

# The Crockett Courier.

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NO. 39.

## SHUPAK

### Some Talks About Tailoring

SOME men make the mistake, through two-thirds of their lives, of supposing that a tailor is chiefly useful to a "Society Man." It's a mistake YOU should never have made. For a tailor is chiefly useful to self-respecting business men—to men who should dress well because "it pays."

The men who patronize the right and the wrong tailors may be picked out in a crowd—although the "wrong" tailor's patrons sometimes are an improvement over the men who have no tailor at all.

**Shupak Tailoring Company**  
Exclusive Tailors  
Crockett and Teague

## SIX MILLION DOLLARS

ARE THE TAXABLE VALUES OF HOUSTON COUNTY.

Claims Allowed and Other Business Transacted—Tax Rolls Approved.

At a special session of the commissioners' court, begun on the 15th day of October, the following claims were allowed:

M. E. Barrier, building bridge.....	\$ 77.15
Johnson Arledge, soap	1.30
Houston County Times, stationery.....	52.00
H. Asher, mdse.....	5.85
Joe Taylor and Mack Lusk	3.55
W. R. Petty, building bridge.....	31.00
Mainer & Kimbro, lumber	23.02
W. P. Calvert, lumber....	3.00
S. H. Lively, road service	12.00
S. C. Leediker, lumber....	36.63
G. R. Murchison, road service.....	32.00
J. A. Harrelson, road service.....	30.00
R. C. Ferguson, bridge work.....	27.95
L. L. Wright, repairing culverts.....	1.50
J. H. Shaver, lumber.....	48.70
Geo. W. Shaver, lumber..	30.83
Leslie Neal, bridge work..	12.25
C. B. Isbell, road service..	6.00
C. W. LeGory, work.....	8.00
Pick Lacy and Bob Hale, work.....	3.15
John Spence, stamps and stationery.....	5.15
Verner Coatney, work on road.....	6.00
After allowing the above	

claims, other business was transacted as follows:

The court approved the tax rolls of Houston county for 1908 as prepared by John H. Ellis, tax assessor. The total valuation is \$6,894,755.

The court entered into contract with Warfield Bros. for a pumping engine to cost \$240. The engine is to supply the court house and jail with water from the tank to be erected in the court house yard.

The court got permission from the city to lay sewer pipes from the court house and jail to the town branch..

### Suit for Personal Injury.

Simo Svilakos, a Bohemian, is suing the Houston County Coal & Manufacturing company for \$20,000 for personal injury. The case was called in the district court Monday morning and has taken up the first of the week. The plaintiff claims to have been injured in the mine of the defendant coal company at Wootters, near Lovelady, by one of the cars in the mine running against him and injuring one of his arms to such extent that it had to be amputated near the elbow. The amputation did not follow immediately after the accident, but the plaintiff claims that it was made necessary as a result of the accident. Many witnesses are present and the case is long drawn out.

WANTED—Success Magazine requires the services of a man in Crockett to look after expiring subscriptions and to secure new business by means of special methods usually effective; position permanent; prefer one with experience, but would consider any applicant with good natural qualifications; salary \$1.50 per day, with commission option. Address, with references, R. C. Peacock, Room 102, Success Magazine Bldg., New York.

## THE COURIER ENDORSED

THE "MOSS ON OUR BACKS" HAS REACHED THE LIMIT.

Town Antiquated and People Fossilized—Result: Colds, Hay Fevers and Grips.

Editor Courier:—In your issue of last week the following article appeared, to-wit:

"Our people have no right to complain now of the dust. They have lived here for fifty years or more, sitting perfectly still, satisfied with their surroundings and making little effort to better the sanitary condition of their town. It is nothing but proper but that they should now choke on dust. The wonder is that they are not all dying with contagious diseases, for dust is germ-laden and life-destroying. They may find comfort in the fact that they are not yet disease-ravaged, but they will not find comfort in the fact that the moss is growing longer on their backs and that so far as they are concerned they have not much time left in which to do something for their posterity. Civilization, education and twentieth century progress demand a system of waterworks for Crockett. Do not let the last setting sun of 1909 go down on Crockett without seeing that she has ample protection from the ravages of disease and fire. Let's start the waterworks now. Wait till to-morrow and it will never be done. How many of you ever accomplished anything by putting off starting until to-morrow?"

I am gratified to know that the Courier and I can get together on something. We got as far apart "as the poles" on the prohibition and the Bailey questions, but we are right together on the "water works" matter, and I congratulate the Courier on getting right sometimes.

Your article has the ring of the true metal in it. The question of water works is an all-important one to the people of Crockett, and I want them to read your article, "chew" on it, read it over again and take another chew, and then read and chew again, and as much oftener as it is necessary for them to thoroughly "digest" and understand it and come to their senses on that question.

It does seem to me that the "moss on our backs" has just about reached its limit. We can never have a decent and respectable town until we get a complete system of water works. With such a system, and a rigid enforcement of proper sanitary regulations, Crockett can be made one of the healthiest and one of the prettiest towns in Texas, and her people ought to have energy and enterprise and public spirit enough to go after these good things and make the town what it ought to be. It is a thousand wonders that half the people of this town do not sicken and die from breathing the dust that fills the atmosphere here now every day, and we know that it occurs every summer and fall. I am no physician, but I have not the slightest doubt that this dust is

the primary cause of the great majority of the colds and hay fevers and grips that affect our people. The wonder is that we have any health at all, and a fatal epidemic of some kind would be no surprise to me at any time.

Crockett can never expect to be the town it should be until we have water works. Really live, active, wide-awake, thrifty and well-to-do people are not going to make any old "antiquated" town their home, and we can never hope to induce capital to come here and invest so long as they see that we are "fossilized" and literally saturated with "moss" and properly belong to the "antediluvian" age. In order to learn this it is only necessary for them to just take a "peep" at the town and ascertain its sanitary condition and see what evidence of modern improvement and progress is in sight. Unfortunately for us there is none and we cannot deny it. The people of Crockett could not make a better investment than to erect these improvements, let the cost be what it may, for they would more than pay for themselves in the way of health and comfort in one year. With them, and then the removal of a few old "eyesores" near the depots, and the establishing of a town park, we will then begin to enjoy some of the real comforts of life—and not until then. "Hit 'em again," Billy!

J. W. Madden.

### Final Survey Being Made.

Mr. J. A. Mitchell, civil engineer for the Texas Southeastern railroad, was in Crockett Friday. Mr. Mitchell stated to the Courier editor that he was making his final survey for the railroad from Lufkin to Crockett and that when the present survey is completed the company will be ready to build after the right of way is secured. He said his company was anxious to get the road completed into Crockett and that he found the people along the line of survey very favorable to the construction of the road. The Courier does not anticipate any hitch in securing the right of way, for we have talked with a number of land owners along the proposed route and they are almost unanimously of the opinion that the road will increase the value of their property more than the cost of the right of way.

Mr. W. H. Brown and Miss Minnie Balthrope were very quietly married at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Simpson Saturday evening at 8 o'clock. Rev. F. M. Boyles of the Methodist church performed the ceremony. Mr. and Mrs. Brown left on the 9:13 train for Arlington, where they will make their home. They have the best wishes of many friends here and elsewhere. The groom was formerly connected with the Crockett Light and Ice company.

## To the People

### OF Houston County

¶ We want to extend to you this special invitation to make our store your headquarters when you come to Crockett. Don't wait until you want to buy goods. We want to get acquainted with you and want you to see how our large business is conducted.

¶ We also invite country merchants to get our prices. There are many things that we will sell you cheaper than the large wholesale houses, besides saving you freight. Yours truly,

## Daniel & Burton

The Store that Buys What You Have to Sell and Sells What You Have to Buy

## HOW PRISONER WAS CAPTURED.

DETAILS OF THEFT OF MAN FROM CELL OF GROVETON JAIL.

Officers Are Following Many Clews in Trinity County in the Case of Will Goyens.

Groveton, Texas, Oct. 16.—How it was possible for a body of four men to force an entrance into a county jail and walk out with a prisoner, and then shoot him and afterwards burn the body, in the hope of covering all traces of the crime, is gradually being learned here, following the arrest two weeks ago of Ed Chandler who is charged with the murder of Will Goyens.

One night during the first week of September the cell in which Will Goyens was confined in the Trinity county jail was emptied of its prisoner, and for a time the officers were at a loss to account for his disappearance. The first supposition was that he had been liberated by friends. But for the gruesome find of a pile of charred human bones in the woods about a mile from the court house thirty days after the disappearance, this theory might have gone uncontested. Then came the investigation into what is alleged to be the most sensational crime in the history of East Texas.

Sheriff Kirkwood does not live in the jail, nor does the county employ a jailer. A portion of the prison is rented to a private family, and on the night of the jail delivery the occupants of the jail heard a window in the office forced open, heard the blows which smashed the little wooden box in which the sheriff kept the keys to the heavy iron doors of the jail proper, and then a few minutes later heard the blows which forced open the cells, the key to the cage being in the sheriff's pocket, and then saw four men walk from the jail closely crowded about the fifth man, who carried a grip, and who, it is alleged, was the prisoner, Will Goyens. News of the forcing of the jail was quickly noised about, but the telephone line leading to the home of Sheriff Kirkwood was down, and it was decided that as it was very late, nothing toward pursuit of the men could be accomplished before morning, and no message was sent to the officer's home.

Investigation develops the fact that a belated citizen hurrying for a doctor met the group of five men who covered him with their guns and exacted an oath of secrecy. That oath has never been broken, but it is stated that within a few minutes after the men had been seen, shrieks of terror and cries for help were heard, followed by a volley of shots, about eight in number, and the man who took the oath excitedly remarked, "A man has been murdered."

Sheriff Kirkwood believes the man spoke the truth.

Going back to the period before the sensational happening in Groveton, the cause of the crime is traced to charges by East Texas cattle men that their cattle were being stolen in large numbers.

Members of the State Cattlemen's Association sent for a detective, and G. McMeans, ex-sheriff of Ector county, was detailed as a special detective to investigate. Representing himself as an expert cowboy he soon found employment with Ed Chandler, a young man, who was active in the cattle business. Soon afterward formal charges were preferred of cattle

theft against Chandler, Hoyt Young, Mitch Goyens, Will Goyens and Lou Taylor. The two Goyens, Mitch being the father of Will, immediately signed sworn statements in which they declared Ed Chandler was the head of a band who had been stealing cattle, killing the animals, skinning them and burying the hides to obscure the brands, and selling the beef, Chandler having contracts to supply several lumber camps.

Released on bond, the bonds were forfeited, as all men went over into Louisiana. After many exciting chases, Chandler and Will Goyens were rearrested and Chandler gave bond, but Goyens could not do so. As the hides of many of the missing cattle were found where Goyens said they had been concealed, the force of officers were weaving a strong thread of evidence, when Goyens was taken from his cell. It is now alleged, and the murder is charged against Chandler, that Goyens was induced to leave his cell under the impression that the men were his friends and were trying to restore his liberty. When he entered the woods he realized his mistake and then came his cries for help, but all too late.

The logs piled on the body did not consume it entirely and this led to complete identification of the remains and the subsequent arrests, and it is stated that other sensational developments are to follow. Chandler is now in the county jail at Woodville.

### Arabian Hypocrisy.

Writes a traveler: "The noblest and the basest Arabs are agreed that to obtain as quickly as possible all the available cash they can lay their hands on is by no means degrading. But even here subtle dialectic comes into play. The Arab must always have right on his side, for in studied and complex hypocrisy he has nothing to learn from us. If an Arab would rob his guest—I am speaking from personal experience—he will first talk at length on the subject of honor, hospitality, and so forth. He will gradually work the matter round as to why you are traveling, throw out suggestions that spies, enemies and intruders cannot claim hospitality, suggest that he himself is poor, question himself as to whether he ought not to detain you as a prisoner, again state that he is in want, and thus shift from blackmail to cajolery and from gentle requests to threats, until he has extorted a sum of money which in his curious brain he might describe as the least he could accept with honor or the most he could extract without danger to himself."

### The Spanish Galleon.

Primarily the galleon was but a peaceful merchant ship, but by the irony of fate she became, almost from her inception, a center of the fiercest fighting. Square rigged and high of stem and stern, broad of bow and low of waist, with massive bulwarks and fore-castle, and poop three and four decks high, she possessed a picturesque appearance, but little of sensible naval architecture. The stem was clumsy, broad and blunt and smashed heavily through the waves to the great detriment of speed. This and the towering stern presented such a surface to the wind that the difficulties of steering were quite formidable, and six or eight men at the wheel were not unusual. The method in this apparent madness of marine construction was the land-lubber's instinct, still strong in men of the sea of those days, to reduce all naval maneuvers to the stand up and kneel down tactics of the land fight on a common platform.—John C. Fitzpatrick in Scribner's.

### Bluffed the Parson.

The former Lord Elphinstone's parish minister was a very scatter brained theologian and in his sermons often knew not the end from the beginning. One Sunday his lordship, in his customary sleeping, gave vent to an unmistakable snore. This was too much for the minister, who stopped and cried, "Waken, my Lord Elphinstone!"

A grunt followed, and then his lordship answered, "I'm no sleepin', minister."

"But ye are sleepin'. I wager ye dinna ken what I said last," exclaimed the pastor.

"Ou, aye," returned the peer. "Ye said, 'Waken, my Lord Elphinstone.'" "Aye, aye," said the minister. "But I wager ye dinna ken what I said last afore that."

"Tut," replied the nobleman promptly. "I'll wager ye dinna ken yourself."—Dundee Advertiser.

# MOORE & SMITH



**SEE US**

WE have a large stock of General Merchandise for sale and the following is a partial list of same. We ask that you get our prices and compare with others.



**If You Have Trouble**

to make your pocket book meet your expenses try buying here.

**Something in Dry Goods.**

Fancy Dress Goods, Calicoes, Outings, Stripes, Domestic, Bed Tick, Old Fashioned Jeans, Meltons, Ladies' and Men's Underwear, Hosiery, Ladies' Collars, Ties, Men's Ties and Collars, Handkerchiefs a specialty. A fine line of Ladies' Handkerchiefs.

**Our Clothing.**

Have a fine line men's pants and boys' suits, also have ducking clothes for men and boys, working clothes, horse clothes.

**In the Shoe Line.**

Yes, we sell them; shoes for grandpa, for grandma, for mother and father, for big brother and sister—for baby, too, also for the horse.

**Something in Hats.**

Men's hats of all kinds from John B. Stetson down, and caps for boys and girls.

**A Variety in Shirts.**

Dress shirts, work shirts, top shirts, undershirts.

**Hardware.**

We sell hardware and cutlery, carpenters' tools, hand saws, X cut saws, saw sets, saw clamps, brace and bits, metal frame level and plumb, bevel squares, steel squares, try squares, cotton cards, toy wagons.

**Groceries.**

Flour, bacon, sugar, salt, meal, syrup, tea, coffee, soda, baking powders, laundry and toilet soap, Ivory soap, snuff and tobacco, rice, lima beans, potatoes, onions, spices, extracts and canned goods of all descriptions.

**Ammunition.**

Old fashioned powder, shot and caps, and loaded shells—22 cartridge.

**Wagon Repair Material.**

Axles, tongues, houns, front and rear, spokes, fellows, wagon bows and covers.

**Comfortable Blankets.**

Have blankets from the cheap cotton to all wool.

See Us, and You Will Be Glad and So Will We.

## MOORE & SMITH,

Wooters' Old Stand, Northeast Corner Public Square.

# MOORE & SMITH

**The Story of a Bust.**

Among the busts at the Pinco, says Paolo Picca in the Vita, is one of the poet Vincenzo Monti, which has a curious history. The portrait bust was originally that of Vittorio Alfieri, a contemporary of Monti's and his sworn enemy. Alfieri had gained fame as a writer of tragedies. Shortly after the Alfieri bust had been placed in position by one of his works, and the bust was taken down and put in the cellar. In its place came a bust of the poet Alessandro Berri. But Pinco honors were not lasting, and it was only a short time before the composer Bellini replaced Berri. The bust in the cellar had not been forgotten, and when Vincenzo Monti was named for the honor the old marble was brought forth, and with file and chisel it was made over. The normal nose was converted into a most peculiar organ, which still shows the scars of the operation; the hair was cropped, the bushy eyebrows were shorn, and the cheeks were rounded, and so Alfieri became and still is Monti—a proof that monumental marble and bronze are not always truthful.

**One Was Enough.**

"Dad," said the white faced lad, "how many cigars does it take to hurt a boy?"

"How many have you smoked?"

"One."

"That's the number," said dad, and, taking down the strap from behind the door, he soon convinced the boy that he was right.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

**Common.**

"They are quite ordinary people, aren't they?"

"Yes—keep their engagements, eat plain food, pay their bills and all that sort of thing."—Life.

The world has not yet learned the riches of frugality.—Cicero.

**As a Mischievous.**

"Don't you hate to grow old?" said the first egg sadly.

"No, I don't," returned the second egg, with a toss of the head. "When I become old enough I am going on the stage."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

**Then He Stole.**

Frudent Swain—If I were to steal a kiss, would it scare you so that you would scream? Timid Maiden—I couldn't. Fright always makes me dumb.

I have never known a man of real ability to be ungrateful.—Goethe.

**PROF. HAYNIE**

The Hypnotist

—AT THE—

**OPERA HOUSE CROCKETT**

**3 - NIGHTS - 3**

**BEGINNING**

**Thursday, Oct. 22**

**A GENUINE CURE FOR THE BLUES.**

Seats on Sale at

**Sweet's Drug Store.**

**Saved His Boy's Life**

"My three year old boy was badly constipated, had a high fever and was in an awful condition. I gave him two doses of Foley's Orino Laxative and the next morning the fever was gone and he was entirely well. Foley's Orino Laxative saved his life." A. Wolkuash, Casimer, Wis.

McLean's Drug Store.

**Never Worry**

about a cough—there's no need to worry if you will treat it at its first appearance with Ballard's Horehound Syrup. It will stop the cough at once and put your lungs and throat back into perfectly healthy condition. Sold by M. J. Henson & Beasley.

**OPERA HOUSE**

Monday Night

**October 26**

**N. S. STONE**

—PRESENTS—

**"A Trip to Zulu"**

A musical comedy with a plot. One of the best shows that will be here this season. A full chorus of

**Pretty Girls and Lots of Funny Comedians.**

Scenery and electrical effects. Don't fail to see this one.

Seats on sale at Sweet's Drug Store

**PRICES 75, 50 & 25 CENTS.**

Come to the Hustling, Bustling, Ever-Improving

**San Angelo Country**

DURING OUR

**FAIR**

**Nov. 4th to 7th.**

Railroad tickets sold on 4th at about one-fourth of one way fare for the round trip, good until the 10th. All other days railroad tickets will be sold at 1-1-5 fare for the round trip. See your R. R. agent. If you want to see the best country and the biggest fair in the west don't forget the date. Such low rates were never given before in the history of the state. For example—round trip from Temple, \$3.40; Ft. Worth, \$6.25; Gainesville, \$7.05; Houston, \$7.05; Wolfe City, \$7.05; Brenham, \$5.25; other points in proportion.

**San Angelo Fair Association, SAN ANGELO, TEXAS.**

# A WALKING GALLOWS

## The Horrible Deeds of Lieutenant Hepenstall.

### HANGED MEN FROM HIS NECK

This Handsome but Brutal Giant of the Wicklow Militia Was the Most Cold Blooded and Eccentric Executioner That Has Ever Existed.

Among the examples and records of British tyranny during the terrible year 1798 there is none more extraordinary, according to a writer in an English magazine, than that of Lieutenant Edward Hepenstall, known by the nickname of "the walking gallows," for such he certainly was, literally and practically.

This notorious individual, who had been brought up as an apothecary in Dublin, obtained a commission in the Wicklow militia, in which he attained to the rank of lieutenant in 1795. He was a man of splendid physique, about six feet two inches in height and strong and broad in proportion. Referring to this handsome but brutal giant, Sir Jonah Barrington in his memoirs states:

"I knew him well and from his countenance should have suspected him of cruelty, but so cold blooded and eccentric an executioner of the human race never yet existed."

At the outbreak of the sanguinary rebellion, when the common law was suspended and the stern martial variety flourished in its stead, Lieutenant Hepenstall hit upon the expedient of hanging on his own back persons whose physiognomies he considered characteristic of seditious tenets. At the present day the story seems almost incredible, but it is a notorious fact, revealed by the journalism of the period, that when rebels, either suspected or caught red handed, were brought before him Hepenstall would order the cord of a drum to be taken off and then, rigging up a running noose, would proceed to hang each in turn across his athletic shoulders until the victims had been slowly strangled to death, after which he would throw down his load and take up another.

The "walking gallows" was clearly both a new and simple plan and a mode of execution not nearly so tedious or painful as a Tyburn or Old Bailey hanging. It answered his majesty's service as well as two posts and a crowbar. When a rope was not at hand Hepenstall's own silk cravat, being softer than an ordinary halter, became a merciful substitute.

In pursuance of these benevolent intentions the lieutenant would frequently administer an anaesthetic to his trembling victim—in other words, he would first knock him silly with a blow. His garters then did the duty as handcuffs, and the cravat would be slipped over the condemned man's neck.

Whenever he had an unusually powerful victim to do with, Hepenstall took a pride in showing his own strength. With a dexterous lunge of his body the lieutenant used to draw up the poor devil's head as high as his own and then, when both were cheek by jowl, begin to trot about with his burden like a jolting cart horse until the rebel had no further solicitude about subversive affairs. It was after one of these trotting executions, which had taken place in the barrack yard adjoining Stephen's green, that Hepenstall acquired the surname of "the walking gallows." He was invested with it by the gallery of Crow Street theater, Dublin.

At the trial of a rebel in that city the lieutenant, undergoing cross examination, admitted the aforementioned details of his method of hanging, and Lord Norbury, the presiding judge, warmly complimented him on his loyalty and assured him that he had been guilty of no act which was not natural to a zealous, loyal and efficient officer. Lieutenant Hepenstall, however, did not long survive his hideous practice. He died in 1804. Owing to the odium in which he was universally held, the authorities arranged that his funeral should take place secretly, while a Dublin wit suggested that his tombstone would be suitably inscribed by the following epitaph:

Here lie the bones of Hepenstall, Judge, jury, gallows, rope and all.

#### How Queen Bess Dined.

The setting out of the dinner of Queen Elizabeth was a ceremonious function. First came a gentleman with a rod, followed by a gentleman carrying a tablecloth, which, after they had knelt reverently three times, was spread upon the table. Then came two others, one with a rod, the other with a saltcellar, a plate and bread. They knelt three times, placed the things on the table, knelt again and retired. Next came a lady in waiting, followed by a second. The first lady, dressed in white, after kneeling three times, approached the table and solemnly rubbed the plates with the salt. Then entered twenty-four yeomen of the guard clad in scarlet and each carrying a dish of gold. These dishes were placed upon the table, while the lady taster gave to

each of the guards a taste from the dish he had brought in for fear of possible poison. These guards were selected from the tallest and stoutest men in all England. At the close of this ceremony a number of unmarried ladies appeared and with great solemnity lifted the various dishes and carried them to the queen in her private apartments. The queen dined and supped alone, with few attendants, and it was seldom that any one was admitted at this time, and then only at the intercession of some one in power.

#### Coal Used by Romans.

It is believed by some historians that coal was used by the Romans on the continent and by the Britons on the island before the arrival of Caesar. As early as 1234 Henry III. granted a license to dig coal near Newcastle, but a few years later the use of coal was forbidden in London, the smoke being deemed prejudicial to public health. In 1306 the London gentry petitioned the king against its use, declaring that in spite of his royal order certain malicious persons persisted in burning it. Coals began to be brought from Newcastle to London in 1381, during the reign of Richard II. By the year 1400 coal was commonly burned in London as a fuel, though 200 years later, in the reign of Charles I., its use was far from being general throughout England. Anthracite coal, which, except the diamond, is the purest form of carbon known, was first used by a Connecticut blacksmith named Gore in 1768 and as a domestic fuel by Judge Jesse Fell of Wilkesbarre, Pa., in 1808.

#### A Fairy Tale Kingdom.

The kingdom of Uganda is a fairy tale. You climb up a railway instead of a beanstalk, and at the end there is a wonderful new world. The scenery is different, the vegetation is different, the climate is different, and, most of all, the people are different from anything elsewhere to be seen in the whole range of Africa. Instead of the breezy uplands we enter a tropical garden. In place of naked painted savages clashing their spears and gibbering in chorus to their tribal chiefs a complete and elaborate polity is presented. Under a dynastic king, a parliament and a powerful feudal system an amiable, clothed, polite and intelligent race dwell together in an organized monarchy upon the rich domain between the Victoria and Albert lakes.—Winston Churchill, M. P., in Strand Magazine.

#### A Promise Unfulfilled.

O. Henry, the well known story writer, once promised the editor of a magazine that he would deliver a short story to him on the following Monday. Several Mondays passed, but the muse was refractory, and the story was not forthcoming. At last the wrathful editor wrote this note:

My Dear O. Henry—If I do not receive that story from you by 11 o'clock today I am going to put on my heaviest soled shoes, come down to your house and kick you downstairs. I always keep my promises.

Whereupon O. Henry sat down and wrote this characteristic reply: Dear Sir—I, too, would keep my promise if I could fulfill them with my feet.—Success Magazine.

#### A Defect.

A little girl was playing with a girl friend of her own age on the porch of her home. An elderly gentleman, her mother's father, and an elderly lady, her father's mother, were sitting on the porch talking pleasantly with each other. The little girl had often wished her grandparents were of the same name, like other children's grandparents. Presently the little girl remarked, "What a nice grandmother and grandfather you have!" "Oh, yes," she said, with a sigh, "but they don't match."

#### An Explanation.

"How long has this restaurant been open?" asked the would be diner. "Two years," said the proprietor. "I am sorry I did not know it," said the guest. "I should be better off if I had come here then." "Yes?" smiled the proprietor, very much pleased. "How is that?" "I should probably have been served by this time if I had," said the guest, and the entente cordiale vanished.—Harper's Weekly.

#### Cause and Effect.

Old Hunks—When I came to this town sixteen years ago, real estate in the block where I live was higher than it is now.

Old Hewligns—It would be so in any block where you'd settle down.—Chicago Tribune.

#### Generous.

Mr. Smith (in street car)—Madam, take my seat. Mrs. Jones (who has been standing fifteen minutes)—No, thanks; I get off at the next corner. Smith—That's all right. So do I.

It is unpleasant to turn back, even though it be to take the right way.—German Proverb.

#### Unsolved Problems.

The three great problems on the solution of which humanity is bent are the same that perplexed our ancestors—the immortality of the soul, perpetual motion and women's hats.—Paris Figaro.

# A WAR TRAGEDY.

## Pathetic Incident at the Siege of Port Hudson.

At the siege at Port Hudson, La., there was one gun commanded by Alphonso Dureuil. He was a young sugar planter who had opposed secession, but maintained that if Louisiana seceded he would go with his state. Dr. Chatrand, his neighbor, was a violent secessionist, and Dureuil and the doctor's daughter Amelia were lovers. Louisiana seceded. Alphonso raised a company and proved so brave a Confederate that the doctor, who had opposed his daughter's marriage, readily consented, and the pair were married.

His bride was accorded special permission to go into the bomb proofs of the fort, where in comparative safety she could be near her husband. There she saw him operating his enormous gun, but her heart was torn with fear for his safety. Suddenly she became excited by the noise of firing and, rushing out from her place of safety, was struck by a piece of shell and fell back lifeless. Dureuil ran to her side, saw death in her face and went back bravely to his gun.

The next morning was beautiful, and the sun shone gloriously. There was cessation of hostilities that the dead might be buried. Thus engaged, a request came from the enemy to allow the body of a young lady to pass through our lines. It was granted. The little cortege came, preceded by a military band playing a mournful dirge, and halted at the outpost. The old musket box used as a bier was accompanied by two ladies and several officers. One of the latter, a handsome young fellow with long hair, walked calmly and slowly, but his face betrayed the greatest grief. A detail of Confederate privates acted as pallbearers. Our men uncovered their heads.

All were blindfolded and led through our lines to the steamboat. They bade a last adieu to the dead bride and returned blindfolded.

It was the saddest sight I ever saw.—G. N. Saussy in Spare Moments.

## ASLEEP UNDER WATER.

### One of the Funny Incidents Possible in a Diver's Life.

As showing how much at home a man may be today under water I may relate an amusing story. Some months ago while a great battleship was at Malta one of the seamen divers went down to clear her propeller from some flotsam that had become entangled, and he failed to come up. It chanced that the rest of the battleship's divers were ashore, and grave concern was felt on the ironclad for the missing worker. Signals by telephone and life line were sent below without avail. In the launch above the throb-throb of the air pump's cylinders went on, but the attendants looked at one another in dismay, fearing some strange tragedy deep down in those heaving green seas.

The worst was feared when some big brushes and other tools came floating to the surface, and thereupon the navigating lieutenant sent ashore an urgent message for one of the other divers. The man came on board, dressed immediately and went below, only to come up full of indignation. "Why, that fellow's been asleep all this time!" he said wrathfully. It was true. The man had just had his lunch, and, finding the work much less serious than he had thought, he finished it in a few minutes and then sat comfortably on one of the giant blades of the battleship propeller and went to sleep with inquisitive fishes swarming around him, attracted by the dazzling searchlight on his breast. The officers were so amused at the occurrence that no punishment was inflicted on the lazy one.—St. Nicholas.

### They're All Like This.

A young and pretty schoolteacher once asked her class for an original definition of the word "wife." "A wife is a rib," said one little girl. "Wives are guiding stars," said another.

"A comforter," said a third. "An inspiration," said a fourth. Altogether the definitions were rather prosy and commonplace, but finally a child of eleven, smiling archly, said: "A wife is a person for a man to find fault with when things go wrong."

"Good!" cried the pretty teacher, laughing. "Good! That is the best definition of all, the best, the truest!"

But that afternoon on the way home from school the little girl whose definition had so pleased tripped demurely up to the teacher and said:

"Are you going to marry that tall, handsome young man I see you with nearly every night?"

"Yes," said the teacher.

"Well, then, if my definition of a wife was true?"

"Ah, but, dear, with us nothing will ever go wrong. He says so himself."

### The Horse's Power of Smell.

The horse will leave dusty hay untouched in his bin, however hungry. He will not drink of water objectionable to his questioning snuff or from a bucket which some odor makes offensive, however thirsty. His intelligent nostril will widen, quiver and query over the daintiest bit offered by the

fairest of hands, with coaxings that would make a mortal shut his eyes and swallow a nauseous mouthful at a gulp. A mare is never satisfied by either sight or whinny that her colt is really her own until she has a certain nasal certificate to the fact. A blind horse, now living, will not allow the approach of any stranger without showing signs of anger not safely to be disregarded. The distinction is evidently made by his sense of smell and at a considerable distance. Blind horses, as a rule, will gallop wildly about a pasture without striking the surrounding fence. The sense of smell informs them of its proximity.—Horse and Stable.

### Deceivers.

There is an old fellow who lives in a "dry" New England town who has a very poor opinion of New York, to which metropolis he recently made a visit. It may be remarked in passing that the old gentleman is one of the pillars of the church in his native village. Upon his return home he sat for some time upon a sugar barrel at the grocery and then suddenly burst out:

"Them fellers down to New York is as bad as thieves! Cheat your eye-teeth out 'fore you know it!"

"Gosh, Hiram! You don't mean to say you got bunked at your age?" the storekeeper demanded, dropping the nail tongs.

"Yes, I did, too!" was the angry reply. "I went to a sody water fountain an' asked the feller for his best sarsylla, an' I give him the regular wink."

"Well?" the storekeeper demanded.

"Well, by heck, I got it!" was the disgusted reply.

### Sharks and Divers.

Contrary to what is generally supposed, the fully equipped modern diver does not dread sharks in the depths, though there are cases on record where these monsters have bitten savagely at the air pipe, causing a serious leak and almost drowning the man before he could be hauled up. Sharks are, however, notoriously timid, and all the experienced diver has to do to frighten them away is to open one of the air valves in his dress and cause a stream of bubbles to rise up all around him, whereupon the "tiger of the deep" will make off in abject terror. A far more real danger is getting entangled.—St. Nicholas.

### A Mixup.

The householder smothered his wrath and descended to the basement.

"Are you the plumber?" he asked of the grimy looking individual who was tinkering with the pipes in the cellar.

"Yes, gov'nor," answered the man.

"Been long in the trade?"

"Bout a year, gov'nor."

"Ever make mistakes?"

"Bless yer, no, gov'nor!"

"Oh, then, I suppose it's all right! I imagined you had connected up the wrong pipes, for the chandelier in the drawing room is spraying like a fountain, and the bathroom tap's on fire!"—London Answers.

### The Wrong Girl.

After a whole year of married bliss a young man named Hahn, living at Voloca, Dalmatia, discovered that he had not married the girl he intended. When he proposed to her he mistook her for her twin sister, who so resembles her that they can scarcely be distinguished, and he did not realize his error until he began calling her by her Christian name instead of by the terms of endearment he had hitherto used.

### Overlooked.

"I always distrust your judgment for some reason or other, John."

"Yes, and you have reason to. It serves me right"

"Why, I cannot remember you ever having done anything to justify such a distrust."

"Have you forgotten that I married you?"—Houston Post.

### Explosive.

An ambitious young writer having asked, "What magazine will give me the highest position quickest?" was told, "A powder magazine, if you contribute a fiery article."

There is no frigate like a book to take us leagues away.—Dickinson.

### Installments All Around.

Patient (gloomily)—I don't seem to be gaining very fast, doctor.

Doctor (cheerfully)—You can't expect to get well at one jump. You will have to regain your health gradually day by day—sort of on the installment plan, as it were.

Patient (brightening up)—Well, doctor, if this thing keeps on much longer I'm afraid that you will have to collect your bill in the same way.—Judge's Library.

### Why They Objected.

"No," said the fireman, who represented the truck company that had refused to work with a colored truckman, "there is no race prejudice in it. But we certainly hate to work with a man whose face will look just as clean on the way home from a long fire fight as it did when we started, while we other chaps all look smudgy."—Judge.

# AN AMERICAN HERO.

## He Used His Own Body to Stop a Leak in a Ferryboat.

One morning in January, when the ice in the Hudson river ran unusually heavy, a Hoboken ferryboat slowly crunched her way through the floating floes until the thickness of the pack choked her paddles in midriver. It was an early morning trip, and the decks were crowded with laboring men and the driveways choked with teams. The women and children standing inside the cabins were a solid mass up to the swinging doors. While she was gathering strength for a further effort an ocean tug sheered to avoid her, veered a point and crashed into her side, cutting her below the water line in a great V shaped gash. A moment more and the disabled boat careened from the shock and fell over on her beam. Helpless. Into the V shaped gash the water poured a torrent. It seemed but a question of minutes before she would lunge headlong below the ice.

Within 200 yards of both boats and free of the heavy ice steamed the wrecking tug Reliance of the Off-shore Wrecking company, and on her deck forward stood Captain Scott. When the ocean tug reversed her engines after the collision and backed clear of the shattered wheelhouse of the ferryboat he sprang forward, stooped down, ran his eye along the water line, noted in a flash every shattered plank, climbed into the pilothouse of his own boat and before the astonished pilot could catch his breath pushed the nose of the Reliance along the rail of the ferryboat and dropped upon the latter's deck like a cat.

With a threat to throw overboard any man who stirred he dropped into the engine room, met the engineer halfway up the ladder, compelled him to return, dragged the mattresses from the crew's bunks, stripped off blankets and snatched up clothes, overalls, cotton waste and rags of carpet, cramming them into the great rent left by the tug's cutwater.

It was useless. Little by little the water gained, bursting out first below, then on one side, only to be calked out again and only to rush in once more.

Captain Scott stood a moment as if undecided, ran his eye searchingly over the engine room, saw that for his needs it was empty, then deliberately tore down the top wall calking he had so carefully built up and before the engineer could protest forced his own body into the gap, with his arm outside level with the drifting ice.

An hour later the disabled ferryboat, with every soul on board, was towed into the Hoboken slip.

When they lifted the captain from the wreck he was unconscious and barely alive. The water had frozen his blood, and the floating ice had torn the flesh from his protruding arm from shoulder to wrist. When the color began to creep back to his cheeks he opened his eyes and said to the doctor who was winding the bandages: "Wuz any of them babies hurt?"

A month passed before he regained his strength and another week before the arm had healed so that he could get his coat on. Then he went back to the Reliance.—Everybody's Magazine.

### A Lesson in Patience.

When the eminent botanist, Professor Altman of Glasgow, was a small boy, he had the present of a silver bit, whereupon his mother was so worried with questions as to what he should do with it that she exclaimed, "Really, you had better go to Thomas Elliot's (a well known pharmacist) and buy sixpence worth of patience."

Down the street marched the lad and demanded of the chemist, "Mr. Elliot, please give me sixpence worth of patience."

Mr. Elliot, taking in the situation at a glance, said: "Certainly, my boy; there's a chair. Just sit down and wait till you get it."

Professor Altman's endeavor to purchase patience was a great success. It made a deep impression on the lad and was one of the factors of his success in life.

### Outreasoning Reason.

Little Raymond's mother had told him that she should put him to bed if he disobeyed her command in a certain matter. Temptation overcame him, and when his mother proceeded to fulfill her duty sobs of anguish filled the room.

"But, Raymond," said the mother gently, "I told you I should punish you in this way if you disobeyed, and mother must keep her word, you know."

Between muffled sobs Raymond managed to say, "You couldn't break your word, mamma, but couldn't you change your mind?" — Woman's Home Companion.

### The Tactful Doctor.

A physician in a small town in northern Michigan got himself into a serious predicament by his inability to remember names and people. One day while making out a patient's receipt his visitor's name escaped him. Not wishing to appear so forgetful and thinking to get a clue, he asked her whether she spelled her name with an "e" or "i." The lady smilingly replied, "Why, doctor, my name is Hill."

# The Crockett Courier

W. W. AIKEN, Editor and Proprietor.

## PUBLISHER'S NOTICE.

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

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

## DEMOCRATIC TICKET.

The following are the nominees of the democratic primary held July 25th:

- For State Senator  
C. C. Stokes
- For District Judge  
B. H. Gardner
- For District Attorney  
Tom J. Harris
- For Representative  
J. R. Luce
- For District Clerk  
Joe Brown Stanton
- For County Judge  
E. Winfree
- For County Superintendent Public Instruction  
J. F. Mangum
- For County Clerk  
Nat E. Allbright
- For Sheriff  
John C. Lacy
- For Tax Collector  
A. L. (Gus) Goolsby
- For County Treasurer  
William Bayne
- For County Attorney  
Earl Adams, Jr.
- For Commissioner Precinct No. 2  
G. R. Murchison
- For Commissioner Precinct No. 3  
J. A. Harrelson
- For Commissioner Precinct No. 4  
John M. Creasy
- For County Surveyor  
J. E. Bean
- For Justice Peace, Precinct No. 1  
E. M. Callier
- For Constable, Precinct No. 1  
R. J. (Bob) Spence

## GROWTH OF TOBACCO INDUSTRY

High Quality, but Farmers are Slow to Give it a Place on Farms.

(Galveston News Staff Correspondent.)

Palestine, Tex., Oct. 14.—East Texas has its immense forests of pine and hardwoods; its orchards of peaches and plums; its acres of cotton, truck and forage crops. It has a mint in its iron ore, its salt deposits, its undeveloped oil fields and clay beds—and yet, with all these resources, and many more not mentioned in this list, the tobacco industry, under patient, skillful and wise management, will finally attain a place in the first rank among other industries, bringing this part of the state into prominence and making the "Pine Woods" section of the state famous throughout the country. It will add millions to the wealth of the state; attract new settlers and promote diversification.

The tobacco industry of East Texas is receiving considerable attention from the press of the state, but it is not attracting as close an inspection from the citizens of Texas as it is from the citizens of other tobacco producing states. There is a reason for Florida tobacco growers to look with some concern upon the development of the cigar leaf tobacco industry in East Texas for Texas is coming into active competition with Florida, with a better leaf both as to aromatic and burning qualities. Kentucky and Wisconsin tobacco growers and growers in other states not producing Havana wrappers and fillers are looking towards Texas as a possible new field where they can locate and, with their skill and experience, secure greater returns for their labor than they can in the old states.

EAST TEXAS TOBACCO LAND.

In an article recently appearing

in the News, the tobacco industry was discussed from the standpoint of the development in Orange, San Augustine and Nacogdoches counties. Later, an article appeared having special reference to the industry in and around Willis, Montgomery County. This refers to Houston, Anderson and Cherokee counties, which lie at the western end of the belt of orangeburg lands which have received such favorable mention from the tobacco experts sent into this county by the department of agriculture.

Lands adapted to the growing of high-grade Cuban cigar tobacco can be found scattered all over East Texas, but there is a belt, known as the orangeburg lands, which ranges from three to ten miles wide and extends west from the Sabine river through Sabine, San Augustine, Nacogdoches, Cherokee and Anderson, counties branching down into Houston, Trinity, Walker and Montgomery counties, which has been thoroughly inspected by experts and pronounced proven territory. That other counties have lands equally as well adapted to the growing of tobacco there is no doubt, for tobacco has been grown successfully in many counties of Texas where the industry is not known at the present time. However, experts claim that certain soils and certain conditions must prevail before the best leaf can be produced and cured, and they have set their seal of approval upon the territory mentioned. What may be discovered in the future will make another story.

## TOBACCO AT PALESTINE.

The tobacco industry of East Texas has not been placed on a firm foundation. Commercial crops are grown in several localities, but as an industry, it is yet in embryo and subject to all the ills of youth. At Palestine tobacco was first experimented with in 1904, when sixty acres were cultivated in open field and one-fourth of an acre under shade, the open field tobacco producing 600 to 800 pounds per acre, which sold at 15 cents per pound, and the shade-grown tobacco, or the wrapper tobacco averaging 1,000 pounds per acre, which sold at 40 cents per pound. It is estimated that the 1909 acreage will go close to 400 acres, the shaded fields being greatly increased.

In the vicinity of Crockett, Houston County, they are also experimenting with Havana cigar leaf tobacco and making a success with it. Only a few acres were planted last season, but there will be at least fifty acres next season. Anderson County claims about 115,000 acres of land adapted to tobacco. Houston County has 150,000 acres.

## A Jeweler's Experience

C. R. Kluger, The Jeweler, 1060 Virginia Ave., Indianapolis, Ind., writes: "I was so weak from kidney trouble that I could hardly walk a hundred feet. Four bottles of Foley's Kidney Remedies cleared my complexion, cured my backache and the irregularities disappeared, and I can now attend to business every day, and recommend Foley's Kidney Remedy to all sufferers, as it cured me after the doctors and other remedies had failed. McLean's Drug Store."

## Cold Weather Advice

to all is to beware of coughs and colds on the chest; as neglected they readily lead to pneumonia, consumption or other pulmonary troubles. Just as soon as the cough appears treat it with Ballard's Horehound Syrup, the standard cure of America. Use as directed—perfectly harmless. A cure and preventive for all diseases of the lungs. Price 25c, 50c and \$1.00 per bottle. Sold by Murchison & Beasley.

## DIVERSIFICATION IS WINNING.

MR. F. A. BRIGGS, STAFF CORRESPONDENT OF THE GALVESTON NEWS.

Writes from Crockett of Pecan Orchards and Farm Houses With Gas Lights.

Crockett, Texas, Oct. 12.—Diversification is doing more for Crockett and Grapeland than a season or two of 15c cotton. What has been accomplished in the last five years has done more to attract the attention of the land buyer to this section than was done in the ten years previous. When the land buyer from other states reaches Houston County and finds the farmer with a pecan orchard, with a fruit orchard, a strawberry patch, with a fine field of corn, with another field of ribbon cane, with a few acres of tomatoes, several acres of potatoes—both Irish and sweet, and numerous other crops besides his cotton crop, and in his yards and pastures his hogs and cattle, the country looks good to him, and with plenty of cheap land just as good as the farms which attracted him, if he has any notion of settling in Texas, here is where he will locate.

Generally speaking, the picture may be overdrawn, but although diversification has not yet reached its fullest development in this part of Texas, just such farms can be found. In some instances one can go even further in picturing the comforts and beauties of farm life where diversification is practiced, for homes can be found not many miles away where Pintsch gas plants have been installed for lighting and windmills with elevated tanks for waterworks systems put in on the farm. It is seldom that such things are found on the one-crop farm even in the most favorable locality.

In connection with the development of diversification methods practiced by progressive farmers in this section it is in place to state that its influence has reached out to such an extent that practically every farmer provides himself with his own meat, his own vegetables and with other products both for his own table and his live stock.

Growing pecans is an industry which promises splendid returns to a number of progressive citizens of Crockett and farmers living in this territory. Pecans grow wild and produce abundantly, but the cultivated nut, although marketable at all times, does not bring the price of the large thin shelled nut of the cultivated variety. High prices and an almost unlimited demand for the improved varieties induced several citizens to plant small orchards several years ago and their example was followed by others. Today there are over 4,000 pecan trees, budded and grafted in the most approved style, about ready to give returns to the orchard owners not equalled by any other crop which can be cared for with so little trouble.

Crockett can claim a place in the great peach belt of East Texas. Not as many are grown as in some other sections, but the fruit produced is excellent and early shipments have always netted a profit. At the present time it is claimed that there are 2,000 acres in peaches in this territory besides many orchards of plums and many acres of strawberries, blackberries and other small fruits. Here, as at other points, the seasons have

# Men's Suits \$3.00

## To Close Out Our Clothing

### H. ASHER, the Shoe Man.

We Have the Biggest and Best Line of  
**Fruits, Confections and Vegetables**  
IN HOUSTON COUNTY  
Colorado Fruits and Vegetables  
Phone 50. **MIKE YOUNAS.** Oysters.

not always favored a full crop and the growers have experienced the usual trouble in marketing and securing an adequate price, but the difficulties to contend with are being narrowed down and progress made toward the point where growers will control the situation.

## "IN A BAD WAY."

Many a Crockett Reader Will Feel Grateful for This Information.

When your back gives out; Becomes lame, weak or aching; When urinary troubles set in, Your kidneys are "in a bad way."

Doan's Kidney Pills will cure you. Here is local evidence to prove it:

Mrs. W. B. Rose, living at 12 Fulton St., Palestine, Tex., says: "Since using Doan's Kidney Pills I have enjoyed good health, and I gladly recommend this remedy. For a long time I was rarely free from backache and I knew that it was caused by my kidneys, the secretions from these organs being irregular in action. I was also subject to spells of dizziness and pain in the back and top parts of my head. Upon taking Doan's Kidney Pills my trouble soon disappeared, and I firmly believe that this preparation will prove of equal benefit in other cases."

Plenty more proof like this from Crockett people. Call at I. W. Sweet's drug store and ask what customers report.

For sale by all dealers. Price

50 cents. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, New York, sole agents for the United States.

Remember the name—Doan's—and take no other.

## Hamlet

had melancholy, probably caused by an inactive liver. A bad liver makes one cross and irritable, causes mental and physical depression and may result disastrously. Ballard's Herbine is acknowledged to be the perfect liver regulator. If you're blue and out of sorts, get a bottle to-day. A positive cure for bilious headache, constipation, chills and fever and all liver complaints. Sold by Murchison and Beasley.

## Woman Interrupts Political Speaker

A well dressed woman interrupted a political speaker recently by continually coughing. If she had taken Foley's Honey and Tar it would have cured her cough quickly and expelled the cold from her system. The genuine Foley's Honey and Tar contains no opiates and is in a yellow package. Refuse substitutes. McLean's Drug Store.

## Are You Only Half Alive?

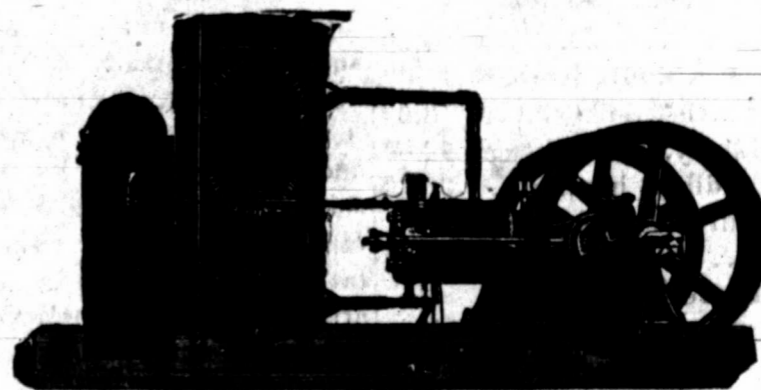
People with kidney trouble are so weak and exhausted that they are only half alive. Foley's Kidney Remedy makes healthy kidneys, restores lost vitality, and weak, delicate people are restored to health. Refuse any but Foley's. McLean's Drug Store.

Foley's Honey and Tar cures coughs quickly, strengthens the lungs and expels colds. Get the genuine in a yellow package. McLean's Drug Store.

## THE POWER WE WANT

Always Ready  
Always Reliable

Never Falls  
No Repairs



### The New Gasoline Engine

From 2 to 35 Horse Power.

Best and Cheapest Power for Gins, Sawmills, Grist and Feed Mills, Woodsaws, Family and Village Electric Light Plants.

**JOHN B. SMITH, AGENT.**  
CROCKETT, TEXAS

**A Pretty Big Discount.**  
 "There was a children's hospital in New York which a society lady visited regularly, taking fruit and flowers to the little patients, and in a certain ward a boy was pointed out to her one day as a bad customer.  
 "Oh, he is incorrigible," sighed the nurse.  
 "Miss Society talked awhile with the little chap, and when she arose to go she said:  
 "See here, I have heard bad reports about you. Now, I want you to promise me to be good. If you are good for a whole week, I'll give you a dollar when I come again next Thursday."  
 "The boy promised to try to be good. This promise, though, he did not keep. On her next visit Miss Society, going to his cot, said:  
 "I shall not ask the nurses how you have behaved this last week. I want you to tell me yourself. Now, what do you think—do you deserve that dollar I promised you or not?"  
 "The boy regarded Miss Society with a troubled frown. Then he said in a low voice:  
 "Gimme a nickel."—New York Tribune.

**Solution of a Mystery.**  
 Sir Humphry Davy had been studying one evening in comfortable negligence of dressing gown and nightcap at a little table in his chamber when he became aware of a curious phenomenon. A bright dancing circle of light appeared upon the ceiling. It was unsteady, yet persistent, and he was unable to account for it. He extinguished his lamp, but it only appeared the brighter. It was accompanied by an odor—a scorching odor—and also by a slight sound of sizzling. He was greatly excited and running over rapidly in his mind all kinds of electrical and other interesting theories to account for the mystery when he became aware of a sensation of uncomfortable warmth about the scalp. He hastily put up his hand, and down tumbled his theories and a blazing nightcap. The tassel on its peak had bobbed into his candle as he bent above his book, and the fascinating problem on the ceiling was no more than the reflection of the evening bonfire on his cranium.

**An Object Lesson in Cleanliness.**  
 To impress upon his youthful mind the importance of guarding against infections the medical student at the laboratory is given this object lesson: Two test tubes nearly filled with a clear meat broth and then closed at the top with a cotton plug are given to him, with directions to wash his hands with soap and water and clean his nails with a brush as thoroughly as he can for some ten minutes. After he thinks that his hands have become altogether clean he removes the plug from one of the test tubes and barely touches with a finger tip its contained broth, after which he restores the cotton plug and puts both tubes away on a shelf for twenty-four hours. What he will see then is that the broth in the test tube which received his supposedly pure touch is turbid from the presence of millions of microbes, while the other tube remains perfectly clear.—Everybody's Magazine.

**A Haunted Library.**  
 One of the most curious "hauntings" occurs in a northern castle of great antiquity where Mary, queen of Scots, rested when she was being conveyed a prisoner through England. It is manifested in the library and takes the form that the books cannot be kept in order. They move about or are moved about from shelf to shelf. If you arrange the works of Shakespeare in correct order on one shelf, by next morning the volumes are scattered anyhow on different shelves. This has gone on for years. At different times the library has been searched and locked, watches have been set all night, servants have come and gone, but the mysterious occurrence goes on and is vouched for not only by the family, but by the guests who have stayed in the house. There is no legend to account for it.—London Modern Society.

**A Long Soid.**  
 Brewster, who was returning late from his club, was received by his wife on entering the bedroom with a well rehearsed curtain lecture. Fortunately he had not turned up the gas, and as the door was not closed he quietly slipped out and rejoined his friends at the club. Two hours later he again wended his way home and picked up his ears on reaching the bedroom door.  
 "H'm! She didn't notice it!" said he, chuckling to himself. "She's still scolding!"—Glasgow Herald.

**Possum.**  
 Preferably possum should be cooked over a wood fire in a log cabin and seasoned with the odoriferous blue smoke of hickory and ash as the lid of the oven is lifted now and again to give a glimpse of the promised viand to those who wait with whetted appetite for the coming feast. With the possum and taters there should be served either the ordinary Kentucky corn pone—if such an adjective may be not improperly applied to anything so rare—or the Olympian cracklin' bread of the hog killing season. In justice to the possum it must be said that neither corn pone nor cracklin' bread is

Call For **O X I D I N E**  
 THE GUARANTEED  
**CHILL TONIC**  
**That Cures Chills, Fevers, Malaria and Biliousness**  
 Conforms to the National Pure Drug Law  
 Made in Two Forms, Regular and Tasteless For Sale by All Druggists Price 50c  
**YOUR DRUGGIST REFUNDS YOUR MONEY IF IT DOES NOT CURE**

necessary, but it serves well not only to mop up the gravy, but also to prevent the possum and the yams from melting in the mouth too rapidly for the flavor to be enjoyed in the fullest. The finest possums on earth are found in the woodlands of the Pennyrite district of Kentucky, and they reach perfection about the time the perfumed pawpaw becomes so ripe that it falls from the parent stem and reposes in all of its golden beauty in the orange tinted leaves that the earth has first claimed as tribute from the trees for her enrichment.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

**American Temperament and Art.**  
 The majority of the men and women who gave American life its form and direction were not the children of an artistic race, though they were the heirs of a great literature. They descended from a people who have never pursued art as an end and whose first instinctive expression in meeting great experiences has never been artistic, but who have never divorced action from vision nor failed in the long run to match power in action with some kind of beauty in speech. From its English ancestry the country has inherited an ingrained and ineffaceable idealism of nature, which enormous tasks and hitherto incredible prosperity have at times smothered and blighted, but never destroyed. From other races have come richer temperament, quicker sensibilities, craving for joy and love of beauty for its own sake, which have already immensely enriched American art and are subsolving American life.—Hamilton Mable in Atlantic.

**The Wettest Trade.**  
 The lot of the Ceylon pearl diver is not an easy one. Stones are suspended on a running rope over an outrigger projected from the boat's side in such a convenient position as to allow the diver to place one foot within a loop affixed to the stone. The diver, having placed himself with one foot on the stone, with a net around his neck to hold oysters, draws in his breath, closes the nostrils with one hand and raises his body to give force to the descent. The manduck (or diver's attendant), in charge of the stone and nets, lets go, and the diver rapidly reaches the bottom, leaves the stone, which the manduck instantly hauls up and reflexes, throws himself on the ground, creeping along, and fills his net with oysters. This done, he jerks the rope, which is pulled up by the manduck in charge, and the contents of the net are discharged into the boat. The diver meanwhile rises to the surface.—Ceylon Manual.

**The Restless Piper.**  
 A Wall street financier was talking about music. "I like all music," he said, "except such native and special sorts as the tomtom, the bagpipes or the Indian hufaa give off. Did you ever notice how a piper prances up and down as he pipes? He never sits, he never stands still, but up and down, round and round, to and fro, he struts continually. A little boy, listening to the weird skirl of the bagpipes of a street performer, once said to his father, 'Father, why does the piper keep on the move all the time he plays?' 'I can't say, my boy,' the father answered, 'unless it is to prevent anyone getting the range with a cobblestone.'"

**Naturalized.**  
 An Italian went to the civil service commissioners' rooms to be examined for a laborer's position. He answered most of the questions correctly. Finally they asked him if he had ever been naturalized. He seemed a bit puzzled, but at last his face lighted up. "Ah, I know what you mean. Scratcha de arm. Yes, lasta week."

**Ice and Glass.**  
 Ice has the property—peculiar to bodies which expand on freezing—of liquefying under pressure and solidifying again when the pressure has been removed. Consequently the weight of any body moving upon a sheet of ice causes the formation of a thin layer of water which separates it from the ice and thus, by reducing the friction to a minimum, enables it to move smoothly over the surface—i. e., makes the ice more "slippery." On glass, on the contrary, this liquid medium is wanting, so that the two solid and unyielding bodies come into actual physical contact, causing a friction which, in spite of the smoothness of the glass, considerably retards the motion of the body. If two smooth sheets of glass be taken and a few drops of water sprinkled over the one and the other placed above it, a thin layer of water will be formed, and until this layer has been pressed out the upper glass will move on the other as smoothly as if on ice. This peculiar property of ice is due to the effect of pressure in lowering the freezing point of water, so that whenever ice is subjected to great pressure it partially melts.

**She Believed in Presents.**  
 An old woman in Orkney was noted for selling whisky on the sly. Her house was a few miles from the town, and the excise officers had often tried, but in vain, to get her convicted. A young officer was appointed to the place, who said, on being told about her, that he would soon secure her conviction. Early one morning he left home and arrived at the old woman's house at 7 o'clock. Walking in, he saw no one. Noticing a bell on the table, he rang it. The old woman appeared, and he asked for a glass of milk. After a little he rang again, and the old woman appeared. He asked if she had any whisky. "Aye, sir," she said, "we aye have some in the bottle," setting it down before him. Then, thanking her, he laid down a sovereign, which she took and walked out. After helping himself he rang and asked for the change. "Change, sir?" said the old woman. "There's nae change. We hae nae license. Fat we gie we gie in presents; fat we tak we tak in presents, so good day, sir." The excise man left the house a sadder but wiser personage.—Strand Magazine.

**Professorial Standing.**  
 A professor of English literature in one of our universities once brought to me to publish in this magazine a learned piece of writing. It seemed to me a pretty dull thing and not important, according to my judgment, to anybody and not possibly interesting to more than a mere handful of special students. I told him this as politely as I could. He soon came to me again and smilingly took me into his confidence. "I hardly expected," he said, "that you would publish that 'study' that I offered you—in fact, I care little about it myself. I wrote it because my professional standing demands that I shall produce something at certain intervals, but now I have a piece of writing that I do take great pride in, and I want you to publish it without betraying the authorship to any living being. It would hurt my professional standing if it became known that I wrote this." It was a novel!—Walter H. Page in Atlantic.

**Hard to Please.**  
 "George, dear," said the newly made wife, "if you became a Mormon or a sultan and were allowed six wives, whom would you choose for the other five?"  
 George was diplomatic.  
 "I'd select," he replied, "five duplicates of your own pretty self."  
 "Oh, you nasty thing!" she sobbed.  
 "When we were engaged you often said there wasn't another girl in the

world like me!"  
 "But, my dear Gertrude," he replied. "It was you who suggested the problem, and, anyhow, I should never become a Mormon or a sultan."  
 "Oh, you wretch!" she shrieked. "You mean that if you found any others like me you wouldn't marry them! I'll pack my trunk now and go home to mother!"  
 It was the first tiff.—London Answers.

**Too Much Sound.**  
 In Dean Ramsay's book of anecdotes there is one which refers to a conversation between a Scotch minister and a sexton. The minister was a stranger to the gravemaker and discussed with him the doctrines of the neighboring clergy. As one after another was mentioned the sexton wagged his head gloomily and said, "He's no sound."  
 At last the minister, who was, by the bye, a long winded and rather empty preacher, mentioned his own name and inquired, "Mr. — now, isn't he sound?"  
 "Oo, aye," said the sexton, with a twinkle in his eye. "He's aw sound."

**Breakfast Table Revenge.**  
 Breakfast is an excellent meal to which to invite one's enemies. There would be a certain wild joy in dragging one's best hated friends out of their comfortable beds at unearthly hours of the morning and then providing them with a "good, honest, wholesome, hungry breakfast" which they probably could not eat.—London Gentlewoman.

**An Elastic Standard.**  
 Contributor—Has that poem any merit? Editor—Oh, yes. If it hadn't I would throw you out of the window. But it is good enough to permit you to steal quietly down the back stairs.—Life.

**Literary Motives.**  
 "Do I write for posterity?" repeated Hackett. "I do, sir—ten of 'em."

**Correct Interpretation Essential.**  
 Many of the most beautiful pieces of poetry in literature would seem uninteresting and flat if read by a bad reciter. In the same way a good reciter will make attractive a poem whose beauties are not so apparent. A fine painter will light up each little beauty in his pictures until the smallest detail is attractive and strikes the eye. It is only the mediocrity whose work is characterized by sameness and lack of interest.—Strand Magazine.

**Logical Supposition.**  
 Little Lloyd—Papa, was George Washington married to England? Papa—Of course not, my son. Why do you ask such a silly question? Little Lloyd—This book says England is our mother country, and as George Washington was the father of his country I supposed they were married.—Chicago News.

**He Was Incorrigible.**  
 Underdone—My husband is complaining again of your cooking, Mary. Mary (reassuringly)—Oh, mum, I don't take any notice of him, for 'tis the nature of him to find fault. Ain't he forever complainin' of you, mum?—Illustrated Bits.

**Good Nature.**  
 Good nature is worth more than knowledge, more than money, more than honor, to the persons who possess it, and certainly to everybody who dwells with them, in so far as mere happiness is concerned.—H. W. Beecher.

**Alone?**  
 Aunt—And have you been all that long way alone? Niece—Yes, auntie. Aunt—Then how is it you went out with an umbrella and came back with a walking stick?—London Punch.

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# THE HUMAN SACRIFICE

## Part of the Rites of the West Indian Cult of Obeah.

### WORSHIP OF THE SNAKE GOD.

That is the Root Idea of the Peculiar Religion of the Negro Natives. Dread of the Obeahman and the Superstition of the Snake Stick.

Readers of the late Sir Walter Besant's novel "The World Went Very Well Then" may remember the sinister old medicine man, Mr. Brinjes, and the snake stick, by means of which he compelled every negro he met to do his bidding. If Mr. Brinjes were alive today and living in the West Indies he would be a very great obeah man—the prophet, priest and king of our colored brethren.

During five years spent in Jamaica, Haiti and other West Indian Islands I found that Obeah and Vodou—both derivations of the west African fetishism brought over generations ago in the slave ships—are the real beliefs of the great majority of the blacks, veiled by Christianity or even grafted on to that faith. In a Jamaican village the dirty, one-eyed, diseased obeah man has usually more power than the parson. I saw this proved once in a very striking manner. It was on a Sunday morning, and the people were grooping out of chapel with their colored minister. The local obeah man was passing by and mocked them. The parson, nervously attempted to rebuke him, but he threw his snake stick on the ground and cried defiantly:

"You no go fo b'lieve Obeah, yah! Den pick up me stick. I say him turn into snake if you touch him."

The stick was left lying on the ground. Not even the colored minister dared to touch it. He had been educated in a theological college, but he had not quite outgrown the superstitions that were inculcated in his youth.

The root idea of Obeahism and Vodou is the worship and propitiation of the snake god Obi, a west African word typifying the spirit of evil. Vodou is the more extreme form of Obeah practiced in Haiti, Santo Domingo and the French West Indies. Its rites are always accompanied by the sacrifice of fowls and goats and in only too many cases by the offering up of the "goat without horns"—the human sacrifice, usually a young girl or boy. Several cases were officially proved when I was in Haiti. How many more never came to light can only be guessed. The lonely groves and mountain caves where the devotees of Vodou enjoy the orgies of a Walpurgis night seldom give up their secrets.

There are two sects of Vodou, the white and the red. The former, which only believes in the sacrifice of white fowls and goats, is tolerated by the laws of Haiti, and its rites are as commonly practiced as those of the church. But even the red sect, which openly stands for human sacrifice, is seldom interfered with. The authorities dare not suppress it, for their own policemen and soldiers stand in awe of the "papalot" and "mamalo"—the priest and priestess of the snake god.

More than that, there have been presidents of Haiti in recent years who believe in Vodou. Hippolyte was even a "papalot" himself. He beat the black goatskin drum in the streets of the capital to call the faithful together to see him kill the sea-serpent. Another president, Gerfard, tried to do his duty and stamp out the cult. A terrible revenge was taken upon him. His young daughter, Cora, was shot dead as she knelt in prayer before the altar of a church in Port au Prince. Today there is a temple of the red sect in the Haitian capital, near by a triumphal arch which is inscribed with the uncouth words, "Liberty—Education—Progress."

Under British government Obeahism practices takes forms less dangerous to the social order than it does in Haiti, but it is none the less a constant public peril in Jamaica and the other British West Indian Islands. It is the bitter foe of religion, education and social advancement. In olden days it worked by means of wholesale poisoning, and in quite recent days there have been not a few cases of obeah men seeking to do murder in the old way.

When I lived in Jamaica, an old villain made an offer to a black man, whom he thought I had offended, to poison me by mixing ground glass with my food. Unfortunately for him, the negro gave him away, and he got twelve months' hard labor and a sound flogging. Not long before an entire family at Montego Bay was poisoned by the same method. Another favorite trick of the obeah man, both in Jamaica and Haiti, is to mix the infinitesimal hairs of the bamboo in the food of persons who refuse to bow the knee to them. This finally sets up malignant dysentery. If the afflicted one remains contumacious, he dies; if he makes his peace with the obeah man and gives him a handsome present, the slow process of poisoning ceases, and he lives.

In all crises and troubles of life the negro flies to the obeah man. If he has to appear at the police court to answer for his sins, he pays the obeah man to go there also and "fix de eye" of the magistrate so that he will be discharged. Perhaps he has been turned out of his office of deacon in the Baptist chapel for immorality by a white minister. In that case the obeah man will arrange for a choice collection of the most powerful spells—such as dried lizards, fowls' bones and graveyard earth—to be placed in the

minister's Bible for him to stare upon when he looks up the text of his sermon. Then, if the Obeah works properly, the erring deacon will be received back to office without abandoning his career as the village Don Juan.

Does chocolate colored Romeo want a love philter to make dusky Juliet kind? The obeah man will oblige him. Has a man a quarrel with his neighbor? He can buy a vial of some filthy mixture, and if he sprinkles but a few drops of it on his enemy's banana "piece" or yam patch the crop will wither and shrivel up. If you have to discharge a colored servant, beware of Obeah! He probably will not try to poison you, but it is certainly annoying to find dried cockroaches and lizards in your whisky and a miniature coffin placed prominently on your pillow when you go to bed at night.

Even colored men of education and official position are often tainted with Obeahism. They often make use of it for profit and to increase their power over the ignorant negroes. The mulatto chairman of a parochial board—the Jamaican equivalent of our county council—was sent to jail for practicing Obeah only a few years ago. A prominent member of the Kingston city council was the leading obeah man in the island, the pontiff of the cult. He was so clever that the police could never catch him, although he was supposed to make over £3000 a year by his nefarious practices. Once some detectives raided his place, but he received timely warning and fled, leaving his harem of strapping negroes to deal with the intruders. They beat them within an inch of their lives and then flung them into a stony pond.

Obeahism is kept in check as sternly as possible in the British West Indies. If it were not those colonies would soon revert to the condition of Haiti—essential savagery ornamented by gold lace.—London Globe.

## THE SHOE RASP.

### Once Familiar, It Took Its Departure With the Pegged Shoe.

"How many of the familiarly used things of the present day that we now consider as indispensable," said the middle aged man, "will in due time be supplanted by still better means, just as so many once familiar things of the past have been?"

"You take, for instance, the shoe rasp. There was a time when no shoe store could have got along without a shoe rasp. But in what shoe store would you find a shoe rasp in use now?"

"The shoe rasp was commonly attached to one end of a short counter that in most shoe stores stood at the front end of the store, the counter upon which shoes were done up. It was cast in the form of an insole of a shoe, slightly curved and having the rasp grooves cut on its convex side. Attached to this rasp on its concave side was a stout steel rod about a foot in length which was set upright in a stout wooden block firmly attached to the counter.

"So here we had a stoutly anchored rasp in a nearly horizontal position and with its cutting face up, a rasp over which you could draw a shoe in such a manner as to bring the inside of the sole in contact with it and with which you could rasp thoroughly every part of the inside of the sole of the shoe.

"But what did you want to rasp the inside of the shoe for? Why, to clear it of pegs that might be and probably were sticking up there, for in those days practically all the shoes made were pegged. The soles were pegged on to the uppers with wooden pegs which were of about the shape and size of oats, except that the shoe peg was pointed at only one end.

"In those days sewed shoes, which were then all sewed by hand, were rather expensive, and they were considered as more or less of a luxury to be worn only by people of very comfortable means or for best or Sunday wear.

"In the pegged shoes there were always more or less pegs sticking up inside, and the use of the shoe rasp was to file these off so that the shoe would be comfortable to wear.

"A father would come in with his young son to buy a pair of shoes for him, and perhaps the boy was too young to be able to tell exactly where the pegs were. And when a pair of shoes had been selected for him the father was always certain to say to the shoe dealer, 'You'll be sure to get out all the pegs, won't you?' and the shoe dealer would say: 'Certainly, Sir.' And in whatever case always the last thing done by the shoe man before he wrapped up a pair of shoes would be to get out the pegs."—New York Sun.

## A DIFFICULT TERM.

### The Word "Bourgeois" and a French Woman's Definition.

I am always embarrassed when asked by foreigners to give the definition of the word "bourgeois," which is generally emphasized disdainfully. The dictionary defines it as "common, without distinction." It is not exactly that. Bourgeoisism, like provincialism, is a mentality. It represents a kernel without the pulp and emanates from the shell of the dinner pot. It is one of the props of society. Props are never beautiful nor graceful. Without it, however, the world could not retain its equilibrium, yet with it alone the world could not progress. It gives to individuals the impenetrability of a shell. One often finds its characteristics in persons who have received a good education, in those who possess superior culture, who have taste and a sense of beauty. It betrays itself by mean and narrow ideas, by implacable intolerance, by stubborn blindness and, above all, by an incapacity to understand liberty or to accord it generously.

This mentality creates a certain atmosphere which is felt at once. The workman, the peasant, the artist, are not bourgeois. I could name a king who is much more so than many of the residents of our worst districts. Napoleon I. was bourgeois; Napoleon III. was not. Balzac, Maupassant, were not bourgeois; Zola was. England, Italy, Spain, are not bourgeois. Germany is, but her emperor is not, and so one might continue indefinitely.—From Mme. Pierre de Coulevain. Translated by Jessie Henderson Brewer.

## A BRONZE STATUE.

### The Model, the Core and the Pouring of the Metal.

"Immense pains and immense labor attend the production of a bronze statue of any size even after the artist has done his work," remarks a sculptor.

"To begin with, the plaster model has to be completely covered with small lumps of a special kind of sand, sometimes as many as 1,500 to 2,000 of these pieces being required. After these blocks of sand are dry they are taken off the cast one at a time and carefully put together to form the mold. The latter is then filled with clay, and the same operation is again gone through, a facsimile of the plaster cast being thus obtained.

"Then comes the most delicate part of the whole work. The clay model, or 'core,' as it is technically called, has to have a quarter of an inch taken off its entire surface, which, as may readily be imagined, is anything but easy, especially if the subject be at all ornate.

"The 'core' is then again put into the mold—which has of course to be reconstructed once more—being kept exactly in the center by means of iron rods.

"The molten bronze is then poured in from the top, completely filling the space between the 'core' and the mold. After it has cooled the latter is again removed and the clay interior extracted, when the statue, somewhat rough and needing a slight touching up, is revealed."—Casell's Journal.

### One on the Teacher.

Among the corps of instructors in one of Washington's high schools is a woman highly esteemed as a teacher of American history. The class under her care had under consideration one day topics concerning the civil war when one volunteered, in illustration of some point, a lurid account of a battle in which, he claimed, an uncle of his had participated.

The teacher interposed to observe that the anecdote could hardly be correct, as the uncle in question was near her own age and she was not born until after the close of the war.

"At this the boy seemed a trifle chagrined at being so evidently in the wrong. After a few moments of embarrassed silence he said, with the naive air of one who has much the best of the situation:

"Oh, but, Miss Blank, I did not mean the Revolutionary war!"—Pittsburg Leader.

### A Story of Blackie.

Professor Blackie of Edinburgh, a martinet in the class room, was one day hearing a class with the individuals of which he was not acquainted. Presently a student rose to read a paragraph, his book held in his right hand.

"Sir," cried the professor in his autocratic way, "hold your book in your left hand!"

The student was about to speak, but the professor stopped him with a peremptory command:

"No words, sir; your left hand, I say!"

Then the student held up his left arm, which ended at the wrist.

"Sir," said he, "I have nae left hand."

Before the professor could speak there came a perfect storm of hisses from the class, and when he did speak the hisses drowned what he said. Then he left his place and went down to the student whose feelings he had unintentionally hurt, threw his arm around him and drew him close.

"My boy," said the professor, speaking softly, yet being heard by every one in the room, "you'll forgive me that I was overwrought. I did not

know—I did not know!"

Then he turned to the students, and, with a look and a tone that came straight from the heart, he said:

"And let me say to all of you that I am glad to be shown that I am teaching a class of gentlemen!"

### Limitations of Practice.

In an Iowa town an action for ejectment was tried "by the court without a jury," the suit having been brought by a religious society to recover possession of a cemetery. The defendant, a physician in active practice, had bought the ground for the use of the society, but when afterward he severed his connection with the organization it was discovered that he had taken the title in his own name and evidently intended to hold on to it. After duly weighing the evidence the court ordered judgment for the plaintiff, stating briefly the reasons for the decision, whereupon defendant's counsel desired to be more fully enlightened in the premises.

"Certainly," said his honor. "In addition to what I have already said, there are but two other reasons. One is that the church seems to need a cemetery, and the other is that the doctor has failed to show that his practice is sufficiently large to necessitate his maintaining his own burying ground."

### Art Comes High.

"A New York lady," said a Parisian, "once ventured to remonstrate with Paquin because he had charged her \$700 for a ball dress."

"The material," she said, "could be bought for \$100, and surely the work would be well paid with \$50 more."

"Madame," said Paquin, with his grandest air, "go to your American painter, Sargent, in his little Tite street studio and say to him: 'Here is a yard of canvas, value 50 cents, and here are colors, value \$1. Paint me a picture with these colors on this canvas, and I will pay you \$1.75.' What will the painter say? He will say, 'Madame, those are no terms for an artist.' I say more. I say, if you think my terms too high, pay me nothing and keep the robe. Art does not descend to the littleness of haggling."

### The Best Way to Starve.

If one feels bound to undertake starvation for a period, it is best, a trained physician tells us, to make the process not quite complete by eating a little at the usual intervals of fasting absolutely for a comparatively long time. This makes a freak treatment quite harmless. Physiologists find that as the body is starved fat and sugar disappear first, and then the minor organs are drawn upon to support the brain and heart, continuing until no more material can be spared. Exhaustion is then very near.

### Did as He Was Told.

A well known Brooklyn clergyman in a talk to his Sunday school urged the children to speak to him whenever they met. The next day a dirty faced urchin accosted him in the street with, "How do, doc?"

The clergyman stopped and cordially inquired, "And who are you, sir?"

"I'm one of your little lambs," replied the boy affably. "Fine day!" And, tilting his hat to the back of his head, he swaggered off, leaving the worthy divine speechless with amazement.

### Gazelle Hunting.

Gazelles in Nubia are hunted by a powerful breed of hounds in build somewhat heavier than a greyhound. In spite of being far swifter than the hound the gazelle falls a victim from the nervous habit of constantly stopping to look back to see if it is pursued. It also expends its strength by taking great bounds in an almost vertical direction, thereby not only losing time, but exhausting itself, so that it is overtaken without difficulty.

### A Game of Chance.

"I suppose," said the stranger within the gates, "the lid is on all games of chance in this town."

"Don't you believe it, stranger," rejoined the native. "The marriage license office is still wide open."—Exchange.

### Wisdom From a Babe.

"What would you do, my boy," asked a professional vocalist proudly, "if you could sing like me?"

"Have some singing lessons!" replied the lad.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

The honor we receive from those who stand in fear of us is not true honor.—Montaigne.

### Not a New Species.

"Now, what shall we name the baby?" inquired the professor's wife.

"Why, this species has been named," answered the professor in astonishment. "This is a primate mammal, homo sapiens."—St. Paul Pioneer Press.

### Your Enemies.

Don't make enemies unnecessarily. Your friends don't do much for you, as you all know, but your enemies will lie awake nights looking for opportunity to take a shot at you. And you all know that too.—Aitchison Globe.

## To Our Good Friend The Farmer:



Before sending your money away on Mail Orders suppose you just peruse the ADVERTISING COLUMNS of this paper for bargains. Of course if you don't see ADVERTISED here what you want you are quite likely to yield to the temptation to buy through a catalogue.

Some of our local Merchants have discovered that the best way to combat Mail Order competition is to use the chief ammunition of the Mail Order people—ADVERTISING. No doubt you compare notes as between Home Advertisers and Foreign Advertisers—the outsiders—and prefer to trade at home if you see what you want.

### In Society.

The negro barber on a limited train running from an eastern city to Chicago was once shaving a man whom he recognized as a well known merchant of Albany. The barber worked with especial skill and was rewarded with substantial fee.

When the barber was telling the other employees on the train of his good luck, he announced pompously:

"He's shore a mighty fine gentleman, dat Mr. Faith. Jes' as nice a man as you'd wantter meet. I's often been in his sto' in Albany, but dis is de first time I's ever met him socially."—Lippincott's.

### The Greedy One.

Traveling through South Africa, Mr. Dudley Kidd, the author of "The Essential Kaffir," once accused a native of being greedy. The native turned eyes of reproach upon him.

"Me greedy, haas?" he said. "It takes two Kaffirs to eat a sheep in a day, but only one Hottentot. Hottentot greedy, not Kaffir."

### Encouraged.

"I am afraid," said Mr. Henpeck, "that I made a fool of myself today."

"Don't worry about it," his wife replied. "It isn't likely that anybody noticed anything unusual about the way you spoke or acted."—Chicago Record-Herald.

## Are You Living In the Cobweb Kingdom?



There are cobwebs on the windows, There are cobwebs on the door, There are cobwebs swinging, swaying From the rafters to the floor. Now the place is Cobweb Kingdom, Though it used to be a store.

If the Cobweb Kingdom's ruler Were a man discreet and wise He would have no cobwebs swaying, Swinging round and catching flies; He would crowd his store with buyers— He would simply ADVERTISE!

"There New York regularly, the little ward a boy as a nurse. "Miss S little chap she said: "See h about yo ise me to a whole when I c "The b This prou On her n to his cot "I sha have beh you to te you thin I promise The b a trouble low voice "Gimr Tribune.

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School books at Sweet's Drug Store.

Buy a Rayo lamp from Billy Lewis.

Buy Clinton peaches from Billy Lewis.

Paints and oils at Sweet's Drug Store.

Buy a Rayo lamp from Billy Lewis.

Ralph Lundy is a visitor to the Dallas fair.

Rayo lamp wicks and chimneys at Billy Lewis'.

Looking for new hats every day at Mrs. Allbright's.

### Brick for Sale.

See Smith Bros. 3t.

Barb wire, nails and full fencing at Daniel & Burton's.

Buy evaporated peaches and apples from Billy Lewis.

The grand jury reported twelve felony indictments Monday.

Quin Lundy of Evansville was here Saturday and Sunday.

Buy evaporated apples and peaches from Billy Lewis.

Come to us with your wants.  
Sweet's Drug Store.

You can get a first-class window shade for 25c at the Novelty Store.

Jodie Keene of Houston is spending the week with Crockett friends.

Are you going hunting? If so let Daniel & Burton sell you your ammunition.

The Lone Star Orchard peaches are unsurpassed for flavor and deliciousness.

Miss Annie Leffler of Lovelady is the guest of her sister, Mrs. Ralph Lundy.

Save money by going to the Novelty Store for girls and boys hats and caps.

Dr. Thomas and Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Jordan are visitors at the Dallas fair.

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

The Lone Star Orchard Co. puts up the best peaches. Ask your grocer for them.

T. B. Perry of Lovelady was an appreciated caller at the Courier office Wednesday.

F. P. Knox of Volga paid the Courier office a very pleasant call Tuesday morning.

The Courier wants 14-inch heater wood. Must be of good quality and ready to burn.

Mrs. Margaret Grace of Navasota is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Woodson.

Rev. W. W. Harris is at home from Groveton and will preach at the Baptist church Sunday.

J. S. Cook and family, Mrs. E. B. Stokes and Miss Susie Cloud are visitors at the Dallas fair.

Buy prunes from Billy Lewis.

Rayo lamp wicks and chimneys at Billy Lewis'.

Merry Widow perfume.  
Sweet's Drug Store.

### For Sale.

Pine and oak lumber for sale.  
3t. W. B. Wall.

National Chocolate candy fresh every ten days.

Sweet's Drug Store.

School supplies of all kinds. We fit you out completely.  
Murchison & Beasley.

We fill prescriptions for others. Why not for you?  
Sweet's Drug Store.

If you are in the market for a gun see Daniel and Burton before buying—they will save you money.

If your grocer does not have the Lone Star Orchard peaches, ask him to get them. They are best.

T. J. Cutler of Grapeland was an appreciated caller at the Courier office Thursday of last week.

Mr. J. G. Jordan, the cotton buyer, formerly of Crockett but now of Palestine, was here this week.

Dr. W. B. Collins was prominent among those from Lovelady attending district court here this week.

If you have anything to buy or sell, trade or exchange, see J. C. Stockton, Crockett, Texas, R. F. D. No. 5.

S. J. Patton, Sr., one of the editor's good friends at Creath, was in town Monday and remembered the Courier.

The grand jury turned in two more bills of indictment Wednesday morning, making fourteen in all up to that time.

Ras Young and Tad Stinchcomb, attorneys of Longview, were representing a client in the district court here this week.

The spirit of improvement is again taking hold of the people of Crockett. We see it evidenced in more ways than one.

Prescriptions filled right is what you are entitled to, you get that if we fill them.  
Murchison & Beasley.

Let us figure with you on your next bill of dry goods and shoes. We will save you money.  
Daniel & Burton.

The man who does most of his economizing on his clothes will never be able to conceal the fact.  
Shupak Tailoring Co.

The Pickwick hotel is being repainted and otherwise improved. Among the improvements is a new gallery surrounding the hotel.

Mr. J. H. McDougald of Creek, a veteran subscriber and friend of the Courier's, is among those who have remembered us since last issue.

The man who isn't particular about his clothes is not apt to be particular about anything at all. And the man who is particular about his clothes might as well not be unless he finds the right tailor.  
Shupak Tailoring Co.

**FOR YOUR Thanksgiving Oysters SEE F. B. WEBB At the Bakery.**

## A Nice Assortment of

**Eastman Kodaks,**

**Films, Etc.,**

Just Received at

**McLean's Drug Store.**

Buy Clinton peaches from Billy Lewis.

Eli Elkins, mine superintendent for the Houston County Coal and Manufacturing company, was a pleasant visitor at the Courier office Tuesday.

Mrs. F. G. Edmiston reached home last Thursday night from Virginia, where she has been spending the summer with her mother and family.

We try our best to please our customers. Give us a call when in need of anything in the drug line. Our's are fresh.  
Sweet's Drug Store.

Miss Pauline Bromberg returned Thursday night from a visit to Colorado. She was a guest of friends at Denver, Colorado Springs and Glenwood Springs.

## This is what I say to you when I sell you a suit or overcoat:—

I guarantee that your suit will have in it all the style and refinement that you can get from any great metropolitan tailor.

I guarantee that it will fit, not merely because it won't fall off your body, but because it will follow every line and curve and angle of your body.

I guarantee that this fit will last not for a day or a month, but until the suit is completely worn out, and I give you this guarantee in written, signed, legal form, to stand good in any court in the land!

Do you wonder I am getting the largest tailoring business in town?

**JOHN MILLAR TAILOR AND FURNISHER NEXT TO POSTOFFICE**

### Shoe Repairing.

I have opened a shoe repairing shop in the second-hand furniture store near the postoffice.

2t. H. J. Martin.

Just the fact that a man has a tailor's sign over his door does not entitle him to your patronage. A lot of "tailors" are men who have gotten into the wrong vocation.  
Shupak Tailoring Co.

### Take Your Cotton to the Round Bale Gin.

We buy seed cotton or gin for custom. Every proposition open to you. Sell your cotton, hold your cotton, keep your seed, sell all or part of your cotton.  
D. F. McLaughlin, Supt.

The following young people were among those coming up from Lovelady Monday evening to attend the play: Miss Lucile Mainer, Miss Reba Rich, Miss Annie Leffler, Miss Jessie Hill and Miss Ollie Wills; Dr. and Mrs. Clute Rayburn; Messrs. Herman Rich, Delbert Standley, Claud Davis, Raleigh Atkinson and Joe Gimon.

# Money to Loan.

We make a specialty of loans on land and to farmers. We buy vendors lien notes and any other good paper. If you want to borrow money you will DO WELL to call and get our terms before placing your loan. We buy and sell real estate.

**WARFIELD BROTHERS,**  
Office North Side Public Square,  
Crockett, Texas

# Cut This Out!

The First 50 Presented Get an  
**"ELFIE FAY" CIGAR**  
Best 5 cent Smoke in Town, at  
**MURCHISON & BEASLEY'S.**

### At the Christian Church.

Christian Church—Sundy school at 9:30 a. m.; communion service at 10:30 a. m.; prayer meeting at 7 p. m. every Wednesday night. Everybody cordially invited to attend.

Mrs. S. L. Murchison and little son will reach home this week from Ohio, where they have been spending the summer with Mrs. Murchison's parents. A sister of Mrs. Murchison will accompany them home.

Miss Delle Bright, Miss Ilma Bright, Miss Bessie Taylor, Messrs. Len Manry, Ben Taylor and Walter Buttrill comprised a party of young people from Trinity Monday night who attended the play in this city.

4500 bales standard 2lb. bagging and Arrow ties at 70c per bale. Delivered at Lovelady, Wootters, Grapeland and Salmon at 72c per bale. Like the so-called 2 1/2 lb. bagging that you pay \$1.00 per bale for.  
Wm. M. Patton.

House and lot for sale—I want to move my millinery business to nearer the center of the business section and for that reason offer for sale the house and lot where the business is now being conducted.  
Mrs. L. R. Allbright.

### Position Wanted.

Creek, Tex., Oct. 1, 1908.  
Wanted—By middle aged lady, position in respectable family as governess to children in primary and intermediate grades; would assist with house work when not teaching. Would want myself and boy taken as members of family and \$2 per week.  
Mrs. Annie Alford.

### Letter to Ghas. Clinton,

Crockett, Texas.  
Dear Sir: Why shouldn't the oldest business firm in America (we were established in 1754) make the paint that takes least gallons and wears longest?  
67 Yours truly  
F W Devos & Co  
P. S. Murchison & Beasley sell our paint.

# Optical Goods

**WE CAN FIT YOU**

**J. A. BRICKER THE JEWELER.**

### Notice to Tax Payers.

I now have the tax rolls for 1908, so lets everybody pay their taxes for this year, and avoid the expense of going delinquent after Jan. 31st, 1909.

A. L. Goolsby,  
Tax Collector, Houston Co.  
**COUNTY MEDICAL SOCIETY**

### Hold Regular Meeting and Elect New Officers.

The Houston County Medical Society met here Oct. 13, with Dr. R. W. Skipper of Lovelady in the chair and Dr. W. W. Latham as secretary.

Dr. Jno. T. Moore of Galveston was present as a guest and read a most interesting paper on "Conservative Surgery on the Female Pelvic Organs," which was well received and highly appreciated. A vote of thanks was extended to him for the paper.

Dr. J. R. Miller of Holly read a paper on "Auto-infection," which was very interesting and instructive.

Dr. J. S. Wootters of Crockett read a paper on "Diphtheria," followed by a report of several cases which developed a discussion bringing out many valuable points to the profession.

The following officers were then elected for the ensuing year: President, Dr. R. W. Skipper, Lovelady; Secretary, Dr. L. Meriwether, Crockett.

After the business was disposed of a banquet was had at the Hail House where all enjoyed themselves to their fullest capacity. This was a most magnificent affair and elicited the praise and encomiums of every one; we feel safe in saying this as Dr. Collins attested to the fact and he is a splendid diagnostician especially of culinary affairs.

The following doctors were present: Drs. R. W. Skipper, Glover Worthington, W. B. Collins, Lovelady; Dr. J. R. Miller, Holly; Dr. J. F. Scruggs, Creek; Dr. B. S. Elliott, Augusta; Dr. W. W. Latham, Porter Springs; Drs. J. S. Wootters, E. D. Stokes, W. C. Lipscomb and L. Meriwether, Crockett.

The next meeting will be held on 2nd Tuesday in January, 1909.  
L. Meriwether,  
Secretary.

### Slightly Colder With Snow

When you see that kind of a weather forecast you know that rheumatism is at hand. Get ready for it now by getting a bottle of Ballard's Snow Liniment. Finest thing made for rheumatism, chilblains, frost bite, sore and stiff joints and muscles, all aches and pains. 25c, 50c and \$1.00 a bottle. Sold by Murchison & Beasley.

Foley's Honey and Tar cures coughs quickly, strengthens the lungs and expels colds. Get the genuine in a yellow package. McLean's Drug Store.

# Five Hundred and Fifty-Six

Bought of the Great Values Saturday, Keeping a Force of  
17 Good Salespeople Busy.

## That's Going Some

and will continue until the 30th of October. If you don't get your share of these  
great bargains you are to blame, so come every day and see, for there's

### New Goods Being Received Daily.



# James S. Shivers & Co

## HARDWARE AND FURNITURE

### The Crockett Courier

W. W. AIKEN, Editor and Proprietor.

#### PUBLISHER'S NOTICE.

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

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

With the waterworks almost a certainty, with more pretty homes like those we have, with the use of more paint around the public square and with the filling in of those holes in the sidewalk on the east side, Crockett will easily be the prettiest town in all this south-land.

Tuesday, November 3, being election day, no district court will be held in Crockett on that day nor on the day preceding. But on the day following, which will be Wednesday, all petit jurors summoned for the week beginning November 2 will appear. This is in accordance with the notice issued by Judge Gardner last week. The purpose in postponing court for Monday and Tuesday of that week is to give all an opportunity to stay at home and vote in the general election.

Elsewhere in this issue of the Courier is an able article from Mr. J. W. Madden in favor of a system of waterworks for Crockett. Also in another place in this issue is a statement issued by the city council, showing that an election on the issuance of \$25,000 worth of bonds has been ordered by the council for November 28. The statement issued by the council explains why the previous election, at which the bond issue car-

ried, was defective. To make the bonds legal the election will have to be held over. As the bond issue carried by a strong majority in the previous election, it is believed by the friends of the movement that very little opposition will be developed in the coming election. Crockett has enjoyed for some time the reputation of being the largest town in the United States without waterworks and now that she is to be robbed of her glory, those of our citizens whose backs are moss-covered may find an excuse to move out of the city and make room for material progress and the advancement of twentieth century civilization.

The committee is not anticipating any trouble in securing the right of way for the new road from Kennard to Crockett. Land owners realize how the building of railroads has increased land values in West Texas, land that was worth five dollars an acre a few years ago now selling for twenty-five. They realize that to refuse to donate the right of way is a stand against themselves and a stone in the path of progress. Our people are waking up to the necessity of more railroads.

The Houston County Tobacco Growers' Association should have the financial encouragement and aid of every business man in Houston county. The purpose of the association is to induce immigration from the tobacco-growing sections of Tennessee and especially from those sections where the night-riders have caused dissatisfaction among an intelligent class of tobacco-growers. Lawlessness has been rampant in Tennessee and many law-abiding citizens, having just cause for dis-

satisfaction, are on the verge of selling out and moving to Texas. The purpose of the association is to induce these people to come to Houston county, where there are tobacco lands in abundance, of the highest quality and cheap, and where the people have the highest regard for law and order. The association will seek to induce that class of immigration this way by advertising in some of the leading periodicals of Tennessee and to do so will require a considerable expenditure of time and money. They will have to have help from the business men of the town and county.

Houston county's convention vote will be based on the vote cast for governor in the general election on November 3. It behooves every democrat to go to the polls and vote on that day. The Courier deplors the lack of interest that is being manifested by democrats in the coming election. Let every man who has paid his poll tax vote, and vote the straight ticket from the presidential electors down to constable. Every man who voted in the primary obligated himself to support the nominees and he is not doing it if he fails to vote in the general election.

### NEW YORK CLIPPER

IS THE GREATEST THEATRICAL & SHOW PAPER IN THE WORLD.

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FRANK QUEEN PUB. CO. (LTD), PUBLISHERS, 41 W. 29TH ST., NEW YORK.

### CITY COUNCIL ISSUES STATEMENT.

#### Waterworks Bonds Election Ordered — Tax Rate Not Increased Much.

To the Tax-payers of Crockett: The city council, in regular session, has ordered an election for the issuance of water-works bonds to the amount of \$25,000, said election to be held November 28th. Our last election, which carried easily, was declared null and void on account of the failure to insert in election notice that a sufficient tax would be levied to meet interest and create a sinking fund. We are taking no chance this time, having regular set forms from the Attorney General's office, and, if our election carries, there will be no question about the validity of the entire proceedings.

With the amount of bonds mentioned, a tax rate of 25c on the \$100 will have to be levied according to law, but we wish to say to the tax-payers that it is the full intention of the council to keep the rate where it is now if possible, and we believe it is. Our assessed valuations are greater, and the school bonds will be almost absorbed, so that we feel sure of our ability to take off from other funds, and this, in connection with an almost certain reduction on the part of the school board, will give us the 25c needed without adding to the rate. Tax-payers can absolutely rely upon the council fixing the very minimum rate for 1909, and, as suggested, our calculations indicate that we will be able to carry out the water-works proposition without increasing taxes materially.

We hope that the tax-payers will vote for the measure with practi-

cal unanimity, for certainly our little city deserves a system of waterworks, and the benefits accruing in the way of reduced insurance, prevention of damage to stocks of goods from dust, convenience of ample water supply for domestic uses, and many others that could be mentioned, should induce every vote to be an affirmative one.

Respectfully,  
C. L. Edmiston, Mayor.  
W. A. Norris,  
G. Q. King,  
G. M. Waller,  
J. D. Salhas,  
C. C. Warfield,  
Aldermen.

#### Married Man in Trouble

A married man who permits any member of the family to take anything except Foley's Honey and Tar, for coughs, colds and lung trouble, is guilty of neglect. Nothing else is as good for all pulmonary troubles. The genuine Foley's Honey and Tar contains no opiates and is in a yellow package. McLean's Drug Store.

### Highest Price

FOR

### Cotton Seed

I am buying seed at the same old stand and will be pleased to have my friends call on me and get my prices before selling elsewhere. I want your seed and will always pay you the top price. I will also pay the highest price for all kinds of hydes.

B. L. SATTERWHITE