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CROCKETT, TEXAS, SEPTEMBER 5, 1902.

NO. 32.

Beaumont Letter.

BEAUMONT, AUG. 29, 1902.

Editor CROCKETT:

From an examination of the newspapers I am led to believe that if there is any good in prohibition it is likely to be lost to Houston county by the ungenerous and unfair attitude of the hurrahing element among the victors. Such conflicts as that just gone through are costly at best to the substantial interests of a county and should never be precipitated unless there is a popular demand for them, and then only when the calm and settled judgment of the people is such as to enforce the law after adoption, independent of the agitation and excitement incident to a campaign. That any disposition should remain after the conflict to insult or injure those who have been defeated, in an effort to sustain contentions honestly made is a ruinous and wicked thing. As a long time reader of the COURIER, I want to express my entire confidence in its unswerving fidelity to the interests of Houston county. Whoever has been accustomed to reading it must have been impressed with the thought that it has been conducted by courageous, self-contained, considerate and public spirited gentlemen. During the whole period of its publication, as far as my knowledge of it goes, there has crept into it no offensive personality—thus performing one of the duties of a publication that is very difficult, and one that it would be impossible for any other than a considerate gentleman to direct it in. It has been bold in the denunciation of official abuses and has been effective to relieve the county of some considerable ones, and it has occupied an attitude toward the enforcement of the law in general if adopted by any great number of citizens, would result in instilling a very high sense of responsibility into jurors and public officers.

Houston county is one of the finest in the State. It will support richly under present conditions an energetic and progressive population of 150,000 people. It is my opinion that prohibition will not hurt particularly, though it has been a harsh reproof to some mighty good law-abiding, honorable citizens. If the county is to remain the home of faction and small contention, it can not progress.

If one-half the energy spent in feverish electioneering were turned toward development of the fruit and vegetable resources of the hills, the lumber and timber interests generally and the opening up of the rich bottom lands, Houston county would be one of the foremost in the State.

In 1898 lands in Jefferson county could usually be bought for two or three dollars an acre. Within the last four years much of this land has been put in condition for rice culture and is worth from \$20 to \$50 per acre; and that which is merely capable of being fitted for rice culture is worth \$15 to \$20, independent of any oil prospects.

What rice was to Jefferson county, fruit and vegetable growing is to that section of Cherokee around Jacksonville, and there is no reason why it should not be so

with reference to a large part of Houston county.

While attending court at Woodville recently I met Mr. Sheffer, an expert on tobacco, who is sent out by the Agricultural department at Washington with the hopes of having him, by the practical assistance he can render, restore confidence in tobacco culture in East Texas. He was then working up skillfully a lot of tobacco raised in Tyler county. His significant statement was that there was no finer condition of soil and climate for the cultivation of tobacco any where in the world than exists in the country between the Neches and Trinity rivers and that his department was ready to render aid of very substantial character in developing the industry.

No finer cattle can be found anywhere than those raised partly by pasturage and partly from feeding in Houston county.

It has been thought that the very best grade of horse flesh could only be built up in the favorable climatic conditions and on the lime soils of Kentucky and California. But the world's record for trotting $\frac{1}{4}$ mile was recently beaten by Porto Rico, a horse raised by Col. Henry Exall of this place on his stock farm near Dallas.

In the future (how far or how near depends entirely upon the present population of Houston county) I foresee that cotton and grain farms will stretch continuously along every stream in Houston county; that acres and acres of land especially adapted to tobacco and fruit and vegetable culture respectfully will be utilized for those purposes; that every farmer will have his grass pasture, of Bermuda or something as good, if there is anything as good for Texas; and that it will be dotted with sleek backed milk or beef cattle; that in every valley there shall be reservoirs of plentiful good water caught with dams, for cattle and horses; that in the towns there will be canneries and other fruit and vegetable preservers, with abundance of refrigerator cars and side tracks, ice factories, dry cold storage, cotton spinners, wood working establishments, etc.

I hope to see the present generation pull together, with the COURIER working as lead horse to bring about these results, and that the results may be in my day, so that I may see it.

A. D. LIPSCOMB.

List of Jurors.

To the sheriff or any constable of Houston county, greeting:

You are hereby commanded to summon the following named persons to serve as grand and petit jurors for the fall term of the honorable district court in and for Houston county, Texas:

Grand jury to appear at 10 o'clock A. M. Monday, Sept. 29th, A. D. 1902.

W. H. Holcomb, T. H. Phipps, M. M. Baker, A. B. Payne, Dick English, G. M. Thompson, H. F. Craddock, C. A. Turner, J. R. Richards, Gail Clinton, Chester Kennedy, J. H. McDougall, W. F. Murchison, J. M. Worthington, Dave Sheprine, Gid Webb.

Petit jury, 2nd week, to appear Monday at 10 o'clock A. M., Oct. 16th, 1902:

J. A. Norton, J. B. Ashe, J. L.

Heath, J. W. Manning, R. F. Herod, J. C. Estes, J. W. Caskey, Joe Calloway, W. H. Denny, J. H. Jones, Lovelady, Frank Grounds, Marion Gregg, J. S. Weesinger, Lee Brown, B. S. Gray, L. W. McKinney, K. L. Gossett, Willard Wills, Lee Frazier, S. T. Hester, G. R. Sewall, Silas Holcomb, Chas. Cook, Percilla, Jim Etheridge, Frank Minton, Dave Leaverton, J. H. Minter, John B. Reno, J. E. Monk, L. W. Driskill, Wilson Whittaker, R. F. Dickey, H. E. Hagar, Jno. S. Brown, J. W. Goodwin.

Petit jury, 3rd week, to appear Monday at 10 o'clock A. M. Oct. 13th, 1902:

J. T. Taylor, Lovelady, D. M. Gantt, Dave Walling, B. E. Gardner, Weldon, J. C. Millar, C. F. Stockbridge, J. F. Murray, G. W. Furlow, G. W. Harrison, J. A. Lassiter, E. H. Robinett, Phil Robinson, J. L. Ward, G. T. Landy, R. O. Calvert, H. H. Anthony, Geo. Emmerson, A. J. Griner, Ab Thomason, Tom Whittaker, E. O. Hurston, Ben Whitehead, C. B. Isbell, G. W. Connor, Mills Adams, J. B. McPhail, Thompson Lundy, Jim Stevens, Mart Howard, D. A. McDougald, F. M. Denton, A. N. Leediker, H. J. Arledge, Bud Etheridge, Dan Morgan.

Petit jury, 4th week, to appear Monday at 10 o'clock A. M. Oct. 20th, 1902:

J. D. Freeman, D. J. Cater, Z. D. Driskill, J. H. Mosses, J. D. McCall, Pat Clayton, J. S. Brunson, Asa Spear, J. S. Bitner, I. S. Mason, Jno. Killingsworth, W. A. Dunnam, S. C. Hiram, J. B. Lively, E. W. Davis, A. B. Burton, C. B. Hallmark, Floyd Rhoden, D. C. Francis, D. W. Martin, J. B. Ellis, H. W. Huff, W. M. Campbell, Coltharp, I. L. Jeffus, T. J. Herod, A. P. Hester, W. A. Sharer, Jim Tomine, Bob Morgan, J. J. Bynum, B. H. Logan, R. A. Hester, O. T. Ratcliff, W. M. Murchison, J. F. Bridges.

Petit jury, 5th week, to appear Monday at 10 o'clock A. M. Oct. 27, 1902:

G. M. McIntosh, J. D. Patrick, J. E. Monk, J. T. Harrison, G. W. Ferguson, R. E. Parker, J. H. Clanton, W. C. Minter, J. S. Long, W. M. Edwards, Avery Lovelady, John Pelham, Bert Guice, Wallace Goodnight, J. J. Brooks, Jack Dauphin, D. D. Montgomery, E. M. L. Shaw, S. N. Boykin, J. C. Drennon, George Caton, Sam Tigner, R. S. Rains, A. H. Holly, Jim McManus, J. L. Atkinson, Joe Grounds, J. N. Parker, A. R. Meriwether, J. L. Crow, J. A. Morris, J. T. Murray, Sam Patton, Sr., B. L. Dominy, R. T. Gee.

The state of Texas, county of Houston: I, J. B. Stanton, clerk of the district court, in and for the above state and county, do hereby certify that the above and foregoing list contains a true and correct copy of the grand and petit jurors drawn by the jury commissioners at the spring term, A. D. 1902, to serve at the fall term, A. D. 1902, of the honorable district court of Houston county, Texas.

Given under my hand and seal of said court at office in Crockett, this 1st day of Sept. 1902.

J. B. STANTON,
Clerk Dist. Court, Houston Co., Texas.

Citation.

The State of Texas,

To the sheriff or any constable of Houston county, greeting:

You are hereby commanded to summon T. E. Cowart and Jim Cowart by making publication of this citation once in each week for four 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 3rd judicial district; but if there be no newspaper published in said judicial district, then in a newspaper published in the nearest district to said 3rd judicial district, to appear at the next regular term of the district court of Houston county, to be holden at the court house thereof, in Crockett, on the last Monday in September, 1902, the same being the 29th day of September, 1902, then and there to answer a petition filed in said court on the 29th day of August, 1902, in a suit, numbered on the docket of said court No. 4731, wherein August Faltin is plaintiff, and T. E. Cowart and James Cowart are defendants, and said petition alleging that on the 9th day of March, 1898, T. E. Cowart made, executed and delivered to B. J. Jacobs his five several promissory notes for \$170.00 each, payable respectively on or before March 9th, 1897, March 9th, 1898, March 9th, 1899, March 9th, 1900, and March 9th, 1901, said notes bearing 6 per cent interest per annum from date until paid, and were given for the purchase price for two certain tracts of land situated in Houston county, Texas, containing in the aggregate 102 acres, and the same conveyed by deed by B. J. Jacobs and wife to T. E. Cowart, said notes as well as said deed expressly retaining the Vendor's lien on the said land, and thereafter at maturity of the first two notes maturing, to-wit: March 9th, 1897, and March 9th, 1898, the defendant, T. E. Cowart, paid and caused to be paid the said two notes and at same time paid the interest on the remaining three notes due at those dates respectively, but the said T. E. Cowart has wholly failed and refused and still doth fail and refuse to pay the same or any part thereof. That after the purchase aforesaid of said land said T. E. Cowart sold and conveyed the same to the defendant, James Cowart, he the said James Cowart promising and agreeing to pay and discharge the indebtedness aforesaid for the purchase money of the said lands, which he has also failed and refused to do. Your petitioner would further represent and show that B. J. Jacobs sold, transferred and conveyed and delivered said notes to petitioner, for a valuable consideration and in due course of trade and before the maturity thereof, by indorsing his name on the back thereof, and at or about the same time, and for the purpose of inducing your petitioner to purchase said notes, the said T. E. Cowart stipulated and agreed in writing that he would pay to petitioner 10 per cent attorney's fees additional on said notes, if same are not paid in full when due, and said notes have been placed in hands of attorneys for

collection. Petitioner would further aver and show that the said two tracts of land for which the said purchase money notes were given is situated about 10 miles N. W. from the town of Crockett, in the county of Houston and State of Texas, on the waters of Elkhart creek. The first tract of 95 acres being a part of 600 acre survey of W. H. L. Burton, patented to Patrick L. Hayes, assignee of the said W. H. L. Burton, and more particularly described as follows: Beginning at the N. E. corner of R. C. A. Sumppe 200 acre survey from which a hickory marked X brs. north 77 degs. east 7 vrs., another hickory marked X brs. south 55 degs. east 8 vrs. Thence east with Whitley's line at 580 vrs. to stake a post oak marked X brs. north 45 degs., east 9 vrs. a Black Jack marked X brs. south 10 degs. west 7 vrs. Thence south at 882 vrs. to stake on Spence north line a Black Jack marked X brs. west 3 vrs. a Post Oak marked X brs. north 7 vrs. Thence west with Spence's line at 585 vrs. to stake. Thence with R. C. A. Sumppe east line at 882 vrs. to place of beginning, containing 95 acres more or less.

Second tract of land lying and being situated in Houston county, Texas, about 12 miles N. W. from the town of Crockett and being part of Wm. Watson survey, more particularly described as follows: Beginning at the S. W. corner of B. R. Eaves survey on the W. H. L. Burton north boundary line a stake for corner from which a Sand Jack marked X brs. north 19 degs. west $6\frac{1}{2}$ vrs., another Sand Jack marked X brs. north 22 degs. west 10 vrs. Thence with said Burton's N. B. line 306 $\frac{1}{2}$ yds. to the N. W. corner of B. J. Jacobs' 100 acre survey a stake for corner, a hickory marked X brs. N. E. 3 yards, another hickory marked X brs. S. E. 3 yards. Thence north 108 yards to a stake for corner from which a Post Oak marked X brs. south 3 degs. west 12 vrs., a hickory marked X brs. east 11 yards. Thence east 306 $\frac{1}{2}$ yards to stake for corner on said Eaves west boundary line from which a Sand Jack marked X brs. north 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ yards, another Sand Jack marked X brs. east 4 yards. Thence south 113 yards to the place of beginning, containing 7 acres of land.

Alleging further that the superior title to the said land is in petitioner and praying for a recovery of the same, and in the alternative prays judgment on said notes, for the interest and attorney's fees and foreclosure of his vendor's lien on said land and for writ of possession.

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

Witness: J. B. STANTON,
Clerk, Dist. Court, Houston Co.

Given under my hand and the seal of said court, at office in Crockett, this the 29th day of August, 1902.

J. B. STANTON,
Clerk, Dist. Court, Houston Co.

The Best Prescription for Malaria, chills and fever is a bottle of Grove's Tasteless Chill Tonic. It is simply Iron and Quinine in a tasteless form. No cure, no pay. Price, 50c.

THE BLIND TIGERS.

The State Wants Occupation Tax From Liquor Dealers in Dry Counties.

Austin, Tex., Aug. 29.—J. D. Cunningham, State Revenue Agent, was advised today of the fact that Trinity county had gone dry, which makes a total of 177 counties in Texas which have entirely banished liquor.

Mr. Cunningham is actively in pursuit of the liquor dealer who is selling his wares in a local option county without State license, though he is not in any sense attempting to enforce the local option laws, as that is a duty devolving on county officers. What is desired is the protection of the State in the collection of taxes due to be paid by those engaged in selling liquor. With that purpose in view, the Revenue Agent has secured a list of persons who have purchased United States internal revenue licenses to sell liquor in certain local option counties, and is to-day sending the lists to the county tax collectors of the respective counties. The letter fully explains the situation, and one addressed to the collector of Montague county is as follows:

"Knowing that your county is a local option county and that you are not making reports to this office, I take this occasion to hand you the names of 14 individuals who have obtained internal revenue license for the purpose of selling intoxicating liquors in different places in your county since July 1, 1902.

"In this connection, I desire to state that the law of 1897 levies an occupation tax against whisky dealers in local option counties, and it makes no difference whether the parties are selling on prescription or without a prescription, they are subject to the tax, and if they do not pay the same they must be indicted.

"In this connection, you are instructed whether or not the drink sold is intoxicating is a question of fact, and that all intoxicating drinks are prohibited from being sold, and that malt tonic, hop ale, bitters, blackberry cordial or grape cider are sold and they intoxicate, it is a violation of the law, or if any drink contains 4 per cent of alcohol, whether you see anybody drunk from them or not, it is a violation of the law.

COTTON CROP 1901-02.

Totals of Secretary Hester's Annual Report Given Out.

New Orleans, La., Sept. 1.—The totals of Secretary Hester's annual report of the cotton crop of the United States were promulgated today. They show receipts of cotton at all United States ports for the year of 7,679,290 bales, against 7,666,452 last year; overland to northern mills and Canada, 1,103,953, against 1,140,238; Southern consumption taken directly from the interior of the cotton belt, 1,897,437, against 1,576,833, making the cotton crop of the United States for 1901-02 amount to 10,680,680, against 10,383,422 last year and 9,436,416 year before.

Colonel Hester has made his usual investigation into the consumption of the South, and has received reports by mail and telegraph from every mill consuming cotton in the cotton growing states, including woolen mills that have used cotton, and the results show a total of 1,937,971, but of this 40,534 were taken from ports and included in port receipts. This shows that the mills of the South have used up 517,040 bales more than 1900-01, and 340,559 more than during 1899-1900.

THE NEW YORK STORE
Selling Out at Cost.
We Are Going Out of Business.

Our entire stock, consisting of Dry Goods, Clothing, Boots and Shoes, etc.—\$20,000.00 stock—will be sold

At Actual Cost.

This is no advertising scheme. We mean that every piece of goods in our house will be

Sold at Cost.

Our stock is complete in every respect. All new and up-to-date goods. We respectfully solicit country merchants and wholesale bills. All of stock is bought direct from manufactory in New York and we assure you they are bought right. My lease on business house in Beaumont begins soon. I desire to close out my Crockett business as soon as possible. Will not move goods.

Everything Must be Sold

YOURS FOR BUSINESS,

The New York Store
HENRY BLOCH, Proprietor.

Civil Docket.

The following suits appear on the civil docket for the fall term of the district court:

First National Bank of Crockett vs. J. W. Hail—suit on promissory note.

State vs. J. B. Jones—bond forfeiture.

Laura A. Tullis et al. vs. Asa Clinkscale et al.—trespass to try title and for damages.

H. W. Moore and G. W. Woodson et al. vs. B. F. Reed et al.—suit on warranty.

Coby Carr vs. I. & G. N. R. R. Co.—damages.

Chas. J. Birmingham et al. vs. Jno. Douglass et al.—trespass to try title and for damages.

Poe Johnson vs. Artimissie Johnson—divorce.

Jim Jackson vs. Clara Jackson—divorce.

Exparte Joseph Peters—application for citizenship.

John I. Moore vs. B. C. Denton and J. W. Glase—suit to try title and for damages.

M. R. Thorn vs. Kiah Thorn—divorce.

Sam Harrison vs. Martha Harrison—divorce.

Wm. B. Lynch et al. vs. Stewart & Tullis et al.—suit trespass to try title as well as for damages.

M. H. Denman et al. vs. R. H. Keith et al.—suit to try title as well as for damages.

W. H. Denny, temporary ad-

ministrator, etc., vs. Robt Stokes—suit for damages.

M. E. English et al. vs. W. V. Clark et al.—certiorari and receivership to county court.

G. W. Woodson vs. W. M. Woodson et al.—to remove cloud from title.

W. E. Hudman vs. Heirs of J. C. Jack et al.—suit for damage as well as trespass to try title.

Mrs. Della Eastham vs. Martha Bryant et al.—suit to try title as well as for damages.

J. C. Wooters vs. F. M. Rains—suit on promissory note.

First National Bank vs. John I. Moore—suit upon note and foreclosure of vendor's lien.

Guy M. Bryan vs. unknown heirs of W. E. Hayes and G. W. Armstrong—suit to try title as well as for damages.

Amanda Steptoe vs. Henry Steptoe—divorce.

Mrs. M. A. Bear et al. vs. W. W. Barbee et al.—suit for damages as well as trespass to try title.

W. N. Hunter et al. vs. C. L. Rowan et al.—receiver and certiorari.

Amos Handy vs. Estell Handy—divorce.

Mariah Hackett et al. vs. Mrs. L. E. Dunwoody—suit to try title as well as for damages.

Craddock & Co. vs. W. P. Booth—suit to foreclose vendor's lien note.

M. A. Bean et al. vs. W. S.

Ferrell et al.—suit to try title as well as for damages.

Sarah Lou Brisbee vs. Josh Brisbee—divorce.

M. A. Bean et al. vs. H. H. Bennett et al.—same as above.

Sarah Louis vs. Ed Louis—divorce.

W. B. Miller vs. La. & Texas Lumber Co.—suit for damages.

A. Harris & Co. vs. East Texas R. R. Co.—damages.

Lizzie Robinson et al. vs. W. H. Milliken—partition of property.

H. C. Sessions vs. Texas Home Mutual Fire Insurance Co.—suit on insurance policy.

Hodgill Carr vs. Armetta Carr—divorce.

George Williams vs. I. & G. N. R. R. Co.—suit for damages.

Bell Hopkins vs. Oscar Hopkins—divorce.

Virginia Moore vs. Eliza Kempner—suit trespass to try title as well as for damages.

Lively & Sloan vs. Texas Home Mutual Fire Insurance Co.—suit for damages.

Elzie Pearson vs. Susie Pearson—divorce.

Robt. Elam vs. Francis Elam—divorce.

Wright Howard vs. Aggie Howard—divorce.

Alfred Colley vs. Elizabeth Colley—divorce.

David Haden vs. Eugenie Haden—divorce.

E. L. Angler et al. vs. unknown

heirs of Jas. McDaniel et al.—suit to remove cloud from title.

H. S. and Kate Dudley vs. J. S. Brown—suit trespass to try title as well as for damages.

W. S. McMuse vs. Lizzie McMuse—divorce.

G. W. Marshall vs. Viola Marshall—divorce.

Ben Avery vs. Mary Avery—divorce.

J. W. Hail vs. F. M. and Amos Rains—suit to remove cloud from title.

H. J. Arledge vs. heirs of Mary Somora—suit for partition of land.

H. S. Spencer vs. Amanda Spencer—divorce.

J. G. Williams vs. D. J. Jones—suit for damage and for breach of contract.

August Faltim vs. T. E. Cowart et al.—suit for foreclosure of vendor's lien note.

Exparte J. C. Hilburn—to remove disabilities.

Ed Nelms vs. Laura Nelms—divorce.

Dan Harris vs. Emmet Harris—divorce.

Eliza McCelvey vs. Walter McCelvey—divorce.

John Washington vs. Kate Washington—divorce.

Celna Benjamin vs. Joda Benjamin—divorce.

M. L. Biglow vs. A. C. Biglow—divorce.

J. H. Brazeale vs. L. N. Brazeale et al.—suit for partition.

Of the above, 25 are divorce suits.

FOR HARNESS and Saddle Gores Mexican Mustang Liniment is just what you need. It takes effect at once, and you will be astonished to see how quickly it heals sores.



It's this way:

You can burn yourself with Fire, with Powder, etc., or you can scald yourself with Steam or Hot Water, but there is only one proper way to cure a burn or scald and that is by using

Mexican Mustang Liniment.

It gives immediate relief. Get a piece of soft old linen cloth, saturate it with this liniment and bind loosely upon the wound. You can have no adequate idea what an excellent remedy this is for a burn until you have tried it.

A FOWL TIP. If you have a bird afflicted with Roup or any other poultry disease use Mexican Mustang Liniment. It is called a STANDARD remedy by poultry breeders.

HOLLOWAY & GREB, Meat Market.

OYSTERS AND FISH. BEST BEEF.
East Side Public Square. Crockett, Texas.

ANOTHER THRU TRAIN —TO— KOOL KOLORADO.

Beginning July 1st, we shall have two thru trains to Colorado each day.

One will leave Fort Worth at 9:45 a. m., the other at 11:10 p. m., after the arrival of all evening connections.

For guests who wish to retire early, a sleeping-car will be ready each evening at 9 o'clock.

Both trains will run thru to Denver. Each will carry thru coaches and sleeping-cars, and meals will be served, en route, in cafe dining-cars.

So this doubles the thru train service to Colorado from this territory, there is still "ONLY ONE ROAD" which has any at all. We have also the only direct Colorado line; make the best time, and haul very nearly everybody who goes. And, using our line, "YOU DON'T HAVE TO APOLOGIZE," you know.

"THE DENVER ROAD"

Passenger Department. Fort Worth, Texas.

N. B.—The rate, from all Texas points, is one fare plus two dollars for the round trip, good, returning, till October 31st, on sale all summer, every day. Tickets routed over our line have more stop-over privileges than any other road can offer, too.

THE TEXAS RAILROAD.

The I. & G. N.

Texas' Greatest Railroad.

Superior

Passenger

Service.

Magnificent Equipment.

International & Great Northern.

SEE OUR AGENTS, OR WRITE

L. TRICE, 2nd Vice Pres. & Gen. Mgr. D. J. PRICE, Gen. Pass. & Tkt. Agt.

ROOSEVELT TO FARMERS.

Talks of Character—Speech at Bangor.

The President said, in part: "I am glad to greet the farmers of Maine. During the century that has closed the growth of industrialism has necessarily meant that cities and towns have increased in population more rapidly than the country districts. And it remains true now, as it has always been, that in the last resort the country districts are those in which we are surest to find the old American spirit, the old American habits of thought and ways of living.

"Almost all of our great presidents have been brought up in the country, and most of them worked hard on the farms in their youth and got their early mental training in the healthy democracy of farm life. The forces which made these farm-bred boys leaders of men when they had come to their full manhood are still at work in our country districts. Self-help and individual initiative remain to a particular degree typical of life in the country, life on the farm, in a lumber camp, on a ranch.

"Neither the farmers nor their hired hands can work through combinations as readily as the capitalists or wageworkers of cities can work. It must not be understood from this that there has been no change in farming and farm life. The contrary is the case. There has been much change, much progress. The granger and similar organizations, the farmers' institutes and all the allegiances which promote intelligent cooperation and give opportunity for social, mental and intellectual intercourse among the farmers have played a large part in raising the level of life and work in the country districts. In the domain of government the department of agriculture since its foundation has accomplished results as striking as those obtained under any other branch of the national administration. We live in an era when the best results can only be achieved if to individual self-help we add the mutual self-help which comes by combination, both of citizens in their individual capacity and of citizens working through the state as an instrument. But after all this has been said, it remains true that the countryman, the man on the farm, more than any other of our citizens, to-day is called upon continually to exercise the qualities which we like to think of as typical of the United States throughout its history. The qualities of rugged independence, masterful resolution and individual energy and resource. He works hard (for which no man is to be pitied), and often he lives hard (which may not be pleasant), but his life is passed in healthy surroundings, surroundings which tend to develop a fine type of citizenship. In the country, moreover, the conditions are fortunately such as to allow a closer touch between man and man than too often we find to be the case in the city. Men feel more vividly the underlying sense of brotherhood, of community of interest. I do not mean by this that there are not plenty of problems connected with life on the farm and in our rural districts. There are many problems, and great wisdom and earnest, disinterested effort are needed for their solution. The problem of how to do these duties is acute everywhere. It is more acute in great cities, but it exists in the country, too. A man to be a good citizen must first be a good bread-winner, a good husband, a good father—I hope the father of many healthy children—just as a

woman's first duty is to be a good housewife and mother.

"The business duties, the home duties, the duties to one's family come first. The couple who bring up plenty of healthy children, who leave behind them many sons and daughters fitted in their turn to be good citizens—such a couple emphatically deserves well of the state. Every one of us slips on some occasion, and shame to his fellow who then refuses to stretch out the hand that should always be ready to help the man who stumbles. It is our duty to lift him up, but it is also our duty to remember that there is no earthly use in trying to carry him. If a man will submit to be carried, that is sufficient to show that he is not worth carrying. In the long run, the only kind of help that really avails is the help which teaches a man to help himself. The other day I picked up a little book called 'The Simple Life,' written by an Alsatian, Charles Wagner, and he preached such wholesome, sound doctrine that I wish it could be used as a tract throughout our country. To him the whole problem of our complex, somewhat feverish modern life can be solved only by getting men and women to lead better lives. He sees that the permanence of liberty and democracy depends upon a majority of the people being steadfast to that good, plain morality which, as a national attribute, comes only as the result of the slow and painful labor of centuries, and which can be squandered in a generation by the thoughtless and vicious. He preaches the doctrine of the superiority of the moral to material. He does not undervalue the material, but he insists, as we of this nation should always insist, upon the infinite superiority of the moral and the sordid destruction which comes upon either the nation or individual if it or he becomes absorbed only in the desire to get wealth. The true line of cleavage lies between the good citizen and the bad citizen; and the line of cleavage may, and often does, run at right angles to that which divides the rich and the poor. The signs of virtue lie in man's capacity to care for what is outside himself. The man who gives himself up to the service of his appetites, the man whom the more goods he has the more he wants, has surrendered himself to destruction. It makes little difference with him whether he achieves his purpose or not. If his point of view is all wrong, he is a bad citizen, whether he be rich or poor. It is a small matter to the community whether in arrogance and insolence he has misused great wealth or whether, though poor, he is possessed by the mean and fierce desire to seize a morsel, the biggest possible of that prey which the fortunate of the earth consume. The man who lives simply and justly and honorably, whether rich or poor, is a good citizen. The misuse of property is one manifestation of the same evil spirit which, under changed circumstances, denies the right of property because this right is in the hands of others."

Raised From the Dead.

C. W. Landis, "Porter" for the Oriental Hotel, Chanute, Kan., says: "I know what it was to suffer with neuralgia dead I did, and I got a bottle of Ballard's Snow Liniment and I was raised from the dead. I tried to get some more, but before I had 'deposited' my bottle, I was cured entirely. I am tellin' de truth, too." 25c, 50c and \$1.00 at J. G. Haring's.

You Know What You Are Taking
When you take Grove's Tasteless Chill Tonic because the formula is plainly printed on every bottle showing that it is simply Iron and Quinine in a tasteless form. No cure, no pay. 50c.

VALUE OF COTTONSEED.

It Is to Be Discussed at Dallas Farmers' Institute Meeting.

Special to the News.

Houston, Tex., Aug. 26.—President, Peters of Texas Cotton Growers' Association has sent in the following concerning State farmers' institutes:

"One of the most important meetings in the interest of agriculture in Texas will be the meeting of the executive committee of the Texas Farmers' Institute to be held in Dallas, Tex., September 6. At that time a partial list of the institute meetings will be scheduled and subjects for discussion arranged. Towns or sections wishing institute meetings held there are requested to notify Mr. Oswald Wilson, secretary, Houston, Tex., immediately and try and have representation at the Dallas meeting. All are invited to attend and a large crowd is expected. Among other important questions to be discussed at the various instituted meetings will be the value of cotton seed, as compared with value of cotton seed products, viz.:

37½ gallons of oil at 35c.....	\$13.12
713 pounds meal at \$24.25	
per ton.....	8.63
943 lbs. hulls at \$5 per ton.	2.82
23 lbs. of linters at 3c.....	.69

Total..... \$25.26

Is the present value of the product of one ton of cotton seed, allowing \$4 per ton to the mill for crushing same, worth to the farmers of Texas about \$20. Are you getting it? If not, why not? The farmers of Mississippi have organized to fight the cotton seed trust. If you will refuse to sell your seed unless you can get the value you will soon get what the seed is worth. E. S. PEERS, Member Executive Committee, Calvert, Tex., Aug. 26, 1902.

Fruit, Flower and Vegetable Carnival—Palestine, Sep. 16th to 18th.

Fruit, Flower and Vegetable Carnival to be held at Palestine, Texas, new freight depot, Sept. 16, 17 and 18, 1902.

Railroad will transport all exhibits free of charge, both ways. Also transportation for person in charge of exhibit.

Free exhibit space in building and person to assist in arranging the exhibit.

This carnival is given for the purpose of advertising the resources of East Texas.

Things to be exhibited: Flowers, fruit, vegetables, corn, cotton and anything grown in East Texas. Also things made from East Texas fruits, such as wines, jellies, preserves, etc. Fine poultry, live stock, timber, minerals, etc.

It has been suggested that Houston county might furnish a specimen of fine June corn and cotton grown on land that has already produced this year one hundred bushels of potatoes to the acre.

A Certain Cure for Dystery and Diarrhoea.

"Some years ago I was one of a party that intended making a long bicycle trip," says F. L. Taylor, of New Albany, Bradford county, Pa. "I was taken suddenly with diarrhoea, and was about to give up the trip, when editor Ward, of the Laceyville Messenger, suggested that I take a dose of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy. I purchased a bottle and took two doses, one before starting and one on the route. I made the trip successfully, and never felt any ill effect. Again last summer I was almost completely run down with an attack of dysentery. I bought a bottle of this same remedy, and this time one dose cured me." For sale by B. F. Chamberlain.

Electric Power Growing in Favor.

Baltimore Sun.

The utilization of the power of waterfalls by its conversion into electricity is going on in many places. The Electric Review gives an interesting account of a hydro-electric power plant at Shawinigan Falls in Canada. The location of this new power plant is in the province of Quebec, about midway between the cities of Montreal and Quebec. It is proposed to supply both these cities with electric power, and a manufacturing town is already growing up in the immediate vicinity of the falls. The power of the Shawinigan falls is enormous. It is already sufficient, it is said, to produce 200,000 horse power, the utilization of which is a great economy, especially as in that part of Canada good coal is not easily obtained. A portion of this power is already utilized, and the full force of the stream will be harnessed as it is demanded in industry. The object of the company, as stated in its franchise, is to supply light, heat and power, and the time cannot be far distant when all over the world the energy of great streams will be utilized for cooking food and warming the homes of the people. Canada is rich in splendid waterfalls and rapidly flowing rivers, and their general utilization may promote great manufacturing industries in places where the land is too sterile and the climate too severe for successful farming. It was the waterfalls of New England that gave the first impulse to the manufacturing industries which now sustain the mass of the population in that populous section. The subject of transmitting water power in the form of an electric current is just now of especial interest to the people of Baltimore, in view of the proposed hydro-electric power plant on the Susquehanna, by which the enormous energy of that great stream will be brought to our doors.

The Persistent Texas Populist.

There is one State in the Union, and perhaps one only, in which the populist party cannot be driven, swerved, starved, talked, argued, cajoled, ridiculed, denounced, legislated or led out of existence, and that is Texas. The populist party there exists through the excess of an abnormal democratic plurality which wavers between 150,000 and 200,000 and is so spread over the 244 counties of that vast commonwealth that usually every one of the members of the congress delegation from Texas is a democrat, and in the last legislature of that State there were 158 democrats and not one republican.

This is the populist opportunity for recruits "on the side." At their State convention, held at Fort Worth on Wednesday, a complete State ticket was put up and every political taste was served in the platform adopted: Initiative and referendum, State railroads, the employment at public expense of idle persons, government-made currency; no toleration of trusts, monopolies, alien ownership of land, or capitalization; a scientific and exclusive paper currency; the abolition of banks, barbed wire fences, and the present method of electing United States senators; and, finally, uncompromising resistance to "double-headed" on railway trains—a new local issue, the agitation of which is guaranteed to make the fusion populists in neighboring States look uncommonly like thirty cents.

While the militant populists in Texas continue to have a clear field for their political vagaries we

shall never lack an illustration of the absurd extremes to which radicalism can go. And no harm can result from the same, for the Texas populist is more formidable in his platforms than at the polls.—New York Sun.

Croup.

Usually begins with the symptoms of a common cold; there is chilliness, sneezing, sore throat, hot skin, quick pulse, hoarseness and impeded respiration. Give frequently small doses of Ballard's Horehound Syrup. (The child will cry for it) and at the first sign of a croupy cough, apply frequently Ballard's Snow Liniment externally to the throat. 50c at J. C. Haring's.

The Best Prescription for Malaria chills and fever is a bottle of Grove's Tasteless Chill Tonic. It is simply Iron and Quinine in a tasteless form. No cure, no pay. Price, 50c.

WHEN JUMBO II. SNEEZED.

After Humping Himself He Let Go, and Great Was the Commotion. Jumbo II. sneezed yesterday. To the average person this information is of no startling importance, but to those who happened to be on the midway at the Maryland Industrial Exposition, Pennsylvania and North avenues, when Jumbo sneezed the event was one long to be remembered, says the Baltimore Morning Herald. Jumbo's sneeze is like the bursting of a boiler, and it created a fairly good-sized panic. The elephant began to get ready for the sneeze half an hour before it happened, and as the time for the event drew near he was rolling about in his cage in great agony. Suddenly he stopped, gave one bellow, and then sneezed.

The look of perfect contentment on his face after the great event was in startling contrast to the terror seen on the faces of the fleeing people. Visitors to the exposition were running in all directions, not knowing what awful thing it was they were racing away from. Among the Mohammedans of the Oriental and Cingalese villages, Jumbo's sneeze caused wild excitement. Oriental folks are most superstitious about elephants, and they believe to hear one sneeze brings all kinds of good luck. They rushed to Jumbo's cage and, bowing low before his elephantine highness, began praying at a rapid rate. When they finished they explained that the elephant's sneezes are of the rarest occurrence, and the event was one of great significance to them. Elephants are susceptible to cold and catch cold easily, but it is very, very rarely that they sneeze.

Capt. Miller, Jumbo's keeper, says it is a good thing that this is so, for a few more sneezes like Jumbo had yesterday might blow the top of his head off.

Clean Kansan Counties.

There has not been a prisoner in the Haskell County (Kan.) jail for the last 15 years, neither have there been any prisoners in the Morton county jail for the past eight years, says the New York Herald.

These facts were brought to light a few days ago when members of the State Board of Charities visited these two counties on their annual tour of investigation.

Both counties are sparsely settled, Haskell having but 500 people and no railroad whatever. Morton county is in the extreme southwest portion of the state and has no railroads and a population of about 300. Most of these consist of cowboys and ranch owners and they are peaceful. There are no saloons.

Each county has but one jail, and that is used by the sheriff as a residence. There is a full set of county officers in each county, but they have little or nothing to do. There has never been a murder reported from either county.

Fast Speakers in Congress.

It is claimed that Representative Littlefield of Maine is the fastest talker in the house. He is a terror to the official stenographers. Henry U. Johnson of Indiana, who served several terms in congress, was probably the fastest speaker ever in the house. He talked more than 300 words a minute. Mr. Littlefield sometimes gets very close to the 300 mark.

How a Phrase Originated.

A local historian down in Connecticut thinks he has found the origin of the term "a lot of land" as applied to a house "lot" or a parcel of land, which he says is a purely American term. In other words, a colonial term as found in the early records. It originated from the custom of dividing grants or townships, etc., into parcels of land and then numbering each parcel, putting the numbers into a hat, or whatever was used, and then having them drawn out by those who were to occupy the land. Each man took the parcel corresponding to his number, and his land came by lot literally, and hence the use of the term.

Realism vs. Romanticism.

BY F. H. LANCASTER.

(Copyright, 1902, by Daily Story Pub. Co.) They were sitting on the gallery in the twilight and the discussion began by the Woman Who Wrote taking exception to the extravagant praise bestowed upon a modern book.

"It is not true; not possible. If a human woman had attempted to live through such a series of sensations she would have died of heart failure in a week; or, been sent to an asylum for the insane."

The Newspaper Man cut in dryly: "Realism will never appreciate romanticism."

"I wish to goodness that I could understand what is meant by realism and romanticism," announced the Green Girl.

"Why, the difference is just this," responded the Woman Who Wrote.

"Realism deals with what would probably happen—every-day flesh and blood. Romanticism with impossible creations of nerve and fury. For instance:

"Once upon a time there was a man and a woman in a gaudy little garden and life looked glad. But as the sun hastened to its setting the glow of their gladness began to dim, for to the man sunset meant return to camp, and to the woman, making hot biscuit for supper. So they watched the setting sun and their words were fewer as their eyes grew wistful. For this is ever so in life, novelist to the contrary, notwithstanding. A full heart makes not a ready tongue.

"Then into the garden came the maiden aunt of the woman, and she made obeisance to the man and said to him in pleasant, every-day, ungrammatical talk, that she would be much pleased to have him make a third at their teatable. Let any man who has learned to prize the presence of one woman above all others say what was in the heart of the man as he followed the old maid and the



The bread knife was in the left hand of the man and his right arm was about the woman's shoulder.

woman into the dining-room that smelled of new bread and sad salmon.

"We will not bother about biscuit to-night, Polly, if you will slice some cold bread," spake the aunt. But the man interfered, declaring himself to be familiar with the weapons, and laying hold upon the bread knife, attacked the loaf valorously. Whereupon the old maid went to the pantry for the tea. The door latch clicked in closing and the bread-knife was in the left hand of the man and his right arm was about the shoulders of the woman. His breath raised her hair, and then that happened which will always happen when any ordinary man and woman whose hearts have gone into each other's keeping, chance to find themselves alone together and safe from the eyes of others. For the space of a moment, heaven hung over the breadboard, then a loose plank squeaked and the woman began to lay places for six and the man cut slices of a thickness to beat the band.

The man's hand touched the woman's intentionally as he passed plate and platter. Marvel not, ye mortals of mundane flesh and blood, that the tea drank that night was a nectar compared to which the ambrosia of the gods was but as milk and water. For all that I have told is very true and has come to pass many hundreds of times, and if the world holds will come many hundreds of times more.

At last they said good-night in the moonlight. And if there be any among you who have not counted the moments by the delicious quiver of a heart beat against your own, I shall not strive to picture to you that pleasant parting, for no words could make it plain; and if there be those among you who have, neither will I expend energy upon useless endeavor, for you know that no words may do it justice. So for the sunshine. The shadow came next day with his letter. "My own dear Polly, the Indians are up and we have been ordered against them." Do not condemn him for breaking it so rudely. His heart was

hurting him too badly to think of finesse. It is ever so with an ordinary man, pain makes him impatient.

Well, the woman felt troubled; because she missed him, and because all at once she could think of him only as of a still, white face upturned to the moon. She went to the machine and made a couple of shirt waists with tucked fronts and insertion as per order, then she read the newspaper to keep from going into the garden. She did not care to talk about it—sympathy upsets one's self-control. But the hurt in her heart grew worse as the day died and when the time came for tea, she felt as though the food was choking her beforehand.

The eyes of the woman grew warm with tears as she looked upon the bread knife and thought of those great, clumsy slices, but she assented as a matter of course. Her fingers closed over the horn-handle and that haunting, upturned face left her. She saw him again beneath the hanging lamp, his eyes aglow with mixed up love and mischief. Ah! how good to be able to think of him once more as her dear bad boy.

When the house was still, she carried the knife to her room and covered its handle with tears and kisses. Trouble not yourself with idle questionings, whether the man came back from the wars or no; for when a man has won such love from a woman that she kisses handles for his sake, he has seen his Austerlitz; let him beware lest he live too long and so look upon his Waterloo.

"That's realism."

"In all save one particular," commented the Newspaper Man.

The Woman Who Wrote spoke hurriedly. "Now for romanticism:

"It was a wild, dark night, dark as death. The rain poured down in ceaseless torrents; the wind tore the thousand-year-old monarchs from the forest and lashed the sea into a raging mass of inky waters. Against it all, in the very teeth of the storm, the man held on his way. Headless of the howl and roar, heedless of the jagged lightning that leaped from the lowering heavens. Deaf, blind, lost to consciousness of aught save the sting of wounded pride and the fierce resentment of an outraged love. None save gods or devils would have braved such a night, but he—What was beat of rain and lash of wind? What was this wild storm without, compared to the fiercer one raging within? The rage of passion that sent the blood surging through his veins, and beat on his brain like hammers.

"The crimson curtains with their satin fringes swept to the floor, shutting out the storm and the night. They could not shut out the wind that howled and shrieked like a thousand devils in torment. Genevieve Trevallon crouched over her fire, her great, violet eyes staring in dense terror at the flames. For hours she had sat there covering under a sense of impending doom; suffering the agony of a hundred deaths. No torture devised by man so intense so agonizing as that of undefined fear. She clenched her hand until the blood sprang from her tender palm and dyed her perfect nails; low moanings broke from her pallid lips. He would not come, he would not come, and to-morrow would be too late, too late. Oh, God; the bitterness of a luxury that defeats love."

"The man fought on, not knowing that he fought. Over rage and resentment a desire had come to him, more blinding than the blue flare of the lightning. The desire to be with her, to breathe the intoxicating perfume of her hair, to feel the wild beating of her heart on his, to crush her lips beneath kisses strong as eternity, eager as life. His foot sunk into deepening water and a stream of heaven's blue fire showed him the bridge—a mass of broken timbers heaped upon the farther shore. Before him, wild, wicked water, but not hell a-gape, would have stopped him now. Into the raging water, beating against it defying it, his magnificent muscles strained like whipcords, his face blanched, his lips numb.



The door burst open, Genevieve Trevallon sprang to her feet.

"The door burst open, Genevieve Trevallon sprang to her feet. The man stood before her. His grand eyes, black and passionate as the night, burned into hers. His breath came in hoarse, gasping sobs. Pallid, spent, unkempt as the storm, he stood before her. Wet as a drowned rat!"

"Ah, how outrageous!"

"But he was wet," she protested.

"Bother; if we cannot escape prolix details let's have tea."

As the Woman Who Wrote arose to follow the others, the Newspaper Man stopped her.

"Did you really kiss that wife's handle?"

"What knife?"

"The one I cut ham with that night."

"Why, you crank, you and I have never been anything to each other."

"Don't be too sure of that. Remember the damage I did to your mother's china. If you hadn't been as cold as an iceberg you would have been better posted on realism. When your own heart is going like a buzz-saw you can't feel the beat of another against it. See? This is realism."

ISLANDS HAVE NO TREASURE.

Peculiar Characteristic of Lands Where Wealth is Sought.

One feature characteristic of all treasure islands is their lack of treasure. It is a dull seaport that is without at least one old salt with a story to tell about some fabulous amount of gold buried somewhere. Writers of fiction delight in tales of this sort, for they are easy to write and easy to set. It is no uncommon thing for an individual to turn up with a map of the district where the treasure awaits a claimant. As a rule this map has for its basis a tale that was originally the substance of a dime novel. The usual explanation of the possessor of the map is that it came to him from the hands of a penitent and dying pirate who had never dared to expose the truth, for he it known this pirate had been one of the pirate crew that used to cache its loot in the sands of the faraway isle. Usually he had been the last survivor, all of his associates having killed each other or died before getting their nerve to the proper pitch to make the revelation. Listening to this, some person of adventurous turn believes it, fits out a boat, and away he sails. To find the island is not a difficult matter. There is never any profit in finding it. If there had ever been a treasure there somebody else knew it and reached the spot first. The pirate of the raging main, even while actively in business, did not have in mind the benefit of future generations.—Tacoma Ledger.

AN OLD-TIME EDUCATION.

Criticism of the School System of the Seventeenth Century.

Now that there is so much talk about education it is interesting to look back and see what a seventeenth century moralist had to say about the teaching of children.

"We are in Pain to make them Scholars, but not Men!" he wrote. "To talk, rather than to know, which is the Canting. The first Thing obvious to Children is what is sensible; and that we make no Part of their Rudiments."

But what is of most significance to us is the same writer's appeal for technical education.

"We press their Memory too soon, and puzzle, strain and load them with Words and Rules; to know Grammar and Rhetoric and a strange Tongue or two, that it is ten to one may never be useful to them; Leaving their natural Genius to Mechanical and Physical or Natural knowledge uncultivated and neglected; which would be of exceeding Use and Pleasure to them through the whole Course of their Life."

After all, says the London Chronicle, it is the reformer rather than the historian who is forced to use vain repetition.

WANTED A GROWN-UP PERSON.

Child's Explanation a Doubtful Compliment to her Father.

A prominent real estate man in Los Angeles had an experience a few evenings ago that kept him guessing for a little bit as to whether he should feel complimented or otherwise, says the Los Angeles Herald. He was at home with one little daughter, while his wife and another of the children were downtown. Darkness was coming on and the little girl was anxiously watching for her mother's return. Her nervousness grew apace, in spite of the father's attempts at reassurance. At length the little one burst into tears saying:

"I just can't help it! I need mamma, and I must have her!"

"Do you do this way when your mamma is here and I'm away?" asked her father.

"No, of course not," replied the little one. "Cause then there's some grown-up person about the house."

Good Health

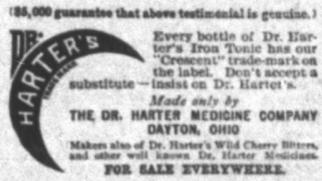
and pure blood are inseparable. If your blood is bad, your health must suffer. Poor blood allows the body to lose vitality just as a poor fire under the boiler allows the steam to run down. From poor blood to impure blood is but a step, and impure blood is mother to a large percentage of human ills. Dr. Harter's Iron Tonic is an antidote for both poor and impure blood, for it is both a builder and purifier—a food and a medicine. It is the best combination of the kind known to medical science, and its success for nearly half a century has led to its endorsement by thousands of medical men who have been unable to find a substitute.

Dr. Harter's Iron Tonic

will insure you against the many evils resulting from impure blood. Scrofula, pimples, blotches, kidney disorders, rheumatism, gout, dyspepsia, female weakness, anemia, chlorosis, etc., are a few of them; but the greatest evil, the greatest danger, is the general weakening of the whole system, which affords an opening for every passing disease.

The following is only one of the thousands of testimonials we have received:

Detroit, Mich., Jan. 10, 1901.
"I commenced using Dr. Harter's Iron Tonic when prostrate from a severe attack of rheumatism. After using three bottles all traces of this disease were completely eradicated from my system, and my general health was restored. As a blood purifier Dr. Harter's Iron Tonic has no equal, and I most sincerely recommend it to all persons suffering from indigestion, fatigue, rheumatism, and the many weakened conditions of the system produced by impoverished blood."
Margaret F. Yeazell,
No. 640 Second Ave.



I. & G. N. Excursion Rates and Arrangements.

Washington, D. C.—National Encampment, G. A. R.—Very low rates. Sell tickets Oct. 2, 3 and 4. Limit Oct. 17th. Privilege extension to Nov. 3rd.

Summer excursion rates to various points in Texas and to various points north and east. Low rates. Sell tickets daily. June 1st to Sept. 30th. Limit Oct. 31st.

Marlin, Texas—The great health resort. Low excursion rates. Tickets on sale daily the year round. Limit 60 days for return. For complete information call on I. & G. N. ticket agents, or address, D. J. PRICE, General Passenger & Ticket Agent, Palestine, Texas.

Grove's Black Root Liver Pills

Made from an active principle obtained from Black Root. They act on the liver equal to calomel and leave no bad after effects. No griping, no sick stomach. Will cure chronic constipation. Price 25 cents.



Mrs. Fred Unrath, President Country Club, Boston Harbor, Mich.

"After my first baby was born I did not seem to regain my strength although the doctor gave me a tonic which he considered very superior, but instead of getting better I grew weaker every day. My husband insisted that I take Wine of Cardui for a week and see what it would do for me. I did take the medicine and was very grateful to find my strength and health slowly returning. In two weeks I was out of bed and in a month I was able to take up my usual duties. I am very enthusiastic in its praise."

Wine of Cardui reinforces the organs of generation for the ordeal of pregnancy and childbirth. It prevents miscarriage. No woman who takes Wine of Cardui need fear the coming of her child. If Mrs. Unrath had taken Wine of Cardui before her baby came she would not have been weakened as she was. Her rapid recovery should commend this great remedy to every expectant mother. Wine of Cardui regulates the menstrual flow.

WINE OF CARDUI

A Quest.

Long since, there lived a man reputed wise. (Some better things were said of him, some worse.) Who made his life a tireless quest to know The Why and Wherefore of the universe.

He wandered through solutions intricate. And old and new philosophers he read; This one converted, but another spake, And made his faith apostasy instead.

His life was girt with vain analysis, And subtle disputations held in thrall His soul, that wildly dreamed to overleap The mystery Life offers to us all.

But when Age left him twisted, gray, and worn, He felt the barren purpose of his quest. And longed to quite forget his mocking doubts And live his last, few, trembling days at rest.

But Death had watched him with a cynic's eye— Had marked his shuffling step, his sight grow dim, And one still evening stood before his chair, And smiled, half kindly, as he beckoned him.

One passing through a certain field of graves May find a stone of rather ancient date, Which bears these words, the last philosophy, Of him whose life they thus commemorate:

"Here sleeps a man who sought to question God— Who conjured with the everlasting Why; Develped deeply into science, creeds, and schools, And learned this truth—that Man is born to die."

The U. S. Brand.

(Copyright, 1902, by Daily Story Pub. Co.) It was just a common black army horse, raw-boned and broken-winded, such as the quartermaster-general was buying and marking by the thousands; and the bugler who rode him, stunted and narrow-chested, the recruiting sergeant had picked out of the gutters of the Bowery.

The general, inspecting this last shipment of recruits, let his glance rest on the two.

"Poor material," he said, gloomily, to the young aide at his side.

That same afternoon a foraging party was sent out up the valley. There were none of the enemy, it was believed, in the neighborhood; but less than two miles from camp they ran into a strong detachment of Confederate infantry, concealed in the woods and a ravine. At the first volley the color-sergeant fell, shot through the head; and the bugler's horse stumbled and threw him; but he was up again in an instant and had caught the colors from the dead man's hand almost before they reached the ground.

The rest of the party had wheeled about and were riding back up the hill. The boy stared after them blankly. They were going back without the flag—the flag! Putting the bugle to his lips he sounded the rally. Half a dozen of the enemy came running toward him.

"Guess that old rag's ours," said one of them. But the boy flung his back against a tree, whipped out his sabre, and sounded the call again.

The men around him laughed. "The trump of old Gabriel himself wouldn't bring them fellers back," observed one; "it ain't no use a-kickin', sonny."

The bugler glanced despairingly toward the hill. They couldn't really be going to desert the colors! For a third time he was raising the bugle, when there was a sound of hoofs behind him. Here they came at last! He turned eagerly; and crashing



"Poor material," he said, gloomily, through the underbrush came his own

valiant horse—answering the call. To vault into the saddle and dart through the crowd took but the space of a breath. The enemy's surprise gave him a minute's start. Then the bullets came singing after him, more than one finding lodgment in quivering flesh; but the rider, bending low in the saddle, murmured soft words of encouragement and praise, and the horse swept on up the hill and over the crest, leaving a trail of blood behind; across the creek, past the Union outposts, into the quarters of their own company; then dropped without a groan.

The boy sprang to one side to avoid the fall; and with the blood streaming down his face held out the flag to a young aide—the only officer near. "We've brought back the colors, sir," he said.

Then men about sent up a quick cheer. The boy staggered a little as he turned toward them.

"Tain't me that done it, boys," he said, with an uncertain smile; "it was



held out the flag to the young aide.

the horse," and fell, fainting, across his dead steed's saddle.

The young aide turned away with a grim half-smile. "Poor material!" he muttered.

Long Distance Heating. There has been completed at Dresden, Germany, one of the largest long distance heating plants in Europe. This is used on many public buildings on the left bank of the River Elbe, including the theater, museum, castle, royal kitchen, the custom-house, etc. The greatest distance from the central station over which the heat is transmitted is three-quarters of a mile. The total heat consumption per hour is 5,200,000 heat units. The usual steam pressure is two atmospheres. Ten of a total of fourteen boilers are used and to guard against accidents two main lines of pipes have been provided. It is stated that the loss of heat in transmission is from 4 to 4½ per cent. The largest pipes have a diameter of eight and one-half inches. The pipes are protected by two layers of tin, the inner layer being perforated and the outer one covered with silk.

The Skull of an Eaten Missionary. The last Australian mail brings an interview with the Rev. A. E. Hunt, a New Guinea missionary, who had just arrived in Sydney. He brought with him the skull of the late Rev. John Chalmers, who, it will be remembered, was killed and eaten by Papuan cannibals. From inquiries he made on the spot, Mr. Hunt thinks that Mr. Chalmers and his companion, the Rev. Oliver Tompkins, met their horrible fate through arriving at a village where, in consequence of the erection of some sacred building, a tribal cannibal feast was in contemplation. The dispatch box of the veteran missionary was found to contain his diary, written up to the eve of the massacre, and his will.

B. L. Farjeon's Early Days. B. L. Farjeon, the English novelist, celebrated his 69th birthday a few days ago. He was a gold digger in Australia in the '50s, and did not discover his own ability as a writer of fiction until he went to work on the Dunedin Times. He wrote a serial story of an Australian walf and it met with such success that he immediately went to London. Mrs. Farjeon is a daughter of Joseph Jefferson, the actor. The author fell in love with Miss Jefferson's picture long before he saw the original.

What the Brook Saw.

BY MAY H. BRINCKLEY. (Copyright, 1902, by Daily Story Pub. Co.) In a shady spot of a cool green wood a little brook rested between its mossy banks. The air was heavy with the warm scents of summer and all around the voices of the forest were whispering softly. They told strange stories of the far away world of men and sang of love and happiness and many other wonderful things; while over all the yellow sunshine rested lovingly.



The brook.

The little brook was content to loiter, and dimpled delightedly in the very joy of existence.

From its bed in the mountain it had come journeying swiftly down; past narrow jutties and through high somber walls of rock. But the gay little brook laughed at their grimness with a merry tinkle, only tumbling boisterously and turning little somersaults in its haste to reach the warm blue sky. Then out into the sunshine, still sparkling and dashing down its pebbly way.

As it continued its riotous course, fanned by the breeze and kissed by the sunlight, it left tokens of its goodwill with the plants and flowers that grew by its side. It sprinkled the feathery ferns and waving grasses with a shower of shining rain-bow drops. In the modest heart of the hidden violet, it left a single jewel more bright than any diamond, and down the thirsty throat of the dark blue flag, it poured a tiny stream of crystal clearness.

Then on and on; slowly through meadows and corn-land fields, where the little ground people came out to drink and to gather the news brought by the brook from all along its way. And softly stealing under dainty bridges, where many a rustic knight had wooed and won his lady, the little brook bubbled on.

And into the deep still wood it stole, where the sunlight glimmered fitfully through the leaves of the tall oak trees and cast green patches of light on the ground below, where, save for the gentle murmuring of the things of the forest, everything was still with the soft hush of a summer moon. It was there the little brook rested. It rippled in peaceful content, and listened to the voices. A robin perched on the last twig of a bough was serenading a butterfly below. He twittered softly, and the butterfly bent her yellow head in acknowledgment of the flattering song. A bumble bee was boldly robbing a sweet blue-bell of all its honey, and the little wattle berries looked on in horror. The wild rose listened to the old, old story, whispered by a fluttering butterfly with gorgeous purple wings, and blushed a deeper pink, while the little breeze told of an exciting chase out from the West, and the trumpet vine blew all of its trumpets in applause.

But what sound was it that the brook now heard? Not the robin's song, nor the butterfly's murmured reply. Neither was it the voice of the wind, nor the sound of the merry trumpets. It could have been nothing save the patter of little feet; for there, bending over and laughing at her own image reflected in its clear water, was a child, her arms laden with forest



"For papa," she said, wild flowers, and her tiny bare feet

just on the edge of the stream. The sunshine turned her yellow curls to gold as she stooped to drop her flowers one by one into the water. The little brook marveled at this, but ceased its wondering when she spoke.

Opening wide her dimpled hands, the last flower fell into the arms of the brook. "For papa," she said. "He has no grave, you know. He was drowned at sea; and my mother told me that you, little brook, at last joined that same great big sea. And so, won't you please take him these flowers, and tell him that his little sweetheart sent them? Oh! he will like them so much, for I gathered them all by myself."

The robin's song was stilled, and the butterfly thought of another than herself. The dusty coated bumble bee stopped his plundering and listened, and the wild rose and the butterfly were still. Then the breeze lovingly touched the baby's curls and the little brook overflowed its banks and rippled caressingly around her rosy ankles.

The little maid smiled lovingly upon the whole forest family, then, turning suddenly, ran swiftly away, looking back to bid them a last good-bye.

This extra bit of sunshine gone, the brook no longer lingered. On and on it went until, still bearing the baby's offering, it joined the great sea far away.

FINEST OF ROYAL SCEPTERS.

Beautiful Piece of Jewelry in the Regalia of England.

The royal scepter of England, surmounted by the orb and cross, is one of the most splendid objects of the regalia and one of the most beautiful pieces of roccoco jewelry now existing in the world. It was made for the coronation of Charles II. by Sir Robert Vyner, the royal goldsmith.

The scepter is of gold, two feet nine inches long, richly jeweled at either end and banded with enameled and jeweled bands. At the top is the orb and cross, surmounting a crownlike ornament. Originally a fleur-de-lis supported the orb and crown, but this has been altered since Sir R. Vyner's time.

The cross patee at the top is thickly incrustated with diamonds, the central one on either side being an exceptionally large stone. The cross rises upon the orb, which is one great faceted amethyst.

Round the orb is a jeweled band of diamonds and rubies; over it runs the band on which the cross rests, and it is supported by four upright bars set with magnificent emeralds and sapphires.

The orb and crown thus glittering with precious jewels rests upon the arches of the crownlike ornament already mentioned, and this is also studded with splendid rubies and sapphires and decorated with enameled ornaments. The shaft of the scepter is spiral above and vertically banded below, and round the shaft are rings of blue enamel set with diamonds.

The handle is a most exquisite piece of goldsmith's work of white enamel set with rubies, sapphires and diamonds, and the butt of the scepter is composed of a ball with a knob, the ball being banded at its junction with the handle with another wonderful ornament of enamel set with great rubies and emeralds.

Justice Gray's Little Joke.

The only time Justice Gray of the United States supreme court was ever known to make a joke while seated on the bench was one day when Judson Harmon, then attorney general, was arguing a case before him. Mr. Harmon had occasion to display a map, quite a small one, and he referred to it as a "bird's-eye-view." The judge could barely see it from the bench and after peering at it for a moment he said: "Mr. Attorney General, I regret to tell you that I am not a bird." As Mr. Harmon folded up the tiny map the grave and dignified justice was heard to chuckle audibly.

Beauties of Red Tape.

Capt. Anderson, an acting assistant surgeon in the army, lost a trunk in the Galveston cyclone—not his own trunk, for it contained a lot of articles of feminine wear—the whole value at \$444.10. He asks that congress reimburse him for the loss and there has been almost enough correspondence about the matter to fill the missing trunk. Twenty-three letters, with innumerable red-tape endorsements, figure in a congressional report on the subject, but there does not seem to be much chance of the captain getting relief from the public purse.

Distracted "Tim" Campbell.

Gen. Heywood, now commanding officer of the marine corps, was at one time stationed at the Brooklyn navy yard. One day he was surprised to see a sentry approach with Congressman "Tim" Campbell in custody. "I wouldn't let this man pass, general, till he told me who he was. He says he is a congressman, so I knew he's a liar, and I thought the best thing to do was to bring him to you."

CORN CROP A WONDER.

Missouri's Great Staple Nearly
Out of Danger.

Only Shortage Will Be in Southeast
Portion of the State—Other
Crops in Good Condition.

Columbia, Mo., August 22.—Missouri corn will be out of danger by September 1. Such is the opinion of the authorities of the state experiment station. This applies to the early corn, which constitutes by far the bulk of the crop, some of which has already been cut. Late corn will be safe by September 15. The corn crop has beyond doubt broken the record, and is a wonder. Good authorities declare that in quality, as well as quantity, the harvest will be unprecedented.

The weather conditions during the last week have been favorable in most parts of the state, though there is still much complaint of drought in the southeastern section. Heavy rains have fallen in a few localities in this section but throughout the greater part a serious drought still prevails, and unless relief comes within a week heavy losses are certain. In a few places the corn crop has already been ruined by the drought.

In all other sections except the southeast the crop is maturing rapidly, and is, in fact, remarkable for the wonderful headway it has made during the last month. Throughout the greater part of the state plenty of rain is reported, the precipitation ranging from 2 to 3 inches. All danger of a drought is now past, and a wonderful harvest is assured.

The Cotton Crop and the Price.

To the editor of the Post.
Alto, Texas, August 25.—Our hopes are buoyed up and then they recede as fast as the waves of the sea.

One month ago the prospect for a big cotton crop was flattering in the extreme and now our hopes are blasted. No man knows what a day will bring forth.

The report went out in July that Texas would make the largest crop in her history, and this report held good until two weeks ago, when the boll worms, the dry weather and the hot winds began to get in their work and now the crop is a failure, being cut off at least 60 per cent in the past two weeks.

I left home in July, leaving a flattering prospect for cotton, and when I returned a few days ago I found my cotton practically ruined and no hopes for more than a half crop.

It will take four acres to make a bale, and this is a fair average of the crops I have seen, and I have seen crops in eight or ten counties in the main cotton belt of the State.

The crop in most of the cotton States seems to be damaged to some extent, though it is worse in Texas.

It is my opinion that the government report for September will be the lowest in many years, and the farmers should avail themselves of every opportunity to learn the real facts concerning the crop and hold their cotton for what it ought to bring with a short crop staring them in the face.

The spinners and, in fact the commercial world, have been led to expect a very large crop, and as most of the cotton speculators seem to be "from Missouri," we will have to show them before they will believe anything else. Instead of their being a thir-

teen-million-bale crop, there will not be more than ten million bales.

The cotton growers ought to have 9 or ten cents for their cotton, and they would get it if they were thoroughly organized and place only about 10 per cent of the crop on the market each month.

If the farmers expect to cope with the business world in this day of trusts and combines, they must organize in the handling and marketing of everything from a basket of tomatoes to a bale of cotton.
GEO. B. TERRELL.

Citation.

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

You are hereby commanded to summon the unknown heirs of James McDaniel, deceased, and the unknown heirs of Isaac Parker, deceased, by making publication of this citation once in each week for eight successive weeks previous to the return day hereof in the CROCKETT COURIER, a newspaper published in Houston county, Texas, to be and appear before the Honorable District Court of Houston county, Texas, at the next regular term thereof, to be holden at the court house in Crockett, on the fourth Monday after the first Monday in September, 1902, the same being the 29th day of September, 1902, then and there to answer the Plaintiff's petition, filed in a suit in said Court on the 30th day of July, 1902, wherein

E. L. Angier, W. H. Nichols, E. K. Nichols, P. G. Nichols, F. Mc. C. Nichols, T. P. Nichols, George B. Nichols, F. Nichols Stewart, John T. Dickenson, Ella D. Scott, G. R. Scott, Geo. A. Clark, Bessie T. Clark, Nannie Clark, and James A. Baker, Administrator, are Plaintiffs and the unknown heirs of James McDaniel, deceased, and the unknown heirs of Isaac Parker, deceased, are Defendants. File number of said suit being No. 4720.

The nature of the Plaintiff's demand is as follows, to-wit:

1. That plaintiffs are the lawful owners in fee simple and in right and lawfully seized and possessed of a certain tract of land situated in Houston county, Texas, being the tract of land originally granted to James McDaniel, by the State of Coahuila and Texas, by title dated Oct. 6, 1835, and commonly known as the James McDaniel one-fourth league grant in Houston county, Texas.

2. That the said James McDaniel, the original grantee of said land, is dead and his heirs are unknown to plaintiffs.

3. That during the lifetime of said James McDaniel, the title to said land was divested out of him and vested in Isaac Parker by a decree of the District Court of Houston county, Texas; that the records of the said District Court of Houston county have been burned and said decree in said case of Parker vs. McDaniel has been destroyed and no authenticated copy thereof is in existence.

4. That the said Isaac Parker is dead and his heirs are unknown to plaintiffs.

5. That during his lifetime, to-wit: About Jan. 1, 1850, the said Isaac Parker, for a valuable consideration, conveyed said land to his daughter, Lucy Ann Hale, wife of Sam C. Hale; that the said conveyance has been lost and destroyed and no authenticated copy is in existence.

6. That the title to said land passed out of the said Lucy Ann Hale, and by mesne conveyance, became vested in plaintiffs, and is now vested in plaintiffs.

7. That the loss and destruc-

tion of said decree of the District Court of Houston county, and said conveyance from Isaac Parker to Lucy Ann Hale, renders plaintiffs' title to said land defective and imperfect and constitutes a cloud upon plaintiffs' title; that the said unknown heirs of James McDaniel and Isaac Parker are setting up some pretended claim or title to said land which casts a cloud upon plaintiffs' title.

Premises considered, plaintiffs pray that the said unknown heirs of James McDaniel and Isaac Parker, deceased, be cited by publication to answer this petition; that upon a hearing hereof they have judgment against said defendants for the title to said land; that the said clouds be removed from plaintiffs' title and that they be quitted in the possession of said land and for costs of suit and general relief.

Herein fail not, but have you before said Court, on the first day of the next term thereof, this Citation, with your return, showing how you have executed the same.

Attest: J. B. STANTON,
Clerk of the District Court of Houston county.

Given under my hand and the seal of said Court, at office in Crockett, in the county of Houston, in the State of Texas, this 30th day of July, 1902.

J. B. STANTON,
Clerk District Court, Houston county, Texas.

Citation.

The State of Texas:
To the sheriff or any constable of Houston county, greeting:

You are hereby commanded to summon F. M. Raines and Amos Raines by making publication of this citation once in each week for four 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 third judicial district; but if there be no newspaper published in said judicial district, then in a newspaper published in the nearest district to said third judicial district, to appear at the next regular term of the district court of Houston county, to be holden at the court house thereof, in Crockett on the fourth Monday after the first Monday in September, A. D. 1902, the same being the 29th day of September, A. D. 1902, then and there to answer a petition filed in said court on the 25th day of August, A. D. 1902, in a suit, numbered on the docket of said court No. 4727, wherein J. W. Hail is plaintiff and F. M. Raines and Amos Raines are defendants, and said petition alleging that plaintiff on or about the 22nd day of October, A. D. 1900, bargained to defendants certain tracts of land, for which defendants executed their five certain promissory notes each for five hundred dollars. That the vendor's lien was retained in both the deed and notes. That said land is described as follows: Lying and being situated in Houston county, State of Texas, on Trinity river about 14 miles N. W. from the town of Crockett. First tract a part of the R. de la Garza. Beginning on the east bank of Trinity river where the S. E. Bdy. line of the Roman de la Garza 11 league line crosses the river. Thence N. 55° E. with said line to where it crosses Hurricane Bayou, stake for corner. Thence in a westerly direction down Hurricane bayou with its meanders to Trinity river. Thence down Trinity river with its meanders to the place of beginning, containing 736 acres, more or less. The 2nd tract. Adjoining the above described tract and bounded as follows:

Beginning at the N. E. corner of the A. P. Rice survey where the same intersects the S. E. Bdy. line of the Roman de la Garza. Thence southwardly with the east Bdy. line of the R. D. Aprice survey a sufficient distance to include 150 acres by running a line parallel with the N. W. Bdy. line of said Aprice survey to the W. Bdy. line of same, the last tract or No. 2 is to contain 150 acres out of the R. D. Aprice survey; which two said described tracts of land are fully described in said deed which is duly recorded in volume 24, page 353, of the deed records for said Houston county.

That defendants are insolvent and have abandoned said land, and plaintiff now has possession of said land, and title to same. That the deed from plaintiff to defendants is a cloud on plaintiff's title.

That Amos Raines is a non-resident of the State of Texas, and that F. M. Raines' residence is unknown. That plaintiff has elected to rescind the bargain for the sale of said land, and has so notified Amos Raines in writing, but could not notify F. M. Raines, because his residence is unknown.

Plaintiff prays citation, that the deed from plaintiff to defendants for the land above described be cancelled, and all title by virtue of said deed in defendants be divested out of them and vested in plaintiff, and for costs and general and special relief.

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

Witness: J. B. STANTON,
Clerk Dist. Court of Houston Co. Given under my hand and the seal of said court at office in Crockett this the 25th day of August, A. D. 1902.

J. B. STANTON,
Clerk Dist. Court Houston Co. Tex.

A Communication.

Mr. Editor—Allow me to speak a few words in favor of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. I suffered for three years with the bronchitis and could not sleep at nights. I tried several doctors and various patent medicines, but could get nothing to give me any relief until my wife got a bottle of this valuable medicine, which has completely relieved me.—W. S. Brockman, Bagnell, Mo. This remedy is for sale by B. F. Chamberlain.

21 Years a Dyspeptic.

R. H. Foster, 318 S. 2d St., Salt Lake City, writes: "I have been bothered with dyspepsia or indigestion for 21 years; tried many doctors without relief; recently I got a bottle of Herbine. One bottle cured me, I am now tapering off on the second. I have recommended it to my friends; it is curing them, too. 50c at J. G. Haring's."

To Cure a Cold in One Day
Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. E. W. Grove's signature is on each box. 25c.



HARPER WHISKY

Physicians Prescribe It for their most delicate patients.
Old and Pure.
FOR SALE BY
A. LeGORY.

Beginning at the N. E. corner of the A. P. Rice survey where the same intersects the S. E. Bdy. line of the Roman de la Garza. Thence southwardly with the east Bdy. line of the R. D. Aprice survey a sufficient distance to include 150 acres by running a line parallel with the N. W. Bdy. line of said Aprice survey to the W. Bdy. line of same, the last tract or No. 2 is to contain 150 acres out of the R. D. Aprice survey; which two said described tracts of land are fully described in said deed which is duly recorded in volume 24, page 353, of the deed records for said Houston county.

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PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

A. A. ALDRICH. GEO. W. CROOK,
A. ALDRICH & CROOK,

ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
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Office over Smith & French's drug store.

B. F. BROWN, M. D.,

PHYSICIAN and SURGEON
CROCKETT, TEXAS.
Office over Haring's Drug Store.

W. C. LIPSCOMB, M. D.,

PHYSICIAN and SURGEON,
CROCKETT, TEXAS.
Office with B. F. Chamberlain.

R. B. STOKES, M. D. J. E. WOOTTERS, M. D.
STOKES & WOOTTERS,

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CROCKETT, TEXAS.
Office in the rear of Chamberlain's Drugstore.

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NUNN & NUNN,

ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
CROCKETT, TEXAS.
Will practice in all Courts, both State and Federal, in Texas.

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Office over Chamberlain's drug store.

James McDaines' Music House.
North-East Corner Square, Crockett, Texas.
Pianos, Organs, and all lines of Musical Instruments and supplies. Sheet Music and Instructors.
Phonographs and Graphophones a specialty.
Agent for Eclipse Marble Works.
We give our customers the benefit of our discounts.

—FOR—
Staple and Fancy Groceries,
Fruits, Nuts, Soda Water,
Ice Cold from the Fountain, and all kinds of
Cold Drinks,
with flavors to suit everyone, and Home-made Candy, go to
Joseph & Mike.

SPECIAL Offer.

GALVESTON SEMI-WEEKLY NEWS

—AND—

THE CROCKETT COURIER
for one year for \$1.85

Payable in advance. Subscribe at once, while you have the opportunity to get the two papers for but little more than the price of one of them, and but a small proportion of their value to you. Send or mail your orders to the

COURIER OFFICE.

E. W. Grove

This signature is on every box of the genuine **Laxative Bromo-Quinine Tablets** the remedy that cures a cold in one day

Devoured by Worms.

Children often cry, not from pain, but from hunger, although fed abundantly. The entire trouble arises from inanition, their food is not assimilated, but devoured by worms. A few doses of White's Cream Vermifuge will cause them to cease crying and begin to thrive at once, very much to the surprise and joy of the mother. 25c at J. G. Haring's.

Social Stems.

Slim prices—stout values at the Big Store.

A multiplicity of bargains at the "Big Store."

John Goolsbee is reported ill with slow fever.

H. Asher returned Monday night from St. Louis.

School supplies, school supplies at the New Drug Store.

A lot of stuff going at and below cost at Hyman's saloon.

Guns to kill your hogs and salt to save them at JIM BROWN'S.

Case whiskey 50c per pint, \$1 per quart at Lee Goolsby's saloon.

See Stanton, the barber, for shaving, hair cutting and shampooing.

Have your Cimons made from that beautiful Cimona cloth at the Big Store.

You will find the coldest and best keg beer in town at Lee Goolsby's.

The lowest possible prices are the highest they ever charge at the Big Store.

J. E. Bean of Grapeland, nominee for county surveyor, was in town Saturday.

The New Drug Store can furnish you anything in the way of school supplies.

Cotton was bringing 8 cents Thursday morning and cotton seed 30 cents per bushel.

Just arrived at the New Drug Store a large and complete supply of school books, etc.

Prices on fall stock at the "Big Store" attractive enough to draw every sensible woman.

Remember that Holloway & Grebb keep fresh fish and the best beef in Crockett.

Call For
Cracker Jack whiskey at Lee Goolsby's at \$1 per qt.

This is the last call and your last chance to get what you want at cost at Hyman's saloon.

The Big Store will be pleased to show you their elegant line of art squares, rugs and tapestries.

Major J. C. Wootters, Dr. John B. Smith and John Murchison left for Comfort, Texas, Tuesday.

Buy your drugs, medicines and school books from
SMITH & FRENCH DRUG CO.

Buy your syrup barrels, kegs and bagging and ties from
JIM BROWN.

Our motto now is: "Strictly cash to all and credit to none."
HYMAN HARRISON.

Rev. J. B. Smith has nearly completed raising stock for new electric plant. It is all home capital.

Notice.

The East Texas Ginning and Milling Co. will be running Monday morning.

Entire stock of Whiskies, Wines, Brandies etc., going at "selling out" prices at Hyman's Saloon.

Mrs. Earl Adams, Jr., went down to Corpus Christi and joined the other ladies there. They report a delightful time.

Why take your cotton to Crockett when you have a market for your cotton and seed at Kennard?
E. J. CARROLL.

Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Downes returned home Monday night from New York, where they have spent the past two months visiting their son, Dr. Downes.

Soda Water

Is the national beverage. When properly made there is no drink so healthful and refreshing. The making of it is an art. There must be attention to details, experience, knowledge, skill and conscience exercised in its handling.

We make it as it should be made. Pure carbonated water, genuine fruit syrups and abundant ice are the essential materials, and absolute cleanliness is our hobby.

B. F. CHAMBERLAIN DRUGGIST.

A swell stock of muslin underwear at the Big Store.

When at leisure call and examine our stock of hats.
JIM BROWN.

See those beautiful Etamines, Ziblenes and new basket weaves at the Big Store.

Buy your drugs, medicines and school books from
SMITH & FRENCH DRUG CO.

The New Drug Store has all kinds of school books, tablets, paper, ink, etc.

All that's good in groceries is found in grocery department of the Big Store.

Just a song and a dance and a little money on the side and you can get almost anything you want at Hyman's saloon.

Weigh your cotton with Brashers, Lansford, Satterwhite & Wilson at the Wilson cotton yard. Good water and yard for our customers.

Will and John Dunwoody left Monday evening for Waco, where John entered a business college. Will returned to Crockett Wednesday night.

The Big Store has just received one of the most complete and up-to-date lines of dress goods that has ever before been carried in Houston county.

Prepare for the hereafter and buy your whiskey while you have an opportunity to buy it cheap at Hyman's Saloon.

If you need any letter heads, note heads, bill heads, envelopes, circular letters, statements, blanks, or printing of any kind, telephone No. 22, the COURIER office.

The first opportunity you have, see our large fall line. Select your suit, pants and overcoat.
KING & MURCHISON, Merchant Tailors.

Remember that our days are numbered, and that our time is nearly up, and that never again will you have an opportunity to buy your whisky as cheap as it is going now at Hyman's saloon.

Notice, Farmers.

Bring your cotton to Kennard. I will weigh, sample or ship and guarantee satisfaction. Yours to please,
E. J. CARROLL, Kennard, Texas.

Notice.

As I have decided to go out of the saloon business, I ask that all those who are indebted to me will please call at Hyman's saloon and balance their accounts. Please remit. Yours truly,
HYMAN HARRISON.

Stops the Coughs and Works off the Cold.
Laxative Bromo-Quinine Tablets cure a cold in one day. No cure, no pay. Price, 25 cents.

Made to measure—suits, pants, fancy vests, overcoats, everything in outer wear for men and boys.

KING & MURCHISON, Merchant Tailors.

Jno. Foster had trouble with one of his negro hands on his place Monday. The darkey threatened to use a hatchet on Jno. when the latter drew a pistol and fired. The ball of small calibre made a flesh wound in the small of the back.

If you want to see the largest line of the finest patterns at the most inviting prices you ever did see, drop in today or tomorrow or the first chance you get and inspect our line.

KING & MURCHISON, Merchant Tailors.

Jas. Christian left at the COURIER office Thursday morning some fine stalks of sugar cane. He has 1 1/2 acres on Hurricane bayou that will average 6 1/2 feet to the stalk. He is thinking of making an exhibit at the Palestine fruit carnival.

Cotton Shipments.

Cotton shipments from Crockett for year ending Aug. 31, 1902, amounted to 16,133 bales. There were on yards and wharves about 200 bales. The receipts would have easily gone over 17,000 bales if the cotton could have been ginned.

For Sale.

My entire crop of tobacco at ten cents a pound where a whole bale is taken. A bale weighs from 12 to 18 pounds. It is genuine Havana and there is nothing better for smoking. Call at COURIER office before it is all gone.
W. B. PAGE.

For Sale.

A farm, about 7 1/2 miles north of Crockett on Rusk road, farm lying on both sides of road, 93 acres, 60 in cultivation, under good new plank and wire fence, good water, place in state of good improvement. \$900.00 cash. Bad health reason for selling.
T. P. VAUGHN, Crockett.

Special Notice to the Public.
On Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays I will leave Kennard for Crockett with passenger coach and return on Wednesdays, Fridays and Sundays. Everything first-class and up-to-date. Round trip \$3.00, one way only \$2.00. Wait at Crockett hotel in Crockett and Hatchell hotel in Kennard.
CAPT. SAM HYNES, Prop., Kennard, Texas.

Probably the pants, the ones that come with your spring suit, want to go first—it's a way pants have of doing. Better let us make you a new pair, then have the coat and vest pressed up (also down) and you'll have practically a new suit. We are making single pants at ridiculously low prices in some cases as low as two dollars a leg—seats free. Come early and avoid the rush.
KING & MURCHISON.

Miss Amelia Miller and Miss Ethel Wootters will reach home Friday night from a most enjoyable visit of five weeks at Boulder, Denver, Colorado Springs and Manitou, Colo. They spent the last two weeks of their visit at Manitou, enjoying the beautiful scenery, the delightfully cool climate and the health-giving waters of the Manitou springs. No where in Colorado is the scenery more beautiful than at Manitou and Colorado Springs. And the weather is always cool, wraps and light overcoats being worn of evenings. Miss Ethel very kindly consented to assist in a Florida concert which was to be given this week for the benefit of one of the Manitou churches.

REMEMBER WE HAVE THE BOIS D'ARC WAGONS.

Cheaper and better than any other.

Call and see them.

J. C. WOOTTERS & COMPANY.

Lost.

Blue-gray mare mule, 5 years old, 14 1/2 hands high, branded D-T on left shoulder, wears a leather halter. Left my place 9 miles east of Crockett on August 18th, 1902. \$5 reward for information leading to recovery.
BOB SMITH, Arbor, Tex.

Rev. J. B. Smith brings the COURIER office samples of the new forage plant, known as "Mand's Wonder Forage Plant." It is a wonderful growth and will in all probability prove a great boon for this section. It comes from seed grown in Nebraska and resembles somewhat the sorghum growth though bearing a head like the cat-tail millet. It has grown to the height of ten feet, standing out in a dozen stalks from one seed like oats or wheat.

Mrs. D. R. Baker Dead.
Mrs. M. E. Baker, wife of D. R. Baker, died at Oakhurst Saturday evening, August 30. The remains were brought to Crockett Sunday and interred in Glenwood cemetery Sunday afternoon at 5 o'clock. Funeral services were held from the residence of Mrs. Baker's grandmother, Mrs. M. A. Leaverton. Mrs. Baker was raised at Crockett and the sad news of her death brought deep sorrow to all who knew her here, and they were many. She was greatly loved by all. She was a kind and generous neighbor, a fond and loving mother and a dutiful wife. Her husband, parents and other relatives are sadly bereaved. The sorrowing relatives have the sympathy of the community.

Will It Pay?

Will it pay to spend month after month, your leisure time—doing nothing and squandering money, that, properly invested, would fit you for life?
Will it pay you to attempt to write a business letter only to commense improperly, misspell, blunder and fail?
Will it pay you to remain ignorant of how to write notes and endorse them?
Will it pay you to remain ignorant of contracts? How to draw them? How and what is liable? Your rights under them?
Will it pay you to continue to write an illegal hand? To continue to be slow and inaccurate in arithmetic?
Will it pay you to remain ignorant of bookkeeping, business training and shorthand when you will need them continuously throughout life?
Will it pay you to work for starvation wages when by getting a thorough business education you may demand a handsome salary?
Will it pay you to depend on your hands for a living when you can easily train your head to make five times as much?
Will it pay you to attempt to do business until you are educated for business? Your answer to the above questions must necessarily be "No." So why not enter Tyler College? The largest commercial

Fly Time

is at hand, as is also the time for screening your house. We have a fine line of

Screen Doors and Windows

which we are offering low down. Now is the time to buy while our stock is complete. Also a full line of

Sash and Doors

at the lowest prices.

Houston Co. Lumber Company, T. R. DEUPREE, Manager.

and shorthand school west of the Mississippi river. A school that is placing its graduates in the most responsible clerical and stenographic positions to be found throughout the country. A school with a course of study that is unsurpassed. No vacation—enter any time.

Write today for large illustrated catalogue, free.

TYLER COLLEGE, Tyler, Texas.

In Memory of Mrs. Mary J. Hails.

I stood by the casket, and looked on the face So worn and so weary, yet bearing a trace Of sweet peace, and freedom from all earthly pain, While my heart gently pleaded, we'll soon meet again. I saw the eyes closed as in quiet repose Of life-giving rest, such as nature bestows; But closed to all suffering, heartaches and strife For the things of this world, and opened to life. Opened, to sweep over Heaven's domain! To know that our loss is forever her gain: Opened to see Jesus in His great love, Welcome her home to His mansions above. Her last words come to me—a murmur so faint That friends bent to listen, in awe and restraint, And heard words of love given daughter and son, And inquiries made for the dear absent one. "I leave my dear children in God's loving hands, For he will take care of us all." Then the sands Of life slowly sifted, but ere it had fled, "I am going to sleep in Jesus," she said. Let these words console you, dear ones in your grief: The knowledge will bring to you peace and relief, And in future years, when time shall have healed Your present sharp anguish, truth will be revealed.

ONE WHO LOVED HER. Crockett, Texas, Sept. 1, 1902.

Notice.

Orange, Texas, July 1, 1902. We, the undersigned owners of more than one-fourth of all the stock of the Orange & Northwestern railroad company, hereby call a special meeting of the stockholders of said company, to meet at the general office of said company at the city of Orange, in Orange county, Texas, at 2 o'clock p. m., on the 8th day of September, 1902, for the purpose of authorizing the Board of Directors to apply to the railroad commission of Texas for authority to register bonds of the company, and to issue such bonds as said railroad commission may authorize, and to authorize the Board of Directors to execute a mortgage on the properties of said Orange & Northwestern railroad company, including its road bed, equipments, depots and other property, limiting said mortgage, however, on its right of way and road bed to that part of said line included between the city of Orange, in Orange county, Texas, and Center, in Shelby county, Texas.
W. W. REID,
W. H. STARK,
H. J. LUTCHER,
E. W. BROWN.

You Know What You Are Taking
When you take Grove's Tasteless Chill Tonic because the formula is plainly printed on every bottle showing that it is simply Iron and Quinine in a tasteless form. No cure, no pay. 50c.

THE COURIER.

W. B. PAGE, Editor and Proprietor
W. W. ALKEN, Publisher & Local Editor

DEMOCRATIC NOMINEES.

For County Judge:
Porter Newman.
For County Clerk:
Nat E. Allbright.
For County Treasurer:
Hardin Bayne.
For Tax Collector:
John W. Brightman.
For Sheriff:
E. B. Hale.
For District Clerk:
J. B. Stanton.
For County Attorney:
John Spence.
For Tax Assessor:
Tony Gossett.
For Representative:
Coll Stokes.
For Commissioner, Prec. No. 4:
H. W. McElvey.
For Commissioner, Prec. No. 1:
H. P. Aldman.
For Commissioner, Prec. No. 3:
Abb Thomason.
For Commissioner, Prec. No. 2:
W. E. Hail.
For Justice Peace, Prec. No. 1:
John W. Saxon.
For Constable, Prec. No. 1:
A. W. Phillips.
For Constable Precinct No. 3:
Horace Rodgers.

"THOSE WHOM THE DEVIL WOULD DESTROY HE FIRST MAKES GLAD."

Last week's issue of Grapeland Messenger had another installment of the same dirty stuff which appeared first two weeks previous. When the fact is considered that there had been no mention of the Messenger in the COURIER at any time it at once becomes apparent to all that the motive for such an assault springs from malice pure and simple. It is a painful and humiliating office, painful because it is humiliating, to have to pay any attention to anything which may be said by any such paper. And about the only notice we care to give it in a general way is to say that the man who wrote the article in question is a coarse, vulgar blackguard and blatherskite, without any regard for or sense of the virtues of truth or justice and a stranger to even the elementary principles of good breeding. In a spirit of self-exaltation and self-exploitation, he rants in a gushing, overflowing strain about the shortcomings of the COURIER and the multitudinous virtues of the Messenger. And just on this point we are happy to know that there can be no comparison between the two for the reason that things not in the same class can not be compared. The fact that we decline to be placed in the same class with the Messenger or the Messenger man calls "conceit," when as a matter of fact it shows only good taste and good sense. The COURIER does a straightforward, legitimate business, having always in mind a proper conception and appreciation of the dignity of its calling and the worth of its work; the Messenger with its code of easy business principles does a slashing, cut-throat business, relying on cheapness to win where worth and merit fail. Cheap methods, cheap matter, cheap material, cheap man with the shoddy motto in bold lines: "Des pabere am so sheep as never tax. Come up everybody and gets one." With its three-for-a-quarter subscription price (and it is dear at that for anything it contains) there are those who take it. And then there are others (the larger number) who take it not for anything in it or on it, unless it be to see how the King's good

English can be butchered with impunity, but for other purposes, chiefly other purposes.

We thought we would touch a tender spot when we referred to the matter of record. Forthwith the Messenger man proceeds to talk about those with whom he had lived. Oh, yes, of course. But some people do some things away from home sometimes.

The Grapeland Messenger man says 'he wouldn't know the writer if he were to meet him in the road.' We regret that we can't say as much for him. We have met him and the impression made on us has been a lasting one. Now and then as we go through life we run up against a face so strikingly sinister as to be positively interesting. We take the mental photograph of it home with us and study it in profile and from every other view point. We analyze the expressions with the discriminating care of a physiognomist. We first note that the eyes can't look one straight in the face. A forceful expression indicates that cunning in little things and low intrigue are constituent and predominant elements in the make-up of the little soul behind or beneath that face. We at once label the man with such a face, *Impostor*, and pass the image of such to the brain-cell in which is usually stored mental pictures of Humbugs and Frauds. We also remark to ourselves in passing up such a picture that "it might be well to keep an eye on the fellow who wears such a face." Oh, yes, we have met the Messenger man. We are not going to deny it just for the sake of a little flippant bravado. Then we couldn't deny it if we wanted to. And then again we wouldn't deny it if we could, because such meeting afforded us positive pleasure, of a purely subjective kind, however; pleasure in the knowledge it furnished us of human nature and character of that particular type. Oh, yes, we have met the Messenger man.

The Messenger man's attack on the COURIER is the act of a cowardly sneak. We had just emerged from a hot prohibition contest which had gone against the side which the COURIER supported in its feeble way. We were "licked" to a finish and had the manhood to admit it. About the only part the Messenger man had taken in the "licking," if any, was to contribute, perhaps, to the disgraceful funeral orgy which followed the election in Grapeland. But he reasoned this way as far as such a man could reason: "The election has gone against the COURIER's side and that paper is no longer militant but meek and submissive. It will take almost anything now. I will slip up and do a little sand-bagging." There is a homely little fable which tells us that a calow, unsophisticated fellow was going along a mountain path once upon a time. He saw a bob-catt lying asleep on the way-side. It was very quiet, innocent and inoffensive looking, a picture of meek, submissive humility. It looked attractive and he couldn't resist the temptation to jump on it. He did so. Then the whole mountain side rang with his cries of distress and appeals to his friends and neighbors to come and help him turn it loose.

A certain Crockett lawyer could reproduce some mighty interesting reading just now, mighty interesting reading, mighty interesting. But it is not necessary to reproduce it just yet.

To Cure a Cold in One Day
Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets.
All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. E. W. Grove's signature is on each box. 25c.

COUNTY SUPERINTENDENT

Prominent Grapeland Citizen Favors a Change.

However much I have differed with you in other public matters, I am with you whole-souled in the matter of a separate officer to look after the public schools of our county. Not that our county judge, Hon. E. Winfree, is derelict in his duties in this respect, but his other duties must of necessity occupy all or most all of his time. We certainly have a most princely public free fund and to do our whole duty we should get the very best possible results out of it.

If this business was a private instead of a public one, there is not a man in this county who would not give it his personal thought and improve on it if possible. Why not make it a personal matter, especially so when there is hardly a man in the county who is or may be not personally interested in the education of the county's children. Let every citizen of this county think of this matter and if we are not now getting the best possible results, change to something better. Let us agitate this matter. I am glad you have taken up this matter and I hope that all thoughtful citizens will consider this matter from a personal standpoint.

Coltharp.

EDITOR COURIER:

It seems as some of the merchants of this place are like a swarm of bees without a queen. They know not where to settle.

Crops are going to turn out very sorry here, not as well as some think they will. It was too dry at first for corn and when it did rain it rained too much for cotton.

We are having some of the hottest weather, it seems to me like, that I ever experienced. I can't see how men and teams can stand to work on full time as they have to do. You can hear of some team being over-heated ever now and then.

The cars are now running into the new town, (Kennard.) The first trip was on 31st. Mr Editor, it seems right strange to be here in the brush and hear the trains running all around you. It seems to us old settlers like a dream to see such a change in this part of the country in so short a time. If you have not been here since all this change, Mr. Editor, you ought to come and see the change and then sit down on a stump and scratch your head and say to your self, "is this thing I see facts or am I dreaming?" There has been wonderful changes here in the last three years and in three years more it will be still more wonderful. Roads are changed, fences changed, houses changed. Where once used to be the front is now the back and vice versa all around. The woods are changed. I will tell you the honest truth: I went in the woods the other day cow hunting where I have been perfectly familiar for the last 25 years and got lost in broad day light. I began to have serious thoughts in regard to myself. I could not realize whether I was drunk or was asleep or had gone crazy. But I finally decided that I just simply got lost and that was all there was to it. Mr. Editor this enterprise here has been a great thing for this part of the county. I have been here a long time and I can realize what it has done for this country. There is, I think I can safely say, \$50.00 in circulation here now to one four or five years ago. There is no excuse for a well man not having money here now, both black and white. Some

EAST TEXAS GINNING AND MILLING CO.,

CROCKETT, TEXAS.

Incorporated under the laws of Texas with paid

CAPITAL OF \$25,000.00.

We are prepared to gin 200 bales of cotton per day. No waiting. No stopping over night. We gin a bale in every eight minutes, and have ample storage with suction unloading apparatus. We guarantee to take out the sand and dust and pack your cotton in the standard uniform square bale. Have bought the latest improved huller gins which take out the sticks, trash and dirt, thereby making a high-grade sample which is sought by spinner buyers. We have the latest and best equipped gin outfit in East Texas and solicit patronage of the farmers, guaranteeing moderate charges. Courteous business-like fair treatment to all. Your cotton will bring from one-fourth to one-half cent per pound more if you will let us gin it.

I. A. DANIEL,
A. H. WOOTTERS, } Directors.
T. P. SELF, }

THOS. SELF, President,
D. M. CRADDOCK, Sec. and Treas.

EAST TEXAS INDUSTRIAL CARNIVAL AND FRUIT SHOW

Palestine, September 16, 17 and 18, 1902.

Three Days!--Three Nights!

Sept. 16, Industrial Day; Sept. 17, Texas Day; Sept. 18, Press Day.

U. S. Cavalry
Twelfth Cavalry Band
Gorgeous Street Parades
Newly Paved Asphalt Streets
Pain's Manhattan Beach Fire Works
A Carnival of Grandeur and Magnificence.

Prince Ilderim's Grand and Glittering Entry Into Palestine, Resplendent with Oriental Grandeur, will Occur 8 p. m. Sept. 18, 1902.

NO ADMISSION CHARGES.

POPULAR LOW EXCURSION RATES

From all points on the L. & G. N. Railroad.

Call on L. & G. N. Ticket Agents for Complete Particulars Regarding Rates and Train Schedules.

L. TRICE,

2nd V-Pres. & Gen. Mgr.

D. J. PRICE,

Gen. Pass. & Tkt. Agent.

men will tell you that this mill and railroad have been a curse to the country. But I think it has been the grandest thing that ever his or could have struck this country. I know men here now that are working for this mill company that pay cash for everything they get and owe nothing and have plenty of money ahead. These men have been at work all the time and took no lay-off. Now who says this enterprise is not a good thing for the county? There never was but from one to two stores at this place; now there are five. Why is this? What caused this change of affairs here? Why, the big mill, of course. No doubt but what you have heard it said that if any of the mill men traded at Coltharp they would be fred. Now I will say that if there was ever a man fired from the mill or any other works pertaining to the mill, I do not know it and I am in a very good position to know as I am somewhat familiar with all of the different departments of the mill. Some people give the general superintendent a pretty tough name but I think this is all for an effect and prejudice. I know the superintendent personally and all of his subordinates and I take them to all be perfect gentlemen from the lowest to the highest. I think it a perfect shame the way some people has, and is still acting toward this company, when every dollar, you might say, these same men handle comes through this company's hands in some way. You can hear of notices being posted every now and then that they are going to run the negroes off of the works and circulating around away from home that the negroes had better stay away from the mill as it was no place for negroes; that they were liable to be killed if they went there to

work. Now I will say right here that this is all wrong. Just stop and think as to how this thing might terminate. Just as long as this company can work the labor of this county, the money that is paid them will circulate in this county. But if the company is forced to bring their labor from the North that ends the circulation of that money. There is no use talking or thinking that this mill will ever have to shut down or stop running on account of labor. They have too much capital invested here for any one to think they will ever shut down. Now, kind reader, don't think for one moment that I am in any way connected with this enterprise for I am not. I have never done a day's work for them in my life at the mill. I am a man who hates to see any strife going on in any county. I had rather have the good will of a dog than the ill will of one.

I would like to see every one in this county do well. I have no kick coming toward the mill company or any other enterprise that might start up here. I have been looking forward to a development of this county a long time. So now lets stop this foolishness and live like white people and neighbors.
OLD RESIDENTER.
Sept. 1st, 1902.

A Communication.

Mr. Editor—Allow me to speak a few words in favor of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. I suffered for three years with the bronchitis and could not sleep at nights. I tried several doctors and various patent medicines, but could get nothing to give me any relief until my wife got a bottle of this valuable medicine, which has completely relieved me.—W. S. Brockman, Bagnell, Mo. This remedy is for sale by B. F. Chamberlain.