

The Crittenden Press.

VOLUME 23.

MARION, CRITTENDEN COUNTY, KENTUCKY, MARCH 27, 1902.

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The Best Store in the County.

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MINERAL NEWS.

The Week's Occurrences in the Mining Circles.

Prospecting work was started on the Albert Wright 140 acres Tuesday morning.

Prof. Wheeler is very much encouraged over the better showing at his Levis shaft.

The carbonate of zinc discovered on the Doss estate by Col Jim Henry was a pipe dream.

The Western Kentucky, by drifting from their vertical shaft have opened up a fine body of fluor spar.

James King, of Mexico, has a vein of fluor spar with disseminated galena, that looks good. His land is open for purchase.

Mineral surveyor Kevil was running lines on Monday around the recent purchase by Henderson people, of the Thomas property.

The Kentucky Fluor Spar Company will instal steam hoists and a little later power drills at four of their producing properties.

The south breast of the "Old Jim" vein was somewhat clouded with iron for a few feet last week. The iron seemed to act as a tonic, however, for the carbonate is now clearer and stronger than ever.

It is understood that Mr. Joel Farmer, who was interested with United States Senator Deboe in the Farmer Estate property, as well as the Jim Farmer farm, consented to part with his interest to the Senator, Farmer receiving a lump sum of cash, which being his initiation in mining made him smile out loud.

The title to the Eaton mineral property near Levis, is still in the balance; it may go to Madisonville parties and it may remain in its native place, the price cutting considerable of a figure in deciding its future.

Contracts have been made by W. S. Lowrey and others, of Salem, with a Pennsylvania drilling company, to bore if necessary 2,000 feet in search of oil, the spot selected for the work being in the immediate vicinity of Salem.

The Salem correspondent of the Courier at Smithland says that "the Albany Mining Company are developing part of the old Morning Star mining property near Salem. Mr. E. L. Lewis and J. Walter Baird, representing this company, are also negotiating for the purchase of the Nancy Hanks shaft on the same property."

Mr. Finley, the manager of the Caseyville people who are to work the Bigham fluor spar property a few rods south of the railroad depot in this city, is losing valuable time on account of the machinery ordered by him not being as agreed. A Cincinnati firm is supposed to be the one at fault. A car load has arrived but Mr. Finley declines to receive it. Very likely the courts will have to decide what is what.

The reported finding of a vein of coal at Carrsville, stated in the Smithland Courier as of recent occurrence, really dates back of 1861. The vein was worked very extensively in the sixties, many thousands of tons being mined and delivered at the Ohio river for the use of the gunboats then on service. Gen. Tebeau, the officer then in charge, is now residing in Tebeau, Florida. He owns the mineral rights on hundreds of acres of land, both in Crittenden and Livingston counties, and it would be well for those interested in leases or options in these two counties to see that their abstracts of title are without flaws in regard to the mineral rights.

The Kentucky Fluor Spar Co. shipped a car of their second grade fluor spar up to Mineral Point, Wis., last week, for the purpose of testing the jiggling process to remove the calcite and galena. The cleaned product showed that this method will prove extremely satisfactory in utilizing a large percentage of the inferior product as a number one grade, bringing it to what is called "grinding quality."

The Smithland Courier says that the Pittsburgh Fluor Spar and Mining Company are pushing work on their property near the Cumberland river, a short distance from Smithland. It is stated that a tramway will be built from the mine to the river, for the purpose of more cheaply moving the large output of No. 1 fluor spar which the vein contains. F. M. Bernard, the manager of this company, is having more or less work performed on the company's property at Golconda, Illinois, on the north bank of the Ohio. The report of a large vein of solid lead on this property should be taken with a grain of salt, as nature never does business in that way. Solid lead must come from the smelters, not from the ground.

Our people throughout the counties of Crittenden and Livingston should remember that a well filled vein of galena, carbonate or fluor spar is worth a great deal of money. They should not be in too great haste to part with their homes and farms either on royalty leases or by direct purchase. C. S. Knight, of Ft Wayne and D. C. Griffith, of Indianapolis have within the past few weeks closed contracts for the purchase of several hundred acres of land, the cream of the mineral veins in these two counties. The property obtained by these gentlemen for a few thousand dollars is worth more than fifty times the amount paid, and while we are pleased that foreign capital attracted to this district, we prefer that our own people should obtain at least a fair remuneration for the property they part with. The shipments of zinc carbonate from the properties obtained by Knight and Griffith,

and the Blue & Nunn property, averages some 80,000 pounds daily and constantly increases as greater development is made.

A very pleasant interview was had with Mr. F. B. Trout, managing director of The National Lead, Zinc and Fluor Spar Co. of Cleveland, Ohio, regarding the works to be erected at the Marble mine, Fredonia. We stated in a general way in our last week's issue that a plant was contracted for and today we are enabled to give many of the details.

The mill building will be 28x80, a very heavy frame being used. Besides this there will be the boiler and engine rooms, of size sufficient for 75 horse power. Cooley's latest patented jigs will be installed, of sufficient capacity for 300 tons daily. The breaking and crushing machinery, as well as the jigs, will be furnished by Mr. Elmore, of Joplin, who was here a few days ago. It is thought that the three shafts now in operation will supply ore sufficient for the maximum capacity of the plant. Mr. Trout states that the average of the entire vein will run as follows: Lead 12 per cent., zinc 3 per cent., the balance being largely fluor spar, with more or less calcite.

It is the intention of the company, Mr Trout states, to grind their clean, high grade fluor spar, for the acid and glass works, and a spelter furnace may be erected in the near future if the zinc should prove to increase in the vein as rapidly as it has done the last 20 feet of sinking. Zinc and lead furnaces in this district will be a necessity should developments be made as everything now indicates.

Deeds Recorded.

J B McKinley to M J Davis, 50 acres on Hood's creek, \$300.
W H Flannery to M B Moore, 3 lots in Tolu, \$700
Margaret Bagby to J S Bagby, 26 acres on Hoods creek, \$250.
Mary E Mabry to Geo S Brooks 3 acres on Dry Fork, \$500.
Jno W Sliger to J C Taylor 135 acres, \$2300.
W B Yates to John E Thomas, 1 acre for \$350.

A BRIEF SUMMARY

Of Work Accomplished by the Legislature.

The legislative mill has ceased to grind and its work, which is said to have been the most prolific for twelve years, is now before the people for their verdict. One hundred and thirty-one measures were turned out, one fourth of which relate to the cities of Louisville, Lexington and Covington.

While there were not many bills passed that are so very important, there were many killed that meant much mischief to the people. The duty of a legislator is just as imperative to detect these evils, and destroy them, as to invent and secure the passage of meritorious ones. A legislative session, every two years, is a constitutional evil that the people must endure for sixty days, and they take desperate chances in the ordeal, and should feel proud if they come out no worse than they started. If the sessions were four or six years apart there would be some delay, no doubt, in securing the little needed legislation fathered by necessity, but there would be fewer opportunities for the legislative pirates and jugglers to get in their work; therefore I am convinced that a longer period should separate legislative years.

The Revenue bill became a law just before the gavel fell, after one of the most stormy contests of the session. It was a compromise by the Senate striking out the capitol appropriation clause and the House yielding the privilege to assess national banks the same as state banks. The national banks had their "friends" in the Senate, who were determined to carry their point, or have no revenue bill at all. So in the last hour they threw their "capital friends" overboard and dictated their own desire to the House, which they could but accept.

We shall have no new capitol for two years at least. The defeat of the measure may be attributed to several causes; a blunder in drafting original bill; the mistake

of its friends in pushing the lobby work; the pretended removal movement and the depleted condition of the treasury, which, coupled with a drouth last year, and an increase of 23 cents in the tax rate, to meet a deficit and assist our growing institutions, was enough to kill a million dollar proposition, and likewise to put to flight the paltry \$100,000 asked for by the St. Louis Exposition. The verdict reached by the legislature seems to be: live with cash house until we get money, and then to build another, and stay there or go to the State fair, if we go to a fair at all.

While the legislature seek to dictate economy to the people, kept faith with them in no extravagant; no salaries are paid, which are payable or as your state treasury; but one new law was created, that of Labor Commissioner, he and assistant you ing only \$2200 per annum to scope of philanthropic work. Ho been broadened, and education, penal and other institutions are to be enlarged.

Only \$350,000 were added to the demands of the state, about \$65,000 of which will be spent at Eddyville, on the Branch Penitentiary; \$30,600 for young ladies' apartments at A. and M. college; \$50,000 for Eastern Asylum; \$15,000 for Colored Normal; \$15,000 for House of Reform; \$60,000 for Deaf and Dumb School; \$15,000 for Frankfort prison; \$15,000 for state fair; \$10,000 for Children's Home at Louisville.

You will observe that one-fourth of the entire amount for state institutions is to be spent almost in sight of our homes, at Eddyville, where over two hundred convicts are crowded into one hundred cells; only one old, rotten stockade guards one side of the yards and there is practically no protection against fire.

In conclusion I will say that as far as my personal acts are concerned, they are matter for your unprejudiced criticism; but allow me to say that I tried to act honestly and with prudence, and at no time did I lose sight of your interests. Wishing the Press and its readers life-long happiness,

I am, your obedient servant.
MARION F. POGUE.

THE CRITTENDEN PRESS

PUBLISHED WEEKLY.

MARION, KENTUCKY

THE HEMLOCKS AT OVERLOOK.

The winds of heaven round us range,
And immemorial sagas tell;
While we defy each season's change,
Majestic and immutable.

The hours go by in measured march,
Each in its drooping druid shroud,
While o'er us through the ethereal arch
Fall the white argosies of cloud.

We taste the sweetness of the rain;
We breathe the swirl and lash of snow;
Of God's white sunlight are we fair;
The friendship of His stars we know.

Though we are anchored firm in earth—
Deeply our roots in darkness urned—
Yet from the moment of our birth
Have we intensely upward yearned.

As elemental as the dust,
As atoms of the eternal plan,
We stand in mute, unwavering trust,
A silent sermon unto man.

—Clinton Scollard, in Youth's Companion.

TRACK OF THE FIRE.

BY JULIA TRUIT BISHOP.

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The elder of the two men was still young, but something had crossed his face as a fire crosses a forest, sweeping out the lines and the looks that had been. The younger was bright, buoyant, self-satisfied, in love with himself and the world. The elder had a newspaper in his hand, and he ceaselessly rolled and unrolled it, with an intentness that might have been given to the calculation of eclipses or to the evolving of new systems of philosophy. The younger leaned lazily back in his chair with his hands clasped behind his head.

"It was good of you, Howard, to hunt me up as soon as you came back to the city," the elder said for the third time. "I have missed you—I have needed the old companionship—I—somehow, I have seemed to be rather alone, of late years."

There was a hesitation in his speech that the other found very curious.

"You've been sticking to the office so close, Morrison," he said, kindly. "Of course ambition, and building 's self up, and hard work, and all are all right, but you've overdone things. It's taking a good deal out of you."

A wintry smile flickered around the face of the elder man, as he unfolded the paper and looked at it critically, then carefully rolled it again.

"Ambition?" he said. "Yes—I did, to be ambitious, didn't I?—and her talented, too, people thought. 'I hope you haven't thrown it all away,' cried Howard, with a shocked face.

"Thrown it away! Oh, no. Some men would have done that. But I had a great deal of self-control. I remembered afterwards that I had been ambitious, with certain objects in view, and so I put myself at the old task, and have gone plodding, plodding at them with set teeth ever since. It has made a difference, of course. I am a plodder now, where I used to run, with my soul on fire. But I am proud to do thus much. It would have hurt some men unalterably."

"What in the world has happened to you, old man?" asked the younger, I trembled eyes on the face the fire swept.

The elder rolled the paper into a tight roll, and held it in both hands, though it was his self-control, and right escape from him at any moment.

"I am glad you came to me as soon as you reached the city," he said again, with that curious hesitation in his manner. "I have thought of many times—and have wished to warn you—you are so very young, ward—fully three years younger in I—and I know that I ought to warn you—against women!"

The younger, who had bent forward, leaned back again, and from this time on he did not take his eyes from his companion's face.

"Against women," he repeated, mechanically, still holding tight to his self-control. "For you are young, with a sensitiveness and delicacy of spirit which I often noticed when we were boys together. If such an experience came to you—why—it might wreck your life. You might never recover. I doubt if you would even live through it. I have thought of that often. As for me, I am not sensitive nor delicate; and you see I have lived. Not only that, but I have entirely recovered. You could scarcely believe that I can even laugh now when I think of it."

He laughed then to prove it, and at the sound of that laugh the face of the other man grew white.

"Oh, yes, it is all over long ago," he added. "I have thanked heaven many times that I was made of coarse fiber, and could triumph over such experiences. But as for you, my boy, don't ever try it. Keep away from them—women. They will not wait to

see if you are the kind that—that lives through it. They will break your heart as a child breaks its doll—to see what is inside—and though your heart beats afterward, the quickness is gone from your spirit and the fire from your brain. That is, it would be from yours. You can see for yourself that I have entirely recovered—entirely."

He waited until he had unrolled the paper and looked at it on all sides, and swiftly rolled it again, before he went on.

"It was three years ago—just after you left the city—that I first met her. I will not tell you her name—you would not know her—but she was young—I was young then, too—and she was so beautiful that all men were attracted to her. Do you smile to think that I was attracted, too? True—I had not lived the life most men live. I was a student, and had lived among books and dreams. She was the embodiment of all that was pure and lovely in literature and fancy. I had worshiped her afar off until she called me to her. Howard, she sent the others away, and called me, as a queen calls a courtier, and I went."

The paper was growing ragged at the edges. He held it up a moment and looked at it, then clasped his fingers around it till they were white from the pressure and went on:

"For weeks I saw her every day. I found that I could say brilliant things to amuse her—I, the recluse, the silent. Other men, wealthier, well known, socially, stood off and were amazed, but I cared nothing for them. Through all the ages, through all the impossibilities of time and space, our two souls had been coming together. Missing her, I would have gone on, an asolitary student, to my journey's end. I shuddered, sometimes, to think what my life would have been if I had not gone to the house where I met her first. Missing me, she would have laughed and jested with the crowd of suitors until she wearied of them, and they fell away, one by one, and left her still heart-whole and alone. My life was filled with such dreams as these, which seemed so true, so unnatural that I felt it necessary to speak to Elinor, for she must see as clearly as I."

The flood was carrying him on—he resumed hurriedly, with his eyes on the paper:

"One evening I went to the Vancouver home. Elinor was alone, with a shadow on her face, and something took possession of me, and I—I spoke. I see you are disturbed—for me. You need not be troubled—it is all over, long ago. I have lived through it. I can laugh when I think of it—ha, ha, ha! She laughed, too, at the time, and said it was the strangest thing that a girl could never be friends with a man but that he spoils it by wanting to marry her. She leaned back in her cushioned chair—there was something made of silk and lace behind her head, and—and she looked so fair and dainty and gentle—but she was laughing; and she told me that she liked to have me near her for several reasons. In the first place, I was tall, and she liked tall men. Then, I could talk to her about books, and that enabled her to talk about them, too, without being at the trouble of reading them herself. Then, I was so deliciously serious, and that refreshed her—and above all, she knew she was perfectly safe with me, for no one would ever be insane enough to dream of our marrying. She laughed a great deal, yet she was vexed that I had spoken and spoiled it all. She had broken her doll, and finding nothing but heart's blood inside it, she threw it away. But men were all alike, she said; they all took themselves so seriously. And then I laughed also, and went out into the night. A little while after she left the city and went west; and I—I sat here at my desk, and lived."

"Yes, I am quite recovered—fortunately. With some men it might have been a very serious thing. There are men, you know, who put so much of life into a thing like that what is left behind isn't worth considering. It would be so with you, Howard. I have thought of you many times, for I knew—what might come—and I wanted to warn you. When you are pouring out your soul they are tolerating you because—because you are tall. It would ruin your life, my boy. Don't let them do it."

"Wait a moment," said the pale-faced younger man, with his hand on the other's arm. "Never mind—I would not have heeded it—no man would—but your warning comes too late. I was married last week. I am on my wedding tour. I thought you knew."

The elder paused, with the paper held out in both motionless hands, and stared at him vacantly.

"Married!" he whispered. "And to whom?"

"To Miss Elinor Vancouver."

The paper dropped to the floor with a crash, and in the pause that followed Howard heard his watch tick. Then the man who had outlived the tragedy of his life arose and heard himself saying formally, a long way off: "Allow me to congratulate you." That was just before he fell.

A NATIONAL CEMETERY.

Facts About Burials in Arlington—Little of the Space Occupied.

"Though one-tenth of the available space in the Arlington national cemetery will probably never be occupied by grave sites," explained one of the officials of the cemetery to a Washington Star reporter, "it is surprising how many have been buried there in late years outside of those who came in in consequence of the Spanish-American war. When the cemetery was laid out the Spanish war was not anticipated, but when the burials in connection therewith began it was soon found out that there would be a number, and a special site was selected for them. Outside of the latter the rest of the cemetery is occupied mainly by those who died in connection with the civil war. Congress by giving the right to nurses who served during the civil war increased very considerably the number of grave sites that have to be provided for. The old veterans are steadily coming into their last homes, gradually finding their way there, and there is scarcely a day that one or more burials do not take place. Indeed, for the past two or three months three or four each day have had to be provided for. It may not be generally known that veterans are allowed to select their own grave sites, but such is the fact, and already there are several hundred grave sites selected. As a rule, the old veterans, for they are old now, select sites near where their acquaintances rest. Outside of those who die in this city there are numbers who come from other sections. The books show a large number of sites that have been selected by officers of distinction. Many of these are in what is popularly called the new section, though it is not newer in any sense than any other part. Gen. Miles has selected a site for himself and has frequently visited it. Around him will be the graves of a number of those who served with him. In the ordinary course of things almost all the veterans of the civil war will be buried inside of the next ten or fifteen years, though a few may be fortunate enough to extend their time a few years further. Of course, all the veterans of the civil war will not be buried at Arlington, but it is safe to say that a majority of the officers who are still in the army and navy will eventually come there. There are about 18,500 graves at Arlington now, and if a necessity arose 200,000 could be buried there."

MAHMUD PASHA.

Turk Who Married the Sultan's Sister and Is Now an Exile.

Mahmud Pasha, the sultan's brother-in-law, who has been tried at Constantinople and sentenced to death by default, has been leading a very fugitive and hunted life since the beginning of 1899, when he fled from his native country. On June 15, 1900, says the London Chronicle, we published a long and interesting interview with the pasha, who was then living in great luxury at the Hotel Cecil. "The sultan," he then said, "has been trying to get me arrested and extradited on the trumped-up and utterly baseless charge that I had plotted an attempt on his life, stolen the jewels of my own wife, the sultana, his sister, and inveigled away two of my sons—of whom I have six—in spite of them being minors, which they are not." The immediate cause of his leaving Turkey, said the pasha, was connected with the demand of an Anglo-German syndicate for a concession to prolong the Asia Minor railway from Angora to Bagdad. Mahmud bitterly inveighed against the corruption in high places prevailing at Stamboul, and he mentioned incidentally that the German emperor carried away home with him presents from the sultan to the "scandalous" amount of a quarter of a million sterling. He is a typical Turk in appearance—of middle size, inclined to corpulence, rather bald, broad of jaw, black-eyed, strong-faceted, intelligent, eloquent, subtle—a true son of the race of Osman.

Paper Cannon.

Krupp, the great German manufacturer of cannon, has lately completed a number of paper field pieces for the use of the German infantry. Their caliber is little less than two inches and the pieces are so light that one soldier can easily carry one; but the resistance is greater than that of a field piece of steel of the same caliber.

NEWS OF THE WORLD.

Prince Henry sailed from New York for home on the 11th inst.

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

A wireless telegraph station of the Marconi system is to be established at Annapolis for the benefit of naval cadets.

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

President Roosevelt has accepted the resignation of Secretary of the Navy Long and appointed Hon. W. H. Moody, of Massachusetts, as his successor.

A strong flow of gas has been struck in Kansas City, Kan., where the Wyandotte Coal and Oil company has been drilling a prospect shaft for the last two months. The strike was made at a depth of 425 feet. It is believed that the yield will be 200,000 or 300,000 feet per day. Other wells will be sunk at once.

Officers of the Choctaw, Oklahoma and Gulf have decided to extend the line from Amarillo, Tex., to Albuquerque, N. M. This extension is to be provided for by an issue of \$6,500,000 5 per cent bonds under the consolidation mortgage of 1902, issuable at the rate of \$15,000 a mile, and by the issue of \$6,500,000 common stock.

Five persons were killed outright and many more seriously injured at the village of Montgomery, Miss., on the Illinois Central railroad by a tornado. At Brookhaven, two residences were demolished. A passenger train on the Illinois Central ran into the tornado near Wesson, Miss., and almost every window in the coaches was broken by hail. Several passengers were badly cut by glass.

The negroes of the Tuskegee institution, who were engaged the latter part of 1900 by the German government to teach the natives of Togoland, German West Africa, how to grow cotton, have, according to the report of the colonial commission, succeeded in producing cotton which is graded on the Berlin exchange above the American middling.

At a meeting of stockholders of the Missouri Pacific system at St. Louis, the following board of directors, was elected for the Iron Mountain: George J. Gould, Russell Sage, John T. Terry, R. M. Galloway, Howard Gould, Frank Jay Gould, G. C. W. Lowrey, Thos. T. Eckart, Henry Marquand, New York; Henry Wheelan, Jr., Philadelphia; W. H. Thompson, C. G. Warner, Russell Harding, St. Louis.

The steamer Providence, plying the Mississippi, was overturned during a squall at Iola landing, near Vicksburg. Most of the crew and passengers were asleep at the time of the accident, which occurred about 2 o'clock at night, and twenty-one lost their lives. The dead: Capt. Wm. Cassidy, Vicksburg, master; Chas. Roup, of Vicksburg, chief engineer; Clyde Scott, of Vicksburg, cotton seed buyer; Dr. N. A. Lancaster, a prominent physician and planter of the Palmyra neighborhood; sixteen colored roustabouts and deck passengers.

Gen. Methuen and four guns were captured by Gen. Delarey on the 7th. Gen. Methuen was wounded in the thigh. Three British officers and thirty-eight men were killed. Five British officers and seventy-two men were wounded. One British officer and 200 men are missing. The fight in which Gen. Methuen was captured occurred between Wimberg and Lychtenberg, Orange River colony. The British Boers captured all the British baggage and hold Gen. Methuen as a prisoner.

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.

An explosion took place in a coal mine at Buck, I. T., in which five miners were badly burned. The explosion was caused by a miner firing a shot, which ignited the gas and caused several kegs of powder to explode.

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.

Congress will adjourn about June 10.

Gen. Methuen, the British officer, captured by the Boers, has been released.

Kansas farmers are said to hold about two-thirds of their last year's wheat crop.

The stockholders of the American Tobacco Company held their annual meeting in Jersey City last week.

Costa Rica and Nicaragua have agreed on concessions to the United States for building the Nicaraguan canal.

A heavy wind and hail storm swept over Omaha, Neb., demolishing about fifty buildings. Fortunately no one was fatally injured.

A band of six men broke into the Exchange bank in Minooka, Ill., wrecked the safe with dynamite and secured between \$2,000 and \$3,000 in cash.

Ex-Gov. Altgeld, of Illinois, died at Joliet on the 12th inst. Mr. Altgeld was stricken with paralysis and heart trouble just after delivering a pro-Boer speech at the Joliet opera house, and died in a few hours.

A strike of 20,000 Boston teamsters and freight handlers, which put almost a complete stop to the handling of freight for several days, was settled by arbitration, through state and city officials.

The United States supreme court has decided the Illinois anti-trust statute to be unconstitutional because of a provision of the law exempting agricultural products and live stock from the operations of the law.

Secretary Hay has refused passports to Dr. and Mrs. Hiram W. Thomas to visit the concentration camps of South Africa on the ground that it is their intention to deliver funds to Boer prisoners.

Mrs. Soefel, wife of the Pittsburgh, Pa., jailer who aided the Biddle brothers, murderers, to escape, has been indicted and if convicted will be sentenced to sixteen years in prison. It will be remembered the Biddles were killed by officers.

The bank of Newcastle, Ky., was robbed of \$4,500 cash, a lot of jewelry belonging to Isaac W. Kelly, its president, and \$500 worth of stamps deposited by the postmaster of the town. Citizens were aroused, but were held at bay until the six burglars made their escape.

Prominent Texas lawyers assert that the recent Illinois anti-trust law decision seriously affects the statute of that state which bears on the subject. Among those who have publicly stated their views on the subject is Attorney General Bell, who says he believes the Texas law is annulled.

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.

Knight W. Joles committed suicide at Perry, Okla., by holding a stick of dynamite under his head until it exploded, blowing off his head and both hands. He had been arrested on the charge of burning the mail which he was employed to carry. He confessed, saying he had only burned papers to keep from delivering them.

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.

The Patrick trial is now in its ninth week.

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.

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.

A dispatch from Pekin says: A prominent Manchou censor has memorialized the throne for the removal of Wu Ting Fang, the Chinese minister to the United States. The censor asserts that Wu Ting Fang corruptly retained, ostensibly for repairs to the Chinese legation in Washington, \$80,000 of the Tien Tsin silver refunded by the American government.

The census preliminary of statistics of flouring and grist mills of the United States in 1900 shows a total of 25,258 such institutions, with an aggregate capital of \$218,714,104; wage earners averaging 37,037, drawing \$17,703,418 in wage; miscellaneous expenses \$10,325,588, and cost of materials used \$475,826,345. The total value of the products of these mills in 1900 was \$560,719,063.

A terrific storm swept over portions of Texas on the 11th inst. and the extent of damage in both towns and country was great. At DeSoto, fourteen miles from Dallas, three dwellings and two stores were demolished and the 4-year-old daughter of J. M. Johnson was killed. At Queen City, a Dallas suburb, six dwellings were blown to pieces and Mrs. Geo. Bray received fatal injuries.

The government crop report estimates the amount of corn in the farmers' hands at about 29 per cent of last year's crop, against 36.9 per cent (776,200,000 bushels) of the crop of 1900 on hand March 1, 1901, and 37.2 per cent (773,700,000 bushels) of the crop of 1899 on hand March 1, 1900. Of oats there is reported to be about 30 per cent of last year's crop still in farmers' hands, as compared with 36.2 per cent (292,800,000 bushels) of the crop of 1900 on hand March 1, 1901, and 36.5 per cent (290,900,000 bushels) of the crop of 1899 on hand March 1, 1900.

John Scullin, of St. Louis, says of the extensions of the Arkansas & Choctaw railroad: "Everything moving along nicely on the Arkansas and Choctaw. We have seventy miles of the steel laid, and work is being pushed rapidly all along the line. We expect to have the road completed this fall. The road is not definitely located west of Ardmore yet, but we have not given up the original plan of building into Texas at a point that is yet indefinite. It has not been definitely decided whether the road will be built into the Kiowa and Comanche country or not. The new road runs through a fine country, and I feel confident that it is going to be a good line."

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 43,323 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, \$19,161,265; products, \$16,296,473.

Great Britain is rushing 20,000 additional troops from India into South Africa as fast as possible.

It is believed President Diaz, of Mexico, will retire at the expiration of his present term.

The British government is stirred by a scandal in the war department, it being charged that extravagance has been practiced in the purchase of supplies for South Africa. One of the charges is that exorbitant prices have been paid for horses and mules.

THE CRITTENDEN PRESS

PUBLISHED WEEKLY.

MARION, KENTUCKY.

On Cheniere Caminada

By LINDA M. BENDEL.

(Copyrighted by Daily Story Pub. Co.)

All day the red-sailed luggers had lain at anchor in the bay, while the busy fishermen had mended nets. The light-hearted Andre himself, the gayest among them, had warned them not to venture from shore. "There will be a storm, I am afraid," was his laconic warning, given every now and then between the mirth and gibes of his fellow-fishermen. So, as they were to celebrate the betrothal of Andre and of Marie Bizan that night, they remained at shore, in anticipation of the feast that was to come.

The girls of Cheniere were in a flutter of expectation. Tongues were not still a moment that day, while the belles tried and fitted their finery, and arranged ribbons, in anticipation of the event. Marie Bizan was a great favorite as well as a great beauty.

Day wore on, and evening came, and sunset; sunset, with all its wondrous beauty, gloriously golden and strangely awesome. Strange that few noted those clouds portending a storm, for the fishermen were usually on the alert for such signs. Then dusk came over the island.

When some of the guests were still on their way to Bizan's, a light rain began to fall. "Strange," muttered Glode, as he hurried his family to the friendly lights that gleamed from the windows of the Bizans. But he hid his fear, and made merry with the rest. The fiddlers merrily tuned away, the light feet of the dancers never faltered and spirits ran high.

At ten came supper. Old Bizan arose to give the toast. "Friends," said he, "this is truly a happy occasion. And I announce to you the betrothal of Marie and of Andre. You have known her from childhood, all of you. You have seen her grow into the dear, good daughter she is. You have known Andre, and you know him to have proved himself worthy of my Marie. Friends, offer congratulations."

There were shouts of "We do, we do." Then came a call for Andre.

"A speech, a speech," some one cried. Suddenly a tottering figure appeared at the door. It was old Manuel, the fisherman, who had refused to come to the feast. He pointed a wavering finger at Andre. "Yes, Andre, lad, speak, for this is thy last night."

For a moment indignation ran high. But for the age of the fisherman he would have been unceremoniously ejected from the hall. But the aged have ever been respected among the simple folk of Cheniere, and he was tolerated as he had been earlier in the day when he dampened their ardor by discouraging the holding of the feast.

"Oh, stop croaking, Manuel," cried Alcee. "Come, give him some wine. It will warm up his old blood. Then he will sing, instead of croaking." Higher and higher the music rose, and louder and gayer became the guests. Outside the wind blew a gale and the rain came in sheets. And still the mirth went on.

"Let Manuel give us a toast," cried Gaspard, who had proffered the old fisherman the wine at Alcee's suggestion.

"Aye, aye," said the hoary Manuel, "a toast it shall be. And not to your fair girl. For never will she be a bride. Never will the wedding feast be known. The bells shall not ring save it be for a corpse that has been taken from the water. For it is written, my brothers, these two shall not wed." The cracked voice became high and clear, the tones were even resonant, so earnest was the speaker.

"Unhappy Manuel," sighed the wife of Bizan. "He has suddenly lost his wits. But why should he come here? For shame, to frighten my little Marie." For Marie had grown white and trembled. Andre, though, sat with clenched fists and grinding teeth. He would settle with old Manuel in the morning.

A hush upon the crowd. The fiddlers sat aghape, the guests were chattering valubly. Some laughed derisively, while others quaked with fear.

"For I say these two shall not wed," old Manuel's voice went on. "I say it is writ, my brothers, that they must die."

Then men jumped to their feet. Old Mune, Bizan screamed.

"Shame, shame," cried some, while others tried to still the wild-eyed fisherman.

"It is useless, my brothers," he cried. "Not only they, but we all shall die, must die, and to-night. Even now it is too late to return to your homes. You, Baptiste, think you will go back to Grand Isle to-night in your luggage? Alas, never again shall your eyes behold Grand Isle. It is too late, too late. The voice rose and then fell, and died away in a moan.

It was too late. And, too late, they realized it.

The guests had risen from the table. The women clung together in frightened groups. The wind roared higher and louder than the angry surf. The rain fell in torrents.

The men laughed, uneasily, but with a show of bravado. The women must not be frightened, anyway. Marie sat rigid, her hand in Andre's. "Courage, courage, Marie, love!" he whispered. "I knew, too, the storm would come. I said it all day. But it will pass away. Don't mind the gibbering old fool, Manuel. To-morrow it will be over, the sun will shine, the birds will sing and I shall come for you in the evening and we will take the lugger and cross to Grand Isle. We will take Glode and the wife, for only this evening she said she was longing to visit the Petries." And so he cheered her, and she smiled and comforted Glode's wife, and smiled and cooed to the frightened babe lying in its mother's arms.

Then a fearful thing happened, for a beam shot by the window, on which rode a human figure—a stark, ghastly figure. Gaspard, who had been watching at the window, saw it and Marie saw it too, and so did Andre. "Heavenly Mother," wailed the girl, as she sank to her knee. "Oh, pity us, pity us, and protect us this dreadful night."

Old Manuel had seen it too, revealed in a blinding flash of lightning. "See," he cried, with skeleton finger pointing. "The sea is all about us. We are being swept away. I tell you the houses are gone. This will go, too." And he pointed to the flag. There, in a trickling little stream, was the water, and it came in faster and faster, through the cracks of the doors and the fireplace.

"To the attic, the women first," cried Bizan, pushing his wife to the stair. "To the attic," he thundered. "It is the only chance." He drove Glode's wife, with her babe, up the stair, the others following. Marie had flown to Andre's side, and slipped her beads over his wrists.

"If we die, we die together," she whispered.

When the worst came, it was soon over. "The boat, Andre, the boat," gasped Glode. "Save yourself with Marie. You are both young and strong. You must fight for life. Quick!" He grasped Andre by the hand and shook him off. Marie was



"SEE!" HE CRIED.

clutched in Andre's arms as the little boat put forth. Glode saw them go, and he was glad that he and the wife and the babe were to die together, since die they must. Out on the water, Marie and Andre saw sights that must have turned them gray. Bodies flew past them in the seething black water, while shrieks and moans rent the air. Wild echoes flew over the waters to the lonely figures in the boat. Every flash of lightning revealed horrors afresh.

Morning dawned, clear and beautiful. The sun, a fiery disk, sent long, glinting lines across the water, and the iridescence was a mockery of some of the hideous objects floating on the waves. A strange stillness hovered over all. Life seemed strangely, suddenly, interrupted. Only the occasional cry of a cat bird was heard. No sound of lowing cattle, no early matin by the noisy swallows.

See, there lie two bodies, side by side, with faces upturned to the sunlight. Serene in their last sleep, the unhappy and luckless lovers lie, cast on the beach by the receding waves.

Old Manuel was right. "For it is writ, these two shall not wed. To-night they shall die."

And there, in the graveyard of Cheniere, are among the many new graves two side by side, with a single cross above them.

Never again in the days to come will the island be its former beautiful self. Such scars drive too deep. Time may never change the awful, dreadful memories about the land which once smiled in plenty. Little children play again about the vineyards, and other youthful lovers whisper as they walk hand in hand along the beach at twilight, but if spirits walk at the mystic hour among the lonely graves in the marshes and in the humble little cemetery, then you will hear of that dreadful night, when the angry waves rode over the island, and robbed it and murdered it. Restful spirits will keep watch, and if the waves lash again into fury, they will be softened and hushed, and so instead will only wash away bitter memories. The peace of God is again upon the island, and in song and story, Cheniere is again the vine-clad land of mirth and plenty.

Once more the red-sailed luggers ride around Cheniere Caminada.

Author's Note. The facts of this story are essentially true. The storm raged all night on Sunday, in October, 1923. On that night, 2,000 or more lost their lives on the island of Cheniere Caminada. The island lies adjacent to Grand Isle, noted as a summer resort on the extreme southern coast of Louisiana. One of the fishermen actually predicted the storm, and his own death that night, though few gave faith to what they termed his hallucination.

THE WISE BOATMAN.



"Hard work rowing."

"Wow! A shark!"



"I'll just make him help."

"Hurrah! Away we go!"

GOVERNMENT BUYING GOLD.

Miners Bring Their Dust or Nuggets to the Assay Office at Helena, Montana.

Gold in rich, dull bars, not glittering, for the real gold in large masses does not glitter, stacked up in bars that weigh a king's ransom—that is one of the sights in the United States assay office at Helena, says the Anaconda (Mont.) Standard.

Since the office was established in 1874 it has handled about \$300,000,000 in gold. Think of all that wealth coming from the modest little brick building there on a hillside street in Montana's capital city!

It is a dignified little building of an old-fashioned style of architecture, set in the middle of a terrace lot, whose lawn plots are well-kept and trimly cared for. Iron bars are on the windows and doors, but yet they do not give a prison effect. The air of the place is of quietness and yet importance. It is a little bit of a department building at Washington transplanted to the soil of Montana.

This is one of the seven assay offices Uncle Sam owns in the country. Gold comes to it from all parts of the northwest. Now and then a little from the Klondike or Cape Nome comes in, but since the establishment of the assay office at Seattle the shipments have ceased.

An assay office is an agency through which Uncle Sam buys the metal he uses in making coin. Once the office bought gold and silver, but now gold alone is purchased. Still Uncle Sam is not arbitrary, so when a bar of metal containing both gold and silver arrives, he will pay for the silver it contains.

Placer miners, small and large, bring their dust and nuggets to the office, quartz miners and mining corporations bring theirs in bars. When the gold is first received it is carefully weighed on the delicately adjusted scales. Then it goes to the melting room, where it is weighed again. The melter has in his office a huge scale which will respond to the weight of a tiny bit of tissue paper and from that up to 10,000 ounces. It is one of the sights of the building.

When the gold has been melted into bricks they chips are taken of two corners of each brick, and they then go to the assaying room, one to each of the two assayers. With the best instruments and the most perfect appliances they assay the samples. Their work must check. If it does not the bar goes back and is re-melted over again and other samples taken. In this way a true assay is obtained, and on it the deposit of the bullion is paid.

Every week or so shipments of gold bars are made to the Philadelphia mint by express. The bars are packed in tight little boxes, made as strong as thick boards and lots of saws

can make them. In each board and at each junction of boards there are little circular indentations, where, after the bar has been screwed in, sealing wax is placed and stamped with the government seal. It might be stated that there never has been a robbery or an attempt at robbery at the assay office and no bullion ever has been lost in transit.

No bullion is received at the office that is less than .500 fine, and no deposits of less than \$100 are received.

The safe where the gold bars or bricks are stored is in the office. It is not large, but it has held as much as \$500,000 in metal at one time. The other day when a Standard man visited the place the officials brought out and stacked up on a window ledge bars that had a total value of \$20,000. They seemed small enough to admit of one carrying them away in a small grip sack. There was a marked difference in color. Some were very light and some, containing considerable silver, were dark.

Smoothest of Pickpockets.

"You can talk about your smooth pickpockets, but about the smoothest I ever saw was in New York," said the man who had traveled. "It was when I was up there a couple of summers ago. No, the story has never been printed, because the pickpocket was never arrested. I was a victim myself, and I didn't 'holler,' either. An Italian with a grindorgan and a monkey stopped in front of the hotel. The grind organ man ground and the monkey danced. The monkey then took up a collection. He was the most playful monkey I ever saw, and he jumped upon the knees of every man in the lobby. After he left I noticed that I was a dollar short. Several of the other fellows were also short, but we were in New York and expected it. The next day the Italian and the monkey came again. The man ground out the same old tunes and the monkey cut the same capers. A woman was in the lobby, and the animal jumped upon her lap. Then there was an awful scream, and 'Joeko' fell dead. In his right forepaw he held a half dollar."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Remains of Man and Mammoth.

M. Redelin has discovered the remains of a mammoth associated with paleolithic remains of man near Brignoles in lower Provence. In a cave under rocks there were found four chipped flint implements associated with a portion of the molar of Elephas primigenius, part of the frontal bone of a human skull with the jaw bone, teeth, etc. The discovery comes to fill a blank in the prehistoric records of Provence.—N. Y. Sun.

An Epicurean View.

First Epicure—Oysters should be doubly good in February. Second Epicure—Why? "Because it has two r's in it"—Judge.

WIT AND WISDOM.

The silhouette is in art what the pun is in literature.—Indianapolis News.

To win success, one must be able to fix his mind absolutely upon what he is doing, and to apply himself rigidly to the task.—Success.

"Is it winter or summer in South Africa now?" asked Mrs. Darley. "It seems to me that it is De Wet season," replied Mr. Darley.—N. Y. Sun.

"Yes, I see he is a good talker," said the customer. "Is he a good parrot otherwise?" "I can't say he is," replied the conscientious dealer. "The only good parrot is a dead parrot."—Chicago Tribune.

Mrs. Hunt—"I suppose Jane Porter is the most truthful person in town. Why, I verily believe she would tell the truth even about her age." Mrs. Pike—"That wouldn't be truthfulness; it would simply be eccentricity."—Boston Transcript.

You shouldn't be selfish, but you will be; therefore remember that real selfishness isn't so very bad for you. It is to your own interest to habitually and steadfastly practice all the different phases of good conduct.—Atchison Globe.

Indefinite.—First Messenger Boy—"Hello, Thirty-four, got a message to deliver?" Second Ditto—"Yep." First Messenger Boy—"How fer is it?" Second Ditto (taking out his dime novel)—"Only about six chapters 'o' dis, 'Feud o' de Scarlet Ranger, or de Man Wid de Red Flannel Eye.'"—Philadelphia Press.

In the Proper Mood.—"Mr. Written cannot work to-day," telephoned the wife of the dramatic author, "because he has the grip, and the medicine he has taken has affected his brains so that he cannot utter three words that show any sense or connection." "All right," answered the impresario. "Tell him to write me a libretto for another comic opera, and sketch the scenario for a dramatized novel before he recovers. And say, give him another dose of that medicine if he becomes rational before the work is finished."—Baltimore American.

GERMANY'S NATIONAL AIR.

It Is Not "Die Wacht am Rhein," as Is Supposed by a Great Many People.

It is remarkable how very few people in this country, even musicians, know the national song of Germany. There is a popular impression that it is "Die Wacht am Rhein." Such is not the case, however, as was learned lately by Prof. MacLeod, leader of the band of the District national guard, who applied to the German embassy for information on that point, states the Washington Star. He thought it was the "Watch on the Rhine," but wasn't sure. The national guard band took part in the ceremonies attending the welcome to Prince Henry, and it was intended that his royal highness should hear the national song of the fatherland on that occasion.

In response to his inquiry the band leader was informed by a representative of the German ambassador that the national song of the German empire is "Heil dir im Siegerkranz," the music of which is precisely the same as that of "God Save the Queen," the national song of Great Britain, and "America," or "My Country, 'Tis of Thee," one of the patriotic songs of the United States.

The same information is contained in "National and Patriotic Airs of All Nations," a volume compiled by John Philip Sousa when bandmaster of the United States Marine band, which compilation is accepted as the official guide of the navy department, and is followed in all naval functions. In addition to the cases already mentioned, it further appears from Prof. Sousa's compilation that the well-known music of "God Save the Queen" is also the national air of Switzerland under the name "Rufst du mein Vaterland" and the national song of Bavaria under the title "Heil unserm Konig, Heil."

Prof. Sousa denominates "The Star Spangled Banner," "Hail Columbia" and "My Country, 'Tis of Thee," as patriotic songs of the United States, and does not attempt to name the national song of this country. He shows, however, that the practice in the navy is to play "The Star Spangled Banner" at morning colors and "Hail Columbia" at evening colors on all ships in commission and at naval stations where there are service bands.

A Warning from Lo.

"We are absolutely sure," said the western man, "that Germany thinks ever and ever so much of us, and wouldn't do a thing to harm us for the world."

"How do you know?" asked the Indian chief.

"Because Prince Henry is coming over here to present our leading citizens and officials with beautiful cigarette cases and sleeve buttons and other valuable souvenirs."

"Listen, O white man," said the Indian, earnestly; "listen to the voice of sad experience. Do not be too trustful. When the Europeans first visited our country they made us beautiful presents of glass beads and jackknives. And now they are trying to make us cut our hair and wear suspenders!"—Washington Star.

Give Him a Chance.

"Felix Barnwell wants to run for congress," said Farmer Clayton, looking up from his paper. His wife nearly dropped a pan of lough.

"Run!" she exclaimed. "Land sakes! Any time he wants to run he oughter have the chance. He's so lazy he can't even walk fast most of the time."—Chicago Post.

THE P.A.

A Lecture by Colonel Jarlick That Was Not Entirely Lost on the Children.

"Well, now, my er—h'm!—young friends," suavely began Plunk Jarlick, a moss-grown Arkansaw politician, who had dropped in to visit the school at Polkville, relates Puck. "I have been asked by your friend and, I may say, intellectual Professor, to edify you with a few well-chosen words, and I don't see how I can do so in any better manner than by tellin' you a little story—one, my young friends, which is strictly true and has a moral appended.

"Once upon a time thar was a weddin' and durin' the festivities which followed immediately after the happy couple had been made one, so to describe the interestin' process, a brother-in-law of the bride, who had shamelessly sneaked a large jug of whisky into the house, accused a brother-in-law of the groom of stealin' the said jug from under the bed whur he had hid it and craftily hidin' it in another place unknown to the original and likewise infuriated owner of the jug; for he was emphatically that kind of a man, children, and had red hair!

"Tharupon they fought! They fought like catamounts over that thar mizzable jug of whisky! Everybody present took sides before long, and for a spell there was one of the prettiest little fights that I ever had the pleasure of witnessin'. Noses were broken and heads skinned; the fiddler of the occasion had his instrument broken on his skull like a gourd, and I reckon the ladies pulled hair enough out of each other's heads to have stuffed a sofa-pillar. The dogs got tromped on and retorted by bitin' people, and the house caught fire from the overturned stove and one whole end was burnt off. Of course that stopped the festivities for the time bein'; but it was mighty near two years before some of the gents ceased to shoot at each other whenever it came handy. And all over one mizzable jug of whisky! From this we should learn—but, who can tell me what I am tryin' to git at?"

"I can!" chirped one bright-faced lad, close up in front. "You want us to guess what finally became of the jug!"

KEEP AN EVEN TEMPERATUR

Some Rooms Are Kept Much Too Warm While Others Are Not Warm Enough.

Much of the discomfort experienced in our winter home life is due to extremes of temperature found in various parts of the house. Some rooms are kept much too warm, doors might often be left open between rooms, thus communicating, as to equalize matters. It is economy to shock our bodies by living from 75 degrees in the sitting-room to 60 degrees or less in the passage and dining-room or bathroom, says the Popular Health Magazine.

The floors of many dwellings are never comfortable, and special footwear is desirable to be used on arising. Woolen slippers or overshoes, galoshes, etc., may be worn for this purpose, and will keep the animal heat in the body at this point of contact with the cold, cold world. Remember the first impressions are very lasting, and our bodies are grateful for a little protection and encouragement offered in the morning hours, when the life forces are awakening for their task. A little attention of this kind often determines the atmosphere of the whole day.

In all weather the sleeping-room should be at a lower temperature than the living room, and more fresh air should be allowed to enter. In the very bitterest weather there are often enough cracks in the windows to allow of fairly good ventilation, even though the window be closed. It is specially when double casements and weather strips are used that allowance for air entrance should be made. This applies only to the very cold seasons, when the thermometer shows a temperature of zero or thereabouts.

Plum Pudding Croquettes.

Plum pudding croquettes is a form of dessert in which the shortening and pastry ingredients are left out. A pint of milk is heated to the tepid stage and into it is crumbled a large cupful of stale bread crumbs from which the crust has been cut. Cover and let stand where it will keep hot, but not cook, for half an hour. Add to it one well beaten egg, two tablespoonfuls of sugar, one-quarter of a teaspoonful of salt, one-eighth of a teaspoonful each of nutmeg and cloves, one-quarter of a teaspoonful of cinnamon and one cupful of chopped fruit—raisins, citron and currants. Mix and set aside until cold. Lightly flour the hands and form the mixture into tiny croquettes. Dip each into slightly beaten egg, then roll in fine cake and bread crumbs. Drop into smoking hot fat and cook golden brown. Serve with vanilla sauce.—N. Y. Post.

Turnip Charlotte.

Boil white turnips until tender; drain and pass through a fine sieve. To one cupful of turnip add one-quarter of a teaspoonful of salt, a dash of white pepper, a grating of nutmeg and one-quarter of a cupful of thick cream, and, lastly, the stiffly-beaten whites of three eggs. Bake in a buttered mold, standing in a pan of water until the center becomes firm. Turn out and serve with a hot sauce made of two tablespoonfuls each of butter and flour and one cupful of stock (white) well flavored.—Utica Observer.

PUZZLE PICTURE.



"I AM WAITING FOR YOU, LOUISE." WHERE IS LOUISE?

Are You a Believer in Signs?

If you are not, come for a stroll through our New Store, filled from floor to ceiling WITH BRAN NEW GOODS, and see the thousands of yards of SUMMER DRESS GOODS, WHITE GOODS, WASH FABRICS of all kinds. INDIA LINENS, LACES and EMBROIDERIES.

Piles and Piles of Clothing, Shoes, Hats, Etc.

These are Harbingers of Spring.

Coming Events Cast Their Shadows Before,

and we merely want to remind you that Spring is upon us, and that we are prepared better than ever before to supply you with all of the Newest and Best Things of the season. You are cordially invited to inspect our stock.

Our Goods and Our Prices will Tell the Tale Better Than we Can!

CLIFTONS.

Masonic Building,
Marion, Ky.

CLIFTONS.

The Press.

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

ONE YEAR ONE DOLLAR

HOME Insurance Compny

CASH ASSETS OVER \$15,000.000

Writes FIRE and TORNADO Insurance in town or county. Cash or installment payments. Lowest rates guaranteed. Your business promptly and accurately transacted. Your patronage will be appreciated.

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

Go to Taylor & Hurley's for bargains.

Hear the Old Fiddlers Thursday night.

Ed Dollar, of Princeton, was in town last week.

Mr. T. M. Butler, of Fredonia, was in town Friday.

Dr. Ed. Davenport, of Hampton, was in town this week.

Good brown domestic 4c per yd at Taylor & Hurley's.

Three pound cans of tomatoes 15 cents at A. M. Henry's.

Is J. L. Walker and family moved to Princeton last week.

Go to Pritchett's and get 7c. for ye chickens and 10c for eggs.

Is A. L. Sullivan, of Rodney, has been appointed deputy county clerk.

Embroidery work of every description at Mrs. Franks' millinery.

Small pianos and organs are the best and give the greatest value for the money.

Is G. H. Whitecotton and children, of Sturgis, are visiting friends at this place.

You want nice embroideries and cheap see Taylor & Hurley before you buy.

's last minstrel show of the season—Barlow & Wilson's; opens Friday night.

's your eggs and chickens to J. Pritchett. He pays 7c. for chickens and 10c. for eggs.

Is your year old daughter of Jan Wilson, of the Gladstone neighborhood, died Sunday.

Is trimmings, embroideries, necker of every design, latest styles to be found at Mrs. Franks' Lovely goods.

Is W. W. Kimball Co., Evans, Ind., for catalogue of pianos and organs. Kimball pianos and organs are the best.

Is A. Conway is visiting friends and relatives in Henderson Union counties. He expects to be absent two weeks.

Is B. B. Yates went to Corydon, Ky., where he will be some days engaged in conducting the song service in a protracted meeting.

Your Choice

—OF A—

Delker Buggy Corydon Wagon

Walter A. Wood Mowing Machine and Hay Rake

FREE!

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.

A Guess for each One Dollar Purchase.

Cochran & Baker,
MARION, KY.

21 pounds of light brown sugar at A. M. Henry's for \$1.

Pritchett, at Gladstone, pays 7c for chickens and 10c for eggs.

Mr. W. H. Copher was in Evansville Saturday and Sunday.

Don't fail to hear the old fiddlers Thursday night; seats are going at a rapid rate.

A dance was enjoyed by a large number of young people at the opera house Monday evening.

You will save money by trading with Taylor & Hurley.

Mrs. Will Carnahan, of Blackfoot, was the guest of her father, Mr. J. B. Hubbard, Saturday and Sunday.

We have the new things in black goods for skirts. Crepeolines, Mohair, Sicilian, Etamines, Granites, etc.—Cliftons.

Mr. James King, a thrifty farmer of the Mexico neighborhood, was a caller at the Press office Monday.

The best shoe in town is the W. L. Douglass; for sale by Taylor & Hurley.

The dinner served by the ladies of the C. P. church Monday was largely patronized. A handsome sum was realized.

Pritchett at Gladstone, will pay more for chickens and eggs than any man in the county.

Dr. W. J. J. Paris was called to Illinois last week by the death of his mother. She had made her home with her daughter in Hardin county.

Messrs. James Beecher, Fred Newcom, Wm. Walker, Wm. Newcom, Jos. Young and Wesley Ames were members of a large party of Dekoven people who came to the city to see Quo Vadis.

The young man, the old man or the boy, that buys a suit of clothes before seeing our line, does not consult his best interest. We buy our Clothing from the largest, best, and lowest priced clothing manufacturers in the United States. We buy them cheap; we can afford to sell the cheap, and our assortment is second to none.—CLIFTONS.

For nice, nobby suit of clothes go to Taylor & Hurley.

Elder Milton Elliott will preach at the Christian church Sunday, March 30th.

Good work is the only kind of work done by the Magnet laundry James Hicklin agent.

Dr. J. W. Crawford, of Blandville, was in town this week greeting his many friends.

Elder E. J. Willis, of Hopkinsville, will begin a series of meetings at the Christian church, this city, on April 20.

Mrs. Mary Crider is critically ill at the home of her son, Mr. W. P. Crider, in this city. There is but little hope of her recovery.

In trying to locate a vein of zinc Fred Clement ran amuck a fine lead of mumps last week. It's a bifurcated vein, with deposits on each jaw.

Reduced rates on Illinois Central railroad between all points between Morganfield and Hopkinsville for the Old Fiddlers' Contest in this city Thursday night.

Miss Addie Walker died at her home three miles west of town Saturday. She had been suffering for many weeks with cancer. She was a daughter of the late Lewis Walker. Twenty brothers and sisters survive her.

Leo Yeakey, of Fords Ferry has purchased A. F. Griffith's blacksmith shop at Marion, and will move here. Leo is a fine workman, a clever gentleman, and the public will find it satisfactory doing business with him.

Pure home made apple brandy for sale by C. E. Doss.

Judge J. E. Robbins, of Mayfield, spent Monday in Marion, mixing with the people and extending his acquaintance. He is a candidate for the Democratic nomination for Judge of the Court of Appeals. He is an able jurist and a most excellent gentleman.

FOR SALE—Piano, upright, nearly new, New York make, original price \$300, present price \$155 cash. Write W. W. Kimball Co., Evansville, Ind., for description.

Barlow & Wilson's Greater New York Minstrels will appear at the opera house Friday night. These minstrels were here last season and pleased a crowded house. It is larger and better than ever this year, many new features having been added. The management guarantees the performance to be satisfactory.

Dr. R. L. Moore is out again after a two months sojourn in his room with the grip and a broken arm. He has regained his accustomed strength and his good right arm promises to be as useful as ever, notwithstanding the bone was broken above the wrist. The doctor is one of Marion's star actors on the business stage, and everybody welcomes his returning activity.

White goods are more popular this season than ever before. We have more of them than any other store in town. From the cheapest India Linens to the finest imported Swisses, Lawns, Mercerized Goods, Silks, etc.—Cliftons.

Mr. Jas. R. Glass, of Dycusburg, was in town Monday.

Mr. E. N. Crayne, of Princeton, was in town Monday.

Mrs. Roscoe Duvall is visiting friends and relatives in Salem.

Dr. J. N. Todd, the popular physician of Fredonia, was in town Monday.

A No. 1 Davis county whiskey for \$2 per gallon at Haynes' drug store.

Messrs. Roy Gilbert, Ernest Butler and Percy Roney were in Princeton Sunday.

Cashier Ed Hayward, of the Farmers' Bank, returned Tuesday from Hot Springs, Ark.

W. D. Cannan and wife were among the Sturgis people that came to this city to see "Quo Vadis."

Nelson H. Snow, the purchasing agent of the Mineral Point Zinc Company, was in town Monday.

Miss Rebecca Price died at her home near Tyler's Chapel, last week. The remains were laid to rest Saturday.

In case of sickness and in need of pure whiskey, call for "Green River" at Haynes' drug store.

Remember that Mrs. Jno. T. Franks' opening display of new millinery takes place Thursday, Friday and Saturday.

Mrs. Carrie Maxwell, Misses Mary Maxwell and Ray Woods, and Mr. Perry Maxwell will return this week from De Land, Fla.

Every old time fiddler is cordially invited to enter the Fiddlers' Contest. All expenses of contestants will be paid by the management.

Every time we sell a pair of Shoes we have made a Shoe customer. Because we sell NICER SHOES, BETTER SHOES and for LESS MONEY than can be had elsewhere. When we sell a pair of our celebrated \$2 Shoes or Oxfords, we know that regularly every 12 months we will sell that customer another pair.—Cliftons.

An average of 30,000 pounds of Carbonate has been delivered at the depot every day this week notwithstanding the almost impassable roads.

Mr. E. P. Beavers, a prominent citizen of Caldwell county, died suddenly at his home near Fredonia Saturday. He suffered from heart disease.

NOTICE—I will be found with my fine breeding stock at my old stand near Rodney.
A. L. Sullivan.

Misses Susie and Addie Boyd and Messrs. Pierce, Norman Farris, Roy Threlkeld and Dr. Gresham, of Salem, were among the audience that witnessed "Quo Vadis."

Miss Laura Hurley returned from Louisville Sunday where she has been gathering the styles in the millinery world. She will engage in business at Hampton this spring.

Pure whiskey, brandies and wines for medicinal purposes at Haynes' drug store.

Mr. J. W. Parr, of Kelsey, was in town Monday. Until recently Mr. Parr was engaged in the grocery business at Kelsey but was forced to retire on account of ill health.

Messrs. T. V. Mastlock, James Farris and G. H. Rappaport, prominent merchants of Salem, were in the city Sunday en route to the eastern markets to purchase their spring and summer goods.

Mr. W. P. and Dee Clemens, of Res-ort, Ill., are here looking after some business in Circuit Court. They were formerly citizens of this county, and have been warmly greeted by many old friends.

Mr. R. C. Walker received a telegram Monday announcing the death of Jane, the baby daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Joe H. Walker, of San Antonio, Texas, after an illness of several days. She was nineteen months of age.

There will be services at the Cumberland Presbyterian Church next Sunday. The subjects are: "The Preparation of the World for the Coming of Christ," and "Has Christ Come?" If there is any one that does not believe that Jesus Christ is the Son of God, they are especially invited to hear these discourses.

Linens of all kinds and Linen colors in all goods are exceedingly popular this season. We have the Linen colors in all classes of goods from 5c Lawns and Calicoes to Silks. We have the Linens from the cheapest to the finest Silk and Linen Tissues—Cliftons.

By our special telegraphic service we learn that Mr. Ellis Grissom, of the Sturgis Herald got out an extra edition yesterday. While it is male matter, it is not allowed to go through the mails. It weighs ten pounds and promises to be a live edition for at least three score and ten years. Mother and child doing well. No report from the old man.

Alfred Wright, whose 140-acre farm adjoins the Blue and Nunn mining property, has one of the best surface prospects for carbonate of zinc in the county. The contour of the land, the sink holes and in fact the general make-up is an ideal one for this mineral. Work will be commenced there this week for the purpose of uncovering the Old Jim vein which undoubtedly extends itself through this property. Messrs. Knight and Griffith, of Indiana, have the option of purchase for \$1,000.

Our spring line of Shoes and Oxfords is now complete, and they are up-to-the-minute. If you want NICER SHOES, SHOES THAT LOOK BETTER and Shoes that will WEAR LONGER, than those that you have been buying elsewhere, and want them for less money than you would pay for the other kind, go to Cliftons.

EASTER OPENING AT OPPENHEIMER'S.

All week Mrs. Oppenheimer and her assistants have been busily engaged in preparing for the opening display of her lovely stock of millinery, ready made garments, fancy novelties and silks, and the store is now arranged in the most artistic and attractive style. Miss Mabel Raleigh, of Louisville, is employed as trimmer. It is needless to recommend her to the people of this city, as she was with Mrs. Oppenheimer last season and won the friendship of all who met her. Mrs. Oppenheimer and Miss Raleigh visited St. Louis, Indianapolis, Cincinnati and Louisville, gathering the latest styles and designs. The public are invited to call on Thursday, Friday and Saturday, the days of the opening display.

20 pounds of granulated sugar for \$1 at A. M. Henry's.

Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Glenn, of Crayneville attended the play here Thursday evening.

Dr. Richard Perry, of Dawson, was in this city Thursday and Friday. He came over to see "Quo Vadis."

Mr. Patrick, the stock buyer, will be at Pierce's livery stable Saturday, April 5th, to buy good mules and horses.

In the Press of March 20th it was stated that Henry B. Bennett was arrested at Dycusburg and brought to Marion. He executed bond at Dycusburg and later came to town on his own account. While here he renewed the bond, as required by law.

Bring your stock to town Saturday, April 5th. Patrick will be at Pierce's livery stable and will pay cash for good mules and horses.

On Saturday afternoon, at 2 o'clock, at the residence of Mr. T. C. Gossas, there will be given an Easter Egg Hunt, under the auspices of the C. P. Ladies Aid Society. All the children of the city are cordially invited. Admission 10 cents.

Fitz & Webster's big company of funny fellows and pretty girls, presenting that whirlwind of mirth and music, "A Breezy Time," will appear at the opera house Wednesday evening, April 2d. The company includes 20 of the cleverest comedians in the profession. The company carries a fine solo band and orchestra.

The Old Time Fiddlers' Contest promises to be one of the most enjoyable entertainments ever held in Marion. Thirty-eight old fiddlers have entered the contest, and many others will be before the entertainment. Low rates have been obtained on the railroad and large parties are coming from the surrounding towns. If the weather is favorable the house will be packed. Seats are on sale at the Press office.

Mr. R. F. Haynes was granted druggists' license to retail whisky, at a special session of the city council Monday morning. The license was fixed at \$250. It will be remembered that two weeks ago the city council fixed the license at \$150; later mayor Blue announced that the action was null and void as the statute fixed license and demands that the cost shall not be less than \$250, therefore the council had no right to reduce the cost.

LOST—A pair of genuine gold spectacles, and also a pair of plain spectacles with gold nose bridge. Lost in Marion; will reward liberally for their return. Leave at Press office.
T. J. Yates.

Virgil, the bright little son of ex-jailer Hard, died Sunday morning after a brief illness. He suffered from spinal trouble. The remains were laid to rest in the new cemetery Monday. The bereaved family have the sympathy of the entire community.

Our stock of Wash Goods for Dresses and Shirt Waists is the largest and best we have ever shown. Regular 12 1/2c goods for 10c. Regular 10c goods for 7 1/2c. As a matter of business, you can not afford to buy your Spring Dresses before seeing our line.—Cliftons.

DO YOU REMEMBER, JOE?

Oh, do you remember—do you remember, Joe?
How we used to go to grandma's two score years ago?
How dear old grandma kissed us, though we tried to squirm away?
How we raced down to the meadows where the men were making hay
(Grandpa the best among them, spite of his silver hairs);
How we rode home on the fragrant load as hungry as two bears?

Oh, do you remember—do you remember, Joe,
Dear grandma's light cream biscuits (yes, 'twas forty years ago,
An' a Frenchman now is living in the old ancestral home),
An' the butter from the spring house, an' the honey in the comb,
An' the cookies (all we wanted—'twas at grandma's house, you know)?
Have we ever had enough since then of life's rare sweets, dear Joe?

An', oh, do you remember—from all the rest aloof—
The little garret bedroom underneath the roof,
Where, up the stairs a-climbing, spite of fat and rheumatism,
Dear grandma came to pat our heads and give a good-night kiss?
It didn't seem five minutes from the time we dropped off Joe,
Till we heard the hired man in the yard a-hollerin': "Hello!"

Sometimes I think we shall wake up from a deeper sleep, dear Joe,
An' see them all a-crowding round, an' hear them call: "Hello!"
For I believe they love us now as in the dear old home,
An' that they talk about us, Joe, an' long for us to come;
An' if goodness counts for honor, where they are now, dear Joe—
Grandpa an' grandma will be found in the highest row!
—Mary F. Butts, in Farm and Home.

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.

Without more ado, like men who were drunk with the finest wines, they followed him along the passage and up the steps into the open air. They were just in time to see the sun setting blood-red behind the jungle. His beauty, however, had no effect upon them. In all probability they were regardless of him altogether, for with almost simultaneous sighs of relief they threw themselves down upon the flag-stones of the courtyard, and set to work, with feverish earnestness, to overhaul the booty they had procured. All three were good judges of stones, and a very brief examination was sufficient, even in the feeble evening light, to enable them to see that they were not only gems of the first water, but also stones of such size as is seldom seen in these unregenerate days.

"It's the biggest sloop on earth," said Hayle, unconsciously echoing the expression Kitwater had used to him in Singapore. "What's better, there are hundreds more like them down below. I'll tell you what it is, my friends, we're just the richest men on this earth at the present moment, and don't you forget it!"

In his excitement he shook hands wildly with his companions. His ill-humor had vanished like breath off a razor, and now he was on the best of terms not only with himself, but also with the world in general.

"If I know anything about stones there are at least £100,000 worth in this little parcel," he said, enthusiastically, "and, what is more, there is a million or perhaps two millions to be had for the trouble of looking for them. What do you say if we go below again?"

"No! No!" said Kitwater, "it's too late. We'd better be getting back to the camp as soon as may be."

"Very well," Hayle replied, reluctantly.

They accordingly picked up their iron bars and replaced the stone that covered the entrance to the subterranean passage.

"I don't like leaving it," said Hayle, "it don't seem to me to be safe, somehow. Think what there is down there. Doesn't it strike you that it would be better to fill our pockets while we've the chance? Who knows what might happen before we can come again?"

"Nonsense," said Kitwater. "Who do you think is going to rob us of it? What's the use of worrying about it? In the morning we'll come back and fill our bags, and then clear out of the place for civilization as if the devil and all were after us. Just think, my lads, what there will be to divide."

"A million apiece, at least," said Hayle rapturously, and then in an awed voice he added, as if he were discomfited by his own significance, "I never thought to be worth a quarter of that. Somehow it doesn't seem as if it can be real."

"It's quite real," said Mr. Codd, as he sprinkled some dry dust round the crack of the stone to give it an appearance of not having been disturbed. "There's no doubt of it."

When he had finished they picked up their tools and set off on their return journey to the camp. The sun had disappeared behind the jungle when they left the courtyard of the Three Elephants' Heads and ascended the stone steps towards the inner moat. They crossed the bridge, and entered the outer city in silence.

The place was very dreary at that hour of the day, and to Codd, who was of an imaginative turn of mind, it seemed as if faces out of the long deserted past were watching him from every house. His companions, however, were scarcely so impressionable. They were gloating over the treasure they had won for themselves, and one, at least, was speculating as to how he should spend his

share. Suddenly Hayle, who was looking down a side street, uttered an exclamation of surprise.

"Did you see that?" he inquired of Kitwater. Then, without waiting for a reply, he dived into the nearest ruin and disappeared from view.

"What on earth is the matter with him?" inquired Kitwater of Codd. "Has he gone mad?"

Codd only shook his head. Hayle's doings were more often than not an enigma to him. Presently, however, the runaway made his appearance before them. His face was flushed and he breathed heavily. Apparently he had been running, and for some distance.

"Don't you see him?" he inquired of his companions, in some surprise. "See who?" asked Kitwater, with elevated eyebrows. "Who do you think you saw?"

"A man," Hayle replied. "I am ready to take my oath I saw him cross that narrow street back yonder."

"Was it one of our own men, do you think?" said Codd, referring to the two Burmen they had brought with them.

"Not a bit of it," Hayle replied. "I tell you, Kitwater, I am as sure as I am of anything that the man I saw was a Chinaman."

"Gammon," said Kitwater. "There isn't a Chinaman within 50 miles of the ruins. You are unduly excited. You'll be seeing a regiment of Scott's guards presently if you are not careful."

"I don't care what you say, it was a man I saw," the other answered. "Good Heavens! won't you believe me when I say that I saw his pigtail?"

"Believe you, of course, I will," replied Kitwater, good-humoredly. "It's a pity you didn't catch hold of him by it, however. No, no, Gid, you take my word for it, there are no Chinamen about here. What do you think, Codd?"

Mr. Codd appeared to have no opinion, for he did not reply.

By this time they had crossed the last bridge and had left the city behind them. The jungle was lulling itself to sleep, and drowsy croonings sounded on every hand. So certain was Hayle that he had not been mistaken about the man he declared he had seen, that he kept his eyes well open to guard against a surprise. He did not know what clump of bamboo might contain an enemy, and, in consequence, his right hand was kept continually in his pocket in order not to lose the grip of the revolver therein contained.

At last they reached the top of the hill and approached the open spot where their camp was situated.

"What did I tell you?" said Kitwater, as he looked about the camp and could discover no traces of their two native servants. "It was one of our prowling rascals you saw, and when he comes back I'll teach him to come spying on us. If I know anything of the raitan, he won't do it again."

Hayle shrugged his shoulders. While the fact that their servants were not at the camp to anticipate their return was certainly suspicious, he was still as convinced as ever that the man he had seen slipping through the ruins was no Burman, but a true son of the celestial empire.

Worn out by the excitement of the day, Kitwater anathematized the servants for not having been there to prepare the evening meal, but while he and Hayle wrangled, Mr. Codd had as usual taken the matter into his own hands, and, picking up a cooking pot, had set off in the direction of the stream, whence they drew their supply of water. He had not proceeded very far, however, before he uttered a cry and came running back to the camp. There was a scared expression upon his face as he rejoined his companions.

"They've not run away," he cried, pointing in the direction whence he had come. "They're dead!"

"Dead?" cried Kitwater and Hayle together. Then the latter added: "What do you mean by that?"

"What I say," Codd replied. "They're both lying in the jungle back there with their throats cut."

"Then I was right after all," Hayle found time to put in. "Come, Kit, let us go and see. There's more than we bargained for at the back of all this."

They hurried with Codd to the spot where he had discovered the bodies, to find that his tale was too true. Their two unfortunate servants were to be seen lying one on either side of the track, both dead and shockingly mutilated. Kitwater knelt beside them and examined them more closely.

"Chinese," he said, laconically. Then after a pause he continued: "It's a good thing for us we had the foresight to take our rifles with us to-day, otherwise we should have lost them for a certainty. Now we shall have to keep our eyes open for trouble. It won't be long in coming, mark my words."

"You don't think they watched us at work in that courtyard, do you?" asked Hayle, anxiously, as they returned to the camp. "If that's so, they'll have every atom of the remaining treasure, and we shall be done for."

He spoke as if until that moment they had received nothing.

"It's just possible they may have done so, of course," said Kitwater, "but how are we to know? We couldn't prevent them, for we don't know how many of them there may be. That fellow you saw this evening may only have been placed there to spy upon our movements. Confound it all, I wish we were a bigger party."

"It's no use wishing that," Hayle returned, and then after a pause he added: "Fortunately we hold a good many lives in our hands, and what's more, we know the value of our own. The only thing we can do is to watch, watch, and watch, and, if we are taken by surprise, we shall have nobody to thank for it but ourselves. Now if you'll stand sentry, Codd, and I will get tea."

They set to work, and the meal was

in due course served and eaten. Afterwards Codd went on guard, being relieved by Hayle at midnight. Ever since they had made the ghastly discovery in the jungle, the latter had been more silent even than the gravity of the situation demanded. Now he sat, nursing his rifle, listening to the mysterious voices of the jungle, and thinking as if for dear life. Meanwhile his companions slept soundly on, secure in the fact that he was watching over them.

At last Hayle rose to his feet. "It's my only chance," he said to himself, as he went softly across to where Kitwater was lying. "It must be now or never!"

Kneeling beside the sleeping man, he felt for the packet of precious stones they had that day obtained. Having found it he transferred it to his own pocket, and then returned to his former position as quietly as he had come. Then, having secured as much of their store of ammunition as he could conveniently carry, together with a supply of food sufficient to last him for several days, he deserted his post, abandoned his friends and disappeared into the jungle!

PART III.

The sun was slowly sinking behind the dense wall of jungle which hemmed in, on the southern side, the frontier station of Nampoung. In the river below there is a ford, which has a distinguished claim

on fame, inasmuch as it is one of the gateways from Burmah into western China. This ford is guarded continually by a company of Sikhs, under the command of an English officer. To be candid, it is not a post that is much sought after. Its dullness is extraordinary. True, one can fish there from morning until night, if one is so disposed; and if one has the good fortune to be a botanist, there is an inexhaustible field open for study. It is also true that Nampoung is only 30 miles or so, as the crow flies, from Bhamo, and when one has been in the wilds, and out of touch of civilization for months at a time, Bhamo is by no means a place to be despised. So thought Gregory, of the One Hundred and Twenty-third regiment, as he threw his line into the pool below him.

"It's worse than a dog's life," he said to himself, as he looked at the ford a hundred yards or so to his right, where, at the moment, his subaltern was engaged levying toll upon some Yunnan merchants who were carrying cotton on pack mules into China. After that he glanced behind him at the little cluster of buildings on the hill, and groaned once more. "I wonder what they are doing in England," he continued. "Trout fishing has just begun, and I can imagine the dear old governor at the Long pool, rod in hand. The girls will stroll down in the afternoon to find out what sport he has had, and they'll walk home across the park with him, while the mater will probably meet them half way. And here am I in this God-forsaken hole with nothing to do but to keep an eye on that ford there. Bhamo is better than this. Mandalay is better than Bhamo, and Rangoon is bet-

ter than either. Chivving dakus is Paradise compared with this sort of thing. Anyhow, I'm tired of fishing."

He began to take his rod to pieces preparatory to returning to his quarters on the hill. He had just unshipped the last joint, when he became aware that one of his men was approaching him. He inquired his business, and was informed in return that Dempsey, his sub, would be glad to see him at the ford. Handing his rod to the man he set off in the direction of the crossing in question, to become aware, as he approached it, of a disreputable figure propped up against a tree on the nearer bank.

"What's the matter, Dempsey?" he inquired. "What on earth have you got there, man?"

"Well, that's more than I can say," the other replied. "He's evidently a white man, and I fancy an Englishman. At home we should call him a scarecrow. He's stood up from across the ford just now, and tumbled down in the middle of the stream like a shot rabbit. I never saw such a thing before. He's not a pretty sight, is he?"

"Poor devil," said Gregory. "He seems to be on his last legs. I wonder who the deuce he is, and what brought him into this condition."

"I've searched, and there's nothing about to tell us," said Dempsey. "What do you think we had better do with him?"

"Get him up the hill," said his superior, without hesitation. "When he's a bit stronger we'll have him

story out of him. I'll bet a few years' pay it will be interesting."

A file of men were called, and the mysterious stranger was carried up to the residence of the English officers. It was plain to the least observant that he was in a very serious condition. Such clothes as he possessed were in rags; his face was pinched with starvation, and moreover he was quite unconscious.

When his bearers, accompanied by the two Englishmen, reached the cluster of huts, he was carried to a small room at the end of the officers' bungalow and placed upon the bed. After a little brandy had been administered, he recovered consciousness and looked about him. Heaving a sigh of relief, he inquired where he might be.

"You are at Nampoung," said Gregory, "and you ought to thank your stars that you are not in Kingdom Come. If ever a man was near it, you have been. We won't ask you for your story now; however, later on, you shall buck up to your heart's content. Now I am going to give you something to eat. You look as if you want it badly enough."

Gregory looked at Dempsey and made a sign, whereupon the other withdrew, to presently return carrying a bowl of soup. The stranger drank it ravenously, and then lay back and closed his eyes once more. He would have been a clever man who could have recognized in the emaciated being upon the bed, the spruce, well-cared-for individual who was known to the Hotel of the Three Desires in Singapore as Gideon Hayle.

"You'd better rest awhile now," said Gregory, "and then perhaps you'll feel equal to joining us at mess, or whatever you like to call it."

"Thanks, very much," the man replied, with the conventional utterance of an English gentleman, which was not lost upon his audience. "I hope I shall feel up to it."

"Whoever the fellow is," said Gregory, as they passed along the veranda a few minutes later, "he has evidently seen better days. Poor beggar, I wonder where he's been, and what he has been up to."

"We shall soon find out," Dempsey answered. "All he said when we fished him out of the water was 'at last, I am not more curious than my neighbors, but I don't mind admitting that I am anxious to hear what he has to say for himself. Talk about Rip Van Winkle, why, he is not in it with this fellow. He could give him points and beat him hollow.'"

[To Be Continued.]

INDIAN SMOKE SIGNALS.

How the Warriors Communicated with Each Other by Day and by Night.

The traveler on the plains in the early days soon learned the significance of the spires of smoke that he sometimes saw rising from a distant ridge or hill, and that in turn he might see answered from a different direction. It was the signal talk of the Indians across miles of intervening ground, a signal used in rallying the warriors for an attack, or warning them for a retreat if that seemed advisable. The Star Monthly describes some of the signals and their meanings.

The Indians had a way of sending up the smoke in rings or puffs, knowing that such a smoke column would at once be noticed and understood as a signal, and not taken for the smoke of some camp-fire. He made the rings by covering the little fire with his blanket for a moment and allowing the smoke to ascend, when he instantly covered the fire again. The column of ascending smoke rings said to every Indian within 30 miles: "Look out! There is an enemy near!" Three smoke built close together meant danger. One smoke merely meant attention. Two smoke meant: "Camp at this place." Travel the plains, and the usefulness of this long-distance telephone will at once become apparent.

Sometimes at night the settler or the traveler saw fiery lines crossing the sky, shooting up and falling, perhaps taking a direction diagonal to the lines of vision. He might guess that these were the signals of the Indians, but unless he were an old-timer he might not be able to interpret the signals. The old-timer and the squaw man knew that one fire-arrow, an arrow prepared by treating the head of the shaft with gunpowder and fine bark, meant the same as the columns of smoke puffs—"An enemy is near." Two arrows meant: "Danger." Three arrows said imperatively: "This danger is great." Several arrows said: "The enemy are too many for us." Thus the untutored savage could telephone fairly well at night as well as in the daytime.

Toward the latter part of Rosetti's life he rarely left his house and garden. He depended upon a close circle of friends for society, and in his own way was a sociable man, but he preferred to see his friends and acquaintances by appointment, and was beside the too intrusive stranger.

One day an enterprising man called who was duly armed with a letter of introduction, and the servant was nearly yielding to the impulsive stranger, whereupon the painter of "Dante's Dream" leaped over the banister and said in a firm, melodious voice: "Tell the gentleman that I am not at home."

—Lippincott's Magazine.

Earning a Dollar.
A dollar saved is a dollar earned—for it's hard work to save a dollar.—Chicago Daily News.

Policemen Praise Pe-ru-na.

As a Reliable Specific for the Ills Incident to the Vicissitudes of Their Occupation.



John E. Ptacek, Assistant Superintendent of Police of Chicago, Ill., writes:

"I used Peruna for a very severe case of nasal catarrh, and am glad to inform you that it has accomplished a complete cure. I have no hesitancy in recommending it to others."

JOHN E. PTACEK.

Officer A. C. Swanson writes from 607 Harrison street, Council Bluffs, Ia., as follows:



splendid health and give all praise to Peruna.

A. C. SWANSON.

Michael O'Halloran, Lieutenant Sergeant of the Summerdale Station Police Department, writes from 1993 W. Monroe street, Chicago, Ill.:

"Several of the officers of our station have good reason to praise Peruna. Several times when they spent hours in the rain and came in

drenched, a severe cold has followed which it seemed impossible to throw off until one of them tried Peruna, and found the finest remedy for a cold that a man would want."



pleased with Peruna."

MICHAEL O'HALLORAN.

If you do not derive prompt and satisfactory results from the use of Peruna write at once to Dr. Hartman, giving a full statement of your case, and he will be pleased to give you his valuable advice gratis.

Address Dr. Hartman, President of the Hartman Sanitarium, Columbus, Ohio.



A Free Picture of Gen. Lee

Any veteran, who contemplates attending the Reunion at Dallas, April 22nd to 25th, will receive a handsome picture of General Robert E. Lee, and a copy of his farewell address (suitable for framing), if he will send us his name and address, and the name and address of the Camp to which he belongs.

Your best route to Dallas will be via Memphis. The Cotton Belt operates its own trains (two each day) from Memphis to Dallas and other Texas cities without change. These trains leave Memphis twice each week, Monday and Wednesday mornings, and arrive in Dallas Tuesday and Thursday evenings, after the arrival of trains via all lines, thus offering you close connections and excellent service.

W. G. ADAMS, Traveling Passenger Agent, Nashville, Tenn.
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CLOVER
Largest growers of
Clover, Timothy and
Grasses. Our northern grown Clover,
for vigor, frost and drought resisting
properties, has justly become famous.
SUPERIOR CLOVER, Bu. \$5.90; 100 lbs. \$9.50
La Crosse Prime Clover, Bu. \$5.00; 100 lbs. \$9.20
Samples Clover, Timothy and Grasses and great
Catalog mailed you for 4c postage.
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READY ROOFING Anybody with
a hammer CAN
PUT IT ON.
Two-ply complete, 100 square feet, \$1.75
Three-ply 100 " 2.00
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409 Second Street, - MEMPHIS, TENN.

PISO'S CURE FOR
CROUPS, WHOOPING COUGH, ETC.
Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use
in time. Sold by druggists.
CONSUMPTION

COTTON CULTURE
MORE COTTON
to the acre at less cost, mean
more money.
More Potash
In the Cotton fertilizer improves it
soil; increases yield—larger profit.
Send for our book (free) explaining how
get these results.
GERMAN KALI WORKS,
93 Nassau St., New York.

DO YOU REMEMBER, JOE?

Oh, do you remember—do you remember, Joe?
How we used to go to grandma's two score years ago?
How dear old grandma kissed us, though we tried to squirm away?
How we raced down to the meadows where the men were making hay
(Grandpa the best among them, spite of his silver hairs);
How we rode home on the fragrant load as hungry as two bears?

Oh, do you remember—do you remember, Joe,
Dear grandma's light cream biscuits (yes, 'twas forty years ago,
An' a Frenchman now is living in the old ancestral home),
An' the butter from the spring house, an' the honey in the comb,
An' the cookies (all we wanted—'twas at grandma's house, you know)?
Have we ever had enough since then of life's rare sweets, dear Joe?

An', oh, do you remember—from all the rest aloof—
The little garret bedroom underneath the roof,
Where, up the stairs a-climbing, spite of fat and rheumatism,
Dear grandma came to pat our heads and give a good-night kiss?
It didn't seem five minutes from the time we dropped off Joe,
Till we heard the hired man in the yard a-hollerin': "Helloa!"

Sometimes I think we shall wake up from a deeper sleep, dear Joe,
An' see them all a-crowding round, an' hear them call: "Helloa!"
For I believe they love us now as in the dear old home,
An' that they talk about us, Joe, an' long for us to come;
An' if goodness counts for honor, where they are now, dear Joe—
Grandpa an' grandma will be found in the highest row!
—Mary F. Butts, in Farm and Home.

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.

Without more ado, like men who were drunk with the finest wines, they followed him along the passage and up the steps into the open air. They were just in time to see the sun setting blood-red behind the jungle. His beauty, however, had no effect upon them. In all probability they were regardless of him altogether, for with almost simultaneous sighs of relief they threw themselves down upon the flag-stones of the courtyard, and set to work, with feverish earnestness, to overhaul the booty they had procured. All three were good judges of stones, and a very brief examination was sufficient, even in the feeble evening light, to enable them to see that they were not only gems of the first water, but also stones of such size as is seldom seen in these unregenerate days.

"It's the biggest sapphire on earth," said Hayle, unconsciously echoing the expression Kitwater had used to him in Singapore. "What's better, there are hundreds more like them down below. I'll tell you what it is, my friends, we're just the richest men on this earth at the present moment, and don't you forget it!"

In his excitement he shook hands wildly with his companions. His ill-humor had vanished like breath off a razor, and now he was on the best of terms not only with himself, but also with the world in general.

"If I know anything about stones there are at least £100,000 worth in this little parcel," he said, enthusiastically, "and, what is more, there is a million or perhaps two millions to be had for the trouble of looking for them. What do you say if we go below again?"

"No! No!" said Kitwater, "it's too late. We'd better be getting back to the camp as soon as may be."

"Very well," Hayle replied, reluctantly.

They accordingly picked up their iron bars and replaced the stone that covered the entrance to the subterranean passage.

"I don't like leaving it," said Hayle, "it don't seem to me to be safe, somehow. Think what there is down there. Doesn't it strike you that it would be better to fill our pockets while we've the chance? Who knows what might happen before we can come again?"

"Nonsense," said Kitwater. "Who do you think is going to rob us of it? What's the use of worrying about it? In the morning we'll come back and fill our bags, and then clear out of the place for civilization as if the devil and all were after us. Just think, my lads, what there will be to divide."

"A million apiece, at least," said Hayle rapturously, and then in an awed voice he added, as if he were discomfited by his own significance, "I never thought to be worth a quarter of that. Somehow it doesn't seem as if it can be real."

"It's quite real," said Mr. Codd, as he sprinkled some dry dust round the crack of the stone to give it an appearance of not having been disturbed. "There's no doubt of it."

When he had finished they picked up their tools and set off on their return journey to the camp. The sun had disappeared behind the jungle when they left the courtyard of the Three Elephants' Heads and ascended the stone steps towards the inner moat. They crossed the bridge, and entered the outer city in silence. The place was very dreary at that hour of the day, and to Codd, who was of an imaginative turn of mind, it seemed as if faces out of the long deserted past were watching him from every house. His companions, however, were scarcely so impressionable. They were gloating over the treasure they had won for themselves, and one, at least, was speculating as to how he should spend his

share. Suddenly Hayle, who was looking down a side street, uttered an exclamation of surprise.

"Did you see that?" he inquired of Kitwater. Then, without waiting for a reply, he dived into the nearest ruin and disappeared from view.

"What on earth is the matter with him?" inquired Kitwater of Codd. "Has he gone mad?"

Codd only shook his head. Hayle's doings were more often than not an enigma to him. Presently, however, the runaway made his appearance before them. His face was flushed and he breathed heavily. Apparently he had been running, and for some distance.

"Don't you see him?" he inquired of his companions, in some surprise. "See who?" asked Kitwater, with elevated eyebrows. "Who do you think you saw?"

"A man," Hayle replied. "I am ready to take my oath I saw him cross that narrow street back yonder."

"Was it one of our own men, do you think?" said Codd, referring to the two Burmen they had brought with them.

"Not a bit of it," Hayle replied. "I tell you, Kitwater, I am as sure as I am of anything that the man I saw was a Chinaman."

"Gammon," said Kitwater. "There isn't a Chinaman within 50 miles of the ruins. You are unduly excited. You'll be seeing a regiment of Scott's guards presently if you are not careful."

"I don't care what you say, it was a man I saw," the other answered. "Good Heavens! won't you believe me when I say that I saw his pigtail?" "Believe you, of course, I will," replied Kitwater, good-humoredly. "It's a pity you didn't catch hold of him by it, however. No, no, Gid, you take my word for it, there are no Chinamen about here. What do you think, Codd?"

Mr. Codd appeared to have no opinion, for he did not reply.

By this time they had crossed the last bridge and had left the city behind them. The jungle was lulling itself to sleep, and drowsy croonings sounded on every hand. So certain was Hayle that he had not been mistaken about the man he declared he had seen, that he kept his eyes well open to guard against a surprise. He did not know what clump of bamboo might contain an enemy, and, in consequence, his right hand was kept continually in his pocket in order not to lose the grip of the revolver therein contained. At last they reached the top of the hill and approached the open spot where their camp was situated.

"What did I tell you?" said Kitwater, as he looked about the camp and could discover no traces of their two native servants. "It was one of our prowling rascals you saw, and when he comes back I'll teach him to come spying on us. If I know anything of the raitan, he won't do it again."

Hayle shrugged his shoulders. While the fact that their servants were not at the camp to anticipate their return was certainly suspicious, he was still as convinced as ever that the man he had seen slipping through the ruins was no Burman, but a true son of the celestial empire.

Worn out by the excitement of the day, Kitwater anathematized the servants for not having been there to prepare the evening meal, but while he and Hayle wrangled, Mr. Codd had as usual taken the matter into his own hands, and, picking up a cooking pot, had set off in the direction of the stream, whence they drew their supply of water. He had not proceeded very far, however, before he uttered a cry and came running back to the camp. There was a scared expression upon his face as he rejoined his companions.

"They've not run away," he cried, pointing in the direction whence he had come. "They're dead!"

"Dead?" cried Kitwater and Hayle together. Then the latter added: "What do you mean by that?"

"What I say," Codd replied. "They're both lying in the jungle back there with their throats cut."

"Then I was right after all," Hayle found time to put in. "Come, Kit, let us go and see. There's more than we bargained for at the back of all this."

They hurried with Codd to the spot where he had discovered the bodies, to find that his tale was too true. Their two unfortunate servants were to be seen lying one on either side of the track, both dead and shockingly mutilated. Kitwater knelt beside them and examined them more closely.

"Chinese," he said, laconically. Then after a pause he continued: "It's a good thing for us we had the foresight to take our rifles with us to-day, otherwise we should have lost them for a certainty. Now we shall have to keep our eyes open for trouble. It won't be long in coming, mark my words."

"You don't think they watched us at work in that courtyard, do you?" asked Hayle, anxiously, as they returned to the camp. "If that's so, they'll have every atom of the remaining treasure, and we shall be done for."

He spoke as if until that moment they had received nothing.

"It's just possible they may have done so, of course," said Kitwater, "but how are we to know? We couldn't prevent them, for we don't know how many of them there may be. That fellow you saw this evening may only have been placed there to spy upon our movements. Confound it all, I wish we were a bigger party."

"It's no use wishing that," Hayle returned, and then after a pause he added: "Fortunately we hold a good many lives in our hands, and what's more, we know the value of our own. The only thing we can do is to watch, watch, and watch, and, if we are taken by surprise, we shall have nobody to thank for it but ourselves. Now if you'll stand sentry, Codd, and I will get tea."

They set to work, and the meal was

in due course served and eaten. Afterwards Codd went on guard, being relieved by Hayle at midnight. Ever since they had made the ghastly discovery in the jungle, the latter had been more silent even than the gravity of the situation demanded. Now he sat, nursing his rifle, listening to the mysterious voices of the jungle, and thinking as if for dear life. Meanwhile his companions slept soundly on, secure in the fact that he was watching over them.

At last Hayle rose to his feet. "It's my only chance," he said to himself, as he went softly across to where Kitwater was lying. "It must be now or never!"

Kneeling beside the sleeping man, he felt for the packet of precious stones they had that day obtained. Having found it he transferred it to his own pocket, and then returned to his former position as quietly as he had come. Then, having secured as much of their store of ammunition as he could conveniently carry, together with a supply of food sufficient to last him for several days, he deserted his post, abandoned his friends and disappeared into the jungle!

PART III.

The sun was slowly sinking behind the dense wall of jungle which hemmed in, on the southern side, the frontier station of Nampoung. In the river below there is a ford, which has a distinguished claim on fame, inasmuch as it is one of the gateways from Burmah into western China. This ford is guarded continually by a company of Sikhs, under the command of an English officer. To be candid, it is not a post that is much sought after. Its dullness is extraordinary. True, one can fish there from morning until night, if one is so disposed; and if one has the good fortune to be a botanist, there is an inexhaustible field open for study. It is also true that Nampoung is only 30 miles or so, as the crow flies, from Bhamo, and when one has been in the wilds, and out of touch of civilization for months at a time, Bhamo is by no means a place to be despised. So thought Gregory, of the One Hundred and Twenty-third regiment, as he threw his line into the pool below him.

"It's worse than a dog's life," he said to himself, as he looked at the ford a hundred yards or so to his right, where, at the moment, his subaltern was engaged levying toll upon some Yunnan merchants who were carrying cotton on pack mules into China. After that he glanced behind him at the little cluster of buildings on the hill, and groaned once more. "I wonder what they are doing in England," he continued. "Trout fishing has just begun, and I can imagine the dear old governor at the Long pool, rod in hand. The girls will stroll down in the afternoon to find out what sport he has had, and they'll walk home across the park with him, while the mater will probably meet them half way. And here am I in this God-forsaken hole with nothing to do but to keep an eye on that ford there. Bhamo is better than this. Mandalay is better than Bhamo, and Rangoon is bet-



NOW HE SAT NURSING HIS RIFLE, LISTENING TO THE MYSTERIOUS VOICES OF THE JUNGLE.

ter than either. Chivvying dakus is Paradise compared with this sort of thing. Anyhow, I'm tired of fishing."

He began to take his rod to pieces preparatory to returning to his quarters on the hill. He had just unshipped the last joint, when he became aware that one of his men was approaching him. He inquired his business, and was informed in return that Dempsey, his sub, would be glad to see him at the ford. Handing his rod to the man he set off in the direction of the crossing in question, to become aware, as he approached it, of a disreputable figure propped up against a tree on the nearer bank.

"What's the matter, Dempsey?" he inquired. "What on earth have you got there, man?"

"Well, that's more than I can say," the other replied. "He's evidently a white man, and I fancy an Englishman. At home we should call him a scarecrow. He's stood up from across the ford just now, and tumbled down in the middle of the stream like a shot rabbit. I never saw such a thing before. He's not a pretty sight, is he?"

"Poor devil," said Gregory. "He seems to be on his last legs. I wonder who the deuce he is, and what brought him into this condition."

"I've searched, and there's nothing about to tell us," said Dempsey. "What do you think we had better do with him?"

"Get him up the hill," said his superior, without hesitation. "When he's a bit stronger we'll have him

story out of him. I'll bet a few years' pay it will be interesting."

A file of men were called, and the mysterious stranger was carried up to the residence of the English officers. It was plain to the least observant that he was in a very serious condition. Such clothes as he possessed were in rags; his face was pinched with starvation, and moreover he was quite unconscious. When his bearers, accompanied by the two Englishmen, reached the cluster of huts, he was carried to a small room at the end of the officers' bungalow and placed upon the bed. After a little brandy had been administered, he recovered consciousness and looked about him. Heaving a sigh of relief, he inquired where he might be.

"You are at Nampoung," said Gregory, "and you ought to thank your stars that you are not in Kingdom Come. If ever a man was near it, you have been. We won't ask you for your story now; however, later on, you shall bask to your heart's content. Now I am going to give you something to eat. You look as if you want it badly enough."

Gregory looked at Dempsey and made a sign, whereupon the other withdrew, to presently return carrying a bowl of soup. The stranger drank it ravenously, and then lay back and closed his eyes once more. He would have been a clever man who could have recognized in the emaciated being upon the bed, the spruce, well-cared-for individual who was known to the Hotel of the Three Desires in Singapore as Gideon Hayle.

"You'd better rest awhile now," said Gregory, "and then perhaps you'll feel equal to joining us at mess, or whatever you like to call it."

"Thanks, very much," the man replied, with the conventional utterance of an English gentleman, which was not lost upon his audience. "I hope I shall feel up to it."

"Whoever the fellow is," said Gregory, as they passed along the veranda a few minutes later, "he has evidently seen better days. Poor beggar, I wonder where he's been, and what he has been up to?"

"We shall soon find out," Dempsey answered. "All he said when we fished him out of the water was 'at last,' and then he fainted clean away. I am not more curious than my neighbors, but I don't mind admitting that I am anxious to hear what he has to say for himself. Talk about Rip Van Winkle, why, he is not in it with this fellow. He could give him points and beat him hollow."

[To Be Continued.]

INDIAN SMOKE SIGNALS.

How the Warriors Communicated with Each Other by Day and by Night.

The traveler on the plains in the early days soon learned the significance of the spires of smoke that he sometimes saw rising from a distant ridge or hill, and that in turn he might see answered from a different direction. It was the signal talk of the Indians across miles of intervening ground, a signal used in rallying the warriors for an attack, or warning them for a retreat if that seemed advisable. The Star Monthly describes some of the signals and their meanings.

The Indians had a way of sending up the smoke in rings or puffs, knowing that such a smoke column would at once be noticed and understood as a signal, and not taken for the smoke of some camp-fire. He made the rings by covering the little fire with his blanket for a moment and allowing the smoke to ascend, when he instantly covered the fire again. The column of ascending smoke rings said to every Indian within 30 miles: "Look out! There is an enemy near!" Three smoke built close together meant danger. One smoke merely meant attention. Two smoke meant: "Camp at this place." Travel the plains, and the usefulness of this long-distance telephone will at once become apparent.

Sometimes at night the settler or the traveler saw fiery lines crossing the sky, shooting up and falling, perhaps taking a direction diagonal to the lines of vision. He might guess that these were the signals of the Indians, but unless he were an old-timer he might not be able to interpret the signals. The old-timer and the squaw man knew that one fire-arrow, an arrow prepared by treating the head of the shaft with gunpowder and fine bark, meant the same as the columns of smoke puffs—"An enemy is near." Two arrows meant: "Danger." Three arrows said imperatively: "This danger is great." Several arrows said: "The enemy are too many for us." Thus the untutored savage could telephone fairly well at night as well as in the daytime.

Rosetti in Self-Defense.

Toward the latter part of Rosetti's life he rarely left his house and garden. He depended upon a close circle of friends for society, and in his own way was a sociable man, but he preferred to see his friends and acquaintances by appointment, and was beside the too intrusive stranger.

One day an enterprising man called who was duly armed with a letter of introduction, and the servant was nearly yielding to the impulsive stranger, whereupon the painter of "Dante's Dream" leaped over the banister and said in a firm, melifluous voice: "Tell the gentleman that I am not at home."—Lippincott's Magazine.

Earning a Dollar.

A dollar saved is a dollar earned—for it's hard work to save a dollar.—Chicago Daily News.

Policemen Praise Pe-ru-na.

As a Reliable Specific for the Ills Incident to the Vicissitudes of Their Occupation.



John E. Ptacek, Assistant Superintendent of Police of Chicago, Ill., writes:

"I used Peruna for a very severe case of nasal catarrh, and am glad to inform you that it has accomplished a complete cure. I have no hesitancy in recommending it to others."

JOHN E. PTACEK.

Officer A. C. Swanson writes from 607 Harrison street, Council Bluffs, Ia., as follows:



"As my duties compelled me to be out in all kinds of weather, I contracted severe cold from time to time, which settled in the kidneys, causing severe pains and trouble in the pelvic organs."

"I am now like a new man, am in splendid health and give all praise to Peruna."

A. C. SWANSON.

drenched, a severe cold has followed which it seemed impossible to throw off until one of them tried Peruna, and found the finest remedy for a cold that a man would want."

"Since then we have used it for colds, catarrh, influenza and other complaints following in the wake of inclement weather, and we all feel well pleased with Peruna."

MICHAEL O'HALLERAN.

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Samples Clover, Timothy and Grasses and great
Catalog mailed you for 4c postage.
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a hammer CAN
PUT IT ON.
Two-ply complete, 100 square feet, \$1.75
Three-ply 100 " 2.00
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PISO'S CURE FOR
CROUPS WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS.
Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use
in time. Sold by druggists.
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MORE COTTON
to the acre at less cost, mean
more money.
More Potash
In the Cotton fertilizer improves it
soil; increases yield—larger profit
Send for our book (free) explaining how
get these results.
GERMAN KALI WORKS,
93 Nassau St., New York.

LOCAL NEWS.

The Continued Story
of Current Events.

NEW SALEM.

Esq James Brouster, of Carrsville, spent last week with his brother and sister and remained until both were dead and buried.

Cal, Will, Frank, Oll and Miss Ida Adams were the guests of their sick relatives Mr. and Mrs. Brouster, part of last week.

Dr Will Hodges and brother Don were the guests of their sick kinsman last week.

The wheat that has not been winter killed is growing and with a favorable season will make a fair crop.

John Caperton and Jim Mahan have done more mining than any other two men in Crittenden county since last fall. While their work has been all prospecting they have good prospects at present of striking pay dirt.

We understand Jim Harris has sold his farm near the Greens ferry.

Glad Threlkeld has started his new saw mill on the Watson farm and is cutting lumber.

What did we tell you about the oil business in Crittenden county. Look out for the sinking of a well shortly.

A Mr and Mrs Hood, who lately moved on the Frank Threlkeld farm, are very sick with pneumonia.

It may not look exactly right for any one to brag on his neighborhood, but right or wrong we are bound to say take them all around, New Salem neighborhood can not be beat in this State, nor for that matter in any other State.

Charley Belmer near Dycusburg will farm with Bob Threlkeld this season. Charley is a good young man and we are glad to have him with us.

J. B. Lowery, of Carrsville, held services at the late residence of, and over the remains of uncle Irwin Brouster; services were held in remembrance of both Mr and Mrs Brouster. Brother Lowery preached a most excellent sermon.

NIGHT WAS HER TERROR.

"I would cough all night long" writes Mrs Charles Applegate of Alexandria, Ind, "and could hardly get any sleep." I had consumption so bad that if I walked a block I would cough frightfully and spit blood, but when all other remedies failed three \$1 bottles of Dr King's New Discovery wholly cured me and I gained 58 pounds." It's absolutely guaranteed to cure coughs, colds, lagrippe, bronchitis and all throat and lung troubles; price 50c and \$1. At H K Woods.

MEXICO.

Mrs Gray and daughter, Miss Effie, were guests of Wm Wheeler last week.

Geo Bibb was visiting friends at Tribune last week.

Mrs Mary Pierce is very feeble; she has been sick all winter, and her recovery is uncertain.

A little child of Hayes Woodall is very sick.

Mrs Ida Campbell is visiting her father, at Dycusburg at this writing.

Mrs Della Stephenson was the guest of Mrs Nelson Thursday.

Horace Williamson, of Chapel Hill, was visiting his daughter, Mrs Ida Magee, Sunday.

There was a mad dog killed at James Crider's a few days ago.

There has been some trading going on in this place in the last few days, Wm Myers has bought a farm from Sam Waddell; Bill Parmley, of Enon, has bought the Sam Davenport property and will move on it in a few days; Sam Davenport has bought a lot from Wm Polk, and has several carpenters at work building him some dwelling houses; Jas Brasher, of Lyon county, will move here this week.

Bob Young of Caldwell county, was visiting Miss Lucy Campbell here Sunday.

J L Rogers and wife were visiting their children in Caldwell county Sunday.

STARR.

Our penman, A. R. Bebout, is teaching us a writing school.

Tobacco beds about all sowed.

There is preparation for an immense tobacco crop in this section.

J. A. Baker talks of moving to Marion, and Carl Boucher, we understand, will move from Marion to this burg.

J. B. Turley, of this place, has sold his land on Pigeon Roast creek to W. F. Jacobs, and C. W. Crayne has sold 90 acres to Thos. Shinnall, of Caldwell county.

Callie Hill, Ed. Corley and Geo Turley are out after several weeks' sickness.

John Gass, the timber man, was here Tuesday, and Heary Truitt, the mineral man, has been in this section several days and he says the mineral is here in paying quantities.

FREDONIA.

Pitts Beavers died last Saturday after a short illness and was buried at Livingston graveyard.

W. P. Ray had a paralytic stroke Saturday and is yet in a critical condition.

Walter Wigginton was brought back from Kansas to answer an indictment found against him three years ago.

Albert Kirk of Leavenworth, Kan., has been visiting relatives here.

Rev John Board, of Flatrock, preached at the Baptist church Saturday and Sunday; the pastor, Rev Miller, was sick.

FOR SALE—Twenty head of fine Spanish jacks and jennets at low prices. For further information call on or write to J. B. Hill, Kelsey, Ky., or to Rev E. B. Blackburn, Marion, Ky.

Henry Cole and wife were visiting in this section last week; they have many friends here.

T. M. Butler has received most of his tobacco purchases, some three hundred thousand pounds.

Wm Dobbs and family have moved to Sykeston, Mo.

C. A. Starlevant went to Joplin Mo., several days ago on business.

Everybody should take a county paper and know what is going on in the world. Any magazine or paper you want. W. C. Glenn.

Henry Myers of Crittenden was in town Saturday.

Miss Marcella Neil has returned to Fredonia after several weeks absence in Marion and Louisville.

Sam Howerton and wife are in the markets for their stock of clothing, dress goods, millinery, etc.

Gid Maxwell bought a span of black match horses last week cheap.

C. A. Wilson and wife of Crider were in town Monday.

I can supply any one with the best make of gold, desk or fountain pens; satisfaction guaranteed. W. C. Glenn.

Wm Hill is improving from his paralytic stroke, and perhaps will get around all right.

Mr Hartman, the R. R. agent is going to leave us.

J. M. McChesney and daughter, Mrs W. E. Cox, went to Marion Monday.

Miss Imogene Wigginton was visiting relatives in Dogwood the first of the week.

Albert Clift and wife were visiting at Donaldson Sunday.

SHERIDAN.

J. N. Clark of Marion was in our midst last week looking over our mineral field.

Miss Ida Bebout and Mr Daughtry visited the family of A. J. Bebout Saturday and Sunday.

Will Conger, of New Salem, visited in our community Sunday. It is a common thing to see or hear of Will on Sundays.

Walter Griffith and Richard Bebout attended "Quo Vadis" Thursday night.

Messrs Yates and Wilson, the newly organized mineral company have been prospecting near Sheridan and report good finds.

Jas T. Terry, our police judge, has been prospecting on his farm one mile east of Sheridan, and says he has found zinc.

F. G. Cox has the real carbonate on his farm near our little city. Some of the mineral men that want something good should talk to Felix.

W. B. Yates has sold his property where he now lives to John E. Thomas. We will not lose Bill by this though, for he will move to his other property. He and his family are now in Corydon, helping in a meeting.

Perry & Yates, the two sawmill men, are finishing up a set at widow Love's, and will then move to Sheridan.

Dr Wm F. Russell is running the saw and grist mill at Sheridan and it is giving satisfaction.

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 any other kind. "At Woods".

NEW SPRING GOODS.

At Gladstone, Ky.

I have just received my stock of Spring and Summer Dress Goods, Clothing, Etc., and am prepared to sell them at low-down prices. These goods were bought for Cash, and will go at a Small Profit.

I have a very fine line of Gents' Trousers. My stock of Ladies' and Gents' Shoes. They cannot be surpassed, either in price or quality. Give me a call and I will suit you.

J. W. PRITCHETT,

GLADSTONE, KY.

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Funeral Director & Embalmer

DEALER IN

Coffins, Caskets, Burial Robes and Slippers. Fine Hearse for Funeral Occasions. Picture Frames of all kinds made to order. Also Picture Mats.

PROGRAM

Of Princeton Presbytery to be held at Sturgis, Ky., April 8, 9 and 10th, 1902.

TUESDAY, APRIL 8.

ELDER'S AND DEACONS' ASSOCIATION.

10:00 A. M. Song and prayer service.

10:10 The question of tithing and systematic beneficence, opened by Elder from Hopkinsville.

2:00 P. M. Appointment of committee on programme.

2:05 Do we as members of the church treat the officers of the church with the consideration due them in the pursuit of their official duties? Opened by Deacon from Bethlehem.

3:00 If we do not accord the officers the consideration due them, why not?

PRINCETON PRESBYTERY.

7:30 P. M. Opening sermon by Rev. G. L. Woodruff. Subject: The Coming Kingdom.

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 9.

8:00 A. M. Devotional exercises.

8:30 Business.

10:00 Report of the Committee on Literature and Theology.

11:00 Sermon by Rev. B. T. Watson. Subject: Pure Religion. Sacramental Service.

2:00 P. M. S. S. and C. E. Institute.

The Essence of Christian Endeavor—the Pledge and its Import, by W. P. Black.

2:30 What the "Worker's Reading Course" would do for a Superintendent or Teacher. Opened by J. F. Price.

3:00 What the Teacher should Teach and Why? Opened by Rev. B. F. McMeican.

3:30 The Schools we don't have and the places we don't have them. Revs. J. B. Lowery and H. C. Temple.

4:00 Round up. Conducted by chairman.

7:30 P. M. Sermon by Rev. J. P. Hall.

THURSDAY, APRIL 10.

8:00 A. M. Devotional Exercises.

8:30 Business.

9:00 Report of Committee on Church Extension.

Sermon by Rev. J. L. Wyatt, D. D. Subject: Missions.

2:00 Report of Committee on Education.

3:00 Reports of Ministers and Church Sessions.

3:30 Report of Committee on Pastorates and Supplies.

7:30 Sermon by Rev. H. C. Temple.

Bring Your Presbyterial Dues.

Attendance and Transportation.

Sturgis will entertain all that come. Send your name to H. J. Wallace, Sturgis, Ky., chairman of Entertainment Committee.

The railroads have granted reduced rates on the Certificate Plan. Purchase a regular ticket to Sturgis, but be sure to have the agent give you a certificate, certifying that you have paid full fare. Do not neglect this. When this certificate is signed by the Stated Clerk of Presbytery, it will entitle you to one-third fare returning.

JAMES F. PRICE, S. C.,

Marion, Ky.

WORKING 24 HOURS A DAY.

There's no rest for those tireless little workers, Dr King's New Life Pills. Millions are always busy curing torpid liver, jaundice, biliousness, fever and ague. They banish sick headache, drive out malaria, never gripe or weaken, smoothen the bowels, are wonders. 25c at Woods.

Look Out!

For our Bargain Window

For the next 10 days you can get something to please you at the lowest prices.

Remember we sell Groceries as cheap as any house in Marion. Always get our prices before you buy.

2 cans of corn and 1 2lb can of Tomatoes for 25c.

3 cans of Pumpkins 25c.

1 can sweet potatoes 10c.

1 can asparagus 20c.

Compressed oats 20c.

2 packages Arbuckles coffee 25c.

Blankies coffee from 15c to 30c.

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.

Hearin & Son

Cheap Rate

One cent per mile

DALLAS, TEXAS

April 18 to 20.

Illinois Central,

Good to return until April 30, or by extension to May 15.

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Cheap side trips from Dallas to Texas and Oklahoma points.

Double daily fast service via Memphis or Vicksburg and Shreveport, with close connections.

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A 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.

Recipe of Old Dr. SAMUEL PITCHER

Pumpkin Seed -
Sulphur -
Castor Oil -
Ginger -
Sage -
Cloves -
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Mint -
Peppermint -
Rhubarb -
Senna -
Licorice -
Malt -
Starch -
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Water

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

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Chas. H. Fletcher
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At 6 months old
35 Doses - 35 CENTS

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The Kind You Have Always Bought

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500 bushels at \$1.20 per bushel. Satisfaction guaranteed.

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