

# The Crittenden Press.

VOLUME 23.

MARION, CRITTENDEN COUNTY, KENTUCKY, MARCH 20, 1902.

NO 41

## THREE NEW MILLS TO BE CONSTRUCTED.

THE COLUMBIA MINE TO HAVE A PLANT OF 100 TONS CAPACITY--THE KENTUCKY FLUOR SPAR PEOPLE WILL ERECT A FIFTY TON MILL.

Marble Mine at Fredonia is Also in Line--Another Great Vein Discovered On The Old Jim--A Lump of Carbonate 200 Tons in Weight.

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A very thorough, careful investigation of the volume of water easily accessible was made, measurements, heights and surfaces were gone over, estimates of this, that and the others were computed, and at the end of some hard work in planning and figuring Mr. Elmore decided that for about \$6,500 he could install a plant that would handle from 75 to 100 tons of the Columbia mineral. This estimate of course presupposes that the machinery, etc., is in as good condition as it appears on the surface.

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south of the large opening, and being on much higher ground an immense tonnage is assured before reaching the sulphides at water level.

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Of course prospecting will be commenced vigorously now that the weather is suitable for out of door work and many huge finds may be expected this season.

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## PRIMARY ELECTION.

CALLED TO NOMINATE A CANDIDATE FOR CONGRESS SATURDAY, MAY 24.



VOTE FOR HIM MAY 24th.

At a meeting of the Democratic executive committee of the First Congressional district of Kentucky, composed of the chairmen of the thirteen counties of said district, held at Paducah, Ky., Mar 15, 1902, a quorum of said committee being present, it is ordered and directed that a primary election be held in said district on Saturday, May 24, 1902, for the purpose of nominating a Democratic candidate for congress, to be voted for at the next November election, to represent the First Congressional district in the Fifty-Eighth congress of the United States.

And it is hereby ordered and directed that the county chairmen of the respective counties shall select three Democrats for each voting place in his county, who shall open the polls and hold said election from 7 o'clock a. m. to 5 o'clock p. m., on said day of May 24. The said election shall be by secret ballot.

The chairman of this Democratic committee shall cause to be printed and bound in books, sufficient ballots to supply all the voting precincts in this Congressional district. Said ballots to be printed on good quality of thick white paper.

The chairmen of the various counties of the district are directed to send to the chairman of this committee, Col. Mott Ayers, of Fulton, Ky., a list of the various voting precincts of their respective counties, together with a memorandum, stating the number of ballots needed in all of said voting precincts. Such ballots shall contain the names of all the candidates seeking the Democratic nomination for congress in this district, with a square opposite each name. The voter to stamp with stencil or cross with pencil in square opposite the name of the candidate for whom he desires to vote for said Democratic nomination.

The chairman of this committee, after having caused to be printed all of these ballots, shall send or deliver, personally, to the various county chairmen the ballots to be used in their respective counties, not less than ten days before the Democratic Congressional primary is to be held, in order that the county chairmen can deliver same to the election officers in their respective counties in said Congressional District where said primary is to be held. The ballots cast at said election shall be preserved and kept under seal and returned with the stub-poll book, by said precinct officer to the county chairman of their said county.

Each candidate shall have the right to have one challenger present during the casting of said votes, and have one inspector present during the counting of said votes.

The election officers shall be equally divided between the contending candidates before said primary and, each candidate shall have the right to submit to the chairman of each county, ten days before the said primary is to be held, the names of such Democrats as he desires to act upon his behalf in the holding of said primary. From each said list, said candidate's apportionment shall be taken in the appointment of said election officers to hold said primary election.

At the close of the polls at 5 o'clock p. m., the election officers aforesaid, shall count the votes cast for each candidate and certify the result of said election for the precinct in which they are acting, to the chairman of the Executive committee in said county, on or before Tuesday following; and, on Thursday thereafter 29th day of May, 1902, the county chairmen of the respective counties in said congressional district shall re-convene at Paducah, Ky., at the Palmer House in said city, at 2 o'clock p. m., and count the votes cast in said primary election, as appears from the returns of the precinct election officers, and the candidate receiving the plurality of votes cast at said election, shall be declared the Democratic nominee for congress in the said Congressional district, to be voted for at the November election, 1902.

All persons who voted for Bryan electors in 1900, and for J. C. W. Beckham for governor, shall have the right to participate in said primary election, as well as such Democratic youths as may attain the age of 21 years before the November election.

And, be it further provided that the expense of holding said primary election shall be paid by the candidates for said nomination, and same shall be assessed ratably and proportionately against said candidates. The chairman of the respective counties are hereby directed to ascertain the least possible expense of holding such election, and it is hoped that there can be found sufficient number of loyal Democrats in each county who will make capable election officers to hold said primary without charge for their services. Each chairman to report on his own county to the chairman of this committee on or before 24th day of April, 1902. And the candidates for said nomination are hereby requested to report their candidacy to the said district chairman, Colonel Mott Ayers, on or before said date, first day of May, 1902. And the said Mott Ayers, the chairman of this committee, is hereby directed, at once, upon the report of the committee to him of the expense, to notify the candidates who have reported their candidacy to him, the amount of their respective apportionment of said expenses due to each county. And the candidates for said nomination shall then be expected and required to remit to the chairman of this committee on or before May 1st, the amount necessary to hold said primary, as shown by the report of each county chairman, and the cost of printing, etc. And the chairman of this committee shall then remit to the county chairman the amount reported by them as necessary for the holding of said election. But, if on the 1st day of May, 1902, it shall appear that there is not more than one candidate for the nomination, and but one candidate has reported his candidacy to the district chairman, and made his remittance as herein provided, of his proportional part of the expense, then, in that event, the said chairman shall at once, re-convene the committee at the Palmer House, in the city of Paducah, within five days thereafter, and announce no primary will be held, and to declare the said candidate, whoever he may be, the Democratic nominee for congress in said district.

And, be it further provided, that this primary election is called, not under the laws of Kentucky, but under Democratic usages and customs.

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L. E. DODD, Secy.



## THE CRITTENDEN PRESS

PUBLISHED WEEKLY.

MARION, KENTUCKY

### SUNBEAMS GLISTEN BRIGHTLY.

Day by day the sunlight  
Sinks in the west,  
Daylight fades from our sight,  
Nature seeketh rest;  
But we know the darkness  
Soon will disappear,  
God, with love and kindness,  
Ever stayeth near.  
First, the moonbeams calmly  
Cover with weird light  
Streams that flow so silently,  
Silvery, cool, and white.  
Then the morning dawneth,  
And the light of day  
Decks the earth and draweth  
Life from sun's bright ray;  
Sunbeams glisten brightly  
In the drops of dew,  
And God, loving, kindly,  
Doth our faith renew.  
Thus when shade and shadow  
Darken heart with fear,  
Faith doth say: "To-morrow  
God will dry your tear."  
First comes peace as moonlight,  
Mellow, mild, and still,  
Then strength, as the sunlight,  
Heart doth warm and fill.  
Matters not if sorrow,  
Anguish, grief and pain,  
From God's fount just borrow  
Strength, hope, pure, and clear,  
For to heart that trusteth  
Comes a bright, pure ray;  
Faith and hope it giveth,  
Altogether peace to stay.  
—John G. Quinius, in Religious Telescope.

### FROM THE OUTSIDE.

BY HOWARD FIELDING.

I was without money, food or shelter; but the May evening was tremulous with heat, and there was no dew upon the grass so one might sleep anywhere. Nevertheless, I was glad to find a big shallow box by the side of a rough lane on the northern edge of the city. There were some bits of bagging and an old torn carriage robe in it—probably the wrappings of a piano—and a thrill went through all my bones at the sight of such a good bed.

After I had lain down I was so comfortable that I would not go to ask for food at the door of the fine houses that stood with their backs to me, looking out towards the lane across pretty yards like flower gardens. I had had something to eat at noon, and the long tramp since then had worn the hunger out of me. So I lay upon the ragged robe with the bagging for a pillow, and stared out over the edge of the box with weary eyes, at the lighted windows and the people within.

No curtains were drawn on the rear of the house opposite me. There were three floors, and I could see quite well in all those northward rooms, for I had dragged my box upon a knoll across the lane, and so lay nearly as high as the second story.

It seemed to be a sort of apartment house, and those rooms at the back were not for cooking or eating, but looked like well furnished parlors. Clearly enough the people on the different floors had no concern with the lives above or below them; no more, indeed, than with that of their chance neighbor of a night, in the box upon the knoll.

At the uppermost window there was a figure in white, reclining in a posture so easy that my first thought was envious. I pictured her a young girl, beautiful and admired, with parents who took every care from her mind, with little knowledge of the world and wondrous hopes of what might be in it—a life of ease and of dreams.

A curious fancy came to me that it would be much easier to live a woman's life than a man's. I have always wished to be somebody else—now one and then another—and it came to me, in that moment, that I would like to change places with the girl at the window. Almost immediately, however, some one turned up the light in the room, and I saw that the girl lay in an invalid's chair, and that there was a stand with bottles of medicine within her reach.

I have a horror of illness; the thought that I had wished to change places with that poor creature, wasting away perhaps with consumption, gave me a start such as one has when one escapes a peril. If I had indeed been that girl, I should have been tempted to take the bottle that held the strongest poisonous drug and drain it to the last drops.

In the lowest room were a man and a woman, quarreling. Of course, I could not hear a word, but it was easy to follow the conversation. It was like a duel with swords, and many a thrust, upon each side, reached the heart.

I hate to quarrel; if I have hard words with anyone, I never wish to see him again. I would rather have been myself, sleeping out of doors upon a castaway robe, than the man with a scolding wife; and I suppose such a woman is no happier than she makes others.

While I was amusing myself with these observations, a door in the basement of the house opened, and a little man with a bushy beard and a big pipe in his mouth, came out. He walked slowly across the yard, and just as he reached the gate, his eye lit upon me. He came across the lane and up the knoll, until he stood beside my box.

"What are you doing here?" he asked, but not unkindly.

"Resting a few minutes," said I, "on my way to Springfield, O."

"Ohio, is it?" he cried. "That's a long road from here. I suppose you're a tramp?"

"I'm walking, these days," I replied, "but I've got a friend out there who'll look out for me, and get me a job. I'm a printer."

"And you've got no friend nearer than Ohio?" said he. "Well, well! What do you live on meanwhile?"

"On the hope of getting there alive," said I, with a laugh; and he seemed to see the point.

"A man can always peg along," he rejoined, "if he's really going anywhere."

"And getting nearer every day," I added, and then, to turn the subject, "I've been watching the people in that house—wondering which of them I'd rather be. There's a sick girl on the top floor—"

"Yes, poor child," said he; "and I guess she'll never be any better. But she's cheerful; you'd be surprised. She's studying music. You'll hear her play the mandolin by and by. All the family gather in her room in the evening and she plays to them. Her concert, she calls it; and she practices for it during the day as much as she can. She's beginning to play wonderfully well."

At this moment a young man who had been writing at a desk in the room on the second floor, arose and came to the window where he paused, and lit a cigar.

"That's Mr. Sanford," said my acquaintance, whom I judged to be the janitor of the building whose occupants we were discussing. "He owns that house, and I don't know how many others, down in the city. It's queer that he should want to live up here out of the way. Still, his rooms are wonderful; I never saw such furniture; and there's things worth a fortune, from all over the world."

"What does he do?" I asked.

"He? Oh, he doesn't have to do anything. He's worth a mint o' money, that fellow."

"And he's been all over the world," said I, with a sigh for the many fair lands I should never see. "Why doesn't he travel some more?"

"Says he's been everywhere," was the reply. "He spends a lot of time in his room, mostly alone; but often men come to play cards. He gives them wine by the cart load, and cigars that cost a quarter apiece, in lots of a thousand. Girls come to see him, too, in the afternoons, and he makes tea for them in a queer bronze thing that used to belong to a prince out in China or Japan. They don't all drink tea, either; some of 'em drink wine as well as the men. They're restunners, I tell you; some of them way up in society, I'm told, though I never meddle with other people's business. By jingo—" he said, suddenly—"I can see the diamond on his little finger sparkle, all the way from here! It's big as your thumb."

Indeed it seemed to me that I could see a flash of light from the man's hand. I sat up in my box and looked at him. Instinct had told me that there was some one in that house whom I should envy. We faced each other across the dark; he in his fine dress suit, looking out from his nest of riches; I with my torn clothes, couched in a box by the wayside.

"He wouldn't have to walk a thousand miles to find a friend," said I.

"He has plenty, I guess," was the reply. "There's so many that it seems to me I never see the same ones twice, either men or women. Hello! Mr. and Mrs. Wayland are having another fuss. They're just like children—quarrel and make up. Look at him now, trying to get hold of her hand. He'll kiss it. I've seen them end their squabbles like that before."

His prophecy proved true. Our friends upon the lowest story had grown tired of quarreling. He kissed her hand, and then her lips; and presently they sat in the broad window-seat together, her head upon his shoulder, while they looked out at the warm, dark, fragrant night.

From above came the sound of the mandolin, in an old love tune; and many forms of old and young people appeared near to the invalid, listening. Her mother—as I judged—was stroking her hair, as she played.

The young man on the second floor ceased to look away at the stars. He returned to his desk and I saw him

seal a letter, and lay upon it a tin box which he took from a pigeon-hole. Then he turned the light low, and walked again to the window where, for a few minutes, his cigar glowed with extraordinary brightness. Suddenly it dropped from his lips; I saw his hand clutch the sash above his head, and his right come up to the level of his breast. There sprang out a great reddish yellow flash, in which I saw his face as white as paper.

It must have been a heavy weapon for the report was very loud. The music ceased above. I saw all the people crowd around the invalid as if to shield her from they knew not what. At the lower window the childish, married lovers stood with clasped hands, as we two ran across the lane and the garden.

In the midst of quaint luxury brought from many different lands lay the young man dead. The tin box on the desk held some documents of business; the letter under it was addressed to a man in London.

"It is strange," said I, "that there is no other message."

"It seems his friend was further away than yours," replied the janitor.

### SHE COULD KEEP A SECRET.

Woman Who Lived and Died Without Once Telling Her Age.

The one secret that women know how to keep, is, according to unkind critics, that of their age, says the Baltimore News. They will tell everything else that is entrusted to their keeping, but never, even in a moment of expansive indiscretion, will they be induced to reveal the number of their years.

Of course, this isn't always true. Many females tell their ages and those of their women friends with as much freedom as their brothers would give the same intelligence concerning themselves, but one elderly lady who recently died was, in the matter of secretiveness, a marvel to her acquaintances.

No one except her brothers and sisters knew her age. Her husband did not, though she was married to him 30 years or more. When the marriage license had to be bought the bride vouchsafed the information that she was "more than 18." That was all; so the hardhearted best man put her down as 25 years of age.

In the years that followed she never spoke of her birthdays. Once, when she was asked if she was born in June, she replied that she didn't remember. The natal days of others in the family were celebrated, but hers never. She would talk well on any subject in the world but ages; on this she was absolutely dumb.

Before she died she made a single request of her husband. "Please don't allow any date to appear in the obituary notices or on my tombstone," she asked. "I don't like dates."

And so her secret died with her, and though her women friends surmised that she must be at least ten years older than her husband to justify this sensitiveness, it is quite possible that she was nothing of the sort. She did not look it. She merely had a horror of being reminded of the passage of time.

This was, of course, a very unusual case, but it is sufficient evidence that a woman can keep a secret and she will.

### FEEDS THE SQUIRRELS.

The Self-Imposed Task of United States Senator Pettus.

Every morning as regularly as the sun comes up over the hills to the east Senator Pettus emerges from his residence near the capitol grounds with an envelope full of crumbs, relates the Washington Post. He tramps across B street, leaps the tall granite curbing that skirts that portion of the government reservation and looks over his steel-rimmed spectacles for the little squirrels placed in the grounds some months ago. This Alabamian of the old school, ponderous of movement, who served as a lieutenant in the Mexican war and afterwards rode with a party of his neighbors on horseback to California, finds great delight in distributing the crumbs to the squirrels that rush around him. They are the senator's friends and have no fear of him. They cling to his outstretched hand, climb upon his broad shoulders and frisk around him familiarly as he furnishes them a morning meal.

### Population of Rome.

Under the emperors the population of Rome was more than 2,600,000. During the middle ages it was reduced to 14,000. When Victor Emmanuel made the city his capital it was 184,000; in 1880 it had increased to 312,000; in 1890 to 451,000 and in 1900 to 500,610. The estimated population in 1902 is 550,000.

### PUZZLE PICTURE.



"HERE COMES DUSKY DUGGAN."

### PEPPER AS A SMOKE CURE.

Young Woman Follows Cousin's Advice with Apparently Good Results.

One of the trials of a young married woman who lives on the East side, so near the lake that she can look from her back window out on its icy bosom, has a cousin but a few years younger than herself. He is a young man, extremely fond of a joke—on others—and seems to think that his pretty cousin is a better subject than anyone else.

She rarely gets angry, but joins in the laughter as if she were the joker and he the joked. His latest was suggested to him a few days ago by a coal wagon backed up to the woodshed coal hole. From the seat of the wagon to the top of the shed was an easy step, and from place of vantage to the roof of the house was another.

From the chimney of the house smoke was pouring out in heavy volumes. On the clothesline that stretched across the yard hung a piece of carpet. It did not take him long to decide that it would be "just lots of fun" to place that carpet and a board over the chimney and then step into the house and watch proceedings.

They came, sure enough, and the room was soon filled with smoke. The young housewife poked the ashes from in front of the stove, shook the grate and danced around in great alarm when she found that her efforts were in vain. Her reprobate cousin stood around and tried to show deep concern. Finally, out of the goodness of his heart, he offered to tell her how to stop the smoke.

She was only too glad to be advised, but when he told her to put pepper in the stove she was inclined to think that the advice was worthless. Nevertheless, as a last resort, she threw a

handful of pepper in the fire. Her worthless cousin then quietly stepped out through the back door, removed the carpet and came in again. Not suspecting the significance of his leaving the room, the young woman was so grateful for the pepper-in-the-fire suggestion that she rewarded him with a kiss. That night she told her husband about the new smoke cure she had discovered and advised him to try it on himself. She was sure, she said, that if he took a sufficiently large dose of pepper he would throw "that horrid pipe away." Her husband was wise, however, and did not act upon the suggestion.

The joke was not explained to the victim for a week, during which time she spread the news of how to stop a stove from smoking among a dozen of the neighbors. When she was finally told how she had been duped she got angry for the first time in her life, and when her cousin, the sinner, left for Chicago she refused to even bid him good-by.—Milwaukee Sentinel.

### Moral Applied to Many.

A well-known English dean recently had the misfortune to lose his umbrella, and he rather suspected that its appropriation by another had not been altogether accidental. He therefore used the story to point a moral in a sermon in the cathedral; adding that if its present possessor would drop it over the wall of the deanery garden during that night he would say no more about it. Next morning he repaired to the spot and found his own umbrella and 45 others.

### The One Drawback.

Many a man would be able to live on his reputation if it wasn't necessary to eat once in awhile.—Chicago Daily News.

## A Lesson from Ober-Ammergau

By W. T. STEAD,  
Famous London Journalist.

IT WAS just after I had spent a number of days at Ober-Ammergau, where I had witnessed the production of the Passion Play, and was returning home to London by way of Switzerland, that, while waiting for a train at Lucerne, I turned over the book in the waiting-room that describes the construction of the Gotthard tunnel. About 1,000 tons of dynamite, it is said, had sufficed to pierce the tunnels through the mountain barrier that separated Italy from Switzerland. Blasting powder could never have done the work. That helped to level the roads for the legions of Suvarrow. It needed dynamite to tunnel the St. Gotthard—dynamite directed by science.

As I read I fell a-thinking of that which I had so recently seen, and in it I found a lesson.

The old story, that medieval Christ in magenta and pearl gray, with His disciples in artistic symphonies of harmonious color, no doubt transformed the world.

BUT A NEW WORLD HAS RISEN WHICH SORELY NEEDS TRANSFORMING AGAIN, and, is it not possible that the conventional Christ, who no doubt did mighty things in the past, may have become as obsolete as blasting powder. May we not hope that if the conventional Christ did so much, the real Christ may do much more; that the realization of the Christ as He actually lived and died among us may be as much superior in its transforming efficacy as the dynamite of the modern engineer is to the powder sack of the soldiers who marched under old Suvarrow?

Of one thing we may at least be certain, and that is, IF EVERY ONE OF THOSE WHO CALL THEMSELVES BY THE CHRISTIAN NAME WOULD BUT SAY ONE CHRISTLIKE WORD, AND DO ONE CHRISTLIKE DEED BETWEEN EVERY SUNRISE AND SUNSET, IT WOULD LIFT A VERY ALPINE MASS OF SORROW AND ANXIETY FROM THE WEARY HEART OF THE WORLD.

What then might not be done, if, in very truth, and with all sincerity, we, each of us, tried to be a real Christ in his or her sphere, the sent of God in the midst of those with whom we pass our lives?

### THE ENGAGED GIRL.

Worries Over Style of the Name She Is to Assume.

"Let me come in to catch my breath," gasped Isobel, as Beth dragged forward the biggest chair and began to unfasten her caller's tippet. "No, I can't stay long, but I wanted to tell you how much I appreciate your visits, even if I never am at home."

"I've been in just five times this week and found you out every time," began Beth.

"Yes, I know. But it's such a short time till Easter Monday now that if I don't go every minute I'll not be half ready for my wedding. I've found a new thing to worry over now."

"You poor old dear," cooed Beth, comfortingly. "Don't you think you would better quit discovering new things till you've got some of the old ones straightened out? Have you yet found your flat?"

"No," groaned the engaged girl. "Nor are my hats ready. And there's been an awful botch of the brown canvas cloth—the one I meant to travel in, you know—and mamma's oldest sister, down east, has written me a scorching letter because I didn't give her more warning, so that she'd have time to get ready to come to the wedding. But how could I—when I wasn't engaged till Christmas eve?"

"Go on, dear, if it relieves you," encouraged Beth.

"Then, too, I can't decide about the style of the invitations and about my name."

"And pray what is the matter with your name? 'To the marriage of their daughter, Isobel Winifred,' sounds quite grand. It's lots better than 'Effie Mae' or 'Lillie Mayme' or—"

"It isn't my present name which worries me," put in the bride-to-be. "It's my new name—Mrs. Thomas J. Jenkins."

"Oh," said Beth, a trifle breathlessly. "Have you got that far? Can't you postpone worrying over that till after the bishop has made you really Mrs. Tom?"

"I think it is well to look these matters in the face," sighed Isobel, resignedly. "A girl has to be cautious, you know, before it is too late."

"Too late?" echoed Beth, in a frightened tone.

"Well, not exactly that, perhaps," replied the girl, whirling her solitaire thoughtfully. "I suppose I would not throw Tom over even if his parents had been less considerate of his wife than they were."

"I don't quite see the connection," said Beth.

"There, I'll have to explain it all over again," sighed Isobel. "No one seems to appreciate my woes. Tom says he won't even let me have my cards with the 'John' on them, but just like he has always had his—plain Mrs. Thomas J. Jenkins. It sounds like a business card. I've been collecting the cards the girls have left since they've been married, and I'm going to have the worst of the lot."

Whereupon Isobel drew a packet from her purse and spread the tiny pasteboards before her.

"Here's Mrs. Turlington Watterson Barnes—that's Jennie Smith, you know, whom Turly Barnes married last fall. And here's Mrs. Bennington Frederic Tupper—Fred Tupper's wife. No, his name wasn't 'Bennington,' but Nell said she just wouldn't have 'Frederick Tupper,' so she hunted up the 'Bennington' and dropped the 'k' from the 'Frederick.' Sounds well now, doesn't it? And here's Mrs. W. J. Caxton Matson. Yes, that's Billy Matson's wife. The 'W. J.' stands for 'William Jacob,' and she didn't like them, so she fixed it this way. But here's the finest of the lot: Mrs. Jay Thomson Prettyman, Jr.—just Mrs. Tommy Prettyman. The 'J' used to be an initial, but she didn't like it, so she had it spelled out, and left the 'p' out of 'Thompson' and added the 'Jr.,' although his father's name is Henry, and it is awfully distinguished now."

"Just think how it will sound to be announced at a reception 'Mrs. Thomas J. Jenkins,' right after 'Mrs. Turlington Watterson Barnes' and 'Mrs. Jay Thomson Prettyman, Jr.' To make matters worse, Tom says that if the name has been good enough for him for 30 years it is good enough for his wife. But then a man can never appreciate these distinctions, which mean so much to a woman."

"But I myself," ventured Beth, weakly, "have been puzzled sometimes, when I find cards left by my old friends, to guess who they are."

"So have I," replied Isobel, promptly, "but that only makes it all the more exciting. Take my advice, dear, and when the next man proposes don't accept till you've thought how your cards are going to look."—Chicago Daily News.



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The young man on the second floor ceased to look away at the stars. He returned to his desk and I saw him

seal a letter, and lay upon it a tin box which he took from a pigeon-hole. Then he turned the light low, and walked again to the window where, for a few minutes, his cigar glowed with extraordinary brightness. Suddenly it dropped from his lips; I saw his hand clutch the sash above his head, and his right come up to the level of his breast. There sprang out a great reddish yellow flash, in which I saw his face as white as paper.

It must have been a heavy weapon for the report was very loud. The music ceased above. I saw all the people crowd around the invalid as if to shield her from they knew not what. At the lower window the childish, married lovers stood with clasped hands, as we two ran across the lane and the garden.

In the midst of quaint luxury brought from many different lands lay the young man dead. The tin box on the desk held some documents of business; the letter under it was addressed to a man in London.

"It is strange," said I, "that there is no other message."

"It seems his friend was further away than yours," replied the janitor.

### SHE COULD KEEP A SECRET.

Woman Who Lived and Died Without Once Telling Her Age.

The one secret that women know how to keep, is, according to unkind critics, that of their age, says the Baltimore News. They will tell everything else that is entrusted to their keeping, but never, even in a moment of expansive indiscretion, will they be induced to reveal the number of their years.

Of course, this isn't always true. Many females tell their ages and those of their women friends with as much freedom as their brothers would give the same intelligence concerning themselves, but one elderly lady who recently died was, in the matter of secretiveness, a marvel to her acquaintances.

No one except her brothers and sisters knew her age. Her husband did not, though she was married to him 30 years or more. When the marriage license had to be bought the bride vouchsafed the information that she was "more than 18." That was all; so the hardhearted best man put her down as 25 years of age.

In the years that followed she never spoke of her birthdays. Once, when she was asked if she was born in June, she replied that she didn't remember. The natal days of others in the family were celebrated, but hers never. She would talk well on any subject in the world but ages; on this she was absolutely dumb.

Before she died she made a single request of her husband. "Please don't allow any date to appear in the obituary notices or on my tombstone," she asked. "I don't like dates."

And so her secret died with her, and though her women friends surmised that she must be at least ten years older than her husband to justify this sensitiveness, it is quite possible that she was nothing of the sort. She did not look it. She merely had a horror of being reminded of the passage of time.

This was, of course, a very unusual case, but it is sufficient evidence that a woman can keep a secret and she will.

### FEEDS THE SQUIRRELS.

The Self-Imposed Task of United States Senator Pettus.

Every morning as regularly as the sun comes up over the hills to the east Senator Pettus emerges from his residence near the capitol grounds with an envelope full of crumbs, relates the Washington Post. He tramps across B street, leaps the tall granite curbing that skirts that portion of the government reservation and looks over his steel-rimmed spectacles for the little squirrels placed in the grounds some months ago. This Alabamian of the old school, ponderous of movement, who served as a lieutenant in the Mexican war and afterwards rode with a party of his neighbors on horseback to California, finds great delight in distributing the crumbs to the squirrels that rush around him. They are the senator's friends and have no fear of him. They cling to his outstretched hand, climb upon his broad shoulders and frisk around him familiarly as he furnishes them a morning meal.

### Population of Rome.

Under the emperors the population of Rome was more than 2,600,000. During the middle ages it was reduced to 14,000. When Victor Emmanuel made the city his capital it was 184,000; in 1880 it had increased to 312,000; in 1890 to 451,000 and in 1900 to 500,610. The estimated population in 1902 is 550,000.

### PUZZLE PICTURE.



"HERE COMES DUSKY DUGGAN."

### PEPPER AS A SMOKE CURE.

Young Woman Follows Cousin's Advice with Apparently Good Results.

One of the trials of a young married woman who lives on the East side, so near the lake that she can look from her back window out on its icy bosom, has a cousin but a few years younger than herself. He is a young man, extremely fond of a joke—on others—and seems to think that his pretty cousin is a better subject than anyone else.

She rarely gets angry, but joins in the laughter as if she were the joker and he the joked. His latest was suggested to him a few days ago by a coal wagon backed up at the woodshed coal hole. From the seat of the wagon to the top of the shed was an easy step, and from place of vantage to the roof of the house was another. From the chimney of the house smoke was pouring out in heavy volumes. On the clothesline that stretched across the yard hung a piece of carpet. It did not take him long to decide that it would be "just lots of fun" to place that carpet and a board over the chimney and then step into the house and watch proceedings.

They came, sure enough, and the room was soon filled with smoke. The young housewife poked the ashes from in front of the stove, shook the grate and danced around in great alarm when she found that her efforts were in vain. Her reprobate cousin stood around and tried to show deep concern. Finally, out of the goodness of his heart, he offered to tell her how to stop the smoke.

She was only too glad to be advised, but when he told her to put pepper in the stove she was inclined to think that the advice was worthless. Nevertheless, as a last resort, she threw a

handful of pepper in the fire. Her worthless cousin then quietly stepped out through the back door, removed the carpet and came in again. Not suspecting the significance of his leaving the room, the young woman was so grateful for the pepper-in-the-fire suggestion that she rewarded him with a kiss. That night she told her husband about the new smoke cure she had discovered and advised him to try it on himself. She was sure, she said, that if he took a sufficiently large dose of pepper he would throw "that horrid pipe away." Her husband was wise, however, and did not act upon the suggestion.

The joke was not explained to the victim for a week, during which time she spread the news of how to stop a stove from smoking among a dozen of the neighbors. When she was finally told how she had been duped she got angry for the first time in her life, and when her cousin, the sinner, left for Chicago she refused to even bid him good-by.—Milwaukee Sentinel.

### Moral Applied to Many.

A well-known English dean recently had the misfortune to lose his umbrella, and he rather suspected that its appropriation by another had not been altogether accidental. He therefore used the story to point a moral in a sermon in the cathedral; adding that if its present possessor would drop it over the wall of the deanery garden during that night he would say no more about it. Next morning he repaired to the spot and found his own umbrella and 45 others.

### The One Drawback.

Many a man would be able to live on his reputation if it wasn't necessary to eat once in awhile.—Chicago Daily News.

## A Lesson from Ober-Ammergau

By W. T. STEAD,  
Famous London Journalist.

IT WAS just after I had spent a number of days at Ober-Ammergau, where I had witnessed the production of the Passion Play, and was returning home to London by way of Switzerland, that, while waiting for a train at Lucerne, I turned over the book in the waiting-room that describes the construction of the Gotthard tunnel. About 1,000 tons of dynamite, it is said, had sufficed to pierce the tunnels through the mountain barrier that separated Italy from Switzerland. Blasting powder could never have done the work. That helped to level the roads for the legions of Suvarrow. It needed dynamite to tunnel the St. Gotthard—dynamite directed by science.

As I read I fell a-thinking of that which I had so recently seen, and in it I found a lesson.

The old story, that medieval Christ in magenta and pearl gray, with His disciples in artistic symphonies of harmonious color, no doubt transformed the world.

BUT A NEW WORLD HAS RISEN WHICH SORELY NEEDS TRANSFORMING AGAIN, and, is it not possible that the conventional Christ, who no doubt did mighty things in the past, may have become as obsolete as blasting powder. May we not hope that if the conventional Christ did so much, the real Christ may do much more; that the realization of the Christ as He actually lived and died among us may be as much superior in its transforming efficacy as the dynamite of the modern engineer is to the powder sack of the soldiers who marched under old Suvarrow?

Of one thing we may at least be certain, and that is, IF EVERY ONE OF THOSE WHO CALL THEMSELVES BY THE CHRISTIAN NAME WOULD BUT SAY ONE CHRISTLIKE WORD, AND DO ONE CHRISTLIKE DEED BETWEEN EVERY SUNRISE AND SUNSET, IT WOULD LIFT A VERY ALPINE MASS OF SORROW AND ANXIETY FROM THE WEARY HEART OF THE WORLD.

What then might not be done, if, in very truth, and with all sincerity, we, each of us, tried to be a real Christ in his or her sphere, the sent of God in the midst of those with whom we pass our lives?

### THE ENGAGED GIRL.

Worries Over Style of the Name She Is to Assume.

"Let me come in to catch my breath," gasped Isobel, as Beth dragged forward the biggest chair and began to unfasten her caller's tippet. "No, I can't stay long, but I wanted to tell you how much I appreciate your visits, even if I never am at home."

"I've been in just five times this week and found you out every time," began Beth.

"Yes, I know. But it's such a short time till Easter Monday now that if I don't go every minute I'll not be half ready for my wedding. I've found a new thing to worry over now."

"You poor old dear," cooed Beth, comfortingly. "Don't you think you would better quit discovering new things till you've got some of the old ones straightened out? Have you yet found your flat?"

"No," groaned the engaged girl. "Nor are my hats ready. And there's been an awful batch of the brown canvas cloth—the one I meant to travel in, you know—and mamma's oldest sister, down east, has written me a scorching letter because I didn't give her more warning, so that she'd have time to get ready to come to the wedding. But how could I—when I wasn't engaged till Christmas eve?"

"Go on, dear, if it relieves you," encouraged Beth.

"Then, too, I can't decide about the style of the invitations and about my name."

"And pray what is the matter with your name? 'To the marriage of their daughter, Isobel Winifred,' sounds quite grand. It's lots better than 'Effie Mae' or 'Lillie Mayme' or—"

"It isn't my present name which worries me," put in the bride-to-be. "It's my new name—Mrs. Thomas J. Jenkins."

"Oh," said Beth, a trifle breathlessly. "Have you got that far? Can't you postpone worrying over that till after the bishop has made you really Mrs. Tom?"

"I think it is well to look these matters in the face," sighed Isobel, resignedly. "A girl has to be cautious, you know, before it is too late."

"Too late?" echoed Beth, in a frightened tone.

"Well, not exactly that, perhaps," replied the girl, whirling her solitaire thoughtfully. "I suppose I would not throw Tom over even if his parents had been less considerate of his wife than they were."

"I don't quite see the connection," said Beth.

"There, I'll have to explain it all over again," sighed Isobel. "No one seems to appreciate my woes. Tom says he won't even let me have my cards with the 'John' on them, but just like he has always had his—plain Mrs. Thomas J. Jenkins. It sounds like a business card. I've been collecting the cards the girls have left since they've been married, and I'm going to have the worst of the lot."

Whereupon Isobel drew a packet from her purse and spread the tiny pasteboards before her.

"Here's Mrs. Turlington Watterson Barnes—that's Jennie Smith, you know, whom Turly Barnes married last fall. And here's Mrs. Bennington Frederic Tupper—Fred Tupper's wife. No, his name wasn't 'Bennington,' but Nell said she just wouldn't have 'Frederick Tupper,' so she hunted up the 'Bennington' and dropped the 'k' from the 'Frederick.' Sounds well now, doesn't it? And here's Mrs. W. J. Caxton Matson. Yes, that's Billy Matson's wife. The 'W. J.' stands for 'William Jacob,' and she didn't like them, so she fixed it this way. But here's the finest of the lot: Mrs. Jay Thompson Prettyman, Jr.—just Mrs. Tommy Prettyman. The 'J' used to be an initial, but she didn't like it, so she had it spelled out, and left the 'p' out of 'Thompson' and added the 'Jr.,' although his father's name is Henry, and it is awfully distinguished now."

"Just think how it will sound to be announced at a reception 'Mrs. Thomas J. Jenkins,' right after 'Mrs. Turlington Watterson Barnes' and 'Mrs. Jay Thompson Prettyman, Jr.' To make matters worse, Tom says that if the name has been good enough for him for 30 years it is good enough for his wife. But then a man can never appreciate these distinctions, which mean so much to a woman."

"But I myself," ventured Beth, weakly, "have been puzzled sometimes, when I find cards left by my old friends, to guess who they are."

"So have I," replied Isobel, promptly, "but that only makes it all the more exciting. Take my advice, dear, and when the next man proposes don't accept till you've thought how your cards are going to look."—Chicago Daily News.



## NEWS OF THE WORLD.

President Roosevelt has signed the bill creating a permanent census bureau.

Fire destroyed the Palmer stove factory at Poplar Bluff, Mo., entailing a loss of \$300,000.

An explosion of gas in a coal mine near Monongahela, Pa., resulted in the death of five men.

The department of agriculture reports unfavorable conditions as to the wheat crop in many sections.

Chas. Call shot and killed his brother, George Call, in a fight over a game of cards at Princeton, Mo.

It is reported that Congressman Moody, of Massachusetts, will succeed Mr. Long as secretary of the navy.

A number of strikers said to have taken part in the recent riots in Spain have been shot after trial by court martial.

The fight for the removal of Pension Commissioner Clay Evans has been renewed by the Kansas congressional delegation.

F. W. Cattle, cashier of the State Bank at Elhart, Ill., suicided by shooting himself through the head. He was short \$32,000.

Unknown parties near Luling, Tex., went to the home of Nathan Bird, a negro, and took him and his son out and killed them.

The Illinois law imposing a fine of from \$10 to \$1,000 for dealing in futures has been upheld by the United States supreme court.

The Turkish government, in reply to demands of the United States denies all responsibility and liability in the kidnapping of Miss Stone.

While two citizens were watching them, burglars looted the First National bank at Montgomery, Ind., and escaped with \$3,500 in money and bonds.

It is the opinion in diplomatic circles at Washington that the outcome of the Anglo-Japanese agreement will be the abandonment of Manchuria by Russia.

The fines imposed on soldiers for breach of discipline during the Spanish-American war, amounting to \$100,000, is to be distributed among the national guards.

Members of the National Wholesale Lumbermen's Association declare the high price of lumber is due to scarcity of the product, and not to any combination of agreement.

The press of Germany express gratification at the reception accorded Prince Henry in this country, and argue that his visit will result in a better feeling between the two countries.

Spot cotton jumped to 9 cents per pound on the New York exchange on the 5th. The advance in cotton is due to actual shortage of the crop, which has now passed out of the hands of the producer to the middlemen, or speculators.

The Kansas cities and towns which tolerated Carrie Nation and her raiders will be obliged to pay for the saloons which were wrecked. The supreme court of Kansas, in a recent decision, declared that joints, operated in violation of the prohibitory law, were, nevertheless, the property of the owner, and entitled to police protection just as much as the property of the merchant.

Representatives of the Boers had an interview with President Roosevelt last week and requested that some action be taken by this government to prevent the shipment of supplies to South Africa for the British army. President Roosevelt pointed out to the committee that the attitude of the United States in connection with the South African war had been strictly neutral and that the government had done nothing to prevent shipments of commodities to the Boer forces as well as the British.

Secretary Root has issued an order warning all army officers against efforts to influence legislation relating to the military service unless such action is taken through the regular military channels.

Figures furnished by the British minister of war show that the struggle in South Africa has already cost his government \$1,000,000,000, and it is estimated it will require \$200,000,000 more to finish the conquest.

A detachment of American troops engaged in battle 200 Philippine insurgents on the island of Samar March 2. Eighty of the insurgents were killed and the Americans sustained no casualties.

In a decision rendered in the United States supreme court it was held that the ordinance enacted by the city government of Detroit, Mich., arbitrarily reducing street-car fares to 3 cents was irregular and without binding effect.

The town of Norfolk, Va., was placed under martial law on the 5th inst., on account of rioting of street car strikers and sympathizers. Several fights took place between officers and strikers, and a number of participants were wounded.

At a recent cabinet meeting President Roosevelt requested the members not to talk to newspaper correspondents about matters under discussion at the semi-weekly meetings. It was thought best for the president himself to make public such matters as he deemed proper to be given out. Hereafter the president will do this.

Detailed reports of a battle between Boers and British November 24th show that Delarney, the Boer commander, laid his plans with care and precise knowledge of the position. For two hours the British held out. They then divided and were overwhelmed. A few minutes of cautious fighting and all was over. The Boers galloped along the line, firing at every man who showed the slightest tendency to resist, until they reached and captured the guns. Besides the killed, 467 British were taken prisoners.

It is announced that there has been organized in New York City an association to promote southern education to be known as the general education board, and that more than a million dollars has been placed at the disposal of the board of trustees. The underlying principle of the association is stated to be recognition of the fact that the people of the southern states are earnestly engaged in the promotion of public education and that in this effort they should receive generous aid; and to this end and in pursuance of this and kindred objects, the association will seek gifts large and small from those in sympathy with its plans.

The Spanish treaty claims commission has handed down a decision against the claimants for deaths and injuries received by officers and seamen in the wreck of the battleship Maine in Havana harbor. The commission holds that "individual claims of citizens of one nation may arise against the government of another nation for redress of injury to persons or property, which such citizens may have sustained from such government or any of its agents. But such individual claims do not arise in favor of the officers and seamen of a ship of war, who receive, in the line of duty, injuries to their persons for which a foreign government is responsible. The claims so far filed with the commission which would be affected by this decision amount to about \$2,500,000, which probably would be increased to \$5,000,000 had the decision been favorable to the claimants.

A Galveston, Harrisburg and San Antonio passenger train was wrecked two miles from Maxon, Tex., on the 7th, in which fourteen passengers were killed and a large number injured. The engine jumped the track and three coaches were piled in a heap about twenty feet from the roadbed. The accident was made more horrible by the wreckage catching fire, and several unfortunate victims who were pinned down by timbers, and who were not killed outright, were burned alive. The names of the dead are as follows: Three children of Mart Riddle, of Chetopa, Kan.; Estayon Contreras, Del Rio, Texas; Andrew C. Shelly, wife and child, Lohrer, Texas; O. E. Housens, child, Racine, Wis.; Mr. and Mrs. White, Manitowish, Wis.; Engineer Al Mast, El Paso; Fireman H. Bertscholt, El Paso; L. A. Boone, news agent, Boyleine, La.; Chris Keel, contractor, San Antonio; W. W. Price, engineer, San Antonio.

Great Britain's present force in South Africa is 300,000 men. The commissioner of internal revenue has decided that the proceeds of a life insurance policy, payable to a party insured of his legal representative, is a part of descendant's estate.

If, however, it is payable to some one else, the proceeds are not to be treated as a part of his estate, but are payable direct to the beneficiaries named in the policy, and are not subject to legacy tax.

The supreme court of Texas has decided that cities and incorporated towns are empowered under the constitution to levy and collect a franchise tax on corporations.

C. F. Saylor, special agent in charge of the beet-sugar investigations of the department of agriculture, has given out his annual report. He gave the following figures regarding the industry during the past year: The total production of beet-sugar duties in the season 1901-2 has aggregated 185,000 tons, an increase of 140 per cent from the 77,000 tons produced during the season 1900-1. There were 31 factories in operation in 1900, according to the census figures, and 11 more were started in 1901.

Chas. B. Rouss, the blind millionaire merchant of New York City, is dead. Mr. Rouss was 66 years old. He served in the Confederate army, and erected at his own expense a monument to the dead Confederate soldiers buried in a New York cemetery, founded the physical laboratory at the University of Virginia and gave \$100,000 for the Confederate Battle Abbey to be located at Richmond, Va. Some years ago he became blind. He offered \$1,000,000 to anyone who could restore his sight, but the reward was never successfully claimed.

Capt. Enoch P. King, who piloted the steamer Lee in the famous race with the Natchez on the Mississippi in the early '70s, died at his home in St. Louis last week. Capt. King served on the river until ten years ago, when he was forced to retire on account of a weakness of his eyes. He, while running the river, was one of the best informed pilots in service and knew every snag, crook and sand bar from St. Louis to New Orleans. He was fond of telling of his piloting the Lee in the notable race and of his acquaintanceship with Samuel L. Clemens. Both these men started about the same time to learn the river and afterward often served on the same boat.

The monthly statement of the government receipts and expenditures shows that for the month of February the total receipts were \$41,159,739 and the expenditures \$39,099,200, leaving a surplus for the month of \$2,060,449. The receipts from the several sources of revenue are given as follows: Customs, \$20,213,929, an increase as compared with February, 1901, of \$1,500,000; internal revenue, \$18,557,790, decrease \$3,500,000; miscellaneous, \$2,490,000, decrease \$2,500,000. The expenditures on account of the war department were \$8,578,516; decrease, \$2,400,000. On account of navy, \$5,709,079; increase, \$1,350,000. The total expenditures show an increase of \$65,000.

The census bureau has issued a preliminary report on sawmills, planing mills (operating in connection with sawmills) and timber camps of the United States in 1900. It shows a total of 33,035 such establishments, with an aggregate capital of \$611,611,524, with 43,322 proprietors and firm members. These plants have a total of 12,530 salaried officers, clerks, etc., drawing \$11,260,608 in salaries, and an average of 283,260 wage earners, drawing wages of \$104,640,591. The miscellaneous expenses of these establishments aggregated \$17,731,519, and the materials used cost \$317,923,548. The value of products aggregated \$566,852,984, which includes \$422,812,061 for sawmills, \$107,622,519 for planing mills and \$36,398,404 for timber camps. The capital and value of products of the industry, respectively, by states includes the following, in part: Arkansas—Capital, \$21,727,710; products, \$23,959,983. Indian Territory—Capital, \$104,003; products, \$199,879. Kansas—Capital, \$85,194; products, \$104,182. Missouri—Capital, \$11,089,799; products, \$11,177,529. Oklahoma—Capital, \$136,361; products, \$63,569. Texas—Capital, \$19,161,365; products, \$16,296,473.

William Waldorf Astor, who a few years ago renounced his allegiance, to the United States and took up his residence in England, announces his candidacy for a seat in parliament.

Jesse Morrison, who was convicted at Topeka, Kas., of murdering Clara Castle, wife of her former suitor, has been granted a new trial. The killing occurred at the Castle home, the accused pleading self-defense.



### UNFRIENDLY COMMENT.

There Are Many Reasons Why People Should Refrain from Criticizing Absent Acquaintances.

In conversation, unfriendly comments regarding the absent should always be avoided. In social life it is well to shun ill-natured gossip. Make it a rule, and let it be strictly observed, not to say anything about the faults of another unless there is absolute necessity for you to do so. This necessity may arise, and your own judgment can guide you about the matter. It is always rash to talk of the faults or evil doings of others. Why, indeed, should you do so? You know yourself that you have faults, few or many, and that there are many things you may have done which you prefer should not be discussed. Well, then, exercise the same charity to others that you would have extended to yourself.

Another thing to bear in mind is that, if you talk of what is to the disadvantage of another, what you say will doubtless be repeated. Of course, you may preface your remarks by: "This is quite between ourselves," "Pray do not repeat it," etc. But why should you imagine that the person to whom you are talking will be silent about that which you promised to keep to yourself? She may forget her promise, or may not consider it very binding.

Then, too, when things are repeated they never lose in the telling. Something is taken from, or added to, the original story, and if repeated several times, it loses very often most of its original character. The most terrible mischief is caused by gossip of this kind. Friends are separated, relations are estranged, quarrels are fomented, and "bad blood" is aroused, simply because something said, perhaps thoughtlessly, on the impulse of the moment, is repeated. —N. Y. Weekly.

### OLD WELSH DRESSERS.

In Great Demand at the Present Time by Lovers of Rare Old and Artistic Furniture.

The oak dressers of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries have a fine simplicity of their own. Those of Wales and Yorkshire are especially in request among the old furniture lovers of to-day, and charmingly decorative these old pieces are as a mounting for choice silver and china, while at the same time admirably serving the purpose of a sideboard. The statement often made that Chippendale was a designer of sideboards is inaccurate. When Chippendale published his work (1754 to 1762) built-in cupboards with doors flush with the wainscot of the walls were still in fashion and gave ample room for the storage of wine and table appointments. As, with the change in the style of decoration, they gradually disappeared the mahogany sideboard came into use. Cupboard room was provided by a separate pedestal placed at each end of it and a brass-banded celler below. A brass rail at the back of the table often held branches for candles and gave a support to pieces of plate. A tall urn



AN OLD WELSH DRESSER.

was placed at the top of each pedestal, one for hot water for the servants' use, the other for drinking water. Sheraton, Hepplewhite and Adam combined with various pieces into one, producing the graceful style of sideboard with which the taste of the present day has made us familiar. The sideboard table, however, was also retained in large houses, where it served as a carving table, by which name it is now frequently known. Can it be possible that Hepplewhite, by suggesting in one of the minutely drawn plans of a room, a large mirror hanging above the sideboard, foreshadowed the time when the mirror became a part, and often the salient part, of a piece of furniture cumbersome and heavy in proportion to the unnecessary weight it had to support? At this stage, at any rate, we may leave it, with a mental sigh of relief that this style was only transient and that we are reverting to forms in which the "stately sideboard" is more worthy of its name.—Chicago Daily News.

### Mother of Six at Twenty-One.

Mrs. Susanna Pennoek, of St. Louis, is only 21 years of age, yet she is the mother of six children—three pairs of twins. Her mother bore 24 children, and among them were six pairs of twins. Mrs. Pennoek's sister, a resident of Georgia, has been blessed with five pairs of twins, and each of 13 of her other sisters has had three pairs.

## INFLUENCE OF WOMAN.

It Brought About the Transformation and the Re-Transformation of Nelson, the Haughty.

Nelson has lived with a Washington family for several years, and he has proven himself so well contented with his own views upon all subjects that he has always been upon the point of immediate dismissal and has always just escaped it by reason of his genius for polishing silverware and his elaborate politeness when answering the doorbell.

"Really, Nelson is too hard-headed for anything," the mistress of the mansion would say. "I must send him away."

"Now, mamma," her daughter would reply, "you know Nelson is too fond of his own way to go unless he wanted to, even if you did muster up courage to discharge him."

And so instances of Nelson's calm setting aside of all authority save his own sweet will continued to multiply.

Suddenly, however, a change was noticeable. Without warning Nelson became meekly, even weakly affable and yielding, even to the point of consulting the head of the family



"DAT'S ALL RIGHT," SAID NELSON

in cases where consultation was unnecessary. The daughter of the family opined that he had experienced religion; the son declared that he had received ghostly warning as to his immediate demise, but the mystery remained impenetrable until one evening when Nelson asked permission to go home earlier than usual, saying that his wife wanted him.

"Why, Nelson, I didn't know you had a wife."

"Oh, yessum, I gotter wife, but yuh see, we ain been livin' togethar; she went south with er family an' I went tuh Florida tuh wait in er hotel an' we got los' from each othah, an' she thought I was daid an' married ernothah gemman. Now, she done fine me ergin an' she done lef de othah gemman an' come back tuh me. She's a powerful ha'd woman tuh please, M'ria is, an' dat othah husban' she done lef he was a mighty fine man, an' I gotter yuh mighty ha'd tuh keep up to his level, deed I has, ma'am, an' M'ria she ain't ergin' tuh lemme fergit it."

The effect of Maria upon her liege was most pronounced as time went on. Nelson no longer firmly waved away orders and conducted his department on the most despotic plan; the cook began to impose upon him and the mistress of the mansion even ventured to scold him. His politeness deepened and willingness to remain after hours, if only he had the authority of the head of the family for doing so, became one of his most pronounced characteristics. In fact, Nelson was now a jewel without a flaw.

But all this was quite too good to last, and one day the mistress of the mansion was sadly surprised to find Nelson once more setting aside her orders with calm faith in his own superior judgment. "Why, Nelson, what is the matter?" she said. "I distinctly told you that I wanted the hall rugs beaten to-day and the hangings put up, and instead of that I find you cleaning all the silver."

"Dat all right'm, dat's all right," Nelson made unabashed reply. "I jest had tuh clean dis heah silver to-day, an' I says tuh mys'f, I says: 'Nelson, people doan always know what's bes' foah theyselves an' yuh gottah do yuh duty. Now, thais that M'ria. I done met dat all othah husban' o' hubs what she done mahried when she thought I was daid, and he's a low-down, no ercount cullud gemman, he is. I tells dat M'ria I doan wan' tuh heah no moah foolishness out o' huh, an' aftah this she gottah do what I tells huh an' behave hulse'f."

"And what did Maria say?" queried the mistress of the mansion, hopefully.

"She didn't say nothin', ma'am; nothin' at all. That woman knows she kain play no monh tricks on me, no, ma'am."

And after that not even the cook rebelled against Nelson.—Washington Star.

### Best Medicine for Children.

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"I admire that pianist's finish. Don't you?" "Yes, but I always dread his beginning."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

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for months after, and at the time I thought death was a welcome relief; but before my last child was born a good neighbor advised Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and I used that, together with your Pills and Sanative Wash for four months before the child's birth—it brought me wonderful relief. I hardly had an ache or pain, and when the child was ten days old I left my bed strong in health. Every spring and fall I now take a bottle of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and find it keeps me in continual excellent health."

Mrs. J. H. HASKINS, 3248 Indiana Ave., Chicago, Ill. — \$5000 forfeit if above testimony is not genuine.

Care and careful counsel is what the expectant and would-be mother needs, and this counsel she can secure without cost by writing to Mrs. Pinkham at Lynn, Mass.

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Must Bear Signature of

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GUARANTEED PURELY VEGETABLE. *Wm. L. Carter*

### CURE SICK HEADACHE.

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UNION MADE.

W. L. DOUGLAS \$3.50 SHOES ARE THE "BEST IN THE WORLD" FOR MEN.

THE WORLD'S GREATEST SHOE MAKER

Sold by all Douglas Stores and the best shoe dealers everywhere. Call for the genuine W. L. Douglas name and price stamped on bottom.

Notice increase of sales in table below:

1898 = 145,705 Pairs.

1899 = 808,182 Pairs.

1900 = 1,259,754 Pairs.

1901 = 1,566,720 Pairs.

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THE REASONS:

1. W. L. Douglas shoes sell more than any other shoe in the world.

2. W. L. Douglas shoes are made by side with \$3.00 and \$3.50 shoes of other makes, are found to be just as good.

3. They will outwear two pairs of ordinary \$3.00 and \$3.50 shoes.

Made of the best materials, including Patent Corona Kid, Corset Collar, and National Kangaroo.

Fast Color Systems and Always Black Shoes used.

W. L. Douglas \$3.50 "Wide Edge Line" cannot be equalled. Shoes by mail \$3.50 extra. Catalog free. W. L. Douglas, Brockton, Mass.

### Allen's Ulcerine Salve

Cures Chronic Ulcers, Bone Ulcers, Scalded Skin, Varicose Veins, Indolent Ulcers, Mercurotic Ulcers, White Swelling, Milk Lett, Fever Sores, and all kinds of sore standing. Positively no failure. By mail, 25c and 50c. J. F. ALLEN, St. Paul, Minn.

### OPIUM WHISKY

and other drug work. Cures Habit and references FREE. Dr. E. M. WOOLLEY, Box 3, Atlanta, Ga.



## NEWS OF THE WORLD.

President Roosevelt has signed the bill creating a permanent census bureau.

Fire destroyed the Palmer stove factory at Poplar Bluff, Mo., entailing a loss of \$300,000.

An explosion of gas in a coal mine near Monongahala, Pa., resulted in the death of five men.

The department of agriculture reports unfavorable conditions as to the wheat crop in many sections.

Chas. Call shot and killed his brother, George Call, in a fight over a game of cards at Princeton, Mo.

It is reported that Congressman Moody, of Massachusetts, will succeed Mr. Long as secretary of the navy.

A number of strikers said to have taken part in the recent riots in Spain have been shot after trial by court martial.

The fight for the removal of Pension Commissioner Clay Evans has been renewed by the Kansas congressional delegation.

F. W. Cattle, cashier of the State Bank at Elhart, Ill., suicided by shooting himself through the head. He was short \$32,000.

Unknown parties near Luling, Tex., went to the home of Nathan Bird, a negro, and took him and his son out and killed them.

The Illinois law imposing a fine of from \$10 to \$1,000 for dealing in futures has been upheld by the United States supreme court.

The Turkish government, in reply to demands of the United States denies all responsibility and liability in the kidnapping of Miss Stone.

While two citizens were watching them, burglars looted the First National bank at Montgomery, Ind., and escaped with \$3,500 in money and bonds.

It is the opinion in diplomatic circles at Washington that the outcome of the Anglo-Japanese agreement will be the abandonment of Manchuria by Russia.

The fines imposed on soldiers for breach of discipline during the Spanish-American war, amounting to \$100,000, is to be distributed among the national guards.

Members of the National Wholesale Lumbermen's Association declare the high price of lumber is due to scarcity of the product, and not to any combination of agreement.

The press of Germany express gratification at the reception accorded Prince Henry in this country, and argue that his visit will result in a better feeling between the two countries.

Spot cotton jumped to 9 cents per pound on the New York exchange on the 5th. The advance in cotton is due to actual shortage of the crop, which has now passed out of the hands of the producer to the middlemen, or speculators.

The Kansas cities and towns which tolerated Carrie Nation and her raiders will be obliged to pay for the saloons which were wrecked. The supreme court of Kansas, in a recent decision, declared that joints, operated in violation of the prohibitory law, were, nevertheless, the property of the owner, and entitled to police protection just as much as the property of the merchant.

Representatives of the Boers had an interview with President Roosevelt last week and requested that some action be taken by this government to prevent the shipment of supplies to South Africa for the British army. President Roosevelt pointed out to the committee that the attitude of the United States in connection with the South African war had been strictly neutral and that the government had done nothing to prevent shipments of commodities to the Boer forces as well as the British.

Secretary Root has issued an order warning all army officers against efforts to influence legislation relating to the military service unless such action is taken through the regular military channels.

Figures furnished by the British minister of war show that the struggle in South Africa has already cost his government \$1,000,000,000, and it is estimated it will require twice that sum to finish the conquest.

A detachment of American troops engaged in battle 200 Philippine insurgents on the island of Samar March 2. Eighty of the insurgents were killed and the Americans sustained no casualties.

In a decision rendered in the United States supreme court it was held that the ordinance enacted by the city government of Detroit, Mich., arbitrarily reducing street-car fares to 3 cents was irregular and without binding effect.

The town of Norfolk, Va., was placed under martial law on the 5th inst., on account of rioting of street car strikers and sympathizers. Several fights took place between officers and strikers, and a number of participants were wounded.

At a recent cabinet meeting President Roosevelt requested the members not to talk to newspaper correspondents about matters under discussion at the semi-weekly meetings. It was thought best for the president himself to make public such matters as he deemed proper to be given out. Hereafter the president will do this.

Detailed reports of a battle between Boers and British November 24th show that Delarney, the Boer commander, laid his plans with care and precise knowledge of the position. For two hours the British held out. They then divided and were overwhelmed. A few minutes of cautious fighting and all was over. The Boers galloped along the line, firing at every man who showed the slightest tendency to resist, until they reached and captured the guns. Besides the killed, 467 British were taken prisoners.

It is announced that there has been organized in New York City an association to promote southern education to be known as the general education board, and that more than a million dollars has been placed at the disposal of the board of trustees. The underlying principle of the association is stated to be recognition of the fact that the people of the southern states are earnestly engaged in the promotion of public education and that in this effort they should receive generous aid; and to this end and in pursuance of this and kindred objects, the association will seek gifts large and small from those in sympathy with its plans.

The Spanish treaty claims commission has handed down a decision against the claimants for deaths and injuries received by officers and seamen in the wreck of the battleship Maine in Havana harbor. The commission holds that "individual claims of citizens of one nation may arise against the government of another nation for redress of injury to persons or property, which such citizens may have sustained from such government or any of its agents. But such individual claims do not arise in favor of the officers and seamen of a ship of war, who receive, in the line of duty, injuries to their persons for which a foreign government is responsible. The claims so far filed with the commission which would be affected by this decision amount to about \$2,500,000, which probably would be increased to \$5,000,000 had the decision been favorable to the claimants.

A Galveston, Harrisburg and San Antonio passenger train was wrecked two miles from Maxon, Tex., on the 7th, in which fourteen passengers were killed and a large number injured. The engine jumped the track and three coaches were piled in a heap about twenty feet from the roadbed. The accident was made more horrible by the wreckage catching fire, and several unfortunate victims who were pinned down by timbers, and who were not killed outright, were burned alive. The names of the dead are as follows: Three children of Mart Riddle, of Chetopa, Kan.; Estavon Contreras, Del Rio, Texas; Andrew C. Shelly, wife and child, Loirer, Texas; O. E. Housens, child, Racine, Wis.; Mr. and Mrs. White, Manitowoc, Wis.; Engineer Al Mast, El Paso; Fireman H. Bertscholt, El Paso; L. A. Boone, news agent, Boyline, La.; Chris Keel, contractor, San Antonio; W. W. Price, engineer, San Antonio.

Great Britain's present force in South Africa is 300,000 men.

The commissioner of internal revenue has decided that the proceeds of a life insurance policy, payable to a party insured of his legal representative, is a part of descendant's estate. If, however, it is payable to some one else, the proceeds are not to be treated as a part of his estate, but are payable direct to the beneficiaries named in the policy, and are not subject to legacy tax.

The supreme court of Texas has decided that cities and incorporated towns are empowered under the constitution to levy and collect a franchise tax on corporations.

C. F. Saylor, special agent in charge of the beet-sugar investigations of the department of agriculture, has given out his annual report. He gave the following figures regarding the industry during the past year: The total production of beet-sugar duties in the season 1901-2 has aggregated 185,000 tons, an increase of 140 per cent from the 77,000 tons produced during the season 1900-1. There were 31 factories in operation in 1900, according to the census figures, and 11 more were started in 1901.

Chas. B. Rouss, the blind millionaire merchant of New York City, is dead. Mr. Rouss was 66 years old. He served in the Confederate army, and erected at his own expense a monument to the dead Confederate soldiers buried in a New York cemetery, founded the physical laboratory at the University of Virginia and gave \$100,000 for the Confederate Battle Abbey to be located at Richmond, Va. Some years ago he became blind. He offered \$1,000,000 to anyone who could restore his sight, but the reward was never successfully claimed.

Capt. Enoch P. King, who piloted the steamer Lee in the famous race with the Natchez on the Mississippi in the early '70s, died at his home in St. Louis last week. Capt. King served on the river until ten years ago, when he was forced to retire on account of a weakness of his eyes. He, while running the river, was one of the best informed pilots in service and knew every snag, crook and sand bar from St. Louis to New Orleans. He was fond of telling of his piloting the Lee in the notable race and of his acquaintanceship with Samuel L. Clemens. Both these men started about the same time to learn the river and afterward often served on the same boat.

The monthly statement of the government receipts and expenditures shows that for the month of February the total receipts were \$41,159,739 and the expenditures \$39,099,200, leaving a surplus for the month of \$2,060,539. The receipts from the several sources of revenue are given as follows: Customs, \$20,213,929, an increase as compared with February, 1901, of \$1,500,000; internal revenue, \$18,557,790, decrease \$3,500,000; miscellaneous, \$2,490,000, decrease \$2,500,000. The expenditures on account of the war department were \$8,578,516; decrease, \$2,400,000. On account of navy, \$5,709,079; increase, \$1,350,000. The total expenditures show an increase of \$65,000.

The census bureau has issued a preliminary report on sawmills, planing mills (operating in connection with sawmills) and timber camps of the United States in 1900. It shows a total of 33,035 such establishments, with an aggregate capital of \$611,611,524, with 43,322 proprietors and firm members. These plants have a total of 12,530 salaried officers, clerks, etc., drawing \$11,260,608 in salaries, and an average of 283,260 wage earners, drawing wages of \$104,640,591. The miscellaneous expenses of these establishments aggregated \$17,731,519, and the materials used cost \$317,923,548. The value of products aggregated \$566,852,984, which includes \$422,812,061 for sawmills, \$107,622,519 for planing mills and \$36,398,404 for timber camps. The capital and value of products of the industry, respectively, by states includes the following, in part: Arkansas—Capital, \$21,727,710; products, \$23,959,983. Indian Territory—Capital, \$104,003; products, \$199,879. Kansas—Capital, \$85,194; products, \$104,182. Missouri—Capital, \$11,089,799; products, \$11,177,529. Oklahoma—Capital, \$136,361; products, \$63,569. Texas—Capital, \$19,161,565; products, \$16,296,473.

William Waldorf Astor, who a few years ago renounced his allegiance to the United States and took up his residence in England, announces his candidacy for a seat in parliament.

Jesse Morrison, who was convicted at Topeka, Kas., of murdering Clara Castle, wife of her former suitor, has been granted a new trial. The killing occurred at the Castle home, the accused pleading self-defense.



### UNFRIENDLY COMMENT.

There Are Many Reasons Why People Should Refrain from Criticizing Absent Acquaintances.

In conversation, unfriendly comments regarding the absent should always be avoided. In social life it is well to shun ill-natured gossip. Make it a rule, and let it be strictly observed, not to say anything about the faults of another unless there is absolute necessity for you to do so. This necessity may arise, and your own judgment can guide you about the matter. It is always rash to talk of the faults or evil doings of others. Why, indeed, should you do so? You know yourself that you have faults, few or many, and that there are many things you may have done which you prefer should not be discussed. Well, then, exercise the same charity to others that you would have extended to yourself.

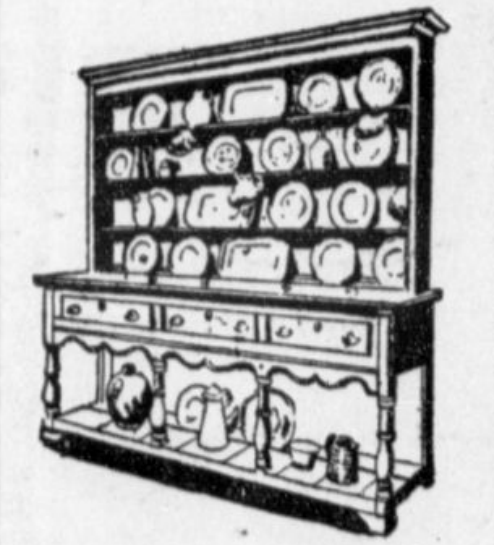
Another thing to bear in mind is that, if you talk of what is to the disadvantage of another, what you say will doubtless be repeated. Of course, you may preface your remarks by: "This is quite between ourselves," "Pray do not repeat it," etc. But why should you imagine that the person to whom you are talking will be silent about that which you promised to keep to yourself? She may forget her promise, or may not consider it very binding.

Then, too, when things are repeated they never lose in the telling. Something is taken from, or added to, the original story, and if repeated several times, it loses very often most of its original character. The most terrible mischief is caused by gossip of this kind. Friends are separated, relations are estranged, quarrels are fomented, and "bad blood" is aroused, simply because something said, perhaps thoughtlessly, on the impulse of the moment, is repeated. —N. Y. Weekly.

### OLD WELSH DRESSERS.

In Great Demand at the Present Time by Lovers of Rare Old and Artistic Furniture.

The oak dressers of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries have a fine simplicity of their own. Those of Wales and Yorkshire are especially in request among the old furniture lovers of to-day, and charmingly decorative these old pieces are as a mounting for choice silver and china, while at the same time admirably serving the purpose of a sideboard. The statement often made that Chippendale was a designer of sideboards is inaccurate. When Chippendale published his work (1754 to 1762) built-in cupboards with doors flush with the wainscot of the walls were still in fashion and gave ample room for the storage of wine and table appointments. As, with the change in the style of decoration, they gradually disappeared the mahogany sideboard came into use. Cupboard dressers were provided by a separate pedestal placed at each end of it and a brass-rail at the back of the table often held branches for candles and gave a support to pieces of plate. A tall urn



AN OLD WELSH DRESSER.

was placed at the top of each pedestal, one for hot water for the servants' use, the other for drinking water. Sheraton, Hepplewhite and Adam combined with various pieces into one, producing the graceful style of sideboard with which the taste of the present day has made us familiar. The sideboard table, however, was also retained in large houses, where it served as a carrying table, by which name it is now frequently known. Can it be possible that Hepplewhite, by suggesting in one of the minutely drawn plans of a room, a large mirror hanging above the sideboard, foreshadowed the time when the mirror became a part, and often the salient part, of a piece of furniture cumbersome and heavy in proportion to the unnecessary weight it had to support? At this stage, at any rate, we may leave it, with a mental sigh of relief that this style was only transient and that we are reverting to forms in which the "stately sideboard" is more worthy of its name.—Chicago Daily News.

Mother of Six at Twenty-One. Mrs. Susanna Pennock, of St. Louis, is only 21 years of age, yet she is the mother of six children—three pairs of twins. Her mother bore 24 children, and among them were six pairs of twins. Mrs. Pennock's sister, a resident of Georgia, has been blessed with five pairs of twins, and each of 13 of her other sisters has had three pairs.

### INFLUENCE OF WOMAN.

It Brought About the Transformation and the Re-Transformation of Nelson, the Haughty.

Nelson has lived with a Washington family for several years, and he has proven himself so well contented with his own views upon all subjects that he has always been upon the point of immediate dismissal and has always just escaped it by reason of his genius for polishing silverware and his elaborate politeness when answering the doorbell.

"Really, Nelson is too hard-headed for anything," the mistress of the mansion would say. "I must send him away."

"Now, mamma," her daughter would reply, "you know Nelson is too fond of his own way to go unless he wanted to, even if you did muster up courage to discharge him."

And so instances of Nelson's calm setting aside of all authority save his own sweet will continued to multiply.

Suddenly, however, a change was noticeable. Without warning Nelson became meekly, even weakly affable and yielding, even to the point of consulting the head of the family



"DAT'S ALL RIGHT," SAID NELSON

in cases where consultation was unnecessary. The daughter of the family opined that he had experienced religion; the son declared that he had received ghostly warning as to his immediate demise, but the mystery remained impenetrable until one evening when Nelson asked permission to go home earlier than usual, saying that his wife wanted him.

"Why, Nelson, I didn't know you had a wife."

"Oh, yessum, I gotter wife, but yuh see, we ain been livin' togethah; she went south with er family an' I went tuh Florida tuh wait in er hotel an' we got los' from each othah, an' she thought I was daid an' married ernothah gemman. Now, she done fine me ergin an' she done lef de othah gemman an' come back tuh me. She's a powerful ha'd woman tuh please, M'ria is, an' dat othah husband she done lef he was a mighty fine man, an' I gotter wuk mighty ha'd tuh keep up to his level, 'deed I has, ma'am, an' M'ria she ain't ergoln' tuh lemme fergit it."

The effect of Maria upon her liege was most pronounced as time went on. Nelson no longer firmly waved away orders and conducted his department on the most despotic plan; the cook began to impose upon him and the mistress of the mansion even ventured to scold him. His politeness deepened and willingness to remain after hours, if only he had the authority of the head of the family for doing so, became one of his most pronounced characteristics. In fact, Nelson was now a jewel without a flaw.

But all this was quite too good to last, and one day the mistress of the mansion was sadly surprised to find Nelson once more setting aside her orders with calm faith in his own superior judgment. "Why, Nelson, what is the matter?" she said. "I distinctly told you that I wanted the hall rugs beaten to-day and the hangings put up, and instead of that I find you cleaning all the silver."

"Dat all right'm, dat's all right," Nelson made unabashed reply. "I jest had tuh clean dis heah silver to-day, an' I says tuh mys'f, I says: 'Nelson, people doan always know what's bes' foah theyselves an' yuh gottah do yuh duty. Now, thaihks dat M'ria. I done met dat al othah husband o' hubs what she done mahried when she thought I was daid, an' he's a low-down, no er-count cullud gemman, he is. I tells dat M'ria I doan wan' tuh heah no moah foolishness out o' huh, an' aftah this she gottah do what I tells huh an' behave hush'f."

"And what did Maria say?" queried the mistress of the mansion, hopefully.

"She didn't say nothin', ma'am; nothin' at all. That woman knows she kain play no moah tricks on me, no, ma'am."

And after that not even the cook rebelled against Nelson.—Washington Star.

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OPIUM WHISKY and other drug cases, book and reference FREE. Dr. H. M. WOOLLEY, Box 3, Atlanta, Ga.



# The Press.

R. C. WALKER, Publisher  
WALTER WALKER, Manager.

OBITUARIES:—Not exceeding 10 lines will be published free of charge. All over 10 lines at 5 cents per line.  
RESOLUTIONS OF RESPECT:—\$1.00

## ANNOUNCEMENT.

### FOR CONGRESS.

We are authorized to announce  
OLLIE M. JAMES  
a candidate to represent the First District of Kentucky in Congress, subject to the action of the Democratic party.

## THE PRIMARY.

The Congressional district committee has called a primary election for May 24, to nominate a candidate for Congress. We publish the call in full, and there is not, we are sure, a Democrat in the county who will not read this call with more than ordinary interest. For the first time in its history the county has a Democratic candidate for Congress, and the Democracy of the county is proud of the fact that this candidate is known and recognized as one of the brainiest, brightest and most loyal Democrats in the country. One who has won his way to distinction from the humble walks of life, and achieved eminence in his party, not through an official career, but by force of intellect and unremitting devotion to the cause. "Local pride" sometimes rallies us to the support of men who may not measure up to our ideals, or, perchance, may not fit the occasion, but in this instance we have the ideal man, who has abided in the private ranks until his paramount fitness has been demonstrated from every view point, and we have the occasion that demands just such a man. These are the things, rather than "home pride" that make the approaching primary of especial interest to the people of this county. While Mr. James resides in this county, his party in the district has been the beneficiary of his brilliant work as a campaigner, and in this friendly contest, if services ably and satisfactorily rendered, when and where most needed, count for anything, Ollie James is a resident of the Old Gibraltar, rather than any nook or corner thereof. We would not discount the claims of other aspirant, but this is the time for the Democracy to place its banner in the hands of the man who defended it so alertly valiantly and effectively in the great battles of 1896, 1900 and the intervening years. We believe the Democracy of the district has made up its mind to this effect and will so register its choice on Saturday, May 24.

## OUR FRANKFORT LETTER.

DEAR PRESS: This week has been one full of incident, interest and industry. We are operating under the direction of the committee on rules, and are having three sessions per day. The Revenue Bill came up and after a spirited fight was passed, with only one vote to spare, and in the Senate was passed after amendment, by the decisive vote of 32 to 2. It must come back to the House for conference, which it can not get until the Senate recedes from some of the mischievous things proposed. Among the amendments proposed was a capital appropriation clause, which the House had already refused.

The bill proposing to rotate the six circuit judges of Louisville was turned down by a vote of 66 to 25. This was a stroke at home rule and met a just fate.

The capitol appropriation bill came up on Thursday; it was soon passed over with amendments and within twenty minutes went to the table by a vote of 51 to 44. Hereafter non-resident hunters must pay a twenty-five dollar license to hunt in this state; and no person shall kill quail, for sale, during the next two years.

The House bill to make Labor Day a legal holiday has passed the Senate.

Appropriations made this week are as follows: \$40,000 for additional cell house at Eddyville Branch Penitentiary; \$6,000 to finish wall at same institution; \$4,500 for a dust cellar in Frankfort prison; \$30,000 for building ladies dormitory at A. and M. College, Lexington; \$15,000 for Colored Normal School at Frankfort, with \$5,000 for annual expenses.

The bill to abolish the Pauper Idiot law was killed, and these unfortunate will be cared for by the state instead of the counties, as proposed in this bill.

Hereafter Louisville will take

her school census only once in three years; under this law they will save \$5,000 annually.

The Senate bill to regulate investment companies and protect the public against "wildcat" concerns, passed the House by a vote of 73 to 13.

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## The Press.

R. C. WALKER, - Publisher  
WALTER WALKER, Manager.

OBITUARIES:—Not exceeding 10 lines will be published free of charge. All over 10 lines at 5 cents per line.  
RESOLUTIONS OF RESPECT:—\$1.00

### ANNOUNCEMENT.

#### FOR CONGRESS.

We are authorized to announce  
OLLIE M. JAMES  
a candidate to represent the First District of Kentucky in Congress, subject to the action of the Democratic party.

### THE PRIMARY.

The Congressional district committee has called a primary election for May 24, to nominate a candidate for Congress. We publish the call in full, and there is not, we are sure, a Democrat in the county who will not read this call with more than ordinary interest. For the first time in its history the county has a Democratic candidate for Congress, and the Democracy of the county is proud of the fact that this candidate is known and recognized as one of the brainiest, brightest and most loyal Democrats in the country. One who has won his way to distinction from the humble walks of life, and achieved eminence in his party, not through an official career, but by force of intellect and unremitting devotion to the cause. "Local pride" sometimes rallies us to the support of men who may not measure up to our ideals, or, perchance, may not fit the occasion, but in this instance we have the ideal man, who has abided in the private ranks until his paramount fitness has been demonstrated from every view point, and we have the occasion that demands just such a man. These are the things, rather than "home pride" that make the approaching primary of especial interest to the people of this county. While Mr. James resides in this county, his party in the district has been the beneficiary of his brilliant work as a campaigner, and in this friendly contest, if services ably and satisfactorily rendered, when and where most needed, count for anything, Ollie James is a resident of the Old Gibraltar, rather than any nook or corner thereof. We would not discount the claims of other aspirant, but this is the time for the Democracy to place its banner in the hands of the man who defended it so alertly valiantly and effectively in the great battles of 1896, 1900 and the intervening years. We believe the Democracy of the district has made up its mind to this effect and will so register its choice on Saturday, May 24.

### OUR FRANKFORT LETTER.

DEAR PRESS: This week has been one full of incident, interest and industry. We are operating under the direction of the committee on rules, and are having three sessions per day. The Revenue Bill came up and after a spirited fight was passed, with only one vote to spare, and in the Senate was passed after amendment, by the decisive vote of 32 to 2. It must come back to the House for conference, which it can not get until the Senate recedes from some of the mischievous things proposed. Among the amendments proposed was a capitol appropriation clause, which the House had already refused.

The bill proposing to rotate the six circuit judges of Louisville was turned down by a vote of 66 to 25. This was a stroke at home rule and met a just fate.

The capitol appropriation bill came up on Thursday; it was soon passed over with amendments and within twenty minutes went to the table by a vote of 51 to 44.

Hereafter non-resident hunters must pay a twenty-five dollar license to hunt in this state; and no person shall kill quail, for sale, during the next two years.

The House bill to make Labor Day a legal holiday has passed the Senate.

Appropriations made this week are as follows: \$40,000 for additional cell house at Eddyville Branch Penitentiary; \$6,000 to finish wall at same institution; \$4,500 for a dust cellar in Frankfort prison; \$30,000 for building ladies dormitory at A. and M. College, Lexington; \$15,000 for Colored Normal School at Frankfort, with \$5,000 for annual expenses.

The bill to abolish the Pauper Idiot law was killed, and these unfortunate will be cared for by the state instead of the counties, as proposed in this bill.

Hereafter Louisville will take

her school census only once in three years; under this law they will save \$5,000 annually.

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LAYNE & MOSELEY.



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ONE YEAR ONE DOLLAR

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J. H. MORSE, Agent, Marion, Ky.

If you want the best shoes on earth, come to see us.  
Taylor & Hurley.

W. C. O'Brien was in Paducah last week.

Blue trading stamps at Givens' butcher shop.

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Corydon Wagon**

**Walter A. Wood Mowing  
Machine and Hay Rake**

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To the person that makes the nearest guess as to the number of shot contained in the bottle on display in our show window. Contest closes July 4th.

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Shirts,  
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Salem, Ky.

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Respectfully,  
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**FOR SALE**—A good farm horse. Cash or on time.—Geo. M. Crider.

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"Arthur Finley, who has been local manager of Alexander's telephone exchange, has resigned his position to accept one with the Cumberland Telephone and Telegraph Company, and will leave in a few days for Nashville to enter the electrical training department there. During his sojourn in Providence he has deported himself as a gentleman and has filled his position in a most satisfactory and creditable manner. He is a young man of intelligence and fine morals and has excellent social standing. He will leave many friends here who wish him well in what ever he undertakes. It is not as yet known whom his successor will be."

**See our Spring Styles  
in Shirts  
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## OLD TIME Fiddlers Contest

Opera House,

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50 Old Time Fiddlers on the Stage.  
Special Rates on I. C. Railroad.

## Yellow Stamps

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## Prices on Drugs

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Full line of cigars and Tobacco.  
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**R. F. HAYNES.**

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The suits filed some weeks ago against H. Bennett, of Dycusburg, by Mrs. Turley and daughter, Miss Dixie, each asking for \$5,000, were compromised last week. Bennett paying the plaintiffs \$1200.

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W. H. Brantley and Mrs. Josephine Drennan.  
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6 cans Peas for 25c  
1 can chipped beef, worth 15c for 10c  
1 can Potted Ham 4c  
Potted ham, per doz. 45c  
1 tin preserve stand worth 35c for 20c.  
1 set heavy tumblers worth 25c for 20c  
Everything else in proportion for cash  
Remember with each purchase of 50c you get a guess at our \$10 lamp. We are giving one each month.  
Respectfully,  
A. M. HENRY.

### Episcopal Service Well Attended.

The services of the Episcopal church on Sunday last were attended by congregations which crowded the spacious edifice so kindly placed at the church's disposal by the Rev. Mr. Price of the Cumberland Presbyterian. The sermons of the Rev. Mr. Benton, the archdeacon of this diocese, were listened to by most reverent and attentive congregations. The music, under the direction of the organist, Mr. Cochran, was all that could be desired, while the singing was churchly and well rendered.

### Populist Meeting.

The Populists of this county will meet at Marion next Monday, the 24th, for the purpose of electing delegates to the state convention to come off in Louisville on April 2d, and to attend the national convention that is to be held at the same time and place, for the purpose of consolidating all reform parties. We invite all voters who believe in a fair election and an honest count, and Government control of all public utilities and direct legislation to meet with us and take part in the meeting.  
W. M. Brown, Ch'n.

A. H. Cardin, Sec'y.

### Notice.

I have taken charge of the saw and grist mill at Sheridan, formerly run by Wm James, and will keep man at mill from Monday morning until Saturday night and will have meal and flour always on hand. I will appreciate your patronage.  
W. H. Ordway.

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## THE PATH AND THE STREAM.

A gusty, dusty, frosty day.  
 With copper sun in sky of gray;  
 A pathway stretching far away  
 Through fields of withered clover;  
 Neath leafless boughs by aching pines,  
 And hedgerows strung with naked vines,  
 Where sparrow chirps and blue jay whines  
 And noisy crows fly over.

Beside the stream, whose placid flow  
 As noiseless seems as falling snow,  
 Yet fretful o'er its sands below,  
 It cleaves the barren wood;  
 By mossy banks, through marsh and fen,  
 It lingers in the bosky glen,  
 Then rushing down its course again,  
 In ever changeable mood.

Despite its wayward mood and course,  
 The pathway constant from its source,  
 Comrades for better or for worse,  
 They meet the ocean's tide;  
 Like true hearts, joined by friendship's  
 chains,  
 And soul-knit by its joys and pains,  
 Inseparable while life remains,  
 Though death may sever wide.  
 —C. H. Doing, in Washington Star.

## My Strangest Case

BY GUY BOOTHBY.

Author of "Dr. Kikola," "The Beautiful White Devil," "Pharos, The Egyptian," Etc.

[Copyrighted, 1901, by Ward, Lock & Co.]

### PART II.—CONTINUED.

Leaving the jungle behind them, they found themselves face to face with a curious stone bridge, spanning the lake or moat which surrounded the city, and in which the lotus flower bloomed luxuriantly. When they had crossed the bridge, they stood in the precincts of the city itself. On either hand rose the ruins of an old solitary grandeur—palaces, temples, market places, and houses in endless confusion; while, at the end of the bridge, and running to right and left as far as the eye could reach, was a high wall, constructed of large stones, each one of which would have required the efforts of at least four men to lift it. These, with a few exceptions, were in an excellent state of preservation. Passing through the massive gateway the travelers found themselves in an open square, out of which streets branched off to the right and left, while the jungle thrust in its inquisitive nose on every possible occasion. The silence was so impressive that the men found themselves speaking in whispers. Not a sound was to be heard save the fluttering of birds' wings among the trees, and the obscene chattering of the monkeys among the leaves. From the first great square the street began gradually to ascend; then another moat was crossed, and the second portion of the city was reached. Here the buildings were larger, and the sculpture upon the walls more impressive even than before. In the narrower streets creepers trailed from side to side, almost shutting out the light, and adding a twilight effect to the already sufficiently mysterious rooms and courtyards to be seen within.

"This is by no means the most cheerful sort of place," said Hayle to Kitwater, as they passed down a paved street side by side. "Where do you expect to find the great temple and the courtyard of the Three Elephants' Heads?"

"Straight on," said little Codd, who was behind, and had been comparing the route they were following with the plan he held in his hand.

As he spoke they entered another square, and saw before them a mighty flight of steps, worn into grooves in places by the thousands of feet that had ascended and descended them in days gone by. At the top was a sculptured gateway, finer than anything either of them had ever seen, and this they presently entered. Above them, clear of the trees, and towering up into the blue, were the multitudinous domes and spires of the king's palace, to which the gateway above the steps was the principal entrance. Some of the spires were broken, some were covered with creepers, others were mutilated by time and by stress of weather.



"BY THE GREAT POKER, WE'VE GOT IT AT LAST," CRIED KITWATER.

but the general effect was grand in the extreme. From courtyard to courtyard they wandered, but without finding the particular place of which they were in search. It was more difficult to discover than they had expected; indeed, they had walked many miles through deserted streets, and the afternoon was well advanced before a hall from Codd, who had gone on ahead of them, informed them that at last some sort of success had crowned their efforts. When they came up with him they found themselves in a courtyard somewhat larger than those they had previously explored, the four corners of which were decorated with three united elephants' heads.

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"All in good time, my friend, all in good time," said Kitwater. "Things have gone so smoothly with us hitherto that we must look for a little setback before we've done."

"We don't want any setbacks," said Hayle. "What we want are the rubies as big as pigeon's eggs, the sapphires and gold, and then to get back to civilization as quick as may be. That's what's the matter with me."

As I have already observed, the courtyard in which they were standing was considerably larger than any they had yet entered. Like the others, however, it had fallen sadly to decay. The jungle had crept in at all points, and gorgeous creepers had wreathed themselves round the necks of the statues above the gateway.

"I don't see any sign of steps," said Hayle, when they had examined the place in silence for some minutes. "I thought you said a flight of stone steps led up to where the king's throne was placed?"

"Codd certainly read it so," Kitwater answered, looking about him as if he did not quite realize the situation. "And how are we to know that there are not some steps here? They may be hidden. What do you think, little man?"

He turned to Codd, who was looking about him with eyes in which a curious light was shining.

"Steps must be somewhere," the latter replied. "We've got to find them; but not to-night. Sun going down. Too late."

This was undoubtedly true, and so, without more ado, but none the less reluctantly, the three travelers retraced their steps to their camp upon the hillside. Hayle was certainly not in a good temper. The monotony of the long journey from civilization had proved too much for him, and he was ready to take offense at anything. Fortunately, however, Kitwater was not of the same way of thinking, otherwise there would probably have been trouble between them.

Next morning they were up and had breakfasted before the sun was in the sky. Their meal at an end, they picked up their arms and tools, bade their servants have a care of the camp, and then set off on their quest once more. There was a perceptible change, however, in their demeanors. A nervous excitement had taken possession of them, and it affected each man in a different manner. Kitwater was suspicious, Hayle was morose, while little Codd repeatedly puckered up his mouth as if he were about to whistle, but no sound ever came from it. The sky overhead was emerald blue, the air was full of the sweetest perfumes, while birds of the most gorgeous plumage flew continually across their path. They had no regard, however, for nature's beauties. The craving for wealth was in their hearts, rendering them blind to everything else. They crossed the stone bridge, passed through the outer portion of the city, proceeded over the second moat, and at last, with the familiarity of old friends, made their way up the steps towards the courtyard of the king's palace.

"Now, my friends, listen to me," said Kitwater, as he spoke throwing down the tools he had been carrying. "what we have to do is to thoroughly sound the whole of this courtyard, inch by inch and stone by stone. We can't be wrong, for that is the courtyard of the Three Elephants' Heads, there can be no doubt. You take the right-hand side," he went on, addressing Hayle; "you, Codd, must take the left. I'll try the middle. If we don't hit it to-day we'll do so to-morrow, or the next day, or the day after that. This is the place we were told about, and if the treasure is to be found anywhere, it will be here. For that reason we've got to set about the search as soon as possible. Now to work!"

Using the iron bars they had brought with them for the purpose, they began their task, bumping the iron down upon each individual stone in the hope of eliciting the hollow sound that was to reveal the presence of the treasure chamber. With the regularity of automatons they paraded up and down the walled inclosure without speaking, until they had thoroughly tested every single stone; no sort of success, however, rewarded their endeavors.

"I expected as much," said Hayle, angrily, as he threw down the bar. "You've been humbugged, and our journey is all undertaken for nothing. I was a fool ever to have listened to your nonsensical yarn. I might have known it would have come to nothing. It's not the first time I've been treasure hunting, but I'll swear it shall be the last. I've had enough of these fooleries."

A dangerous light was gathering in Kitwater's eyes. He moreover drew the iron bar as if in anticipation of trouble, and placed his fists defiantly on his hips.

"If you're going to talk like that, my boy," he began, with never a quaver in his voice, "it's best for us to understand each other straight off. Once and for all, let me tell you that I'll have none of your bounciness. Whether or not this business is destined to come to anything, you may rely upon one thing, and that is the fact that I did my best to do you a good turn by allowing you to come into it. There's another thing that calls for comment, and you can deny it if you will. It's a fact that you've been grumbling and growling ever since we left Rangoon, and have made difficulties innumerable where you needn't have done so, and now, because you think the affair is going to turn out badly, you round upon me as if it were all a put-up job on my part to rook you of your money. It's not the thing, Hayle, and I don't mind saying that I resent it."

"You may resent it or not, as you darned well please," said Hayle doggedly, biting at the butt of his cigar as he spoke. "It don't matter a curse to me; you don't mean to tell me you think I'm fool enough to stand by and see myself—"

At that moment Codd, who had been away investigating on his own account, and had no idea of the others' quarrel, gave a shout of delight. He was at the further end of the courtyard, at a spot where a dense mass of creeper had fallen, and now lay trailing upon the stones. The effect upon his companions was instantaneous. They abandoned their quarrel without another word, and picking up their crowbars hastened to the spot where he was waiting for them.

"What have you found, little man?" inquired Kitwater, as he approached. Mr. Codd, however, said nothing in reply, but beat with his bar upon the stone beneath him. There could be little or no doubt about the hollow sound that rewarded his endeavors.

"We've got it," cried Kitwater. "Bring the pickaxe, Hayle, and we'll soon see what is underneath this precious stone. We may be at the heart of the mystery for all we know."

In less time than it takes to tell, Hayle had complied with the other's request, and was hard at work picking out the earth which held the enormous flagstone in its place. A state of mad excitement had taken hold of the men, and the veins stood out like whipcord upon Hayle's forehead. It was difficult to say how many feet separated them from the treasure that was to make them lords of all the earth. At last the stone showed signs of moving, and it was possible for Kitwater to insert his bar beneath one corner. He did so, pried it up, and leaned upon it with all his weight. It showed no sign of moving, however. The seal of Time



"NOW, THEN, GIDEON, MY WORTHY FRIEND, WHAT HAVE YOU GOT TO SAY ABOUT THE BUSINESS?"

was set upon it—and it was not to be lightly disturbed.

"Push your bar in here alongside of mine, Codd," said Kitwater at last. "I fancy we shall get it then."

The little man did as he was directed, Kitwater and Hayle seconded his efforts on the other side, and then, under the strain of their united exertions, the stone began to move slowly from its place. Little by little they raised it, putting all the strength they possessed into the operation, until at last, with one great effort they hurled it backwards, and it fell with a crash upon the pavement behind them, revealing a dark, narrow hole, the bottom of which it was impossible to see.

"Now, then, Gideon, my worthy friend, what have you got to say about the business?" asked Kitwater, as he wiped the perspiration from his brow. "You pretended to doubt my story. Was there anything in the old Frenchman's yarn after all? Were we wasting our time upon a fool's errand when we set off to explore Sengkor-Wat?"

Hayle looked at him somewhat sheepishly.

"No, no," he said, "I am willing to admit that so far you have won the trick. Let me down easily if you can. I can neither pass nor follow suit. I am right out of my reckoning. Now what do you propose to do?"

"Get one of those torches we brought with us, and find out what there is in that hole," Kitwater answered.

They waited while the latter went back to the camp, and when he reappeared, and had lighted the torch, they prepared to follow him down the steps into the mysterious depths below. The former, they soon discovered, were as solidly built as the rest of the palace, and were about 30 in number. They were, moreover, wet and slimy, and so narrow that it was only possible for one man to descend them at once.

When they reached the bottom they found themselves standing in a narrow passage, the walls of which were composed of solid stone, in many places finely carved. The air was close, and from the fact that now and again bats dashed past them into the deeper darkness, they argued that there must be some way of communicating with the open air at the further end.

"This is just what the Frenchman told me," said Kitwater, and his voice echoed away along the passage like distant thunder. "If we should find a narrow corridor at the foot of the steps, and then the treasure chamber at the further end. So far it looks all right. Let us move on, my friends."

There was no need for him to issue such an invitation. They were more than eager to follow him.

Leaving the first room, or antechamber, as it might more properly be called, they continued their way along the narrow passage which led from it. The air was growing perceptibly closer every moment, while the

light of the torch reflected the walls on either side. Hayle wondered for a moment as he followed his leader what would happen to them if the Chinese, of whom the old Frenchman had spoken to Kitwater, should discover their presence in the ruins, and should replace the stone upon the hole. In that case the treasure would prove of small value to them, for they would be buried alive. He did not allow his mind, however, to dwell very long upon this subject, for Kitwater, who was pushing on ahead with the torch, had left the passage and was standing in a large and apparently well vaulted chamber. Handsomely carved pillars supported the roof, the floor was well paved, while on either side there were receptacles, not unlike the niches in the Roman catacombs, though for what purpose they were intended was not at first glance so easy to determine. With hearts that beat tumultuously in their breasts, they hastened to one of them to see what it contained. The niche in question was filled with strange looking vessels, some like bowls, and others not unlike crucibles. The men almost clambered over each other in their excitement to see what they contained. It was as if their whole existence depended upon it; they could scarcely breathe for excitement. Every moment's delay was unspeakable agony. At last, however, the coverings were withdrawn and the contents of the receptacles stood revealed. Two were filled with uncut gems, rubies and sapphires, others contained bar gold, and yet more contained gems, to which it was scarcely possible in such a light to assign a name. One thing at least was certain. So vast was the treasure that the three men stood tongue-tied with amazement at their good fortune. In their wildest dreams they had never imagined such luck, and now that this vast treasure lay at their finger-ends, to be handled, to be made sure of, they were unable to realize the extent of their future happiness. Hayle dived his hands into a bowl of uncut rubies, and having collected as many as he could hold in each fist, turned to his companions.

"Look here," he cried, "it's the Bank of England in each hand."

His voice ended in a choke. Then Kitwater took up the tale.

"I must get out of this or I shall go mad," he muttered, hoarsely. "Come, let us go back to the light. If I don't I shall die."

[To Be Continued.]

AN ENTHUSIASTIC READER.

The Interest Richardson Excited in Lady Bradshaigh by His Story of "Clarissa Harlowe."

Happy would be the modern novelist who should awaken one tithe of the interest excited by Richardson's novels in Lady Bradshaigh, one of the author's friends. This lady entered so deeply into the story of "Clarissa Harlowe" that she regarded the actors in it as real persons, says the Youth's Companion. "Would you have me weep incessantly?" she asked, on receiving volume five.

Again, after she had learned what the catastrophe was to be, she wrote: "If it be possible, recall the dreadful sentence. My hand trembles, for I can scarcely hold my pen. I cannot help hating you if you alter not your scheme."

All her persuasions were in vain; but having suffered so much on Clarissa's account, it was certainly a little hard that, in his third novel, he must threaten her with the death of his heroine. Then criticism was changed to entreaty. "I was forced to lie down," she says, "and was relieved for a moment by a flood of tears. I was not without some hope of relief from your letter, but alas! I am more confirmed by it in what I dreaded."

She adds in a postscript: "This letter will weigh heavy with my tears. It has been thoroughly soaked; and I have but one poor consolation left, that if you kill me, it is the way you use all your heroines."

Richardson's reply was to send her the seventh volume, where the heroine was blessed with good fortune; and Lady Bradshaigh's relief found an expression equally exaggerated.

"God Almighty bless you, my dear sir," she writes, "for setting my bursting heart at ease. I wish you had seen me open your letter, trembling, laying it down, taking it up again, unresolved whether to look at the beginning or the conclusion. At last I ventured to unfold it partly, and with a side glance read a few words which instantly produced the happiest tears I ever shed. Oh, sir, you would rejoice in the pain you occasioned me, could you but know how I feel. Forgive me? From my heart and soul I thank you."

Saundering a Would-Be M. P.

An English firm of solicitors, who recently wrote to the president of the University of Idaho offering to purchase an LL. D. degree for a young client who was thinking of entering parliament, received the following very caustic reply: "The principal whom you represent has disgraced his nationality, the bar and himself. I hope that when he attempts to enter parliament he will learn that a cad's ambitions, unless carefully limited, are unrealizable."—Literature.

Shrewd Domestic.

Mistress—Did you tell the lady I was out?

Domestic—Yes, ma'am.

"What did she say?"

"She said she would call again to-morrow morning, ma'am."

"What did you say?"

"I told her it wouldn't be any use because you would be out for sure then."—Ohio State Journal.

Old Saying Amended.

Everything comes to the man who waits on himself.—Chicago Daily News.

A Bird Himself.

The wise judge frowned sternly on the prisoner.

"I suppose you are ready to confess that you are a confidence man?" said his honor.

"Oh, no," hastened Bunko Billy, with an injured look, "I am merely an ornithologist."

"An ornithologist, indeed! What kind of birds do you handle?"

"Birds!"

And then only the clanking doors disturbed the court.—Chicago Daily News.

I do not believe Piso's Cure for Consumption has an equal for coughs and colds.—John F. Boyer, Trinity Springs, Ind., Feb. 13, 1900.

If you have a vicious disposition hide it if you cannot overcome it; there is plenty of misery in the world; people will be punished without your assistance.—Atchison Globe.

Envy always implies conscious inferiority wherever it resides.—Piny.

20 MILLION BOTTLES SOLD EVERY YEAR.

Happiness is the absence of pain, and millions have been made happy through being cured by Dr. J. C. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. NEURALGIA, TOOTHACHE, HEADACHE, LAMENESS, SCALDS, BURNS, SPRAINS, BRUISES and all pains for which an external remedy can be applied. It never fails to cure. Thousands who have been declared incurable at hospitals have thrown away their crutches, being cured after using Dr. J. C. Williams' Pink Pills in eleven languages accompany every bottle.



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Earliest Russian Millet.

Will you be short of hay? If so plant plenty of this prodigiously prolific millet. 5 to 8 TONS OF RICH HAY PER ACRE. Price 50 lbs. \$1.50; 100 lbs. \$2.50, low freight. John A. Baiser Seed Co., La Crosse, Wis.

Point of View.

New England Statesman—Wasn't that a mortifying scene in the senate chamber? Statesman from the Breezy West—Mortifying? It was disgusting. It was stopped before we could tell which one was the best man!—Chicago Tribune.

Fits stopped free and permanently cured. No fits after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. Free 82 trial bottle & treatise. Dr. Kline, 631 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

The Flaw.

Helen—Della wouldn't listen to anything but classical music for the world. Judy—No; but look at the rag-time hat she wears!—Detroit Free Press.

A keen observation is one of the greatest assistants in the acquirement of ease and power.—Success.

Self-inspection is said to be a sure cure for self-esteem.—Chicago Daily News.



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## THE PATH AND THE STREAM.

A gusty, dusty, frosty day.  
With copper sun in sky of gray;  
A pathway stretching far away  
Through fields of withered clover;  
Nestle leafless boughs by soughing pines,  
And hedges strung with naked vines,  
Where sparrow chirps and blue jays whine,  
And noisy crows fly over.

Beside the stream, whose placid flow  
As noiseless seems as falling snow,  
Yet fretful o'er its sands below,  
It cleaves the barren wood;  
By mossy banks, through marsh and fen,  
It lingers in the bosky glen,  
Then rushing down its course again,  
In ever changeable mood.

Despite its wayward mood and course,  
The pathway constant from its source,  
Comrades for better or for worse,  
They meet the ocean's tide;  
Like true hearts, joined by friendship's  
chains,  
And soul-knit by its joys and pains,  
Inseparable while life remains,  
Though death may sever wide,  
—C. H. Doing, in Washington Star.

## My Strangest Case

BY GUY BOOTHBY.

Author of "Dr. Kikola," "The Beautiful White Devil," "Pharos, The Egyptian," Etc.

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### PART II.—CONTINUED.

Leaving the jungle behind them, they found themselves face to face with a curious stone bridge, spanning the lake or moat which surrounded the city, and in which the lotus flower bloomed luxuriantly. When they had crossed the bridge, they stood in the precincts of the city itself. On either hand rose the ruins in all their solitary grandeur—palaces, temples, market places, and houses in endless confusion; while, at the end of the bridge, and running to right and left as far as the eye could reach, was a high wall, constructed of large stones, each one of which would have required the efforts of at least four men to lift it. These, with a few exceptions, were in an excellent state of preservation. Passing through the massive gateway the travelers found themselves in an open square, out of which streets branched off to the right and left, while the jungle thrust in its inquisitive nose on every possible occasion. The silence was so impressive that the men found themselves speaking in whispers. Not a sound was to be heard save the fluttering of birds' wings among the trees, and the obscure chattering of the monkeys among the leaves. From the first great square the street began gradually to ascend; then another moat was crossed, and the second portion of the city was reached. Here the buildings were larger, and the sculpture upon the walls more impressive even than before. In the narrower streets creepers trailed from side to side, almost shutting out the light, and adding a twilight effect to the already sufficiently mysterious rooms and courtyards to be seen within.

"This is by no means the most cheerful sort of place," said Hayle to Kitwater, as they passed down a paved street side by side. "Where do you expect to find the great temple and the courtyard of the Three Elephants' Heads?"

"Straight on," said little Codd, who was behind, and had been comparing the route they were following with the plan he held in his hand.

As he spoke they entered another square, and saw before them a mighty flight of steps, worn into grooves in places by the thousands of feet that had ascended and descended them in days gone by. At the top was a sculptured gateway, finer than anything either of them had ever seen, and this they presently entered. Above them, clear of the trees, and towering up into the blue, were the multitudinous domes and spires of the king's palace, to which the gateway above the steps was the principal entrance. Some of the spires were broken, some were covered with creepers, others were mutilated by time and by stress of weather.



"BY THE GREAT POKER, WE'VE GOT IT AT LAST," CRIED KITWATER.

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"And about time, too," cried Hayle, upon whom the place was exercising a most curious effect. "If you've found it, show us your precious treasure chamber."

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This was undoubtedly true, and so, without more ado, but none the less reluctantly, the three travelers retraced their steps to the camp upon the hillside. Hayle was certainly not in a good temper. The monotony of the long journey from civilization had proved too much for him, and he was ready to take offense at anything. Fortunately, however, Kitwater was not of the same way of thinking, otherwise there would probably have been trouble between them.

Next morning they were up and had breakfasted before the sun was in the sky. Their meal at an end, they picked up their arms and tools, bade their servants have a care of the camp, and then set off on their quest once more. There was a perceptible change, however, in their demeanors. A nervous excitement had taken possession of them, and it affected each man in a different manner. Kitwater was suspicious, Hayle was morose, while little Codd repeatedly puckered up his mouth as if he were about to whistle, but no sound ever came from it. The sky overhead was emerald blue, the air was full of the sweetest perfumes, while birds of the most gorgeous plumage flew continually across their path. They had no regard, however, for nature's beauties. The craving for wealth was in their hearts, rendering them blind to everything else. They crossed the stone bridge, passed through the outer portion of the city, proceeded over the second moat, and at last, with the familiarity of old friends, made their way up the steps towards the courtyard of the king's palace.

"Now, my friends, listen to me," said Kitwater, as he spoke throwing down the tools he had been carrying. "What we have to do is to thoroughly sound the whole of this courtyard, inch by inch and stone by stone. We can't be wrong, for that is the courtyard of the Three Elephants' Heads, there can be no doubt. You take the right-hand side," he went on, addressing Hayle; "you, Codd, must take the left. I'll try the middle. If we don't hit it to-day we'll do so to-morrow, or the next day, or the day after that. This is the place we were told about, and if the treasure is to be found anywhere, it will be here. For that reason we've got to get about the search as soon as possible! Now to work!"

Using the iron bars they had brought with them for the purpose, they began their task, bumping the iron down upon each individual stone in the hope of eliciting the hollow sound that was to reveal the presence of the treasure chamber. With the regularity of automata they paraded up and down the walled inclosure without speaking, until they had thoroughly tested every single stone; no sort of success, however, rewarded their endeavors.

"I expected as much," said Hayle, angrily, as he threw down the bar. "You've been humbugged, and our journey is all undertaken for nothing. I was a fool ever to have listened to your nonsensical yarn. I might have known it would have come to nothing. It's not the first time I've been treasure hunting, but I'll swear it shall be the last. I've had enough of these fooleries."

A dangerous light was gathering in Kitwater's eyes. He moreover drew the iron bar as if in anticipation of trouble, and placed his fists defiantly on his hips.

"If you're going to talk like that, my boy," he began, with never a quaver in his voice, "it's best for us to understand each other straight off. Once and for all, let me tell you that I'll have none of your business. Whether or not this business is destined to come to anything, you may rely upon one thing, and that is the fact that I did my best to do you a good turn by allowing you to come into it. There's another thing that calls for comment, and you can deny it if you will. It's a fact that you've been grumbling and growling ever since we left Rangoon, and have made difficulties innumerable where you needn't have done so, and now, because you think the affair is going to turn out badly, you round upon me as if it were all a put-up job on my part to rook you of your money. It's not the thing, Hayle, and I don't mind saying that I resent it."

There was no need for him to issue such an invitation. They were more than eager to follow him. Leaving the first room, or ante-chamber, as it might more properly be called, they continued their way along the narrow passage which led from it. The air was growing perceptibly closer every moment, while the

"You may resent it or not, as you darned well please," said Hayle doggedly, biting at the butt of his cigar as he spoke. "It don't matter a curse to me; you don't mean to tell me you think I'm fool enough to stand by and see myself—"

At that moment Codd, who had been away investigating on his own account, and had no idea of the others' quarrel, gave a shout of delight. He was at the further end of the courtyard, at a spot where a dense mass of creeper had fallen, and now lay trailing upon the stones. The effect upon his companions was instantaneous. They abandoned their quarrel without another word, and picking up their crowbars hastened to the spot where he was waiting for them.

"What have you found, little man?" inquired Kitwater, as he approached. Mr. Codd, however, said nothing in reply, but beat with his bar upon the stone beneath him. There could be little or no doubt about the hollow sound that rewarded his endeavors.

"We've got it," cried Kitwater. "Bring the pickax, Hayle, and we'll soon see what is underneath this precious stone. We may be at the heart of the mystery for all we know."

In less time than it takes to tell, Hayle had complied with the other's request, and was hard at work picking out the earth which held the enormous flagstone in its place. A state of mad excitement had taken hold of the men, and the veins stood out like whipcord upon Hayle's forehead. It was difficult to say how many feet separated them from the treasure that was to make them lords of all the earth. At last the stone showed signs of moving, and it was possible for Kitwater to insert his bar beneath one corner. He did so, pried it up, and leaned upon it with all his weight. It showed no sign of moving, however. The seal of Time



"NOW, THEN, GIDEON, MY WORTHY FRIEND, WHAT HAVE YOU GOT TO SAY ABOUT THE BUSINESS?"

was set upon it, and it was not to be lightly disturbed.

"Push your bar in here alongside of mine, Codd," said Kitwater at last. "I fancy we shall get it then."

The little man did as he was directed, Kitwater and Hayle seconded his efforts on the other side, and then, under the strain of their united exertions, the stone began to move slowly from its place. Little by little they raised it, putting all the strength they possessed into the operation, until at last, with one great effort they hurled it backwards, and it fell with a crash upon the pavement behind them, revealing a dark, narrow hole, the bottom of which it was impossible to see.

"Now, then, Gideon, my worthy friend, what have you got to say about the business?" asked Kitwater, as he wiped the perspiration from his brow. "You pretended to doubt my story. Was there anything in the old Frenchman's yarn after all? Were we wasting our time upon a fool's errand when we set off to explore Sengkor-Wat?"

Hayle looked at him somewhat sheepishly.

"No, no," he said, "I am willing to admit that so far you have won the trick. Let me down easily if you can. I can neither pass nor follow suit. I am right out of my reckoning. Now what do you propose to do?"

"Get one of those torches we brought with us, and find out what there is in that hole," Kitwater answered.

They waited while the latter went back to the camp, and when he reappeared, and had lighted the torch, they prepared to follow him down the steps into the mysterious depths below. The former, they soon discovered, were as solidly built as the rest of the palace, and were about 30 in number. They were, moreover, wet and slimy, and so narrow that it was only possible for one man to descend them at once. When they reached the bottom they found themselves standing in a narrow passage, the walls of which were composed of solid stone, in many places finely carved. The air was close, and from the fact that now and again bats dashed past them into the deeper darkness, they argued that there must be some way of communicating with the open air at the further end.

"This is just what the Frenchman told me," said Kitwater, and his voice echoed away along the passage like distant thunder. "He said we should find a narrow corridor at the foot of the steps, and then the treasure chamber at the further end. So far it looks all right. Let us move on, my friends."

There was no need for him to issue such an invitation. They were more than eager to follow him. Leaving the first room, or ante-chamber, as it might more properly be called, they continued their way along the narrow passage which led from it. The air was growing perceptibly closer every moment, while the

light of the torch reflected the walls on either side. Hayle wondered for a moment as he followed his leader what would happen to them if the Chinese, of whom the old Frenchman had spoken to Kitwater, should discover their presence in the ruins, and should replace the stone upon the hole. In that case the treasure would prove of small value to them, for they would be buried alive. He did not allow his mind, however, to dwell very long upon this subject, for Kitwater, who was pushing on ahead with the torch, had left the passage and was standing in a large and apparently well vaulted chamber. Handsomely carved pillars supported the roof, the floor was well paved, while on either side there were receptacles, not unlike the niches in the Roman catacombs, though for what purpose they were intended was not at first glance so easy to determine. With hearts that beat tumultuously in their breasts, they hastened to one of them to see what it contained. The niche in question was filled with strange looking vessels, some like bowls, and others not unlike crucibles. The men almost clambered over each other in their excitement to see what they contained. It was as if their whole existence depended upon it; they could scarcely breathe for excitement. Every moment's delay was unspeakable agony. At last, however, the coverings were withdrawn and the contents of the receptacles stood revealed. Two were filled with uncut gems, rubies and sapphires, others contained bar gold, and yet more contained gems, to which it was scarcely possible in such a light to assign a name. One thing at least was certain. So vast was the treasure that the three men stood tongue-tied with amazement at their good fortune. In their wildest dreams they had never imagined such luck, and now that this vast treasure lay at their finger-tips, to be handled, to be made sure of, they were unable to realize the extent of their future happiness. Hayle dived his hands into a bowl of uncut rubies, and having collected as many as he could hold in each fist, turned to his companions.

"Look here," he cried, "it's the Bank of England in each hand."

His voice ended in a choke. Then Kitwater took up the tale.

"I must get out of this or I shall go mad," he muttered, hoarsely. "Come, let us go back to the light. If I don't I shall die."

(To Be Continued.)

AN ENTHUSIASTIC READER.

The Interest Richardson Excited in Lady Bradshaigh by His Story of "Clarissa Harlowe."

Happy would be the modern novelist who should awaken one tithe of the interest excited by Richardson's novels in Lady Bradshaigh, one of the author's friends. This lady entered so deeply into the story of "Clarissa Harlowe" that she regarded the actors in it as real persons, says the Youth's Companion. "Would you have me weep incessantly?" she asked, on receiving volume five.

Again, after she had learned what the catastrophe was to be, she wrote: "If it be possible, recall the dreadful sentence. My hand trembles, for I can scarcely hold my pen. I cannot help hating you if you alter not your scheme."

All her persuasions were in vain; but having suffered so much on Clarissa's account, it was certainly a little hard that, in his third novel, he must threaten her with the death of his heroine. Then criticism was changed to entreaty. "I was forced to lie down," she says, "and was relieved for a moment by a flood of tears. I was not without some hope of relief from your letter, but alas! I am more confirmed by it in what I dreaded."

She adds in a postscript: "This letter will weigh heavy with my tears. It has been thoroughly soaked; and I have but one poor consolation left, that if you kill me, it is the way you use all your heroines."

Richardson's reply was to send her the seventh volume, where the heroine was blessed with good fortune; and Lady Bradshaigh's relief found an expression equally exaggerated. "God Almighty bless you, my dear sir," she writes, "for setting my bursting heart at ease. I wish you had seen me open your letter, trembling, laying it down, taking it up again, unresolved whether to look at the beginning or the conclusion. At last I ventured to unfold it partly, and with a side glance read a few words which instantly produced the happiest tears I ever shed. Oh, sir, you would rejoice in the pain you occasioned me, could you but know how I feel. Forgive me? From my heart and soul I thank you."

Snubbing a Would-be M. P.

An English firm of solicitors, who recently wrote to the president of the University of Idaho offering to purchase an LL. D. degree for a young client who was thinking of entering parliament, received the following very caustic reply: "The principal whom you represent has disgraced his nationality, the bar and himself. I hope that when he attempts to enter parliament he will learn that a cad's ambitions, unless carefully limited, are unrealizable."—Literature.

Shrewd Domestic.

Mistress—Did you tell the lady I was out?

Domestic—Yes, ma'am.

"What did she say?"

"She said she would call again tomorrow morning, ma'am."

"What did you say?"

"I told her it wouldn't be any use because you would be out for sure then."—Ohio State Journal.

Old Saying Amended.

Everything comes to the man who waits on himself.—Chicago Daily News.

A Bird Himself.

The wise judge frowned sternly on the prisoner.

"I suppose you are ready to confess that you are a confidence man?" said his honor.

"Oh, no," hastened Bunko Billy, with an injured look, "I am merely an ornithologist."

"An ornithologist, indeed! What kind of birds do you handle?"

"Jays!"

And then only the clanking doors disturbed the court.—Chicago Daily News.

I do not believe Pilo's Cure for Consumption has an equal for coughs and colds.—John F. Boyer, Trinity Springs, Ind., Feb. 15, 1900.

If you have a vicious disposition hide it if you cannot overcome it; there is plenty of misery in the world; people will be punished without your assistance.—Atchison Globe.

Envy always implies conscious inferiority wherever it resides.—Piny.



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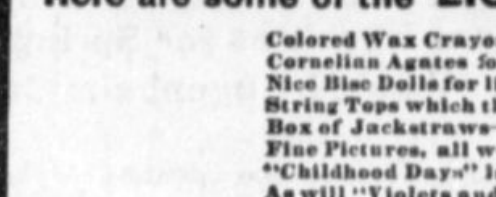


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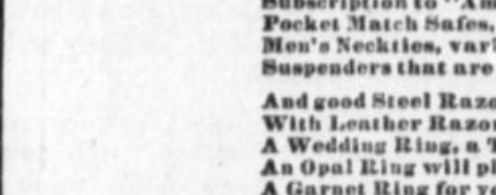


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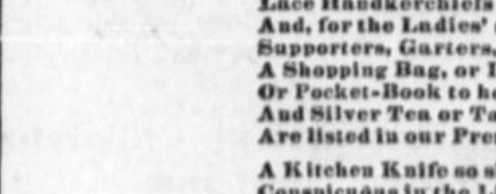


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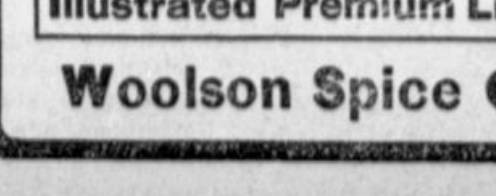


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Price 50 lbs. \$1.00; 100 lbs. \$1.50, low freight John A. Balzer Seed Co., La Crosse, Wis.

Point of View.

New England Statesman—Wasn't that a mortifying scene in the senate chamber? Statesman from the Breeze West—Mortifying? It was disgusting. It was stopped before we could tell which one was the best man!—Chicago Tribune.

Fits stopped free and permanently cured. No fits after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. Free \$2 trial bottle & treatise. Dr. Kline, 601 Arch st., Phila., Pa.

The Flaw.

Helen—Delia wouldn't listen to anything but classical music for the world.

Judy—No; but look at the rag-time hat she wears!—Detroit Free Press.

A keen observation is one of the greatest assistants in the acquirement of ease and power.—Success.

Self-inspection is said to be a sure cure for self-esteem.—Chicago Daily News.



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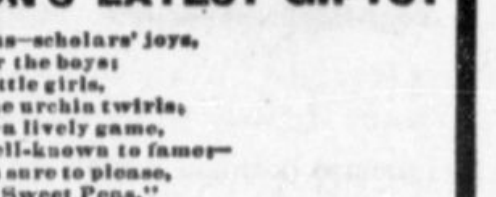


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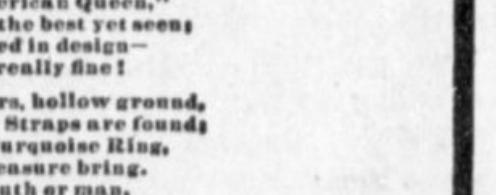


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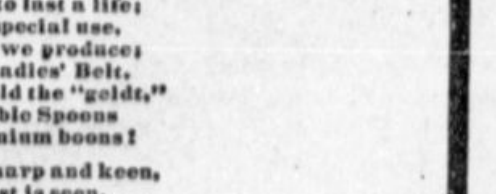


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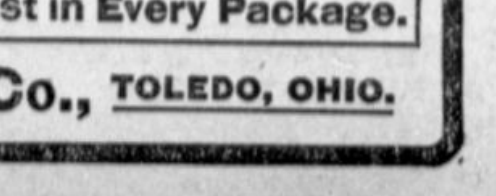


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UNCLE SAM (AFTER THE BANQUET): NOW, YOUR ROYAL HIGHNESS, TAKE A CASCARAT TO-NIGHT AND YOU WILL FEEL ALL RIGHT IN THE MORNING. IT'S THE GREAT AMERICAN MEDICINE.

Another "Dear Garden." A Montana debating society announces that the next subject will be: "Resolved, that the sheep herder is a better citizen than the saloon keeper." It is expected that the debate will bring out some new styles in artillery.—Denver Republican.

All Days Alike. The maid—Do you think it's unlucky to get married on Friday? The Bachelor—Of course. Why should Friday be an exception?—Judge.

Customer—"Is this good country butter?" Grocer—"Yes, ma'am, that was made in America, the best country in all the world."—Indianapolis News.

To Cure a Cold in One Day Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund money if it fails to cure. 25c.

Take care, or you also may become nothing more in life than a warning.—Aitchison Globe.

Half an hour is all the time required to dye with PUTNAM FADELESS DYES.

Servant girls in Berlin are usually allowed half a day out twice a month only.

Of Course. "I note," said the editor, "that you speak of Nero as running his hand through his long, flowing locks."

"Yes," answered the author. "There is nothing remarkable in that."

"How do you know that Nero had long hair?"

"My dear sir! Aren't you aware that Nero was one of the most celebrated bidders of his day?"—Washington Times.

An Investment. Myer—You say the count is looking for something in the way of American securities? Gyer—Yes. He hopes to secure about \$2,000,000 in matrimonial bonds.—Chicago Daily News.

Honest and Self-Made Men. An honest man may be the noblest work of God, but the self-made man is rather inclined to doubt it.—Philadelphia Record.

The explanation of a young man's downfall in Aitchison is given by his friends as follows: "He was his mother's pet, and never in his father's confidence."—Aitchison Globe.

The way of the transgressor is often rough on the other fellow.—Chicago Daily News.

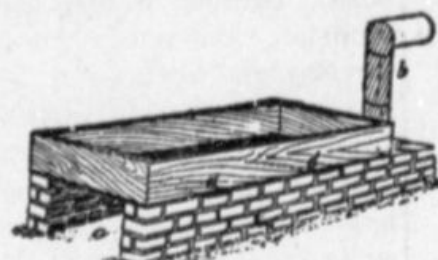


COOKING FEED PAYS.

Small and Cheap Outfit Which is One of the Best Money Savers on the Farm.

Many do not know the advantages derived, nor have they any idea how cheap young pigs can be fed, for the reason they have no convenient way for cooking. The cut shows a small and cheap outfit which is one of the best money savers on the farm. In cooking food for pigs I cook about three parts mangels or turnips and one part oat dust. After boiling well I mix a little barley or pea meal when feeding. For poultry I use more meal for the roots.

Make a box, d. of elm or oak plank 14 inches deep and 6x3 feet. Over this nail a bottom of heavy sheet iron. Better buy the sheet iron before the box is made, then make the box the size of the sheet. The sheet will cost about \$1.50. Nail the sheet on with short, stout one-inch chisel nails. This completed, build an arch,



HOMEMADE FEED COOKER.

a, use brick or stone and in building allow the sides of the arch to come about six inches under the pan or box. When setting the pan put a layer of mortar on the brick or stone so that fire cannot burn the sides. Place two or three flat boards or old iron across, underneath the pan to support it.

At the front put a sheet of iron to prevent the fire from burning the end. At back end build up the same as sides so that the pan will be fully six inches from the edge of the masonry work. Leave a hole for smoking pipe and draft; use any old stovepipe for chimney, as at b. It is well to build in some building, although it is not necessary, as I have seen one outside working well. Try and have it convenient to the well, so water may be pumped through a carrying. The furnace can be only 16 or 18 inches high, as it will require less wood.—A. F. Matthews, in Farm and Home.

COMMON HORSES WANTED. Medium Grades for Farm Work Now in Steady Demand in the Chicago Market.

Recently the demand for horses at the Chicago stockyards has improved. Not only are the exportable horses bringing better prices than for some time, but there seems to be quite brisk buying for farm use. We have frequently pointed out the fact that the conditions that have existed during the past eight years would naturally bring about a scarcity of farm horses. We have made close inquiry through our correspondents and find that in hundreds of counties in these western states less breeding has been done of late years than formerly. Meanwhile, horses are rapidly wearing out in farm work. The men that had horses to shoot six years ago, now have not even one good farm horse to sell, and are even looking for horses to buy. So, now we are told that at the Chicago stockyards a "feature of the trade is the better demand for medium chunks for farm horses."

Medium to good animals are quoted at \$55 to \$90, and select chunks at \$95 to \$120. The demand for mules for farm work is also good, these animals selling at \$85 and large ones from \$130 to \$170. There is an immense amount of work on farms that can be done only by horses; and this means a constant demand that can be counted on by horse raisers.—Farmers' Review.

HINTS FOR STOCKMEN. A few sheep or Angora goats are a valuable addition to any stock or herd, and can be raised cheaply and with little care or attention.

The "dog crop" always takes care of itself. What the successful farmer needs is more sheep and less dog. Look after the sheep and lambs.

Ground corn and oats make a fine stock food, and these grains grow in almost every section, hence are a profitable food, because of their economy.

Pasture is as essential to hog raising as it is to cattle. Have a good range for your swine and the feed bills will be lessened and the profit increased.

Hogs, though not a cleanly animal, thrive better in dry, clean quarters than in dirty, cramped pens. Use a little care with your pigs as well as other stock.—Cotton Planters' Journal.

Exports of American Oats. The export of oats last year amounted to 25,776,575 bushels, valued at \$9,042,504; the previous year, 32,095,100 bushels, valued at \$9,781,830. The exports of oatmeal were 73,668,894 pounds, valued at \$1,863,841; the previous year, 81,494,056 pounds, valued at \$2,038,382. The largest shipments, 23,085,664 pounds, were from New York, but there were 19,329,051 pounds from Baltimore, 18,945,293 pounds from Philadelphia and 9,558,012 pounds from Boston—the larger part from the more southern ports.

Rutabagas for the Sheep. The rutabaga turnip is much used in the northern states, and is preferred by sheep to all other roots. Lambs weighing 75 to 100 pounds will consume three to four pounds of roots daily and from one to two pounds of grain, the roots usually taking the place of 30 to 40 per cent. of the full grain ration. Two parts of oats to one of bran is a good grain ration when fed in connection with roots. When given little else, sheep will consume 15 to 20 pounds of roots daily.—Midland Farmer.

HOG FEEDING NOTES. Food for Preparing Mature Animals for Market and Keeping the Young in Good Condition.

Farmers who are fattening hogs for the market should first consider the needs of the market where they wish to sell. Some markets to meet the wants of their customers ask for lean pork, as there is a tendency among the masses for more lean meat and less fat. Pork with a fair admixture of lean and fat is best produced in bulk by feeding all the whey the swine will drink, mixed with a small grain ration, consisting of one part cornmeal, two parts wheat bran and one part middlings, fed to the swine three times a day. There should not be any food left in the trough or pen; then the hogs will have a good appetite for the next meal.

When fattening time comes still feed some whey with a heavier grain ration consisting of one-half cornmeal, one-quarter bran and one-quarter ground oats or middlings. At this time I give hogs all they will eat clean twice a day. I never could keep fattening hogs hungry enough to eat to advantage three meals a day, and in a very short time they lie very quiet on two meals a day.

When the lean porkers are heavy enough to kill, which should not be later than September or October, then feed just enough rations to keep them from falling away until the markets are ready for fresh pork; then kill and ship.

Farmers who depend on milk to feed their hogs through the summer, if they are feeding for fat alone, will gain about one-third in fat, and there will be a saving of grain at fattening time if they are fed one pint of cornmeal to each hog with milk three times a day up to September. Then, as the hogs will gain more fat during September and October than in the colder months, the grain ration should be increased daily, and less milk fed until fat enough to kill. The pigs I feed through the winter to fatten the coming fall are fed new warm milk for a week, after I take them from the sow, then good skimmed milk, with boiled potatoes and mush, usually made from equal parts of cornmeal, bran, and middlings, or ground oats, fed warm, until two months old. Then I feed a scalded ration of one-third cornmeal and two-thirds bran, which contains a small percentage of middlings, mixed with milk or water. I feed pigs when they are three months old, giving each one pint of cornmeal and three pints of bran in warm slop, enough to fill the stomach, twice a day. I increase the grain gradually as time advances. Thus fed, the pigs grow finely and just fat enough to keep warm and healthy. For a change they get roots, apples, charcoal, ashes and salt.

In their sleeping apartment they have a new nest every night, and are thus kept comfortable and dry. Then they have a place for feeding, and beyond that a murrum, with a plank floor with drainage, all under cover, so they are out of the storm and wind.

I seldom have any sickness or trouble with swine at any age, unless I overfeed, and that I rarely do. When such is the case I skip one meal and feed less for a few days, and then the porkers are ready for work again. I keep the pens clean and dry for health and the swine free from lice. If a louse makes its appearance I grease the pigs and hogs with machine oil. This is a sure ridance to hog lice. To clear the pens of lice I give them a thorough cleaning with lime and hot water. A kerosene emulsion is good and handy for lice and for cleansing the sty.—N. Y. Tribune-Farmer.

COMPLETE SELF-FEEDER. Unique Structure Which Combines Under One Roof Many Important Conveniences.

An Illinois correspondent has sent to the Iowa Homestead a sketch of a self-feeder which he built. Above the triangular hopper is a floor with traps in it running the entire length of the building, and the hopper can be replenished from time to time, as occasion requires. Feed can be stored here for bad weather.

Illustration of a self-feeder structure.

UNIQUE SELF-FEEDER.

A door shown in the illustration is where the self-feeder is replenished from the wagon when the weather is fine. According to the correspondent, the projecting roof is all that is needed for fattening cattle in his locality.

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CONGRESSMAN HOWARD. Of National Reputation are the Men Who Recommend Pe-ru-na to Fellow Sufferers. A Remarkable Case Reported From the State of New York.



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"I seldom had a passage of the bowels naturally. I consulted another physician with no better results. The disease kept growing on me until I had exhausted the ability of sixteen of Rochester's best physicians. The last physician advised me to give up my work and go south, after he had treated me for one year."

"I was given a thorough examination with the X-ray. They would not even determine what my trouble was. Some of your testimonials in the Rochester papers seemed to me worthy of consideration, and I made up my mind to try a bottle of Peruna. Before the bottle was half gone I noticed a change for the better. I am now on the fifth bottle, and have not an ache or pain anywhere. My bowels move regularly every day, and I have taken on eighteen pounds of flesh. I have recommended Peruna to a great many and they recommend it very highly. I have told several people that if they would take a bottle of Peruna, and could then candidly say that it had not benefited them, I would pay for the medicine."

A. C. LOCKHART.

Send for a free catarrh book. Address The Peruna Medicine Co., Columbus, O.

Salzer's New 20th Century Oats. Clear the Tracks! The Track! Here is the most reliable... Salzer's Marvel Wheat—42 bus. per Acre... VEGETABLE SEEDS... For 10c—Worth \$10... JOHN A. SALZER SEED CO., LA CROSSE, WISC.

HAZARD GUN POWDER. DROPSY NEW DISCOVERY. A. N. K.—F 1908. WHEN WRITING TO ADVERTISERS please state that you saw the Advertiser in this issue.

CASTORIA For Infants and Children. The Kind You Have Always Bought Bears the Signature of J. C. F. HITCHCOCK. In Use For Over Thirty Years CASTORIA. THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.

To purify the blood take Prickly Ash Bitters three or four times a week during the Spring months. It will insure health in hot weather. Sold everywhere at \$1.00 per bottle.

DO YOU SHOOT? If you do you should send your name and address on a postal card for a WINCHESTER GUN CATALOGUE. IT'S FREE. It illustrates and describes all the different Winchester Rifles, Shotguns and Ammunition, and contains much valuable information. Send at once to the Winchester Repeating Arms Co., New Haven, Conn.





UNCLE SAM (AFTER THE BANQUET): NOW, YOUR ROYAL HIGHNESS, TAKE A CASCARET TO-NIGHT AND YOU WILL FEEL ALL RIGHT IN THE MORNING. IT'S THE GREAT AMERICAN MEDICINE.

#### Another "Bear Garden."

A Montana debating society announces that the next subject will be: "Resolved, that the sheep herder is a better citizen than the saloon keeper." It is expected that the debate will bring out some new styles in artillery.—Denver Republican.

#### All Days Alike.

The maid—Do you think it's unlucky to get married on Friday?  
The Bachelor—Of course. Why should Friday be an exception?—Judge.

Customer—"Is this good country butter?"  
Grocer—"Yes, ma'am, that was made in America, the best country in all the world."—Indianapolis News.

To Cure a Cold in One Day  
Take Laxative Broom Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund money if it fails to cure. 25c.

Take care, or you also may become nothing more in life than a warning.—Aitchison Globe.

Half an hour is all the time required to dye with PUTNAM FADELESS DYES.

Servant girls in Berlin are usually allowed half a day out twice a month only.

#### Of Course.

"I note," said the editor, "that you speak of Nero as running his hand through his long flowing locks."  
"Yes," answered the author. "There is nothing remarkable in that."  
"How do you know that Nero had long hair?"

"My dear sir! Aren't you aware that Nero was one of the most celebrated fiddlers of his day?"—Washington Times.

#### An Investment.

Myer—You say the count is looking for something in the way of American securities?  
Geyer—Yes. He hopes to secure about \$2,000,000 in matrimonial bonds.—Chicago Daily News.

#### Honest and Self-Made Men.

An honest man may be the noblest work of God, but the self-made man is rather inclined to doubt it.—Philadelphia Record.

The explanation of a young man's downfall in Aitchison is given by his friends as follows: "He was his mother's pet, and never in his father's confidence."—Aitchison Globe.

The way of the transgressor is often rough on the other fellow.—Chicago Daily News.

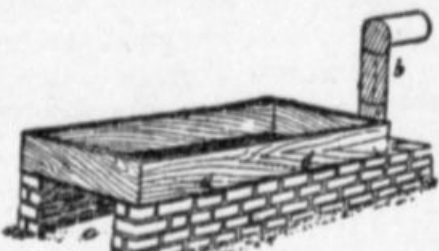


#### COOKING FEED PAYS.

Small and Cheap Outfit Which is One of the Best Money Savers on the Farm.

Many do not know the advantages derived, nor have they any idea how cheap young pigs can be fed, for the reason they have no convenient way for cooking. The cut shows a small and cheap outfit which is one of the best money savers on the farm. In cooking food for pigs I cook about three parts mangels or turnips and one part oat dust. After boiling well I mix a little barley or pea meal when feeding. For poultry I use more meal for the roots.

Make a box, d. of elm or oak plank 14 inches deep and 6x3 feet. Over this nail a bottom of heavy sheet iron. Better buy the sheet iron before the box is made, then make the box the size of the sheet. The sheet will cost about \$1.50. Nail the sheet on with short, stout one-inch chout nails. This completed, build an arch,



HOMEMADE FEED COOKER.

a, use brick or stone and in building allow the sides of the arch to come about six inches under the pan or box. When setting the pan put a layer of mortar on the brick or stone so that fire cannot burn the sides. Place two or three flat boards or old iron across, underneath the pan to support it.

At the front put a sheet of iron to prevent the fire from burning the end. At back end build up the same as sides so that the pan will be fully six inches from the edge of the mason work. Leave a hole for smoking pipe for chimney, as at b. It is well to build in some building, although it is not necessary, as I have seen one outside working well. Try and have it convenient to the well, so water may be pumped through a trough which will save labor in carrying. The furnace need be only 16 or 18 inches high, as it will require less wood.—A. F. Matthews, in Farm and Home.

#### COMMON HORSES WANTED.

Medium Grades for Farm Work Now in Steady Demand in the Chicago Market.

Recently the demand for horses at the Chicago stockyards has improved. Not only are the exportable horses bringing better prices than for some time, but there seems to be quite brisk buying for farm use. We have frequently pointed out the fact that the conditions that have existed during the past eight years would naturally bring about a scarcity of farm horses. We have made close inquiry through our correspondents and find that in hundreds of counties in these western states less breeding has been done of late years than formerly. Meanwhile, horses are rapidly wearing out in farm work. The men that had horses to shoot six years ago, now have not even one good farm horse to sell, and are even looking for horses to buy. So, now we are told that at the Chicago stockyards a "feature of the trade is the better demand for medium chunks for farm horses." Medium to good animals are quoted at \$55 to \$90, and select chunks at \$95 to \$120. The demand for mules for farm work is also good, these animals selling at \$85 and large ones from \$130 to \$170. There is an immense amount of work on farms that can be done only by horses; and this means a constant demand that can be counted on by horse raisers.—Farmers' Review.

#### HINTS FOR STOCKMEN.

A few sheep or Angora goats are a valuable addition to any stock or herd, and can be raised cheaply and with little care or attention.

The "dog crop" always takes care of itself. What the successful farmer needs is more sheep and less dog. Look after the sheep and lambs.

Ground corn and oats make a fine stock food, and these grains grow in almost ever section, hence are a profitable food, because of their economy.

Pasturage is as essential to hog raising as it is to cattle. Have a good range for your swine and the feed bills will be lessened and the profit increased.

Hogs, though not a cleanly animal, thrive better in dry, clean quarters than in dirty, cramped pens. Use a little care with your pigs as well as other stock.—Cotton Planters' Journal.

#### Exports of American Oats.

The export of oats last year amounted to 25,776,575 bushels, valued at \$9,042,504; the previous year, 32,095,100 bushels, valued at \$9,781,830. The exports of oatmeal were 75,568,894 pounds, valued at \$1,863,841; the previous year, 81,494,056 pounds, valued at \$2,038,382. The largest shipments, 23,085,664 pounds, were from New York, but there were 19,329,051 pounds from Baltimore, 18,545,293 pounds from Philadelphia and 9,558,012 pounds from Boston—the larger part from the more southern ports.

#### HOG FEEDING NOTES.

Food for Preparing Mature Animals for Market and Keeping the Young in Good Condition.

Farmers who are fattening hogs for the market should first consider the needs of the market where they wish to sell. Some markets to meet the wants of their customers ask for lean pork, as there is a tendency among the masses for more lean meat and less fat. Pork with a fair admixture of lean and fat is best produced in bulk by feeding all the whey the swine will drink, mixed with a small grain ration, consisting of one part cornmeal, two parts wheat bran and one part middlings, fed to the swine three times a day. There should not be any food left in the trough or pen; then the hogs will have a good appetite for the next meal.

When fattening time comes still feed some whey with a heavier grain ration consisting of one-half cornmeal, one-quarter bran and one-quarter ground oats or middlings. At this time I give hogs all they will eat clean twice a day. I never could keep fattening hogs hungry enough to eat to advantage three meals a day, and in a very short time they lie very quiet on two meals a day.

When the lean porkers are heavy enough to kill, which should not be later than September or October, then feed just enough rations to keep them from falling away until the markets are ready for fresh pork; then kill and ship.

Farmers who depend on milk to feed their hogs through the summer, if they are feeding for fat alone, will gain about one-third in fat, and there will be a saving of grain at fattening time if they are fed one pint of cornmeal to each hog with milk three times a day up to September. Then, as the hogs will gain more fat during September and October than in the colder months, the grain ration should be increased daily, and less milk fed until fat enough to kill.

The pigs I feed through the winter to fatten the coming fall are fed new warm milk for a week, after I take them from the sow, then good skimmed milk, with boiled potatoes and mush, usually made from equal parts of cornmeal, bran and middlings, or ground oats, fed warm, until two months old. Then I feed a scalded ration of one-third cornmeal and two-thirds bran, which contains a small percentage of middlings, mixed with milk or water. I feed pigs when they are three months old, giving each one pint of cornmeal and three pints of bran in warm slop, enough to fill the stomach, twice a day. I increase the grain gradually as time advances. Thus fed, the pigs grow finely and just fat enough to keep warm and healthy. For a change they get roots, apples, charcoal, ashes and salt.

In their sleeping apartment they have a new nest every night, and are thus kept comfortable and dry. Then they have a place for feeding, and beyond that a musseroom, with a plank floor with drainage, all under cover, so they are out of the storm and wind.

I seldom have any sickness or trouble with swine at any age, unless I overfeed, and that I rarely do. When such is the case I skip one meal and feed less for a few days, and then the porkers are ready for work again.

I keep the pens clean and dry for health and the swine free from lice. If a house makes its appearance I grease the pigs and hogs with machine oil. This is a sure riddance to hog lice. To clear the pens of lice I give them a thorough cleaning with lime and hot water. A kerosene emulsion is good and handy for lice and for cleansing the sty.—N. Y. Tribune-Farmer.

#### COMPLETE SELF-FEEDER.

Unique Structure Which Combines Under One Roof Many Important Conveniences.

An Illinois correspondent has sent to the Iowa Homestead a sketch of a self-feeder which he built.

Above the triangular hopper is a floor with traps in it running the entire length of the building, and the hopper can be replenished from time to time, as occasion requires. Feed can be stored here for bad weather.



UNIQUE SELF-FEEDER.

A door shown in the illustration is where the self-feeder is replenished from the wagon when the weather is fine. According to the correspondent, the projecting roof is all that is needed for fattening cattle in his locality.

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Mr. W. P. Peterson, of Morris, Ill., says: "I was nearly dead with catarrhal dyspepsia and am now a well man, better, in fact, than I have been for twenty years or more. Since I got cured by your Peruna I have been consulted by a great many people."—W. P. Peterson.

**900 DROPS**

**CASTORIA**

Vegetable Preparation for Assimilating the Food and Regulating the Stomachs and Bowels of

**INFANTS & CHILDREN**

Promotes Digestion, Cheerfulness and Rest. Contains neither Opium, Morphine nor Mineral. **NOT NARCOTIC.**

Prepared by **Dr. J. C. FLETCHER**

*Signature of Dr. J. C. Fletcher*

A perfect Remedy for Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhoea, Worms, Convulsions, Feverishness and LOSS OF SLEEP.

Fac-Simile Signature of **Dr. J. C. FLETCHER**

**NEW YORK.**

At 6 months old **35 DROPS - 35 CENTS**

EXACT COPY OF WRAPPER.

**CASTORIA**

For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought Bears the Signature of

*Dr. J. C. Fletcher*

**In Use For Over Thirty Years**

**CASTORIA**

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.

To purify the blood take

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**SALZER'S New 20th Century OATS**

BEST YIELD 300 BUS. PER ACRE

**CLEAR THE TRACK!**

Here's the monarch—nothing like it on earth. Salzer's New 20th Century Oat takes the cake, native or foreign, as the biggest yielder everywhere. The fact is, Salzer's oats are bred to produce. The U. S. Department of Agriculture has tested over 400 samples and finds them all to be the best. Here is one like that. Mr. Farmer? Our new 20th Century Oat is bound to completely revolutionize oat growing, and we expect dozens of farmers to report yields in 1902 ranging from 200 to 300 bushels per acre. Price is dirt cheap. No in the spring and buy this variety this spring to sell to your neighbors the coming fall for seed. It will really pay you.

**Salzer's Marvel Wheat—42 bus. per Acre**

The only spring wheat on earth that will yield a perfect crop, east, south, and west and in every state in the Union. We also have the celebrated Macleod wheat, yielding on our farms 60 bushels per acre.

**SPELTZ**

The most marvelous cereal and hay feed on earth, producing from 60 to 80 bushels of grain and 4 tons of rich hay per acre.

**VEGETABLE SEEDS**

We are the largest growers and stock of earliest Peas, Beans, Sweet corn and all every leading vegetable in commerce. Prices are very low. Oats sold 60 cents and up a pound. Catalogue free.

**For 10c—Worth \$10**

Our great catalogue contains full descriptions of our Heartline Barley, yielding 100 bushels; our Triple Leader Corn, giving 400 bushels; our potatoes, yielding 600 bushels per acre; our grass and clover mixtures, producing 6 tons of magnificent hay; our Peas Oats, with 10 tons of hay and Timothy with 60 tons of green fodder per acre. Salzer's great catalogue, worth \$10 in any way, with seeds, patterns or farmers, with 10 farm and samples—worth \$10 to get a start—in mailed you as a sample of the postage.

**JOHN A. SALZER SEED CO., LA CROSSE, WIS.**

**1,213 BUS. ONIONS PER ACRE.**

Salzer's New Method of onion culture makes it possible to grow 1,200 and more bus. per acre.

There is no vegetable that pays better. The Salzer's annually distribute nearly one eighth of a million lbs. of onion seed, selling same at 60c. and up per lb.

**For 10c. and this Notice**

John A. Salzer Seed Co., LaCrosse, Wis.

Will mail you their mammoth catalogue, together with the kinds of flower and vegetable seeds. Market-gardeners' 1 ct. 5c postage.

**HAZARD**

Beats more recent records with Hazard Buckle's Powder—Mr. C. W. Feltus, who shot an average of six birds in the air at the Jeffersonville, Ind. tournament, January 26, 1902, breaking 143 of the 150 targets shot. Mr. Chas. B. Salzer at the January shoot held at Bremen, Ind., won the 1st prize with 147 birds in 100 shots. Such work proves that Hazard Buckle's Powder is the best to shoot with. It is sold by all dealers.

**GUN POWDER**

**PISO'S CURE FOR**

**CONSUMPTION**

Best Cough Syrup, Tastes Good, Use in Time. Sold by Druggists.

**DROPSY NEW DISCOVERY** gives quick relief and cures worst cases. Sold by H. GREEN'S SON'S, Box 20, ATLANTA, GA.

A. N. K.-F 1908

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## Frank Loyd Writes to the Press.

EDITOR PRESS: In answer to scores of letters I receive from Crittenden and adjoining counties I take this method of answering their questions in regard to the country, health, my work, etc.

Waltonville is a young town of six years' growth, situated on the W. C. & W. railroad, running from Mt. Vernon to Chester, where the Southern Illinois penitentiary is located. Waltonville has five stores, two churches, mill, shops, etc. The county seat of this (Jefferson) county is Mount Vernon, containing 8,000 inhabitants, or about four times as large as Marion, Ky. We are in the southwest part of the county. Ewing college is 12 miles southeast of us in Franklin county. This is a fine school, where many from Crittenden county, Ky., attended, including Senator Deboe, the Cruce brothers, Jacobs boys, and many others.

This is considered the best part of the county for farming, and the farmers are generally wealthy; for instance, there are six of the Mannon brothers around me, each one owning from 1,000 to 2,400 acres apiece; stock barns are built here at a cost of from \$1,000 to \$1,500. This is a good stock country and better adapted to grass and wheat than anything else. Hay is shipped from here to Ky. I am buying first-class baled timothy for \$10.00 and baled red top at \$7.00 per ton, and we think this is terribly high for hay here. I have seen one farmer order a special engine and ten cars just to ship his own stock in. Many farmers here have from 75 to 200 young mules apiece. The next day after some of our boys came here from Crittenden we were driving through Knob prairie, looking at the large pastures and fine cattle, one of the boys asked me what made that farmer keep domestic wrapped around the bodies of his cattle; when I explained the stock of cattle he raised he let the other boys ask the rest of the questions.

Now in regard to health, I have traveled over sixteen of Uncle Sam's States, and I know of no healthier place than this east of Oklahoma. For instance, Sheller is a town two miles west of me; two years ago a good doctor moved there and had all the practice in and around town, and yet did not get enough practice to support his family and had to hunt a new location.

Now, in regard to work, will say I have plenty, but would not advise any more to come now, as we have a little winter here as well as in Kentucky. There are 165 of us here from Crittenden county, and the people here have named my place the Kentucky town.

The farmers here on most roads have a free delivery rural mail service; this is a wonderful help to them and saves many miles ride; besides, you get your mail regular. One getting accustomed to this system would miss it as much as you would the railroad in Crittenden.

Now, Mr. Editor, all countries have their disadvantages; the society is quite different here; Sunday is a great day for hunting in this community. I believe a majority of the church members are Catholics and Universalists; most of the members of the Catholic church here are Poles.

With best wishes for the Editor and the many readers of the PRESS I will close for this time.

J. F. Loyd.

### Most in Quantity, Best in Quality.

Morley's Sarsaparilla and Iron is a tonic, a blood purifier and a blood maker. It does not stop with merely curing certain diseases, like scrofula, sores, abscesses, etc., but cleanses and builds up the whole system. All who have tried it say there is more cure in one bottle of Morley's Sarsaparilla and Iron than of six of any other kind. "At Woods'."

### RICH, RED BLOOD.

Morley's Sarsaparilla and Iron not only purifies the blood but makes new rich red blood. If you have skin eruptions, boils, abscesses, rheumatism or scrofula or if you have a run down, tired out feeling, try this remedy and note its prompt results. At Woods'.

## LOCAL NEWS.

The Continued Story of Current Events.

### Dycusburg.

Al Daughtery and Miss Rosetta Simmons went to Metropolis Sunday and were married. They returned to Dycusburg Wednesday.

W. E. Charles, our song evangelist, is at home after an absence of several months.

Miss Carter, of Tenn., is a guest of her brother, the tobaccoist, at the Coffield house.

Mrs. Frank Newcom and little son Frank left Dycusburg the 9th for a visit to Marion and Repton. Next month Mrs. Newcom will join her husband in Washington.

Henry Bennett returned a few days since from a visit to an aunt at Debal, Texas. While in that state he visited the Beaumont oil fields, in which Bennett Brothers have shares.

J. C. Griffin and Ed. Ramage were in Paducah last week.

Guy Richards has a position in a furniture house in Paducah.

Mrs. Fred Hodge, of Livingston county, near Dycusburg, died Friday.

On account of their flooded condition work at Yandell spar mines near town has been suspended until summer.

The remains of Mrs. Graves Parish of Lyon county was interred at Tabor cemetery Thursday.

March 12th, at the regular meeting, the town trustees appointed W. T. Mitchell, marshal of Dycusburg, E. M. Dalton treasurer of the board, resigned, and was succeeded by M. B. Charles; J. C. Walters will become a member of the board.

While Misses Cora Clifton and Berenice Yancey were horseback riding Friday they lost control of their spirited horses. A mile from town Miss Clifton was thrown violently to the ground, and her horse left the road and ran home through the woods. Miss Yancey was compelled to dismount. No serious injury done.

### SHERIDAN.

The people of Sheridan are much excited over mining matters; there are several good prospects in sight of town and others not far off.

W. L. Moore shipped a load of stock to Louisville last week.

R. Henry Moore is riding day and night in search of a hand to work on the farm; better pull off your coat and go to work yourself, Henry.

A. N. Stallion and family, formerly of this place, but now of Blackford, are visiting friends and relatives in this section. It seems quite natural to see Newt among us again.

Dr. Wm. F. Russell, of Crayneville, was in our town last week.

I am willing to put Sheridan against any place in the State of Kentucky for swapping; any kind of a swap, from a pocket knife to real estate.

Wm. B. James, our Miller, was examined by J. W. Ross, State Examiner, the other day, and after a thorough examination was given engineer license. Bill did very well to pass, as he was examined by experts and the examination was real hard.

W. B. Yates, our evangelist, is completing his new house in East Sheridan. It will be a great improvement and help to that end of our town.

D. E. Wiggins has moved to the "Old Jim" mines.

J. R. Bagwell, our old reliable blacksmith, has gone to mining.

Bob Belt, one of our expert miners, says there is no doubt but that he will strike the "oxide."

The roads are drying some but are awful yet.

### MEXICO.

Misses Manda Campbell and Nora Whitt were guests of Mrs. Will Wheeler last week.

Mrs. Stanton Pierce is very low at this writing.

W. G. Tabor is making preparations to build a large store and business house at this place.

Rev. T. E. Richey, of Princeton, was visiting the church at this place Saturday and Sunday and did some splendid preaching.

George Lennon moved from this place to Abbeboe's last week.

Jahugh Davenport and John Fouch went to Grand Rivers Sunday.

Miss Kathie Bibb will attend school at Marion this spring.

Shelia Grisstaff, of Caldwell county, was the guest of Dock Bucklen a few days ago.

Mr. Gilbert McNeely and Miss Bessie Harod were married last week in Caldwell county.

### FREDONIA.

Quite a number are talking of attending the Quo Vadis at Marion Thursday night, 20th, and the Old Fiddler's Concert the 27th.

A wedding next week which will make sad a number of those left.

Rev. Goode of Texas preached at the C. P. church 11 a. m. and Rev. J. L. Hughey at 7 p. m.

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It seems too hard for us to give her up; but we know that God saw fit to take her home. She leaves a mother, husband, three sisters one brother and a host of friends to mourn her loss. Oh, I know they will miss her, but I will say to them, look to God! He is able to bear all your burdens.

For months before she died her Bible and the doctrines of her church was what she relished the most. Brother Eaton, a Baptist minister, conducted the funeral services, and her body was laid to rest at the Salem cemetery, to await the resurrection morn.

We weep not as those having no hope, but we hope to meet her again by and by. May God's blessings rest upon the innocent babe and the bereaved ones left behind.

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2 packages Arbuckles coffee 25c  
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Laundry soap 6 bars for 25c  
Don't miss the long 12 inch bar of toilet soap for 5c.

Bring us your Eggs, Turkeys, Hens, Geese, and Ducks, we will give you the top prices and good weights.

Get our prices on what you have to sell.

Get our prices on what you want to buy.

We will sure save you money if you will give us a chance.

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—OF—

**One cent per mile**

—TO—

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**900 Drops**  
**CASTORIA**  
A Vegetable Preparation for Assimilating the Food and Regulating the Stomach and Bowels of  
**INFANTS & CHILDREN**  
Promotes Digestion, Cheerfulness and Rest. Contains neither Opium, Morphine nor Mineral.  
**NOT NARCOTIC.**  
Recipe of Old Dr. SAMUEL PITCHER  
Pumpkin Seed -  
Rice -  
Castor Oil -  
Ginger -  
Sage -  
Sulphur -  
Syrup -  
A Perfect Remedy for Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhoea, Worms, Convulsions, Feverishness and LOSS OF SLEEP.  
Fac-Simile Signature of  
*Chas. H. Pitcher*  
**NEW YORK.**  
At 6 months old  
**35 Doses - 35 CENTS**  
EXACT COPY OF WRAPPER.

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**HARPER WHISKY**

A Delightful Beverage,  
A Safe Stimulant,  
A Good Medicine.

FOR SALE BY

**WM. HARRIGAN.**

I have a cottage house with four rooms and hall, in desirable section of the town for sale. Large lot and good improvements.  
J. W. Blue, Jr.



## Frank Loyd Writes to the Press.

EDITOR PRESS: In answer to scores of letters I receive from Crittenden and adjoining counties I take this method of answering their questions in regard to the country, health, my work, etc.

Waltonville is a young town of six years' growth, situated on the W. C. & W. railroad, running from Mt. Vernon to Chester, where the Southern Illinois penitentiary is located. Waltonville has five stores, two churches, mill, shops, etc. The county seat of this (Jefferson) county is Mount Vernon, containing 8,000 inhabitants, or about four times as large as Marion, Ky. We are in the southwest part of the county. Ewing college is 12 miles southeast of us in Franklin county. This is a fine school, where many from Crittenden county, Ky., attended, including Senator Deboe, the Cruce brothers, Jacobs boys, and many others.

This is considered the best part of the county for farming, and the farmers are generally wealthy; for instance, there are six of the Mannon brothers around me, each one owning from 1,000 to 2,400 acres apiece; stock barns are built here at a cost of from \$1,000 to \$1,500. This is a good stock country and better adapted to grass and wheat than anything else. Hay is shipped from here to Ky. I am buying first-class baled timothy for \$10.00 and baled red top at \$7.00 per ton, and we think this is terribly high for hay here. I have seen one farmer order a special engine and ten cars just to ship his own stock in. Many farmers here have from 75 to 200 young mules apiece. The next day after some of our boys came here from Crittenden we were driving through Knob prairie, looking at the large pastures and fine cattle, one of the boys asked me what made that farmer keep domestic wrapped around the bodies of his cattle; when I explained the stock of cattle he raised he let the other boys ask the rest of the questions.

Now in regard to health, I have traveled over sixteen of Uncle Sam's States, and I know of no healthier place than this east of Oklahoma. For instance, Sheller is a town two miles west of me; two years ago a good doctor moved there and had all the practice in and around town, and yet did not get enough practice to support his family and had to hunt a new location.

Now, in regard to work, will say I have plenty, but would not advise any more to come now, as we have a little winter here as well as in Kentucky. There are 165 of us here from Crittenden county, and the people here have named my place the Kentucky town.

The farmers here on most roads have a free delivery rural mail service; this is a wonderful help to them and saves many miles ride; besides, you get your mail regular. One getting accustomed to this system would miss it as much as you would the railroad in Crittenden.

Now, Mr. Editor, all countries have their disadvantages; the society is quite different here; Sunday is a great day for hunting in this community. I believe a majority of the church members are Catholics and Universalists; most of the members of the Catholic church here are Poles.

With best wishes for the Editor and the many readers of the PRESS I will close for this time.

J. F. Loyd.

### Most in Quantity, Best in Quality.

Morley's Sarsaparilla and Iron is a tonic, a blood purifier and a blood maker. It does not stop with merely curing certain diseases, like scrofula, sores, abscesses, etc., but cleanses and builds up the whole system. All who have tried it say there is more cure in one bottle of Morley's Sarsaparilla and Iron than of six of any other kind. "At Woods".

### RICH, RED BLOOD.

Morley's Sarsaparilla and Iron not only purifies the blood but makes new rich red blood. If you have skins eruptions, boils, abscesses, rheumatism or scrofula or if you have a run down, tired out feeling, try this remedy and note its prompt results. At Woods.

## LOCAL NEWS.

The Continued Story of Current Events.

### Dycusburg.

Al Daughtery and Miss Rosetta Simmons went to Metropolis Sunday and were married. They returned to Dycusburg Wednesday.

W. E. Charles, our song evangelist, is at home after an absence of several months.

Miss Carter, of Tenn., is a guest of her brother, the tobaccoist, at the Coffield house.

Mrs. Frank Newcom and little son Frank left Dycusburg the 9th for a visit to Marion and Repton. Next month Mrs. Newcom will join her husband in Washington.

Henry Bennett returned a few days since from a visit to an aunt at Deball, Texas. While in that state he visited the Beaumont oil fields, in which Bennett Brothers have shares.

J. C. Griffin and Ed. Ramage were in Paducah last week.

Guy Richards has a position in a furniture house in Paducah.

Mrs. Fred Hodge, of Livingston county, near Dycusburg, died Friday.

On account of their flooded condition work at Yandell spar mines near town has been suspended until summer.

The remains of Mrs. Graves Parish of Lyon county was interred at Tabor cemetery Thursday.

March 12th, at the regular meeting, the town trustees appointed W. T. Mitchell, marshal of Dycusburg, E. M. Dalton treasurer of the board, resigned, and was succeeded by M. B. Charles; J. C. Walters will become a member of the board.

While Misses Cora Clifton and Berenice Yancey were horseback riding Friday they lost control of their spirited horses. A mile from town Miss Clifton was thrown violently to the ground, and her horse left the road and ran home through the woods. Miss Yancey was compelled to dismount. No serious injury done.

### SHERIDAN.

The people of Sheridan are much excited over mining matters; there are several good prospects in sight of town and others not far off.

W. L. Moore shipped a load of stock to Louisville last week.

R. Henry Moore is riding day and night in search of a hand to work on the farm; better pull off your coat and go to work yourself, Henry.

A. N. Stallion and family, formerly of this place, but now of Blackford, are visiting friends and relatives in this section. It seems quite natural to see Newt among us again.

Dr. Wm. F. Russell, of Crayneville, was in our town last week.

I am willing to put Sheridan against any place in the State of Kentucky for swapping; any kind of a swap, from a pocket knife to real estate.

Wm. B. James, our Miller, was examined by J. W. Ross, State Examiner, the other day, and after a thorough examination was given engineer license. Bill did very well to pass, as he was examined by experts and the examination was real hard.

W. B. Yates, our evangelist, is completing his new house in East Sheridan. It will be a great improvement and help to that end of our town.

D. E. Wiggins has moved to the "Old Jim" mines.

J. R. Bagwell, our old reliable blacksmith, has gone to mining.

Bob Belt, one of our expert miners, says there is no doubt but that he will strike the "oxide."

The roads are drying some but are awful yet.

### MEXICO.

Misses Manda Campbell and Nora Whitt were guests of Mrs. Will Wheeler last week.

Mrs. Stanton Pierce is very low at this writing.

W. G. Tabor is making preparations to build a large store and business house at this place.

Rev. T. E. Richey, of Princeton, was visiting the church at this place Saturday and Sunday and did some splendid preaching.

Geo. Drennan moved from this place to Abe Deboe's last week.

Jahugh Davenport and John Fouch went to Grand Rivers Sunday.

Miss Katie Bibb will attend school at Marion this spring.

Shella Grindstaff, of Caldwell county, was the guest of Dock Bucklen a few days ago.

Mr. Gilbert McNeely and Miss Bessie Harod were married last week in Caldwell county.

### FREDONIA.

Quite a number are talking of attending the Quo Vadis at Marion Thursday night, 20th, and the Old Fiddler's Concert the 27th.

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