Miss Dodge," cried Marie, genuinely frightened.

A moment later she burst into Elaine's room.

"What is the matter, Marie?" asked Elaine, laying down her book. "You look as if you had seen a ghost."

"Ah, but mademoiselle—it was just like that. The safe—if mademoiselle will come down stairs, I will show it you."

Puzzled, but interested, Elaine followed her. In the library Jennings pointed mutely at the new safe. Elaine approached it. As they stood about, new beads of perspiration, as it were, formed on it. Elaine touched it and also quickly withdrew her hand.

"I can't imagine what's the matter," she said. "But—well—Jennings, you may go—and Marie, also."

When the servants had gone she still

regarded the safe with the same wondering look, then turning out the light, she followed.

She had scarcely disappeared when, from the portiere doorway near by, the Clutching Hand appeared, and, after gazing out at them, took a quick look at the safe.

"Good!" he muttered.

Noiselessly Michael of the sinister



"A Package for You, Miss Dodge."

face moved in and took a position to the center of the room, as if on guard, while Clutching Hand sat before the safe watching it intently.

"Someone at the door—Jennings is answering the bell," Michael whispered hoarsely.

"Confound it!" muttered Clutching Hand, as both moved again behind the heavy velvet curtains.

"I'm so glad to see you, Mr. Kennedy," greeted Elaine unaffectedly as Jennings admitted us.

"She had heard the bell and was coming downstairs as we entered. We three moved toward the library and someone switched on the lights.

Craig strode over to the safe. The cold sweat on it had now turned to icicles. Craig's face clouded with thought as he examined it more closely. There was actually a groaning sound from within.

"It can't be opened," he said to himself. "The time lock is set for tomorrow morning."

Outside, if we had not been so absorbed in the present mystery, we might have seen Michael and the Clutching Hand listening to us. Clutching Hand looked hastily at his watch.

"The deuce!" he muttered under his breath, stifling his suppressed fury. We stood looking at the safe. Kennedy was deeply interested, Elaine standing close beside him. Suddenly he seemed to make up his mind.

"Quick—Elaine!" he cried, taking her arm. "Stand back!"

We all retreated. The safe door, powerful as it was, had actually begun to warp and bend. The plates were bulging. A moment later, with a loud report and concussion, the door blew off.

A blast of cold air and flakes like snow flew out. Papers were scattered on every side.

We stood gazing, aghast, a second, then ran forward. Kennedy quickly examined the safe. He bent down and from the wreck took up a package, now covered with white.

As quickly he dropped it. "That is the package that was sent," cried Elaine.

Taking it in a table cover, he laid it on the table and opened it. Inside was a peculiar shape flask, open at the top, but like a vacuum bottle.

"A vacuum flask!" ejaculated Craig. "What is it?" asked Elaine, appealing to him.

"Liquid air!" he answered. "As it evaporated, the terrific pressure of expanding air in the safe increased until it blew out the door. That is what caused the cold sweating and the groans."

We watched him, startled. On the other side of the portieres Michael and Clutching Hand waited. Then, in the general confusion, Clutching Hand slowly disappeared, foiled.

"Where did this package come from?" asked Kennedy of Jennings suspiciously.

Jennings looked blank. "Why," put in Elaine, "Michael brought it to me."

"Get Michael," ordered Kennedy. A moment later he returned. "I found him, going upstairs," reported Jennings, leading Michael in.

"Where did you get this package?" shot out Kennedy.

"It was left at the door, sir, by a boy, sir."

Question after question could not shake that simple, stolid sentence. Kennedy frowned.

"You may go," he said finally, as if reserving something for Michael later. A sudden exclamation followed from

Elaine as Michael passed down the hall again. She had moved over to the desk, during the questioning, and was leaning against it.

Inadvertently she had touched an envelope. It was addressed, "Craig Kennedy."

Craig tore it open, Elaine bending anxiously over his shoulder, frightened.

We read:

"YOU HAVE INTERFERED FOR THE LAST TIME. IT IS THE END." Beneath it stood the fearsome sign of the Clutching Hand!

The warning of the Clutching Hand had no other effect on Kennedy than the redoubling of his precautions for safety. Nothing further happened that night, however, and the next morning found us early at the laboratory.

It was the late forenoon, when, after a hurried trip down to the office, I rejoined Kennedy at his scientific workshop.

We walked down the street when a big limousine shot past. Kennedy stopped in the middle of a remark. He had recognized the car, with a sort of instinct.

At the same moment I saw a smiling face at the window of the car. It was Elaine Dodge.

The car stopped in something less than twice its length and then backed toward us.

Kennedy, hat off, was at the window in a moment. There were Aunt Josephine and Susie Martin, also.

"Where are you boys going?" asked Elaine, with interest, then added with a gayety that ill concealed her real anxiety, "I'm so glad to see you—to see that—er—nothing has happened from the dreadful Clutching Hand."

"Why, we were just going up to our rooms," replied Kennedy.

"Can't we drive you around?"

We climbed in and a moment later were off. The ride was only too short for Kennedy. We stepped out in front of our apartment and stood chatting for a moment.

"Some day I want to show you the laboratory," Craig was saying.

"It must be so—interesting!" exclaimed Elaine very enthusiastically. "Think of all the bad men you must have caught!"

Elaine hesitated. "Would you like to see it?" she wheedled of Aunt Josephine.

Aunt Josephine nodded acquiescence, and a moment later we all entered the building.

"You—you are very careful since that last warning?" asked Elaine as we approached our door.

"More than ever—now," replied Craig. "I have made up my mind to win."

Kennedy had started to unlock the door, when he stopped short.

"See," he said, "this is a precaution I have just installed. I almost forgot in the excitement."

He pressed a panel and disclosed the boxlike apparatus.

"This is my kinograph, which tells me whether I have had any visitors in my absence. If the pen traces a straight line, it is all right; but if—hello—Walter, the line is wavy."

We exchanged a significant glance. "Would you mind—er—standing down the hall just a bit while I enter?" asked Craig.

"Be careful," cautioned Elaine.

He unlocked the door, standing off to one side. Then he extended his hand across the doorway. Still nothing



It Was the Clutching Hand.

happened. There was not a sound. He looked cautiously into the room. Apparently there was nothing.

It had been about the middle of the morning that an express wagon had pulled up sharply before our apartment.

"Mr. Kennedy live here?" asked one of the expressmen, descending with his helper and approaching our janitor, Jens Jensen, a typical Swede, who

"What are we to do?" I asked helplessly of Kennedy, when we had at last got him on his feet.

His head still ringing from the force of the blow of the blackjack, Craig stooped down, then knelt in the dust of the road, then ran ahead a bit, where it was somewhat muddy.

"Which way—which way?" he muttered to himself.

I thought perhaps the blow had affected him and leaned over to see what he was doing. Instead, he was studying the marks made by the tire of the Clutching Hand cab.

More slowly now and carefully, we proceeded, for a mistake meant losing the trail of Elaine.

We came to another crossroads and the driver glanced at Craig. "Stop!" he ordered.

In another instant he was down in the dirt, examining the road for marks.

"That way!" he indicated, leaping back to the running board.

We piled back into the car and proceeded under Kennedy's direction, as fast as he would permit. So it continued, perhaps for a couple of hours.

At last Kennedy stopped the cab and slowly directed the driver to veer into an open space that looked particularly lonesome. Near it stood a one-story brick factory building, closed, but not abandoned.

As I looked about at the unattractive scene, Kennedy already was down on his knees in the dirt again, studying the tire tracks. They were all confused, showing that the taxicab we were following had evidently backed in and turned several times before going on.

"Crossed by another set of tire tracks!" he exclaimed excitedly, studying closer. "That must have been the limousine, waiting."

Laboriously he was following the course of the cars in the open space, when one word escaped him, "Footprints!"

He was up and off in a moment, before we could imagine what he was after. We had got out of the cab, and followed him as, down to the very shore of a sort of cove or bay, he went. There lay a rusty, discarded boiler on the beach, half submerged in the rising tide. At this tank the footprints seemed to go right down the sand and into the waves, which were slowly obliterating them. Kennedy gazed out as if to make out a possible boat on the horizon where the cove widened out.

"Look!" I cried. Further down the shore, a few feet, I had discovered the same prints, going in the opposite direction, back toward the place from which he had just come. I started to follow them, but soon found myself alone. Kennedy had paused beside the old boiler.

"What is it?" I asked, retracing my steps. He did not answer, but seemed to be listening. We listened also. There certainly was a most peculiar noise inside that tank.

Was it a muffled scream? Kennedy reached down and picked up a rock, hitting the tank with a resounding blow. As the echo died down, he listened again.

Yes, there was a sound—a scream, perhaps—a woman's voice, faint, but unmistakable.

I looked at his face inquiringly. Without a word I read in it the confirmation of the thought that had flashed into my mind.

Elaine Dodge was inside!

First had come the limousine, with its three bandits, to the spot fixed on as a rendezvous. Later had come the taxicab. As it drove into sight, the three well-dressed crooks had drawn revolvers, thinking perhaps the plan for getting rid of Kennedy might possibly have miscarried. But the taxicab driver and the rough-faced fellow had reassured them with the sign of the Clutching Hand, and the revolvers were lowered.

As they parleyed hastily, the roughneck and the fake chauffeur lifted Elaine out of the taxi. She was bound and gagged.

"Well, now we've got her, what shall we do with her?" asked one.

"It's got to be quick. There's another cab," put in the driver.

"The deuce with that."

"The deuce with nothing," he returned. "That fellow Kennedy's a clever one. He may come to. If he does, he won't miss us. Quick, now!"

"See," cried the third. "See that old boiler down there at the edge of the water? Why not put her in there? No one'll ever think to look in such a place."

With a hasty expression of approval, the roughneck picked Elaine up bodily, still struggling vainly, and together they carried her, bound and gagged, to the tank. The opening, which was toward the water, was small, but they managed, roughly, to thrust her in.

loosen the gag. She screamed. Her voice seemed to be bound around by the iron walls as she was herself. She shuddered. The water was rising—had reached her chest, and was still rising, slowly, inexorably.

What was that? Silence? Or was someone outside?

Coolly, in spite of the emergency, Kennedy took in the perilous situation.

The lower end of the boiler, which was on a slant on the rapidly shelving beach, was now completely under water and impossible to get at. Besides, the opening was small, too small.

Kennedy gazed about frantically and his eye caught the sign on the factory:

OXACETYLENE WELDING CO.

"Come, Walter," he cried, running up the shore.

A moment later, breathless, we reached the doorway. It was, of course, locked. Kennedy whipped out his revolver and several well-directed shots through the keyhole smashed the lock. We put our shoulders to it and swung the door open, entering the factory.

Beside a work bench stood two long cylinders, studded with bolts.

"That's what I'm looking for," exclaimed Craig. "Here, Walter, take one. I'll take the other—and the tubes—and—"

We ran, for there was no time to lose. As nearly as I could estimate it, the water must now be slowly closing over Elaine.

"What is it?" I asked, as he joined up the tubes from the tanks to the peculiar hooklike apparatus he carried.

"An oxyacetylene blowpipe," he muttered back feverishly. "Used for welding and cutting, too," he added.

With a light he touched the nozzle, instantly a hissing, blinding flame made the steel under it incandescent. The terrific heat from one nozzle made the steel glow. The stream of oxygen from the second completely consumed the hot metal.

Kennedy was actually cutting out a huge hole in the still exposed surface of the tank—all around, except for a few inches, to prevent the heavy piece from falling inward.

As Kennedy carefully bent outward the section of the tank which he had cut, he quickly reached down and lifted Elaine, unconscious, out of the water.

Gently he laid her on the sand. It was the work of only a moment to cut the cords that bound her hands.

There she lay, pale and still. Was she dead?

Kennedy worked frantically to revive her.

At last, slowly, the color seemed to return to her pale lips. Her eyelids fluttered. Then her great, deep eyes opened.

As she looked up and caught sight of Craig bending anxiously over her she seemed to comprehend. For a moment both were silent. Then Elaine reached up and took his hand.

"Craig," she whispered, "you—you've saved my life!"

Her tone was eloquent.

"Elaine," he whispered, still gazing down into her wonderful eyes, "the Clutching Hand shall pay for this! It is a fight to a finish between us!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

What Telepathy is.

Telepathy is the transference of emotions and sensations between souls, while thought transference is the transmission of words, ideas or images from mind to mind. Thus telepathic communication is possible only between persons of a certain degree of soul development and between whom there is a degree of emotional sympathy, while in transference of thought one dominant, positive mind may affect another without there being any degree of sympathetic vibration between them.—"Svastika."

Von Buelow's Threat.

So far as the audience was concerned, Von Buelow always made a point of doing exactly as he pleased. On one occasion when a Leipzig audience insisted on recalling him in spite of his repeated refusal to play again he came forward and said, "If you do not stop this applause I will play all Bach's forty-eight preludes and fugues from beginning to end!"

Man Eating Lions.

Of African lions Miss Kirkland in her book on Africa writes: "As a rule, it is only old lions which attack human beings. They grow too decrepit to be able to catch the more agile antelopes, which are their lawful prey; so, goaded by a hunger which age cannot wither or lessen, they pounce on unwary mortals."

Frantically Elaine managed to

AN INCIDENT OF WAR.

The Lone Survivor of a Tragic March Through the Snow.

During one of the battles in which the French were engaged in 1812 Colonel Kobilinski, an aid-camp of Marshal Davoust, was severely wounded. The hospital wagons had been left in the rear, and the marshal gave him in care of a company of grenadiers, telling them to guard him and take him on a litter to Wilna, the nearest town, where he could be properly cared for. It was a toilsome journey over a snow covered wilderness, but the little band pressed forward, seeking to conceal from their wounded charge the terrible evidences of ruin about them.

Several times they were attacked by bands of Cossacks and forced to fight their way through. In an enemy's country, insufficiently clothed, scantily fed and delayed by their helpless burden, one recollection sustained them—a marshal of France had said: "I confide Kobilinski to your honor. You will restore him to me."

After several weeks of this severe travel a storm came on, and all but five of the little company perished. The survivors were half stupefied, but their charge still lived, and they lifted his litter and moved steadily forward.

Toward evening they came in sight of Wilna. The revulsion of feeling was too violent, and two of the men died before the city limits were reached. Two others tottered on for a short distance, and then only Jacques Dufour was left with the wounded man.

He looked at the litter in despair. Then, conscious of his inability to lift it, he clutched his fingers into the canvas and dragged it after him, calling loudly for help. His cries were heard by a sentinel, and in a few minutes he was in the presence of Marshal Davoust.

"Where is Colonel Kobilinski?" asked the marshal.

"He is here, sir."

"And the company?"

"Present, mon marechal."

"I ask for the company."

"I have answered."

"But your comrades?"

"Buried, sir, in the snow."

The marshal did not speak, but he opened his arms and Jacques flung himself into them. He was repaid, amply repaid, he thought, for weeks of cruel suffering. But promotion and a red ribbon were bestowed upon him before Kobilinski succumbed to his wounds and died.—Washington Star.

The Smart Verger.

The church possessed a valuable Bible, which was only used on Sundays, says a writer in an English magazine, speaking of a country parish. During the week it was kept in a box which rather curiously formed the stand upon which the reader of the lessons stood. On one occasion when this was being shown to a visitor the remark was made that it did not seem very reverent for even a clergyman to tread upon the Bible. "Pardon me," the old verger replied. "In this church, sir, we take our stand upon the Scriptures."

His Reason.

"Why do you always ride in the smoking car? You don't smoke."

"I ride in the smoking car," replied the man to whom the question was addressed, "to escape from the effusive gratitude of the young women to whom I always have to give up my seat when I ride in the other cars."

But there was a hard, metallic, ironical sort of ring in his voice.—Chicago Tribune.

Cotton Thread.

In Napoleon's time thread was made only of silk and wool. Napoleon to ruin the English silk thread trade destroyed the world's silk stock, which lay at Hamburg. In this crisis the Paisley spinners turned to cotton. After tremendous labor they at last made cotton thread. Cotton thread is the world's chief thread today.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Timely Remedy.

The small child had been silent for half an hour, and her anxious mamma at last found her with an alarm clock tied to her foot.

"What mischief are you up to now, darling?" she inquired.

"Foot's asleep, and I want to waken it," was the reply.

The State of Texas.

To the Sheriff or any Constable of Houston County, Greeting:

You are hereby commanded to summon the unknown heirs of Barton Clark, deceased, the unknown heirs of Dan Clark, deceased, the unknown heirs of J. W. Wilkerson, deceased, the unknown heirs of Mary E. Vinson, deceased, the unknown heirs of Jeff Stubblefield, deceased, and the unknown heirs of Jeff Stubblefield, deceased, by making publication of this citation once in each week for eight successive weeks previous to the return day hereof, in some newspaper published in your county, if there be a newspaper published therein, but if not, then in any newspaper published in the nearest county to your county, to appear at the next regular term of the District Court of Houston County, to be held at the Court House of said Houston County, in the town of Crockett, on the fifth Monday after the first Monday in February, A. D. 1915, the same being the 8th day of March, A. D. 1915, then and there to answer a petition filed in said court on the 5th day of January, A. D. 1915 in a suit, numbered on the docket of said court No. 5543, wherein J. S. Jackson is plaintiff, and the unknown heirs of Barton Clark, deceased, the unknown heirs of Dan Clark, deceased, the unknown heirs of J. W. Wilkerson, deceased, the unknown heirs of Mary E. Vinson, deceased, and all other persons owning, claiming or having any interest in the land herein sued upon, and Robert Stubblefield, Gable Stubblefield, Sherman Gains, Nestle Gains, Francis Stubblefield, Mary Ivory, and Polly Stubblefield, are defendants, and said petition alleging:

That the plaintiff is the owner in fee simple, being lawfully seized and possessed of the following described tract or parcel of land, lying and being situated in Houston County, Texas, same being a part of the Barton Clark league, and the Burrell Morris survey, situated about 22 miles South West from the city of Crockett and more particularly described by field notes as follows: Beginning at a rock for corner on the East boundary line of said Barton Clark league, a P O 11 inches mxd X hrs N 26 E 7-10 vrs, to 28 inches mxd X hrs S 29-12 degrees W 17 vrs. Thence South 161 6-10 vrs to a stake for corner on the South bank of Kellerson Creek. Thence up said creek with its meanders as follows: N 89 1/2 E 188 1/2 vrs, S 6 1/4 W 47 9-10 vrs, N 71 1/2 E 79 3-10 vrs, S 75 1/2 E 149 1/2 vrs, to the junction of Cedar Creek with its meanders as follows: S 88 1/2 E 86 1/2 vrs, S 16 E 19 1/2 vrs, to a rock for corner on the West bank of Cedar Creek from which a Pin Oak 14 inches mxd X hrs S 53 W 3 1/2 vrs. Thence South 510 vrs to a rock for corner, from which a P O 26 inches mxd X hrs N 77 W 5 vrs, to 24 inches mxd X hrs S 16 E 3 2-10 vrs. Thence South 58 1/2 West 575 vrs to a stake for corner from which a P O 28 inches hrs N 10 E 10 vrs, an ash 10 inches mxd X hrs S 10 W 2 9-10 vrs. Thence North (var. 11-15 degrees E) 173 vrs to rock for corner on the North bank of Kellerson's Creek. Thence North 89 1/2 West 756 vrs to a rock for corner from which an elm 12 inches mxd X hrs N 79 E 7 1-10 vrs. Thence North 40 1/2 vrs to a stake for corner on South bank of Kellerson's Creek from which an ash 10 inches mxd X hrs E 1/2 v. Thence down said creek with its meanders as follows: N 32 W 65 vrs, N 9 E 99 vrs, N 40 1/2 E 57 1/2 vrs, N 22 E 197 vrs, N 8 1/2 W 71 1/2 vrs, N 41 W 60 1/2 vrs, S 83 1/2 W 107 vrs, S 55 1/2 W 83 vrs, N 34 W 39 vrs to the junction of Neils' Branch with Kellerson's Creek. Thence up

said branch with its meanders as follows: N 72 1/2 E 84 1/2 vrs, N 37 E 37 vrs, N 15 1/4 E 76 vrs, N 10 1/4 E 100 1/2 vrs, N 19 1/4 W 86 vrs, N 25 E 75 vrs to a stake for corner on East bank of said branch from which a sweet gum 14 inches mxd X hrs N 73 E 5 1-10 vrs, to 8 inches mxd X hrs N 3 W 3 1-10 vrs. Thence East 775 vrs to the place of beginning, containing 179 6-10 acres of land, and the same being out of the Jeff Stubblefield homestead tract on said survey, by instruments duly executed, which are fully set forth in plaintiff's petition; plaintiff further alleging that he and those under whom he claims title to said land have had and held the peaceable, continuous and adverse possession thereof, under deeds duly registered, paying all taxes due thereon for a period of 5 years immediately preceding the filing of this suit; and that plaintiff and those under whom plaintiff claims title to said land have had and held the peaceable, continuous and adverse possession thereof, cultivating, using and enjoying the same, for a period of ten years immediately preceding the filing of this suit, and plaintiff specially pleads the five and ten years Statutes of Limitation in bar of any claim asserted to said title by the defendants; that there is no title out of either Barton Clark or Burrell Morris, the original grantees of the above surveys, to that part of same owned and claimed by plaintiff, which casts a cloud on plaintiff's title; that in one of the deeds to plaintiff's vendors, it is recited that said land was conveyed by J. W. Wilkerson and wife, and that said deed from J. W. Wilkerson and wife has been lost or destroyed, which casts a cloud on plaintiff's title; that the deed records of Houston County, Texas, show that that part of said Burrell Morris survey out of which the plaintiff's land is taken, was decreed by judgment of the District Court of said county to Mary E. Vinson, and that there is no title out of said Mary E. Vinson, which casts a cloud on plaintiff's title; that the other defendants herein assert some claim to said land, which is unknown to plaintiff, and that any other or further claims of the defendants in and to said above described land are unknown to plaintiff; and plaintiff sues, prays citation in terms of the law, and that upon trial he have judgment for the said land, removing all clouds therefrom, for costs of suit, and general and special relief.

Herein fail not to have before said court, at its aforesaid next regular term, this writ, with your return thereon, showing how you have executed the same.

Witness, John D. Morgan, Clerk of the District Court of Houston County.

Given under my hand and the Seal of said Court, at office in Crockett, this 5th day of January, A. D. 1915.

John D. Morgan, Clerk, District Court, Houston County.

After Many Years.

J. L. Southers, Eau Claire, Wis., writes: "Years ago I wrote you in regard to great results I obtained from Foley Kidney Pills. After all these years I have never had a return of those terrible backaches or sleepless nights; I am permanently cured." Men and women, young and old, find this reliable remedy relieves rheumatism, backache, stiff joints and ills caused by weak or diseased kidneys or bladder.—W. A. King, successor to I. W. Sweet, Adv.

We Welcome the New Year



and shall endeavor to make it the most memorable one in our lives by giving our customers the best to be had in lumber at the lowest prices we've ever been able to offer. Do not further delay building. We'll furnish you everything in lumber, shingles, brick, etc., make immediate delivery and save you money.

Crockett Lumber Co.

"The Planing Mill"

You Can Save Money

IF YOU PATRONIZE

Courier Advertisers

OTHERS ARE DOING IT

FOLEY KIDNEY PILLS FOR RHEUMATISM KIDNEYS AND BLADDER FOLEY KIDNEY PILLS FOR BACKACHE KIDNEYS AND BLADDER

When Answering Advertisements Please Mention the Courier

Our Annual White Sale

WILL BEGIN
Friday, February 12

On Friday, opening day, we will give absolutely free to every customer making a purchase of \$2.50 or more a ticket to the Royal Theatre, eight-reel feature.

On Monday, February 15, we will give absolutely free to every customer making a purchase of \$1.00 or more a ticket to the Royal Theatre.

This is the economy event of the year in white goods selling. Here is an opportunity to supply your spring and summer season's wants (in white goods) at a great saving. We have been receiving new, crisp and dainty white goods in preparation for this "sale of white." New silks in all the new shades and weaves, soft, dainty crepe de chenes, marquesettes, crepe voiles, organdies, batistes, flaxons and nainsooks.

\$2.50 Silk Waists for \$1.25 All sizes, some in the new military style, all long sleeves, White Sale price \$1.25	\$1.25 Crepe Gowns for 85c Lace trimmed, plain white or with colored figures, all sizes, White Sale price only 85c	7 1-2 and 10c Lace for 5c Very dainty Val lace, worth 7½ and 10c, White Sale price 5c
12 1-2c India Linon for 10c Beautiful quality, worth 12½c per yard, White Sale price only 10c	12 1-2c Linen Suiting for 9c Nice, heavy weight, 36 inches wide, White Sale price only 9c	8c White Lawn for 5c Nice quality white lawn, worth 8c per yard, White Sale price 5c

Some Great Dollar Specials

10 yards Long Cloth for \$1.00	4 yds 90-in. Pepperell Sheeting \$1.00	12 yards Hope Domestic for \$1.00
12 yards Dimity Checks for \$1.00	8 yds 36-in. Indian Head Dom. \$1.00	2½ yards 75c Table Damask for \$1.00

Crockett Dry Goods Comp'y

Friday, February 12

"The Store Ahead"

Friday, February 12

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.

The End of a Noble Life.

The announcement of no single death could have caused more genuine sadness than the announcement, early Saturday morning, of the death of Mrs. Berta Wootters, whom all knew and loved so well. All knew her, because she had been going in and out among our people for a lifetime; and all loved her, because she had done so many acts of kindness and charity during all this time. Mrs. Wootters was a good woman in every sense of the word and one of the most charitable. Charity with her was not alone an act of the bestowing of material things, but of the mind and heart as well—never an unkind word was said by Mrs. Wootters. Devoted to her family, her devotion did not stop there. Her heart also went out to the young men and women of the town, whom she delighted to advise and counsel with, but never a word of reproach would she utter. There is cause for the universal sadness that is now overspreading our town.

Mrs. Wootters died at a little after 6 o'clock Saturday morning. She had been out the day before, but had complained of not feeling well at times—of a shortness of breath. She retired as usual, but between 5 and 6 o'clock in the morning she called her daughter, Mrs. Painter,

and complained of a difficulty in breathing. Her son, Dr. Wootters, was summoned by telephone, and at about 6:10 her spirit had peacefully passed out.

Relatives and friends at distant points were notified, and the funeral was not held until Monday afternoon, awaiting the arrival of a son from Santa Fe, New Mexico. Those here from a distance were: Mr. and Mrs. Willis Higginbotham, Stephenville; Dr. and Mrs. P. R. Denman, Houston; Mr. and Mrs. L. B. Wootters, Santa Fe, New Mexico; Walker King, San Marcos.

Funeral services, conducted by the Baptist pastor, Rev. M. L. Shepard, were held at the family residence Monday afternoon at 2:30 o'clock. The home and the front yard were thronged with sorrowing friends who had come to pay the last tribute of respect and esteem to a departed loved one. The funeral procession was one of the longest in the history of this city. At the cemetery the newly-made grave was banked and hidden with flowers—evidence of the appreciation, esteem and love in which this good woman was held.

Mrs. Berta Wootters was the daughter of Major John Smith and his wife, Anna Jane. She was born in Bladen county, North Carolina, on the 4th day of September, 1847, and was therefore 67 years old.

Her parents moved to Texas in 1857 and made their home in the western portion of Houston county on a large Trinity river plantation owned by Major Smith. She was educated by private tutors and at the Fairfield Female Academy at Fairfield, Freestone county. It was while attending this college, on April 28, 1863, that she became a member of the Baptist church, which church she remained a con-

stant member of until death. She had two brothers—Philander, who died at the age of 15, and Lucius, who lived to the age of 19. Lucius was a member of Sibley's brigade during the civil war and was mortally wounded at the battle of Val Verde, N. M.

She was married to Captain J. H. Wootters at her father's Trinity river plantation by the Reverend Joseph P. Pritchard on the 17th day of January, 1867. She moved with her husband to Crockett in 1877, where Captain Wootters was engaged in the mercantile business until his death on Thursday, January 21, 1892.

Mrs. Wootters, immediately upon her arrival in Crockett, placed her letter of church fellowship in the First Baptist church of this city. She was one of the organizers of the Dorcas Aid Society of the Baptist church—one of its first officers, as well as one of its most active and enthusiastic members.

Mrs. Wootters had seven children—Lena, who died at the age of 11 years; Dr. J. S. Wootters of this city; Anna Berta, who died at the age of 6 years; Sarah Ethel, who married Willis Higginbotham of Stephenville; Lucia, who married J. H. Painter of this city; Frances, who married Dr. P. R. Denman of Houston; L. B. Wootters of Santa Fe, New Mexico. There are seven grandchildren.

Poll Taxes and Exemptions.

Tax Collector George Denny supplies the Courier with the number of poll taxes and exemptions as follows:

Poll taxes issued for year ending January 31, 1914, 3875; exemptions, 51.

Poll taxes issued for year ending January 31, 1915, 3021; exemptions, 20.

Decrease in poll taxes, 854; decrease in exemptions, 20.

Lawyers Pass Resolution.

At a meeting of the bar association of Houston county, held in Crockett on the 6th day of February, Judge A. A. Aldrich acted as chairman and Earl P. Adams as secretary, and the following resolution was passed:

That it is the opinion of this bar that our county ought to be in a district in which the seat of the court is either in Galveston or Houston; that we earnestly protest against our county being placed in the Beaumont district, because Beaumont is inaccessible to us, and all our business connections are in Galveston and Houston. And we respectfully request that our representative and senator oppose any change which would put Houston county in any district except one which holds its court in Galveston or Houston.

Earle P. Adams, Secretary.

Effects of Prohibition.

Editor Courier:

It is asserted on good authority that a great brewery company at Columbus, Ohio, lately went into the hands of a receiver. The company gave as a reason for their failure the following: "The present situation was due solely to the loss of sales beyond any one's control. We can mention the principal causes as follows: In Ohio in 1906, the legislature increased the liquor tax from \$550 to \$1000, closing nearly twenty-five per cent of the saloons in the state. The loss in sales from this amount was more than 17,000 barrels during the remaining nine months of that year. In the same year thirty-five towns in Ohio in which we were doing business went dry. In 1908 the legislature passed the Ross County Option Law, which took from us annually about 81,000 barrels sale in Ohio. In 1908 the full effect of the Ross law was felt to the extent

of reducing our sales in that year to about 270,000 barrels. In 1913 a new license law curtailed the number of saloons in Ohio thirty-five per cent. In 1914 the crowning blow came in the loss of West Virginia."

Many of our people have noticed the statements recently published as to how the Emperor of Russia not long ago issued a decree prohibiting intoxicating drink, and that reports were that there had been great improvement in the condition of the people as the effect of that prohibition. Late papers tell us that Alabama has passed a state prohibition law over the governor's veto, and the Grand Lodge of Masons in Arkansas has forbidden Masons in Arkansas to sign petitions favorable to the saloon business. S. F. Tenney.

Seventy-Seven Years Old.

George W. Clough, Prentiss, Miss., who had suffered greatly with kidney trouble, writes: "Foley Kidney Pills are the only remedy that ever did me any good at all." Just think of the relief and comfort that means to him. Foley Kidney Pills are recommended for sleep disturbing bladder troubles, pain in sides or back, rheumatism, and kidney and bladder ailments.—W. A. King, successor to I. W. Sweet. Adv.

Croup and Whooping Cough.

Mrs. T. Neureuer, Eau Claire, Wis., says: "Foley's Honey and Tar Compound cured my boy of a very severe attack of croup after other remedies had failed. Our milk man cured his children of whooping cough." Foley's has a forty year's record of similar cases. Contains no opiates. Always insist on Foley's.—W. A. King, successor to I. W. Sweet. Adv.

Hundreds of health articles appear in newspapers and magazines, and in practically every one of them the importance of keeping the bowels regular is emphasized. A constipated condition invites disease. A dependable physic that acts without inconvenience or griping is found in Foley Cathartic Tablets.—W. A. King, successor to I. W. Sweet. Adv.

Perfect Prescription Service

"Put Us to the Test"

¶ Perfection is a word we would not use indiscriminately, especially in connection with prescription work.

¶ We have everything prescribed by physicians and our compounding is conducted with skill and care. Notwithstanding the superior character of our service, our prices on prescriptions are always reasonable.

¶ We are anxious to have you put us to the test. Let us fill your next prescription.

Bishop Drug Company

Prompt Service—Phone 47 or 140

Local News.

Drugs and jewelry at the Rexall Store.

Mrs. C. P. O'Bannon is visiting in St. Louis.

D. A. Nunn was in Houston Saturday and Sunday.

Ned Morris of Palestine was here Thursday and Friday.

Plow collars for sale at below cost at Wm. M. Patton's. 1t.

Three-pound bagging and ties at James S. Shivers & Co's. 2t.

A complete, up-to-date abstract. tf—adv Aldrich & Crook.

J. M. Satterwhite was among callers at this office since last issue.

J. I. Satterwhite was among callers at the Courier office this week.

J. E. Towery and J. C. Clinton were visitors to Houston last week.

Stock and poultry food, standard brands, at Chamberlains & Woodall's. tf.

C. H. Hayslip of Route 4 was among callers at this office Saturday.

A portion of your cleaning and pressing will be appreciated by Friend. tf.

Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Luker of Grapeland spent Sunday with friends here.

Chamberlain & Woodall have just received a fine line of pipes and tobaccos. tf.

Mrs. George Barnes of Trinity is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. F. H. Bayne.

Twenty-five cents a hundred is the price of old newspapers at the Courier office.

A fine lot of well broken mules and horses now on sale at James S. Shivers & Co's. 2t.

S. H. Platt is sending the Courier to his sister, Mrs. Della Clark, at Vernon, Texas.

Prescriptions accurately compounded, day or night, at Chamberlain & Woodall's. tf.

R. D. Thompson is among the number remembering the Courier since last issue.

Wanted to Exchange—One good wagon for a heifer. See or write E. F. Archibald, Route 4.

Byron Cannon will leave soon for Galveston to enter the engineering department of the navy.

Mayor J. W. Young left Sunday night on a business and professional trip to Dallas and Houston.

Just arrived, a car of meal and bran at the old prices at Wm. M. Patton's, the farmers' friend. 1t.

Walter Bennett has bought a new 5-passenger Overland automobile of the 1915 model. It is a beauty.

Wood—Ring 250. Get any kind of wood you want. tf. J. D. Woodward.

Anything you want in barb wire, hog wire, poultry wire and wire fencing at James S. Shivers & Co's.

D. H. Jones, superintendent of the Crockett Colored Schools, is among the number renewing for the Courier.

King's candies - for American queens—fresh line of 5 and 10 cent packages at Chamberlain & Woodall's. tf.

Special for Saturday the 13th only, 12 boxes Blue Star double dip matches for 29c, at Wm. M. Patton's. 1t.

Lawyers can find manuscript covers for their legal documents at the Courier office—a shipment just received.

J. W. Hooks of Route 1 and A. E. Bradley of Route 2 are among the number remembering the Courier this week.

J. L. Arledge is prepared to do cleaning and pressing at his home. A share of your business is solicited. Phone 273. 1t.

Lost—A cuff button made from a two and one-half dollar gold piece. Finder return to this office and receive reward. 1t.*

Judge A. A. Aldrich is sending the Courier to his daughter, Mrs. Albert von Doenhoff, 1186 Madison Avenue, New York City.

We handle Hull Brothers' Umbrellas, the best made. McLean Drug Company, "The Rexall Store."

We have a nice line of jewelry and watches. Be sure to see our stock before you buy. tf. Chamberlain & Woodall.

For Sale—Five good work mules. Will sell one or all of them on time on well secured note. 1t. First National Bank.

Yes, the McLean Drug Company handle the Eastman Kodaks, Premo and Premoette Cameras and the Ansco Cameras in stock. They also keep a complete line of films and supplies.

The Rexall Store wants to sell you all you need in their line during the year 1915. Try us.

The McLean Drug Company.

Mrs. Kate Newton is sending the Courier to her sons as follows: L. E. Newton at Weldon, J. H. Newton on Lovelady Route 1 and T. A. Newton at Lovelady.

Noticed

See J. R. Howard for prime cotton seed meal and hulls. He wants 300 hens in next ten days. Highest price paid for hides. 1t*

Horses and Mules.

I have for sale, at my home on Grace street, horses, mares and mules, for cash or credit. 2t*

C. N. Goolsbee.

Among our subscribers remembering the Courier since last issue are: W. V. Berry, J. W. Hail, H. J. Castleberg, F. A. Rogers, J. W. Brightman, T. B. Satterwhite, George W. Crook, R. H. Wootters and A. A. Aldrich.

Sam H. Kyle of Durant, Okla., and G. C. Areford of Uniontown, Pa., write that they can't get along without the Courier and to keep it coming. Whatever they say will be done, for the Courier can't get along without its friends.

Special Service.

There is to be a special service at the Presbyterian church next Sunday night, at 7:30 o'clock, in the interest of the Houston County Bible Society. The other churches are expected to participate in the service. S. F. Tenney.

Blanks at the Courier Office.

The Courier job department has for sale the following blanks in stock: Mortgages, vendor's lien notes, mortgage notes and promissory notes. In addition the Courier job department can supply you with any kind of printing that can be done from movable types.

New Brick Building.

Brick layers are at work on a new brick building on Main street near the I. & G. N. Railway crossing. The building is opposite the electric light plant and east of Edmiston Brothers' wholesale house. It is to be occupied by a company recently organized to do a bottling works and ice cream business. The company is composed of Crockett people.

Dyeing and Hat Cleaning.

The Crockett Steam Laundry has arranged to handle the dyeing and hat cleaning business in connection with the laundry business. Anything in the dyeing and cleaning line will be taken care of—hats cleaned and reblocked. We want the public to know that we appreciate your patronage in the laundry business, and in the same spirit we solicit a continuance and also your patronage in dyeing and cleaning. 4t. Crockett Steam Laundry.

Card of Thanks.

Lovelady, Texas, Feb. 5, 1915. I take this means to thank the good people of Lovelady for their many kindnesses so generously extended to me in my recent trials and bereavement, attendant upon the illness and loss of my dear companion.

I also desire here to thank the good ladies of Pine and Shady Grove for their many and beautiful floral offerings. 1t. Geo. W. Broxson.

If a better cough syrup than Foley's Honey and Tar Compound could be found, we would carry it. We know this reliable and dependable medicine has given satisfaction for more than forty years; therefore we never offer a substitute for the genuine. Recommended for coughs, colds, croup, whooping cough, bronchial and lagrippe coughs. No opiates.—W. A. King, successor to I. W. Sweet. Adv.

Real Estate and Loans.

We have real estate for sale and we would like to examine any vendor lien notes you may have for sale.

CALL ON US AT OUR PLACE OF BUSINESS.

Warfield Bros.

Office North Side Public Square.

CROCKETT, TEXAS

GREAT NATIONAL EVENT.

Celebration of Washington's Birthday and Piastas, Laredo, Feb. 20-23.

I. & G. N. popular low rate excursions. Tickets on sale February 20, 21 and 22; return limit February 25. For fares, schedules, etc., see ticket agent, I. & G. N. Railway. —Adv. 4t.

Names of Grand Jurors.

The following grand jurymen are to appear Monday, March 8, at 10 o'clock a. m.:

J. R. Mainer, Lyman Knox, W. A. Moore, B. L. West, George Kent, W. G. Darsey, Hugh Long, S. A. Cook, Hugh Morrison, N. E. Allbright, R. E. McConnell, T. R. Deupree, C. W. Gilbert, Jake Wedemeyer, John Penick, C. M. Streetman.

Bankrupt Stocks Sold.

The bankrupt stocks of W. A. King and J. R. Foster were sold at bankrupt sale Friday. B. F. Chamberlain bid in the King stock of drugs at \$2250 and W. H. Denny for the Crockett State Bank the furniture and fixtures at \$1850. All brought about 60 cents on the dollar. F. G. Edmiston bought the Foster stock of buggies at \$900, less than 50 cents on the dollar. The bankrupt trustee left Friday night for Weldon and Antioch, where he had advertised to sell the bankrupt stocks of B. E. Goodrum and A. J. Davis.

Second Week Petit Jurymen.

Following are the petit jurymen for the spring term of the district court, second week, to appear Monday, March 15, at 10 o'clock a. m.:

John Horan, J. R. Finch, J. F. Allbright, A. D. Bowman, E. S. Dawson, J. D. Hamlin, Julian Walling, G. W. Vancil, John Pelham, N. A. Shaw, W. E. Bennett, J. W. Brumley, W. C. Shivers, M. R. Henderson, M. J. Baker, R. E. Parker, A. W. Peck, G. W. Patton, H. H. Hallmark, R. L. Turner, F. M. Murry, O. S. Rials, A. C. Atkinson, C. C. Warfield, John F. Baker, Ben A. Spear, J. T. Bowman, T. S. Sepmore, Claude Saddler, C. A. Clinton, O. W. Goolsbee, W. H. Lively, J. H. Pennington, George Lansford, S. T. Allee, Joe Barte, B. E. Goodrum, W. E. Linderman, A. E. Hart, Andrew Douglass.

Third Week Petit Jurymen.

Petit jurymen for the third week of district court, to appear Monday, March 22, at 10 o'clock a. m.:

Nat Bitner, J. M. Brown, J. A. Etheridge, J. S. Burton, W. E. Kerr, N. H. Harrelson, B. E. Johnson, O. N. Hairston, J. C. Brewton, H. M. Robinson, D. L. Brooks, O. C. Goodwin, J. E. Allen, Downes Foster, R. T. Bobbitt, John T. Clark, W. E. Gallant, J. A. Allen, H. C. Rich, J. R. Elliott, N. E. Adams, J. A. Harrison, J. B. Westerman, T. J. Duren, S. D. Lockey, Will Carson, L. S. Alford, A. J. Steed, J. E. Keene, J. W. Rains, Carl Porter, Walter Brailsford, C. E. Brooks, R. F. Dickey, H. F. Brennan, L. H. Bond, B. R. Guice, J. N. Campbell, A. L. Prewitt, F. A. Liveley.

"The Best Laxative I Know Of."

"I have sold Chamberlain's Tablets for several years. People who have used them will take nothing else. I can recommend them to my customers as the best laxative and cure for constipation that I know of," writes Frank Strouse, Fruitland, Iowa. For sale by all dealers. Adv.

James Sharp Dead.

James Sharp died at his home in West Crockett Friday night, January 29. Funeral services were held on the afternoon of the following day, interment occurring in Glenwood cemetery.

James Sharp was 34 years old and leaves a wife and two young children. His death was the culmination of a prolonged illness, he having been sick for about nine months.

He also leaves his mother, Mrs. Martha Sharp, and four brothers and a sister. The brothers are John, Stell, Wirt and Lee, and the sister is Mrs. R. C. Stokes. All are residents of Houston county with the exception of John, who lives at Cleburne, but who was here at his brother's funeral.

James Sharp was a member of the Methodist church, and the funeral services were conducted by his pastor, Rev. D. H. Hotchkiss. He had lived a clean, Christian life, dealing honestly with his fellowman and his God. His passing brings sorrow to the hearts of our people.

Bankrupt Notice.

In the District Court of the United States for the Eastern District of Texas: In Bankruptcy. In the matter of J. E. Bynum & Son, bankrupt. No. 1860.

To the creditors of J. E. Bynum & Son, bankrupt of Crockett, in the county of Houston and district aforesaid:

Notice is hereby given that on the 2nd day of February, A. D. 1915, the said J. E. Bynum & Son were duly adjudged and declared bankrupt and that the first meeting of creditors in said bankruptcy will be held in my office in Tyler, Texas, on the 13th day of February, A. D. 1915, at eleven o'clock in the forenoon, when and where said creditors may attend, prove their claims, examine the bankrupt, elect a trustee and transact such other business as may properly come before said meeting.

J. W. Fitzgerald,

Referee in Bankruptcy.

Tyler, Texas, Feb. 2, 1915.

Five Cents Proves It.

A generous offer. Cut out this ad., enclose with 5 cents to Foley & Co., Chicago, Ill., and they will send you our trial packages of Foley's Honey and Tar Compound for coughs, colds, croup, bronchial and lagrippe coughs; Foley Kidney Pills and Foley Cathartic Tablets. For sale in your town by W. A. King, successor to I. W. Sweet. Adv.



"Ball Bearing—Long Wearing"

Twenty-five satisfied users of this machine in Crockett prove its ability to produce the best in typewriting.

Agent for all makes of machines, new and rebuilt models. Sold on deferred payment plan without interest.

J. G. Beasley, Agent

PEANUT PRODUCTS WILL BE MANUFACTURED IN HOUSTON.

A new market for the products of farms in Harris county opened Friday when the Monarch Milling company began the production of peanut products. The mill is equipped to use 250,000 bushels of peanuts annually, and it is expected that the entire supply will be produced by the farmers in the Houston district.

The mill is owned and operated by Leroy R. Street, president; H. C. Schirmer, vice president and manager, and D. C. Smith, secretary and treasurer. It represents an investment of \$25,000. When operating at full capacity it will employ 20 or more women and a number of men. Its output will be approximately a carload of peanut products daily.

The plant is at Milby street and McKinney avenue. The section devoted to the manufacturing is three stories in height. The output at present will be peanut oil, cakes and bran, and salted and blanched peanuts. Machinery has been ordered for the production of peanut butter.

The only other mill of the kind in Texas is at Denison. Information received by the manager of the mill is that a large increase in the Harris county crop of peanuts will be the result of opening the mill. A number of farmers have already told him of their intention to plant peanuts.

The normal value of peanuts is \$1 a bushel, and an average production is approximately 50 bushels to the acre. Peanuts are valuable to farmers as a soil building crop, as they inoculate the soil with nitrogen germs.—Houston Telegram.

To the Tomato Growers.

A meeting of all those who are going to grow tomatoes is called for Saturday, February 20, at 2:30 p. m. at the court house. This will be the third attempt to get you together to attend to matters of importance to our organization. The weather and the roads have been bad, I know, but your interests demand your attention at this time. So let every member and any who wish to become members attend this meeting. As a rule we farmers have allowed some one else to attend to our business too much in the past, with disastrous results to the farmers' best interests. If we fail to make a success of this organization, we will have no one to blame but ourselves. Be there and bring your friends.
L. A. Hollis, President.

HOUSTON BANKER PREDICTS 10-CENT COTTON IN 60 DAYS

"I believe cotton will advance to a 10-cent level within the next sixty days," said John T. Scott, president of the First National Bank of Houston, this week. "I don't believe the announcement from Germany that she will prey upon all merchant vessels in British waters, regardless of their registry, will have a disastrous effect on the cotton market."

"You see, we have a considerably reduced surplus of cotton now, compared to what we had a few weeks ago, and cotton continues to be exported faster than at any previous time. Though our supply is decreasing, the demand has not diminished, and prices are bound to go higher."

Mr. Scott is a close student of the cotton market and the general financial situation. His judgment is accepted generally as fairly accurate. Nearly three months ago, when cotton was down about the 7-cent level and lower, he predicted 8-cent cotton within three weeks. The facts show his judgment was correct. Many other leading financiers and cotton men are convinced cotton will be selling at 10 cents by April 1.—Houston Telegram.

Bread Famine Can Be Averted by Planting Early Varieties of Corn.

This country is now threatened with a bread famine. Wheat has soared in price until it is almost beyond the reach of the man of limited or modest means. It has been reported that the crop of the present year has already been purchased by the grain manipulators. Last fall the press begged the farmers to prepare for this terrible state of affairs. But many of them were not able to buy seed wheat. Others were not willing to risk the experiment. Of course all kinds of bread-stuff will go up in price with wheat, and in order to shorten the days of peril as much as possible, early varieties of corn should be planted on land that will not fail to yield a good crop.—R. T. Milner in Rusk County News.

Seventy-Seven Years Old.

George W. Clough, Prentiss, Miss., who had suffered greatly with kidney trouble, writes: "Foley Kidney Pills are the only remedy that ever did me any good at all." Just think of the relief and comfort that means to him. Foley Kidney Pills are recommended for sleep disturbing bladder troubles, pain in sides or back, rheumatism, and kidney and bladder ailments.—W. A. King, successor to I. W. Sweet. Adv.

FOR HIGHER AD RATES. BOSTON POST PRESENTS FACTS

In announcing that a higher advertising rate will go into effect on March 1, the Boston Post gives reasons for the change, which should be of interest to every newspaperman in this country. The Post says:

"Take the two items of ink and white paper. Five years ago, in the first 10 months of 1909, Boston Post ink and white paper cost \$485,295. During the same period in 1914, Post ink and white paper cost \$1,007,118, an increase of \$521,823."

"There have been similar increases in the many other costs of production. In 1909 the Post's general advertising rate was 25 cents per agate line, the present rate is 35 cents; the new rate, effective March 1, 1915, will be 40 cents."

"In other words, the increase in the cost of ink and white paper is over 107 per cent, while the increase of rate, figuring on the new 40-cent rate, is only 60 per cent."

"The large sized issues of the Boston Post, forced by heavy advertising, are wholesale to newsdealers below the cost of the white paper alone."

"It has become a business necessity to adopt one of the following courses: (1) to decrease the size of the paper, (2) to decrease the circulation of the paper, (3) to increase the retail price of the paper, or (4) to increase the advertising rate. (1), (2) and (3) all would mean a decrease in the service rendered advertisers."

"It is considered more to the advantage of advertisers and the Post to make a moderate increase of rate than to decrease the service rendered. The rate increase is much less than the service increase, compared with conditions when the present rate was established."

There is but one way for the South to avert the bread famine that threatens us, and that is to raise corn. It is too late now to plant wheat, and corn-planting time is in sight.—Rusk County News.

Let us not envy the wheat farmer of the Great Northwest. It was not so many years ago when he burned his grain for fuel, because it was cheaper than coal.—Rusk County News.

It will be a long time before Texas will be divided, though we must confess that we haven't enough offices to go around.—Rusk County News.

Colds and Croup in Children.

Many people rely upon Chamberlain's Cough Remedy implicitly in cases of colds and croup, and it never disappoints them. Mrs. E. H. Thomas, Logansport, Ind., writes: "I have found Chamberlain's Cough Remedy to be the best medicine for colds and croup I have ever used, and never tire of recommending it to my neighbors and friends. I have always given it to my children when suffering from croup, and it has never failed to give them prompt relief." For sale by all dealers. Adv.

W. C. LIPSCOMB, M. D.
PHYSICIAN and SURGEON
CROCKETT, TEXAS
Office With Decur-Bishop Drug Company

60 YEARS' EXPERIENCE

PATENTS

TRADE MARKS
DESIGNS
COPYRIGHTS & C.

Anyone sending a sketch or description may quickly ascertain our opinion free of charge. Our inventors are probably patentable. Communications strictly confidential. Write for Patent Form Free. Oldest agency for securing patents. Patents taken through Mann & 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.

MANN & Co., 331 Broadway, New York
Branch Office, 627 E. Washington, D. C.

The State of Texas.

To the Sheriff or any Constable of Houston County, Greeting:

You are hereby commanded to summon the unknown heirs of Barton Clark, deceased, the unknown heirs of Dan Clark, deceased, the unknown heirs of J. W. Wilkerson, deceased, the unknown heirs of Mary E. Vinson, deceased, the unknown heirs of Burrell Morris, deceased, and the unknown heirs of Jeff Stubblefield, deceased, by making publication of this citation once in each week for eight successive weeks previous to the return day hereof, in some newspaper published in your county, if there be a newspaper published therein, but if not, then in any newspaper published in the nearest county to your county, to appear at the next regular term of the District Court of Houston County, to be held at the Court House of said Houston County, in the town of Crockett, on the 5th Monday after the first Monday in February, A. D. 1915, the same being the 8th day of March, A. D. 1915, then and there to answer a petition filed in said court on the 8th day of January, A. D. 1915 in a suit, numbered on the docket of said court No. 2843, wherein J. S. Jackson is plaintiff, and the unknown heirs of Barton Clark, deceased, the unknown heirs of Dan Clark, deceased, the unknown heirs of J. W. Wilkerson, deceased, the unknown heirs of Mary E. Vinson, deceased, the unknown heirs of Burrell Morris, deceased, and all other persons owning, claiming or having any interest in the land herein sued upon, and Robert Stubblefield, Gable Stubblefield, Sherman Galvus, Nettie Galvus, Francis Stubblefield, Mary Ivory, and Polly Stubblefield, are defendants, and said petition alleging:

That the plaintiff is the owner in fee simple, being lawfully seized and possessed of the following described tract or parcel of land, lying and being situated in Houston County, Texas, some being a part of the Barton Clark league, and the Burrell Morris survey, situated about 22 miles South West from the city of Crockett and more particularly described by field notes as follows: Beginning at a rock for corner on the East boundary line of said Barton Clark league, a P O 11 inches mhd X hrs N 28 E 7-10 vrs, do 28 inches mhd X hrs S 28-12 degrees W 17 vrs. Thence South 161 6-10 vrs to a stake for corner on the South bank of Kellerson Creek. Thence up said creek with its meanders as follows: N 89 1/4 E 128 1/2 vrs, S 5 1/4 W 47 9-10 vrs, N 71 1/4 E 79 3-10 vrs, S 75 1/4 E 149 1/2 vrs, to the junction of Cedar Creek with Kellerson Creek. Thence up Cedar Creek with its meanders as follows: S 88 1/4 E 80 1/2 vrs, S 16 E 10 1/2 vrs, to a rock for corner on the West bank of Cedar Creek from which a Pin Oak 14 inches mhd X hrs S 53 W 3 1/2 vrs. Thence South 510 vrs to a rock for corner, from which a P O 28 inches mhd X hrs N 77 W 5 vrs, do 24 inches mhd X hrs S 16 E 3 2-10 vrs. Thence South 58 1/2 West 575 vrs to a stake for corner from which a P O 28 inches mhd X hrs N 10 E 10 vrs, do 10 inches mhd X hrs S 10 W 2 9-10 vrs. Thence North (var. 11-15 degrees E) 175 vrs to rock for corner on the North bank of Kellerson's Creek. Thence North 69 1/2 West 730 vrs to a rock for corner from which an elm 12 inches mhd X hrs N 79 E 7 1-10 vrs. Thence North 60 1/2 vrs to a stake for corner on South bank of Kellerson's Creek from which an ash 10 inches mhd X hrs E 1/2 vrs. Thence down said creek with its meanders as follows: N 22 W 65 vrs, N 9 E 28 vrs, N 49 1/4 E 57 1/2 vrs, N 22 E 167 vrs, N 8 1/4 W 71 1/4 vrs, N 41 W 60 1/2 vrs, S 83 1/4 W 167 vrs, S 55 1/4 W 83 vrs, N 24 W 28 vrs to the junction of Nellie Branch with Kellerson's Creek. Thence up

said branch with its meanders as follows: S 73 1/4 E 84 1/4 vrs, N 37 E 27 vrs, N 10 1/2 E 28 vrs, N 10 1/4 E 169 1/4 vrs, N 10 1/4 W 61 vrs, N 28 E 78 vrs to a stake for corner on East bank of said branch from which a sweet gum 14 inches mhd X hrs N 73 E 8 1-10 vrs, do 8 inches mhd X hrs N 2 W 5 1-10 vrs. Thence East 775 vrs to the place of beginning, containing 179 6-10 acres of land, and the same being out of the Jeff Stubblefield homestead tract on said surveys, by instruments duly executed, which are fully set forth in plaintiff's petition; plaintiff further alleging that he and those under whom he claims title to said land have had and held the peaceable, continuous and adverse possession thereof, under deeds duly registered, paying all taxes due thereon for a period of 5 years immediately preceding the filing of this suit; and that plaintiff and those under whom plaintiff claims title to said land have had and held the peaceable, continuous and adverse possession thereof, cultivating, using and enjoying the same, for a period of ten years immediately preceding the filing of this suit, and plaintiff specially pleads the five and ten years Statutes of Limitation in bar of any claim asserted to said title by the defendants; that there is no title out of either Barton Clark or Burrell Morris, the original grantees of the above surveys, to that part of same owned and claimed by plaintiff, which casts a cloud on plaintiff's title; that in one of the deeds to plaintiff's vendors, it is recited that said land was conveyed by J. W. Wilkerson and wife, and that said deed from J. W. Wilkerson and wife has been lost or destroyed, which casts a cloud on plaintiff's title; that the deed records of Houston County, Texas, show that that part of said Burrell Morris survey out of which the plaintiff's land is taken, was decreed by judgment of the District Court of said county to Mary E. Vinson, and that there is no title out of said Mary E. Vinson, which casts a cloud on plaintiff's title; that the other defendants herein assert some claim to said land, which is unknown to plaintiff, and that any other or further claims of the defendants in and to said above described land are unknown to plaintiff; and plaintiff sues, prays citation in terms of the law, and that upon trial he have judgment for the said land, removing all clouds therefrom, for costs of suit, and general and special relief.

Herein fail not but have before said court, at its aforesaid next regular term, this writ, with your return thereon, showing how you have executed the same.

Witness, John D. Morgan, Clerk of the District Court of Houston County.

Given under my hand and the Seal of said Court, at office in Crockett, this 5th day of January, A. D. 1915.

John D. Morgan, Clerk.
District Court, Houston County.

After Many Years.

J. L. Souther, Eau Claire, Wis., writes: "Years ago I wrote you in regard to great results I obtained from Foley Kidney Pills. After all these years I have never had a return of those terrible backaches or sleepless nights; I am permanently cured." Men and women, young and old, find this reliable remedy relieves rheumatism, backache, stiff joints and ills caused by weak or diseased kidneys or bladder.—W. A. King, successor to I. W. Sweet. Adv.

We Welcome the New Year



and shall endeavor to make it the most memorable one in our lives by giving our customers the best to be had in lumber at the lowest prices we've ever been able to offer. Do not further delay building. We'll furnish you everything in lumber, shingles, brick, etc., make immediate delivery and save you money.

Crockett Lumber Co.

"The Planing Mill"

Don't be a Duck

When a hen lays an egg she gets up and starts to cackle—lets every one know about it—advertises it, but when a duck lays an egg it simply walks off—nobody knows the difference. The duck's egg may be just as good as the hen's egg, but the hen advertises and sells a thousand eggs to the duck's one.

Moral—If you have a good thing to sell, advertise it. Let the Crockett Courier cackle for you.

When Answering Advertisements Please Mention the Courier

Hail & McLean

See us for Feed Oats, Seed Oats, Pure Corn Chops, Pure Maize Chops, Wheat Bran, Golden Rod, Johnson Grass, Bermuda Grass and Alfalfa Hay.

We sell feed for cash only and at the lowest prices. See us before buying.

Hail & McLean