

THE CROCKETT COURIER.

CROCKETT, HOUSTON COUNTY, TEXAS, FRIDAY, JANUARY 31, 1890.

No. 1.

SILVER QUESTION.

Speech of Hon. Thos. W. Fitch, Before the Recent Silver Convention, Held in St. Louis, Mo.

Mr. Fitch's address was the most brilliant of the many speeches delivered during the progress of the convention. It was punctuated with applause and accompanied by cheers. He spoke as follows:

Mr. President and Gentlemen of the Convention—It is now 16 years since the demonetization of silver was interpolated into the national laws. During those 16 years the curb of the monometallists have been tightened around the throat of the laborer. During all those years the vampire bats of finance have been increasing both their power of suction and their capacity for gorging themselves. During all those years the rich men have been growing richer and the poor poorer. During all those years commerce has dallied and dawdled and dabbled until we are led to question whether the interest of the people or the interests of Wall street are more potent at Washington we expect to accomplish the restoration of silver to its former value we must carry our purpose into the domain of practical politics. (Applause.) There is no party West of the Alleghenians sufficiently strong to saddle itself with the continued robbery of the wheat farmers. (Applause.) There is no party in the Northern States sufficiently strong to identify itself with the avowed hostility to the interests of the cotton planter. (Applause.) There is no party West of the Platte sufficiently strong to deny justice to the silver miner. (Applause.) We should, I say, carry this question into the domain of practical politics. I mean that it is time that it should be understood by the magnates of both political parties that there is no living issue in politics so important to the people of the South and West and to the Pacific coast as the demonetization of silver. (Cheers.) And if I may be the representative from the peculiarly silver States of Nevada, of Montana and of Colorado, all of which representatives are Republicans, if they are men of perception and of courage they have the power to-day in their hands to do more for the cause of silver than any three men have ever had in the United States of America. (Applause.) And if I were one of those men I would myself take the responsibility of endeavoring to induce the other two members to take the same responsibility and to co-operate with me, and we three Republicans representing the three silver States would send word to the Republican caucus that we would not go into it, that we would not vote for any man who was identified with the kings of Wall street, and that we demanded pledges with respect to the organization of the committee on coinage and currency, and our three voices would be sufficient to turn the balance of power one way or the other; and if we did not get such pledges we would notify them that we would advertise for sealed proposals from the other side. (Laughter and Applause.)

I am not here to complain that Michigan lumber, Louisiana sugar, California raisins or Pennsylvania crowbars have been protected, but it cannot be denied that Congress has prostrated rather than protected our great industries of silver, of wheat and of cotton. For 10 years the silver producers have begged both Democratic and Republican Representatives in Washington to undo the wrong of 1873, and for 10 years they have begged in vain. It is time now that the silver producers coalesce with the wheat growers and the cotton planters. (Applause.) And without regard to previous conditions of political servitude (laughter and applause) demand free coinage. And the benefits would not be confined to the silver miner, because it would add, as you know, 35 per cent, to the value of wheat and to the value of cotton. I mean that it would increase the wages of laborers and add to his opportunity for employment, but it would not be confined to those classes. Why, in all Nevada there is neither a loom nor a spin-

dle. The prairies of Dakota stretch for hundreds of miles unilluminated by a furnace fire. How can Massachusetts expect that the Northwest will continue to vote for a higher protective tariff to sustain New England factories when both political parties in Massachusetts openly avow hostility to the great export industries of the Northwest. (Applause.) All the benefits of free coinage would not be confined to the miners and cotton growers and wheat growers, whose pocket nerves have vibrated with anguish for 16 years under the constrictive touch of the laws of 1873. There is no great number of men—none outside of a small coterie of capitalists, who will resist the restoration of prices; for whether as cities, as counties, as States, or as a republic, we are a nation of debtors. As individuals, as corporations and as firms we owe vast sums of bonded debt and we owe large sums of individual debt, while it is true individually most men are debtors, and that they are also creditors, it is equally true that the bonded indebtedness and the public indebtedness, the bonded indebtedness of corporations and of public corporations and of the country is held by a comparatively small number of people. The misfortune with regard to it all is that while a debt represents a fixed number of dollars the value of the labor that a man must give to own those dollars of debt fluctuates by the current of supply and demand. Of course this is largely controlled by the creditor class. We have heard something here about the measure of value. We heard that human labor is not only the creditor of all value, but it is the tape by which all values must be measured. (Applause.)

From a steamship to a hair-pin from a cargo of sugar to a spool of cotton, the value of every product of man's skill and industry depends upon the amount of human labor consumed in its production. The apparent debt of this nation is the number of dollars it owes; its real debt is the number of days' labor it will require to earn that number of dollars of debt that it owes. Perhaps as a people we have not sufficiently considered these elements of political economy, and in our occasional legislation we have been too much inclined to listen to the counsels of bankers, who are supposed—I don't know why—to possess the financial wisdom of the ages, and carry upon their shoulders the credit and prosperity of this nation. I do not know why the Atlas that sustains the weight of the world should be found behind a bank counter. I say that the creditors of wealth, the people who pay the taxes, the people who plough the field, the people who sustain the armies and who bear the burdens of civil government, will not be found in the palaces of the proud nor in the drawing-rooms of fashion. They are hammering at the anvils, they are guiding the ships, they are following the plough, they are smiting the rock, they are toiling in the cotton-field, they are busy in the work-shops and at the forge. (Applause.)

After 20 years of national prosperity the amount of our national debt, measured by the number of days work that would be required to pay it, is about as much as it was in 1868. One as but to journey through this land to know that amid apparent general abundance, amid the vast actual increase of general wealth, the laborer is not so prosperous or so contented or so hopeful as he was in the years which immediately succeeded Appomattox. For 20 years, or at least 16 years in this Republic the laborer has been vainly striving to increase the amount of dollars for his labor, and the capitalist has been plotting to increase the amount of toll he would receive for his dollars. For 6 years the market value of dollars has gone up, and the market value of man's labor has gone down, until freemen in their bitterness and their wrath sometimes ask which is the greater evil, the black slavery that is gone or the white slavery that has come? (Applause.) Do overstate the situation? voice: No. will refer to just one statistic.

In 1868 the amount of our national debt was \$2,610,000,000. Wheat was worth \$1.29 per bushel, cotton 19 cents a pound, pork \$27 a barrel. We could have paid the national debt then with 1,400,000,000 bushels of wheat, 100,000,000 barrels of pork or 43,000,000 bales of cotton. Since 1868 we have paid in dollars \$1,480,000,000, 000 of the public debt and there is now left in dollars to pay \$1,130,000,000. But wheat, cotton and pork have gone down in price. It would take as many bushels of wheat, as many bales of cotton, as many barrels of pork, as many days' labor to pay the balance now due of \$1,130,000,000 as would have sufficed in 1868 to pay the debt of \$2,610,000,000. We have about as much real progress in paying the debt as did the god of Scandinavian mythology who undertook to drain a drinking horn but found it was connected with the ocean. (Applause.)

For 20 years we have had abundant prosperity; but at the end of it we find the wealth is centered in a few hands. Has the laborer, then, nothing to show for 20 years of toil? Oh, yes; he can boast that the aggregate wealth of the nation has largely increased. He can boast of the factories established, cities erected, rivers bridged, mountains channelled, transcontinental highways stretching from ocean to ocean. He can call the roll of millionaires to day and thousands will respond, where before the war there were less than five hundred. He can wipe the sweat from his weary face and reflect that among the 8,000 millionaires may be enumerated the names of twenty American citizens who have gathered \$1,500,000,000 from the toil and the tears of 60,000,000 people. (Applause.)

These twenty men have it in their power to combine their efforts and fix the price of every bushel of wheat, every ton of coal and every day's wages of labor between the Hudson and the Sacramento. We can reflect that these 20 men have it in their power to name the majority of Senators, Congressmen and Governors, Judges and Legislators in twenty states. He can jostle his rags against the silken garments which his toil has made. He can regale his hunger by the odors of things which he cannot taste. He can walk weary and shelterless in the shadow of the palace which he built, but he may not enter.

I seek not to assail the rights of capitalists or arouse against them the prejudice of poverty or unthrift, but for 30 years capital has tampered with the people's money and gathered to itself the illicit gains by increasing the burden of industry.

The fight for the restoration of silver is a fight of the debtors against the capitalist, the laborer against the capitalist, of the poor against the rich. To-day over all the Northwest the farmer views with dismay the narrow margin between the cost and the income of his wheatfield, and wonders why it is that the prices of those things which he has to sell continue to fall in value so much faster than the price of those things that he is compelled to buy.

To-day in my state, Nevada, the miner stands by the deserted shaft and the smokeless furnace and wonders why it is that the value has departed from the fair white metal. To-day the Southern planter reads the market reports with a sigh and wonders why it is that with an increased production of the great Southern staple there cannot be an increase of the price sufficient to free him from the fears of bankruptcy. Neither miner nor farmer nor planter need seek long for a cause of their distress; they will find it in the offices of the bank of England; in Paris and Berlin; in the counting rooms of Wall street; they will find it in the phrase "demonetization of silver" which whether fraudulently or inadvertently originally interpreted in the national laws, have ever since been kept there by the efforts of a cruel, rapacious cabal. The clandestine law of 1873 ought to be ejected from the national

statutes immediately and unconditionally. (Applause.) Any lesser measure that we consent to will be cowardly and ineffectual. Now, it is idle for the monometallists to tell us that prices have been reduced because of the increased production of wheat in India. This may be the approximate cause, but I say the cause will be found in silver demonetization alone. We can remedy this by providing for the free coinage of silver? In a word, if by free coinage we can force silver up 35 per cent. in value, and that is what it has been reduced by the demonetization of silver, wheat and cotton must inevitably follow.

I know it is said upon the alleged authority of the venerable gentleman who is supposed to be a master of finance, whose autograph adorns some of our national currency, it is said that if America demonetizes silver it will make no difference with the value of silver in Europe, and that if there should be a failure in one year of the wheat and cotton crop this country would be drained of gold in order to pay our balances in Europe, and universal ruin and bankruptcy would result. Now you observe that the spinner who has woven this ingenious argument has used the assumption, argument and peradventure for the filling of his cobweb. What has God Almighty in common with the goldbugs that He should withhold His sun and His rain to blight the crops of Minnesota—to tax them, to save accumulations and increase their gain. Since when has the United States of America fallen so low that my single arm is not strong enough to lift silver from the just into which England, Germany and the Latin Monetary Union combined to strike it? Ours is the most powerful and wealthy nation on the globe. Our credit reigns at the head of the world's finances. If we stamp upon a tin plate the stamp that is worth \$5, and will be received at the treasury as \$5, tin plates will be current. (Applause.) (Cries of yes, yes and no, no.) If the miner can take his ounce of silver to the United States Branch Mints and get \$1.25 for it he will not sell it for less than that sum. And if it is worth that in American markets where will the British go to procure cheap silver for the manufacture of Indian rupees? Will he go to Russia or Austria? Those countries produce altogether 15,000,000 ozs. per month, and there silver is the standard. England in control of the industrial, political and social life of India has become to-day the greatest silver consumer in the world, and yet she produces, in all her vast Empire, less than 7 per cent. of the world's supply of silver, and Germany, her co-conspirator in the work of silver demonetization, produces less than 3 per cent. Where in all history will you find such successful interference in American legislation as that by which silver was so surreptitiously demonetized as in 1873?

A voice: Nowhere.

That nation which is the greatest consumer in the world, that nation which consumes 50 per cent. and produces but 7 per cent. of the world's supply of silver, induced the nation which produces nearly 50 per cent. and consumes nearly 25 per cent. of the world's supply of silver, into conspiracy to strike 35 per cent. from the value of silver of that nation which is the greatest importer of wheat in the world into a financial and commercial pitfall where 35 per cent. was taken from the value of wheat. The nation whose looms would be idle, and whose people would be hungry, and whose people would be rent by the storms of riot without a supply of American cotton inveigled the nation which is the greatest producer of cotton into striking 35 per cent. from the value of cotton. Why, gentlemen, England is the bunco-steerer of the world. (Applause.) And Uncle Sam is a gentleman from the rural districts.

How much longer will our miners, planters and farmers consent that Senators and representatives at Washington shall continue to legislate in the interests of Wall street

and hold themselves subject to its cupidity. Is it not time for the American Eagle to rise and shake the Liverpool salt from his tail. (Applause.)

It may be that the sudden demonetization of silver would produce some temporary disturbance in Wall street. The knife that cuts away the cancer causes the patient some agony, but if it is so, the Eastern and western boundaries of this nation are not found between Pearl street and Broadway.

We are here to represent the interests, not of the creditors, not of the capitalists, but of the debtors and laborers of this land. We are here to represent the cottages and the cabins of this country, and their interests should be protected though the bulls of Wall street bucket shops should bellow with rage.

Gentlemen of the convention the action of the friends of silver could be condensed into a sentence. On the night of the second battle of the wilderness Sheridan dispatched to Grant: "If Lee is pressed" or if "the thing is pressed" I think Lee will surrender. The answer came from Abraham Lincoln in words which are now historic. Let this convention adopt those words for its motto and "let the thing be pressed."

A Practical Joker.

Only this week, says a New York Star writer, I was reading Gen. Doubleday's story of Gettysburg, and the day before I had seen the old General on the street. His presence in New York and his book combined to recall to my mind a practical joke that was played upon him at Gettysburg by Capt. Joe Parker of Gen. Hancock's staff. Col. Billy Wilson and Joe Parker were Gen. Hancock's pets. They were both young, full of mischief, and only saw the ludicrous side of everything, no matter how serious.

In the very white heat of the battle on Cemetery Hill on July 3, 1863, Gen. Hancock was severely wounded and Capt. Parker immediately rode off to find Gen. Doubleday, who was the senior division commander, and put him in command of the Second Corps. He found Doubleday sitting under a big tree. He saluted him quickly and said:

"General Doubleday, Gen. Hancock has been seriously wounded, and you will—"

Just at that moment, before he had time to finish the sentence, "assume command of the corps," a shell burst directly over the General. The shock half stunned him, and he fell over exclaiming:

"Oh, I am killed! I am killed!"

Capt. Parker couldn't resist this opportunity for a joke, and he rode rapidly off in search of Gen. Gibbon. He found him, reported to him that Doubleday had been killed, Hancock had been wounded, and that he was to take command of the corps. The news spread rapidly that Doubleday was dead, and Capt. Carter so reported to Gen. Hancock. A few hours later a railroad train containing Hancock, his staff, and a number of wounded officers, were moving towards Baltimore. Hancock was lying on a stretcher suffering intensely, but his mind and sympathy went out towards his division commanders and his other officers who were dead or wounded.

"It's bad about poor Doubleday's death," said he to a wounded officer sitting near him, who was shot in the arm.

"Doubleday isn't dead," replied the officer. "I saw him in command of the corps after you were wounded and two hours before I left the field."

"Why, Joe Parker told me that he was killed," replied Hancock.

Parker, who was in a front car with the boys having fun, was immediately summoned. He appeared before Hancock, who said:

"Capt. Parker didn't you tell me that Gen. Doubleday was killed?"

"Certainly I did," replied Joe.

"He told me he was, and what the devil else was I to do but to take his word for it?"

A RINGING SPEECH.

Mr. Cleveland Compliments His Wife.

If there was no politics at last night's banquet in honor of ex-President Cleveland and Editor W. Grady of the Atlanta Constitution, there was enough to make a good average at a dinner of the Bay State Club to day, at which these two gentlemen were the chief guests. Seventy-five Democrats responded to the sudden summons to entertain the distinguished visitors. The dinner was served at the Parker house. Col. Charles H. Taylor, the president, had all the guests from Georgia grouped about him at the head of the table. Ex-President Cleveland was being entertained at the Algonquin Club, and did not partake of the dinner, but he got back in time to open the speech making. When his substantial form was seen in the doorway the Hon. Mr. Alger arose and called for three times three cheers for the ex-President, and the other guests of the club, then in the hall. The cheers rang out with resounding peals that caused the crystal lights to rattle in their places. Then the portly form of ex-Mayor Hugh O'Brien sprang up, his cheeks burning with enthusiasm, his eyes beaming with pleasure, and he shouted:

"Gentlemen, we must not forget the ex-President's fair lady. I propose that we all drink the health and give three cheers for Mrs. Cleveland."

No man at the table or standing in the hall was ungallant enough to withhold his voice, and the crowds that thronged the entries and blocked the doors of the dining room caught the enthusiasm of the summons of the ex-Mayor. It was several moments before there was sufficient quiet for Mr. Cleveland to acknowledge the compliments paid him. When he could speak he said:

"GENTLEMEN: I feel it to be very awkward in me to leave you without any expression of thanks for this cordial greeting of yours. I have a grudge against ex-Mayor O'Brien, but I must say that wherever I go I have never heard any but expressions of praise of Mrs. Cleveland, and although I am not aware that she has been the cause of jealousy in young husbands, I tell you I feel it most keenly. I wish I could say something on that subject, but I don't believe it would be fair and right. But I must say, however, and I don't care to have it reported so as to reach her ears, that she is deserving of all the adoration and all the admiration that the American people can give her. (Tremendous applause and rounds of hurrahs.) Now what shall I say on my own behalf? What shall I say of the hospitality and kindness of the people of Boston, which commenced the moment I left my home and has been present with me all during my absence? (Applause.) I feel it good for me to be here. (Renewed applause.) I feel now, surrounded by Democratic sentiment to a large extent of the city of Boston, that I am among those to whom we can safely look with confidence as to the repositories in this section of true Democratic principles and doctrines. (Tremendous Applause.) I want to say one word to you as Democrats about the questions of reform which are now agitating the public mind, and I don't propose to make a speech. I beg of you as Democrats not to be accused of lagging in the rear on any of these topics. The tariff reform, of course, is ours (applause and shouts of "Good, good!"), and we don't propose to be robbed of it under any pretense whatever. (Renewed demonstrations of approval.) All things good come to those who wait. (Laughter and more shouts of "Good!") Let me tell you, gentlemen, that other reforms are as important, and let me tell you they should be kept abreast, and let me beg of you, so far as in you lies (though I don't believe that admonition is necessary, to see to it that the Democratic party will not be behind in any

of them. We are the party of the people, and they cannot get that away from us. [Applause and cheers.] Let us then keep in mind the benefits of the people. Their advantages and their interests, and wherever we see them let us follow those and we shall surely be right. [Renewed applause.] Let me assure you, gentlemen, that this will be a red-letter day in my memory, and whatever happens in future life, of satisfaction or congratulation, I shall always remember this day spent among the people of Boston. [Renewed applause, with shouts of "Good" and cheers.]

Martin Was Ready for Them.

The latest story about Martin of Texas told in the Chicago Herald, puts him so far ahead that none of them are in sight of him now. It was along in February, Bob Vance of Connecticut, and O'Neal of Missouri, all of whom had been having, or thought they had had, a huge lot of fun with Martin of Texas, as concluded to make the amende by inviting the eccentric Texan to a swell dinner at a french cafe on F street. It was intended to be a "gay," of course, and as a starter the table was to be decorated with vegetable tops instead of flowers and mottoes of mock sentiment were to be hung on the walls. As another feature of the feast each of the entertainers was to bring a toy cannon, charged to the muzzle, and at the toast of welcome to the guest he was to place the same beside his plate and touch it off in a grand feu de joie. Then mock speeches were to be made glorifying Martin of Texas, and the festivities were to conclude by the waiter presenting the Texan with a bill for the whole feast.

All this was prettily conceived and was intended to be very funny. Martin of Texas is not nearly as green as he was thought to be. He was given a quiet tip as to the true meaning of the intended compliment. So when he appeared at the feast his lapel wore a radish top for a boutonniere. His entertainers looked at each other. Mr. Martin praised the table decorations and spoke feelingly of Texas as a flourish and how superior it is to the course methods of the North. Somehow, whenever Vance and Cummings laid the foundation for some fun Martin of Texas wouldn't have the fun. The dinner dragged a little but finally came the time for the toasts. The three entertainers and the two others at the table pulled their toy cannons and put them beside their plates. Each lit a cigarette. Martin gave a funny little look at the cannon, and then with a movement as quick as flash went to his hip and laid a huge Colt revolver, loaded to the muzzle, beside his plate. Vance and O'Neal turned pale and red by turns. Cummings murmured something, but Martin of Texas cheerfully remarked: "The waiter didn't give me any artillery, and of course I've got to join in your salute. Touch 'em off, gentlemen!" and he swung the revolver square in Vance's face.

The cannon were not touched off. And then the boys began to see that their huge joke on Martin of Texas had proved a fizzle, but Martin of Texas, though enjoying their discomfort, was disposed to be generous. He at once led the conversation. He told funny stories, discussed congressional measures with rare intelligence, complimented the viands, dealt out taffy to all three of the congressional jokers, and finally, when the feast was over, invited the whole party to dinner at his expense at Wormley's, an invitation which was not accepted.

Miss Gibbs, a teacher in a Southern college, once wrote to Jefferson Davis, asking him to write a sentiment which might serve as a motto for Southern women. The reply she received might serve for the guidance of all mankind. Here it is:

For My Fellow Countrymen—Be ye slow to anger, swift to forgive, and hold fast the charity that raises the lowly, with the self-respect, that stoops not to the haughty.

JEFFERSON DAVIS.

THE COURIER.

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THE COURIER'S GREETING.

With great good will and the heartiest salutations, The COURIER greets the public and enters the field of Texas Journalism. Though its coming has been long expected and often promised, tardy and long delayed, it has come at last and not as an experiment, nor as has been alleged, for the purpose of subserving the expediency of the hour, but with the aim and determination of identifying itself as a permanent institution, with whatsoever pertains to the interest and well-being of the County and State, and of co-operating with every endeavor to help on the good work of developing the material resources of our section and promoting its moral, social and educational welfare. The motives which inspired the enterprise were high and generous, public-spirited and patriotic, born of the hope at least, if not the confidence, of being able to contribute, in our own way, somewhat to the exertions now being made to place East Texas fully abreast of other sections of the State in the elements of solid progress. We are sensible of the fact that in the line of political intrigue a few individuals have sought to discredit the enterprise from its inception, by misrepresentations and ridicule. Happily, however, the number thus unworthily engaged has been limited, and in the exercise of a broad charity, we shall leave them undisturbed in the pursuit of what seems to them to be a pleasure, and of what to us, we can assure them, is a matter of the greatest unconcern.

It is neither the purpose nor the inclination of The COURIER to make war on any individual, class, faction or organization. A paper organized for such a purpose and dominated by such a spirit, could not expect, nor would it deserve to succeed—would not be entitled to nor should it enjoy public confidence and public support. The COURIER aspires to labor on a higher plane and for higher ends. The field for the exercise of the functions of legitimate journalism is a broad and inviting one. We are not of those who think that the prime object and mission of a newspaper are necessarily political. Neither do we believe that political issues, party principles and party methods should be ignored—but in this day of phenomenal material development, we can but conclude that there are other topics for newspaper discussion, and other avenues in which the influence and the usefulness of a journal may be employed than those which relate strictly to politics. While we shall always be ready to discuss such public questions as may be of the greatest current interest to the people, criticize the acts of public men as they affect the public weal, we wish the people to understand that the material resources, and the best methods of developing these resources, of East Texas generally and Houston County in particular, will be, if not of paramount, at least of commanding importance to the management of the paper. Those who are engaged in this enterprise, who are devoting their time and money to making it a success, are doing so with the fond hope of not only arousing in the present inhabitants of this county a spirit of enterprise, and a just and proper appreciation of their opportunities and of the county's needs and capabilities, but with the further desire of arresting and inviting the attention of men of capital and energy abroad to the vast and wonderful natural wealth of this part of Texas, in the working and development of which

are to be found happiness and plenty and a "merchandise richer than the merchandise of silver and the gain thereof greater than fine gold." It is an era of advancement and the spirit of progress is abroad in the land, quickening whomsoever it touches into new life, and imparting to all whom it meets an enthusiasm for work.

This section of Texas must either go backward or forward. In this day there is no middle ground. A country is what the people make it and the people can make of it what they are pleased to do. These reflections, it would seem, are somewhat at variance from the customary newspaper salutations but we trust are not altogether out of place. The COURIER will deal fairly and candidly with all classes of our citizens and will spare no means at its command to do whatsoever it can for all sections of Houston County and all classes of its people. We are aware that designing and self-seeking persons have labored to create the impression that the main object of this journal was to carry on a warfare against the large and respectable class of our citizens engaged in agriculture—and especially that part of it composing the Alliance and Grange organizations. Some of our largest stockholders in the enterprise are farmers and some of them are members of this organization. We recognize forcibly the fact that the promise and strength of this section are based upon the thrift of the agricultural classes; that their strength is the county's strength; their interests the country's interests and their prosperity the country's prosperity.

The COURIER stands ready and prompt to respond to all demands on its space and time to help on to a happy and successful consummation any movement tending to the betterment of the condition of our farmer friends. The Grange and Alliance are organizations capable of doing great good and in the prosecution of their legitimate ends for which they were constituted they may reckon on the influence of The COURIER as a staunch and efficient friend.

To say that the politics of this paper will be Democratic, would be to say a thing that every one knows. To enter into an argument to establish the genuineness of our democracy would be to impeach it. Those engaged in the paper is a sufficient guarantee that the article in question is genuine and of the stalwart type.

In conclusion we tender our greetings to the public and solicit in return a generous and substantial recognition of the same.

Come at last and come to stay. The COURIER's dress is all home made. We propose to make it all at home or "burst" in the effort.

The COURIER acknowledges courtesies from Hon W. H. Martin in the way of public documents.

The COURIER Company is a stock concern, chartered under the laws of the state. All classes of our citizens own stock in it.

The COURIER job press is a "thing of beauty"; the work done by it is as neat and elegant as any that comes from the large cities.

If The COURIER is properly encouraged, it will in the course of the year get out one or more special editions, of extra size, devoted to the resources of Houston County.

We hope to make The COURIER especially interesting in local and county news. For an issue or two, until we can get well straightened out, we trust the public will bear with us. We invite all to send us items of interest.

All railroad lines running from St. Louis into Texas have reduced the freight rate on flour in car-load lots from fifty-five cents a hundred pounds to thirty-three cents. This will amount to a reduction of about forty-six cents on the barrel.

The Mexicans are said to be coining American silver dollars and sending them across the border into Texas. Secretary Windom's treasury ruling stopped the importation of silver ore from Mexico—they propose to give it to us already done up and labelled.

If energy, tenacity and determination count for anything in the success of an enterprise—then the future of The COURIER is bright. For those behind it are resolved to leave nothing undone that will contribute to making it a weekly journal of the first rank.

The COURIER goes speeding on its way with a circulation unparalleled in the history of Houston County journalism. We hew close to the line when we say that no paper ever began its career in Crockett under auspices so gratifying nor with a circulation so large.

Barney Gibbs in a recent interview declares in favor of making a "clean sweep of the present state administration from corner stone to lightning rod." But Barney wasn't heard to utter such sentiments when Barney himself was the lightning rod of the Ireland administration.

Hon. R. Q. Mills is writing an article from the anti-protection stand point for the North American Review in reply to the one from James G. Blaine published in the January number of the same magazine. Mill's contribution will appear in the February number.

In a week or such a matter The COURIER and all the work of the job office will be turned out by steam power. This is rather an expensive venture, but we believe the business men and the reading public will appreciate enterprise and substantially encourage it by advertising and subscribing liberally.

A bill is pending in congress to retire Judge Sabin on full pay. Judge Rector of Austin and Judge James H. Burnett of Palestine are the most prominent applicants for the vacancy. As we are to have a republican anyhow, we trust that Judge Burnett may receive the honor. He is capable, fair-minded and conservative.

The demand for anti-pyrene during the prevailing epidemic has been enormous. The supply is inadequate and the wholesale price of the drug has jumped from \$1.40 an ounce to \$2.75. It is a proprietary medicine manufactured exclusively by a man named Knorr of Hesse, Darmstadt by a process known only to himself.

The COURIER management have spared neither money nor time to give Houston County the best equipped news and job office in East Texas. They will spare neither money nor time to give the people of Houston County a first-class county paper—provided their endeavors are seconded by a liberal patronage in the way of advertising and subscription.

Send in your names at once.

Wm. Cameron, representing Waco capitalists, has gone to Sedalia, Mo., by invitation of the officials of the M. K. & T. railroad. The M. K. & T. proposes to extend their road from Waco through Limestone, Leon and Houston counties to Trinity, to tap the lumber belt. The Waco people, through Mr. Cameron, offer to give the M. K. & T. fifty acres for depot grounds and thirty five miles right-of-way through the county. If Trinity station is the point meant, the line of road would pass through Houston county, near Weldon. If Trinity county is meant, the road may run through the center of Houston county.

The output of ribbon cane syrup in Houston County the past season was exceedingly large. And such syrup! Nothing superior was ever turned out by New Orleans. It is satisfying to know that it is the unadulterated, genuine ribbon cane article itself and no compound of glucose, grape sugar and other corn products. The manufacture of syrup from ribbon cane has grown to be an industry. At first it was an experiment. It is now an assured success. The cane crop henceforth takes rank as a staple with cotton and corn. Ten years ago one thousand gallons would have exceeded the amount produced. The season closes with an output of at least fifty thousand gallons. No county in the state, excepting Fort Bend, Brazoria and a few others near the coast has as much land so finely adapted to the culture and growth of this plant as Houston county. The business, so to speak, is still in its infancy here. Every encouragement should be extended to those engaged in it to make it as profitable as possible. The syrup procured in Houston county can be consumed here and it is the duty, and we feel certain it will be the pleasure, of every merchant in the county as well as other citizens, to do all in their power to find a market for all not needed for home use. The COURIER stands ready to do all it can in this direction free of cost. Encourage the farmers in what we regard as far the most important effort yet made in the line of diversifying crops.

The COURIER has secured as foreman of the press department and local editor of the paper the services of Mr Samuel Patton formerly of Henderson Texas. For several years Mr. Patton has been connected with the Rusk County News in the same capacity. His experience in the printing business has been a long and varied one—having been engaged therein for twenty years. He brings with him to his work here testimonials of the highest character—attesting the great esteem in which he was held by both those who employed him and by the citizens generally among whom he labored, as a citizen of excellent character and worth and a printer of first-class qualification in both the newspaper and job lines. Mr. Patton will make Crockett his future home. His family accompanies him and he is now negotiating for the purchase of property here. With the patrons and friends of The COURIER and the people of Crockett and Houston County generally we bespeak for him a cordial welcome and a generous hospitable reception. We republish below comments of the Henderson papers which speak for themselves.

Mr. Samuel Patton is now no longer connected with The News, but has gone to Crockett to take charge of a new paper to be established—The COURIER. Mr. Patton has been with us for four years, and our relations during the time have been perfectly pleasant. He only leaves our employment now because of a more lucrative position elsewhere. We have found him to be an honorable gentleman, trustworthy in every respect—and one of the best, if not the best, all-around printers we ever saw. The News takes pleasure in commending him to the good people of Crockett and Houston county and sincerely trusts that the fullest measure of prosperity may always be his.—The Rusk County News.

Mr. Samuel Patton, for four years foreman of The Rusk County News, has moved to Crockett, where he has been employed by a stock company to run a new paper, with Hon. W. B. Page as editor. Mr. Patton is a thoroughly equipped, all-around newspaper man, having acted as foreman, business manager and editor and is efficient in each capacity. The company establishing this new paper is to be congratulated for their good luck in securing the services of Mr. Patton.—Henderson Times.

Tomset what has been regarded as a long felt want by many citizens, The COURIER management has concluded to devote one column of its space to the advertisement of lost or stolen horses and cattle. This will be free of all expense to the subscribers to the paper.

Reed, the republican speaker of the house of representatives, seems to be carrying on things with a high hand. What a pity the democrats of Boston didn't elect John L. Sullivan to Congress. Sullivan occupying a seat right in front of the speaker, could exert a more wholesome effect on a man like Reed than the logic and eloquence of Carlisle or Mills. From present indications Sullivan wouldn't be a misfit anyhow.

The oil inspection law passed by the twenty-first legislature imposes upon the people of the state a tax, it is claimed, of at least one hundred thousand dollars. The twenty-second legislature will have an opportunity of earning the gratitude of a large majority of the people by repealing a law that was not only unequalled for but absurd in its provisions and farcical in its operation. The oil inspection law ought to go.

"Uncle" Frank Lubbock, the High Priest of Texas politicians and office holder, avows his determination of retiring from office at the close of his present term. He will not be a candidate for re-nomination. He will retire with clean hands and a record without blemish. Texas never had a more faithful and efficient officer. Those who have had business relations with him will always remember him as a polished, genial gentleman of the old school. He was courtesy personified—Maj. Wortham, Lubbock's chief clerk for years, is prominently mentioned as a candidate for State Treasurer.

A feature of The COURIER will be the educational department in charge of Prof. E. A. Pace, of Crockett Academy. This will have from one to two columns of original and contributed matter in each issue on educational topics. It will be the aim of The COURIER and Prof. Pace to make this department interesting and attractive, not only to teachers but to the friends of education generally. Prof. Pace's long experience as county superintendent of schools of Mississippi, added to his zeal and enthusiasm for the work to which he has consecrated his life—that of instructing youths—eminently and peculiarly qualify him for the duties of editor of this department.

The speech of Hon. Thos. W. Fitch, before the Silver Convention in St. Louis, is presented to our readers in this issue. It is rare that we meet with anything from a republican source as sound and wholesome as the views of Mr. Fitch on this subject. It is a merciless presentation of his own party for the part they took in the conspiracy of 1873 to demonize silver in the interest of Wall street, and eastern creditors of the government. The scheme was instigated by Wall street speculators and eastern bondholders and the republican party was the agency for the consummation of a plot without precedent in rapacity and greed. We commend the speech to our readers as well worth a careful perusal.

The courtesy of Dr. Jno. L. Hall enables The COURIER to give to the public for the first time we believe, an interesting letter from General Sam Houston. The letter was written by General Sam Houston from Cedar Point, bearing date of Nov. 10 1841, on the eve of his departure for Austin to be inaugurated the second time as President of the Republic of Texas. It is valuable in the light of historical suggestions. The village on the Colorado, which had up to 1839 been known as Waterloo, had become the new seat of government; Lamar's term was closing amid gloom; the public debt had increased; the Mexicans still claimed Texas as part of the domain of Mexico; and rapine and slaughter were common on the Rio Grande; public confidence in Lamar's statesmanship had vanished and the Texas navy, which Lamar had sent to Yucatan to aid the revolutionists on condition that they shared the expense of keeping the vessels in commission, had returned to New Orleans. General Houston covertly intimates that Lamar's administration was a failure and to say the least, takes a decidedly sombre forecast of the Republic's future. Nearly half a century has gone since the letter was written. Texas was weak and struggling then—to day she is an empire in everything but name.

A large meeting of citizens of Jacksonville endorsed Captain W. H. Lovelady, of the town, for State Treasurer. He is an avowed candidate for the position. Capt. Lovelady is a man of high character and good material for State Treasurer. He says he is in the field to stay.

A South the national the largest record, having cals of green weid dried measured 24 when chemically dr 217 bushels.

J. C. WOOTTERS,

Dealer in

General Merchandise, Dry Goods, Notions, Boots, Shoes, READY-MADE CLOTHING, HATS, CAPS, SADDLERY, ARNESS, STOVES, CROCKERY, Tinware, Cane Mills and Evaporators. All Kinds of Agricultural Implements and Hardware. Also Constantly on hand a large ASSORTMENT OF GROCERIES. ALWAYS ON HAND A SUPPLY OF THE CELEBRATED MILBURN WAGONS AND HACKS. — I TAKE ORDERS FOR ALL —

Kinds of Machinery

Which I will lay down here for less money than it can be bought for FROM MANUFACTURERS. CALL AND SEE ME

J. L. LUNCEFORD,

CITY BLACKSMITH AND WHEELWRIGHT, All Work Done With Neatness and Despatch. Work Solicited and Satisfaction Guaranteed. REPAIRING MACHINERY A SPECIALTY. I Will go to any Part of the County to Work on Engines, Boilers, Etc. J. L. LUNCEFORD, CROCKETT, TEXAS.

John Murchison & Son,

SOUTH SIDE PUBLIC SQUARE, Crockett, Texas.

Crockett Male and Female Academy.

TEACHERS: E. A. PACE, PRINCIPAL, Miss SALLIE ARBENTHE, 1st Asst. Miss LURELLA NATJOSK, Stenographer. Mrs. A. R. SPENCE, 1st Assistant. Miss N. A. STRUAT, Music Teacher.

Second Half Session of Five Scholastic Months, Begins Monday, Feb'y 3, 1890. Free Term of Present Session Ends on Friday Before the Opening of Second Half Session.

Rates of Tuition, Per Term of Five Months.

PRIMARY DEPARTMENT, including Reading, Spelling, Primary Arithmetic, Elementary Geography, Language Lessons, and Writing.	\$10.00
JUNIOR DEPARTMENT, including Elementary Grammar, Geography, Practical Arithmetic, Algebra and Penmanship.	\$15.00
ACADEMIC DEPARTMENT, including Advanced Grammar, Physical Geography, Higher Arithmetic, Higher Algebra, Physiology, Geometry and Book-keeping.	\$18.00
COLLEGIATE DEPARTMENT, including Latin, Greek, French, Higher Mathematics and English Literature.	\$22.50
Stenography and Telegraphy each, per month.	\$2.50
Typewriting, with use of instrument, per month.	\$3.00
Instruction thorough and discipline good.	

For further information apply to or address the Principal, or the undersigned. J. B. SMITH, Pres. Board of Trustees. Crockett, Texas.

The Crockett Millinery House,

Northwest of Public Square by MRS. N. GATES, Fashionable Milliner, is Headquarters for Late Style Hats and Bonnets for Ladies. Also Notions, Kid Gloves, Zephyrs, Velvets and Plushes, VEILING, PLUMES, ETC. Give us a call before making purchases.

B. F. DUREN, Surveyor and Real Estate Agent. CROCKETT, TEXAS.

JOHN E. HALL, M. D., PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON. Can be found at Friend & Chamberlain's Drug Store or at home. CROCKETT, TEXAS.

Send us Your Job Work

DENTISTRY.

J. N. GOOLSBY, D. D. S. Crockett, Texas. Office over DeBerry & Clark's store, South side of Public square.

Porter Springs Leading Low Price House.

ROSS MURCHISON, Dealer in Dry Goods, Notions, Boots, SHOES, READY-MADE CLOTHING, AND A GENERAL LINE OF MERCHANDISE. Also a Full Line of Groceries. Hardware, Agricultural Implements, and everything a farmer needs. Please call and get prices before trading elsewhere. ROSS MURCHISON.

We will Print For You Letter Heads, Note Heads, Bill Heads, Statements, Circulars, Notes, Cards, Envelopes, Invitations. In fact anything in the printing line. City Prices, Give us a Call.

THE COURIER.

FRIDAY, JANUARY 31, 1890.

SUBSCRIBERS, LOCAL EDITORS AND PUBLISHERS.

CHURCH DIRECTORY.

METHODIST.—J. T. Smith, Pastor, Services the 2d, 3d and 4th Sundays in each month, morning and evening. Sunday school every Sunday. Prayer meeting every Tuesday night. First Sunday at Lovelady.

BAPTIST.—J. B. Armstrong, Pastor, Services the 1st, 2d and 3d Sundays in each month, morning and evening. Sunday school every Sunday. Prayer meeting every Wednesday night. Fourth Sunday at Lovelady.

PRESBYTERIAN.—S. F. Tenney, Pastor, Services every Sunday morning. Sunday school every Sunday. Prayer meeting every Thursday night.

COURT DIRECTORY.

DISTRICT. District Judge, Hon. F. A. Williams. District Attorney, Hon. W. H. Gill. District Clerk, Hon. W. A. Champion.

COUNTY. County Judge, Hon. W. A. Davis. County Attorney, Hon. Rice Macey. County Clerk, A. J. C. Dunham. Sheriff, F. H. Bayne. Treasurer, M. M. Baker. Tax Assessor, Charles Stokes. Tax Collector, Charles Long. Surveyor, Enoch Broxson.

COURT CALENDAR.

DISTRICT. Court convenes the first Monday after the 4th Monday in February, and first Monday after fourth Monday in September.

COUNTY. Court convenes the first Monday in February, May, August and November. COMMISSIONERS. Court in session the second Mondays in February, May, August and November.

JUSTICES. Precinct No. 1, Crockett, last Monday in each month. W. D. Pritchard, J. P.

Precinct No. 2, Augusta, 3d Saturday in each month. John L. Cunningham, J. P.

Precinct No. 3, Coltharp, 4th Monday in each month. J. S. Gilbert, J. P.

Precinct No. 4, Lovelady, 4th Thursday in each month. J. C. Sheffield, J. P.

Precinct No. 5, Grapeland, 2d Saturday in each month. John A. Davis, J. P.

Precinct No. 6, Porter Springs, 1st Saturday in each month. T. B. Henderson, J. P.

Precinct No. 7, Weches, 4th Saturday in each month. W. L. Vaught, J. P.

ALLIANCE DIRECTORY.

PRESIDENT OF COUNTY ALLIANCE, J. F. Garrett, Grapeland, Texas. *John M. Sims, Vice-President, Crockett, Texas. *John W. Saxon, Secretary, Crockett, Texas.

SUB-ORDINATE ALLIANCES. Antrim.—D. W. Martin, President; J. A. Hughes, Secretary, Sheridan, Tex. Harmony.—E. N. Marsh, President; R. E. Earl, Secretary, Pennington, Tex. Red Hill.—H. W. Allen, President; L. W. Driskill, Secretary, San Pedro Tex. New Prospect.—J. N. Parker, President; Ed. W. Davis, Secretary, Grapeland, Texas.

Zion.—M. B. Vaughn, President, Tadmor; J. S. Gilbert, Secretary, Coltharp, Texas. Fine Grove.—T. Platt, President; G. W. Broxson, Secretary, Crockett, Texas.

Enon.—E. F. Dunham, President; E. B. Dunham, Secretary, Grapeland, Texas. Center Hill.—J. Harrison, President; M. B. Matchett, Secretary, Julian, Tex. Antioch.—C. F. Summers, President; J. T. Roberts, Secretary, Lovelady, Tex. Nevill's Prairie.—N. J. Sandlin, President; T. C. Evans, Secretary, Lovelady, Texas.

Crockett.—J. R. Bennett, President; Chas. Long, Secretary, Crockett, Texas. Holly.—J. J. Hammond, President; A. C. Driskill, Secretary, Holly, Texas. Trinity.—C. H. Beasley, President; A. M. Rencher, Secretary, Daly, Texas.

LOCAL AND COUNTY NEWS.

Go to N. E. Albright for bargains in boots and shoes. We notice vegetables in some gardens in town growing fine. Don't fail to read the advertisements in this issue of The COURIER.

Bagging and ties in ten bale lots 90 cents per bale. J. C. WOOLTERS. Mr. A. LeGory informs us that he has lost about \$3,500 worth of Jersey stock.

J. R. Foster is the leader in low prices, and boots and shoes are made a specialty. Christopher Valz, of Leon county and well known in this city died last week one day of pneumonia.

The young men of Crockett gave a ball at the opera house on Monday night in honor of visiting young ladies. For fear that some of our exchanges will accuse us of having the big-head we will here state that such is not the case.

We expect to do all in our power for the upbuilding of Houston county and ask that the citizens aid us in every way that they can. Read this issue of The COURIER and then send it to some friend in the old states, it may be the cause of bringing into our county many good families.

County court convenes next Monday. One way to be happy,—subscribe for The COURIER.

W. F. Breitling has been confined to his room with an attack of rheumatism. C. C. Flanagan and Ed. Vinson, of Henderson, paid Crockett a visit last week.

A. LeGory's new residence is progressing finely and will be ready for occupancy soon. Call on J. R. Foster when in need of anything in his line. His stock is full and complete.

Mrs. J. W. Pruitt has been confined to her bed with congestion, but at this writing is much improved. All the farmers of the county when in town are invited to call at our office and see how their paper is printed.

S. A. Denney and Col D. A. Nunn leave for north Texas the latter part of this week and will be absent for quite a while. There are several cases of sickness in our town at present, but we are glad to state that none are of a serious nature.

B. E. Hail of Guy's Store, contemplates moving back to Crockett. His many warm friends will cordially greet his return. W. R. Welborn and W. J. Womack, too young gentlemen of Centralia, paid us a visit last week and looked through our office.

J. J. Frazier has returned from a trip to Dallas where he went to have his eyes operated on. He reports them much improved. A Marlin paper reports Herbert Wagner as having bought the residence of James Foster in that town, paying for same \$2,500.

The undersigned has for sale the finest lot of pear trees ever brought to this county. W. B. PAGE. Just Received. A new and fresh supply of drugs, cheaper than the cheapest. N. E. ALBRIGHT.

*Mrs. Julia A. Haltom, of Henderson, Texas, who accompanied her daughter, Mrs. Samuel Patton, to Crockett, has returned to her home. The chewing gum used so extensively is made out of old rubber boots and shoes pulverized and flavored with vanilla, strawberry and other extracts.

W. E. Mayes has earned the gratitude of his Baptist brethren, and the lovers of music generally, by presenting the Baptist church with a handsome new organ. There has been an enormous amount of freight arriving at this place the present month. Our merchants are all laying in large stocks of goods preparatory to spring work.

John Johnson has opened a store on the San Antonio road near New Energy church. The citizens of the neighborhood are trying to get a post office and a voting box for the general election at or near the same. J. B. Lowe, living nine miles south-east of town, fell from his gallery several weeks since and broke two ribs. He called at our office last week and we are glad to state that he is recovering from his injuries.

Every new enterprise that springs up in a town should be encouraged. There is nothing that builds up a place as much as manufactories and the more of these institutions that Crockett can get the more she will prosper. We were unable to get a full list of the Grange and Alliance Directory this week. Those interested will please send in the names of president and secretary of each sub-alliance and grange, and the same will appear in our next.

We have a safe and speedy cure for La Grippe and we invite those suffering from this terrible malady to call at our office and take a dose of the wonderful cure, and we will give a written guarantee that the grip part will be lost in less than five seconds. This has been the most remarkable winter known in Texas for years. Pear and other fruit trees have been in full bloom and we have seen apples as large as walnuts. The oak trees have leaves of good size on them and vegetation of every kind has been growing all the winter.

We will give our readers a better print next week. Maj. J. C. Wootters has been quite sick with La Grippe. Those wishing sample copies of The COURIER can get same by calling at this office.

Miss Nannie Breitling, daughter of W. F. Breitling, has been quite sick with measles. Justice Pritchard's court was in session the first of the week and several cases disposed of. The County Alliance will meet with Enon Alliance, near Grapeland the first Friday in April.

Judge W. A. Davis, who has been tussling with the old man La Grippe for some time, is slowly recovering. The public term of Prof. G. J. Nunn's school closed on the 24th instant. The private term opened on Monday.

Lipsecomb & Co. succeed R. L. Collins in the drug business, having bought the stock and fixtures last Saturday. The cotton receipts for Crockett are the heaviest for years, being already 3000 bales in excess of last year's receipts.

The free term of Crockett Academy will close on Friday, the 31st instant. The next term will begin the Monday following. I will receive in a few days a fine stock of spring goods, cheaper than ever before bought in Crockett. N. E. ALBRIGHT.

The numerous friends of Charley Wall will be pleased to know that he is steadily improving and will soon, it is thought, be on his feet again. Misses Fannie and Cora Jones, daughters of S. W. Jones, of Galveston returned with Miss Mary Nunn who has been visiting the Gulf City, and are the guests of Col. D. A. Nunn's family.

There is now no need of any person sending off for anything in the printing line. The COURIER office is prepared to print anything from a fine wedding card to a poster, in as good style and at prices that can't be duplicated in any city. A bevy of bright young ladies—Miss Willie Hail and Misses Willie and Minnie Witham—visited The COURIER office Monday. They were the first to do so. One of them declared she was The COURIER's Magcoite and of course we believed it. We shall see. Call again.

Thousands of dollars go from this town and county each year for decorations in the shape of tombstones, monuments, etc., for marking the graves of our loved ones that have passed over the river. Why not erect a marble works in Crockett and keep the money at home and by so doing make a more prosperous town. There are many towns in this state no larger than Crockett that have several manufactories, such as foundries, broom factories, planing mills, etc. Why not have the same in this place? The land in Houston county is well adapted to the growing of broom corns as that of other counties and if a factory of this kind was established here it would be of great benefit to all classes.

J. C. Brown, colored, did the engine work in running off the first side of The COURIER. The water ran out of the boiler several times and we feared an explosion would take place before we were through. Escaping steam from Joe's throttle valve kept the entire neighborhood awake half the night, but we finally put a two hundred pound weight on and at a few minutes past twelve o'clock we finished. Joe remarked during the early part of the night that we had him this time, but if his life was spared he would abandon the printing business as soon as he got through with his contract. We want good correspondents throughout the county to send us the news of their respective neighborhoods. The news is what we want and nothing else, and to help those that wish to act as correspondents we will give an outline of what may be classed news. Marriages, deaths, accidents, killings, fires, persons moving into and those leaving neighborhood, growing crops, etc. We hope through a word crop of correspondents to make The COURIER a welcome visitor at every fireside in Houston and adjoining counties. Let us hear from you at once.

The post office building at Lovelady was burned down in the recent fire at that place. John I. Moore, postmaster, is putting up another in the same place. Misses Kitty and "William" Bentley, nieces of Mrs. N. H. Stuart, came out from Virginia last week and will make Crockett their home for the present. John F. Raines has been confined to his bed for several weeks with a serious attack of bilious fever. We are glad to note that he is up and out again.

Richard Douglass, Jr., who was injured in the blow up of his mill a short time since, called on us last Saturday. He has about recovered and don't look much the worse from the accident. Attention Farmers! Please call at court house yard or John McConnell's, and see the New Ground Cotton and Corn planter, made by Moore and Florence, Lovelady, Texas.

On Tuesday morning a boy by the name of Bennet and another named Dixon got into a quarrel and Dixon was pretty severely cut with a knife by Bennet. We did not learn the cause of the difficulty. We are pleased to know that those who were burned out at Lovelady, have opened up again, or are preparing to do so. W. J. Murchison is occupying the Hemphill building and Jack Rains will soon have a new house where the old one stood.

Mr. W. B. Sterling, state agent for the McEwen piano and the Estey and other organ factories, will make Crockett his headquarters. He sells and ships direct from the factories, with no store rents or clerk hire. Being a practical tuner and repairer, he can refer to his patrons here and not inflict a long list of testimonials from other cities. The best proof of ones ability to do a thing is to do it.

The Y. M. C. A. will give a free entertainment at the opera house next Monday night. The program we learn, is an excellent one, and we are sorry that we are unable to give it. Prof W. B. Sterling will render several pieces on the violin and will entertain the audience with some vocal music. Visitors to The COURIER office for the week ending Jan. 30. G. W. Smith, Joseph E. Smith, Asbury Hughes, T. F. Smith, S. Sims, A. S. M. Hyder, J. A. Hooks, Rev. J. J. Miller, George Zimmerman, Joe Rice, Richard Douglas, T. J. Dawson, M. K. Murchison, Mee Langston, W. T. Beasley, George Kent, Tom White, M. I. Crow.

D. A. Singleton, a merchant of Nacogdoches, was in the city last week. He came in response to a telegram of the serious illness of his brother, C. E. F. Singleton who died on the 19th inst., of pneumonia. The deceased was about 35 years of age and leaves a wife and three children. He was well known in the county and was held in high esteem by every one. He was an exemplary christian and a member of the Baptist church. His remains were interred in the family burying grounds, about ten miles northwest of Crockett. A Wonderful Club. The Caswell Literary Club has made arrangements with publishing houses and factories to furnish its members with wall paper, clock's watches, office furniture, newspapers, magazines and all sorts of books, at wholesale prices. Members buying only \$10 worth through this club often save \$4 to \$6. Good salaries given to persons wishing employment. Those wishing information should address C. P. Orr, Dallas, Texas, care of U. S. Publishing house, or the agent at Crockett or Lovelady.

The Houston County Farmers' Alliance met in special session in Crockett on Monday, the 20th inst., under a call of the President. The object of the meeting was to elect a president and secretary to fill vacancies created by the resignation of President G. H. Stovall and Secretary C. W. Ellis. Also to employ a county business agent and cotton yard manager for the ensuing year. Vice President, J. F. Garrett, was unanimously chosen President and J. W. Saxon secretary. J. W. Saxon got the appointment of business agent and cotton yard manager. A Resolution endorsing the administration of these trusts, by C. W. Ellis, was adopted unanimously. A fair representation of delegates was present.

LOST, STRAYED, OR STOLEN. Advertisements under the above heading will be inserted free of charge to all subscribers of The COURIER.

STRAYED OR STOLEN.—From the undersigned, about November 1, 1889, a sorrel stallion, 14 hands high, 6 years old, small white star in forehead, branded JS on left shoulder. Any information leading to its recovery will be suitably rewarded. Address: W. C. Broxson, Porter Springs, Texas.

We regret to learn that a great deal of the meat slaughtered during the first cold snap has spoiled and that some of the farmers will have to buy their meat next year. We extend a cordial invitation to the ladies of Crockett to call and see our new power press at work turning out The COURIER. The press will be running every Thursday evening.

AN INTERESTING LETTER. Gen. Houston to Capt. John L. Hall, at Crockett, in 1841. CEDAR POINT, December 10, 1841. DEAR SIR:—On yesterday we arrived at home and again look upon the beautiful Bay. I am sorry that I will have so short a time to enjoy at home. It is my intention to be on the way to Austin by the 1st of December.

Mrs. Houston's health is much improved since we left Crockett, but is not sufficiently well to risk the climate of Austin this winter. I dislike leaving home, because Mrs. H. cannot accompany me. The winter would be dreary enough in Austin with all the comforts that could be commanded with a family. Without one the only resource of happiness will be—business. I will be reasonably miserable and should contemplate my time as lost, if it were not, that I hope to do my country some service. God knows it needs something to be done for it. If anything that I can do will be of advantage to Texas, or by possibility relieve her from pressure, I will find myself richly rewarded for any pains, or cares that I may endure in my trip to the frontiers.

Our navy has not yet started, and if it could be of any use to us I would be glad that it should not go. If it should sail, you may rely upon it that it will be the last of our navy. That it will be in the hands of Santa Anna in ninety days, I would be willing to wager a trifle. I would not be surprised if it should turn out that the whole revolution in Yucatan was set on foot by Santa Anna, with a view to inveigle Lamar and get the navy in possession. The revolution, was a bloodless one and soon ended. Moreover Santa Anna has a great contempt for Lamar, and would be quite delighted to play a trick upon him. Besides it would furnish Mexico with a navy, which she is not able to purchase, and have our whole coast at her mercy. We will see.

Be pleased to make Mrs. Houston's respects and mine to Mrs. Hall, and the ladies of our acquaintance. Salute all friends for us, and be assured of our best feelings and wishes for your happiness. Yours truly, SAM HOUSTON. CAPT. JNO. L. HALL. Request Gen'l. Henderson, and Judge Tegell to be at Austin. The inauguration will take place the 13th Dec. Say so—privately.

Tribute of Respect. Crockett, Texas, Jan. 12, 1890. To the Officers and Members of Crockett Lodge, No. 593, K. of H. We, your committee appointed to draft resolutions on the death of Brother Oliver C. Aldrich, beg leave to submit the following: WHEREAS, It has pleased the Supreme Dictator of the Universe to remove from our midst our late brother, O. C. Aldrich; and WHEREAS, It is but just that a fitting recognition of his many virtues be had; therefore, be it Resolved, That, in the death of Brother Aldrich, this Lodge laments the loss of a brother who was ever ready to proffer the hand of aid and the voice of sympathy to the needy and distressed of the fraternity; an active member of this Lodge, whose earnest endeavors were exerted for its welfare and prosperity; a friend and companion who was dear to us all; a citizen whose upright and noble life was a standard of emulation to his fellows. Resolve, That these resolutions be spread upon the record of this Lodge, and a copy thereof be transmitted to the family of our deceased brother, and to each of the newspapers of Crockett with a request to publish. Respectfully submitted in O. M. A. H. WILSON, W. A. CHAMPION, } Com. H. C. CASTLEBERG, } C. W. MOORE, Reporter. } Dickey's World Renowned Medicines. Dickey's Blood Cure. Dickey's Quick Cure for Gonorrhea. Dickey's Horse and Cattle Powders, cury comb given with every package. Dickey's Indian Blood and Liver Pills, sold by FRENCH & CHAMBERLAIN, The Leading Druggists, Crockett, Texas.

EDUCATIONAL DEPARTMENT.

CONDUCTED BY PROF. E. A. PACE.

In assuming the editorship of an Educational Department of The COURIER, it is perhaps necessary and best that we say something of ourself and more especially of the considerations which have influenced such a step on our part, and what we purpose accomplishing or attempting through this feature of the paper.

Having been actively engaged in educational work the greater portion of the time since 1865 in the capacities of teacher and County Superintendent, we have been led to observe the need of some medium of communication between teachers, and also a medium through which teachers may communicate with patrons, relative to matters which should be considered and understood between them. To supply this want in this and adjoining vicinities is the motive which has prompted the opening of an educational column in this journal, and with a view to the mutual pleasure and profit of ourself and its readers. To this end we will endeavor to furnish such thoughts and clippings as will be pertinent to the end proposed, confining ourself entirely to educational topics,—one of the most important matters which can claim our attention.

While the editorial control of the paper, outside of the educational column, is in the hands of our personal friends, we are in no ways connected therewith, nor responsible for the ideas advanced therein. We invite and hope to receive brief communications for this column of The COURIER, from teachers and others interested in educational advancement.

Should our views as expressed at any time differ from those who write for us, we shall be glad to afford them opportunity for free discussion for the mutual benefit of all. The role of editor, even when confined to an educational column, is a new one with us, but it is our intention to conduct the work upon a high professional plane, feeling assured that by such course alone, can we succeed in gaining the respect and esteem of our co-workers and readers.

We have an unyielding confidence in the educational future of this great state and country, and we propose to align ourselves with its earnest progressive workers in their onward and upward march, leaving to others, if any such there be, to croak and cavil, while we devote ourselves to FURTHERING not HINDERING such a great work, as evidently lies out before us, with "Good will to all and malice to none," as our motto.

Teachers, of all others, should be a reading, thinking class, ready to give and receive the benefits of a common experience that all alike may be benefited, and our professional build up. This educational column proposes to subserve this end, and to furnish a channel through which others may do the same. We were struck some time since with a short editorial in the Texas Journal of Education, upon the need and advantage of such a department in every weekly paper, as affording the best means of communication and mutual understanding between teachers and patrons, touching subjects of vital interests to both. These views harmonize entirely with our own, as before stated.

We admire strong individuality and dislike puerile imitation, and time-serving in any one, more especially in teachers,—those who set themselves up to mould the minds and characters of the children of the land. This characteristic on our part, will no doubt, be noticed in our conduct of this, educational department of The COURIER, but if so, we hope it will be found coupled with that many courtesy to others which should mark our intercourse with all in every walk of life, and which leads us to respect the opinions of others while we value and act upon our own. With this enunciation of our views and purposes in a general way, we greet the readers of this journal, hoping to become better known to them personally and professionally hereafter than now.

We will mail copies of this issue to a number of the teachers of this and other sections, and hope to enlist their co-operation in the work before us. We invite those engaged like

ourselves in the educational work as well as others especially interested therein, to write us, and when convenient, to call to see us, that we may compare notes, and otherwise cultivate an acquaintance likely to lead to the enjoyment of all.

Should anything have been left unsaid herein which it would have been well for us to have expressed, we hope in some future issue to define ourself and our position to the satisfaction of everyone. In the meanwhile, trusting that any shortcomings on our part will be treated charitably, as errors of judgment rather than intention, and again asking the favor and co-operation of all educators and friends of education, we subscribe ourself, Yours fraternally, E. A. Pace.

Crockett Texas, January 25, 1890. Notice of Teachers' Institute, Saturday, February 8, 1890. The editor of this department has been requested by Hon. W. A. Davis, ex-officio Superintendent of Houston County, whose province it is under the existing school law of Texas, to organize and hold teachers' institutes in his county, or secure some one to do so, to take charge of this work for him. State Superintendent O. H. Cooper, in December, issued an outline of County Institute Work for 1890, to serve as a guide in the organization and conduct of this work. It embraces plans and outlines for a preliminary meeting to be followed by six successive monthly institutes, beginning in December, and ending in June. Owing to unavoidable circumstances, we have been unable as yet to hold the first of these meetings but will do so on the second Saturday in February, at the Academy in Crockett, beginning at 10 o'clock A. M.

This preliminary meeting will have for its object the effecting of a permanent organization, and, if possible, the enlisting of all teachers of the county in this and the succeeding meetings. The following are suggested as some of the subjects which will be discussed at the above named time and place. 1st Organization of Schools. 2nd Classification of Pupils. 3rd A Course of Study. 4th Seating a School. 5th Programme of Student and Recitation. 6th Examination of Pupils. 7th Keeping Records. 8th Making Reports. 9th Assigning Work for First Institute.

As has been said, this meeting was intended to have been held in December last, but in as much as that was not done, and in as much as the outlines furnished by Mr. Cooper are of such interest, and so well timed, that no one of them should be omitted, it has been thought best to begin with the first, even though the time has been delayed several weeks.

The writer of this has had several years experience in holding institutes and has found this line of work especially profitable to those who wish to keep abreast of the times as teachers, and to improve themselves in their profession. All teachers and friends of education are invited to be present and participate in the exercises of the meeting, and it is hoped that all who can do so, with out too great inconvenience, will avail themselves of the opportunity.

The outlines for each successive meeting will appear in this department of The COURIER, several weeks prior to the time appointed for holding each institute. From Nevell's Prairie. ED. COURIER.—We make our bow to the new institution, The COURIER, and trust that it will represent every legitimate interest in our grand old Houston county. This done, and I will insure success. The lawyer, doctor, the merchant, the mechanic, and the farmer, all have interests that should be respected and guarded. Let us see to it that all are respected and represented. We say with pleasure that Nevell's Prairie is in a better condition financially, than for a number of years. The people are trying to keep out of debt and make what they consume at home. Several immigrant families from Alabama have arrived and will settle in our community. Some have bought land, others will rent. Very little done as yet in way of preparation for farming. We need a saw mill close to Nevell's Prairie to furnish our people with building material. Will not some enterprising saw mill man locate among us? When will we have a law that will compel the people to keep roads in order? More anon? Paid.

THE COURIER.

THE COURIER PUBLISHING COMPANY, PROPRIETORS.
Office in The Courier Building, Southwest of Court House.
ENTERED AT THE POST-OFFICE IN CROCKETT, TEXAS, AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER.
FRIDAY, JANUARY 31, 1890.

Hiawatha Kansas.

The farmers of this vicinity are burning corn for fuel finding it cheaper than coal. Corn is sold on the farm at 20 cents a bushel, while the average price of coal delivered at the farm ranges from 21 to 23 cents per bushel. The Farmers' Alliance here brought the attention of the farmers to the relative prices of the two commodities, and advised that half the corn crop be used for fuel, thus advancing the price of the other half, and saving money in their fuel bills. The farmers have begun to act on this advice.

Hogg's Latest.

Commissioner Hall wrote a letter to the attorney, general in reply to his letter of the third instant again requesting Hall to cease issuing patents to the Houston and Texas Central Railway on certificates of land granted for sidings and switches, which Attorney General Hogg contends are illegal, and Commissioner Hall refused to allow his letter to be published, but the attorney general stated this afternoon that the commissioner had now furnished him the data he desired on which to bring suit in behalf of the State to recover lands covered by the certificates on which patents have been issued. The attorney general will now bring suit, having ascertained that the assignee of the patents is a party in New York who holds 300,000 acres of Texas land under these patents. The total amount of lands involved is hardly less than 2,000,000 acres patented to the Central and other roads. The attorney general is evidently loaded and means strictly business. Vast property interests are involved in the suits now to be brought by the attorney general.

He Wanted His First.

Senator Reagan of Texas has returned from a Western trip, says a Washington letter to the New York Tribune. He advances some theories about the irrigation of Arizona and Southern Utah, and predicts a future for those two territories when the government has appropriated a few millions for irrigation that would make North and South Dakota turn green with envy. If anyone mildly opposes his views the Southern Senator shows a little of the testiness which he possessed previous to his hasty migration to Texas a half a century ago. Those who have heard the story never disagree with him, for although Senator Reagan is not in trim, he has something of the massiveness and muscle of a John L. Sullivan. The tale is as follows: In Kentucky when Reagan was a boy, they had big mills, to which the farmers around there brought their grain and had to stand waiting their turn for the grist. The mouth of the hopper was on the third floor, and the miller stood at one side to help each one empty his sack. Reagan was waiting his turn one morning when a big hulking fellow, the bully of the county, stepped up and said:

"I won't wait for this— youngster. Put my wheat in first."
The miller hesitated. It was against the rules, but he was afraid of the bully, and finally reached out to help him turn in.

"I came first," said Reagan stoutly.
"Why didn't you get your wheat in, then?" sneered the other. Dropping the sack, Reagan made a battering ram of his head, and butted the big fellow clear across the room to a third-story window, from which, with one push, he sent him to the ground. Without waiting to see whether his man was alive or dead, young Reagan left the mill and made for the almost unknown Republic of Texas, not stopping until after he had crossed the Brazos. He managed to obtain an office the same year, and he has held one ever since.

I cannot call riches better than the baggage of virtue; the Roman word is better, inpedimenta; for as the baggage is to any army, so is riches to virtue; it cannot be spared nor left behind, but it hindreth the march.—[Lord Bacon.

It is noted by Sylla first, and after him by Tiberius, that "more adore the sunrising than the sun setting, or at the meridian."—[Ib.

A Successful Cotton Picker.

There are some inventions and attempted mechanical effects that have become very much in the nature of the chestnut and excite a smile of derision and incredulity whenever they are mentioned; very prominent among them is the machine for picking cotton. The work has usually been attempted in the way of fingers for removing the cotton from the open boll, but a machine has presented itself to the planter which certainly does pick cotton. The reporter recently went to Lake Cormorant, Miss., where the Cunningham cotton harvester and cleaner was at work and saw it pick and clean cotton. The machine is drawn by two mules at a speed as fast as they can walk, taking one row at a time. The cotton was on the stalk and the machine passed along and took the entire stock of cotton, every boll of it, and put it in a sack. It stripped the stalk clean of cotton, boll and leaf. The bag was filled with what seemed to be a hopeless mass of trash. It was fed to the cleaner and leaver and came through the gin at least 5 per cent cleaner than the best hand picked cotton. A package of the cotton, taken from the machine sack, a package of it as it came from the cleaners, and one of hand picked cotton can be seen at the Appeal office or the farmers exchange. The reporter made a careful examination of everything about it, interviewed the driver and gin workers, estimated cost of plant, wear and tear, hire of mules, driver and boy, and including all possible contingencies, it cannot cost over \$3 a bale to pick it, as against at least \$11 by hand. A pair of mules, driver and boy will pick clean and clear half an acre every working hour of the day, enabling the planter to treble his acreage. As the machine strips the stalk clean, the small amount of first openings on ordinary cotton will still have to be picked by hand, but this is very little cost or trouble. J. I. Case & Co., the heavy machine men of Racine, Wis., have thoroughly investigated this machine in field and under all conditions, and have backed it up with their name and money. If the Cunningham picker is not a thorough success, then the reporter's eyes were a failure. As Captain Glenn said, and the reporter or any one who knows cotton could see, this machine has passed from an experiment to a success. Those who have only a few acres and cannot afford the whole machine, can buy the cleaners and stripping their stalks by hand in a tenth part of the time they can pick it by hand, prepare it for the gin. The inventor is J. F. Cunningham, of Anson, Texas, who completing for the South and the world the work commenced by Whitney, it is to be hoped, will reap a more substantial reward for the nine years of brain and work he has put into this great and successful machine—doing for the planter what McCormick did for the farmer.—Memphis Appeal.

Would Not Admit Abram.

To point an argument the Courier-Journal revives a speech made by Abram Jasper to the colored picnic at Shantytown, in the late Virginia campaign: Feller freemen says he, you all know me. I am Abram Jasper, a Republican from way back. When there have been any work to do, I have done it. When there has been any votin' to do, I has voted early and often. When there has been any fightin' to do, I has been in the thick of it. I are above proof, old line and tax paid. And I has seed many changes too. I has seed the Republicans up. I has seed the Democrats up. But I is yet to see the nigger up. 'Tother night I had a dream. I dreamt that I died and went to heaven. When I got to de pearly gates, ole Salt Peter, he says: "Who's dar?" says he. "Abram Jasper," says I. "Is you mounted, or is you afoot?" says he. "I is afoot," says I. "Well, you can't git in here," says he. "Nobody's 'lowed in here," says he, "cept them as come mounted."

"Dat's hard on me," says I, arter comin' all dis distance. "But he neber says nothin mo'," and so I starts back, an' about half way down de hill who does I meet but Gen'l Willom 'Mahone. "Whar's you goin' Gen'l?" says I. "I is gwine to heaven," says he. "Why, Gen'l," say I "taint no use. I se just been up dar an' nobody's 'lowed to get in 'cept dey comes mounted, and you's afoot."

"Is dat so?" says he. "Yes, it is," says I. "Well, de Gen'l sorter scratched his head, and arter awhile he says, says he: "Abram, I'll tell you what let's do. You is a likely lad. Suppose you set down on all fours an' I'll mount an' ride you in, and dat way we kin both git in."

"Gen'l" says I, "do you think you could work it?" "I know I kin," says he. "So down I gits on all fours, an' de Gen' gits astraddle, an' we ambles up de hill agin an' prances up to de gate, an ole Salt Peter, he says:

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In the Autocrat of the Breakfast table, Oliver Wendell Holmes pictures a man beyond middle life in the midst of home joys, but who, as he contemplates the carelessness of the youth around his hearthstone exclaims:

O for one year of my youthful joy!
Give back my twentieth spring!
I'd rather laugh, a bright-haired boy,
Than reign a gray haired king.
Whereupon an angel says to him:
"How about that wife whom in your youth you wedded, and to whom, by ties of affection: you are joined?"

"Oh," he answers, "I wouldn't lose my wife."
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The angel took a sapphire pen,
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"But," pursues the angel, "how about your children?"
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The art of being able to make a good use of moderate abilities wins esteem and often confers more reputation than genius.—[Rochefoucauld.

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Surely as waters meet and rest in low valleys, so do God's graces in lowly hearts.—[Trapp.

Couldn't Understand Him.

The Republic correspondent stopped over a day at Purvis, Miss., where the Sluggo Sullivan received his dose of twelve months in jail for hammering Jake Kilrain. In order to pass away the time after we had looked the village over, including the court house, we gave a colored porter at the depot a quarter to pilot the Major and self to some place of entertainment pending the arrival of the train. After winding through crooked streets and climbing numerous log and brush heaps, we were halted in front of a small church edifice in a pine thicket on the outskirts of the village.

As we entered the congregation was singing that soul-string hymn "There is a Fountain Filled With Blood," while the pastor, a little fat man with short and wiry chin-chillias, was urging the sinners to come up and join the church. The first person to respond to his appeal was a long, tall specimen of the inhabitants of the piney woods who was about half drunk. His name was Moore, and was regarded as one of the hardest cases in Marion County. He could not speak plainly, owing to a hairlip, and his speech had a strong nasal twang similar to drawing a rasp across the head of a barrel. He was weeping bitterly, and as soon as his emotions had subsided sufficiently for the pastor to ask him the usual questions as to the cause of his change of heart, he wiped his eyes and tried to look as calm as possible.

"Will you please tell the church what caused you to forsake the devil and come to Christ?" asked the good man.

Moore cleared his throat and with the usual nasal sound, said: "I dreamed last night I saw a black dog in the shape of the devil, and—"

"Brother Moore, I can't understand you. Speak plainer."
Moore cleared his throat again and raised his voice, and again proceeded: "I dreamed last night I saw a black dog in the shape of—"

"Brother Moore," broke in the parson, "speak plainer and louder. I can't understand you."
"I dreamed last night—"

"Brother Moore, a little louder, please."
"Go to —, you dirty old scoundrel! Can you understand that?" shouted Moore, who grabbed his hat and scooted for the door, while the pastor mounted the platform and adjourned the meeting sine die.

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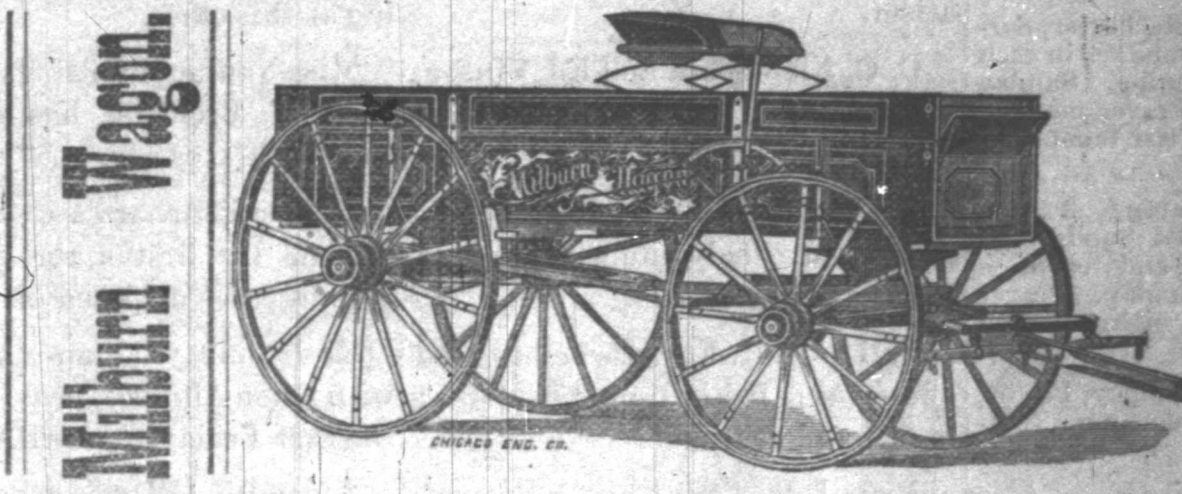
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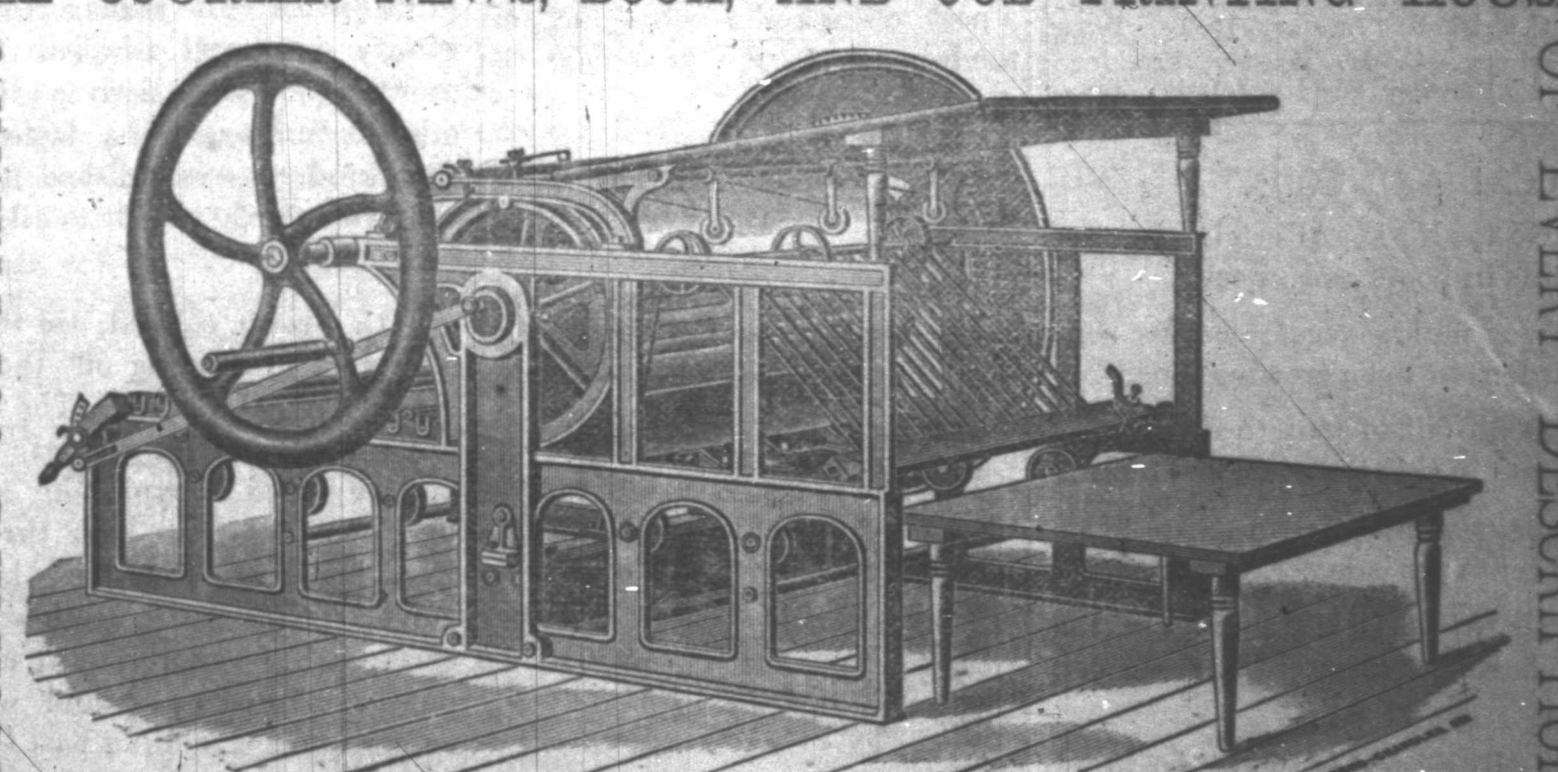
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Prayer is not conquering God's reluctance, but taking hold of God's willingness.—Phillips Brooks.