Distance From Hickman To:

...sville	Tennessee	25 miles.
...ansville	"	30 "
...ayton	"	12 "
...rystal	"	10 "
...lewild	"	20 "
...ptonville	"	35 "
...ry	"	30 "
...hon City	"	18 "
...alnut Log	"	12 "
...ayce	Kentucky	9 "
...lumbus	"	18 "
...ilton	"	20 "
...ilton	"	21 "
...aterwalley	"	28 "
...ingo	"	35 "
...arfield	"	47 "
...ordan	"	17 "
...ewow	"	12 "
...abel	"	18 "
...arbidon	Missouri	40 "

No Paper Next Week.

...order to give the faithful Courier force a recreation during the ...days, we will print no paper ...week. We don't think two ...s vacation during a year's hard ...will hurt anybody. When we ...that we can't make ends meet ...not working 52 weeks out of the ..., we will change vacations.

...he office will, however, be open ...the afternoons next week, in ...ge of Miss Ethel Nelson, who ...look after the books.

...ur next issue will be on December ...31.

...gain we wish to thank the good ...ple of Hickman and vicinity for ...hearty support during the past ... It has been one of the most ...perous the Courier has ever ex...enced. Since January 1, our ...cription list has been almost ...bled. You have helped us ...erially in making the paper larg...nd better, and have shown your ...eciation in many ways. We ...ld, indeed be void of gratitude ...we not appreciate the many ...rs and kindness shown from ...k to week. Undoubtedly, we ...e the best people on earth—big ...ted, public spirited and always ...ing a helping hand to every ...h enterprise.

...the execution of our duties, we ...e tried to merit your good will; ...for you to say whether we have ...eeded.

...nd in conclusion here's hoping ...ry one of our readers and friends ...be richly blessed in Christmas ..., and that the dawning of the ...year may unfold for you still ...hter pages in the book of life.

Banquet on 28th.

...ickman Lodge No. 761 F. & A. ...will have a big banquet at the ...Clede hotel in this city on the ...t of Dec. 28th, in lieu of the ..., which is St. John's day. Hand...e souvenir menu cards are now ...g printed for this occasion. ...n the same day, they will also ...t officers for the ensuing year.

...hy not make a change—fine ...ry man who violates the city ...inances the maximum instead of ...minimum? If he gets out on ...d, see that the fine is paid within ...ty days by him or his bondsman. ...o fine is paid, give him some ex...se on the streets— it wont hurt ...streets, and will eradicate other ...intentions.

...lsewhere in this issue will be ...nd an article on road grading. ...you are interested in good roads, ...d it.

FROM OUT THE SKIES

THERE once lived on a plantation a miser so mean and stingy that even his pigs were eternally disgruntled, while his geese hissed at him as he passed, and his hens cackled derisively at the very sight of him. He never paid anybody more than half of what they were entitled to, and even the mosquitoes avoided him in disgust as having a hide like an automobile tire and with no more sustenance beneath it. No man, woman, child or beast was ever fed by him without rendering services in advance for more than the food was worth, and his neighbors were afraid to shake hands with him for fear that he would steal their finger-nails. He skimmed his milk twice, made his decayed apples into cider, and when his horses got so old they could not work for him any longer he killed them and made them into glue, and then used the glue to stick another mortgage on some neighbor's house. Of course everybody hated him worse than they did the fever and ague, but he did not mind that much because in one way or another he kept getting money and that was revenge enough for him.

Now, half a mile away from this man's house was the little cabin of old Ike Clay and his old wife Sally. Ike was so poor that even the mice could not afford to board with him, much as they liked him, and his poverty was generally due to the fact that as soon as he got anything he would give it away to the first one who asked him for it, for Ike and Sally lived in the belief that it is more blessed to give than to receive. Also they were very humble and religious and devoutly believed in everyday miracles and that the Lord would feed his children even as he did his sparrows and fishes. And up to this time it had always turned out that way, but now the day before Christmas had arrived and the cupboard was as empty as Ike's pockets, and Ike's pockets had nothing in them at all but holes. But his wife's faith was unwavering and she filled the pot with water and put it on the stove that it might be hot and ready for the offering when it came.

"Where our Christmas offerin' is a-goin' ter come from I shore don't know, but the Lord works in mysterious ways his wonders to perform, and I don't reckon he is a-goin' to forget we uns," she said, confidently. But as the day slipped by and no special Providence befell them Ike began to become a trifle nervous—not that he doubted Providence in the least, but because he feared it might need a gentle reminder at this season of the year when there were so many de-

"Go Away!"

mands being made upon it. So he decided to make a little special effort of his own. He knew well enough that it would be a waste of time to ask the miser to give him a goose or gobbler, but he had a faint hope that because of the season of the year the old skinflint might perhaps soften enough to give him credit on his well-known honesty. So he set forth in the gathering dusk and sifting snow upon his mission and in a little time was tapping at the miser's back door.

For several minutes he tapped away and scuffled his feet and at last the miser came forth—not as a man comes forth, but in the manner you would expect to see a miser appear, first a nose and then a foot and then a hand and finally the rest of him, as if he grudged even his presence, and stood frowning at Ike through the gloom. Ike's clothes were ragged and flapping in the wind and his toes were leaking from the end of his shoes, but the smile on his face was cheerful and would have made a friend of any one except a miser who loved no man or woman or child or beast, and whose soul was shriveled and warped, and whose conscience was as tough as the hoof of a horse.

"What do you want?" he asked in a voice as disagreeable as the sound of filing a saw.

Ike took off his hat and his bare head began to bob conciliatingly up and down like the bobber of a fish line when the fish nibbles at the hook below. "I has come to see yu', Mistah Skimpum, fo' the reason that I am most pow'ful hungry an' because there is no meat in we-uns's cabin. And because this is the evenin' of the most blessed day in the whole world when the good book says there should be peace on earth and good will to man, I am a-goin' to ask yu' to do me a mighty favor."

"I haven't got anything to give," interrupted the miser, hastily. "And I don't believe in Christmas giving, anyway. It is merely an excuse for beggary. I wish you would go away."

Ike's head bobbed again. "Yes, suh, but I am not begging. I'll do yu' two days' hard work to pay yu' for a turkey."

"I don't need any help. I do my own work."

"Yes, suh, I know that. But if you'll loan me a turkey for a couple of days I'll work for somebody else and pay yu' in cash."

"No, I wouldn't trust you. And, besides, if the Lord wanted you to have

"Didn't I Tell Yu' So!"

a turkey he would send you one without your begging for it. So go away."

Ike took a step backward with quiet dignity. "All right, suh, I reckons yu' is correct. Thank yu', suh," he said, and then went plodding homeward empty of hands and as hollow inside as an old bee tree, the wind nipping at his bare toes and howling after him like a wolf, and as a matter of fact the wolf of hunger was very close to him indeed. But Sally did not despair when she heard his story.

"That offerin' is shore a-comin', Ike," she asserted, as she put another stick on the fire to keep the water in readiness. "I don't know jest how we-alls is a-goin' to get it, but I feels it a-comin' in the air. And jest yu' mark what I tell yu'."

Then they sat down together by the bare table and listened to the wind. And, my, how it began to howl! Away off in the northwest a great storm had been brewing that day and now it was approaching them like a giant in a rage. And as it passed along it came to the home of the miser and with a growl fell upon it. It gripped the house and shook it as a terrier does a rat, roaring down the chimney and whistling under the door until the shingles flew from the roof like feathers and the bones of the cringing miser rattled together in his fear. Then it pounced upon the fowlhouse, and cuffing off the roof blew with all its breath within, and in a second the night air was filled with flying fowls that flapped and squawked as they went sailing into the distance like puff balls scattered by a blast.

Over in their little cabin Ike and Sally heard the uproar and fell upon their knees in prayer. Frightened though he was Ike did not forget his hunger.

"They say it is an ill wind that don't blow anybody good, dear Lord," he began. "And I prays that out of this heah mighty gale will fall a few grain from yu' bounteous store." And scarcely was the prayer finished than there came a fearful gust and the crash of a heavy body against the door. And the latch broke and the door flew wide and upon the floor there fell with a thud a ten-pound gobbler, wind-blown and ruffled to be sure, but fat, tender and soul-satisfying—the very bird, in fact, that the miser had fattened for his own sharp teeth.

Sally arose and held the big bird high in her hands. Faith, charity and happiness illuminated her lean face until it shone as from a light within. "Didn't I tell yu' so, old man," she cried, exultingly. "Didn't I tell yu' I felt it a-comin' in the air? Bless the good Lord, for he shorely works in mysterious ways his wonders to perform."

Good Cause for Gladness.

"Alas!" sighed the moody man, "there is no gladness for me in this joyous season."

"Tut-tut!" said the optimist. "Surely there is a ray of sunshine for you, as there is for all of us if we but look for it?"

"No," replied the moody one. "I have not a single friend, and no relatives with whom I am on speaking terms."

"Cheer up, then," advised the other, with a shade of envy in his tone. "Can't you be glad because you will not have to buy any Christmas presents?"

Bootlegger Fined $60.

Wm. Simmons, of this city, was arrested, Friday, by Deputy Marshal Ballard on charge of bootlegging.

In the police court, the same afternoon, he plead guilty, and was fined $60 for dispensing the beverage. In default of the necessary $60, he was given a work sentence. Simmons is about 58 years old, and operated in a tent near the Lee Line boat landing.

See our line of fountain pens. Nothing more appropriate for a Christmas gift.—Helm & Ellison.

The Ladies of the Embroidery Club were delightfully entertained Friday afternoon from 2:30 to 5 o'clock by Mrs. Ed Prather. An enjoyable time, as usual, is reported. An excellent three course menu, consisting of salads, fruits, and nuts was served. There were a number of invited guests present.

IN INSECTVILLE.

D. Detective Bugs—Foiled—foiled. 'Tis not Willie Firefly, and we've been watching that diamond pin for two hours, thinking we were on the trail of Firefly.

Reading the president's last message one is convinced that there should be a cure discovered for scribimus scribendi before Judge Taft is inaugurated if he is to continue the Rooseveltian policies.

TRADE MARKS.

Sherlock Holmes Picks Out the Vacationists and Labels Them.

Sherlock Holmes, seated on the board walk, languidly injected a pint of cocaine into his sunburnt arm.

"My dear Watson," said the detective, "let us beguile an hour by picking out the occupations of these vacationists. In their cheap white flannels they all think they look like millionaires, but—ha, ha—what a delusion!

"There goes a waiter. Waiters are to be told by the size of their feet and the soft, careful way they set them down.

"The man in the imitation Panama hat is a tanner. His clear and ruddy complexion gives him away. The tanning trade imparts to the face a peculiarly healthy look. Why shouldn't it? What is good for dead skins must be good for living ones.

"She is a cook, the stout, scarlet lady getting weighed. Her fire, of course, gave her that unmistakable color, but it was not the eating of food that made her so fat. No; cooks have notoriously poor appetites. It was the inhalation that filled her out. Cooks inhale their fat. That is cheaper for the mistress, isn't it?

"The little, thin chap in the large bathing suit is a groom. All good grooms are small and bowlegged, and they all wear tight trousers and are partial to brown.

"Do you see, my dear Watson, the stately man whose overtures the girl in white just repulsed? Well, he is an actor. The muscles in his face show it. Actors, you know, by the continual practice of expression, develop face muscles as marked as the arm muscles of a baseball pitcher."

See our big display advertisement for specials in the holiday line.—Fuqua, Helm & Co.

Money to Loan.

I can make farm loans in Fulton county, Ky., at the rate of 5 1-2 per cent per annum on first class improved farming lands. Not more than half the cash value of a farm will be loaned. Loans made for five years with privilege to borrower of paying same after two years in full or making any size partial payment desired at intervals of six months after the expiration of two years from date of loan. 13tf-c

O. SPRADLIN, Atty-at-Law, Union City, Tenn.