

The Crockett Courier.

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MOTTO—Quality, Not Quantity.

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A Happy New Year

To All Our Friends.

May your cup of happiness be filled to overflowing—and grief—may you never know its meaning.

May your successes increase a hundred fold—and reverses—may they never come.

We thank you for your patronage during the year just past, and solicit a continuance of same. Our policy of "Satisfaction to You" will be carried out during the year of 1912 in every particular.

Here's Health, Wealth and Joy, and once again—a Happy New Year.

Deupree & Waller

Furniture and Undertakers.

A Battle Royal.

There was fought across the checkerboard at Crockett, during the late Christmas holidays, a battle as decisive as was the famous battle of Waterloo.

The contestants were B. J. Greer of Athens, Texas, one of the strongest checker players in the state and who was the winner of the state checker championship at Houston in 1909, at the first Texas Championship Tourney, and our own Sonley LeMay, who had just recently won the Texas State Championship, an elegant gold medal, at Houston, in the third State Championship Tourney.

The match was scheduled for thirty games, according to the two move restriction and Anderson's laws, but there were, however, only 23 of the games actually played out, as at that point the score stood 14 to 2 and 7 drawn games in favor of the Crockett man, and had Mr. Greer by a run of phenomenal luck have won all of the remaining 7 games he still would have been defeated.

The match was conducted with much dignity and according to the statute in such cases made and provided, Lee Wagner acting as official score keeper, Joe Lacy as time keeper and James Langston as referee.

It has been said that Mr. LeMay is the youngest man so far known, to hold a similar honor, that of a state champion, which fact stamps him a most painstaking student and possessed of exceptional perceptive faculties.

This match was played for the title of Texas State Champion, and the gold medal emblem, Mr. Greer having challenged Mr. LeMay.

Do not allow your kidney and bladder trouble to develop beyond the reach of medicine. Take Foley Kidney Pills. They give quick results and stop irregularities with surprising promptness.

I. W. Sweet.

Keeping up Appearances.

Keeping up appearances has resulted in the sending of hundreds of young men to the penitentiaries, says the Fort Worth Star-Telegram. That newspaper goes further and says:

"They made their bluff among their friends and associates that they were prospering far beyond the degree reflected by their monthly pay check, and foolishly thought they had to make good. They dipped into the bank's or company's funds, they forged their employer's name, thinking at the time they would pay it back by a lucky turn at the 'market,' and now they are paying it back in grinding toil, in prison stripes, in the shame of relations and the coin of woman's tears. There's no use in bluffing. Be what you are, and be not ashamed of your daily task and your daily wages, for if you are, you are being impelled daily to a condition of real shame. Young wives, you can't escape your share of the responsibility. If you are more anxious to impress your friends with the fact that you are to help your husband stay out of debt, you will remember it when the judge pronounces sentence. Appear merely what you are, striving always to attain a better advantage. If you try to fool society by appearing what you are not, society may be revenged."

An excellent sermon, Editor Wortham, which should be read by both young and old. The young men are not the only offenders. There are others old enough to know the error of pretense. They sometimes think they can fool the wise old world by trickery, but in ninety-nine of a hundred cases the exposure and the accompanying humiliation always comes.

Keeping up appearances means trying to appear to be what one is not. All the bunco artists do not sell gold eggs.—Dallas Times Herald.

THE TRUE STORY OF JOHN JONES.

John Jones was born in northern climes.
A tiller of the soil was he
Where bitter winds and cold at times
Clutched at his garments savagely.

When, through full many a winter day,
He'd fought the cold inside his door,
He asked himself: "John, does it pay
To linger here where blizzards roar?"

"Almost the full one half the year,
I dress like some old Eskimo,
Then gaze across a landscape drear
Of leaden trees, gray clouds and snow.

"My good wife, bundled in a shawl,
Goes shivering round the house an yard.
My children, healthy chaps, but small,
Find climbing drifts to school quite hard.

"In this great, piping modern day,
Of airships, phones and telegraph,
John Jones, now, really does it pay
To linger here when skies that laugh—

"And days all bright with song and cheer,
Toil and pleasure and sweet content,
The laughing length of every year,
Are in the Southland hap'ly blest.

"Cheap, fertile lands may yet be found,
Within the Lone Star's broad domain,
Where health and wealth alike abound:
Tomorrow morn, I take the train!"

For twenty days John traveled wide
On Texas soil, North, South and West,
Alas, though he enjoyed his ride,
His honest soul was much depressed.

Though much he saw amazed him quite,
Although the lands were rich and fine,
Said he: "They're none of them just right,
No place I've found is in my line.

"I want a farm, broad, fertile, cheap,
I know will never fail to give,
A solid, stable, fair return
For honest tillage while I live.

"I want the elevation high
Enough to catch the blowing breeze,
I want to see the sunset sky
All barred by sturdy hard-wood trees.

"I want to plow where mellow earth
Responds to fruit and truck and corn,
I want the brooklet's babbling mirth
To sound a welcome to the morn.

"I want to dwell where honest folk
Extend a generous, kindly hand
To every stranger, be he "broke"
Or with a million to command.

"I want my children in a place
Where future years will deftly mold
Serenely contentment on each face,
Not selfishness, unkind and cold."

Thus spake John Jones as sadly he
Looked out across the empty plain,
A man nearby, laughed merrily,
"Friend, Houston County's fair domain—

More than fulfills what you demand,
So why, just for your future's sake,
Do you not go and see its land?
I, & G. N.'s the road to take.

"Get off at Crockett, ask to see
That well-known man, J. W. Hail,
He'll drive you all around, scott-free,
And show the lands he has for sale.

"You'll sure be treated on the square,
You'll not be haggl'd at to buy,
But you'll be shown some lands as fair
As any neath the Texas sky.

"Some river-bottom lands as rich
As in the valley of the Nile,
Some fertile uplands, both of which,
You'll find are amply worth your while.

"A little off the busy line
Of emigration, North and South,
This prosperous section rich and fine,
Has not been praised from mouth to mouth.

"The prices yet are very low,
But many men are finding out
How many things these lands will grow,
The news is getting noised about.

"The terms of payment will be made
So easy, any man of worth,
Who loves pure water trees and shade,
Can own a square of this good earth."

Therefore, John Jones made haste to go
To Eastern Texas, where he found,
A land with plenty all aglow,
And glad fields ringing with the sound—

Of husbandry, full well repaid,
Of children's voices shouting clear,
Soft echoes from the wood and glade,
And everything men hold most dear.

Straightway, he bought a farm whose broad
And fertile acres caught his eye,
Said John Jones: "All my life I'll laud
This good land to the highest sky."

We are going to have a number of John Jones come to East Texas this year, and I have secured space for the land show to be in Houston in January, and we want an exhibit of Houston County products, and any one having products of interest in the way of fruit, corn, pecans, oats or any other products of our lands, send them to me not later than 10th of January, and if they wish I will return same after the show. I do not promise to sell all of Houston County lands, but if you will list your property with me I will agree to advertise same at my expense, and will try and sell same.

Yours truly, J. W. Hail.

Lovelady.

Mrs. F. C. Woodard and children of Grapeland were guests of relatives last week.

Mrs. Ed Neal and children of Elkhart were guests of Mrs. H. W. Beeson a few days.

Misses Mildred Collins, Lucile Mainer and Reba Rich have returned to Waco after spending the holidays at home.

Miss Jane Freeman of Moody spent the holidays with Mrs. H. B. Monday.

Claud Alexander of Houston spent Xmas day with relatives.

Howard and Jewel Alexander were visitors in Lovelady last week.

Mrs. Julius Collins and Miss Marion Collins of Groveton were guests of Miss Nell Turner.

Miss Iva Phipps spent a few days in Groveton.

Miss Selma Jones has returned to Camilla after a week spent at home with relatives.

Misses Lula, Lucy and Irene Hartt spent the holidays at home.

Miss Alma Moore of Wallis, Dr. S. H. Moore of Houston, N. H. Moore of San Marcos and Ben Moore of Georgetown were guests of Mrs. C. B. Moore during the holidays.

Rev. H. K. Moorehead of Emery and Dickinson spent a few days in Lovelady last week.

Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Tomme of Cooledge were guests of relatives last week.

Misses Lillian Nissle and Bessie Jones of Dickinson spent the holidays with home folks.

Miss Gilmer McDonald of League City, a teacher in the Dickinson school was the guest of Miss Lillian Nissle last week.

Chas. J. Nissle has returned to resume his duties in the school-room.

Miss Verne Monday spent the holidays in Huntsville with Mrs. R. E. May.

Howard Tomme has returned to the University at Austin.

Mrs. W. O. Phipps was a visitor in Trinity Sunday.

Miss Frankie Flora of Dodge was the guest of Miss Nell Turner.

Misses Earline and Belle Cochran spent a few days with relatives in Livingston.

Mrs. D. F. Stanley and little Miss Veldna Gertrude of Trinity were guests of relatives last week.

Russell Murray of Bingham Canyon, Utah, was a visitor in Lovelady last week.

Mr. Arch Murray and Carl Murray visited relatives in Mississippi.

Miss Myra Hemphill of San Marcos was the guest of Mrs. Jay Mainer.

Mr. John Newton and Miss Maggie Brown of Nevils Prairie were married on Dec. 20, at the residence of the bride's parents.

Mr. J. H. Jones happened to a sad accident on Dec. 20. While leaving town in a buggy the horses ran away, Mr. Jones jumping out and breaking his left foot in the ankle and has been confined to his bed under the treatment of physicians.

Miss Stella Nissle was a visitor in Trinity Sunday.

When given as soon as the croupy cough appears, Chamberlain's Cough Remedy will ward off an attack of croup and prevent all danger and cause for anxiety. Thousands of mothers use it successfully. Sold by all dealers.

TO CUT SOCIAL "TIGHTWADS."

"Freezeout" Game Planned by Muskogee Society Spenders.

Muskogee, Okla.—The "spenders" in Muskogee are going to play "freezeout" this winter on the "tightwads." The spenders have tacitly agreed among themselves that there will be no receptions and kindred events in Muskogee this winter unless some of the women who have been eating the sandwiches and sampling punch at other receptions give a few of their own.

The spenders assert that they have gone their limit and that somebody else will have to hire the orchestra from now on. And the result is likely to be unusual gaiety on the part of those who have attended other people's parties and given none of their own, just to show that they are not "tightwads."

Of course, the women who have been entertaining and are now complaining would never admit that they are backing the movement to cut out those who do not entertain, but they talked the matter over among themselves and agreed that unless some of their former guests get busy, they had just as well put their party dresses away in moth balls or sachet powder.

This applies, of course, to large formal affairs. They have agreed that their outside limit will be three tables at bridge and informal dinners. This will give them a chance to keep together the small coterie of spenders, of course, and at the same time enable them to cut out the long list of guests who have hitherto fluttered up and down the receiving line without mortally offending them. It is also possibly a means of the end of building an exclusive inner circle in Muskogee society.

But the fact remains that the big social affairs of the past are over in Muskogee until some of the women who have not been doing so in the past give enough receptions to balance up the credit side of the social ledger. This may be embarrassing for "the poor but proud," but the rich have issued the edict and money talks in society.—Kansas City Star.

Charles Durham, Lovington, Ill., has succeeded in finding a positive cure for bed wetting. "My little boy wet the bed every night clear thro' on the floor. I tried several kinds of kidney medicine and I was in the drug store looking for something different to help him when I heard of Foley Kidney Pills. After he had taken two days we could see a change and when he had taken two-thirds of a bottle he was cured. That is about six weeks ago and he has not wet in bed since."

I. W. Sweet.

Do you know that fully nine out of every ten cases of rheumatism are simply rheumatism of the muscles due to cold or damp, or chronic rheumatism, and require no internal treatment whatever? Apply Chamberlain's Liniment freely and see how quickly it gives relief. For sale by all dealers.

When buying a cough medicine for children, bear in mind that Chamberlain's Cough Remedy is most effectual for colds, croup and whooping cough and that it contains no harmful drug. For sale by all dealers.

DIPHTHERIA.

Early Diagnosis and Quick Use of Antitoxin Imperative.

Diphtheria, which was formerly one of the most fatal of the diseases of children, has been robbed by antitoxin of much of its death dealing power. Nevertheless it is still a scourge of childhood.

It is an infectious and contagious disease that occurs for the most part in children, although adults also may suffer. It is due to the presence of a bacillus that lodges and develops on the mucous membrane of the respiratory passages, where it causes inflammation and the growth of fibrous, feltlike sheet which covers the surface. This sheet is the so called false membrane, the visible evidence of the disease, in itself not dangerous except when it forms in the larynx. In that case it threatens death from choking. The real disease is the constitutional affection—fever, delirium and depression, due to poisoning by the bacillary excretions, the toxin, absorbed into the blood from the mucous membranes where the bacilli have lodged.

Diphtheria is one of the most contagious of diseases, although, as in the case with other similar affections, not all who are exposed suffer. It prevails chiefly where filth exists and where the air is charged with emanations from decaying matter, with sewer gas, illuminating gas or exhalations from many persons crowded together in unventilated rooms.

Authorities formerly held that the germs could linger for a long time in carpets, upholstered toys, especially woolly lambs and Teddy bears, books, and so forth, but that is now doubted by many sanitarians, who contend that disinfection of the room in which a child has been sick with diphtheria or disinfection of his playthings is unnecessary. Still, so long as a doubt exists it is obviously safer to disinfect. It is quite certain, however, that cats and dogs and probably birds, such as parrots, may catch diphtheria from a sick child and so assist in the spread of the disease.

The one sovereign remedy for diphtheria is antitoxin, but it must be given early to be certainly curative. For this reason an early diagnosis is imperative. The physician should be called at once to any child who has a sore throat if his throat is seen to be red or covered with whitish dots or streaks or patches of membrane. Early treatment not only removes the danger of suffocation from the growth of membrane in the larynx, but also makes much less probable the occurrence of the paralysis that is often such a distressing sequel of neglected or tardily treated diphtheria.—Youth's Companion.

BACK OF A SNAKE.

It Can Easily Be Broken by a Crack With a Cane.

The first impulse of a man on seeing a snake is to stamp on its head, which, according to the *Rosary Magazine*, is unwise. A snake's skull is very tough, as behooves a part of the body that is always liable to be knocked against stones, etc., owing to the extreme short-sightedness of all serpents.

The back, on the contrary, can be broken with a light rap, for it consists of a delicate system of ball and socket joints. Should snakes be harmless the best plan is to leave them alone; should they be dangerous a shot from a revolver is safe and effective. In case no revolver is at hand a rap with a cane will be sufficient, but care must be taken to keep away from the head of the creature.

A snake does not normally go about hitting its skull against hard objects. It does this only when in a hurry. Moving at its ordinary pace, it feels its way with its long, delicate, forked tongue.

In the same way when about to swallow its food it touches it all over with its tongue in order to ascertain where to take hold, and this process has given rise to the mistaken idea that a snake covers its prey with saliva prior to swallowing it. No doubt a considerable quantity of saliva is generated during the process of deglutition, but it does not come from the tongue, which is merely used as a feeler.

When a snake bites it bisects its head up to the nape of its neck and opens its jaws till they are in the same plane—i. e., at right angles to

the body. These jaws are provided with six rows of strong, sharp teeth, four on the upper jaw and two on the lower jaw.

This is a very formidable arrangement, but when you remember that a medium sized constrictor can project its head with sufficient force to knock a man off his feet and will either on provocation or sometimes without it let go his catapult, rat trap machinery you are likely to avoid constrictors so far as is possible. Such a snake can take hold of a man and shake him or strip the skin and flesh from the part seized as if it were paper.

An Unnecessary Question.

The office boy, with his legs curled lovingly around those of the chair, was tilted back in the corner, gloating over "The Mysterious Milkman; or, The Murder at Muddy Ford," when a caller entered the office.

"Is the boss in?" asked the gentlemanly visitor courteously.

The lad looked over him with a contemptuous expression.

"You must be a Rube or you'd know he ain't," he drawled. "Ain't you got no power of deduckshun? Would I be settin' like this an' readin' a book like this if the boss was in? Not hardly. Come tomorrow. An' then I'll lend you this here sinetific work, an' maybe you can get next to a little wisdom. Good-by!"—Exchange.

A True Fisherman.

In the Catskill foothills a New York traveling man who was making a trip overland passed an old man who was fishing with hook and line in a small stream. As the drummer drove by in a buggy the old man never took his eye off the bobber in the water. When the traveling man returned late in the afternoon he was greatly surprised to see the old man still in the same position with his eyes glued on the bobber.

"Hello, uncle!" he shouted. "Any luck today?"

Without taking his gaze off the cork which rested on the surface of the placid stream the old man replied:

"Had a nibble long 'bout noon."—Judge.

When Robespierre Was "Stung."

Under the terror Robespierre used to play a peaceful game of chess at the Cafe Regence, and the story is told of a youth who once challenged him and beat him twice. Robespierre after his defeat asked how much he owed, no stakes having been previously fixed. The supposed youth, who in reality was a girl in man's clothes, presented an order for the release of her lover from prison, and Robespierre signed it. Napoleon Bonaparte during his consulship was seen at the famous cafe, but he showed himself no tactician at chess.

Happiness.

For ages happiness has been represented as a huge precious stone, impossible to find, which people seek for hopelessly. It is not so. Happiness is a mosaic composed of a thousand little stones which separately and of themselves have little value, but which united with art form a graceful design.—De Girardin.

Rossetti's Awful Breakfast.

It was at one time arranged that Dante Gabriel Rossetti, his brother William and Swinburne and George Meredith should live together in a certain house. Meredith happened to see Dante Gabriel Rossetti at breakfast and changed his plans. Meredith himself tells the story. "It was past noon," says he. "Rossetti had not yet risen, though it was an exquisite day. On the breakfast table on a huge dish rested five thick slabs of bacon, upon which five rigid eggs had slowly bled to death. Presently Rossetti appeared in his dressing gown, with slippers down at heel, and devoured the dainty repast like an ogre." That meal was too much for Meredith, and he sacrificed three months' rent rather than see it repeated.

Caught in the Act.

"You have not been obeying my injunctions, and yet you expect me to cure your husband."

"But, doctor—"

"Tut, tut! I told you to do nothing to aggravate him."

"But I—"

"Madam, you were playing the piano when I came in. I both saw you and heard you."—Houston Post.

CASTING LOTS.

Curious Military Custom That Was Once in Vogue in Europe.

In the armies of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries the custom of casting lots to decide what soldiers should be punished for the offenses of all was common. At Winchester, England, in 1645, complaint was made that after the surrender there had been unfair plundering. Six soldiers were tried and found guilty, and it was decided by lot which one of the six should be hanged. At Tangier in 1663 and again in 1665 two soldiers had to cast dice on a drumhead, and he who threw the least was executed. Thomas May's translation of Barclay's "Icon Animorum" gives a curious story of this sort. Speaking of English courage, he says that during the war in the Netherlands some soldiers of the Spanish party were taken prisoners by the Dutch, who decided to make reprisals for the previous cruelty of their enemies. Out of four and twenty men eight were to be hanged. "There were lots, therefore, thrown into a helmet," says May, "and the prisoners were commanded to draw their fortunes. Whoever should draw a blank was to escape, but whoever should draw a black lot was to be hanged presently."

"They were all," says May, "possessed with a great apprehension of their present danger, especially one Spaniard. Their pitiful wishes and tears in some of the standers-by did move pity, in others laughter. There was besides in that danger an Englishman, a common soldier, who, with a careless countenance, expressing no fear of death at all, came boldly to the helmet and drew his lot. Chance favored him; it was a safe lot. Being free himself from danger, he came to the Spaniard, who was yet timorous and trembling to put his hand into the fatal helmet, and, receiving from him 10 crowns, he entreated the judges—oh, horrible audacity!—that, dismissing the Spaniard, they would suffer him again to try his fortune."

May further relates that "the judges consented to the madman's request, who valued his life at so low a rate, and he again drew a safe lot." May seems rather to regret the second escape of the foolhardy Englishman, whom he denounces as "a wretch unworthy not only of that double but even of a single preservation, who so basely had undervalued his life."

AVERTED A DUEL.

The Scheme Senator Lamar Worked to Prevent an Encounter.

During the course of a heated debate once in the house of representatives sharp words were exchanged between a congressman from New York and one from Mississippi. A challenge was delivered and accepted, and as both were courageous and determined a bloody meeting seemed imminent. Friends interposed, but in vain. The men were resolute, and neither would yield to the suggestion of an amicable arrangement. As a last resort Senator Lamar was called in to save the situation. He realized that no ordinary methods would serve his purpose and so resorted to strategy. The principals in the proposed duel are still living, so I will call the New Yorker Jones and the Mississippian Smith.

Senator Lamar called on the New Yorker, and after the usual civilities had been exchanged he said:

"Jones, I've come here to do you a friendly turn. I know that you and Smith are determined to fight and that nothing will stop you. I have not come as a mediator, but simply to mitigate, if possible, the horrors of a fatal end, so far as you are concerned. As to Smith I have no fears. He is a dead shot and can take care of himself, but he is not an unfeeling man and is inclined to respect any partiality you may have in favor of any particular part of your anatomy. Some men entertain a mortal dread of being disfigured after death and if the choice were left them would prefer not to be wounded in the eye or mouth or cheek bone. Now, if there is any particular spot that you would like to have Smith's bullet enter he has commissioned me to say that your wishes will be respected."

This extraordinary proposition staggered the New Yorker. Even his undoubted courage did not stand so severe a test, and he paled visibly. After he recovered his composure he replied that he would

confer with his second, and Mr. Lamar, after an impressive farewell, took his leave.

The tip was given to friends of the principals and new negotiations entered upon. The duel did not come off. Lamar's device had succeeded.—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Animal Longevity.

Some curious statistics have been published upon what an insurance actuary would describe as the "expectation of life" in animals. Among the larger species of cattle there is some approach to uniformity. Thus for the horse and the ass the extreme limit is about thirty-five years and for horned cattle about thirty. For the dog it is given as twenty-five, while sheep, goats, pigs and cats are grouped at fifteen. But there are stranger disparities among birds. While a goose may live thirty years, a sparrow twenty-five and a crow as many as 100, ducks, poultry and turkeys die of old age at twelve years. The palm for longevity is divided between elephant and parrot. Both pass the century.

Easily Sued.

When glasses are worn chiefly to give their wearer an impressive appearance it is necessary that they be fitted in other respects than the vision, as was recently discovered by a young southern woman whose colored maid one day approached her with a request.

"Miss Bessie, if you are going downtown today I wish you would buy my sister, who lives in North Carolina, a pair of glasses."

"Why, Annie," replied the young lady, "I could not get your sister a pair of glasses. She has to have her eyes examined and the glasses fitted to them."

"Oh," said Annie reassuringly, "she wrote me what fit my nose fit her nose."—Youth's Companion.

Superstitious Parnell.

Mrs. Charlotte McCarthy, daughter of Justin McCarthy, told a curious story of Charles Stewart Parnell. "One evening," said she, "Parnell was talking to me at the coffee stage of dinner, and I, gazing at him with rapture, was vaguely stirring mine and going to drink it when he said: 'You must not drink that. You have stirred it the wrong way, and it would be unlucky. Get another cup.' What struck me as strange in this was not his being superstitious—every one who knew him at all knew that—but his extraordinary power of observation."

Not His Trouble.

"My boy doesn't seem to have got along here very well," said the office boy's father.

"Well, to be perfectly frank with you," replied the employer, "I must say he does not."

"Ah! What's his trouble?"

"He hasn't any trouble. It's the rest of us who have had that."

Unappreciated Sympathy.

A passenger who escaped uninjured from a serious railway smash, seeing a fellow traveler searching anxiously among the wreckage with a lantern, offered to assist in the search and, thinking the old man had lost his wife, asked in sympathetic tones, "What part of the train was she in?" Raising his lantern and glancing at the kindly disposed passenger, the old man shouted with indignant distinctness that triumphed over physical infirmity: "She, sir, she! I am looking for my teeth!"

Happiness Impossible.

"Mr. and Mrs. Wicherly seem to be such a happy couple."

"I think they merely pretend to be happy."

"Why do you say that? Have you any reason for believing they don't get along well together?"

"Oh, they may get along all right together, but they certainly can't be happy. She's getting stout, and he's beginning to lose his hair."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Equal to the Occasion.

"You're no judge of literature or rhetoric, Sam. Why, you couldn't do it to save your life if I asked you to give me a good illustration of a flat contradiction in terms."

"Couldn't I? All right. The next time you ask me to lend you \$5 you will find my decided negative is quite positive."—Baltimore American.

THE MYSTIC ORIENT.

Leisure and Languor Dominate Life in the Far East.

The Turk in spring will sit on the hillside and smoke and dream for ten minutes at a time, sometimes for hours. They call it making "kef." When you have a Turkish student who makes "kef" in class he is hopeless. No part of the lesson sinks into his mind. He speaks when you call on him and tries to answer your questions, but his thoughts are far away.

I have stood leaning against our terrace wall in the beauty of spring and gazed for fifteen minutes at a time at certain shrubs and flowers which were bright with sunshine until my thoughts seemed to soar away beyond the confines of space and of time. It is as easy to be mystic in the east as it is to be practical in the west. The difference between the east and the west, in a word, is this: Here we do not like to sit down; there they do not like to get up. Here leisure is a sin; there it is a virtue.

Our American habit of crowding every moment, of seeking recreation in violent and exciting forms, is the result of our climate. It is hard to sit still and relax and desire nothing, not even amusement. Such a life, feverish in its activity, does not make one really happy and is bound to lead at last to a breakdown.

In the east one does not have to do something in order to be happy. One does not have to plan theater parties, games, crowded excursions, in order to be happy. One is happy merely to exist. One can sit down and be happy. Repose is as natural as activity is to us.

For this reason I have often thought that the east may in time become our great sanitarium. Just as the orientals who come to our country learn to work and to hustle, so Americans who go to the east learn to repose. A few years there will change one's restless, nervous habits into calm and poise. You cease to worry about things. Desire, which is the chief source of our anxieties, falls from you. If you can't do a thing you have planned on you say: "Never mind. It is not important." If there is something you need, but cannot get, you say, "Well, I can do without it." If there is a play you want to see, but cannot; a trip you want to make, a friend you want to visit, and things stand in the way, you say, "Some other time." Thus the east creeps in upon you with its laziness, its repose and its feeling of resignation, and you grow fat and healthy and forget that you have nerves.

Reader, if you want to know what paradise is on this earth visit Constantinople and the Bosphorus in the month of May.—Boston Transcript.

Misplaced Humor.

A former employee of one of Greater New York's zoological gardens had reason to regret that he once tried to be as funny as he could. A strange visitor, after looking at the seals, asked the keeper what they ate.

"Oh, fried eggs and little things like that," was the answer.

"Anything else?" asked the stranger.

"Sometimes a bit of steak and onions or a chop or two," said the keeper. "Anything else I can tell you?"

"No, thank you," the stranger answered politely. "I only want to know because I am the new superintendent of the gardens, and I want to be sure that the keepers give the public accurate information when they are asked civil and natural questions."—Exchange.

The Welsh Tongue.

The confusion of tongues had done its destined part, work on the tower of Babel being pretty much suspended, when all at once Welsh emerged from the racket. The sound of consonants being pronounced without the help of vowels was at once seen to cause no small uneasiness in high quarters.

"No use overdoing the business!" these hastily exclaimed and forthwith called a halt.

As for Welsh, what was done could not, of course, be undone, but the ensuing distribution of languages happily relegated it to the remote corner of a remote island of the sea, so that the embarrassment was by no means what it might have been.—Puck.

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THE TALE OF A PIG

Chief Justice Marshall's First Case as a Lawyer.

HE OUTWITTED A DEADBEAT.

When Marshall Sued Old Haskin Smiled, When the Case Was Won and Payment Claimed He Laughed, but When the Climax Came He Wilted.

Chief Justice John Marshall's first case as a lawyer was tried in Fauquier county, Va. It was the suit of Cohn versus Haskin, and the descendants of the great interpreter of the constitution delight to this day to tell of the subtle strategy whereby the budding jurist achieved victory over that case hardened deadbeat of a Haskin person.

This same Haskin, it appears, was a man possessed of property. But he was also possessed of a shrewd knowledge of the law. He kept all he had in his wife's name, excepting what the statute exempted from seizure for debt.

In an evil and absentminded moment Cohn, who ran a general store in Haskin's neighborhood, trusted him for sugar and coffee to the amount of \$11. This was years before the eruption of young Marshall into the law, and in the interim Cohn had given the claim for collection to every young lawyer in the county to cut his teeth on. Swiftly following Marshall's unflinching of his shingle to the Fauquier winds came Cohn with his claim. Even the callow attorney recognized it as a veteran among claims. However, having nothing else to while away the time, he took the case, Cohn promising him all he could get out of it, which showed Cohn's valuation of it as an asset.

Young Marshall promptly brought suit, at which Haskin smiled. When judgment was obtained, Marshall rode out in person to Haskin's place and demanded payment, at which Haskin laughed.

And while Haskin chuckled the keen eye of the young lawyer wandered about the farmyard. He saw one plow, which was exempt under the law; also one harrow, also exempt; also a huge Leviathan of a pig drawing lazily in a pen—a very Gargantuan of a pig.

"That's the only pig I got," volunteered Haskin, reading the lawyer's thought, for Haskin, also law wise, knew that under the statute he was entitled to one pig exempt from seizure for debt.

The future chief justice rode home pondering deeply. Next day he was seen strolling around the outskirts of the town looking into casual pigsties and keeping his thoughts to himself.

One noon shortly after a youth, trudging along the big road in front of Haskin's house, stopped to ask for a bite to eat. Over his shoulder he carried a gummy sack. Haskin handed him out a piece of bread and a chunk of meat and then demanded a quarter for the repast. "I haven't got a quarter," replied the youth; "thought you would give a feller a little snack like that."

"Not much," growled Haskin. "What you got in that bag?"

"Nuthin' but a month old pig," answered the youth. "Say, if you gimme a quarter in money I'll give you the pig and we'll call it square."

"I reckon you stole that pig," commented Haskin, "else you wouldn't sell it so cheap. Here's your quarter; gimme the pig."

The youth disappeared with the quarter, and Haskin, with the content of one who has driven a hard bargain, carried the shote over to the barnyard and spilled it into the pen where lay the porcine Gargantua. Coincidentally there rose out of the alder bushes adjacent the forms of young Marshall and another man—the other man was the constable. In his hand he held a writ of execution. He climbed solemnly over into the pigsty and, pointing to the fat porker, said:

"I levy on that pig in the suit of Cohn versus Haskin," and he waved his hand to a man who was waiting with an empty wagon down the road.

"But that pig is exempt," exclaimed the irate Haskin. "The law allows me one pig."

"You've got him there," answered the constable, pointing to the shote as he trussed up the big fellow and called to the man in the wagon to lend a hand. "You can't make your selection for exemption after the levy's made."

"But the fellow that sold me that shote stole him," urged Haskin, growing desperate. "I can't own a stolen pig."

"All right," put in young Marshall, wholly unperturbed. "Mr. Constable, just arrest him for receiving stolen goods."

But Haskin had fled to the safety of his back porch, seeing which the constable, Marshall and the man in the wagon hustled the complaining porker aboard and drove away, leaving the bewildered Haskin to ruminate at leisure over the intricacies of the law which permits a man to keep even his

religion in his wife's name, but ravishes away his choicest pig from under his very nose.

And, concluding, the multiple descendants of the great John also delight to tell how that pig sold for \$19.85—enough not only to pay the ancient claim, but to satisfy exactly the demands of court and constable for costs, leaving not a penny over for the grief-stricken and wretched Haskin.

To which the reader may add, "And they all lived happily forever after"—except Haskin.—New York Times.

ECCENTRIC WAGNER.

A Glimpse of the Famous Composer in One of His Moods.

Richard Wagner, the composer, needed a good deal of managing, and Frau Cosima was always tactful, according to Judith Gautier's "Wagner at Home." When the author hesitated before accepting Wagner's invitation to an excursion she says Frau Cosima made signs to her and, coming nearer, said in a low voice: "Do not refuse, he would be angry. And let him manage it all; let him take the lead, if you do not wish to grieve him."

Later on she gives another curious scene: "Behind the house, in that court which formed a part of the garden, and from which the carriage drive started, there was a high swing, which the children were allowed to use very carefully, and with which the older people sometimes amused themselves. One day Mme. Cosima was sitting on the narrow board. Wagner offered to start the swing and give her a good fight through the air. All went well for a time, but, little by little, the motion became more rapid; higher and still higher went the swing. In vain Mme. Cosima begged for mercy. Carried away by a kind of frenzy, the master paid no attention and the incident began to have a terrifying effect. "Cosima grew white; her hold relaxed, and she was about to fall. "Do you not see that she is fainting?" I cried, throwing myself toward Wagner. He grew pale in his turn, and the danger was quickly averted. But, as the poor woman continued to be dizzy and trembling, the master concluded it would be wise to create a diversion. He ran rapidly toward the house, and by the aid of the shutters, the moldings and protections of the stones, he climbed nimbly up the side and, reaching the balcony of the floor above, leaped over it.

"He had obtained the desired effect, but in replacing one evil by another. Trembling with anxiety, Cosima turned to me, saying under her breath: 'Above all things, do not notice him; do not look surprised, or you can never tell where he will end.'"

HOUSEHOLD ECONOMY.

The English Method of Dealing Out Supplies by the Week.

In the matter of small savings and watchfulness of expenditure the English housewife is ahead. For example, the English housekeeper deals out to her servants the week's allowance of sugar, rice, flour, coffee and all other household provisions that are kept in quantity, and requires an account of it all to be rendered, the thing having been brought to so fine a point that she knows the exact amount of each article requisite for her family, allowing so much to each individual and that quantity being sufficient, as she knows by experience, two ounces of tea, for instance, being regarded as a week's supply for each single individual, one-half pound of sugar, three and one-half pounds of meat for a woman and five and one-fourth for a man—facts which the housekeeper probably learned from her mother before her—knowing, moreover, the greater variety of the simpler kinds required.

All of these stores she sets down in her housekeeping book as she gives them out, and she does not fall on the next dispensing day to consult her dates and if anything be left over in the cook's hands not accounted for to subtract that from the amount to be newly issued. And in England servants expect this. So far from being indignant with it they would feel as if there were no guiding hand behind them if left undone and they given their head in an overflowing store-room, as servants are with us.

In fact, there is no saying which the housewife across the water considers too small to practice or as beneath her dignity.—Exchange.

Sir John Rose at Great Length. An accomplished English barrister was Sir John Karslake. In height he was six feet four inches.

A provincial newspaper in reporting a case in which he was engaged on circuit ironically described the opening for the complainant as follows:

"Sir John Karslake, as soon as the defendant's case was concluded, rose at great length to reply."

Very Simple. "I've been working two or three evenings making an umbrella stand," says the man who has taken up arts and crafts endeavor.

"Two or three evenings!" exclaims the other man. "Why waste all that time? Why don't you lean it in a corner or stick it in the ground?"—Judge.

PROMPTING AN AUDIENCE.

English Actors Give a Signal When It's Time to Laugh.

"Nothing illustrates the difference between English and American wit more, probably, than the manner in which playwrights write their lines," said Rupert Hughes. "There are few people who realize the intricacy of the science of writing a 'laugh'—that is, a line capable of producing a laugh from an audience.

"A man may write one of the funniest lines ever given to the American stage and see it ignored by an audience because of some act on the part of the producing company or one member of that company. I have seen the wittiest remarks wasted because of the move of a hand or of the head of the comedian or actor who enunciated it. Then, again, the laugh is taken out of a line by the moving of some person in the stage setting or by the moving of some part of the stage setting itself. It is funny how the slightest move on the part of an actor, after reciting certain lines, absolutely eliminates the wit from what he has just spoken, so far as the audience is concerned.

"This is so of American audiences, but not so of the English theater-going public. They will not laugh unless the witticism is finished by a nod of the head or a certain movement of the body.

"It is on this account that certain comedies, great successes in this country, are absolute failures in Great Britain," he continues. "Something must be done when a 'laugh line' is spoken on the English stage to give the audience an inkling that the witticism has been completed. Then you get your laugh.

"Not so, on the contrary, with Americans. I remember of hearing of an incident involving one of Olga Nethersole's first appearances in this country. Several times during the performance the celebrated actress walked to the sides and exclaimed to the stage manager: 'What's the matter? Are they going to hiss me off? Why, they applaud before they hear the end of the lines.' In each instance she was told that the audience was quicker than the audiences to which she had been accustomed to playing. She was told the Americans grasped the meaning and the wit of her lines when she had spoken only half of them. The actress, although she received all kinds of applause during the performance, seemed disheartened."—Washington Post.

THE KING'S CHAMPION.

Westminster Hall, Where His Challenge Used to Be Uttered.

Westminster hall, in London, was built originally by King William Rufus (1056-1100) and tradition goes that the oak of its ceilings was brought from the forest of Shilleigh, in Ireland, timber which possessed peculiar properties rendering it hateful to spiders and their webs. Richard II transformed the hall. Leaving the old walls standing, he buttressed them strongly and raised over them the magnificent roof of oak which is still extant and intact. It is ninety-two feet high. The length of the hall is 290 feet, its breadth sixty-eight feet. It was large enough for mounted men to enter in order to challenge any who would dispute the rights of the king, a ceremony that is quaintly described as follows on the occasion of the coronation of Richard III. and Queen Anne in 1483:

"In the afternoon the King and Queen entered the hall, and the King sat in the middle, and ye Queen on ye left side of the table, and on every side of her stode a Countesse, holding a cloth of Pleasance when she listed for to drink. And on the right hand of ye King sate ye Archbishop of Canterbury. The ladies sate all on one side in ye middle of the hall, and at the table against them sate the Chancellor and all the Lords. And at the table next the cupboard sate ye Mayor of London. * * * At the second course came into ye hall Sr. Robert Dimmock, the King's Champion, making Proclamation that whoever would say that King Richard was not lawful King, he would fight with him at the utterance, and threw down his gauntlet, and then all the hall cryed King Richard.

"And then one brought him a cup of wine covered, and when he had drunk he cast out the drinke and departed with the cup. * * * At the end of the dinner the Mayor of London served the King and Queen with sweete wine, and had of each of them a cup of gold and a cover of gold. And by that time that all was done, it was darke night, and so the King returned to his chamber, and every man to his lodging."

The last time that the hall was the scene of the challenge of the king's champion was at the coronation of George IV.

Bell With the Wall of a Child.

A queerly shaped gong which occupies a position of honor in the center of the city of Seoul, Korea, is said to be one of the largest in the world and is called "the bell with the wall of a

child in its voice." When first cast the bell sounded with a harsh and cracked note, and the superstitious emperor, fearing an ill omen, consulted with his magicians. These gentlemen held a long confab and finally stated that the bell would never sound right until a live child was given to it. The mass was then melted again, and a live baby was thrown into the molten metal. The wall of agony uttered by the little tot as the bronze engulfed it seemed to be repeated every time the bell was tolled, and today the Koreans still claim that the wall of a child can be heard in the voice of the metal.

But She Wasn't Satisfied.

Lady Jekyll, who was fond of puzzling herself and others with such questions as had been common enough a generation before her, in the days of the "Athenian Oracle," asked William Whiston of bermed name and eccentric memory, one day at her husband's table, to resolve a difficulty which occurred to her in the Mosaic account of the creation.

"Since it pleased God, sir," she said, "to create the woman out of the man, why did he form her out of the rib rather than any other part?"

Whiston scratched his head and answered: "Indeed, madam, I do not know, unless it be that the rib is the most crooked part of the body."

"There," her husband said, "you have it now! I hope you are satisfied."—Sonthey's Doctor.

The Retort Sarcastic.

"That new family next door borrowed our ax again this morning," his wife told Jones.

"Well, why did you lend it to them," he complained.

"How could I help it?"

"You might have given them some kind of an excuse."

Mrs. Jones waxed sarcastic. "Yes," she snapped, "I might have told them that you were going to use it—or some other crazy, impossible thing."—Youngstown Telegram.

The Ignorant Patriot.

A very raw recruit was being put through an examination in geography wherein he proved himself astonishingly ignorant. At last, after a failure on his part of unusual fragrance, the examiner scowled at him and thundered:

"Idiot, you want to defend your country and you don't even know where it is!"

All Up With Him.

"You had a high old time in Europe?"

"Yes," replied the returned tourist; "I had. I was done up at Monte Carlo, held up in the Apennines and laid up in Rome."

Her Ability.

"Are you able to keep your servants any length of time?"

"Let me see. I've had my husband six years."—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Keep your heart high. That is the sum of philosophy.—Cousin.

The Trouble.

"What's the trouble?" inquired the judge.

"This lady lawyer wants to make a motion," explained the clerk, "but her gown is too tight."—Washington Herald.

A Lesson For George.

Betty—George intends to have his own way in everything when we are married. Grace—Why are you going to marry him, then? Betty—Just to relieve his mind of a false impression.

Can You Beat It?

"I'm afraid, Tom, dear, you will find me a mine of faults. He—Darling, it shall be the sweetest labor of my life to correct them. She (faring up)—Indeed, you shan't!—Boston Transcript.

Perseverance.

Perseverance is more prevailing than violence, and many things which cannot be overcome when they are together yield themselves up when taken little by little.

Yearned For Excitement.

"Yes, the great society leader is absolutely ennuied."

"Tired of everything, eh?"

"Positively. The last time I saw her she was faintly wondering in a bewildered way whether she'd better take up aviation or get a divorce."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

A Quick Recovery.

Miggleton—It looks like rain. Hambaugh—What looks like rain? Miggleton (taken by surprise but equal to the occasion)—A shower bath in action.—Chicago Tribune.

Enmeshed.

Maud—After all, a hammock is nothing but a net. Jack—Right! Many a girl makes a good catch in one.—Exchange.

One may ruin himself by frankness, but one surely dishonors himself by duplicity.—Vieillard.

RAILWAY SIGNALS

"Fireworks" That Serve as Train Protectors.

CODE OF TORPEDO AND FUSEE

Messages These Audible and Visible Danger Signs Convey to the Engineer—The Use of Pyrotechnics as Signals in the Naval Service.

"Pop, pop," or perhaps a single "pop," sharp and distinct like that of a giant firecracker heard not only on the Fourth of July, but on every day in the year, Sundays included. What did it mean? And on almost any night as I look out of my window I see the edge of the wood or the fields lighted up by red or yellow fireworks. Why this strange illumination?

As all these queer happenings took place on the railroad a few rods from my house I made inquiries of the railway officials, and here are some interesting facts about the use of these curious "fireworks."

The general superintendent of the New York, New Haven and Hartford railroad explained as follows:

"Our rules provide for the use of detonators, commonly known as torpedoes, as audible signals and of 'fusees' as visible signals.

"These torpedoes are attached to the top of the rail on the engineer's side of the track by two small flexible metal straps, which are easily bent around the ball of the rail, as shown in the picture, and hold the torpedoes securely in place until exploded by the first train passing over this track.

"The explosion of one torpedo is a signal to stop; the explosion of two, not more than 200 feet apart is a signal to reduce speed and look out for a stop signal.

"The fusees are of similar construction to the well known Roman candle used for fireworks celebrations, except that they burn a steady flame without explosions. A sharp iron spike at the bottom end will usually stick in the ground or in the cross tie when thrown from the rear of a train and holds the fusee in an upright position, where it is more plainly visible.

"A fusee must be lighted and left by the flagman whenever a train is running on the 'time' of another train or behind its own time and under circumstances which call for such protection.

"A fusee on or near the track, burning red, must not be passed. When burning yellow the train may proceed with caution when the way is seen and known to be clear. Standard fusees burn red for three minutes and yellow for seven minutes and can be seen for quite a distance.

"You will gather from the above explanations that the red glare of a flaming fusee on or near the track warns the approaching engineer that a preceding train has passed over his track less than three minutes ahead of him, and under no circumstances must he pass this signal while burning red. When the flame turns to yellow he may proceed with caution, only as the way is seen and known to be clear, keeping in mind that when the fusee changed from red to yellow he was exactly three minutes behind a preceding train, which may have stopped within a short distance or may be proceeding at an unusually slow rate of speed."

The superintendent of the Shore line division, another branch of the same railroad, gives this additional detail regarding torpedoes:

"When a train stops upon the main line and requires protection against a following train the flagman goes back a specified distance and places one torpedo. He then continues a farther distance back, placing two torpedoes. As soon as the train he is protecting is ready to start the engineer blows a specified whistle signal, which is a notice to the flagman to return to his train. On the way back he picks up the one torpedo, leaving two on the rail to warn the engineer of an approaching train that another train is a short distance ahead and to give the flagman time to run back and get aboard of his own train."

Of the use of fireworks as signals in the navy the chief of the bureau of construction and repair of the navy department, Washington, makes the following statement:

"All modern ships are fitted with electric signals, and the use of such signals is general in the naval service. In the case of small vessels having no electric installation and also for use in case of the failure of the electric signals the navy has a system of colored stars in connection with rockets for the purpose of signaling.

"These are in no sense the ordinary commercial fireworks, but are manufactured by the service for naval use exclusively.

"There are no photographs of this system of signals for distribution. The apparatus consists of a specially designed pistol from which are fired cartridges containing the colored stars that are used in the service code."—New York Mail.

The Crockett Courier

Issued weekly from the Courier Building.

W. W. AIKEN, Editor and Proprietor.

PUBLISHER'S NOTICE.

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

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

CHRISTMAS EVE.

There is Tom and John and Jack and the baby.

And another face a poem would seem; Rugged and rare, with cheeks like the roses.

On the threshold of life, a mystical dream.

Barefooted and blithe, young, hopeful and happy.

Kneedeep in the faith of the future apace;

The spray from the foam of the deep troubled waters.

Bareheaded and wind-ward, its full in the face.

The white sails that float at their feet in the shallows.

Are fanned by the breath of the blossoms in May;

Laden with hope, true love and devotion.

With airy-like dreams of time passing away.

The joy-bells that ring in the hearts of each other.

Tell tales when we listen to what often said;

Of sleeping and waking and waiting for Christmas.

While visions of happiness dance 'round their head.

The crackle of sparks keeping watch in the chimney.

Sends up a bright light on the sleepless one eye;

Half dreaming by spells, of objects suspended.

And secrets revealed in the "sweet by and by."

Oh! for the faith of boys who are sleeping.

In boundless expectants, and treasures unfurled;

Launching their barque on the calm of the Ocean.

And casting their all on the watery world.

—Mrs. C. R. Stephenson.

Unfortunate Circumstances.

Unfortunate circumstances? Of course such things sometimes occur, but do they happen as frequently as we try to make out? There are people who have acquired the habit of blaming fate—another name for unfortunate circumstances—for the mistakes that they themselves have made. Perhaps you are one of the individuals.

It is such a convenient term—"a combination of unfortunate circumstances"—that it requires some strength of character not to resort to its use. The weak man never owns up. If he is negligent, he tells you he "didn't think." If he is foolish, he blames some other person for his folly. If he fails, he is the victim of unfortunate circumstances. For every slip, for every weakness, he has an excuse. In one particular at least all the excuses are as alike as two peas—in no instance does he admit that he has been to the slightest degree at fault.

Ask the man who is hopelessly in debt to what cause he owes this misfortune. In ninety-nine cases out of a possible hundred he will tell you a long story about a "combination of unfortunate circumstances" that got him down and held him there until ruin actually stared him in the face. To hear him tell it you might imagine that he was in no way at fault, were it not for the fact that you know only too well that such things seldom occur. People learn to save by acquiring the habit of economy. They learn to spend money by acquiring the habit of extravagance. Back of every failure—in life or in business—

you find extravagance in one form or another—waste of money, waste of energy, or some form of waste equally as disastrous in its effect. But such things do not deserve to be classed as unfortunate circumstances. They are weaknesses that can be remedied if we go about it in the right way.

Another fact to be remembered is that even our misfortunes are not always as unfortunate as they seem. If we look at the circumstances as a separate event, and without regard to its relation to other events—those preceding it and those subsequent to it—its unfortunate qualities may be emphasized to such a degree as to appear almost heartbreaking in their effect. Look back at the most terrible things that have happened to you—the events that have depressed you almost to the point of despair—and see how many of them were actually as unfortunate as they once appeared. Events often strike us as being misfortunes when in reality they are but paving the way for the advent of the most fortunate circumstances that we could desire. Loss of position, failure in business or other so-called fatalities may really be open doors to greater opportunities than any of which we have ever dreamed. It is not the apparent misfortune that stultifies and kills, but the way we take it. It may be a toboggan to the very depths of social degradation, or a ladder upon which we climb to victory. It's the man, not the circumstance, that counts.—Graham Hood.

MUST BELIEVE IT

When Well-Known Crockett People Tell It So Plainly.

When public endorsement is made by a representative citizen of Crockett the proof is positive. You must believe it. Read this testimony. Every backache sufferer, every man, woman or child with any kidney trouble will find profit in the reading.

Mrs. Mary Vince, Bruner's Addition, Crockett, Texas, says: "I have been greatly relieved and benefited by Doan's Kidney Pills and can recommend them. I had severe backaches and pains across my loins and was also subject to headaches and dizzy spells. I used Doan's Kidney Pills, procured from Sweet's drug store and they gave me splendid relief. I have been free from my aches and pains since."

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.

Constipation is the cause of many ailments and disorders that make life miserable. Take Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets, keep your bowels regular and you will avoid these diseases. For sale by all dealers.

Citation By Publication.

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

You are hereby commanded to summon the unknown heirs of S. C. Collison, deceased; the unknown heirs of G. W. Givens, deceased; the unknown heirs of John S. Tanner, deceased; the unknown heirs of Isaac Peacock, deceased, by making publication of this citation once in each week for eight successive weeks previous to the return day hereof, in some newspaper published in your county, if there be a newspaper published therein, but if not, then in any newspaper published in the nearest county to your county, to appear at the next regular term of the district court of Houston county, to be holden at the court house of said Houston county, in the town of Crockett, on the fifth Monday after the first Monday in February, A. D. 1912, the same being the eleventh day of March, A. D. 1912, then and there to answer a petition filed in said court on the 19th day of December, A. D. 1911, in a suit, numbered on the docket of said court No. 5362, wherein J. A. Hughes is plaintiff, and the unknown heirs of S. C. Collison, deceased; the unknown heirs of G. W. Givens, deceased; the unknown heirs of John S. Tanner, deceased, and the unknown heirs of Isaac Peacock, deceased, are defendants, and said petition alleging that the plaintiff is lawfully seized and possessed, being the owner in fee simple, of the following described tract or parcel of land, lying and being situated in Houston County, Texas, the same being a part of the S. C. Collison League, and more particularly described as follows: Beginning at the north west corner of the J. A. Poe 320 acre survey. Thence north 30 east 950 4-10 vrs to rock for corner. Thence south 60 east 1310 6-10 vrs to the north west corner of a twenty acre tract. Thence south 30 west 979 vrs with the west line of said twenty acre tract to rock for corner. Thence north 60 west 1310 6-10 vrs to the place of beginning, containing two hundred twenty three and 3-4 (223 3/4) acres, more or less, by instruments duly executed as follows: Patent by the state of Texas, issued to S. C. Collison for one league of land, dated the 15th day of March, 1851, and deed from George W. Peacock to the plaintiff herein, dated the 4th day of October, 1886, appearing of record in Volume 40, page 379 of the Anderson County Deed Records, conveying the land described above. Plaintiff further pleads the five and ten years' statutes of limitation, alleging that he has been in the actual, continuous, peaceable and adverse possession of said tract of land, using, cultivating and enjoying the same for periods of five and ten years, respectively, and especially pleads the five and ten years' statutes of limitation in bar of any claims asserted by the defendants to plaintiff's title. Plaintiff further alleges that there are now no deeds either on record or in existence, so far as plaintiff knows, from S. C. Collison, the original grantee of said land, from John S. Tanner, from G. W. Givens, and from Isaac Peacock, to any person or persons, which casts a cloud on plaintiff's title. Plaintiff prays for judgment for said land, removing all clouds therefrom, substituting any and all missing deeds, and for general and special relief.

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

Witness, J. B. Stanton, Clerk of the District Court of Houston County.

Given under my hand, and the Seal of said Court, at office in Crockett, this the 19th day of December, A. D. 1911.

J. B. Stanton, Clerk, District Court, Houston County.

Foley's Honey and Tar Compound

is a reliable family medicine. Give it to your children, and take it yourself when you feel a cold coming on. It checks and cures coughs and colds and croup and prevents bronchitis and pneumonia. I. W. Sweet.

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Are You a Woman?

TAKE CARDUI The Woman's Tonic

LIQUID PORES.

An Entertaining Experiment With Alcohol and Water.

It is not easy to imagine liquids as having pores, though this seems to be the case as shown by certain familiar experiments. When a certain amount of powdered sugar is slowly poured into warm water, the water will dissolve the sugar and appear to absorb it without increasing its volume. Similarly, when alcohol is poured into water the resulting volume is less than the sum of the two volumes.

For instance, if fifty parts of water and fifty parts of alcohol be mixed together they will make only ninety-four parts. Apparently one of the liquids has entered into the "pores" of the other. This experiment, as commonly performed in laboratories, consists in putting measured quantities of the two liquids together, but the effect would be far more striking were it possible for students to see one of the liquids actually "soaking" into the other. This can be done in the following way:

Take two glasses, one filled to the brim with water and the other with alcohol. In order to show the effect to better advantage, color the alcohol with red ink. The glasses should not be over full—that is, the surface of the liquid should not bulge above the rim of the glass. When everything is ready, place a sheet of paper over the glass full of alcohol, and with a hand on the paper to keep it down on the rim of the glass invert the tumbler, and the liquid will remain in the glass, owing to the air pressure on the paper. Now place the inverted tumbler over the glass full of water and carefully draw out the paper. This can be done without spilling a drop of alcohol, and yet as soon as the paper is removed the alcohol will commence to drop. Owing to the fact that it is colored it is possible to see the alcohol actually "soaking" into the water, while tiny air bubbles that were formerly contained in the "pores" of the water rise slowly to the top of the tumbler. This will continue for some little time until a considerable air space forms in the top of the tumbler.

ASLEEP AT HIS DESK.

Lincoln Was Worn Out, but Hadn't Forgotten His Caller.

One day a very energetic lady called on me to take her to the president and aid her to get a private soldier pardoned who had been sentenced to death for desertion and was to be shot the very next morning. It was late in the afternoon when we got there, and the cabinet was still in session. I sent my name in to Mr. Lincoln, and he came out, evidently in profound thought and full of some great subject. I stated the object of our call and, leaving the lady in one of the antechambers, returned to the senate, which had not yet adjourned.

The case made a deep impression on me, but I forgot it in the excitement of the debate and the work of my office until perhaps near 10 o'clock that night, when my female friend came rushing into the room, radiant with delight, the pardon in her hand.

"I have been up there ever since," she said. "The cabinet adjourned, and I sat waiting for the president to come out and tell me the fate of my poor soldier, whose case I placed in his hands after you left. But I waited in vain—there was no Mr. Lincoln. So I thought I would go up to the door of his cabinet room and knock. I did so, and as there was no answer I opened it and passed in, and there was the worn president asleep with his head on the table resting on his arms and my boy's pardon signed by his side. I quietly waked him, bless-

ed him for his good deed and came here to tell you the glorious news."—John W. Forney in "Anecdotes of Public Men."

Pat Scored.

An Irishman named Pat Carr was met by an Englishman one day, who said to him:

"What's your name?"
"Carr," said Pat.
"Well, well," said the Englishman; "you're the first car I ever saw going without an ass, so you're a great sight to me."

"Begob!" said Pat. "You're not the first ass I saw going without a car, so you're no sight to me."—London Globe.

Consulting the Sage.

No Korean couple would think of marrying without consulting the sage, who fixes the happy day for them. This he does simply by adding the bride's age to the bridegroom's, and, after determining which star rules the destiny of their united ages, he decrees that the wedding shall take place upon the day sacred to that star.

Courting Celebrity.

"I want to do some one thing that will cause me to be talked about," said the energetic and ambitious man.
"That's easily arranged," answered his wife. "Merely move into a strange neighborhood."—New York American.

The Resemblance.

Teacher—If the earth were empty inside it would resemble—Scholar—A razor, miss. Teacher—A razor? Why, Teddy? Scholar—Because it would be hollow ground, miss.—London Telegraph.

Easier.

The Landlady—At our table, Mr. Blinks, it is customary to return thanks at each meal. The New Boarder—That's fine. I like it lots better than paying cash.—New York Journal.

It is the people who know how to rest who do continuous good work.—Harraden.

Flowers and Blood.

A superstition dating from olden times exists to the effect that roses and flowers generally attain greater beauty in soil fertilized by blood, especially by human blood, than elsewhere. Persons who have visited Newmarket, England, know of the so-called "bloody flower of Newmarket," which is found nowhere else than in the old moat, now filled up, and in which, according to tradition, a very large quantity of human remains is interred. These flowers bloom in June and July and by the bloodlike hue of their blossoms suggest the name which has been given to them.

Right Living.

To be honest, to be kind, to earn a little and to spend a little less; to make upon the whole a family happier for his presence; to renounce when that shall be necessary and not to be embittered; to keep a few friends, but these without capitulation; above all, on the same grim condition, to keep friends with himself—here is a task for all that a man has of fortitude and delicacy.

The Gloomy Englishman.

The sap may be wildly running, the birds may be making love, and the sun brilliantly shining in a sky of exquisite blue, but in the heart of the average Englishman there seems a perpetual Good Friday, and in his mind the fixed idea that life is one long, unending Monday morning and the month eternally November.—London Tatler.

A Wig and a Tragedy.

It is just as well that our enthusiasm for oriental curiosities should be tempered by discretion. Eastern antiquities may be picturesque and with all the charm of mystery, but at the same time they may have a history that, if known, would consign them to the stove without benefit of clergy. Here is a story bearing upon the point and with its obvious moral. A young and extremely pretty girl went to a fancy dress ball in Chinese costume. The triumph of her makeup was a real oriental wig, and she wore it proudly. Some time after a strange mark appeared on her forehead, and this was treated as a trifling skin affection. But it refused to disappear; in fact, it grew larger, and then the specialist was consulted. It was leprosy.—Argonaut.

Color of Lightning.

The color of lightning is almost entirely due to the nature of the substance in its track that is made incandescent. The blue, red, purple or silver tints, which are ordinarily much more brilliantly marked in tropical countries than they ever are in this latitude, are due to the same circumstance as that which produces the color designedly communicated to the light of different kinds of fireworks. Each different foreign ingredient that floats in the air has its own proper hue, which it can communicate to the lightning. The vapor of iron has one kind of shine and the vapor of sulphur another.—Harper's Weekly.

Stolen Eloquence.

"It is better to be silent," said a prominent clergyman, "than to be eloquent by unfair means."
"There was once a divine whose good wife said to him:
"James, dear, the Rev. Dr. Tenthly has made over \$200 by the publication of a volume of sermons. You preach much better than Dr. Tenthly, dear. Why not print a few of your sermons?"
"My love," the man whispered hoarsely, "they were all printed long ago."

A National Mistake.

"I wonder why the English people have taken the rose as their national flower?"
"Why not?"
"Judging by the way their peerage hunt American fortunes, I should think a more appropriate floral emblem would be marygold."—Baltimore American.

Dad Was Horsey.

"Pa, what did Herodotus do?"
"Oh, I think he won a purse that was offered for three-year-olds once. Say, can't you quit bothering me when I'm trying to read what is going on in the world?"—Chicago Record-Herald.

Too Great a Sacrifice.

She (weary of waiting)—If you sell 't dog, John, we could get married. He—An' wouldn't O! look silly to sell a dog like that to be married!—London Opinion.

"It is not work that kills men—it is worry. The revolution is not what destroys machinery, but the friction."

Mighty Arcturus.

Arcturus is one of the most brilliant stars that we can see in the heavens. Its diameter is 62,000,000 miles. The light that comes to us from it is over 200 years old when it enters our eyes. The sun is distant 93,000,000 miles. Then compare eleven minutes with 200 years.

Truth is as impossible to be soiled by any outward touch as the sunbeam.—Milton.

CURIOS RESERVOIRS.

The Use to Which Baobab Trees Are Put in Africa.

People of the Kordofan province, Africa, use baobab trees as reservoirs for the scanty water of that district. The trees have to be prepared carefully for this use. The large branches are first cut off near the trunk. If this is not done the trunk is apt to split as soon as it is hollowed out. A hole is cut in the trunk, generally just above a branch, which serves as a platform for the man who is filling the tree, and the interior is hollowed out. Round the bottom of the tree a shallow basin some twenty or thirty feet in diameter is made, in which the rainwater collects. As soon as there is a storm the people go out and fill their trees. The water so stored remains perfectly good until the end of the next hot weather or even longer. A few trees, naturally hollow, have a hole at the top between the branches and fill themselves, the branches catching the water and acting as gutters. These are called "lagal," and are highly valued.

The system gives a cistern twenty feet high and from eight to ten feet or even more in diameter. Owing to the labor involved in preparing and filling the trees water is usually bought and sold, and on the main roads where there is much traffic, as between Nahud and Jebel el Hilla on the way to El Fasher, the capital of Darfur, the people do a regular trade by supplying merchants and travelers with water.

The bucket, called a "dilwa," consists of a piece of leather suspended by strings six inches long, from a piece of wood bent in a circle, to which the rope used for drawing the water is fastened by three or four strings. On reaching the bottom of the well the leather opens out and collects the water, however little there may be.—Chicago News.

FAIRLY WARNED.

The Old Crook's Advice to His Brilliant Young Pupil.

"All this easy talk about 'honest graft,' said an author, 'makes me tired. There isn't any such thing. 'Honest' graft is on a par with the point of view of an incorrigible old crook I ran across when I was doing police work on a Chicago paper years ago. The venerable reprobate had a son about eighteen years old, whom he had carefully trained to follow in his own footsteps. They lived together, and every night the old man used to make the boy fork over the proceeds of the day's pocketpicking, allowing him just enough to live on."

"Finally the young crook began to rebel inwardly, and one night, after a particularly good day's haul, he secretly pawned a diamond scarfpin and kept the money himself. He gave the old thief the rest of the swag, however, and it was so goodly a pile that he opened his heart and handed the astonished boy \$5 and told him to go to a prizefight or somewhere and enjoy himself. So the boy began to put on his only glad rags. But he seemed strangely silent and distraught. The old man noticed it and demanded to know what was the matter and if the \$5 wasn't enough, and so on.

"Suddenly the lad burst into tears. 'Guv'nor,' he sobbed, 'I ain't no right to this five spot. Here's \$10 I got on a pin today, and I was goin' to hold it out on you.'
"The old crook took the money and gazed with sadness upon his child. 'Son,' he said, 'I want to tell you one thing. Take it from me, folks that gets money that way will never, never come to no good.'—New York World.

A Discussion on Talk.

Tommy—Pop, what is the difference between a dialogue and a monologue? Pop—When two women talk, my son, it's a dialogue; but when a woman carries on a conversation with her husband it's a monologue.—Exchange.

A Puzzler.

Willie—Pa? Pa—Yes, Willie—Teacher says we're here to help others. Pa—Of course we are. Willie—Well, what are the others here for?—Chicago News.

A Sensible Start.

"My wife has joined the reform movement."
"What does she propose to do first?"
"Get some reliable woman to take care of baby."—Pittsburg Post.

Room For Improvement.

Agent—Wouldn't you like to try our new typewriter for a spell, sir? Business Man—Not if it spells like the one I'm employing now, sir.—Baltimore American.

And All of Them Americans.

An English visitor has recently been expressing his wonderment at the facility with which America assimilates its stream of immigrants. A friend with whom he was talking on the subject remarked, "My housemaid is a Norwegian, my grocer a Scotchman, my butcher is a German, my druggist is a Finn, my barber an Italian, my newsman a Jew, my laundryman is Irish, my fishmonger English, my florist Greek and my tailor Russian."—American Hebrew.

A QUEER LEGEND.

Fedor Kosmich, the Hermit, May Have Been a Russian Czar.

A curious legend is associated with the name of Alexander I. of Russia. It is to the effect that the emperor in 1825 was sojourning in the Crimea. When near Taganrog his coachman by some means managed to overturn the carriage of a court courier named Markof, who was killed. The emperor, wishing to rid himself of the cares of state, so the story runs, caused it to be reported that it was he himself who was killed. Then he carried out a plan which he had for long conceived of retiring to Siberia and living there under an assumed name. Schilder, the historian, professes to have satisfied himself that at all events the remains in the Cathedral of Peter and Paul are those of the courier. Schilder asserts that he learned this much from the children of Markof.

According to the legend, Alexander I. of Russia died in Siberia in 1864, but history records that he died at Taganrog in 1825. It seems that in 1825 a mysterious stranger appeared in Siberia. He gave his name as Fedor Kosmich and never revealed any other of the place whence he came. He lived the life of a hermit and was received generally with respect. In 1856 he accepted the invitation of a rich merchant to take up his abode in his house at Tomsk. There he was very retired and held communication only with Mlle. Kromof and the merchant, her father. Every one who saw him was struck with his extraordinary resemblance to the deposed czar. The Grand Duke Nicholas Michailovitch contributed an article in the Revue Historique in which he denied the sensational part of the story, but admitted that the hermit of Siberia might have been a natural brother of Alexander I.—London Globe.

IRISH BROGUE.

It is Really the Old Time Method of Pronouncing English.

Perhaps nothing illustrates better the vicissitudes of pronunciation in English than a study of what is called the "Irish brogue." This lingual mode, for it is scarcely to be called a dialect, is usually presumed to be a deterioration of language due to lack of education and contact with legitimate sources of English. It proves after a little study to be a preservation of the old method of pronouncing English, which has come down to a great degree unchanged in Ireland from Shakespeare's time.

In Elizabeth's time, however, it came to be realized that if there was to be any real affiliation of the two countries then the Irish language must be supplanted by English, and a definite effort in this direction was made. This change of speech, resented and resisted, was nevertheless successfully accomplished all over the island except in the west within a decade after Shakespeare's death. This fact takes on a new significance when we study what we now call the Irish brogue in connection with what is known to have been the pronunciation of English at that time. The two are found to conform in practically every respect. Irishmen pronounce English as their forefathers learned it and have preserved its pronunciation because they have been away from the main current of English speech variation ever since.—Harper's Magazine.

Uncalled For Courtesy.

The Vicomte Toussaint was formerly a colonel in the French army and mayor of Toulouse. He was a brave man and a dashing officer. During one of the hottest engagements of a terrible year of war, noticing that his troops were bending forward under a galling fire to escape the bullets of the enemy while he alone maintained an erect position, he exclaimed, "Since when, I should like to know, has so much politeness been shown to the Prussians?" The sarcasm took instantaneous effect, for the soldiers rushed forward and carried everything before them.

Devoted to Duty.

"Are you ever coming to bed?" he called out.
"I don't know," she replied. "I promised Mrs. Jones that I'd keep track of her husband while she is away, and I'm going to know what time he comes home if I have to stay up all night."—Detroit Free Press.

Went Further.

"Didn't I tell you that when you met a man in hard luck you ought to greet him with a smile?" said the wise and good counselor.
"Yes," replied the flinty souled person. "I went even further than that. I gave him the grand laugh."—Washington Star.

Forget Them.

If you would increase your happiness and prolong your life forget your neighbors' faults. Forget the slanders you have ever heard. Forget the fault finding and give a little thought to the cause which provoked it.

LUCKY LAST LOOK

It Preserved the Declaration of Independence in 1814.

SAVED IT FROM THE BRITISH.

The Precious Document Would Have Been in the State Department When It Was Burned but For Pleasanton's Final Glance Around the Room.

Comparatively few of the present generation know how near to being lost was once the most precious of our national documents, the Declaration of Independence. It was during the war of 1812. The Declaration of Independence hung for many years in a frame in the state department in the room then occupied by Stephen Pleasanton. Mr. Beasley, commissary of prisoners of war in London, forwarded to the state department some London newspapers, stating that the English fleets and transports were receiving troops at Bordeaux, France, with the intention of operating against Washington and Baltimore. Soon after it was learned that the British fleet was in Chesapeake bay and that it was ascending the Patuxent. The officials and citizens of the little capital city were hourly expecting an attack.

Upon receipt of this information, which was a few days before the enemy entered Washington, Mr. Monroe, then secretary of state, James Madison being president, mounted his horse, rode to Benedict, a small village on the Patuxent, where the British forces were being landed, and climbed an eminence within a quarter of a mile of the village, in order to ascertain the strength of the enemy. Being convinced, after his inspection, that we had no force available that could successfully resist them, he sent a note to Mr. Pleasanton by a vidette, advising him to see that the best care was taken of the books and papers of the state department.

Acting at once upon this authority, Mr. Pleasanton purchased some coarse linen and had it made into bags of suitable size, in which he, assisted by others in the office, placed the books and other papers.

While engaged in this work General Armstrong, then secretary of war, passing the state department on his way to his own office, remarked that he thought they were unnecessarily alarming themselves, as he did not think the British were serious in their intentions of coming to Washington. Fortunately Mr. Pleasanton was of a different opinion, and observed that it was the part of prudence to take measures to preserve these valuable papers of the revolutionary government. Had Mr. Pleasanton delayed but a few days, had he followed the advice of the secretary of war, an irreparable loss would have been sustained. For the papers which Mr. Pleasanton had placed in the coarse linen bags comprised the secret journals of congress, then not published; the correspondence of General Washington, his commission, resigned at the close of the war; the correspondence of General Greene and other officers of the Revolution, as well as laws, treaties and correspondence of the department of state from the adoption of the constitution down to that time.

Mr. Pleasanton had the bags carted to a grist mill, which he selected as a suitable depository. The mill, which was unoccupied, belonged to Edgar Patterson and was situated on the Virginia side of the Potomac, beyond the Chain bridge, two miles above Georgetown.

The last load had left, and Mr. Pleasanton was just quitting the vacant rooms when, glancing back suddenly to see whether anything had been left behind, to his consternation he saw the Declaration of Independence, which had been overlooked, hanging upon the wall. He hastily cut it out of the frame and carried it away with the other papers.

He then began to be uneasy about the place he had chosen, for if the British took Washington, which he firmly believed they would do, and very soon at that, they would in all probability detach a force for the purpose of destroying a foundry for the making of cannon and shot in the neighborhood and, of course, would consider a grist mill too valuable a thing to be left standing in a country they meant to subdue. Mr. Pleasanton therefore visited some of the Virginia farmhouses, whose owners were only too willing to loan him wagons in which to convey the documents to Leesburg, a distance of thirty-five miles. There they were deposited in an empty house, the keys of which were given to Rev. Mr. Littlejohn, who was one of the collectors of internal revenue.

Worn out with his labors, Mr. Pleasanton states in a letter, he retired early to bed that night and slept soundly. Next morning he was informed by the people of the little tavern where he had stayed that evening that they had seen during the night, the same being the 26th of August, a large fire in the direction of Washington, which proved

to be the light from the public buildings, which the enemy had set on fire and burned to the ground.

When he returned to Washington on the 26th he found the public buildings still burning and learned that the British army had evacuated the city the preceding evening in the belief that the Americans were again assembling in the rear for the purpose of cutting off their retreat.—Kansas City Times.

BASEBALL SCORES.

Odd Way the Plays Were Recorded Back in the Sixties.

The baseball public of today, accustomed to the minute reporting of games, wherein each run is compounded and many a play analyzed, is offered the account of a game played in Syracuse in 1868. The contestants were the Central City of Syracuse and the Athletics of Philadelphia, and the score was 41 to 12.

The game was delayed a half hour by the difficulty in finding an umpire. Then the report goes on to state:

"The game opened loosely upon both sides, and at the end of the first innings the score stood Athletics 5, Central City 4, each side making its tallies promptly from the loose playing of the out club. After the first inning the Athletics played more carefully, while the Central City grew more careless until the fifth inning, when they became more demoralized than was the Union army at the battle of Bull Run. Considerable dissatisfaction was manifested and expressed, and in two innings rightfully so, at the evident one sided decisions of the umpire.

"We will not particularize, but suffice to say that several of the players on both sides did well, while others, especially the Central City side, were not fully up to their standard efforts. The following is the

SCORE.

Central City.	R. O.	Athletics.	O. R.
Crutenden, 2b.	1	Hayhurst, rf.	3
Porter, lf.	1	McBride, p.	1
Boswell, cf.	1	Radcliffe, c.	1
Adams, ss.	1	Wilkins, ss.	6
Dodge, p.	2	Fisher, 2b.	1
Johnson, c.	1	Berry, 2b.	5
Teiford, 2b.	1	Cuthbert, lb.	5
Yale, lb.	0	Sensenderfer, cf.	4
Sedgwick, rf.	2	Schaffer, lf.	4
Totals	12	Totals	37

RUNS IN EACH INNING.

Central City	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
Athletics	5	7	5	1	7	0	0	0	0	4		

Fly Balls Caught—Central City: Adams, 4; Porter, 5; Johnson, 1; Crutenden, 4; Boswell, 1-13. Athletics: Radcliffe, 4; Fisher, 1; Berry, 1; Cuthbert, 4; Sensenderfer, 3-13.

How Put Out—Central City: Fly, 13; first base, 7; second base, 1; foul bound, 4; home base, 2-27. Athletics: Fly, 11; first base, 9; second base, 1; third base, 1; home base, 2; foul bound, 2-27.

Umpire—S. E. Radcliffe, Union Baseball club, Camden, N. J. Scorers—Porter and Brownell.

How would that go in a sporting extra today? The only familiar signs are the criticism of the umpire and the German names in the Athletic lineup.

HIS PLAN OF THE DAY.

Rigid Rules of Living Made by a Colonial Minister.

An orderly arrangement of working hours is a desirable and time saving thing, but when one reads the plan of the day made by a colonial parson, he cannot help wondering where the good man's family life came in, and if the system held any possibility of relaxation. The record, quoted by William Root Bliss, in "Side Glimpses From the Colonial Meeting House," is taken from the diary of Thomas Prince, a minister of the Old South church, Boston.

1719. Oct. 30th. I marry. Nov. 10. We begin to keep House. My proposed order is: At 5 get up and go into study. Pray and read in original Bible till 6, and then call up the Family.

At 6½ go to Family Prayers and only the Porringer of Chocolate for Breakfast till 7. I go into my study till 12½, then do something about the House till 1 to dinner, except on Thursday study till 10½, then dress and attend Lecture. At 2 Dress and go abroad till Candlelight. Except Wednesdays after Dinner do something about the House and Saturday afternoons visit at Dr. Sewall's till 2½, then Home and study till Candlelight. Study till 9½.

9½ go to Family Prayers and go to Bed. N. B. I eat no Supper.

Acts of Kindness.

If every one did an act of daily kindness to his neighbor and refused to do any unkindness half the sorrow of this world would be lifted and disappear.—Jan MacLaren.

Tasty Poison.

Customer—The poison may be excellent, but the rats won't take it. You'll have to make it more tasty. Druggist—I've tried that already, but the apprentice boys eat it.—Flegenda Blatter.

Plurals.

There is considerably less reason why the plural of mouse should be mice than why the plural of spouse should be splices. Any bigamist will admit as much.—Puck.

The Only Mourner.

Randall—Was Spratt a popular man? "Popular! The only mourner at his funeral was the insurance company."—Life.

AN OLD GOLD BRICK

Used For Fleecing the Innocents a Generation Ago.

THE PATENT SAFE SWINDLE.

It Was a Plausible Trick That Generally Caught the Coin and Sent the Bewildered Victim Out of Town in a Hurry For Fear of Arrest.

Although the essentials of imposture remain unchanged from generation to generation, so that the rogue of today would have no trouble in recognizing his counterpart of the seventeenth century, nevertheless there are fashions in thievery, as in everything else. Old tricks are cast off like threadbare coats in favor of newer ones, and these in turn are discarded when publicity has rendered them familiar and therefore less effective, but plausibility and address are the indispensable qualities of the gentry who live by their wits.

The newest type of confidence man is the get-rich-quick individual who breathes of money and wouldn't turn his hand to a small "job." He angles for victims with new corporations and great business ventures for bait, but he is the same man who a generation ago raked in the shekels by means of the patent safe game. This game is now an outworn fashion. But it had its points.

Let us suppose a countryman, carpetbag in hand, to have alighted at the union station and set out to see the sights. Although his name is conveniently printed on the outside of his bag or set down in a legible hand on the hotel register, he is amazed to find himself hospitably greeted by an utter stranger, who knows his name and the town from which he hails. The stranger is an old friend whom the countryman is ashamed to think he cannot remember—place is the word. But the stranger is very affable and lays himself out to entertain the newcomer. They stroll about town in company, visit a bar or two, exchange reminiscences and at the end of a few hours are bosom companions. The stranger invariably pays the score, has a lordly disdain of money; good fellowship is its own reward.

The two stroll by devious ways until finally while they are walking arm in arm down a quiet bystreet the stranger's eye is caught by a curious object lying on the pavement. He pauses to examine it. It is a miniature globe about the size of a billiard ball. The stranger turns it over curiously in his fingers and finally sees that it is fitted with a small plug, which comes out under pressure. Continuing his explorations, he then unscrews the top of the plug, takes out a piece of crumpled paper, shows his dupe the empty box and throws the paper on the ground. There is a similar bit of paper in the small chamber at the end of the plug, but this the countryman does not see. The two then stroll on, discussing the mysterious ball.

Presently they come upon a worried looking man, who is studying the ground with a face the pattern of despair. The roper observes him and wants to know whether he has lost something.

"Lost something, indeed!" says the man. "Why, I've lost an invention of mine that I wouldn't have taken \$10,000 for. It was a patent fire safe which would save hundreds of thousands of dollars' worth of papers and valuables every year. I was just on my way to Blank & Blank's, the safe manufacturers, to get one made, and here I have lost the model."

The roper is evidently much touched by the inventor's distress. He produces the wooden globe and is immediately overwhelmed with expressions of gratitude.

"But what good is that invention of yours?" asks the roper.

"Well," says the inventor with pride, "you see, it is set on props. When there is a fire all you have to do is to knock out the props and the safe rolls down an incline right out of the building as neat as you please. There's a box inside to hold the papers. There is a paper in this box right now."

At that the roper winks slyly at the farmer and whispers in his ear, "I'll make him a bet on that piece of paper."

"Come," says the roper, "that's a pretty tall yarn. I don't believe there's any paper in that ball. I'll bet there isn't a scrap of paper in it."

"I'll bet you \$1,000 there's a paper in it," says the inventor, much incensed. "I haven't that much with me," says the roper, "but I'll just bet you a hundred on it." With that he takes out a number of bills, say \$50 or so, and a bank check for the other \$50. To his friend the farmer he says, "Will you just lend me \$50 on this check until I can get to my hotel?"

The farmer sees that his friend is sure to win. He advances the \$50, when, behold, the inventor draws out the plug, removes the concealed paper from its small chamber and collects the bet. The roper is decidedly crestfallen, but while he is still lamenting

his folly a policeman rushes up, charges him with gambling and makes a grab for him. Roper flees, but the farmer is caught. After protesting his innocence the farmer is allowed to depart. Still fearful of arrest, he flees the city. When he presents his check he discovers that roper, inventor and policeman are all confidence men who have enriched themselves at his expense.—Chicago Record Herald.

NAPOLEON'S TAILOR.

One Man Who Dared to Disobey His Imperial Master.

The diary of Pommies de la Siboutle (born 1789, died in 1863), recently translated into English, has something about Napoleon, that remarkable man who continues to be the most interesting figure in European history. Here is one about Napoleon's carelessness in dress and what came of it:

In 1810, when Napoleon went to Compiègne to receive Marie Louise, his sister, the Princess Borghese said to him:

"Your clothes are badly cut and do not fit you. You are so obstinate about not wearing braces—your trousers always look as if they were falling off!" "Well," answered the emperor, "what do you advise me to do about it? Can you recommend another tailor?"

"Have a talk with Constant."

Constant, the emperor's valet, was sent for and named one Leger, who was tailor to Murat, Prince Eugene, Joseph and Jerome Bonaparte. A messenger was sent to summon him, and he arrived at Compiègne the next day. From that moment he made everything Napoleon wore. He consistently ignored his imperial patron's suggestions concerning his clothes. For instance, the emperor wished the skirts of his tunics to be turned back, like those of Frederick the Great. "I should not think of allowing such a thing, sire! You would look absurd, and my reputation would be lost. The eyes of the whole world are upon your majesty, and if you were seen wearing such a uniform as you propose it would be a disadvantage to you, and I would not make you such a tunic if you offered me the whole of your empire."

ESKIMO SEALERS.

A Battle of Alertness Between the Hunter and His Prey.

The Eskimo method of hunting seals shows a primitive calling improved to a fine art. When a seal is discovered the direction of the wind is at once noted. Then the hunter, keeping himself to the leeward of the seal, walks up to within about a quarter of a mile of it. Beyond this he begins to crouch and advances only when the seal's head is down.

Now, as the seal is one of the most wideawake of animals and has the habit of throwing up its head quickly every few seconds to guard against danger, it follows that the Eskimo has to be extremely alert if he would get his seal. When the seal's head is down upon the ice its eyes are shut, and it is said that in these brief intervals it takes its sleep.

The hunter by carefully watching the seal's movements is able without much difficulty to get within about 200 yards of it, but at closer quarters he is obliged to employ other tactics. He lies down at full length on the ice. Then the real sport begins.

When the seal's head is down the hunter, who keeps a keen eye on his prey, is able to approach still nearer by dragging himself forward on his elbows. This maneuvering continues for some time until the distance between man and beast has been reduced to a few yards.

When near enough to make a sure shot the Eskimo takes his bow and arrow from his side and sends a swift shaft through the head of his outwitted companion. Sometimes instead of the bow and arrow a harpoon is used with equal effect.—Harper's Weekly.

The Parents' Joke.

Some parents seem unable to resist the temptation to make a joke with the Christian names of their children, says the London Chronicle. The Somerset House registers testify to the existence of a Mr. Mineral Waters, a Frosty Winter and an Alfred Days Weeks. There is something to be said in favor of naming children in the order of their arrival—Primus, Secundus, etc.—but it is unfortunate for a well known Canadian named Cumber that it should have fallen to his lot to be Quintus, for his name is always appearing in the papers as Mr. Q. Cumber.

A Boston Street.

It was one of the older conductors breaking in a new recruit who had shown that he was not particularly quick to catch an idea. The car came to Webster street, and the older conductor whispered the name to the recruit. The latter did not understand, and the conductor, losing patience, said, "Webster—Webster's dictionary." And the passengers were amazed to hear the new man bawl out, "Webster's dictionary."—Boston Post.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

S. A. DENNY
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW
CROCKETT, TEXAS
Office Upstairs Over Sims' Furniture Store

W. C. LIPSCOMB, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN and SURGEON
CROCKETT, TEXAS.
Office with The Murchison-Beasley Drug Company.

J. H. PAINTER,
LAND LAWYER,
CROCKETT, TEXAS.

E. B. STOKES, M. D. J. S. WOOTTERS, M. D.
STOKES & WOOTTERS
PHYSICIANS & SURGEONS.
CROCKETT, TEXAS.
Office with The Murchison-Beasley Drug Company.

Crockett Bakery

AND DELICATESSEN

Bread
Rolls
Cakes
Pies

Confectioneries
Cold Lunches

F. B. WEBB
PROPRIETOR

Mistrot-Munn Company

Respectfully invites the people of Crockett and vicinity to visit their stores while in Houston. They not only handle the very best merchandise, in large and complete assortments, but they have the most perfect organization of salespeople in the South.

Mistrot-Munn Company

Houston, - - Texas

60 YEARS' EXPERIENCE

PATENTS

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Anyone sending a sketch or description may quickly ascertain our opinion free whether an invention is probably patentable. Communications strictly confidential. HANDBOOK on Patents sent free. Oldest agency for securing patents. Patents taken through Munn & Co. receive special notice, without charge, in the

Scientific American.

A handsomely illustrated weekly. Largest circulation of any scientific journal. Terms, \$3 a year; four months, \$1. Sold by all newsdealers. MUNN & Co 361 Broadway, New York

Branch Office, 625 F St., Washington, D. C.

To prevent pneumonia, a cold settled in the lungs should be attended to at once. Put a Herk's red pepper porous plaster on the chest and take Ballard's Horehound Syrup internally. Its a winning combination. Buy the dollar size Horehound Syrup; you get a porous plaster free with each bottle. Sold by Murchison-Beasley Drug Co.

New Year Greeting

Permit us to wish that 1912 will be a very prosperous year for you.

Permit us to express our keen appreciation of how much your patronage and loyal support mean to us.

Permit us, also, to assure you that throughout 1912 we will exert ourselves to the utmost to merit the continuance of your confidence.

In every department of our store we will maintain the high standard of service we have set and wherever it is possible for us to excel that standard we will do so.

The Murchison-Beasley Drug Company
Prescription Druggists

Local News.

Tom Aiken spent Christmas at Henderson.

A. E. Mays of Dallas visited home folks here last week.

Mrs. R. H. Wootters is visiting in Austin and San Antonio.

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

Armstead Aldrich was at home from school for the holiday season.

\$2.00 to \$8.00 reduction on suits and overcoats at Shupak Tailors.

Miss Nell Beasley, in school at Sherman, was at home Christmas week.

Miss Caroline Peyton spent Christmas with the homefolks at Marlin.

T. J. Ware was a caller at the Courier office on Thursday before Christmas.

Mrs. J. F. Downes of Dallas is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Warfield, here.

Mr. J. E. Monk is among the number remembering the Courier since last issue.

H. W. Beeson of Lovelady paid the Courier a visit on Friday before Christmas.

Mr. and Mrs. George McLean were presented with a baby girl Christmas morning.

R. S. Willis of Winters, visiting friends here, called at the Courier office Friday.

J. W. Young went to Chicago on business in connection with the road bonds last week.

Will Lipscomb has returned to his studies in the State Medical University at Galveston.

Miss Beasley Denny was at home from Baylor University at Waco during the holidays.

Mr. and Mrs. Allen Newton of Galveston were visiting relatives and friends here last week.

Mrs. M. E. Smith and daughter, Miss Roberta, have returned to their home at Culpeper, Va.

Mrs. Barnes of Trinity spent Christmas with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. F. H. Bayne, here.

Lumber for Sale.

Both rough and dressed, complete house bills furnished. Prices right.

B. D. Raines,
9 miles southeast of Crockett.

Miss Sue Denny, from the State University at Austin, was at home for the holiday season.

Rooms to rent, furnished or unfurnished, with bath privileges. Apply to Mrs. Geo W. Crook.

Cleaning, pressing, repairing and altering clothes our specialty. Shupak Tailors.

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

Giant Mammoth Bronze turkeys for sale. W. H. Dean,
7t R. D. No. 2, Crockett, Texas.

Miss Grace Denny, teaching a music class at Ratcliff, spent Christmas with the folks at home.

Albert Daniel has returned to Crockett from Limestone Gap, Okla., where he has been ranching.

Alec Davis, one of the Courier's long-time colored subscribers has renewed for another year in advance.

Misses Reba Rich and Lucile Mainer of Lovelady were guests of Misses Grace and Sue Denny last week.

Will Lipscomb, a student of the State Medical College at Galveston, was at home for the Christmas festivities.

Miss Willie Park Blair left Thursday night for Tyler and will go in a few days to New York to remain until summer.

The Courier regrets to learn of the removal of R. D. Wherry from Houston county. Mr Wherry is now living at Oakwood.

Removal Notice.

My office is now located over the Murchison-Beasley Drug Co. It W. C. Lipscomb, M. D.

C. H. Long of Augusta, D. J. Keels of Creek and J. W. Manning were among the number remembering the Courier before Christmas.

Donald G. Moore, secretary and treasurer of the Beaumont Waterworks Company, spent Christmas with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. H. F. Moore, in this city.

Medicines that aid nature are always most effectual. Chamberlain's Cough Remedy acts on this plan. It allays the cough, relieves the lungs, opens the secretions and aids nature in restoring the system to a healthy condition. Thousands have testified to its superior excellence. Sold by all dealers.

The Courier is glad to know that Mr. Charles Beasley, formerly of Reynard, has decided to become one of Crockett's citizens. He will move his family here.

B. B. Austin of Route 6, Dr. W. W. Latham of Route 2, O. T. Bitner of Marlin and J. R. Luce of Grapeland are among the number remembering the Courier since last issue.

Miss Stewart Wise and Miss Mary Hughes left Monday morning for Houston, San Antonio, and Oklahoma City, where they will visit before returning to their homes in Virginia.

To Rent.

Eighty acres of good black land, one and a half miles from Crockett. Will rent only to man with two teams and able to furnish himself. Smith Bros.

Seed Peas.

Write me for prices on seed peas, black eye and cream varieties, the kind that has made Henderson county famous.

4t* J. B. Henry,
The Pea Man, Athens, Texas.

Mr. Berry Yates and Miss Ava Brashears were married at the Methodist parsonage December 24, Rev. Geo. W. Davis officiating. The bride was a Houston county girl, the groom coming from Fort Worth, where they will make their home.

Among the numerous entertainments complimenting Misses Wise and Hughes of Virginia was a "forty-two" party given by Mrs. Lawrence Jordan Saturday evening. The party was progressive and at its conclusion refreshments were served.

A Miss Blalock and a Mr Woolam were married at the Harris hotel last week by Justice of the Peace Ed Callier. Mr. Woolam comes from central Texas, while his bride lived a few miles east of Crockett. They left on the night train for the bridegroom's home.

Notice.

I will have a deputy at Lovelady, Monday, January 8th, 1912, Grapeland, Tuesday, January 9th, 1912, Ratcliff, Saturday, January 13th, 1912, Kennard, Monday, January 15th, 1912, collecting 1910 taxes.

It Mrs. A. L. Goolsby,
Tax Collector.

For Sale.

One two-story residence, six large rooms, with bath, waterworks and all modern improvements; 2 acres ground; good barn, also good well of water. Located in East Crockett. Price \$3500. For further particulars inquire at Courier office. It.

Walter Jones died suddenly at his home near Latexo last Thursday night. Mr. Jones was a middle age, a man of family, hard-working and a good citizen. The Courier, in common with the rest of his neighbors, regrets very much to learn of his death. He retired as usual and died about 2 o'clock after a brief struggle. Heart failure was given as the cause.

Postoffice Building.

The undersigned will receive propositions up to and including Jan. 13, 1911, for the furnishing of suitable premises for post-office purposes at Crockett, Tex., under a lease for five or ten years, from Feb. 1, 1912. All necessary furniture, heat, light, water and equipment for the proper conduct of said office must be furnished at stated price.

Blank propositions may be obtained from the postmaster. The right is reserved to reject any or all proposals.

It H. H. Black,
Postoffice Inspector, Tyler, Texas.

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 Bros.

Office North Side Public Square.

CROCKETT, TEXAS.

Estray Notice.

One bay mare about 10 years old, crippled in fore foot and wire cuts on leg. Also one bay horse about 10 years old. The weight of the above about 1000 lbs. each. The above stock left Pennington about 4 weeks ago. Will pay liberal reward for above stock.

J. A. Brannen,
2t* Pennington, Texas.

Honoring Miss Stewart Wise of Norfolk and Miss Mary Hughes of Culpeper, Va., Mr. and Mrs. F. G. Edmiston entertained at dinner Christmas day. The other guests on this occasion were Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Wootters, Miss Willie Park Blair of Tyler. Mr. Hugh Mercer Smith of Weldon and Messrs. Oliver Aldrich and W. W. Aiken. The game of bridge was enjoyed after dinner.

Sheriff A. W. Phillips arrested in Oklahoma last week a man indicted by the last Houston county grand jury for bigamy. The man's name is Kelly, but he was living under an assumed name in Oklahoma—living, it is claimed, with wife No. 2. Kelly posed for a while as a preacher and ex-convict in the southwestern part of this county and married a Houston county girl. He later went to Oklahoma and the grand jury indictment followed. He is being held in jail and it is said that he is an ex-convict and was passing himself as a preacher in Oklahoma.

At the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Warfield, in this city on Tuesday morning at 10 o'clock, occurred the marriage of Mr. John W. Greenwell of Minneapolis, Minn., and Mrs. Sallie Warfield Clark of San Antonio. The wedding was a very quiet one, being witnessed only by the members of the family. The ceremony was performed by Rev. S. F. Tenney of the Presbyterian church. Mr. and Mrs. Greenwell left on the north bound train for San Antonio and from there they will go to their home in Minneapolis. Mr. Logan Greenwell of Kansas City, a brother of the groom, was here for the wedding.

Dissolution of Firm.

Notice is hereby given that the law firm of Madden & Ellis has this day dissolved. All business now on hand will have the attention of both until completed, and all claims against the firm may be presented to either of us. Mr. Madden will remain in the office occupied by the firm, and Mr. Ellis can be found on the same floor adjoining Dr. Atmar's office. All persons owing the firm will please call and settle as soon as practicable. We are grateful to all clients for their business in the past and either of us will be glad to serve them in the future.

It J. W. Madden,
C. M. Ellis.

Foley's Honey and Tar Compound "Cures in Every Case."

Mr. Jas. McCaffery, Mgr. of the Schlitz hotel, Omaha, Neb., recommends Foley's Honey and Tar Compound, because it cures in every case. "I have used it myself and I have recommended it to many others who have since told me of its great curative power in diseases of the throat and lungs." For all coughs and colds it is speedily effective. I. W. Sweet.

We extend to our friends and customers the usual season's greetings.

A Happy and Prosperous New Year

We thank you for the liberal patronage extended us during the past year and solicit a continuance of the same, promising you in return courteous treatment combined with the best possible service.

McLean Drug Co.
The Rexall Store

Prayer Service.

Monday, the 8th, begins the world's special prayer-meetings. According to our custom for many years, the churches of Crockett will unite in observing these services. Beginning Monday night at 7:30 at the Methodist church, Tuesday night at the Presbyterian church. On account of the Baptists not using their church and the Christian church not having a pastor, it has been agreed to hold these services each night (except Saturday), alternately at the Methodist and Presbyterian churches. We hope to have a full attendance at these services.

The Pastors.

Shipment of Spuds from Scotland.

New York, Dec. 31.—Time was not long ago that this country had so many potatoes that it shipped big lots abroad every year and had an abundance left to supply the home market. But when the big tramp steamship Florence got in today with 4,000 tons of potatoes in her hold, brought all the way from Scotland, the old time longshoremen grunted to each other and grumbled more than ever about the high cost of living.

"We've made a special trip of it," said Captain Barr. "This means that it pays now to ship all the way across the Atlantic and place the spuds on the market to compete with the home product."

If you don't sleep well at night, you are nervous and low-spirited, you need a system purifier. Herbine is a powerful liver stimulant and cleansing medicine. It quiets the nerves, promotes energy and cheerfulness. Price 50c. Sold by Murchison-Beasley Drug Co.

If your stomach feels uncomfortable from over eating, or from food that disagrees with you, take Herbine; it settles the stomach, strengthens the digestion and relaxes the bowels. Price 50c. Sold by Murchison-Beasley Drug Co.

The Crockett Courier

Issued weekly from the Courier Building.

W. W. AIKEN, Editor and Proprietor.

PUBLISHER'S NOTICE.

Obituaries, resolutions, cards of thanks and other matter not "news" will be charged for at the rate of 5c per line. Parties ordering advertising or printing for societies, churches, committees or organizations of any kind will, in all cases, be held personally responsible for the payment of the bill.

NEW YEAR GREETINGS.

The Courier extends the season's greetings to its friends and patrons. At the beginning of this new year we propose the toast, quoted from a popular toast book: "While going up the hill of prosperity, may you never meet a friend coming down." And we hope you may ascend the hill of prosperity with long strides and a happy gait, and that your sorrows—whatever mixture there is of them—may be small and few in a hill.

It seems that a solution of the Carnegie library proposition has been found in the suggestion to place the library on a corner of the public school grounds. If Mr. Carnegie is not willing for his donation for a library to go into a combined library and auditorium, then perhaps the city can meet the conditions prescribed by Mr. Carnegie and locate the library on the public schoolground corner. The Courier is in favor of the Carnegie library if it can be had without its getting in the way of the auditorium as planned by the ladies of the Crockett Shakespeare club, therefore we think the suggestion to locate it on the public school grounds a good one. If it cannot be combined with the auditorium, and if the city can see its way clear to meet the conditions prescribed by Mr. Carnegie.

THE MATTER WITH THE STREETS.

Crockett's streets, once the boast of the town, are going to the bad about as fast as it is possible for anything to go to the bad. They are going to the bad much faster than they were built up to their former good condition. Ten years ago Crockett had no streets. Along the places left for streets were gulleys and sandbeds and passage over them by rumbertired vehicles was unknown. Our people had lived here for fifty years and more under such a condition, not contented with what they had, and it would be a reflection on them to say that they were. But, however willing they were to make streets, they did not know how, and they readily welcomed the coming of that man who could show them. A few years ago there came to reside among our patriotic citizenship a man well versed in the art of road and speedway construction and possessing some practical knowledge of civil engineering—a man knowing something of road grading and draining. This man bought a home on one of the main streets of our city and began immediately to improve the roadway in front of his residence. The water had been running down the middle of the street, because the street was lower in the middle than elsewhere. In places gulleys had been washed to the clay, and where gulleys had not been washed, sandbeds only were left to be trod by man and beast and dragged through by vehicle. This man graded the street up from the sides to the center, forming a watershed from the center to either side, either side sloping to the sidewalk and curbing. He had previously constructed a good sidewalk in front of his house. He then clayed the sandy places and sanded the clay places and covered the whole with a thick layer of gravel, doing this at

his personal expense. Early every morning, before many of our citizens had yet shaken off their previous night's slumber, he could be seen, with rake and shovel, leveling the street in front of his house. Our people who were early risers took notice. They called a mass-meeting and organized the Crockett Good Roads Association and called on this new citizen for suggestions and help. They called not in vain, for the man who had then recently come among us had come to be one of us, and he gladly offered his services to the community, expecting no recompense. He was given all the latitude he wanted, and perhaps more, and placed in charge of the work. Day after day, week after week and month after month he supervised the street hands, demanding and receiving not one cent for his time and energy. In the course of a few years Crockett had about five miles of as good streets as could be found in any town and much better than could be found in the average. This citizen had rendered an invaluable service to the community without one cent of recompense except that which comes from a conscientious knowledge of having benefited mankind (and animalkind). When the outlook was at its brightest there came dissension. Some of our people decided that too much work was being done on some streets and not enough on others. If John Smith's house was worked in front of, John Jones wondered why that work could not have been done in front of his house. Disregarding the outlined plan of the city council to make one good street at a time, they clamored for a more equal distribution of the work on all streets. Some of our people got in such a hurry for better streets that they could not wait for work undertaken in one section to be finished before they were demanding that the men and teams be taken to another section. This man who had been supervising street building without charge had outlined a system of finishing one street before taking up another and he was not to be pulled from place to place without regard to system. Feeling deeply the action taken by some of the people, he quietly withdrew from the street work several months ago. His place was tendered to other members of the city council, but promptly refused by them. It was a hard job with no pay. The Courier deeply regrets the situation and believes that a majority of the people of Crockett have been brought to regret it. If the city were to pay an engineer for the work that has been gratuitously done on its streets by this man, many a dollar would have to be taken out of the pockets of its taxpayers. That our streets are again getting in a deplorable condition is well known. The next thing to do is to suggest a remedy and the Courier does not know of any better remedy than to have Mr. Warfield, if it can be done by a majority of our people prevailing on him through petition and otherwise, take up the street work again. The editor of the Courier is willing to be the first signer of a petition asking Mr. Warfield to again get in harness and let him work without "hopples," as they say at the race track. The Courier has not talked with him and does not know whether he would again consider taking up the work, but the suggestion is the best that the Courier can hand out. Something must be done if the city expects to hold the pace of progress set by it when it began the improvement of its thoroughfares.

The Courier is informed that the attorneys for the company buying the Houston county road bonds have approved the bonds and that the money for the construction will be forthcoming about February 1.

Travelman's Sample Sale of Suits, Overcoats, Pants

We have received \$27,000.00 worth of drummers' samples, consisting only of men's fine ready-to-wear suits, overcoats and pants, all of this season's styles. We can sell you clothes at less than the cost of material. Remember we have only samples, and only one or two of a kind, so be on hand early

Thursday Morning, Our Opening Day

and select your SUIT, OVERCOAT or PANTS while we have the assortment. At the prices we sell them they will not last long. We will continue this GREAT SLAUGHTER IN CLOTHING until

Saturday Evening, January 6th.

DO NOT DELAY YOUR PURCHASE. Come while the assortment of patterns is large. We will sell

Suits from \$7.45 up.

Overcoats from \$6.45 up.

Pants from \$1.65 up.

300 Sample Hats—Your Choice, \$1.00.

Only three (3) days to sell the entire stock, starting Thursday, January 4th, and ending Saturday, January 6th. Open evenings until 8 p. m.

Sale at Pickwick Hotel Sample Room.

Resolutions of Respect by Knights of Pythias.

Whitewright Sun.

When the sad news of the death of S. E. Marshall reached this city from Crockett, Texas, where he had been visiting his daughter: some weeks, our hearts were made sad. The city of Whitewright was shocked when the sad news became known. Uncle Sam, as he was so well and favorably known, was one of our best citizens, one we all loved, he was always jolly and good natured, he was plain and unostentatious in his manners, kind and obliging in his disposition, industrious, frugal and economical in his habits, frank and just and honorable in his dealing with his fellowman, with all he was public spirited and gave his influence and means liberally to support the cause of education and to promote the laudable enterprises of his day for the advancement of the public good. Thus has passed another of the few remaining of our noble band of pioneers, who subdued the forest of this country and who for more than a quarter of a century gave tone to public sentiment, and in no small degree contributed to the high standing which our country has long held for intelligence, morality and patriotism.

Therefore, resolved that in the death of S. E. Marshall our order has lost one of her oldest and most highly esteemed members, a long tried and true Pythian.

Resolved, that we mourn his loss and will ever cherish the memory of his many virtues, his purity of life, his exemplary conduct and inflexible integrity.

Resolved, that we tender to his family our sympathy in their bereavement.

Resolved, that a copy of these proceedings be furnished the family

Good Roads...

The farmer should remember that the building of good roads adds to the cash value of his farm more than twice as much and sometimes five times as much as the tax he will be called upon to pay to help build them. List your land with

FREEMAN, Lovelady, Texas.

of the deceased and that a copy of these proceedings be published in our home paper.

Resolved, that when one so worthy passes away we deem it proper to place this memorial of his life and history upon the records of our order, which his life so well illustrates and adorns.

W. M. Cox,
T. K. McMillin,
Louis Randle,
Committee.

The Danger of LaGrippe

Is its fatal tendency to pneumonia. To cure your la grippe coughs take Foley's Honey and Tar Compound. R. E. Fisher, Washington, Kas., says: "I was troubled with a severe attack of la grippe that threatened pneumonia. A friend advised Foley's Honey and Tar Compound and I got relief after taking the first few doses. I took three bottles and my la grippe was cured." Get the genuine, in the yellow package. I. W. Sweet.

WHY NOT ENGRAVED CALLING USE AN ENGRAVED CARD?

We can furnish them easier than ordering from some mail order house. Stop in and see our samples. They show the approved styles. We can also furnish engraved invitations and announcements, hand stamped and illuminated monogram stationery, and steel die power embossed business stationery.

The quality of these goods is the best obtainable, the service prompt and the prices as low as is consistent with the high class of the product. Drop in and let us tell you about it.

The Courier