

The Crittenden Press

ISSUED WEEKLY.

R. C. WALKER, Publisher.

Mrs. Lease wants to be elected to the United States Senate from Kansas.

The Louisville Commercial can now resume its role as an independent paper.

Our Third party friends are very much depressed that they did not get the Keys to the situation.

The Homestead strike now goes into history, and it is not a brilliant page in the record of a country of achievements and free institutions.

The "watch dog" of the Treasury in the new administration will be out of a job. He may bark at the hole, but there is no "varmint" there.

The only difference between the official vote of Crittenden county and the vote as reported in the Press last week was in Key's vote. He received 171 instead of 165.

A type writer manufacturing company proposes to pay \$10,000 for the first World's Fair half dollar souvenir. This is good for the fool killer as well as the Fair.

If all the Kentuckians who have an ambition to serve the Federal government in official capacity, succeed in gratifying that ambition, who will fill the State and county offices?

Having bagged, with Democratic help, a few electoral votes in the west, the Third party leaders, flushed with this success endeavor to tighten its grip on the throat of the Farmer's Alliance.

Ohio gives all but one of her electoral votes to Harrison. Ohio never comes to the scratch when the Democrats need her, and we will not get mad if she is wedded to her idols when we don't need her.

The great strike at Homestead has been formally declared off. For five months the workmen have been idle, at a cost of \$4,000,000 to the Carnegie company, half that sum in wages to the strikers, and thirty-five deaths.

The Paducah News says there is a scheme on foot to build an electric railway from Paducah to Bardwell, Carlisle county. The News, however, is very cautious in its feasibility of the enterprise.

The New York Tribune, Whitelaw Reid's paper, declares that the defeat of Republicans was due "to the modern tendency towards socialism." If socialism means a revolt against bossism, there may be some grains of truth in Mr. Reid's utterance.

Next Friday the attorneys of this Judicial District will hold a conference at Princeton to discuss the time for holding the terms of Circuit Court in the counties of the district. Marion attorneys should remember that Princeton has been a very unfortunate place for them in holding conferences.

The Republican National Committee is in debt \$225,000, and "good" men of the party are being called upon to contribute towards the liquidation of this debt. If Crittenden county Republicans don't help to pay that debt, they are mighty mean.

The Secretary of the Department of Agriculture, Uncle Jerry Rusk, has made his report to the President. According to his figure, the country has exported, \$200,000,000 worth of the farm and factory. With the restriction removed from trade, the exchange of commodities will be beneficial to a still greater extent.

The meeting of the Farmers' Alliance at Memphis last week resulted in a split between the factions. Macoe one of the strong leaders, withdrew from the old organization and many of the delegates followed him and will organize a new order. The old organization goes over, body and breeches, to the Third Party. Louche the old president was re-elected and is the leader of the Third Party wing. Speaking of his withdrawal Macoe said: "I resigned from the order because it is being diverted from its original purpose and made the tail to the Third Party kite." Thus history one time more repeats itself. Other organizations of the farmer have been pounced upon and ruined by designing persons, whose only aim in taking part, was to feather their own nests. Men like Weaver, having failed to reach the goal of their ambition, in regular political organizations, insinuate themselves into the good graces of granges and Alliances, set themselves up for leaders in these organizations, and not withstanding their written laws to the contrary, lead them into politics of the wildest nature, that honors and pelf may be gained for themselves. The inevitable result is the destruction of the

The Vote of Kentucky.

The total vote of Kentucky in the recent election, with the returns from six counties not officially reported is:

Cleveland	173,556
Harrison	136,555
Weaver	21,947
Bidwell	5,753

This gives Cleveland a plurality over Harrison of 42,001, and a majority over all the presidential candidates of 14,391. Cleveland's vote this year is 5,000 less than it was four years ago, and Harrison is 18,500 less. The Prohibition vote is practically the same as it was four years ago. The vote of Weaver this year is just about the same as the vote of the disgruntled element in 1879, when Cook was a candidate for Governor, and he and Weaver were Greenbackers together. Thus it is readily seen that the Third party idea has gained little or no ground in Kentucky in thirteen years.

Since January 1st, forty four murderers have been placed in the Louisville jail. Kentucky's metropolis has no reasons for shaking her bloody fingers at the lawless mountain counties.

A Legislative committee at Frankfort proposes to report favorably a bill providing that members of the legislature shall not be paid their per diem when they are not at their post of duty. The passage of such a bill would prove to be a drastic remedy for the evil of absenteeism, but the probabilities are that it would lower the standard of statesmanship among Kentucky lawmakers.

Applicants for the Collectorship of internal revenue of this district will be numerous. Judge Dempsey of Madisonville; Hons Josh Powers, of Owensboro; Hunter Wood, of Hopkinsville; Judge Randall, of the Purchase, and Mr. Ab Rhea, of Russellville, are all mentioned in connection with the office. The office carries with it an income of \$4,000 a year.

It Hon. James A. McKenzie shies his castor into the ring for United States District Attorney he will be a hard man to beat. Mr. McKenzie has a national reputation and his fidelity to Mr. Cleveland has been unwavering—Louisville Post.

All of which is true, but Quinine Jim will aim higher than a State position and he will be pretty apt to get what he wants.—Hopkinsville Kentuckian.

UP TO SNUFF.

Richard Croker Knows How to Capture a Trick or Two.

Washington, Nov. 15.—"Dick" Croker, the Tammany Hall chief, has gone fishing. He deserves to have good luck. While comfortably seated waiting for a bite he will no doubt think of the many interesting incidents connected with the Tammany campaign just closed in New York. The following incident he will be sure to recall to his memory with a smile:

The Saturday before the election three of the Tammany leaders of the Assembly districts reported to Mr. Croker that they had been approached by a wealthy Republican, representing the National Committee, with an offer of a large sum of money if they would "run out" Harrison electoral tickets in their districts instead of the Cleveland tickets. Croker told them to make the promise, get the money and bring it to him. Early in the evening the men returned with the money, said to have been \$50,000. After the supposed deal had been made the Republicans got a new pull on their confidence. They thought that the three "bought" Tammany leaders would give them 10,000 votes in New York county, and word went out from Tom Carter's committee to bet on Harrison. In the meantime Croker sent the money to Mike Dwyer and instructed him to play it on Cleveland and he would allow him the usual 15 per cent. commission. Dwyer succeeded in betting off the entire amount at even odds. The result was that the Republican money brought Croker and Tammany Hall a snug fortune, and when the returns came in from the three "bought" districts the Republicans were dumfounded to see that Cleveland ran ahead of the Tammany county ticket 786 votes.

Mr. Croker will also think and smile again, how he came it over Johnny Davenport. Johnny and his assistants gave out that they wanted six or eight thousand men to fight for them.

shals. This was nuts for Croker and a thing he had been longing and waiting for. He sent for five of his trusty leaders and told them to disguise ten thousands Tammanyites make them look as "hard and desperate" as possible and have them to blockade Davenport's office and the offices of his assistants and for them to see that they were sworn in as Deputy Marshals right off and not to stir from their tracks until they got their badges. The scheme worked like a charm, and fully four fifths of the Deputy Marshals on election day were members of Tammany Hall. Since the election Croker has had a great deal of fun sending "the boys" to Davenport two or three times a day to get their \$5. They have driven Davenport out of the city, and he is said to be hiding somewhere in Yorkers. Between bites Mr. Croker can't help smiling at these things.—Courier Journal.

FREDONIA.

The meeting is in progress here with large crowds in attendance at night. Rev H C Yates is doing the preaching.

The Sunday school seems to be dwindling. Some of the young people have concluded to follow the example of the older ladies and stay at home or go visiting instead of coming to Sunday school.

Rev W J Daran The Grand Worthy Chief of the Royal Templars of Kentucky, lectured at the Dogwood school house last Sunday evening. The Temperance people in this country have a great many church members to fight against, as well as the "devil."

The wind did a great deal of damage here last Thursday, both morning and evening. It blew off several roofs and blew down the new livery stable in Kelsey and blew down a few smoke houses and damaged stables.

Some of the deluded republicans say Cleveland was the cause of it all.

Not 50cts, bus less than that, is what it costs us per day to run our store.

We buy our clothing net cash and never pay as much as a suit is worth.

We sell our clothing net cash and never charge more than a suit is worth.

Howerton's is the place for ladies to buy their dress goods, trimmings, etc.

Come to Howerton's for men's

The Missionary Rally was not very largely attended last Saturday, but there were some good talks made by Rev H C Yates, Rev J F Price, Elder W P Black and others. The Pass failed to give notice of the meeting and it was not widely known.

Mr. Thomas, of Indiana, was here last week on a visit to his sister, Mr. M E Chappell.

H F Ordway went to Princeton Monday.

Several years since the church in Lyme Connecticut wanted to employ a pastor, but a dissent arose and no agreement was made for a while, and a weak minded brother asked permission to relate a dream he had the night before. He dreamed that he died and went to "hell," and the "devil" asked him where he was from, he said from Lyme, Conn., he asked what they were doing, he answered, trying to engage a minister, the "devil" told his servant to get his boots, he must go to Syme that very night, and while his servant was getting his boots, he asked the dreamed, who was opposed to engaging the minister, he said a man by the name of Doe, he said "put my boots away," if my servant D o e is there it will be useless for me to go, and I think that if the "devil" wants to ruin this county with blind tigers, he has plenty of servants here and at Princeton, who will attend to it without his putting himself to the trouble to make the trip.

LOLA.

At the home of his sister, Mrs. Clemens, in Carrsville, after an illness of several weeks Mr George M Robertson died Friday morning, Nov. 18. He was buried at the Robertson family grave yard Sunday. Uncle George, as he was frequently called by that name, will be a bright spot in the memory of a host of friends; he was a good, kind, old man.

Our little village came very near having a costly fire Friday. The old mill caught fire from sparks from the saw mill engine, the new roller mill stood about thirty feet from the old house and the engine room to it caught, then everybody gave it up as a "goner" but by clear headedness Bob Paris got a hose attached to the pump and got to throwing water on the fire, by that and the help of buckets saved the roller mill. W F Paris Jr, lost about \$100 in machinery and the old house. Paris Bros, a small amount in pipe and pipe fitting etc.

REMARKS.

Geo Kennedy—Dang it it wasn't funny to see Bob Paris fall in the

Billy Stevens—Bill Paris is an active man sure.

Bob Paris—You bet I am a full fledged baptist I love whisky and the

Dr Kennedy—Ugh! how my sides hurt.

Mike Gardner—I just tell you boys it was a good thing it burnt. Billy Paris—My heart felt thanks are given to all I gave her up as gone one time.

Mrs George Kennedy is visiting her mother in Graves county.

SHADY GROVE.

Mr. and Mrs. W M Asher, of Blackford was in town last week.

T W Buckner, of Henderson, was in town Friday.

Wm Todd, of Madisonville, was drumming up for her loved one trade here Saturday.

Walter Atwood, of Cadiz, was visiting friends and relatives here last week and this week.

J L Carlwell left Monday for Princeton.

I F Birch is improving his residence.

D J Hubbard has given up his position in the hardware store, and crossed the street to his store where he will serve the people with pleasure. Dan has put him up a barber shop and will wait on his customers with care and pleasure. In fact if you want bargains go to J H and D J Hubbard's for them.

Died.—Little Alma Birch daughter of Mr and Mrs I F Birch. Alma was mild and loving in her ways, and to know her was to love her; but now we trust she is resting in Heaven waiting for her loved ones left behind. Prepare to meet her.

Died—Monday night, wife of John W Davis. She had been sick but a few days when the Lord called her from this world to "home sweet home." She was eighty two years old and we believe that she was through toiling here. She leaves a host of relatives and friends to mourn her loss.

WHITE PLAINS IN ASHES.

A Hopkins County Village Wiped Out by Fire.

Owensboro, Ky., Nov. 20.—News reached here to day of the total destruction by fire of the village of White Plains, on the Newport News and Mississippi Valley railroad. The village, which was situated on a high bluff, was burned before the fire was gotten under control. The depot, which contained a large amount of freight for the country towns around White Plains, a church, four store rooms, a doctor's office and one residence were burned. But few of the contents of any of the buildings were saved. No reliable information as to the losses or insurance can be gotten on account of the telegraph wires being down at White Plains.

Obituary.

Robert P. Thurmond, son of Robert S. and Parthena A. Thurmond, was born February 21, 1867. He was only eleven days old when his mother died. In his infantile state thus deprived of the love and care of a tender mother, he was taken by his grandfather and grandmother, who, for nine years, kept him and tenderly cared for him. The next ten years of his youthful life was spent with his father. After that he came back to his grandfather's and made that his home the rest of his life.

He professed religion in 1883 at Cave Spring church. He joined that church October, 1896, and was a member of it until his death.

As he approached manhood, the fell destroyer of disease began to make its ravages on his constitution. The vitality of his youthful life battled manfully against for some months, but it lost then began to grow weaker and to yield to the fiercer ravages of the disease which preyed upon his system. From the 14th day of August he was confined to his room until the 24th of October when he quietly passed from this world to the unseen world beyond.

He bore his sufferings with marked patience, and often talked of his departure. Although in the very prime of manhood, he was reconciled to his fate. A few hours before he died he called all his friends around him and shook hands with them and bid them farewell.

He is gone. He mingles no more with friends on earth, but he is pressed to the warm living heart of a mother in heaven. Instead of being in the midst of scenes of sorrow, sin, and suffering, he mingles with the blood-washed throng on the shining shore of eternal deliverance.

Friends and relatives, while we shed the tears of sympathy and bereavement, let them also be tears of gratitude and joy that his youthful life and death showed forth the fruits and triumphs of Christianity, and gave us evidence that he has gone to rest.

A Friend.

J. H. MORSE

Has the neatest, newest, noblest stock of

Dry Goods

IN MARION.

—His goods are all—

In Style.

Overcoats, Overalls, Dress Goods, Notions, and Furnishing Goods. Come in and see him at Gray's old stand on the corner.

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Cleveland and Stevenson

Left all competitors away out of sight, so the

WHITE Sewing Machine Exhibit

to be given in Marion, Ky., December 5th to 10th, inclusive, will leave all rival exhibits so far behind that the sun will rise in the west before they will ever catch up. This exhibit will be given by one of the finest sewing machine experts in the United States, direct from the company's headquarters at Cleveland, Ohio. The work shown will embrace everything imaginable ever done by a sewing machine, and we will not exhibit a piece of work that cannot be duplicated.

Come One! Come All!!

ITS FREE AS WATER.

ITS FREE AS AIR.

And every grown woman in the counties of Crittenden and Livingston, by coming to this exhibit and registering her name shall have a free and fair chance to draw the capital prize of one fine \$50 new White Sewing Machine, the KING of all sewing machines, with all the attachments and plenty of instructions. The possession of a White Sewing Machine fixes one for life. They last a lifetime.

REMEMBER THE DATES!!

REMEMBER THE DATES!!

DECEMBER 5 TO 10 INCLUSIVE!!

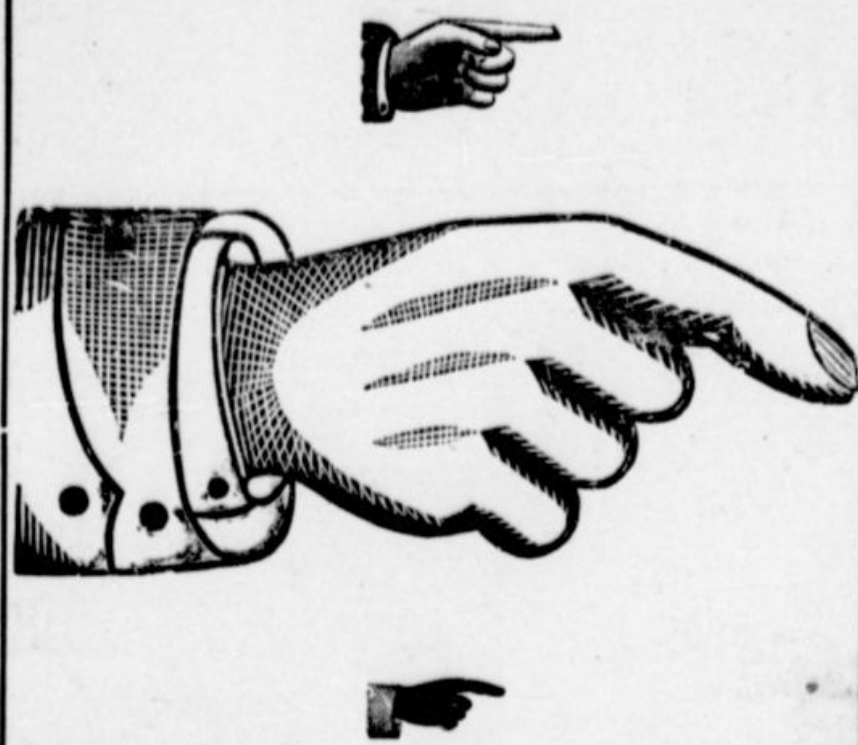
In the Moore & Donakey old stand between M. Schwab and Pierce & Son. Don't miss this chance to get a sewing machine

FREE!!!

YOURS TRULY,

GEO. M. CRIDER.

A SPLENDID OFFER.



DON'T SPEND A NICKLE OF YOUR MONEY

Dry Goods, Clothing, AND HATS,

Until you see us, as we are the people who knocked the bottom out of prices and give you the VERY BEST GOODS that can be had for the money. We have again commenced our

WINTER CLEARANCE SALE,

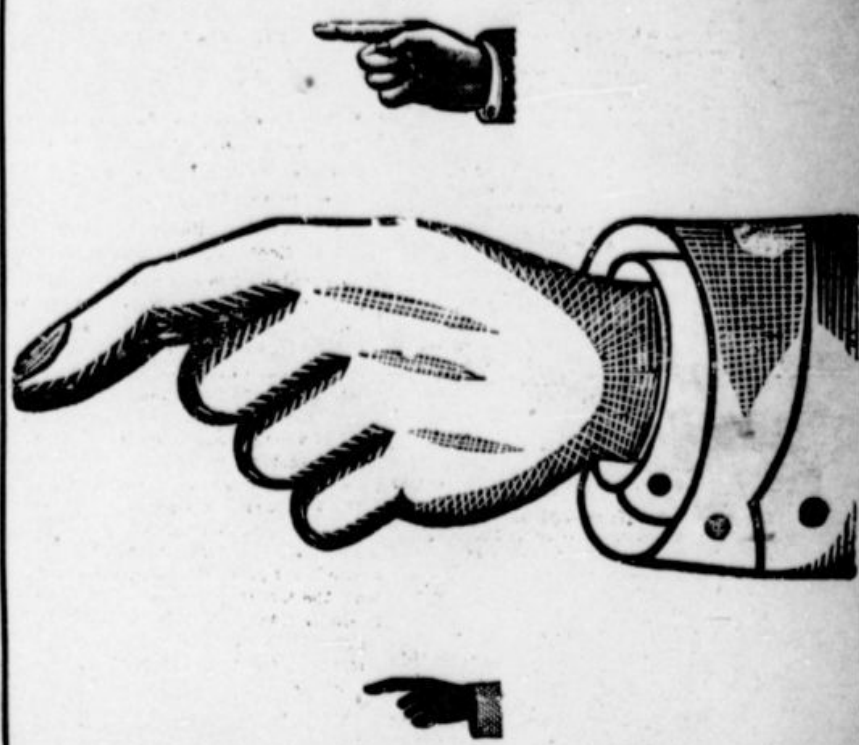
And our stock must be reduced. Our overcoats for men and boys marked down and must be closed out. Don't fail to see our BOOTS and SHOES; they are cheaper than the cheapest. We have a lot of Ladies Cloaks and Jackets, and if you need any of the kind we can suit you. Childrens Cloaks at cost. Our

DRESS GOODS, BLANKETS, FLANNELS. and all kinds of DRY GOODS

Must be closed out. Remember WE WILL NOT BE UNDERSOLD.

RED FRONT.

PIERCE, YANDELL, GUCENHEIM CO.



All those knowing themselves indebted to me either by note or account must come and settle at once.
Mrs. G. WOLFE.

Dr. R. Moore's NEW Drug Store

Is Headquarters for
The Purest, Freshest
DRUGS
ON THE MARKET
Prescriptions filled, at all
hours day or night, by a gradu-
ate pharmacist.
Next Door to Bank.

LOCAL NEWS.

THURSDAY, NOV. 10, 1892.

Sewing machine given away Dec. 10.

Mott is the only inmate of the jail now.

Cash paid for eggs and hides. Schwab.

W. N. Davis will start his distillery, located at Lola, Dec. 1.

Two good horses for sale cheap on time. Geo. M. Crider.

The butchers complain of the scarcity of pork hogs.

Lookout! for the White Sewing Machine exhibit Dec. 5th to 10th.

Mr. J. D. Boaz has moved into his new residence.

White Sewing Machine exhibit Dec. 5th to 10th.

The bicycle has at last reached Marion.

What would a small town be without gossip?

Clothing and overcoats cheaper than ever at

Pierce, Yandell, Gugenheim & Co.

The old Arch Davidson tobacco warehouse for sale or rent.

Geo. M. Crider.

The colored population of Marion is growing as rapidly as the whites.

Is liquor sold anywhere in Marion except at the distillery? Don't ask answer at once.

WANTED:—60000 feet of popular and gum lumber.

Marion Plaining Mill.

"Be temperate in all things." That means in the use of words as well as in the mixing of drinks.

There are more candidates for the post office than regular attendants at the weekly prayer meeting.

Dec. 5th to 10th White Sewing Machine exhibit.

50 children cloaks regardless of profit at

Pierce, Yandell, Gugenheim & Co.

Again we rise to remark that Marion stands sorely in need of a respectable cemetery.

G. M. Crider will build a large ware room in the rear of his store room.

Oh! I forgot to pay my account at Weldon's the first of the month. I am sorry I will go now and pay it.

I will pay cash for Irish potatoes. M. Schwab.

The sheriff has his entire force at work, serving papers for Circuit Court.

Just wait a minute, I want to step in at Weldon & Son, and pay off my account they need the money.

FOR SALE.—A house and lot near Marion. The lot embraces 13 acres; box house of four rooms, smoke house, crib and stable, good young orchard. Will be sold cheap.

R. C. Walker, Ag't.

City Marshal Wilborn with a force of hands is building new side walk on College streets.

We sell all kinds of sewing machine repairs—oil, needles, bobbins, shuttles, etc. Geo. M. Crider.

Show us a man smiles when he is called upon for his town-tax, and we will show you the truly sanctified man.

Yesterday the County Court Judge granted Thos. J. Graves merchant licenses to sell liquor by the quart at Nunn's Switch.

Mr. Mitchell, the Salem man, who was so seriously wounded, during the ratification at that place, is now in hospital of recovery.

Experience has taught our city managers that street lamps are expensive luxuries. Too expensive for towns like Marion.

Rev. Hines Breeding, a young minister of the gospel, was authorized by the county court, Monday, to solemnize the rites of matrimony.

Show us a man who having served as town trustee one term, wants to sacrifice himself again, and we will show you a genuine crank.

This is the time of year when the Sunday schools most do flourish. Get your name on the roll so that you may be in when Santa arrives.

According to rumor the Marion Monitor will go into the hands of a stock company, and Mr. A. M. Straub will have control of the paper.

Hon. L. H. James returned from New Madrid, Mo., a few days since. While there he filed the \$25,000 damage suit, mentioned in this paper a few weeks ago.

Mr. L. W. Cruse is buying tobacco for Stegar & Rice, of Princeton; his purchases will be handled at Crayneville. The highest price he has paid is \$5.50 per cwt.

The Republicans have all returned from the woods, and with a reconciled countenance are at their accustomed places. The last to come in was "Squire W. H. Walker, he has been chasing a red fox since November 9.

Monday Will Taylor, col., was in court to answer the charge of whipping his wife; he was fined \$5. Bill has one great weak point and that giving the "old lady" a licking whenever the occasion, as he thinks, demands it.

Mr. Drewrey Allen died at his home in the Iron Hill neighborhood Friday evening at 7 o'clock. Heart failure was the cause of his death; he became ill on Tuesday. He was 75 years old, and had been a citizen of the county for thirty years. He was a good, honest industrious man.

How many of the churches of Marion, contribute liberally for the comfort of the poor at their own doors? Contributions in this connection means big dollars, not long prayers urging the Lord to look after the needy and distressed.

W. J. Doran, of Richmond, Ky., Grand Chief Templar of Kentucky, I. O. G. T., delivered a lecture at the Methodist church Monday night. He had a large audience. He did not succeed in organizing a Good Templars lodge at this place.

The report is that Post-master Coffield has received an anonymous letter asking him to throw up the sponge before time is called—March 4th. If a Democrat wrote the letter he should have some cat-nip tea.

The sensible old P. M., says he reserves the right to claim that he has sense enough to know when to resign.

Mr. T. A. Minner, one of the proprietors of the newly discovered coal near Crittenden Springs was in town Tuesday, after tools for use in the mines. The demand for the coal is greater than the out put, but as soon as the work can be gotten under headway, the local demand will be readily supplied. The price of the coal at the mines will be five cents per bushel.

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The Creamery.

Monday the stock-holders of the Marion Elgin Butter and Cheese Factory held a meeting in the office of the factory. The condition of the business of the concern did not show a healthy glow. The expenses for the month, including the milk bill, was \$293.00, and the income, for the same period, including the stock on hand, was \$154.00, leaving a deficit of \$139.00. While some what discouraged, the company, will try to make the ends come nearer meeting this month than last. The expenses of the first month was necessarily much heavier than will be the next. Money was borrowed to pay the deficit, and some changes the made in the management to curtail expenses. The average supply of milk was only 57 gallons per day. This month considerable more milk is expected. With a greater supply of milk and expenses less, the enterprise, it is hoped, will at last balance loss and gain. The product has found ready sale at a good price. The only drawback is the short supply of milk.

The farmers who have furnished the milk say that it pays them so long as they can get 10 cents per gallon for milk. Mr. T. E. Griffith thinks he can make more by keeping cows and selling milk than he can by raising tobacco and corn. Mr. J. W. Carter figures the same way, and talks of getting 100 cows.

It appears to be the unanimous conclusion that if 300 gallons per day can be furnished the factory will be self-sustaining, and that it pays the farmer well to furnish the milk at 10 cents per gallon.

Acquitted of the Charge.

Monday and part of the Tuesday, County Judge Moore and his retinue of attorneys were deeply immersed in the trial of John Crow and his wife upon the charge of burglary and robbery. At noon Tuesday a conclusion was reached and the defendants were acquitted, the court deciding that the evidence was not sufficient to hold the prisoners to answer at the approaching term of Circuit Court.

Crow is an old denizen of the courts, few weeks pass without seeing him drawn up to answer for some infractions of the law, and as a general thing is proven guilty and gets a few weeks of free board in the county jail. This is probably the first time he was ever acquitted.

A \$1,000 FINE.

The contract for building the bridge or fill across the slough between Tolu and the Ohio river has been let to Mr. A. J. Bennett. The fill or bank, will be 24 feet at the base 16 feet across top, and several feet high. The top will be macadamized. Mr. Bennett takes the contract for the sum of \$1000, the amount appropriated by the court of claims. With this road to the river Tolu can smile when high water comes; and as coal has been discovered a short distance away, she may continue to smile when the waters assuage.

The New Sheriff.

Sheriff elect John T. Franks, of Tolu, was in town Tuesday, looking as chipper as you please. He is a member of the dry goods firm of Minner & Franks, at Tolu, and the firm does a good business. The new sheriff enters upon the duties of his office the first Monday in January. His deputy has been chosen and his name is John T. Pickens. Mr. Franks was connected with the office during a portion of the term of Mr. A. J. Pickens; he is a good business man for the place, and makes a popular deputy.

Who is He?
It is said that a red hot Republican of Crittenden county, once a politician, was so taken back when he heard of Harrison's defeat, that he went gunning in his wife's poultry yard and killed all her roosters, sor spile.—Hopkinsville Kentuckian.

The Assessor must finish his work by Feb'y 15th.

PERSONALS.

R. N. Walker was in Princeton Friday.

J. C. Elder, Jr., was in Morgan field Friday.

Hon. S. O. Nunn was in Princeton Monday.

Thos. Evans, of Salem, was in town Monday.

Mr. J. B. Hubbard spent Sunday at Shady Grove.

Mr. Vernon Matlock, of Salem was in the city Tuesday.

Mr. Pomp Randall, of Owensboro arrived at Marion yesterday.

Mr. J. M. McChesney, and wife, of Salem, were in town yesterday.

Mrs. J. T. Cochran, of Enfield, Ill., is visiting friends in Marion.

Mrs. Annie Lemon, of Iron Hill spent Saturday in Marion with friends.

L. S. Leffel, spent Sunday at Marion. His headquarters are now at Morganfield.

Mrs. A. D. McFee, of Fords Ferry, spent Saturday and Sunday with friends in Marion.

Mrs. Ellen Asbridge, of Kelsey, was in Marion yesterday, a guest of Mrs. F. M. Glenn.

Supt. W. J. Deboe is so badly afflicted with rheumatism that he is unable to visit the schools.

Mr. W. I. Cruse went to Dixon yesterday, to look after some business in the Webster Circuit Court.

Mr. G. C. Gray spent Sunday at home. He has been traveling in Kansas and Missouri for several weeks.

Messrs Spillman and Thomas Butler left Tuesday night for Paupaw, Mo., where they will spend three weeks hunting.

Mr. Wm. Johnson, of Cross Plains Tenn., and Mrs. Mollie Peck, of Springfield, Tenn., are guests of Dr. J. H. Clark of this place.

Mr. S. G. Lee, of the Hurricane neighborhood has purchased Burnett Oliver's farm, in the Caldwell Spring section, and will move to his new purchase in a few days.

Mr. P. E. Cook, of Mattoon, and Miss Fannie Miles, of this place, will be united in marriage at the Methodist church at this place this evening at 7 o'clock.

Last Thursday Mr. A. M. Hezrin was called to Danville, Ind., by the illness of his son, Fannie. The sick man was brought home Friday night and is yet very ill of typhoid fever at his home in Marion.

The family of Mr. H. A. Haynes, including his wife's mother, left Tuesday night for DeLand, Fla. Miss Ada Gilliam accompanied them and will spend the winter in Florida.

Messrs. O. M. James, P. S. Maxwell, J. G. Rochester, J. W. Skelton and Ed Gray attended the ratification at Princeton Saturday night. Mr. James made one of his characteristic rallying speeches. No man has come to the front in politics more rapidly than Mr. James. His reputation as a campaign speaker is wide and is built upon a solid rock. He has a promising future, ambition, energy and ability.

The Paducah News says: Capt. J. W. Bush, the local attorney for the Grand Rivers company, and Mr. J. M. Searle, superintendent and manager of the company, have been ordered to go to Boston at once and bring all the liabilities of the company with them, as they are to be settled at once. It is understood that this order was made by Aretas Blood, president of the company.

A considerable amount of the company's indebtedness was liquidated a few weeks ago, but it seems quite a large sum, probably \$30,000, was left unsettled. It looks now as if the troubles of Grand Rivers are about to be set aside; but what will be the next move of the town company remains yet to be seen.

Friday night the residence occupied by Chas. Butler, about two miles northwest of Marion, was destroyed by fire. The fire occurred after the family had retired, and gained such headway before the inmates awoke that they barely escaped with their lives. Nothing pertaining to the household, was saved. The house was the old Alex. Grissom homestead, and was one of the oldest in the county. It was built at a time when nails were scarce. The rafters were pegged together and the floor was fastened down with wooden pegs.

A sewing machine given away Dec 10th. For particulars address Geo. M. Crider, Marion, Ky.

Residence Burned.

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THEY RATIFY.

The Democrats of Crittenden Give Bent to Their Enthusiasm.

Friday night the Democrats of Crittenden gathered themselves together at Marion to publicly and unanimously express their appreciation of the election of Grover Cleveland and Adlai Stevenson. From Tradewater to Flatlick, from Ohio river to Livingston creek there were representative Democrats. The Democratic portion of Marion was appropriately decorated and illuminated; flags, big and little, fluttered proudly in the breeze, and were joyously saluted by hundreds of yelling Democrats. At 6:30 the participants formed in line on Salem street, and with torches, flying banners, transparencies, and accoutrements of noise, marched up Salem to Main, thence south to Depot street, thence to College, down college one square then up to Main, to Belleville, thence east to the railroad, then to the depot, where a halt was made until the train, which brought Hon. W. J. Stone, arrived. Capt. Stone was greeted with the wildest enthusiasm, and marched at the head of the procession to the Opera house. The opera house was gorgeously and tastefully decorated with flags, bunting, and appropriate banners. A thousand candles dotted the large front windows while the brilliant chandeliers threw their dazzling light over the vast assembly.

Mr. P. S. Maxwell, master of ceremonies made a happy felicitous, opening speech, that brought the house down, and when he referred to Hon. W. J. Stone as the principal speaker of the evening, the crowd went wild, sending up such a tumultuous applause as that public place never heard before, and when the most popular Congressman the Old Gibraltar ever had, appeared, the greeting was such as only Crittenden Democrats can give when victory perches upon the banner of a man so dear to their hearts as Capt. Stone. For near an hour, Congressman Stone spoke; in a concise brief manner he reviewed the great issues of the campaign, and when he referred to the unparalleled victory, and the great leaders, he was applauded again and again. His speech was full of hope for the country, and the perpetuation of its free institutions; the people, he said, had returned to power; the disposition towards despotism, towards classism, towards bossism, was swept away on the 8th of November. Capt. Stone's speech was eloquent and appropriate to the occasion, and his auditors appreciated it from beginning to finish. Capt. Stone was followed by Messrs C. S. Nunn, J. B. Kevel, J. W. Skelton, J. W. Blue, O. M. James, S. O. Nunn and uncle Highly Gilbert. All made enthusiastic speeches keeping the crowd roaring with mirth and applause. After the speaking came the fire works, and for an hour the sky was painted in all colors of the rainbow with pyrotechnics. It was a great time, and everything passed off without a jar. The management was good.

Maysuch occasions not be wanting in the future history of Crittenden's Democracy.

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The Whisky Question Again.

About the time of a lull in the whisky fight, which has so long agitated Marion, occurs, something new comes to the front, and the war paints on again. Since the decision of the Court of Appeals sustaining the celebrated injunction, the distillers had been selling liquor by the quart, until last week.

Suddenly, and without warning the quart cup was placed aside and only the five gallon vessel passed muster at the sales-room. "What is the matter, where is the trouble?" was the question passed around one day last week, when the supply was cut off. Here is the situation in brief, as it presents itself to the eyes.

The new revenue law, adopted by the Legislature, provides that a distiller shall pay a license tax of \$75 to the State for the privilege of selling in quantities of not less than a quart. To obtain these licenses the law says: "Licenses to sell by retail spirituous, vinous or malt liquors shall be granted by the county court; but the county court shall not grant a license to sell spirituous, vinous or malt liquors until ten days' notice shall be given by posting a written or printed notice at the door of the court house, and at least at four public places in the neighborhood where the liquor is to be sold; and if the majority of the legal voters in the neighborhood shall protest against the application, it shall be refused."

According to the new law distillers, as regards selling in less quantities than five gallons, are now governed by the same law that has heretofore governed the granting of licenses to saloon-keepers and quart merchants.

The new law has stopped the sale by the quart at the distillery until it procures licenses.

ED HARMAN MURDERED.

A Former Resident of Marion is Killed in Indiana.

Ed. Harman, a mulatto, about 25, was raised by Herod Travis, of this place. A short time ago, he went to Indiana to work at his trade, that of a barber. The following tells of the end of Harman:

Washington, Ind., Nov. 20.—This city is in a fever of excitement over an early Sunday morning murder and the open talk of lynching. About 8 o'clock Henry Stewart, Ed Harman and another colored man were at Councilman Dant's saloon playing "couch" for the drinks. A dispute arose as to whose deal it was and the life was passed. Stewart jumped to his feet and seized a razor. Harman then knocked him down with a chair, but Stewart seemed bent on a fight and he was knocked down four times in succession. Harman then tried to escape, but Stewart rose to his feet and rushing to Harman struck him a blow that almost severed Harman's right arm at the shoulder. An artery was cut in two and the man bled to death in three minutes. Stewart ran to a house near and washed his hands and has not been seen since. It was thought he is in hiding and the police and several deputized officers are on a search. There is strong talk of a lynching should the fellow be caught. Stewart and Harman are both colored barbers. The home of the latter was in Kentucky.

Robert Boyd, post-master at Salem, Ky., is my authorized agent to receive and deliver watch repairing for me. Leave your watches, jewelry, etc., with Mr. Boyd and he will have them correctly repaired and all my work is insured for 12 months.

W. A. LETZINGER, Marion, Ky.

Deeds Recorded.

Wm. E. Brown to S. H. Ring 10 acres for \$70.

Marriage licenses have been issued to Milton K. Givens and Miss Annie C. Thurmond, Jos. F. Moore and Miss Lucy O. Orr.

Should be preserved in a good album. The album can be found at B. C. Walker's book-store. Prices from 50 cents to \$10.00.

A Handsome Picture.

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Crittenden Press 1892-11-24 seq-4.jpg

LOVE'S VICTORY.
When I am dead, dear love, if thou shouldst feel
That loneliness too hard a load to bear,
And that another could thy wound assuage
With gentle tenderness and loving care,
My spirit hovering near thee would be glad
To soothe thy pain with a beloved's hand.
When I am dead?

I only ask thee to be true to me—
As I was true, but to thy heart and fair
Instead of brown locks waving wild and free,
Close to her heart could round the golden hair.
And may she tower stately, grand and tall
I shall not mind that I was frail and small—
When I am dead?

So that she come not to the grave,
Nor climb up to the level of thy heart,
And leave a lonely widow's heart to beat,
Or beg sweet pity for some pale or smart,
As I was wont—our love's expression came
To be, as I, Love's gladly fostered slave—
When I am dead?

Nay, love, but as thou wilt, and as she will,
With fullest mood, and with a conscience clear,
Even though thy memory hold my memory
With its sweetest, and with its dearest dear.
If a true heart should give thee its best,
As I did once, I shall be happy rest—
When I am dead?

—Anne Patchett Martin in Temple Bar.

Drinking from the Loving Cup.
Every prosperous club has its loving
cup, but how many of the guests who
see it gracing the banquet hall with
origin of the grace of knowledge which
should be observed in drinking from it?
The cup should have two handles and a
cover, and is handed to the principal
guest as the toast begins. The guest
takes it by both handles, and standing
turns to the person nearest, who also
stands, and both bow. Then, while the
second guest removes the lid, the first
one drinks, and with another low pass
the cup to his neighbor, who replaces
the lid and presents it in turn to the
next guest, and so the ceremony is re-
peated.

In the old days of chivalry and of
travelling, as a man while drinking
from the loving cup, his companion was
practically defenseless, his companion
was required to remove the cover with his
sword hand that he might not take ad-
vantage of the other. It is a very pretty
ceremony when gracefully performed.

—New York Sun.

In Hawaiian Castle.
The Rev. Henry Drew was an amiable
and congenial guide to the many objects
of engineering interest in Hawaiian
castle. Before leaving the drawing
room I had feasted my eyes on many
relics and souvenirs of the life still in
such wonderful preservation. The room
is a large lightroom, one looking out to
the grounds. Every nook and corner of
it has some token of love or admiration
from worshippers of the great man who
inhabited this castle. These tokens are
all quarters—India, Italy, Ireland, Amer-
ica and England.

Here is a huge embossed silver cylinder,
containing tapestry from India, and
there lying on a table a great book of
photographs stamped "Roum," is an
immense beautifully bound album con-
taining nothing but the names of Italian
students. The bright face of Lord Rose-
bery looks out on you from a large por-
trait framed with the letter "R," while
the serene countenance of John
Morley is not absent.—Pall Mall Gazette.

Vampires in Guinea.
When the West Indies were first dis-
covered, these islands were put on some of
the islands; these in time increased won-
derfully, so as to become vast herds, af-
fording a supply of fresh meat to the
mariner sick of the scurvy. In Guinea,
however, these animals never became
common, but on the contrary required
the greatest care to preserve them from
the ravages of domestic animals, like
man, sheep at night, and here the
bats have the advantage of them, while
the wild quadrupeds of the forest range
and feed at the same time as their an-
guinary enemy. Hence it has followed
that peculiar roars and cries, and are
quite free from the ravages, while the
domesticated animals must be housed
and caged.—Longman's Magazine.

Shocked Over the Wire.
The Voice from the Telephone—I wish
you'd cut off the heads of Mrs. Dolson,
Helds, one Mrs. Sarah Jones, two
Althaus Harbys and a Peter Pinkette,
and send them to my house this evening
in time for dinner.

The Voice at the Transmitter—Great
fun! What?

The Voice from the Telephone—Oh,
excuse me. I've got the wrong number.
Thought you were Grubby, the char-
acteristic growl.—Chicago News-
Record.

Had Fear of Bishop Brooks.
On the afternoon when Bishop Brooks
talked to the Young Men's Christian as-
sociation at an urban in the building
to a deputy, "I am glad Mr. Brooks is
going to speak to us this afternoon; for
I have heard him very well spoken of
as a preacher."—New York Tribune.

Sir John Lubbock, who probably
knows more about bees than any other
man in the world, living or dead, says
that bees are stronger evidence than
any other because the power of controlling
the sex of the eggs.

When argument takes the place of
opinion, the victory of right prin-
ciple will dawn, for epigrams may be
hurled by any one, but sound argument
is possible only on the side of the right.

The consumption of snuff in this
country is chiefly by dipping, and the bulk
of the tobacco manufactured in this
shape is consumed below Mason and Dixon's
line.

Telescope observations show that the
planet Venus appears as a distinct ob-
ject far more nearly like the earth
than does Mars.

The guests at a hotel in Ohio presented
one of the waiters with a roll of money
skater in hopes of being waited on more
expeditiously.

One hundred and two kernels of grain
it is said, have been counted in one load
of wheat grown near Cheney, Wash.

The Mixed Race of India.
Dorasia has no boundaries. It lies, a
varying social fact, all over India, thick
in the great cities, thickest in Calcutta,
where the conditions of climate and breed-
ing are most suitable, and where
movement of Indian charities are most
numerous. Wherever Europeans have
come and gone these people have sprung
up in weedy testimony of their presence
people who do not go, who have received
something in the feeble inheritance of
their blood that makes it possible for
them to live and die in India. Nothing
will ever exterminate Dorasia; it clings
to the soil and the soil, and is mar-
velously propagative within its borders.
—Bar J. Duncan in Popular Science
Monthly.

It Was Not Stagnant.
A contentious church member in a
western town recently attempted to have
his pastor discontinue for using the slang
phrase "root in it" in the pulpit, but the
bottom dropped out of his charge when
the clergyman produced the manuscript
of the sermon and read the sentence
from it: "In a word, my Christian hear-
ers, this is a most unchristian world; there-
fore, root in it, and you shall not be in it."

A SCOTCH TRADITION.

MARSHALL'S WARFARE OF ONE OF
THE OLD SCOTCH CLANS.

A Scotch Story of the Distant Past—
The Story of a Whole Race, the Substantive
of One Island—Even Today the Spot is
Held to Be Haunted.

A friend of mine made a prolonged
tour of Scotland last year to indulge in
his favorite pastime—fishing—of which
there is none better in the whole world
than among the highlands and contigu-
ous islands of that country. He brought
back with him a vast storehouse of the
strange tales of the primitive people
among whom he sojourned, for he avoided
the usual lines of travel, confining his
wanderings to the remote villages and
out of the way places which the ordi-
nary tourist never visits. He lived for
months with the peasant and fisherman
class, with whom, ingratiating himself
into their good graces, he learned much
of the traditions current in the region,
which have only been kept alive by
being handed down from father to son
through the generations.

At one time residing with a simple
fisherman on one of the Hebrides, he
gave me a story of the celebrated
warfare of the clan of the Macdonalds
on one of the islands, which he after-
wards visited with his host, making the
wild tradition doubly interesting. It was
this:

More than three centuries ago there
existed two clans between which there
had waged the most bitter and relent-
less warfare for generations. Of course
the people of both factions were but lit-
tle more civilized than the North Amer-
ican Indians when Columbus gave a
new world to Spain. Both clans lived
by stealing from their neighbors, de-
finitely preferring this mode of life to
any other, and relying on anything for
themselves. Their tenure of the dark
glens which they claimed was held by
the prowess of their primitive bows and
arrows, their rude claymores and run-
ners. Ignorant, cruel and vindictive,
the several clans hated each other with a
hated unknown but to dense igno-
rance; they hated simply because they had
been taught that difference between man-
kind was difference between races.

One of these two contending clans
lived on one of the little islands of the
Hebrides group, a barren, rocky, deso-
late spot, reached only by the elements
surf. One mild winter day came the
boats of their hated enemy. The atten-
tion of the invaders was of course to
kill, plunder and destroy. They did
chance and learn the boats they found
on the shore, but not a human being
was found that they could massacre.
The whole island appeared to have been
abandoned. The invaders ransacked it
well, traversed every glen and every
ravine and wondered where their invec-
tate enemies had gone. Failing in the
principal part of their bloody mission,
they prepared to leave. They took up
their arms, but hardly had they cleared
the little creek by which they had en-
tered from the sea when a man, with an
apparently extraordinary vision, spied a
figure in the uncertain light of a win-
ter's dawn cautiously moving over the

A shout announced the discovery, and
the invader disappeared. But the secret
had been betrayed. The inhabitants
had hidden themselves, not deserted.
In half an hour their assailants had re-
landed and set themselves with awak-
ened hope to the search. Snow had
fallen during the night, and the foot-
steps of the imprudent invaders betrayed
the whereabouts of their clan. The high-
landers excitedly followed the trail of
the enemy, and they soon tracked him to
the hiding place of his people, a cavern
cavern, its entrance through a narrow
mass of rock, overgrown with thick
shrubs, a place easily missed by any one
not familiar with the locality. In the
cave were gathered all the families of
the tribe, the women and little children
and a few of the old men, the main por-
tion of the young warriors having gone
off on an excursion—a marauding expedi-
tion—to the neighboring islands.

With shouts of triumph the invaders
tried to break through the narrow passage
which was the entrance to the cave, but
the women and children, in their terror,
rolled in upon the invaders, and the
cave was filled with the bodies of the
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The Result of a Dream.

Before Watts, the discoverer of the
present mode of making shot, had his
notable dream, indeed, by extended
time to extend it, the manufacture in
quantity of shot, but these and con-
sequently costly process. Great bars of
lead had to be pounded into sheets of
a thickness nearly equal to the diameter
of the shot desired. These sheets had
then to be cut into little cubes, packed
in a revolving barrel, and there, until
by the constant friction, the edges
were off from the little cubes and they
became spherical.

Watts had often racked his brain try-
ing to discover some better and less
costly scheme, but in vain. Finally,
after spending an evening with some
book companions at an abolition, he
went home, went to bed and soon fell
asleep. His slumbers, however, were
disturbed by unquietude dreams, in one
of which he was out with "the boys,"
and as they were standing in a line
of the rain, he saw a number of
cannon balls, shining like diamonds,
that he and his companions had to seek
shelter.

In the morning Watts remembered his
curious dream and it clung to his
mind all day. He began to wonder
what shape molten lead would assume
in falling through the air, and finally,
to test his mind at rest, he ascended
to the top of the steeple of the church
of St. Mary at Radcliffe and dropped
slowly and regularly a lead ball of
molten lead into the street below. De-
scending, he took from the bottom of
the shallow pool several handfuls of the
most perfect shot he had ever seen.
Watts' fortune was made, for from this
exploit emanated the idea of the shot
lower, which ever since has been the
only means employed in the manufac-
ture of the little missiles so important in
war and sport.—Boston Commonwealth.

A Sign from Heaven.
"A queer story," was said to me
many years ago by Rev. William Simp-
son, then one of the leading lights of the
Methodist church in eastern Iowa and
western Illinois, that Harvey Good-
enough, a Hawkeye pioneer at the
close of the last century, was carrying
things with a high hand in western
Illinois when he converted a young
woman, a member of Elder Simpson's
flock. A few months after, the young
woman, at the church, and she re-
turned home a confirmed skeptic. The
church people labored with her long and
faithfully, but without overcoming her
unbelief. Before her bedroom window
stood a large oak tree. She announced
that she was going to pray the Lord for
a sign—that she would ask him if he
really had an existence to manifest it by
causing the prayer to be answered. She
said to her mother, "I have blessed the
unfruitful fig tree. She was to prefer
her faith to a sign upon which to ground
her faith at 10 o'clock Sunday morning."

Her resolution at once became the
talk of the town, and many visited the
tree and carefully examined it. It was
perfectly sound, full of sap and covered
with a profusion of bright green leaves.
At sunset every glen and every
ravine and valley were filled with the
prayer and the words of the woman.
The elder stated that with a party of men
he cut the tree down and dug up the stump,
and that it was dead from the topmost
branch to the smallest root. The young
woman's prayer had been answered. She
at once re-entered the church and de-
voted her life to missionary work, spend-
ing several years in China and Japan.
—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Familiarity Breeds Contempt.
Judge Duffy—How dare you come
into court so? Take your hat off!
Trump—But, judge, you know I'm
not a stranger here.—Texas Siftings.

Easily Cured.
Father—My son seems to be about as
smart as any other young man, but he no
conceal gets settled in a position than he
tries it and resigns. He lacks staying
powers.

Friend—Oh, that's easily cured. Get
him a political office.—Good News.

Foreign.
It is stated on reliable authority that
the German emperor has assured Chan-
cellor Caprivi that he will not personally sepa-
rate from him in the event of the defeat of
the military bill.

Grip has again appeared in Russia.
At Sejar, Samarcanda, Spain, a building
containing a building party of about forty
collied during supper. Seven were
killed and thirty more of less injury.

Deaths.
Lillian Engstrom, wife of Ralph Waldo
Engstrom, the poet, died Sunday, aged
ninety years.

John Hoy, formerly president of the
Adams Express Co., died in New
York, aged sixty years.

Personal.
General Rosecrans is seriously ill.
It is understood that Mrs. Leane may be
called to the United States senate from
Kansas.

THE MARKETS.
Review of the Grain and Cattle Markets
for November 21.

Cincinnati.
WHEAT—No. 2, 50¢; No. 3, 49¢; No. 4, 48¢; No. 5, 47¢; No. 6, 46¢; No. 7, 45¢; No. 8, 44¢; No. 9, 43¢; No. 10, 42¢; No. 11, 41¢; No. 12, 40¢; No. 13, 39¢; No. 14, 38¢; No. 15, 37¢; No. 16, 36¢; No. 17, 35¢; No. 18, 34¢; No. 19, 33¢; No. 20, 32¢; No. 21, 31¢; No. 22, 30¢; No. 23, 29¢; No. 24, 28¢; No. 25, 27¢; No. 26, 26¢; No. 27, 25¢; No. 28, 24¢; No. 29, 23¢; No. 30, 22¢; No. 31, 21¢; No. 32, 20¢; No. 33, 19¢; No. 34, 18¢; No. 35, 17¢; No. 36, 16¢; No. 37, 15¢; No. 38, 14¢; No. 39, 13¢; No. 40, 12¢; No. 41, 11¢; No. 42, 10¢; No. 43, 9¢; No. 44, 8¢; No. 45, 7¢; No. 46, 6¢; No. 47, 5¢; No. 48, 4¢; No. 49, 3¢; No. 50, 2¢; No. 51, 1¢; No. 52, 0¢; No. 53, 0¢; No. 54, 0¢; No. 55, 0¢; No. 56, 0¢; No. 57, 0¢; No. 58, 0¢; No. 59, 0¢; No. 60, 0¢; No. 61, 0¢; No. 62, 0¢; No. 63, 0¢; No. 64, 0¢; No. 65, 0¢; No. 66, 0¢; No. 67, 0¢; No. 68, 0¢; No. 69, 0¢; No. 70, 0¢; No. 71, 0¢; No. 72, 0¢; No. 73, 0¢; No. 74, 0¢; No. 75, 0¢; No. 76, 0¢; No. 77, 0¢; No. 78, 0¢; No. 79, 0¢; No. 80, 0¢; No. 81, 0¢; No. 82, 0¢; No. 83, 0¢; No. 84, 0¢; No. 85, 0¢; No. 86, 0¢; No. 87, 0¢; No. 88, 0¢; No. 89, 0¢; No. 90, 0¢; No. 91, 0¢; No. 92, 0¢; No. 93, 0¢; No. 94, 0¢; No. 95, 0¢; No. 96, 0¢; No. 97, 0¢; No. 98, 0¢; No. 99, 0¢; No. 100, 0¢; No. 101, 0¢; No. 102, 0¢; No. 103, 0¢; No. 104, 0¢; No. 105, 0¢; No. 106, 0¢; No. 107, 0¢; No. 108, 0¢; No. 109, 0¢; No. 110, 0¢; No. 111, 0¢; No. 112, 0¢; No. 113, 0¢; No. 114, 0¢; No. 115, 0¢; No. 116, 0¢; No. 117, 0¢; No. 118, 0¢; No. 119, 0¢; No. 120, 0¢; No. 121, 0¢; No. 122, 0¢; No. 123, 0¢; No. 124, 0¢; No. 125, 0¢; No. 126, 0¢; No. 127, 0¢; No. 128, 0¢; No. 129, 0¢; No. 130, 0¢; No. 131, 0¢; No. 132, 0¢; No. 133, 0¢; No. 134, 0¢; No. 135, 0¢; No. 136, 0¢; No. 137, 0¢; No. 138, 0¢; No. 139, 0¢; No. 140, 0¢; No. 141, 0¢; No. 142, 0¢; No. 143, 0¢; No. 144, 0¢; No. 145, 0¢; No. 146, 0¢; No. 147, 0¢; No. 148, 0¢; No. 149, 0¢; No. 150, 0¢; No. 151, 0¢; No. 152, 0¢; No. 153, 0¢; No. 154, 0¢; No. 155, 0¢; No. 156, 0¢; No. 157, 0¢; No. 158, 0¢; No. 159, 0¢; No. 160, 0¢; No. 161, 0¢; 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