

# The Crittenden Press.

VOLUME 15.

MARION, CRITTENDEN COUNTY, KENTUCKY, JANUARY 24, 1895.

NUMBER 33.

**COST  
IS  
ALL  
WE  
WANT!**

**YOU CAN BUY ALL  
Winter Clothing, Dry Goods,  
BOOTS, SHOES,  
and HATS,**

**FROM US REGARDLESS OF PROFIT.**

**WE ARE CLOSING OUT SUCH GOODS AT COST.**

**PIERCE-YANDELL-GUGENHEIM CO.**

**INCORPORATED.**

## LAND OF BLUE GRASS

Editor Watterson Sings of the  
Glories and Beauties of  
Our Great State.

In the big Kentucky edition of the Courier Journal, Mr. Watterson has the following characteristic editorial:

"We had a gay time; we and another elegant gentleman from Kentucky; a gentleman from Virginia; a fellow from New York, and a son of a gun from Boston."

"Remember who you are, Jack; remember that you are a Kentuckian, pay the bill and shoot the son of a gun."

Of all the States among the galaxy of States, the State of Kentucky possesses an individuality, it we may personify a commonwealth, the most picturesque and at the same time the most impressive. It is the one member of the American Union which is known all over the world. From the beginning this distinction began to manifest itself, and with each succeeding generation there has been something, often many things, to maintain the original reputation. There has been no fluff these hundred years that the "dark and bloody ground" has not had a vogue in current American literature, or a place upon the contemporary stage of America. The early pioneers were succeeded by a race of unsurpassed statesmen and orators, not yet, let us hope, wholly extinct. Boone and Kenton made way for Clay and Crittenden, and when we come to the muster-roll of our heroes in the senate and on the field, we are obliged to deal with families, and to speak of the Shells, the Johnsons, the Harbards, the Letchers, the Butlers, the Mason Browns, the Breckinridges, the Marshalls, the Prestons, the Wickliffes, the Moreheads, the Underwoods, the Metcalfes, the Witherspoons, and before one gets through half the list, the head is dizzy and the breath almost exhausted.

Old Aris Tuckermorton's description of Henry Clay, who, "whether before the courts of Europe or in the senate of the United States, or at a card table, was always Captain" is typical of the species. The "blue-grass" belt by no means limits the species, though the typical Kentuckian flourishes there in greatest luxuriance. But from the fat lands of the Purchase through the Pennyroyal of the Green River Principality, even to the Highlands of the Big Sandy, where the squinch owl squincheth and the whangdoole mourneth, and before one gets through half the list, the head is dizzy and the breath almost exhausted.

ruddy but self-possessed glow of good humor—an unsuspecting geniality, unbolstered by too many layers of self-complacency and defended by too full an arsenal of ready tact, and in cases of emergency, other appliances for maintaining his personal dignity, to apprehend unwelcome liberties—the sublimity of real disdain—never attained even by the nobles of the Regency Ancien. He does not in the least resemble an Irishman; and yet he has much of Irish wit and impudence. He is just a Kentuckian, sir,—damn me!—and he is not ashamed of it, sir; if you think that he is, try him and see.

But the Kentucky woman! (Who is that saying, "now you are playing cards?") The Kentucky woman has not her like on the face of the globe. Journey through the blue-grass country and a plain girl is the exception; an ugly one impossible. There is something in the blue of the grass that makes blue the blood; something in the limestone water that vitalizes and beautifies all physical life. Look at the horses. Look at the horsemen. But the women; there isn't a farm house that can't produce a woman whom, if she should step thence upon a throne, wouldn't stand there; or sit there, as if she were born to it. They are quite as self-confident as the men, though after a different pattern. They have beauty and health; they have charm; they have style; they have quick perceptions, and they catch the fleeting fashions of the time—they dress well, walk well, ride well, and if you think they were not born to reign as well as to shine—marry one of them!

The horses are well enough. They set the pace the world over. The whiskey is well enough. Drink it in moderation, and with sugar in your'n, as we drink it, it yields a liberal education. The tobacco is well enough. They smuggle it into Havana, and whilst it has made Cuba's queen—a distinction we can afford the Queen of the Antilles—it brings us an income which makes the cotton planters weep and the very sugar canes to bow their heads in homage. Yet, after all, our crowning glory is the Kentucky woman; and, whether she sweeps down Broadway on a sunny October afternoon, beating London and Paris out of sight, and blinding Father Knickerbocker's eyes with her radiance, or whether she rides cross country, taking Elkhorn at a leap, or bewitching the headwaters of Eagle, in simple calico, she wears the blue ribbon; nor English rose; nor German statue; nor star of the North; nor bird of Paradise can make her or take the second place!

But enough of this. Kentucky has glory enough and to spare. History bristles with her statesmen, her soldiers and her orators. Tradition blazes with the deeds of her daughters and her sons. In the matter of pedigree, man and brute, we are equally secure. In days when prowess was the rule and measure of civilization, Kentucky led the van. But times change and men must change with them. The days of splendid barbarism have gone. They have gone never to return. The Kentuckian of the Twentieth century must adapt himself to the Twentieth century.

The English people are not less a brave people because they have laid aside their side arms. They have not degenerated because they compel by public opinion the laws to be enforced. Nor shall we be if we follow their example. We need to hang a few more Judges and a few less niggers; that is to say, we need to put sterner men on the bench and better men in the jury box. Never mind that buck-jumping denagogue up in Cincinnati. He is the merest seker duty to the commonwealth and to our selves remains ever the same; and it we are true to both—true to Kentucky—we shall begin to cast about how to wipe out the one blot on our escutcheon, disregard of law and indifference to the good opinion of mankind.

## NOTHING NEW IN THIS.

The Green Goods Game in Livingston County Before the War.

[Clinton Democrat.]

In 1882, while the editor of the Democrat was engaged in publishing the Beacon, at Columbus, in this county, the late Judge E. I. Bullock, grandfather of the editor, contributed a series of articles to the paper under the title of "Bench and Bar of Jackson's Purchase." These articles were of a reminiscent character and attracted considerable attention at the time, as Judge Bullock touched upon many incidents familiar to the older citizens and introduced the names of many well known lawyers, judges and other citizens, some of them still living, and many of them dead but not forgotten.

In the first communication printed we find the following allusion to a trial in Livingston county early in the '50's, which goes to show that "splintering" was the original "green goods" game:

In conclusion of this communication I will recall an incident of a trial in the county of Livingston—the only one worth remembering—which occurred during the short period which I practiced at the bar. I was then the attorney for the commonwealth in this district, and prosecuted a man named Smith, for passing counterfeit money on old man Watts. During the trial, prominent among those who were active in endeavoring to procure a conviction was a Mr. ——. His zeal in the prosecution attracted the attention of the judge, myself and other members of the bar, and we concluded that he, too, had suffered at the hands of the prisoner. The prisoner was found guilty by the jury, and when brought up for sentence Judge Fowler asked him the customary question whether he had any legal reason to assign why the sentence of the law should not be pronounced.

Amid profound silence of a crowded court room, the man arose and said, with a smile on his countenance noticed by all:

"Judge Fowler you know me well; we live close together. I am not guilty of the crime of which I am charged; but I reckon I ought to go to the penitentiary for something else I have done."

"How is that," said the judge.

"Why," said Smith, "I splintered a man once."

"Splintered a man!" said the judge, "I do not understand you; explain yourself."

"I will," said Smith, "if your Honor will give me leave."

The judge bowed his head and the man proceeded:

"Judge, it has been believed in Smithland that I passed counterfeit money, and kept it for sale. I never had any counterfeit money, but made my profit out of that belief, as I will tell you. One evening a man (he is here in the room and knows all about it) came to me on the river bank and said, 'Smith, have you counterfeit money to sell?' I said yes. (He's here; he knows all about it) and the peculiar way of his head and glance of his eye pointed out this Mr. —, who had been so conspicuous in the prosecution. 'The man said, 'I want some,' says I, 'how much?' Says he, 'how do you sell it?' Says I, 'two for one.' 'Very well,' says he, 'I want \$500.' Says I, 'all right, you can have it.' (He's here and knows all about it.) Another way of his head in the same direction. 'Come to my house after dark and let me see you. Bring \$250 in good money and we will trade.' At that we parted. And

punctually after dark came my man (He's here.) I went to the draw, and got out \$500 and laid it on the table. He examined each bill by the light of a lamp. Says he, 'Smith this is the best counterfeit I ever saw.' Says I, 'that's the sort I always keep.' Says he, 'I could pass this anywhere; I could pass it on Givens; I could pass it on the bank.' Says I, 'of course you could; I done it often.' Says he, 'I'll take it,' and he handed me over \$250 in bank bills. Then he wrapped my money up in a piece of brown paper and put it in my vest pocket saying, 'now before you go, an oath.' Says he, 'all right; proceed,' and I swore him that he would deny it; that he would deny it before any court of justice—before his God—his wife—and would deny it before my face that he ever did receive from me one dollar of counterfeit money. Then I said to him, 'let's take a walk; and we went out and walked up the hill; judge, towards your house. I soon discovered that he was impatient to return, so I stepped to one side and slipped a piece of brown paper, he saw it, and after he had walked some distance he left me, and I saw him go and slip the brown paper from under the splinter and put it in his pocket.'

By this time the interest of the crowd in the court room had intensified, so that profound silence prevailed, and every one was intent to hear the conclusion.

With the smile still on his face, he turned the glance of his eye in the direction of his victim and then continued:

"The next morning I met him on the river bank; he said to me, 'Smith I never got any money from you last night!' 'What,' says I, 'what do you mean?' Says he, 'I mean that there was not a d—m—cent in that paper I never got a dollar.' Says I, 'you'll do. You can come again, I see you are one of those who will stand by your oath. You swore you would deny it to my face, and as you have done so you can come again and get as much as you want on the same terms.'

Then, amid the universal burst of laughter the prisoner took his seat.

And now the sequel: This man served out his term in the penitentiary, and while there worked successfully in rock and marble. At the end of his time he returned to his home in Smithland, commenced work, and the first job he got was from Mr. Watt, on whom he passed the counterfeit money. The next was from Judge Fowler, who tried and sentenced him, and after this he came to Columbus in a boat with marble monuments and I employed him to erect one for me, at the head of the grave of my son John, where it now stands. Smith is yet living, and has, by his industry and honest course, obliterated all recollection of his crime, and commands the respect and confidence of his fellow-citizens. Let the reader draw the moral.

"I know an old soldier who had chronic diarrhea of long standing to have been permanently cured by taking Chamberlain's Cough and Diarrhea Remedy," says Edward Shumplik, a prominent druggist of Minneapolis, Minn. "I have sold the remedy in this city for over seven years, and consider it superior to any other medicine now on the market for bowel complaints." 25 and 50 cent bottles of this remedy for sale by J. H. Orme.

## Green Acquitted.

Jane Green, who confessed the killing of Line Simms at Providence, an account of which was published in the Press last week, was on trial acquitted. It appeared that Simms, without provocation, fired upon Green, who immediately returned the fire, with fatal results.

## THE BLACK SNOW.

Indians Investigate the Phenomena and Declare It to Be Insects.

Indianapolis, Ind., Jan. 17.—Prof. Charles A. Roberts, of the English High School and Oscar Brent of the Medical Board, have investigated the Black Snow phenomena of last Saturday and find that which has been pronounced dust was really animalculae containing pigment.

This black pigment stained the water in which it was boiled, and stained the hands the hands of the experimenters so that ordinary soap would not cleanse them. When separated from the water and dried, the matter burned quite freely.

The professors disagree in defining the animalculae. Prof. Roberts declares them to be very minute tadpoles and Prof. Brent declares them winged insects, thoroughly covered with tiny feathers. The minute specks had life, and had but two perceptible joints in the back.

## A DISTRESSING DEATH.

Guy Lafoon, Son of Hon. Polk Lafoon, of Madisonville.  
Killed While Coupling Cars.

Madisonville, July 16.—Guy Lafoon, a son of Hon. Polk Lafoon, employed as brakeman in the service of the L. & N. railroad was killed at 10:30 o'clock tonight at Empire, a small station near Crofton. He was on the through freight, running from Earlinton to Nashville, and at the time of the fatal accident was engaged in coupling cars. He was caught between two cars and fatally wounded internally. The unfortunate young man was taken immediately to Crofton where medical aid could be had, but he died one hour later.

Mr. Lafoon had barely attained to his majority, and was highly esteemed by all who knew him. His remains will be brought to and interred at this place. The critical condition of his mother's health makes his death all the more distressing.

## Pardoned to Be Hung.

Frankfort, Ky., Jan. 17.—A rather unusual pardon was granted at the executive office today. The man pardoned was George McGee, the Louisville convict, colored, who is confined in the county jail under sentence of death for the murder of a fellow prisoner. The offense for which the pardon is granted is not that for which he is to die, but that of malicious cutting, for which he was serving a five year sentence. The pardon was issued in order to allow the death sentence to take its course.

It is probably not the coldest weather you ever knew in your life; but that is how you feel just now, because past sufferings are soon forgotten and because your blood needs the enriching, invigorating influence of Ayer's Sarsaparilla—that most superior medicine.

Many stubborn and aggravating cases of rheumatism that were believed to be incurable and accepted as life legacies, have yielded to Chamberlain's Pain Balm much to the surprise and gratification of the sufferers. One application will relieve the pain and suffering, and its continued use insures an effectual cure. For sale by J. H. Orme.

## NEWSPAPER PARAGRAPHS.

The Trend of Kentucky Editors' Minds.

With the death of the Carlisle currency bill, the Carlisle presidential boom also expires. The Democratic party can afford in the future to touch nothing connected with this lamentable administration.—Owensboro Messenger.

What we need just now is an Andrew Jackson in the White House, an Andrew Jackson in the Senate, and an Andrew Jackson in the House and about six million Andrew Jacksons spread over the United States. Democrats in Congress would soon get together under such conditions.—Owensboro Inquirer.

The man who loses interest in politics generally loses his principles along with it.—Glasgow Times.

There are many men who are anxious for Capt. Stone to enter the race for governor that would not be so if they thought he could get the nomination. He has always been in the way of a few men of this district and they never lose an opportunity to place him farther and farther out of the way.—Benton Tribune.

Texas' 300 lb. Hogg is going to start a newspaper and sit down hard upon his enemies. Oh Lord!—Louisville Times. Will he edit it with a Hogg pen.—Hopkinsville Kentuckian.

Editor Pike, of the Cadiz paper, thinks Capt. Stone is the only Democrat who can lead the party to victory in the coming State campaign. Do you suppose this is a case of "Pike's pique" at the other fellows.—Clinton Democrat.

The fact that Capt. Stone was defeated for renomination for congress in the First district, doesn't of necessity carry the implication that he would not make a strong race for governor in the district and in the state. The fact that he was known to be casting his eyes towards the governorship and the U. S. Senatorship contributed in some measure to his defeat for congress. Candidly, we do not believe he will be nominated for governor, if he runs, but the facts should be stated all the same.—Clinton Democrat.

Serious floods threaten portions of Arizona.

The explosion of a sawmill killed fourteen at Alto, Tex.

A bill is before the Indiana legislature to make prize fighting a felony.

The heaviest snow for years is reported in the rocky mountains.

An Anarchist stabbed to death the public prosecutor of Milan, Italy.

Ninety-two men lost their lives in a mine disaster at Audley, England.

Miss Mary Stevenson, daughter of Vice President Stevenson, died Friday.

Gen. Wei, of the Chinese army, was beheaded because of his cowardice.

Two million dollars in gold was shipped from New York to Europe Saturday.

Speaker Crisp has been forced to leave Washington on account of failing health.

An Italian ship is thought to be "running a blind tiger" off the coast of South Carolina and Gov. Evans is mad.

At Fairmount, Minn., Sam. G. Hotelling shot and killed his wife, her mother and father, and the officers killed him in attempting his arrest.

Singers and public speakers find Ayer's Cherry Pectoral invaluable. It never fails to cleanse the throat and strengthen the voice.

Statement of the Condition of  
**MARION - BANK,**  
OF MARION, KY.  
At the Close of Business Dec. 24, '94.

RESOURCES.	
Loans and Discounts	\$36,016.89
Due from Banks	12,728.38
Furniture Fixtures and Real Estate	9,800.00
Cash on Hand	7,947.28
Total	\$66,492.55
LIABILITIES.	
Capital Stock	\$20,000.00
Deposits	44,460.88
Surplus and Profits	2,031.67
Total	\$66,492.55

I certify that the above statement is correct to the best of my knowledge and belief. THOS. J. YANDELL, Cashier.  
Subscribed and sworn to before me, by Thos. J. Yandell, Cashier, Dec. 31, 1894. R. L. MOORE, Notary Public.

## FURNITURE.

We carry a big stock of all kinds of household and kitchen furniture, such as

- Bed Steads, Bureaus,
- Wash Stands, Chairs
- of all Kinds, Safes,
- Etc., Etc.,

**WE ARE SELLING AT**

### Hard Time Prices!

This is the best time you ever saw to get goods of this kind.

We carry a big stock of coffins, all sizes and prices, burial robes and slippers. We have a good hearse, and are ready at all times to answer calls.

## Walker & Olive,

MARION, KY.

D. T. BYRD, President.  
J. W. RICE, Vice-President.

EDWARD RICE, Cashier.  
J. C. ELDER, Jr., Asst. Cashier.

## Fredonia Valley Bank,

INCORPORATED.  
ELSEY, KENTUCKY.

**CAPITAL STOCK \$15,000.00.**

Furnishes Unsurpassed Safety to Depositors. A Bo to the Lock Burglar Proof Safe, Fire Proof Vaults.

Correspondents: Bank of Commerce, Louisville, Ky.  
Phoenix National Bank, New York, N. Y.  
Old National Bank, Evansville, Ind.

All kinds of legitimate banking business transacted. The accounts and patronage of the public solicited. Special attention given to collections.

DIRECTORS—D. T. BYRD, J. W. RICE, M. B. LOWERY, W. C. RICE, S. H. CASHBY, J. C. ELDER, Jr., Secretary.

**Will Commence Business January 24, 1895.**











