

The Crittenden Press.

VOLUME 22.

MARION, CRITTENDEN COUNTY, KENTUCKY, NOVEMBER 29, 1900.

NO 25

FROM THE FAR EAST.

A Crittenden County Boy Tells of Life in the Philippines.

SAN PABLO, P. I.,
Oct. 15, 1900.

Kind Editor and readers of the Press, before leaving San Pablo for a new post of garrison I will endeavor to write you a few lines about the town and its inhabitants.

San Pablo is from appearance one among the oldest towns on the island of Luzon. It is about fifty miles south of Manila and ten miles from the beautiful lake Gaguadade bay, and is situated in a lovely valley almost entirely surrounded by mountains, which furnish an exquisite and magnificent view in any direction that one can look. The city and all the valley around it out to the foot of the mountain slopes, is one almost continuous grove of dense tropical growth of various species and among which can be found a variety of tropical fruit. It is indeed a source of pleasure to take a lunch and some refreshments in our haversacks and start out to follow some of the native police or officials, who always act as guides. We often leave the town early in the morning on the pretended mission of capturing or destroying some band of outlaws or insurgents that is reported to be causing trouble in some part of the province, so it takes some trail out through the coconut and mango groves, crossing the many bright, sparkling streams that trickle down the mountains; and so it is on and on, and likely before we stop for our mid-day lunch we have reached an elevation of several hundred feet above the surrounding country, and from where the scenery that can be obtained is usually enjoyed about as much as the contents of the old haversack which we carried strapped over our shoulders.

I remember on one occasion it was a three days scout, but the entire forenoon of the second day was spent in climbing just as the noonday sun was directing its rays straight down upon us we reached the summit, hot, tired and thirsty, and no water there to be found, but were all willing to stop and take a view over what could be seen even with the naked eye. It included the waters of Lake Taol, Laguna de bay and the broad expanse of the China sea, and most every town along the coast, from the metropolis southward. Now, such rambles are of course very interesting, but it seems to me I would prefer taking a stroll where I would not have to carry a gun and a belt containing one hundred rounds of ammunition for self-protection; but I am so accustomed to carrying my arms on all occasions that it will be difficult to break myself of the habit on returning to the United States; but out on our scouts is the only place the insurgents have ever tried our battalion. They have laid in ambush for us a few times, but only to meet defeat for themselves. In every post which we have garrisoned we have always met the respect of the natives. This is mostly due to the action of Maj. Langhorne, our battalion commander.

On learning some three or four

weeks ago that we were to leave San Pablo, the Catholic priest expressed a desire to have the natives contribute among themselves and present us with a token of their esteem for us. So Sunday, Sept. 30th, San Pablo was the scene of an impressive and auspicious event, the occasion being the presentation of an American flag to an American military organization by a prominent Filipino. The ceremony of receiving the flag was attended with military honors and was witnessed by a large assembly of Filipinos, and the enthusiasm displayed was a pleasing indication of the good feeling existing between the natives and the Americans in this part of the Philippines. The flag itself is an exquisite production; and will long be cherished by the 2d Battalion of the 39th U. S. V. The flag was then presented to Maj. Langhorne as an appreciation of the fearless manner in which he has administered justice to one and all alike. The report our battalion was going to leave the town had a very disturbing effect among the responsible people of this no important town, and it was the sincerest wish of these men that no change would be made, at least for some time to come. Surrounded by a large audience of Filipinos, the battalion was drawn up in military formation. In the center of a square stood a Filipino holding the glorious emblem of our nation. Our company being the color company was the one to give the necessary salutation, so we were marched up in order for doing so, and I will inclose you the speeches made by some of the loyal natives of the town, and Maj. Langhorne's response, and also my Captain's speech in concluding the ceremony. The native who held the flag was the Priest.

[The speeches enclosed were all in a highly patriotic strain, but want of space prevents their publication, except that of the Priest and Major Langhorne.—Ed.] The translation of the Padre's speech is as follows: Gentlemen: Great is the satisfaction that I feel at this moment in speaking to you and of having the honor of offering this flag to one of the bravest and most tried battalions of the army of the powerful country of North America. Accept, my Major, this standard, a little gift of a Roman Catholic priest, as a slight testimony of his great appreciation and care for the great nation of the United States of America.

Do right valient, soldiers. I am not named to remind you of it. Another voice, more authoritative than mine, will inculcate in you your sacred duties in order that you may preserve immaculate this glorious insignia of your nation, and to render decided aid to those who shelter themselves under its beneficent and humanitarian shadow.

Replying in Spanish Maj. Langhorne said:

Padre Cura Don Francisco Alcantara:

My Dear Sir; I can not find loving words sufficient to express to you my great appreciation for the gift of the flag that you have so honored us by presenting on this occasion. This flag, so precious that we see before us, made with the greatest delicateness and with all the insignia of our nation, I

shall feel pride in taking to my country in order to show it to all as a proof of what you, Father, have been brave enough to do. This same tri-colored flag symbolizes, The red, the blood that has flowed in promulgating the principles it represents. The white the purity of those principles. The blue the heavens under which our actions should always be right. Further, the 45 stars there so beautifully embroidered in silver stand for 45 independent States of the nation united under one government, which is based on Equality, Fraternity and Liberty. It would give me joy if the day ever arrives when the Philippine islands would make a new star for the glory of the United States, which would surely give these.

This assembly, under this splendid sun, acts like an enchantress, and moves my heart, as the representative of the town to express all too feebly our especial gratitude to our beloved curate, Senor Don Francisco Alcantara, for the flag so artistically worked. The emblem that waves today over our dear and rich soil of the Philippines, on whose folds is engraved the symbols, Liberty, civilization, humanity and equality which God allows to all the beings of creation presented to the valorous soldiers of the 2d Battalion 39th Infantry, worthy sons of Washington and heirs of the illustrious Monroe, whose names will be engraved in the history of the Philippines in letters of gold, as our liberators from the talons of the Friars, and God grant that with them as our friends, protectors and most intimate allies the Philippines, and especially the town of San Pablo, may have entire peace and tranquility.

The band then played the star-spangled banner, and never before did it put such thrills into true American hearts than on this simple but auspicious occasion.

I remain yours truly,
Edgar B. Hardin,
Co G, 39th Inf., U. S. V.

CIRCUIT COURT.

Finishes Its Work and Adjourns Saturday.

Circuit court adjourned Saturday afternoon after a two weeks' session. The jury was discharged Friday and a few equity cases absorbed the remainder of the session. All the last week was consumed by the civil docket.

The cases on the civil docket that we did not publish last week were disposed of as follows:

T. B. Farley vs Watkins, Caruthers, etc.; judgment for plaintiff for \$160. A motion for a new trial was sustained by the court and the judgment was set aside. The case was compromised and then dismissed.

J. W. Swanagan vs Wirt Pierce, slander. Dismissed without prejudice.

Presley Gary vs Sheriff Pickens. Case went into trial but the plaintiff filed an amended answer and had the case continued.

Cochran & Baker vs W. M. Lockett; judgment for plaintiff.

The work on the civil docket was now finished and the Judge dismissed the petit jury.

Attention!

Dr. M. Ravdin, oculist, of Evansville, Ind., will be in Marion, Ky., from Nov. 28th until Dec 1st, inclusive, as usual in Dr. J. J. Clark's office. Persons wanting to consult the Doctor about their eyes will please call on the above named dates, as this is Dr. Ravdin's last visit to Marion, positively so.

Levi Cook, The Jeweler.



AT HIS STORE YOU WILL FIND
NUMEROUS ARTICLES THAT WILL
MAKE DELIGHTFUL PRESENTS,
SOMETHING THAT WILL BE

"A Thing of Beauty and a Joy
Forever."

Cut Glass Novelties,
Sterling Silver Novelties.

Watches
and Clocks.

HIS STOCK COMPRISES ALL THE LATEST FADS
AND YOU ARE SURE TO GET NOTHING BUT
RELIABLE GOODS.

Thanksgiving Headquarters

The freshest, finest and most complete line of dainties for the Thanksgiving Feast will be found at

Parris & Haynes' Restaurant.

Sweetest Candies,
Freshest Fruits,
Nuts of all Kinds,
Cakes and Lightbread,

Fresh Oysters,
Cranberries,
Cellery,
Canned Goods

All of these goods arrived fresh from the market yesterday and today
Send in your orders and they will be promptly filled, and goods delivered to all parts of the city.

As Winter Approaches

More or less stimulants are needed, and of course none but the best should be used, and by seeing

J. H. Orme's Extensive Line

You are sure to say that his can not be excelled for medicinal purposes. His line embraces the following:

Apple Brandy,
Peach Brandy,
Old Prentice,
Progress Club,

Old Joe Perkins,
Green River,
Echo Springs,
Old Stone

And last but not least, his Old Harper Whiskey. Having received 100 pounds of pure, crushed Rock Candy he can fix a most palatable preparation of Brandy, Glycerine and Rock Candy that will cure any cold.

Remember this is the place to buy pure and unadulterated Spirits.

Notice!

I wish to close out all of my goods by the first of January next. I have some good goods and will sell them low. I also have a second hand buggy and harness that I will sell cheap. Call and see me.
A. C. Gilbert.

Notice.

All persons knowing themselves indebted to the estate of John D. Boaz are requested to come forward and make a settlement at an early date and save cost.
A. M. Gilbert, Assignee.

Attention, Ladies!

We have just received 800 yds matting, worth from 15 cts to 30 cents per yard; by buying now you will save money; also the cheapest lot of rugs ever offered. Call and see them.
Woods & Fowler.

Farm for Sale.

We will on Monday, Dec. 10, 1900, at the court house door in Marion, Ky., sell to the highest bidder, the

Flavel Bennett Farm

of 450 acres, more or less, situated on Livingston creek, 14 miles southwest of Fredonia, in Crittenden county. This farm will be offered for sale by the acre. Terms one-half cash, balance on 12 months time, deferred payments to bear 6 per cent interest. About 50 acres of wheat will be reserved.

Persons desiring to see the farm may call upon Mr. H. C. Rice, Jr., who lives on the place.
EDWARD RICE,
For the heirs.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER

ABSOLUTELY PURE
Makes the food more delicious and wholesome

THE CRITTENDEN PRESS

PUBLISHED WEEKLY.

MARTIN, : : : KENTUCKY.

A WEEK'S RECORD

All the News of the Past Seven Days Condensed.

HOME AND FOREIGN ITEMS

News of the Industrial Field, Personal and Political Items, Happenings at Home and Abroad.

THE NEWS FROM ALL THE WORLD

DOMESTIC.

At the winter quarters of Ringling Brothers' circus in Baraboo, Wis., a baby elephant was born, the first happening of the kind in the United States.

The French liner L'Aquitane, with Sarah Bernhardt, the actress, on board, arrived in New York.

George Putnam was executed at Folsom, Cal., for the murder of a fellow-convict named John Shivers.

The 19th was the one hundredth anniversary of the meeting of the first congress in Washington.

The battleship Kentucky has been ordered to Smyrna to collect \$90,000 from Turkey.

Leonard M. Nash, of Bradford, Pa., a freshman at Princeton, attempted to climb a water tower, but fell 110 feet and was killed.

The annual report of ex-President Sanford B. Dole, governor of Hawaii, says the total valuation of real and personal property in Hawaii is \$97,491,584.

Miss Frances Cunningham was awarded \$20,000 damages in Chicago for injuries received by falling from an Illinois Central train.

A package of \$5,000 carried by the American Express company disappeared at Sioux City, Ia.

Pennsylvania has a population of 6,302,115, an increase of 1,044,101 in ten years.

The United States supreme court has taken a recess for two weeks.

A scow belonging to D. N. McLeod, of Newberry, Mich., sank in Lake Superior and five of the crew were drowned.

The population of Minnesota is 1,751,394, a gain of 449,568 since 1890.

A committee will urge congress to legislate for a deep waterway from Chicago to the Gulf of Mexico.

The annual report of the government hospital for the insane in Washington shows a total of 2,076 patients, an increase of 138, the largest increase in its history.

Twelve robbers wrecked the bank at Ashley, O., with dynamite and stood off citizens, but were frightened away.

The census gives Illinois a population of 4,821,550, an increase of 995,199 in ten years. Rhode Island's population is 429,556, an increase of 83,050, and Florida's 538,542, a gain of 137,120.

Plantations in western Tennessee and northern Mississippi were laid waste by a tornado and over 20 persons were killed.

Drs. Stiles and Howard, of the government service, say mosquitoes cause malaria and advise the killing of the pests.

A plea for a wide expansion of rural free delivery is made in the annual report of W. M. Johnson, first assistant postmaster general.

The estimates of the department of agriculture for appropriations for the next fiscal year aggregate \$14,659,050.

A St. Louis judge says that labor unions cannot fine members for failure to obey a boycott order.

Twelve men were killed and 12 wounded during the 20 days' deer hunting season in Wisconsin.

The past season's Klondike output of gold is placed at \$20,000,000, against \$17,000,000 in 1899.

Six masked men robbed an Iron Mountain passenger train near Gifford, Ark., but secured little booty.

The state board of transportation of Nebraska has been abolished by the supreme court as illegal.

Snow blocked railway traffic in the west and a hurricane did great damage to buildings in Colorado cities.

Republican members of the ways and means committee have decided to reduce the war revenue taxes \$30,000,000 a year.

Five people were killed near Santa Barbara, Cal., by the upsetting of a stage.

The national good roads convention in Chicago resulted in a permanent organization, with W. H. Moore, of Missouri, as president, and headquarters in Chicago.

A storm caused numerous disasters on the great lakes, many vessels being sunk, driven ashore or badly crippled and several persons were drowned.

The census gives New York state a population of 7,268,012, an increase of 1,270,159 in ten years.

Peter Johnson killed his son and himself with poison in Chicago because of family troubles.

If reelected is followed in reapportionment the next house of representatives will contain 385 members, an increase of 28 over the present number.

The German national bank at Newport, Ky., closed its doors because of the alleged defalcation of \$201,000 by Frank M. Brown, assistant cashier.

In the pulpits and in mass meetings the people of Denver, Col., expressed their indignation over the burning of the negro Porter.

The Methodist state conference at Norfolk, Va., decided that preachers and presiding elders must not ride to their places of worship on Sunday on street cars or railroad trains.

Later advices say that the cyclone in Tennessee and Mississippi killed at least 80 persons, injured over 100 and demolished over 250 buildings.

A severe windstorm swept over western and northern Ohio, doing much damage to property, but no lives were lost.

Capt. W. M. Meredith, of Chicago, has been appointed chief of the bureau of engraving and printing in Washington.

The receipts from the war revenue act for the first four months of the present fiscal year were \$38,398,956.

Secretary Long has entered into contracts involving \$16,376,700 for armor plate for war craft.

The census gives Missouri a population of 3,166,663; gain, 427,481; Mississippi, 1,551,270; gain, 261,670; West Virginia, 958,806; gain, 193,066.

Robbers blew open the safe of the Farmers' bank at Orlando, O. T., and secured over \$5,000.

Trinity college, a Catholic school for women, was dedicated at Washington.

Charlemagne Tower, American ambassador to Russia, denies a report that he will resign.

At the irrigation congress in Chicago letters were received from Gen. Miles and Gov. Roosevelt favoring governmental work in redeeming arid lands.

William Simms (colored) who killed his wife at Dunbar, Pa., on August 16, 1899, was hanged.

The torpedo boat Blakely was launched at Boston.

Lake builders are making arrangements to construct ocean-going vessels of any length in detachable sections.

Frank B. Noyes, of the Washington Star, has been elected president of the Associated Press.

Col. Charles Caughling, for 35 years managing editor of the Blade, died in Toledo, O., aged 65 years.

Complete returns from the Idaho election show an average plurality of 1,898 for Bryan electors. Hunt (fusion) has a plurality of 2,233 for governor.

Charles H. Hoyt, one of the best known playwrights in America, died at his residence in Charleston, N. H., aged 40 years.

Robert C. Briskell, ex-chief justice of Alabama and one of the most prominent jurists in the south, died at Huntsville, Ala.

Official election returns give McKinley a majority of 25,544 in Kansas and Stanley (rep.) for governor 17,370 majority. The republicans have a majority of 71 on joint ballot in the legislature.

Rear Admiral Roger N. Stembel, retired, died of pneumonia in New York, aged nearly 90 years.

The official vote in Ohio gives McKinley a plurality of 69,036, against 51,169 four years ago. Bryan received exactly the same number of votes that he did in 1896—474,882.

Gov. J. C. W. Beckham, of Kentucky, was married to Miss Jean Raphael Fuqua at Owensboro.

Lampson P. Sherman, brother of the late Senator John Sherman, of Ohio, died in Des Moines, Ia., aged 79 years.

The official vote of the state of Pennsylvania gives McKinley a plurality of 252,110.

Beckham (dem.) has a plurality of 3,533 for governor of Kentucky.

The official vote for president in Alabama gives Bryan a plurality of 37,496.

The official vote of New Hampshire gives McKinley a plurality of 19,209.

The widow of Gen. Thomas Flournoy, an officer in the war of 1812, died in Philadelphia, aged 101 years.

The official vote of Arkansas gives Bryan a plurality of 36,442.

Dr. "Bob" Acton, Harvard's famous football player, died in New York of an overdose of morphine.

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SENATOR HENRY M. TELLER.

The Colorado Senator Talks Interestingly on the Coming Session of Congress.

"THE SILVER QUESTION IS NOT DEAD."

He Will Oppose an Increase of the Standing Army to One Hundred Thousand Men and the Subsidy Shipping Bill, But Expects the Latter Measure Will be Passed.

Denver, Col., Nov. 26.—Senator Henry M. Teller, of Colorado, prior to his departure for Washington, speaking of the effect upon the silver question of the defeat of Bryan will have, said that he did not intend to abandon the silver question because of the result of the recent election.

"The Silver Question Not Dead," he continued, "and will be a live question in American politics for years to come, and I am firmly of the opinion that we will ultimately return to the bimetallic system, in my judgment the only system that can secure stability of prices and equity between the creditor and debtor."

Speaking of the important legislation to be enacted by congress during the coming session, he said:

"I anticipate that there will be an attempt made to increase the regular army independent of any force that may be necessary for the Philippine islands, to the extent of 100,000, as a permanent army. I doubt very much whether such a measure can be passed during the short session. So far as I am concerned, I am very much opposed to it, and will do all I can to prevent it. I am quite willing that the government should have all the forces in the Philippine islands that may be necessary to conquer a peace. If it is the policy of the administration to dispose of that question in that way."

The Subsidy Shipping Bill.

"There will also be an effort to pass what is known as the subsidy shipping bill, which will impose a burden upon the people of anywhere from \$10,000,000 to \$20,000,000 a year for a number of years to come. I do not believe it is a wise measure, but rather expect to see it passed during this session. For awhile there will be, I think, a great waste of money. It is not so objectionable as the army bill."

Reduction of the Revenue.

"I think there will be, as there ought to be, an attempt to reduce the present war revenue tax, and to get rid of some of the very objectionable features. I notice that the action of the cabinet appears to have been in that direction. I hope it may be done."

"Aside from these matters, I doubt whether there will be very much other legislation attempted during the short session."

Not in the Senatorial Contest.

Senator Teller does not expect to participate in the senatorial contest in Colorado, but considers that the fusion forces should hold together in making a selection of a senator.

THE PRELIMINARY TREATY.

The State Department Not Over Sanguine of the Success of the Alleged Agreement.

Washington, Nov. 26.—The state department has been informed of the agreement or understanding of preliminary treaty (it is not possible now to learn in just what the form the matter stands), reached by the foreign ministers at Peking, but it is not regarded as expedient to give out information regarding it. It may be stated, however, that the arrangement stands a very poor chance of receiving the sanction of all the powers represented in the Peking conference unless some material amendments are permitted.

DISMASTED AND HELPLESS.

She Was Seen Drifting Ashore Near the Wallis Sands (N. H.) Life-Saving Station.

Portsmouth, N. H., Nov. 26.—The patrolmen of the Wallis Sands life-saving station sighted a heavily laden schooner, dismasted and helpless, drifting ashore in the sands. A high gale prevailed and a heavy sea was running. The schooner was two-masted and apparently a lumber carrier, but her name could not be made out. There was no sign of life on board. The life-savers prepared to go to the schooner as soon as she beached.

Made a Fatal Leap.

St. Louis, Nov. 26.—Robert J. Ziegler, who went riding with Benjamin Kauffmann, Sunday evening, became alarmed when their horse ran away, and jumped from the buggy, striking his head against a lamp-post. He died Monday morning from concussion of the brain.

Big Divorce Docket.

St. Louis, Nov. 26.—On the default dockets in four divisions of the circuit court were 118 divorce cases Monday, alleging every kind of reason for separation. The greater number received decrees, but some were dismissed, some continued and others withdrawn.

Post Office Robber Shot.

Wichita, Kas., Nov. 26.—At Kingman, Sunday night, the city marshal shot Charles Foltz, a barber, while he was trying to rob the post office. He has an even chance to recover.

OTHERWISE UNNOTICED.

William Porter fell down an elevator shaft at St. Louis and was killed.

A visitor to St. Louis from Pleasant Hill, Mo., found a fine pearl in an oyster stew, and will have it polished and set.

Isaac Bennington, a carpenter, was found dead under peculiar circumstances in his boarding-house at Decatur, Ill.

Charles E. Chase, who took morphine, at St. Louis, because of repeated failure to find employment, died from the effects of the poison.

Fire at Tiffin, O., destroyed the Tiffin woolen mills. The loss will exceed \$100,000; partially insured.

Fire at Springfield, Ill., destroyed the three-story business house of F. McGowan & Co., entailing a loss estimated at \$25,000.

Mrs. Jane Wham died at Pekin, Ill., at the age of 84 years, she having been born in Peoria in 1816.

With his foot caught in a switch frog, which held him in a vise on the tracks, an unidentified man was run down and killed by a train in the Burlington yards at St. Louis.

The big foot-ball game of Saturday left more than \$40,000 to be divided between the athletes of the associations of Yale and Harvard.

Frank Beebe, United States mail inspector, arrested William Kinnman and his wife at Hardin, Okla., for fraudulent use of the mails.

George Scott, of the dry goods firm of Carson, Pitts & Co., Chicago, died of typhoid fever. Mr. Scott was 51 years of age.

Senator Nathan L. Agnew is drafting an anti-trust bill for presentation at the forthcoming session of the Indiana legislature. It will be a drastic measure.

The Venezuelan government has received from Germany 10,000 Mauser rifles and 3,000,000 cartridges.

Three officers of the Salvation army in New York have been trafficking in mining stock, and as a result there is trouble in the camp.

Mr. Kruger passed Sunday with his family at the Hotel Scribe, Paris, observing the Sabbath in accordance with the customs of his fatherland. His apartments were closed to visitors.

Gen. Theo. F. Brown has been sentenced by Judge Kohlsaat, at Chicago, to serve six months in the DuPage county jail for violation of the pension law.

Frank H. Hamilton, a newspaper man, is a prisoner at Minneapolis, Minn., charged with murder, as the result of the stabbing to death of Leonard Day, a young millionaire society man.

Mr. Augustus Eichele, a pioneer resident of St. Louis, died at his residence, Sunday morning, aged 73 years.

Fire completely gutted the lodge room of the Frank P. Blair Post, G. A. R., at St. Louis, Sunday night.

A fatal case of bubonic plague is reported from Merida, state of Yucatan, Mexico. The victim was a soldier of the Fifteenth battalion of infantry.

Fire at Rochester, N. Y., wrecked the plant of the Citizens' Light and Power Co. and destroyed the Washington flour mills, causing a loss estimated at about \$175,000.

The residence of Mr. Washington Porter, in Chicago, was entered by porch-climbers and jewelry to the amount of \$1,000 stolen. Mrs. Porter is a daughter of Lafayette McKimley, a cousin of President McKinley.

HENRY W. BIGLER DEAD.

He Made the First Record of the Discovery of Gold in California, in 1848.

Salt Lake, Utah, Nov. 26.—Henry W. Bigler, who made the first record of the great California gold discovery in 1848, is dead at St. George, Utah. He was about 75 years old.

Bigler was a member of the Mormon Battalion working at Sutter's Mill Race when the discovery was made. He made the following entry in his diary, January 24, 1848:

"This day some kind of metal was found in the mill race that looks like gold."

Six days later he wrote in his diary that the metal, when tested, proved to be gold.

CALL ON THE PRESIDENT.

A Delegation of Veterans of the Civil War Presented Congratulations to the President.

Washington, Nov. 26.—A delegation of veterans of the civil war, from many of the states, headed by Gen. Daniel E. Sickles, of New York, called on the president by appointment, and congratulated him on the result of the recent election. There were 39 in the party, and they were received in the library. The president responded briefly, telling the vets how deeply he appreciated their efforts in his behalf, and that he would gladly make the acknowledgment that had been suggested.

A Severe Penalty.

Chicago, Nov. 26.—Judge Kohlsaat, in the federal court, sentenced John R. Rooney to pay a fine of \$1,000 and the cost of the trial, for selling oleomargarine as pure butter, failing to mark his goods and otherwise seeking to deceive the public and evade the law.

Will Act Promptly.

Washington, Nov. 26.—Chairman Tawney of the special committee on the centennial celebration of the Louisiana purchase will get the committee together immediately after the assembling of congress, and prepare the legislation necessary to carry out the guarantee of the government.

Sugar Advanced Five Points.

New York, Nov. 26.—The National Sugar Refining Co. has advanced their list for refined sugars 5 points.

THE OHIO VALLEY STORM

Wire Service Thoroughly Demoralized by a Heavy Coating of Sleet and Hail

SIXTY-MILE GALE SWEEPS LAKE ERIE.

The Lake Lashed into Fury and No Vessels Leaving Port—The Harbor of Lorain in Danger of Destruction—Over a Thousand Feet of the East Pier Gone.

Columbus, O., Nov. 26.—Rain, which continued all day Sunday, turned into sleet and hail about midnight, and toward morning into a heavy wet snow. There were high winds during a part of the time and, as a result, wires of all sorts are generally demoralized. Columbus was nearly cut off from the world, the Western Union having 100 wires down, and the Postal being proportionately crippled. The telegraph companies had trouble both east and west, though the greatest amount was with the eastern wires. The long distance telephone wires were working east, but were in trouble west. Locally, there were probably 200 telephone wires down. Street cars were interfered with and through trains were from one to two or more hours late. Newspaper and mail trains were in every case delayed.

A big force of linemen were sent out early, and the trouble is being rapidly repaired.

FURIOUS GALE ON LAKE ERIE.

The Lake Lashed into Fury and No Vessels Leaving Port.

Cleveland, O., Nov. 26.—Another violent storm prevails on Lake Erie and throughout northern Ohio, the wind coming from the north, and blowing at the rate of 60 miles an hour. The gale was accompanied by heavy rain and sleet. The lake has been lashed to a wild fury, and no vessels are leaving port. The telegraph and telephone companies which suffered great damage from the heavy storm of last week were again badly handicapped by the prostration of lines on practically routes as the result of the latter storm.

LORAIN HARBOR IN DANGER.

A Thousand Feet of the East Pier Gone—The West Threatened.

Lorain, O., Nov. 26.—Thousands of dollars of damage has been done by the storm on Lake Erie, which began Sunday night, and it still rages. The schooner St. Lawrence, which went ashore a few days ago, has been broken into pieces. The harbor is in danger of destruction. Over a thousand feet of the east pier is gone, and the west pier is also threatened.

CASUALTIES BY FLOOD.

Lives Lost in West Tennessee as the Result of High Water Caused by Recent Rains.

Memphis, Tenn., Nov. 26.—Maggie accounts of casualties by flood are coming in from West Tennessee. A few miles north of Dyersburg a woman and two children in a buggy were thrown into deep backwater by the sloughing of a levee over which they were passing, and all were drowned.

At the south fork of the Forked Deer river a negro track hand of the Illinois Central was drowned.

A mail carrier was drowned in Caney creek, near Glimp, Lauderdale county, by the upsetting of his buggy as he was attempting to ford the stream. No names are known here so far.

FUGITIVE FROM MEXICAN LAW.

John Taylor, Overseer of a Wood-cutting Camp Compelled to Flee From Mexican Wrath.

Yuma, Ariz., Nov. 26.—John Taylor, overseer of the wood-cutting camp of the Imperial Canal Co., has arrived here, a fugitive from the rigors of the Mexican law. Taylor had gone to the wood camp, just across the California line in lower California, to measure wood by contract. While thus engaged he became involved in a quarrel with a Mexican, who he shot and mortally wounded. Taylor says he acted in self-defense, and he narrowly escaped lynching at the hands of the Mexicans.

WILL MAKE SWORN CHARGES.

Rev. Messrs. Paddock and George Will Make Oath to Charges Against Police Officials.

New York, Nov. 26.—Mayor Van Wyck has received a letter from Bishop Potter saying that the statements made by Rev. Messrs. Paddock and George regarding the insulting language used towards them by certain police officials would be sworn to and forwarded to the mayor. These statements were requested by the police board several days ago, presumably for use in connection with the trials of Inspector Cross and Capt. Herlihy.

Would-Be Briber Arrested.

Chicago, Nov. 26.—A report comes from Jackson, Miss., that a contractor from Logansport, Ind., offered a bribe to Gov. Longino to aid him in securing the contract for building the new state capitol, and was promptly ejected from the governor's office and then arrested.

Sugar Advanced Five Points.

New York, Nov. 26.—The National Sugar Refining Co. has advanced their list for refined sugars 5 points.

THE STRONGEST IN LUZON.

Successful Expedition Against an Insurgent Stronghold, in Luzon, Under Col. Thompson.

Manila, Nov. 26.—The fortress of the insurgent chief Geronimo, at Pinauran, which the insurgents boasted was impregnable, was taken and destroyed on Thursday afternoon by a picked force of the Forty-second and Twenty-seventh infantry, and Troop G of the Fourth cavalry, under Col. Thompson. Geronimo and most of the rebels escaped.

The leaders had long harassed the Twenty-seventh infantry, operating in the vicinity of San Mateo, Montalban and Norvaliches.

He was finally located at Pinauran, 35 miles north of Manila. His position was considered the strongest in Luzon. It was a stone fortress, surmounting a steep hill surrounded by canons. The Spanish forces lost heavily in attempting to take it.

Col. Thompson mobilized 1,000 men at Mantaban. The attack was made on four sides—the main body, under Maj. Carey, of the Forty-second infantry, advancing from the south; Capt. Atkinson, of the Twenty-seventh infantry, from the east; Capt. Castrol, of the Twenty-seventh infantry, from the west, and Capt. Sloan, of the Twenty-seventh infantry, from the north.

The ascents were steep, and the men climbed them by grasping the shrubbery. It was impossible for the eastern column to reach the summit, but the others arrived after three hours' climbing, under fire from the fortress and the hillside intrenchments.

The enemy's force, numbering several hundred, fled before the attackers reached the top. The Americans destroyed 1,000 insurgent uniforms, scores of building and large quantities of supplies, and seized a barrel full of documents.

Private Hart, of the Twenty-seventh infantry,



WALLINGFORD, curled down 'twixt two long, low lines of mountains, whose sides were emerald-hued in spring and summer, thousand-tinted in autumn, and hoary white in winter, slept. Slumber had been the order of day and night for almost 50 years unceasing; but in the early fifties, restless mortals from hives of industry in the great city far away to the south east covetous eyes on the little stream, Otter creek, whose only real purpose in life almost anyone could have seen was to lave the pebbles that lay in its bed and to help dame nature, when her spring priming up period was on, to look still fresher, still more beautiful.

Restless mortals, not having even a speaking acquaintance with dame nature, saw only the natural waterfall, whose power they longed to harness, and from coveting they worked themselves up to a pitch of mad enthusiasm which, as must necessarily follow with such creatures, culminated in action. Like a troupe of mischievous school boys, restless mortals romped about the hitherto peaceful valley till Wallingford turned over in bed, yawning and, with conscience, awake. Desecration? Yes, of course; but what was to be done? The pitchfork factory, a masterpiece of the hideous, was there grim and forbidding. Clanging, ding-ding and fire spitting, it seemed an outcropping from the inferno. Its heavy hammers made day miserable, night unendurable.

of fuel." The minister's wife nodded approval. "Where there's a will, there's a way. You surely have the will, Martha, dear, and the Master ain't a-goin' to see a mother and wee little ones suffer," and, to help the good Lord's work along she forthwith called a special meeting of the women's auxiliary to frame resolutions calculated to lighten the burden of the little woman on the farm.

Altogether, they got along very well, and Martha came gradually to the realization that all happiness had not necessarily gone, though her eyes used to fill with tears as she looked far down the hillside to the little grove where, obscured from sight by the dense foliage, the old house stood, for at such moments, she just couldn't help thinking of the old times and of childhood's serene days; but she found a world of pleasure in her little ones. Penelope grew fat and precocious; Henry, fat and healthy. And during the long winter evenings they were quite happy. Henry used to curl his baby toes before the glowing fire and shout in glee at fairy tales and nursery rhymes, and they sang together, "Praise God from Whom All Blessings Flow;" then it was "Now I Lay Me" and "Dood night, mammy mine," and tucked up warmly the babies slept and grew.

Penelope was past four, Henry nearly three the day Dominie Hulet waded through the drifted snow to the farm and told Martha that it was no longer

sent him by the minister's wife, and she watched the lights of the train as they crept along the valley. She saw them stop at the little station, then move on again, and her heart sank within her as she realized fully that Henry—her baby Henry, was for her no more. She upbraided herself for cruelty and, tottering, half fainting, grasped the pillar for support.

Days dragged on. Oh, so wearily Baby Henry was heard of regularly at first, and they wrote that he was doing well. The next winter but one, Penelope, ever frail, faded and passed away. Letters from the south came less frequently, and finally one announced that Matthew Emerson had gone to California in search of health, and had taken Henry with him. Then years passed without tidings. Dominie Hulet and wife had passed into the hereafter, and Martha was no longer the cheerful Martha of old. The homestead was lost through doctor's bills and taxes, and the hillside farm bore all the mortgage it could stand. Martha seldom left home, but when the trains pulled up the valley from the south, she stood on the porch, rain or shine, summer or winter, and watched the curling smoke and listened for the far-away whistle.

Every Thanksgiving night she enjoyed a great feast, though it was only of the imagination. She saw a child at her right and one at her left as she sat before the old fire place; the one was tall and frail, the other fat and healthy,



WITH HER OWN HANDS SHE DELIVERED THE SLEEPING CHILD.

That was our first impression; soon, we of the peaceful valley learned to take a very different view of the matter. We became reconciled, and at times even boastful of it, and when Matthew Emerson, dominant spirit of the enterprise and restless mortal incarnate, was known to be a bachelor, we were willing to give him the pick from our fairest, so fickle were our natures. Every belle in the valley, in ecstatic moments, conceived herself to be a possible Mrs. Matthew Emerson, and when Mrs. Ellen Marshall, she who had been Mrs. Elijah Hand, and who had in times past enjoyed the possession of several other honorable names and the companionship of various other estimable husbands, all of whom, rumor had it, had been put to sleep by the sheer force of the superiority of her conversational power—not to mince matters, had been talked to death—when Mrs. Marshall gave it out as true as Gospel that Matthew Emerson had asked plain, simple Martha Hudson to be his wife, Wallingford arose to an individual and stormed and raged, laughed and cried, clapped and wrung their hands simultaneously.

Shock it was to all of us, but the waters of the creek still continued to flow down grade, and the earth, as far as could be seen, deviated not one whit from its usual orbit. Rumor had it—rumor had nearly everything in Wallingford—that there was a "fuss" from the very start; that is, Matthew fussed, and Martha suffered. Two children were born to them; the older, a girl, but an Emerson pure and simple; the younger, a boy, inherited his mother's sweet smile.

It was about the time of the boy baby's birth that Martha's father died—he was the last remaining near relative—and not much later the Emerson fortune, never so considerable as estimated, broke, and Martha's life was nearly all lost in the crash. There remained only the homestead and the hillside farm.

Emerson became unbearable, even brutal, and sadly addicted to drink. Things went from bad to worse till one day, in a fit of demoniac rage, he choked her, and to evade the hand of the law, fled the community, never to return. So it was that Martha rented the homestead, and packed away bag and baggage to the farm.

"It will be very pleasant during the summer months," she said to Dominie Hulet's wife, "and, in the winter, I guess we can get along. There's plenty

possible to rent the homestead. She would have borne it without a sigh and trusted to God, true woman that she was, had it not been for what followed.

"Could you make up your mind, Martha, if one of your little ones' welfare depended upon it, to part with him for a bit?" asked dominie. Martha's eyes opened wide, and they glistened with tears as she answered: "Tell me, dominie; I know by your look that you want to say something. I have stood a good deal, and I guess I can stand hearing anything you have to say. But—what is that—part with my baby? I don't quite think I can be called upon to do that!"

"I have been asked to talk with you, Martha, and I trust that you know from the start that it's your interests and the little one's good that I think of, nothing else. At first, I didn't want to take the matter up at all, but the next day—that was yesterday—Squire Hart notified me that he couldn't rent the house longer. Of course, it's all with you, Martha, but the baby's grandfather says that a sight of the little one will save Matthew Emerson's reason. It's tottering now, and he talks constantly of Baby Henry. The grandfather pledges himself to educate the little one, and give him all of earth's good things that money can buy. I knew how you would feel, Martha, but I didn't know but what you would conclude that you ought not to stand in the way of your child's advancement. Take time to consider. The messenger and nurse have instructions to bide a little, and I—" "Oh, pastor, tell them No, no, no. Oh, I can't. My baby to go to the arms of strangers, he would cry his little eyes out, and his mother—well, never mind about her. She can't live always, anyhow." "Very well, Martha, girl. We'll not think of it again. The Lord will provide for His lambs," answered dominie.

For days after the pastor's call Martha struggled with herself, but on the night that was set for the nurse and messenger's departure, after the little ones had been put to sleep, she lifted Baby Henry from his crib and, wrapping him warm in many shawls, passed out into the cold, star-lit night and down the snow-drifted hill. With her own hands she delivered over the sleeping baby; then, sobbing, slipping, she wedged her way back up the hill, and stood on the little porch where Henry had passed so many happy hours in the summer playing with the blocks

and his round, ruddy face wore a sweet smile. At times she used to sit on the porch playing with the blocks, just as she had seen him do in the years gone by, and the neighbors, driving past on the summit road, gazed at the strange sight, and shook their heads.

The town trustees made her a call, and asked her many questions, none of which she could answer, but she smiled sadly and showed them the blocks. They took her away to the asylum on the other side of the mountain, but the change made her so much worse that, when she escaped one drizzling, muddy night and made her way back to the farm, they thought best to let her remain, and one of the trustees made it his business to see that her material wants were supplied, and Martha became a regular charge upon charity.

One night, when the chill frosts were on, she sat before the fire and watched the snapping, crackling embers. The fire burned brightly, for it was Thanksgiving night, and the sparks from the fat pine sticks flew about merrily. Martha's face was aglow, and the heat almost scorched, but the sensation was very enjoyable. She couldn't remember when she had been so thoroughly warm since the days when perfect health and something to live for sent the blood coursing through her veins. As the luxurious warmth wrapped itself about her, she nodded once, twice, then took herself to the semitropic climes. She saw the palm, the Eucalyptus and the cactus of California—she had somehow become very well versed in the flora and fauna of California of late years—and the air was full of song and redolent of sweet odors. The birds had a peculiar, snappy way of delivering themselves. It reminded her of the crackling embers and the odors, well, they were like burning pine a thousand times intensified and sweetened. Then above the song of birds and the hum of insects she heard a voice, a tenor, and as it swung into the old familiar air "Praise God from whom all blessings flow," all the birds and all the insects seemed to join and all the world was melody.

A choking sob broke the song, and Martha awoke with a start, dreading to find the music flown. She opened her eyes wide, but the song, subdued and sweet, continued still and, at her feet with tear-dimmed eyes, knelt the singer. He picked her up in his strong young arms, and pressing his burning cheek to hers, cried: "Mammy mine, at last, oh, mammy mine!"

OLD THANKSGIVIN'

O H, THE wind is moanin' lone-some as it's creepin' to and fro Through the branches of the trees so bleak and bare; And the sky looks kinder threat'nin' and there's jest a hint of snow. And November's writ his name 'most everywhere. But the bright red fire's a-roarin' up the big brick chimney due. And the old house kinder wears a happy grin; What's the odds about the weather when the loved ones git together. And it's jolly old Thanksgivin' come ag'in! There's a turkey full of stuffin' that's a pictur' for the eye, There's a puddin' that won't hold another plum; There's celery and there's cranberry sass, there's mince and punkin pie. All settin' there a-hollin' ter yer: "Come!" And here's mother, who's been countin' up the days fer weeks and weeks, And me a-feelin' young as twenty-four. And there's welcome runnin' over jest like dew drips off the clover. For it's jolly old Thanksgivin' come once more!

Oh, it's good ter be a child ag'in, if only once a year! It's good ter have the children round the place. It brings yer back the old sweet days in mem'ry allers dear. And kinder smoothes the wrinkles from yer face. Our boys and gals are back at home with children of their own. So let the fun and frolic now begin; We old ones' hearts are cheery, though our eyes, maybe, are teary. For it's blessed old Thanksgivin' come ag'in!

—Joe Lincoln, in Philadelphia Saturday Evening Post.

Bucking Titus A THANKSGIVING STORY

BUCKING TITUS, otherwise William James Titus, mounted mail carrier for the republic, rode out of the Gunnison country with an unwelcome companion. The companion had joined him at Yoe's ranch, where he had been staying for a month, bracing up a degenerate lung. Titus hated a "lunger," as he opprobriously termed the invalids who made Colorado melancholy; and, anyway, Titus was a man of prejudices. He covered more ground than any other mail carrier in the whole state, and the snowbound pass that would daunt him, the height which would make him giddy, the path he would not venture, the storm he would not face he had yet to encounter. His critics might have claimed for him more bravado than wise courage—but Titus did not care about critics. Talking was one of the superfluous arts at best, according to Bucking Titus.

That was one of the two reasons why he objected to Bernard Anderson, his companion. Anderson would talk. He exclaimed about the glory of the mountains; he thought it worth his while to make comments upon the splendor of the autumnal foliage, and he even went so far as to say what he thought about the mist that entwined themselves around the cruel front of the Old Man's mountain—that grim wall of granite whose canyons knew the blackest tragedies of all the mountains in the country round about. Anderson was stupid enough to relate some of these tales—though they were ancient history to Titus. But the second reason for dislike which Titus entertained for Anderson was of a more serious nature. Anderson had been four weeks under the same roof with Claribel Yoe. As for Titus, though for two years past he had ridden over the pass like the wild huntsman, thinking only of the face that he should see in the valley beyond, he had never so much as known what it was to press her hand or to sit opposite to her at table. To be sure, she had brought him out hot coffee now and then or bidden him to sit beside the fire, and on holidays had given him a true stirrup cup, yet he said to himself with endless iteration that she cared nothing for him—that she had never noticed him any more than she had 20 other men.

All men were chivalrous to her. How could they be otherwise? She coaxed sociability out of the solitude and made a home in the wilderness and tenderness in the country of granite rocks, and there were warmth and light and cheer in her dwelling among those bitter snows. Perhaps Claribel Yoe had ceased to be a mere woman and become something symbolic to the men who knew her—the adventures who passed along the cruel road to Tin Cup.

Anderson, taking the unnecessary trouble to pick the way for his horse—who was an old mountain climber—talked cheerfully to the mail carrier. "It's an experience that a city man like myself is sure to remember to the last day of his life, you know. I never felt such liberty in all my life. Faith, I've seen no paper that was not a week old before I got it, and I'm as ignorant of my business as you are. But I'm glad of it. I'm rested clean through to the bones. And then the people at the ranch!

Why, Jim Yoe's a man in a thousand! I've seen smart men, but he's got more practical sense and courage crammed in his head than any man I ever had the pleasure of meeting. As for Miss Claribel, she's an eidolweiss here in the snow."

Bucking Titus gave a fierce lurch at the saddle bags, though they seemed to Anderson to be adjusted quite correctly.

"How a girl can grow up in such surroundings as hers and yet have that soft voice and charming accent and all those adorable little ways of hers is more than I know. And she manages the affairs of the house perfectly. It doesn't matter how many drop in to dinner, she always seems to be prepared for them and to make them welcome. The servants are at her feet. I thought I'd seen some mighty fine ladies in my day, but I confess I had to come to the Gunnison country to see the finest of them all."

Bucking Titus spoke. He was a hero in his way and had known great dangers and had had combats with the elements and with wild beasts and wilder men but he spoke like a sulky schoolboy.

"If you think so mighty much of her," said he, "why don't you take her out of the Gunnison country?" Bernard Anderson threw back his handsome head and laughed.

"Good-by!" cried he. "I like the idea! I'll have to go home and think the matter over. If it seems likely that she will fit into the life there—who knows?"

A "cotton tail" scudded out of the drifting snow before the men, and Anderson shied. Fortunately his horse stood steady. As for Bucking Titus, he sped a bullet quick as thought, and the little creature gave one last leap and lay inert. The mail messenger dismounted and picked up the pretty beastie.

"It will do for Aunt Dolly's stew pot at the boarding house," said he. "But this is for you and he cut a foot off with his knife and handed it to Anderson.

"Thanks!" cried the young city man, delighted. "As like as not it will bring me the eidolweiss of the Gunnison snows. Eh, Titus?" "As like as not," responded Titus through his beard, and he put spurs to his horse.

Two days before Thanksgiving Bucking Titus started on his itinerary with the full intention of timing himself so that he would be invited to eat turkey at Yoe's ranch. This was before he had reached Bixby's, where he looked over his mail while he ate his breakfast. The process of look-

walk to the door—but that, no doubt, was because of the cold. Yoe brought him a hot glass of goodly drink.

"You've hit it in the nick o' time," cried he. "The turkey is just coming out of the oven, and it's been sizzling mad these last two hours because you wasn't here to help eat it."

Savory accents and hot-oven sounds emanated propitiously from the kitchen. Bucking Titus tried to be gay, and made a good deal of noise as he got out of his bear coat and unbuttoned his leggings. But his heart was trembling like an aspen in a storm and he felt sick—like a man who hears the hammer that makes his gibbet. He delayed pusillanimously for about five minutes before he pulled out the letters. There were two for Yoe and the fatal one for Claribel.

He tried not to look at the girl while she read hers, but finally he had to steal an upward glance. Her face was flushed a little and she was smiling. An invisible hand of iron came from somewhere and gripped the mail carrier's throat. He leaned his head upon his hand.

After a minute the girl came over and sat near him, her letter in her hand.

"You seem really ill," she said softly, looking at him with a glance of friendliness that almost broke his heart. "Was it so very cold?"

"Not so very cold. You'd better write the answer to that letter before I go so I can take it on with me. Or you can fix up a message and I'll wire if you like."

"You are uncommonly good, Mr. Titus, but there is no haste." The accent was dry.

"Eh?" gasped Titus, stupidly.

The girl broke into a radiant smile. "Are you so anxious to get rid of me?" she whispered.

"Good God, no! Are—are you—"

"Am I going of my own free will?"

No; so there!"

The mail carrier leaned back in his chair with a sigh of indescribable relief. The Chinaman brought the turkey in. It was a lordly bird, and the hungry mountaineers arose at its entrance—one rises when a king enters!

"Anything else you want to know?" whispered the girl, archly. Her eyes were dancing, her lips parted, her cheeks crimson. She was tempting past resistance.

"You know there is something else I want to know," came back the whisper. He caught her hand with a cruel clasp. "Do—do you—Claribel, do you ever think of me?"

"Sometimes, Thursdays." (Thursday was mail day.)

He dropped her hand, and with a



"THE DOGS ARE HOWLING FOR THEIR SHARE AND PARSON HAS TO SAY GRACE YET."

ing over the mail was always interesting to Titus. Folk did not have so many letters in those snowbound solitudes but that all took an interest in their going and coming; and Titus was honestly anxious to learn what Nancy Higgins wrote home from Ouray to her mother; and he waited till old man Sessions had opened Frank's letter from New York that he might find out how the boy was getting on and how he liked his job. So when he saw a letter addressed in a masculine hand to Miss Claribel Yoe and bearing a Cincinnati postmark, he knew just as well as if he had read it that the handsome young Anderson had magnificently concluded that she would "fit in" to his comfortable life and surroundings, and had written to tell her so. Titus cursed him for a puppy. He hated a man who made confidences, and any man so loose of soul as Anderson, who blabbed his affairs to any chance companion, seemed to him something less than a "natural."

"But she's bound to like the pretty boy," he thought. "He's the kind that takes a woman. Somehow, the nicer a woman is the bigger fool she marries."

And he said to himself that he would make no effort to eat turkey at Yoe's. But it may have been that his horse was fond of turkey—no, that is wrong, for there were two relays between Bixby's and Yoe's. Indeed, upon reflection, it is absolutely impossible to tell just why it was that Bucking Titus drew rein at Yoe's ranch at high noon of Thursday and blew upon his horn like a warder of an ancient port.

Ten faces appeared at the front windows and the door. There were the three dogs, and the two Chinamen, and Danny Cummings from over the range, and Evans, the Methodist missionary, and Quivey, the engineer, and Yoe, blond and glowing as Olaf, and Claribel, with mountain berries in her yellow hair and a smile of welcome in her violet eyes. Bucking Titus turned a trifle giddy and reeled as he tried to

white face walked toward the table. She caught at his coat, unseen by the others. He stopped and faced her, his eyes piteous.

"I think of you some other days, too, Mr. Titus—most other days."

"Claribel!" There was a beseeching inquiry in the tone.

"All other days, Mr. Titus."

"Claribel!" This time it was joy that shook his voice.

"Come, come, come!" called Yoe to them above all the racket of laughter and talking and shuffling of feet. "The dogs are howling for their share, and parson has to say grace yet! Get to your places, you two back there!"

They went to their places, which happened to be side by side.—Chicago Tribune.

A JUST CAUSE.



"For what are you thankful?" the father inquired. Of his dutiful son, Master Freddie. The boy hesitated, and then gave a wink. "Oh, just because dinner is ready."

Objects of Pity.

"Living in a flat isn't so bad." "Why not?" "We are always invited out to dinner on Thanksgiving day."—Chicago Daily Record.

The Press.

R. C. WALKER, - Publisher.
ONE YEAR - ONE DOLLAR

In an interview Senator Henry M. Teller says he does not intend to abandon the silver question because of the result of the recent elections.

With an increase of two thousand in her population, Crittenden has something to show for the past ten years, and if our mineral resources measure up to present indications the next ten years will find twenty thousand or more people here.

There is in this town a philosopher who keeps a saloon, says the Central City Republican. When a man asks for credit at his place he is met by the following pleasant, though positive statement: "My friend, I know nothing here that is necessary for you to have. The truck I sell will neither feed, clothe nor send you to school. I cannot credit you."

A Louisville paper states that state senator Wallace Jones, of Barren county, is a candidate for United States marshal and is counting upon the endorsement of Senator Deboe. That paper has probably not heard that Mr. W. B. Yandell, the leading Republican of Crittenden county, not counting Senator Deboe, of course, is a candidate for that place, and that when a Crittenden county Republican goes after anything, from a United States Senatorship to a storekeeper-gauger's place, he generally gets it.

The result of the national election has restored confidence to the trusts and combines, and with the assurance that they will be taken care of, they will project and perpetuate themselves. Their methods have been endorsed and they naturally feel that they are an important factor in the country. The time will come, however, when they will be overthrown, and their fall will rattle and jar the business world sure enough, just like the removal of a cancer from the human anatomy shocks and strains that portion of the body not involved. Time will right this wrong that is being perpetrated upon the people.

To the Penitentiary.

Monday morning deputy sheriff Julian Ainsworth took Docie Dobbs to the Eddyville prison. Dobbs was convicted of forgery at the circuit court and sentenced to the penitentiary for two years.

Committee Reorganization.

The Democratic County Committee met and reorganized Monday. Mr. L. W. Cruce was succeeded by Mr. P. S. Maxwell as chairman of the county committee, and Mr. R. C. Walker was succeeded by Mr. C. S. Nunn as secretary. We are unable to give a complete list of the precinct chairmen and committeemen this week but will publish the entire list in our next issue.

Deeds Recorded.

Robt. C. Lucas to Jas M. Walker, 170 acres for \$2,100.
H. B. and R. L. Williams to W. D. Williams, 130 acres for \$2,600.
Mrs. Alex A. Hughes to Wm. Plumbly, 30 acres for \$150.
S. Stembbridge to W. T. McConnell, land for \$350.
Henrie A. Cameron, Mary F. Cameron, L. L. Bebout, John G. Daniel to John H. Morse, building lot for \$1500.
John H. Morse to A. J. Pickens, building lot for \$1450.
J. W. Custard to John W. Asbridge, 100 acres for \$700.
A. M. Gilbert to J. B. Williams, lot in Marion for \$160.
J. D. Asher to Trustees Bells Mines church lot near Bells Mines for \$30.
Fannie B. Clark to J. H. Hubbard, two lots in Marion for \$300.

TEACHER OF ELOCUTION.

A Young Lady of Marion Secures Position in O. V. College.

Miss Melville Glenn, one of Marion's most popular young ladies, has accepted a position in the Ohio Valley Baptist College at Sturgis, as instructor in elocution and expression. Miss Glenn left Monday to take up her work. She is an excellent entertainer and has often delighted her home people with her readings and recitations. We congratulate the young lady on being able to secure so good a position, and feel confident she will succeed in her work.

Our Roll of Honor.

The following persons have favored us by renewing their subscriptions since the last issue of the Press:

I. D. Nunn, Sullivan.
M. O. Eskew, Marion.
G. W. Parrish, Frances.
G. M. DeHaven, Calvert City.
Fred Glenn, Dycusburg.
Geo. T. Belt, Sheridan.
Ed. Cook, Fords Ferry.
R. S. Threlkeld, Kelsey.
J. A. Harmon, Graham, Tex.
Geo. Gahagan, Rodney.
Capt. R. N. Northern, Berry's Ferry.
L. C. Terry, Sheridan.
R. S. Threlkeld, Levas.
E. H. Lott, Dycusburg.
A. F. Wolf, Iron Hill.
Mrs. E. C. Hayward, Dycusburg.
J. W. Gahagan, Weston.
Dr. D. T. White, Blackford.
Mrs. Mary J. Jones, Paris, Tex.
J. C. Rorer, Fredonia.
Chas. Towery, Smithland.
J. M. Guess, Tolu.
H. D. Myers, Mexico.
J. F. Walker, Hawesville.

Nearly every one of these gentlemen took advantage of our offer of Courier-Journal and Home and Farm free to all who pay up to Jan. 1, 1892.

Lives Lost, Property Destroyed.

Pittsburg, Pa., Nov. 27.—After three days of incessant rain a flood, unprecedented for this season of the year, swept down the Monongahela and Allegheny rivers last night, ruining hundreds of thousands of dollars worth of property, drowning at least three persons, temporarily throwing out of employment thousands of workmen by the forced suspension of many industrial establishments, lining the banks of both streams, and rendering hundreds of families homeless. Everywhere the Ohio is on a boom and great damage is being done all along its course.

Marriage Licenses.

Nov. 20. Bird McDonald, aged 34 years, to Sallie Wheeler, aged 31 years.
Nov. 21. Calvin H. Johnson, 27, to Ressie Gilbert, 19.
Nov. 21. Sellis Holloman, 27, to Ruthie Gilbert, 17.
Nov. 21. Obadiah L. Clark, 33, to Annie Kemp, 23.
Nov. 25. Wm. F. Lynn, 24, to Dora Belt, 22.
Nov. 25. Richard Brasell, 22, to Lillie Lynn, 15.
Nov. 28. John Mott, 20, to Essie Jane Humphries, 16.

Bryan Carries the Klondike.

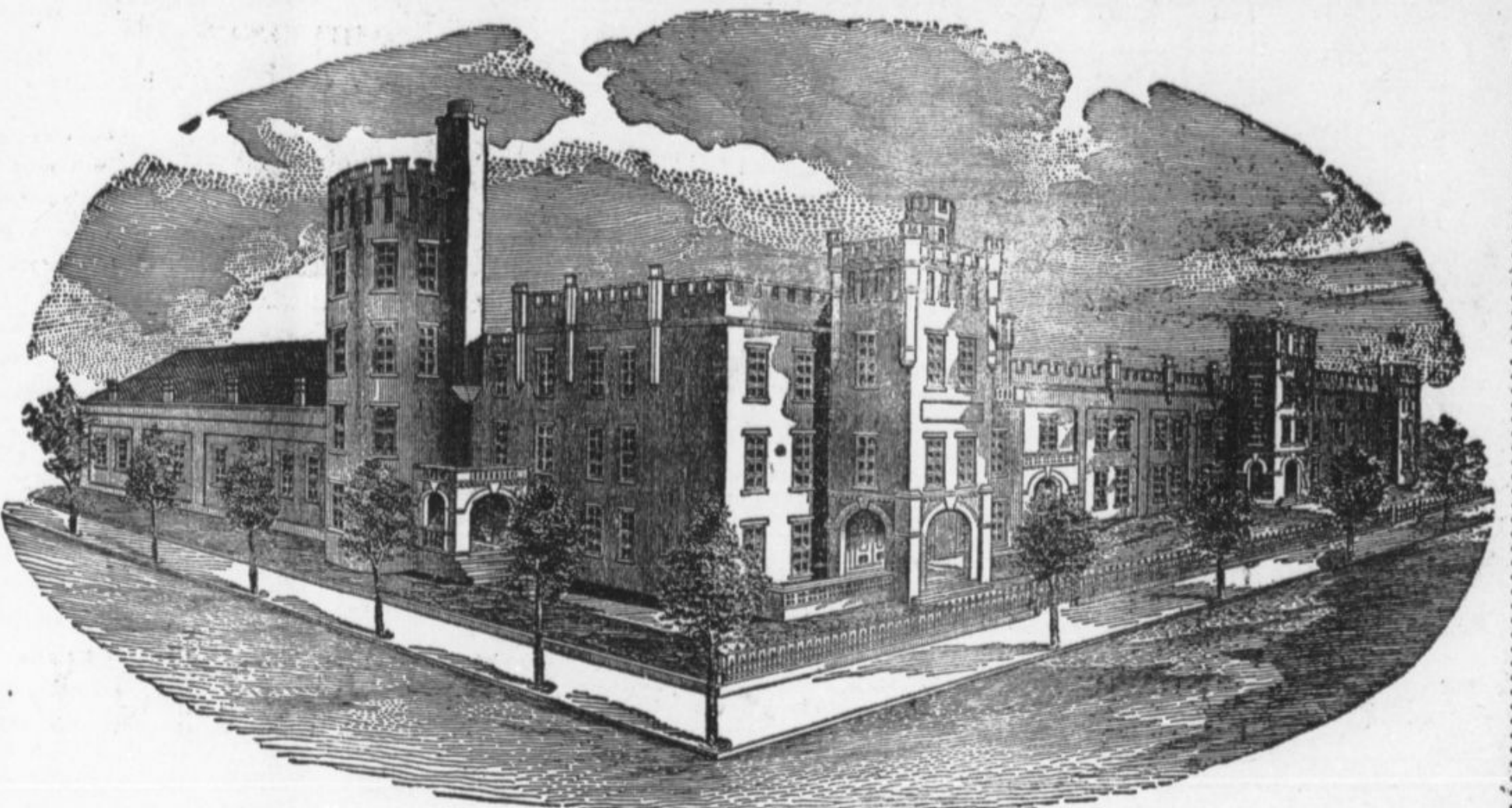
Victoria, B. C., Nov. 17.—A dispatch from Dawson, dated Nov. 7, says that in the election held there coincidentally with the American election the Klondike country went pell-mell for Bryan; there were 3,337 votes polled. Bryan received 2,444 and McKinley 993; Democratic majority 1,471. By the terms of the election agreement Bryan will get the Klondike souvenir, which is now being prepared at a cost of over \$500. The souvenir will consist of nuggets handsomely mounted and suitably engraved.

Window glass of all sizes at Boss-ton & Walker's furniture store.

Southern Normal School.

TWO SEPARATE SCHOOLS UNDER ONE MANAGEMENT.

One Thousand Students Will be in Daily Attendance During the Spring of 1901.



We give above an excellent picture of the handsome new College building which the citizens of Bowling Green built for our Institutions. It is the finest school structure in the South.

Be sure and mention Course wanted when you write. Catalogues and Journals free.

Address: H. H. CHERRY, General Manager, Bowling Green, Ky.

BUSINESS CHANCES.

Two Millinery Stores Consolidated and a Jewelry Store.

On Tuesday evening Miss Blanche Payne, of Uniontown, bought out the two stocks of millinery belonging to Mrs. Howerton and Mrs. Roney, at quite a sacrifice—we have been informed—and will move her stock of millinery at once from Uniontown and combine the whole at Mrs. Roney's store, where an unheard-of slaughter sale will be given to the public.

Mr. T. J. Williams will occupy one half of the same building and open up one of the finest lines of Jewelry and silverware that has ever been in the city. He has been the leading jeweler in Uniontown for ten years, and is also a practical optician, finely equipped with trial case, Retinoscope and Ophthalmometer, and guarantees to fit all eyes accurately and satisfactorily.

Mr. Williams will move his family, consisting of his wife and brother, to our city next week and make this their future home.

MARION OPERA HOUSE.

Some Rare Attractions Engaged For the Winter Season.

The opera house company has secured some excellent attractions for this season, and intend to continue to book many high grade shows and lectures, making this the best opera season Marion has had in years. New attractions are booked each week. The following are some of the attractions that have already been booked:

Jan. 12—Barlow & Wilson's Greater New York Minstrels (all white men).
Jan. 25—Ralph Bingham, the noted humorist.
Feb. 4—Williams Comedy Co. six nights stand, playing "Little Lord Fauntleroy," "Women against Woman," and other popular dramas.
Feb. 13—"Uncle Josh Spruceby," and his "hayseed band."
Feb. 18—Gus Sun's Minstrels, sixty instruments.
Feb. 22—Oratorical contest.
March 23—Ruscoe & Holland's combined minstrel show.

Slaughter Sale in MILLINERY!

Miss Payne will offer to the public, beginning Friday and Saturday

Three Stocks of Millinery at less than Half Price.

\$500.00 Worth of Ribbons

250 Yards of Veiling

At Prices less than Wholesale.

At Half Price.

Unheard of Bargains will be given to close out the Millinery Stocks just bought from Mrs. Howerton and Mrs. Roney.

At Mrs. Roney's Stand.

GOEBEL MURDER CASES

Now Under Consideration in the Court of Appeals.

The case of Caleb Powers was submitted to the Court of Appeals last week without argument, and time was given until December to file briefs. The case of Jim Howard was also before the court, and the time to file a copy of the record was extended until December 4. It is believed the Howard case will not be admitted in time for a decision by the present court.

Miners' Strike a Failure.

President Woods, of the United Mine Workers, ordered coal miners of Hopkins county to strike for higher wages at once. The order was entirely ignored, as the miners seem perfectly satisfied with their wages. The strike is a complete failure after a short suspension of work by miners.

Notice.

All persons indebted to me for wheat threshing, saw mill work, lumber etc., will please settle their accounts with me at once.

John E. Flanary.
Vases, fancy queensware, will be closed out regardless of cost.
Schwab.
See our iron beds. They are beauties and the best bed on the market.
Boston & Walker.

Your Chance.

The price of the Semi-Weekly Courier-Journal after Jan. 1 will be raised to the old figures, \$1.00. If you will pay your subscription to the Press up to Jan. 1, 1902, we will send you the semi-weekly Courier-Journal or the Weekly Commercial, or the Home and Farm one year free. This offer will be good until Dec. 1. This is your opportunity. Call at once.

New goods all round; cheap for cash.
Woods & Fowler.

Consumption

is, by no means, the dreadful disease it is thought to be—in the beginning.

It can always be stopped—in the beginning. The trouble is: you don't know you've got it; you don't believe it; you won't believe it—till you are forced to. Then it is dangerous.

Don't be afraid; but attend to it quick—you can do it yourself and at home.

Take Scott's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil, and live carefully every way.

This is sound doctrine, whatever you may think or be told; and, if heeded, will save life.

If you have not tried it, send for free sample. Its agreeable taste will surprise you.
SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, 409 Pearl Street, New York.
50c. and \$1.00; all druggists.

Embalm Your Dead!

I am still in the Undertaker's business and carry the best line of Coffins, Caskets, Robes, SLIPPERS, ETC.

Will embalm your dead any time within 24 hours after death, but send for me at once or call me over the 'phone, day or night.

ROBT. BOYD, Salem, Ky.

I have 100 iron wagons for boys and girls; they must be sold.
Schwab.

Hughe's Tonic

Palatable.

Better than Calomel or Quinine. The Old Reliable.

Excellent General Tonic as well as a sure cure for

Chills and Fever

IT NEVER FAILS! Just what you need at this season.

MILD LAXATIVE. NERVOUS SEDATIVE. SPLENDID TONIC

Guaranteed by your Druggist. Don't take any substitute.

50c. and \$1 Bottles.

The Thanksgiving Dinner

Should be composed of the best things on the market
and for the Choicest, Most Delicious Supplies go to

COPHER'S

If you don't believe he has everything you need just look over this Bill of Fare:

FRESH OYSTERS, WEINER WURST, PICKLED PIGS FEET, BALOGNA SAUSAGE, GAME OF ALL KINDS, SWISS CHEESE,
FISH, CRANBERRIES, LIGHT BREAD, EVAPORATED PEACHES, COCOA NUTS, CELERY, PRUNES, CAKES,
PIES, BANANAS, FLORIDA ORANGES, LEMONS, PINE APPLES, PEARS, APPLES, GRAPES, DATES, FINE CANDIES.

We Run a First-Class Restaurant.
Goods Delivered to any Part of the City.

The CITY RESTAURANT

W. H. COPHER, MANAGER.

FRESH OYSTERS!

Fried . . . 30 cents per dozen.
Raw . . . 25 " " "
By the Quart 50 cents.

The Press.

R. C. WALKER, Publisher

LOCAL AND PERSONAL.

Mrs. A. M. Hearin is quite sick.
Dr. T. A. Fraser was in Morgan field this week.
Mrs. Dave Woods is the guest of friends at Chicago.
We are glad to note that Mr. J. B. Grissom is recovering.
Get your cranberries, celery and fresh oysters at Copher's.
Window and door frames made to order at Boston & Walker's.
Mr. P. S. Maxwell attended the Butler sale at Fredonia Tuesday.
Collector Ed. Franks, of Owensboro, was in the city Monday.
Dr. J. J. Clark occupies his residence just west of the court house.
The demand for residences in Marion continues to lead the supply.
W. B. Yandell and G. M. Crider returned from St. Louis last week.
Mr. Fannie Hearin and wife are expected home shortly to spend a few weeks.
Dr. J. O. Dixon and family are expected to return from St. Louis next week.
Windows, doors and transoms all sizes and grades, at Boston & Walker's.
Dick Minner was in town Tuesday, taking good care of a catarrh on his hand.
Get your candies, nuts, fruits, cakes, etc., for Thanksgiving at Copher's.
Rev. Ford held services at the Christian church Saturday night and Sunday.
Do not miss the entertainment of the pupils of the high school at the opera hall.
Reserved seats on sale at Haynes drug store for the School Entertainment at opera hall.
Crossland Miles left Thursday for Amarilla, Texas, where he will work on a cattle ranch.
You can still buy the 4 year old Monarch whiskey at C. E. Doss & Co. for \$2 per gal. or 50c per qt. It is the best on the market for the money.
Flooring and ceiling and siding in pine and gum at Boston & Walker's. They carry finishing lumber of all kinds, mouldings, brackets, etc. Window and door frames made to order.

For sickness or health drink GLEN LEA WHISKEY, it's the best on the market, free from drugs and WITHOUT a HEAD-ACHE. Spring of 1890 for sale only by C. E. DOSS & CO.

Mr. Ed. Fowler was at Lola last week.

Dr. D. T. White, of Blackford, was in town Tuesday.

Union Thanksgiving at the Methodist church today.

Old iron taken again; will pay cash. Schwab.

Dr. R. J. Morris will be in Salem Dec. 3d, 4th and 5th.

Ed. Olive and Hugh Hurley spent Sunday in Princeton.

The Farmers Bank hopes to get into its new quarters by Jan. 1.

Judge J. P. Pierce has gone on a hunting expedition in Mississippi.

Miss Kittie Woods was a guest of friends at Repton the first of the week.

Geo. Sisco is building a new residence on the site of the one recently burned.

All persons indebted to me are requested to call and settle. Mrs. Nina Howerton.

Do not sell your eggs or any poultry without first getting prices from Schwab.

Dr. Morris will be in Salem next week. If you need dental work call on him.

The most complete stock of fruits and candies for Thanksgiving will be found at Copher's.

Mr. W. H. Towery, the Shady Grove merchant, was in Marion Tuesday after a load of goods.

Save your laundry for the Magnet laundry agent, who will call Monday or Tuesday each week.

Dr. Frank H. Rhea, the well known writer of Morganfield died Tuesday of last week in Louisville.

Send in your grocery order on Thanksgiving to Copher. He will fill it and deliver to your residence.

Let me embalm your dead, so they will be presentable to your friends. Satisfaction or no charge. ROBT. BOYD, Salem, Ky.

Mrs. — Murphy is expected home this week. She has been visiting her daughter in Williamson county, Ill.

Coffins and caskets of all sizes and grades at Boston & Walker's. They have a handsome hearse. Prices all reasonable.

A little cool weather now will ripen "spare ribs."

Revs. W. R. Gibbs and U. G. Hughes are engaged in a protracted meeting at Crooked Creek this week.

Mr. John Wolf, formerly of this county but now residing in Illinois, was in this city Monday and Tuesday.

Schwab will have the largest stock of holiday goods ever seen in the county.

Our offer of Courier-Journal, Home and Farm and Commercial to all who pay up to January, 1902 expires Saturday.

Rev. W. C. Pierce, after spending some days with friends in this section, returned to his home at Catlettsburg Tuesday.

Mr. Henry Minner of this county, has been appointed to a guard's place at the Eddyville prison, and has shouldered his musket in the line of duty.

J. Frank Conger will hold a sale at the residence of T. E. Wilson, near Wilson's Chapel, next Saturday. A lot of farm implements will be sold.

When you drink whiskey drink the celebrated COLD SPRING whiskey. It's without a HEAD-ACHE. Sold only by C. E. Doss & Co.

Mr. J. N. Boston spent last week in Nashville attending Meyer's College of Embalming. He completed the course and received his certificate of graduation.

Eddin & Boyce's franchise for an electric light plant in Marion expires next March, unless the owners begin the work in good faith of putting in a plant.

It is generally believed that there will be no change in postmasters at this place. Postmaster Crider's commission does not expire for more than a year from March 4.

We say now, that on candy and oranges we will save you 30 per cent. at least. Schwab.

Dr. Morris, the dentist, will be in Salem Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday of next week. All persons desiring dental work should see him.

The Edison Kintoscope and concert company filled their engagement at the opera hall Saturday night, but owing to the very inclement weather only a small audience was present; but nevertheless the entire program was rendered, and all present concede the entertainment to have been one of the best attractions that has appeared in the opera hall for a good while.

Get your fresh oysters at Copher's.

Miss Bertha Grissom, who has been employed at Mrs. Frances Givens' millinery establishment, as trimmer, during the fall season, returned Monday to her home at Pennville, Ind.

We received a letter from Ransom Lofton, a Crittenden county boy, last week, which informs us he is 2d Lieut. in U. S. Signal corps at Ft. Mead, South Dakota, and will soon go to the Philippines.

Rev. T. C. Carter returned from Livingston county Tuesday; he has been holding a meeting at Pinckneyville church. There were ten professions of faith and good congregations until the rains came.

J. W. Wilson, a farmer living on Finnie Moore's farm near Piney, was convicted in the Union county circuit court and sentenced to the penitentiary for one year for stealing wheat from a Union county farmer.

Monday Mr. G. G. Hammond was accidentally knocked down by a horseman on the streets and severely injured. The horse's hoof struck him on the leg between the knee and the foot, and it is feared that the bone was shattered.

Mr. Chas. Lowrey, of Smithland, was in town Tuesday, en route to Fordsville, Ky. Mr. Lowrey has been selected as the cashier of the bank to be opened in Smithland Jan. 1. He is a man of splendid business attainments and will doubtless make the bank a success.

Mr. B. S. Kennedy, near Lola, has a twenty-year old chicken; she is a matronly old hen now, having raised nineteen broods of youngsters, and produced eggs without number every year, and even last year she was as attentive and successful in business as any other hen in the barnyard, and as she promises service for some years to come, in every day parlance it can be said that she is indeed a "bird."

You can buy a pure white corn whiskey, full proof, strictly free from drugs, land-made sour mash for \$2 gallon or 50c a quart, from C. E. Doss & Co.

Little Roscoe, the three-year old son of Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Grassham, died last night about nine o'clock. The little fellow was sick only a few days, but the constant attention of physicians, all that could be done by sympathizing friends, and the loving and tender care of mother and father, could not stay the hand of death. The heart-broken parents have the sympathy of the whole community in their sad bereavement. — Smithland Banner.

A Bad Wound.

Mr. Amel Hourth, the young gentleman engaged in the Givens butcher shop, was seriously wounded Monday by sticking a keen-bladed butcher knife almost entirely through his right hand, creating a painful wound.

Another Company.

We understand that a company has been organized for developing the Bigham spar mines in the suburbs of Marion. Some months ago Mr. R. E. Bigham accidentally discovered spar on his property and sunk a shaft some twenty feet deep, and the vein grew larger as he went down and gives promise of rich returns. The new company has ample capital and great faith in the results of a development of this property. According to reports work will be commenced in the near future.

Still in the Lead.

LOOK at our PRICES.

Pickles, 25c per doz.
Soap, 15 bars for 25c.
Prunes 3 lbs for 25c.
Apricots, 2 lbs for 25c.
Potted Ham, 5c per can.
Salmon, 15c per can.
Quaker Oats, 2 pkgs. 25c
Petti Johns Food, 2 pkgs. 25c
14 inch bar toilet soap, 5c
14 inch bar Castile soap, 5c
Coffee from 15c to 25c per lb
14 lbs Granulated sugar, \$1
15 lbs C sugar, \$1.
Rice, 3 lbs for 25c.
Candy, from 10c to 35c pr lb
Tinware, Stone ware, Wood-
enware and everything in our
line at the very lowest prices.
Always remember that we
handle nothing but the very
best of goods and sell at the
lowest prices.

Produce.

We are still in the produce business and will pay you the highest prices for your Eggs, Chickens, Turkeys and Geese. Don't fail to see us before you sell.

Respectfully,

HEARIN & SON.

Boston & Walker

HAVE THE LARGEST STOCK OF

FURNITURE

EVER SHOWN IN MARION.



Their Undertaking Department is complete in every particular.

Coffins Caskets

BURIAL ROBES and SLIPPERS.

Handsome Hearse

Always ready for Funeral Occasions.

Free Lectures

On the doctrines and practices of the Catholic Church, by

The Rev. Edwin Drury

At the Opera House, Marion, Ky., Dec. 3rd, 4th and 5th, at 7 o'clock, p. m. Subjects:

The Church and the wants of Society.

The Church and the wants of the Soul.

The church and the Bible.

All are cordially invited to ask questions in writing concerning the doctrines and practices of the Catholic Church. Write the questions and drop them in the box near the door and they will be publicly answered every evening before the lecture.

REASON FOR THANKSGIVING.

KEEP Thanksgiving! Well, I reckon I can show a first-class reason. Why this household—baby, wife and me—can even our old dog. Should thank God for all his goodness in a song to praise this season. Though my general disposition is to grumble like a hog. For, if ever man had special cause to hold a celebration. Of Thanksgiving—in his heart of hearts—that very man is me. If you'll listen for a moment to a word of explanation. I am sure that when my tale you've heard to this you will agree.

Though for years I've been a member of a church, yet I'm confessin' That my vicious, wicked temper and fault findin' spoiled my life. It has turned the dog and shrow days that should have proved a blessing. And has marked deep lines of care upon the brow of my dear wife. She has hoped and prayed and waited, while she patiently expected That some day her prayer of faith would bring an answer from above; And at last, in God's own time and way, the change has been effected. For my heart lost all its anger when it found a Saviour's love.

How it happened? Well, I'll tell you. See that dog there? Come here, Rover! He ain't much for looks or breedin', but he hates to leave the baby—though she's five years old and over. Still I allus call her "baby," she's the apple of my eye. Monday mornin' bright and early, came my neighbor, Squire Carroll. And he told of signs of turkey in the timber down the creek. So I called the dog and shouldered my old trusty double-barrel. And I grinned when Mary mentioned that this was "Thanksgiving" week.

Well, we soon got in the timber, and we walked and walked and hunted. But no turkey! So, as usual, I got mad and almost cursed. And in spite of all Squire Carroll said, I grumbled, growled and grunted. And I felt I'd have to kick the dog or else I'd surely bust. So my neighbor said he reckoned there's no use in us a tryin' Any longer, since 'twas very plain the birds had gone away. And he laughed and says: "I see no use in grumblin' or in sighin'. For it's ten to one there's better luck for us some other day."

So we parted, and I walked on, gettin' madder every minute. At the turkeys, at the squirrel and at myself the most of all. For my wicked, foolish anger—I knew well there's no sense in it— Well, sir, just then, the dog, gobble, came the turkey's welcome call. Down I dropped, and when I saw him it just made me warm all over. "For," thinks I, "you're just about the size to suit Thanksgiving" day. But before I got a bead on him, this dog of mine, old Rover, Done some foul thing—least I thought so—and my turkey flew away.

What did I do? Like a coward, grabbed that poor dog by the collar. And I own I beat him shamefully, but he didn't even moan. Then I turned my gun upon him, just because he wouldn't holler. Like a mad man pulled the trigger, and he dropped just like a stone. Well, sir, I can't tell my feelings; why, I thought I'd surely smother. When I saw him fall I turned away in horror from the sight. And I thought I knew how Cain felt when he left his murdered brother. As I walked I cared not whither till I saw "twas coming night.

When I got near home I noticed how the air was growing colder.



"I OWN I BEAT HIM SHAMEFULLY."

And a cloud bank rolled up gloomy to the westward, threatenin' snow. So I hurried on, and wondered what would wife say when I told her. About Rover. She and baby thought so much of him, you know. As I reached the corner yonder I could see the lamplight burnin' At the window, and I knew the folks were waitin' there for me. And I walked on in the darkness slowly, though my heart was yearnin' To sit down once more by Mary, with my baby on my knee.

At the open door, awaitin' with a welcome smile, stood Mary. "Where is baby?" she went to meet you when she heard old Rover bark. So she answered, and my heart fell as I looked out on the prairie. Just to think of her a wanderin' alone out in the dark.

"She's all right; the dog is with her," says her mother, speakin' cheerful. But, you know, I knew he wasn't, so I stood without a word. And just then we both were startled by a dog a howlin' fearful. Somethin' like a coyote yelpin'; just the worst I ever heard.

"Goodness me," says wife, "that's Rover! But I never heard him cryin' Out in such a dreadful way as that"—then, suddenly, once more Came that doleful sound a-ringin', just as if the brute was dyin'.

An' was asking us to help him, so I dashed out through the door. See those cottonwoods, just yonder? All the ground there's full of water. Soft and marshy, full of pit holes, deep enough to hide a steer. As I ran along I prayed that God would save my baby daughter. Then I thought of murdered Rover, and I wished that he was near.

It was darker than a pocket, but that made no difference to me. So I ran on callin' "Baby" till it echoed all around. Then I stood stock still and listened, and a thrill of joy went through me.

For I heard my baby callin' and I blessed the welcome sound. "Here I am, come help me, papa! I'm a-sinkin' in the water!" How my heart beat as I dashed on, prayin' in God with ev'ry breath. Till at last, waist deep in mud and slush, I found my baby daughter. With old Rover—bruised and battered—holdin' on to her like death!

Well, it didn't take me long, you bet, to get her on my shoulder. And the dog crawled out behind us till we safely reached the trees. Then I hollered out to Mary—such a yell of joy, it told her That our babe was safe—and then and there I fell down on my knees. There, I guess that's all—O, Rover? Why, I'm glad to say I missed him With my shot; but his poor head and back were shameful bruised and sore. But my Mary washed and nussed him and, to tell the truth, she kissed him. And we all just love and pet him as we never did before.

So to-morrow load your folks up in the wagon and come over. After church we mean to spend the day in prayer and songs of praise. For this family—baby, wife and me—and faithful, dear old Rover— Mean to make it just the happiest of all Thanksgiving days.

—Tom Sullivan, in Chicago Times-Herald.

A RURAL PEACEMAKER.

HEY did not pay much attention to Thanksgiving in the country school district in which I taught in the west a good many years ago. Christmas was the chief holiday of the winter, and it was celebrated without any special demonstration, for most of the people were poor and there was not much sentiment in their general make-up. Old Hannah Dorton, with whom I boarded, was of New Eng-



"BLEST BE THE TIE THAT BINDS."

land birth, and she had not come to the west until some years after her marriage. She was a woman of a good deal of force of character, and no one in the neighborhood had a nimbler tongue. One evening about two weeks before Thanksgiving I said to her:

"Do the people observe Thanksgiving very generally in this neighborhood?" "No, they do not," replied the old lady with considerable emphasis. "And it has always been a good deal of a trial to me that so little attention was paid to a day that we made so much of back there in dear old New England. It was the greatest holiday of the year to us, and how we did enjoy it!"

"Why do they pay so little attention to it here?"

"Well, I guess it is just because they have never got in the way of paying any attention to it. They never celebrated the Fourth of July as it ought to be celebrated until my husband got them started to doing it ten years before he died, and now we have a big celebration every year."

"Some one ought to start them to celebrating Thanksgiving."

"So they ought. But who is to do it?" I reflected for a few minutes, and then I said:

"Suppose we start them off in that direction."

"How?" asked the old lady dropping her knitting into her lap and manifesting eager interest.

"Suppose we get up a Thanksgiving dinner in the schoolhouse. Invite all the folks in the district to come and bring their dinner with them. There does not seem to be any social life in the neighborhood unless one can call occasional spelling matches and singing schools in the schoolhouse social diversions. The people never eat and drink together in a merry-making of any kind. Don't you think that the idea of a Thanksgiving dinner in the schoolhouse would take?"

The old lady reflected for a moment and then said:

"Yes, I think it would. It would be a novelty to every one, and I think the folks would turn out big, only—"

"Only what?" I asked.

"Well, the fact is, there are so many folks in this neighborhood that don't speak to each other. I never saw anything like it. There is old Squire Bent, who won't speak to his daughter because she married John Waters against the squire's wishes. There was nothing against John, excepting that he was poor, and he had a brother that had been in jail, but John couldn't help that, and he has done splendidly ever since he married, and it is my opinion that the squire would like to make up with John and Nellie, only he is too

proud to make any advances, and they won't either. Then there is Kate Whiting and her sister, Lucy Patch, who had a falling out years ago, and ain't spoke to each other since, and before that one was the very shadder of the other. Reuben Hoopes and his brother Silas and their families fell out over the property after old man Hoopes died, and they ain't spoke since. Then the Anderson and Robey families had a falling out five years ago, and they don't speak, and before that they were as thick as flies around a molasses bar'l. Then there are other families in the district that ain't as friendly as they ought to be, so your Thanksgiving dinner might end in a riot if all these people come together in the schoolhouse."

"Not with a woman of your tact at the head of it," I said.

"Well, you go ahead and get it up, and I will aid and abet you all I can. It will be a break in the monotony of things here even if there is a fight."

I spent all of my time before and after school during the next ten days in calling at all of the homes in the neighborhood and inviting the people to come to the schoolhouse on Thanksgiving day with well-filled baskets. The schoolhouse was unusually large, and there would be room for all if we took out a part of the seats. Three days before Thanksgiving old Mrs. Dorton said:

"I guess you'll have the house full Thanksgiving. Nancy Ross was in here to-day, and she says that the whole district is coming, and Nancy knows if anyone does, for she spends most of her time trotting about picking up gossip and retailing it out again. She is as good as the local columns of a newspaper for giving news about what folks are saying and doing, and she says that the idea of the Thanksgiving dinner in the schoolhouse has caught like wildfire. Nancy says she wouldn't miss it for a party."

The larger boys and girls of the school met me at the schoolhouse the evening before Thanksgiving, and we

there he sat talkin' to Nellie and John same as if there'd never been any trouble at all. And he had that baby in his arms the whole afternoon, an' went around as proud sayin' to folks: 'See my grandson. Ain't he a mighty fine boy?' It was the first time he had ever seen the child, an' the next week he made Nellie and John come and live with him. Then what did that Hanner Dorton do but put Reuben Hoopes an' his brother Silas and their families at a table by themselves, an' I heard her say to 'em: 'Come, now, you folks want to be sociable an' have a good visit together same as own brothers ought to on Thanksgiving day.' Their wives have always wanted to make up, an' I tell you they found their tongues mighty soon, an' 'fore that meal was over they was talkin' away as if there had never been any row over property or anything else. An' before they knew it the Andersons and Robey families found themselves at the same table with Hanner sayin' to 'em: 'Now it don't make no difference about the past. This is Thanksgiving day, an' a good time to forget that there has ever been anything but a happy past between you folks.'

"Then if she didn't up an' set old Ruth Norse an' old Betty Underwood down side by side, an' they hadn't spoke to each other for years, an' before they knewed it them two old bodies were chattering away together as if they had never had a falling out in the world. Then when she had got all the people that were enemies set down side by side she seated every one else, an' then she said:

"We will now sing: 'Blest be the tie that binds.' An' ev'rybody sung it, an' then Elder Sharpe asked a blessing, an' the dinner was begun. There never was such a spread seen before in these parts, an' you never would have thought to have seen them people eatin' an' laughin' an' merrymakin' together that there was such a thing in the world as malice or envy or bitterness or ill-will or anything o' that sort, no you wouldn't. After the dinner we had games an' sung songs an' made speeches, an' from that time on there was more peace an' happiness an' sociability in the neighborhood than there ever was before. I tell you, we'd good reason to stand up as we did before we started for home an' sing 'Praise God from whom all blessings flow.'—J. L. Harbour, in Detroit Free Press.

THANKSGIVING DAY.

To the Popular Mind It Is One of Festivity—Wrong Conception Placed Upon It.

To the popular mind the word "Thanksgiving" stands for a day of festivity. But they who lose its subjective meaning in mere creature enjoyment suffer a misfortune and miss an opportunity.

To our fathers Thanksgiving was a sacrament. It was one of their acts of religion to set apart for it an annual day. Heaven had blessed their harvests, and they wished to express in a special way appreciation of its favors.

Nothing in their example was more sane and sensible than the creation of this November family custom, now become national. There have been changes of our social life since the old time. These have made it less easy to observe the day so generally with public rites or worship, but the ordinance holds its place with pleasing fitness, and with ample reason.

We have a thousandfold more to be devoutly glad for than our fathers had; and the feeling and the faith they carried with them to the "solemn assembly" we can radiate in brighter homes and wider activities of kindness.

The unfolding Christian age has given us the larger thought of the meaning and mission of freedom and of civilization; the grander type and idea of benevolence; the tenderer beliefs that sweeten life and death with hope. For all these let us thank God. Gratitude is not only "a natural function of the healthy soul," it is its wealth. Invest it. Its interest will enrich the character and uplift the whole life.—Youth's Companion.

BIG ODDS.



Do I feel duly thankful? Well, I should remark. Now listen to what I've to say: A few days ago 'twas a hundred to one That I'd be a dead one to-day.

Uncle Eben's idea. "I hopes you'll excuse me foh mentionin' it," said Uncle Eben, "but every once in awhile human folks 'minds me o' critters. Some of us can't feel ginnerwinely thankful unless we's got both feet in de trough."—Washington Star.

Awaiting the Returns. Ethel—Did you have family Thanksgiving service at your house this morning?

Mamie—No; paps said we had better wait and see if Harry got back from the football game.—Brooklyn Life.

A NARROW ESCAPE. A GRATEFUL WOMAN.



MRS. F. J. LYNCH, GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.

Mrs. F. J. Lynch, 334 South Division street, Grand Rapids, Mich., writes: The Peruna Medicine Company, Columbus, Ohio:

Gentlemen:—"I earnestly recommend Peruna to any suffering woman as it cures quickly. I had a most persistent cough which nothing seemed to cure. Two bottles of Peruna did more for me than all the doctors seemed to do. In a couple of weeks I found myself in excellent health, and have been enjoying it ever since. Hence I look on Peruna as a true friend to women."

MRS. F. J. LYNCH.

Chronic Coughs and Colds Are Catarrhal Diseases.

Catarrh is the Continual Scourge of Christendom.

Catarrh hovers ominously over every city, and nestles treacherously in every hamlet. It flies with vampire wings from country to country, and casts a black shadow of despair over all lands. Its stealthy approach and its lingering stay makes it a dread to the physician and a pest to the patient. It changes the merry laugh of childhood to the wheezy breathing of croup, and the song of the blushing maiden to the hollow cough of consumption. In its withering grasp the rounded form of the fond wife and mother becomes gaunt and spectral, and the healthy flush of manhood turns to the sallow, haggard visage of the invalid. Cough takes the place of conversation, speech gives way to spitting, the repulsive odors of chronic catarrh poison the kiss of the fondest lovers, and thickened membranes bedim sight, impair hearing and destroy taste. Like the plague-stricken Egyptians a cry of distress has gone out from every household, and the midwife of woe clings to every hearthstone. Catarrh, in some form, catarrh in some stage lurks as an enemy in the slightest cough or cold and finishes its fiendish work in heart disease and consumption. No tissue, function, or organ of the body escapes its ravages; muscles wither, nerves shatter, and secretions dry up under its blighting presence. So stubborn and difficult is this disease that to invent a remedy to cure chronic catarrh has been the ambition of the greatest minds in all ages. Is it therefore any wonder that the vast multitude of people who have been cured of chronic catarrh by Peruna are so lavish in their praise of this remedy? That the discovery of Peruna has made the cure of catarrh a practical certainty is not only the testimony of the people, but many medical men declare it to be true. As a drug store in this age of the world is incomplete without Peruna, it can be obtained anywhere with directions for use. A complete guide for the prevention and cure of catarrh and all diseases of winter, sent free by The Peruna Medicine Co., Columbus, Ohio.

Cigar Dealers Like

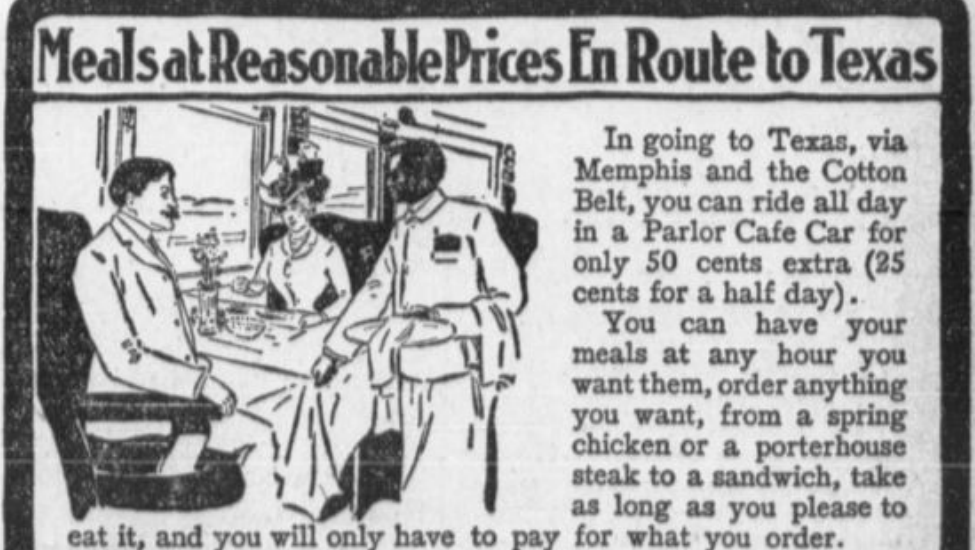
to have their regular customers smoke

Old Virginia Cheroots

because they know that once a man starts smoking them he is "fixed," and that he will have no more trouble with him trying to satisfy him with different kinds of Five Cent cigars.

Three hundred million Old Virginia Cheroots smoked this year. Ask your own dealer. Price, 3 for 5 cents.

Meals at Reasonable Prices En Route to Texas



In going to Texas, via Memphis and the Cotton Belt, you can ride all day in a Parlor Cafe Car for only 50 cents extra (25 cents for a half day). You can have your meals at any hour you want them, order anything you want, from a spring chicken or a porterhouse steak to a sandwich, take as long as you please to eat it, and you will only have to pay for what you order. The Cotton Belt offers you the quickest and shortest route to Texas, without change of cars or ferry transfer. Both day and night trains are equipped with comfortable coaches and free reclining Chair Cars, also Parlor Cafe Cars by day and Pullman Sleepers at night. Write and tell us where you are going and when you will leave and we will tell you what your ticket will cost and what train to take to make the best time and connections. We will also send you an interesting little booklet, "A Trip to Texas." FRED. H. JONES, D.P.A., Memphis, Tenn. W. C. FELLER, T.P.A., Memphis, Tenn. W. G. ADAMS, T.P.A., Nashville, Tenn. F. E. WATTS, T.P.A., Cincinnati, Ohio. R. H. SUTTON, T.P.A., Chattanooga, Tenn. E. W. LaBEAUME, G. P. and T. A., St. Louis, Mo.

DRINK HABIT

A treatment taken at home by the patient which renders Whiskey, Beer, etc., Obnoxious. Cures relapses from other treatments; endorsed by business firms of National Reputation. Write for convincing evidence. THE PAQUIN IMMUNE CO., Dept. 29, St. Louis, Mo.

THE PORTER CREMATION.

Sheriff Freeman of Lincoln County, Col., Replies to District Attorney McAllister.

LEGAL PROCEEDINGS WOULD BE FUTILE.

While Not Justifying the Act, He Says He Will Not Involve Lincoln County in Needless and Fruitless Litigation Against Its Own Citizens—No Politics Involved.

Denver, Col., Nov. 26.—The Rocky Mountain News prints the reply of Sheriff Freeman of Lincoln county, to the letter of District Attorney McAllister of Colorado Springs, Col., concerning the prosecution of the persons who burned the negro murderer, Preston Porter, at the stake at Limon, Col., recently.

Victims of Misplaced Confidence.

After telling of how he was influenced into taking Porter from Denver to Limon upon the assurance of leading citizens of Lincoln county that he would be allowed to pass through Limon unmolested to Hugo, where he would be permitted to place Porter in the county jail, Sheriff Freeman declares that it would be impossible to get a jury in Lincoln or any adjoining county that would convict any one charged with participation in the burning of Preston Porter. He concludes as follows:

Declines to Take Action.

"I do not justify the cremation, but I do object to having you and Gov. Thomas saddle the blame of this burning on me and I will not involve Lincoln county in a needless and fruitless litigation against its own citizens or give additional advertisement to the state of Colorado for the sole purpose of making, as it seems to me, political capital for somebody.

No Politics in It.

"I want to add that politics cut no ice in this affair. While Lincoln county is a republican county, the men who participated in this lynching were representatives of all political parties. When it comes to administering death to a brute who first assaults a child and then stabs and kicks her to death, I take it that true Americans lose sight of mere politics and remember only that they are fathers and brothers. It seems to me that we would better let this episode rest where it now is."

FRUIT STEAMER'S TROUBLES.

The Steamship Bratten Was Compelled to Leave Santa Marta, Colombia, Without a Cargo.

Mobile, Ala., Nov. 26.—The officers and crew of the Norwegian fruit steamship Bratten, which has arrived here from Santa Marta, in the Central American republic of Colombia, had a thrilling experience with revolutionists. The steamer put into that port on November 12, intending to get a cargo of fruit. The revolutionists attempted, more than once, to seize the Bratten, and her officers and crew were several times in danger of being shot. Finally the Colombian government ordered the vessel to stand out in the stream, out of the range of the guns that lined the wharves and streets of Santa Marta. The vessel was finally obliged to return to Mobile without a cargo. While flying the Norwegian flag the steamer is under charter of a firm of fruit importers of this city. It is understood that the firm will complain to Washington.

Girl's Skeleton in a Well.

Pana, Ill., Nov. 26.—Much excitement has been occasioned by a report that the skeleton of a young girl, presumably 12 or 13 years of age, had been found in the old well on the Brunot farm, five miles north of Pana, where the body of Mrs. Jane Brunot was hidden when she was murdered by two of her nephews.

A Victim of Thugs.

Seattle, Wash., Nov. 26.—First Lieutenant S. Arnold, United States navy, who has been missing for three days, was found Sunday. He is apparently deranged, and a bad wound on his head indicates that he was a victim of thugs. He was stripped of every valuable, and rough clothes had been substituted for his own.

Dowie's Lame Makers All Right.

Washington, Nov. 26.—The treasury department has decided in favor of "Zion" Dowie's imported lacemakers, on the ground that they are skilled laborers who come to propagate an infant industry in the United States, and, therefore, are not amenable to the contract labor law.

Trial Postponed.

Lansing, Mich., Nov. 26.—The trial of Gen. W. L. White, ex-quartermaster general of the Michigan national guard, who is charged with complicity in the state military frauds, was postponed until next Monday morning, at the request of Gen. White's attorney who was not prepared to proceed with the trial.

Joe Mulhatten Inmate.

Phoenix, Ariz., Nov. 26.—Joe Mulhatten, perhaps the most noted writer of newspaper fakes in America, is in the territorial insane asylum a hopeless maniac. He believes he has killed a man, and that a horde of avengers are on his trail.

The Subscription Too Low.

St. Petersburg, Nov. 26.—A Swedish telephone company has offered to give the Moscow municipality a telephone system, but the municipality has declined, the subscription price, 79 roubles, being considered too low.

To Abolish Courts Martial.

Rome, Nov. 26.—The chamber of deputies, in spite of the opposition of the minister of war, Signor Dismartino, adopted a socialist motion to abolish trials by court-martial.

Davis Had a Bad Night.

St. Paul, Minn., Nov. 26.—United States Senator Davis passed a bad night, being delirious, and apparently suffering greatly. While resting somewhat easier, he is noticeably weaker.

Hessies to a Fortune.

St. Louis, Nov. 26.—Miss Annie Fell, a pretty girl employed in a local millinery house, is said to have fallen heir to a fortune of \$65,000, left her by an uncle, who died, recently, in Vienna.

Commissioner Wilson Improved.

Washington, Nov. 26.—After a consultation of physicians, it was announced that the condition of Commissioner Wilson of the internal revenue bureau showed a slight improvement.

A Chinese Stowaway.

Seattle, Wash., Nov. 26.—United States customs inspectors discovered a Chinaman secreted in a locker in the storeroom of the steamer North Pacific upon her arrival here from Vancouver, B. C.

Will Attend Jackson Day Banquet.

Chicago, Nov. 26.—Before William J. Bryan left for his home in Lincoln, Neb., it is said he gave assurance that he would be present at the Jackson day banquet to be held in this city on January 8.

Floods in Ohio Valley.

Cincinnati, Nov. 26.—Floods are reported all along the Ohio valley. In almost the entire valley rain fell almost continually for three days. While no lives are reported lost, the damage to property is considerable.

Detained for Observation.

Denver, Col., Nov. 26.—Policeman Charles Secrest, who was acquitted in Magistrate Rice's court, Saturday, on a charge of murder, is detained at the city jail on account of peculiar actions, which are believed to indicate that his mind has become unbalanced.

Liverpool Grain Imports.

Liverpool, Nov. 26.—The imports of wheat into Liverpool last week were 55,900 quarters from Atlantic ports, none from Pacific ports, and 14,000 from other ports. The imports of American corn from Atlantic ports last week were 55,400 quarters.

Somalis on the War Path.

Zanzibar, Nov. 26.—The Somalis have risen in Jubaland, a province of British East Africa. About 4,000 well-armed men are on the war path. Sub-Commissioner Jenner, who has been on a tour inland with a small force, is said to have been attacked. His position is grave.

To Head Off Swindlers.

Washington, Nov. 26.—Fourth Assistant Postmaster General John L. Bristow, in his annual report, recommends an amendment to the interstate commerce law prohibiting telegraph and express companies, or their employees, from aiding or abetting in the green goods or lottery swindles.

A Famous Mountain Climber.

Vancouver, B. C., Nov. 26.—Edward Whymper, the famous mountain climber of the Royal Geographical society of London, has arrived here. He proposes to ascend all the notable mountain peaks on the Pacific coast not already climbed, among them Mount Baker and the Lions of Vancouver.

River News.

Stations.	Change Rainfall Gauge 24 hours in 24
Pittsburgh	18.0
Chicago	8.4
St. Louis	12.1
St. Paul	1.3
Evansport	2.0
Memphis	12.2
Louisville	9.3
St. Louis	23.8
New Orleans	4.2

THE MARKET REPORT.

MONDAY, Nov. 26.

Grain and Provisions.

St. Louis—Wheat—Patents, \$3.0675; other grades, \$2.7500. Corn—No. 2 red, \$2.00; No. 2 mixed, \$1.95. Oats—No. 2, \$1.25. Hay—Timothy, \$11.00. Cattle—Choice, \$8.00; heavy, \$7.50. Hogs—Choice, \$10.00; heavy, \$9.50. Eggs—Fresh, \$1.00. Butter—Choice, \$2.00; heavy, \$1.80. Lard—Choice, \$1.00; heavy, \$0.95. Tallow—Choice, \$0.80; heavy, \$0.75. Wool—Wool-washed, \$1.00; unwashed, \$0.95. Hides—Choice, \$1.00; heavy, \$0.95. Tallow—Choice, \$0.80; heavy, \$0.75. Wool—Wool-washed, \$1.00; unwashed, \$0.95. Hides—Choice, \$1.00; heavy, \$0.95.

Cattle—Chicago quotations:

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J. L. STEWART, Photographer.

Has moved into his new gallery, south of court house, where he has a fine and well equipped studio, and will make you the finest and best pictures known to the art. Everything obtained at his gallery from the smallest badge picture to the largest enlarged picture, and all in a work that will not fade.

**Does All Kinds of Viewing and
Flash-Light Work.**

For 30 Days He will make one-half dozen pictures, fitting cabinet slot in album, and one 16x20 Enlarged Picture, for **\$3.00**

This work is as fine as can be done. So call and see him in his new Cottage Gallery. He has a fine assortment of the latest Buttons, Badges and Medallions.

TOLU.

Chas Bozeman went to Henderson Saturday on business.

James Vick, of Carrsville, was here Saturday.

Wm. Talley, an old mill man of Paducah, and Mr. Maxin, of Maxin's mill, McCracken county, were here Tuesday. Mr. Maxin is on a trade with Dr. Clement for the flour mill at this place. Dr. Clement goes to see Mr. Maxin's farm this week.

H. P. Hawkins, of the firm of Hawkins & Son of Paducah was here Saturday buying corn.

G. B. Crawford and daughters, Misses Blanche and Clara, Will Crawford and wife, Misses Mayme Boyd and Lulu Clayton, attended Della Crawford's reception Thursday. All report a good time. Your correspondent and Judson Bennett received some of the cake and it was splendid.

T. A. McAmis is moving to the Buckner Creek property this week.

Ed McElmurry and baby who have been quite sick for some time are convalescent.

Much damage has been done corn that was stacked and ricked upon river bank during recent rains.

It isn't often that one boy falls in love with another but our young friend Fred M. has fallen in love with a boy (d) ?

CARRSVILLE.

Henry Ramage, near here, fell from his wagon and sustained serious if not fatal injuries.

The C. P. church has been undergoing some repairs, preparatory to the meeting that is to begin soon.

We now have regular river mail. Hogs are going at 5 cents net and 4 cents gross.

The entertainment given by the graded school in the chapel last Saturday night was a rousing success.

Now that politics have passed by for a period an almost monotonous quiet prevails.

Prof. Wright, of Tolu, spent last Saturday and Sunday with his family.

Last Wednesday night, at Good Hope, J. F. Crawford, of near here, and Miss Minnie Padon were united in matrimony, Rev. J. B. Lowry officiating. The bride is the beautiful and accomplished daughter of Wm. Padon and Mrs. Crawford is a prosperous farmer of near this place.

DYCUSBURG.

S. H. Cassidy is on the sick list. Henry Cassidy, of Eddyville, has a position at the Spot Cash store.

The river has been rising quite rapidly for the past week, and all the largest boats make regular trips now.

Ed James of Eddyville was in town last week.

Born to the wife of W. S. Harp, on the night of the 29th, a fine, large Democrat.

Miss Mamie Graves is quite sick this week.

Dr. Phillips and wife were visiting his father last week.

J. C. Bennett went to Kuttawa one day last week.

Pete Hallam was in our town Saturday.

Same Davis made a trip to Paducah Sunday.

SILIAM.

A number of people will attend the revival now going on at Sheridan. Revs. Smith and Ramsey are doing the preaching, while W. B. Yates has charge of the singing.

James Tuning, of Missouri, is quite ill with typhoid fever at the residence of Robert Barnes.

Miss Lucy Boker, of New Salem, spent several days last week with her friend, Miss Sallie Butler.

Misses Lora Hurley and Bessie Hale were visiting friends in this neighborhood last week.

Miss Irene LaRue, of Levisa, was visiting Miss Kate Bebout last week.

Bart Hodges is speculating through the community in buying and selling goats.

Mrs. Caroline Kemp, of this vicinity, is visiting her daughter in Union county at present.

SHERIDAN.

Mrs. Sally Fowler has been very sick several days.

The Sheridan meeting is in progress; splendid preaching and good interest being taken.

Charley Stallions killed a bald eagle Monday morning; it was seven feet from tip to tip of its wings.

T. E. Griffith was in Marion Monday morning.

Will Stallions has bought an interest in T. M. Hamilton's grocery.

A Good Meeting.

Sheridan, Nov. 24, 1900.

ED. PRESS: I closed a good meeting at Dyer's Hill the first Sunday in the month. I had the assistance of licentiate Chas Gregston, of Dulaney, who did most of the preaching and did it well, and greatly endeared himself to the church and community. He is a very promising young preacher.

Eld. G. S. Summers was with us the first week, and did excellent work.

Results: A glorious revival and 14 professed faith in Christ and 8 joined the church and several others are expected to join soon.

This church gave the writer a unanimous call for next year, which is the fourth call. The church is united and seems to be in good working condition. The church at Hampton also gave me a unanimous call for next year.

W. R. Gibbs.

A Double Wedding.

Wednesday evening, Nov. 25th, two couples were united in marriage at the residence of Mr. James Gilbert, three miles north of Marion. Mr. Calvin Johnson, prominent young farmer, and Miss Resie Gilbert, daughter of Mr. Jas. Gilbert, were united in marriage, and immediately after this ceremony Mr. Cecil Hollomon and Miss Ruthie Gilbert were made man and wife; Rev. Gibbs officiating at both ceremonies. A large number of people witnessed the happy affair, and the newly wedded couple received the hearty congratulations of many friends.

Fresh oysters at Cophers Thanks-giving.

Almost a Flood.

The heavy rains last week did considerable damage in some parts of the State. In the city of Hopkinsville many of the streets were completely submerged, and water stood three feet deep. Some of the houses were floated from their foundations, the little town of Gracey was also flooded.



Women are Like Flowers.

Healthy and strong they blossom and bloom. Sickly, they wither and die. Every woman ought to look well and feel well. It's her right and duty, but she might as well try to put out a fire with oil as to be healthy and attractive with disease corroding the organs that make her a woman. Upon their health depends her health. If there is inflammation or weakening drains or suffering at the monthly period, attend to it at once. Don't delay. You're one step nearer the grave every day you put it off. Women can stand a great deal, but they cannot live forever with disease dragging at the most delicate and vital organs in their body. You may have been deceived in so-called cures. We don't see how you could help it—there is so much worthless stuff on the market. But you won't be disappointed in Bradfield's Female Regulator. We believe it is the one medicine on earth for womanly ills. There is as much difference between it and other so-called remedies as there is between right and wrong. Bradfield's Female Regulator soothes the pain, stops the drains, promotes regularity, strengthens, purifies and cleanses. It does all this quickly and easily and naturally. It is for women alone to decide whether they will be healthy or sick. Bradfield's Regulator lies at hand. \$1 per bottle at drug stores. Send for our free booklet.

THE BRADFIELD REGULATOR CO., ALBANY, N. Y.

S. H. Ramage, Tinner,

Does all Kinds of Roofing, Guttering and Repairing. Roof Painting a Specialty.

Will be glad to do your work. Call for estimates, prices, etc. Shop 2nd door East Masonic Building.

SECRET SOCIETIES.

Bigham Lodge, No 256, F. & A. M. Regular meetings Saturday night before full moon in each month. Visiting brethren are cordially invited to attend. J. G. GILBERT, W. M. J. B. KEVIL, Secretary.

CRITTENDEN CHAPTER, NO. 70, R. A. M., meets regularly Saturday night after full moon in each month. WINGATE COUNCIL, No 35, B & S M Regular meetings second Monday night in each month.

Blackwell Lodge No. 57, K. P. Meets every Friday night in K. P. Hall. J. W. BLUE, C. C. GEO. M. CRIDER, K. of R. and S.

Marion Lodge No 60 Regular meetings first and third Monday nights in each month, in the Masonic Hall. Visiting brethren are cordially invited to attend. B. L. WILBORN, M. W. J. C. BOURLAND, Recorder.

A. C. MOORE,
Attorney and
Counselor at Law
OFFICE—Rooms 3 and 4, over
Marion Bank.
MARION, KY

Land for Sale.

600 acres; will cut into lots to purchaser. Price reasonable; terms easy. Field Crider, Mattoon, Ky.

R F Haynes

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the

PUREST
AND BEST
DRUGS

all the

PATENT
MEDICINE?

Fine
Stationery.

All the
Healthful

HOT
DRINKS

At his
Fountain

R. J. MORRIS Dentist,

Office over Marion Bank.

MARION, KY.

WM. FOWLER, President.
J. B. CLARK, Vice President.
R. L. MOORE, Second Vice President.

E. J. HAYWARD, Cashier
J. B. HUBBARD, Asst Cashier

Farmers Bank

OF MARION, KY.

AUTHORIZED CAPITAL STOCK \$30,000.00

A BANK OF DEPOSITS, LOANS and DISCOUNTS

Does a General Banking Business. Special Attention given Collections and Remittances. It solicits

DR. H. F. RAY, The Osteopath

Treats all chronic diseases
Without Faith, Drugs or Knife.

Osteopathy is "THE DRUGLESS SCIENCE." Consultation free at office. Charges only \$25.00 per month. Money due when the treatment begins. Further information gladly given either in person or by mail.

H. F. RAY, D. O., MARION, KY.

HIGHEST
GRADE OF **Fine Whiskies.**
E. W. TAYLOR
Next Door to Cook Hotel.
4 Year Old at \$2.00 per gallon, 50c a Quart.
Handles pure Bourbon Rye and Malt Whiskies.

The Great
Blood
PURIFIER!



Kidney and
Liver
Regulator

Guaranteed by our REGISTERED GUARANTEE to cure all diseases arising from Impure Blood and Inactive Liver or Kidneys. 200 Days' Treatment \$1. The dollar back if you are not cured. We, the undersigned, have tried "Our Native Herb Tablets," and have found the medicine to be good and can cheerfully recommend it to all suffering from the various diseases it is guaranteed to cure. Lit Threlkeld, Charles Bozeman, W. L. Funkhouser, John Drake, James Lee, (Mrs.) Jno. Perry, W. T. Tinsley, R. A. Towery, D W STONE, AGENT, THE ALONZO BLISS CO., TO LU, KY. Medicine Mailed Promptly on receipt of \$1.

To The Public,

1900 finds us at the same old
stand, doing business in the
same square old way—

Selling Good
Goods For
The Cash.

At the lowest prices, always
giving 100 cents worth for
the dollar.

This year we hope to do more business with
you, promising courteous treatment and the
lowest possible prices, and we add just here
that all

Heavy Woolen Goods are offered
at Greatly Reduced Prices...

Your account is due and we need the money
Thanking you for your liberal patronage in
the past, we are your friends

Woods & Fowler