

The Crittenden Press.

VOLUME 23.

MARION, CRITTENDEN COUNTY, KENTUCKY, APRIL 24, 1902.

NO 46

SCORES OF LIVES LOST.

The Steamer City of Pittsburg Burns.

Thrilling Experience of Dr. Daughtery.

The steamer City of Pittsburg burned Sunday morning between four and five o'clock, at Ogden's landing on the Ohio river between Paducah and Cairo, on her way down the river. The fire started in the hold among some hay and cotton, and was soon beyond control. Within a few minutes the upper decks were swept by the flames and the passengers were penned in on all sides. The boat was run ashore but too late to allow the passengers to escape, as the upper part of the vessel was in flames. A panic followed; the passengers rushed to the guards and many jumped overboard to take their chances between death by drowning and death by burning. The loss of life was much greater than it would have been if the officers had been able to control the terror stricken people. There were 145 people on board, of this number probably seventy perished. Those who were saved only escaped in their night clothes and lost everything they had. The City of Pittsburg was one of the finest steamers on the Ohio river.

Dr. W. T. Daughtery, wife and child, of this city, were passengers on the ill-fated steamer. They were on their way to Aniston, Mo., where they intend to reside. They were among the survivors. Their experiences were thrilling. Dr. Daughtery's struggles to save his wife and child were heroic. The following is the contents of a letter received by Mr. John A. Moore, from the doctor:

CAIRO, ILL., April 20.—Mr. Jno. A. Moore, Marion, Ky.—Dear Cousin: Our boat burned at 4 p. m. Caught from hay. Fire all over in five or ten minutes. She ran into shore head on, but we were cut off. I got life preserver on Ella and myself, took Escal under my arm, climbed down a rope with my other hand, Ella followed into the water. We swam ashore about mile below, nothing on any of us but night clothes. We got to Cairo at 5 o'clock, p. m. My hands are bruised and swollen. Ella was burned some. Escal was not even scratched. One family of thirteen all lost but one. It was the wildest time I ever saw. People went wild; ran up and down the cabin and burned to death. Some did not wake up until it was too late to get out of the state room. One lady with three children lost all children. Our feet are very sore from walking so far through the woods and drift. Will leave tomorrow for Aniston.

Yours truly,

W. T. Daughtery, Dr. Daughtery lost all of his household goods, and his horses.

MINING DEVELOPMENTS OF THE PAST WEEK.

Great Activity Throughout Crittenden and Livingston Counties.—Largest Output of Carbonate and Fluor Spar Ever Known.

MISCELLANEOUS MINERAL NEWS.

The Western Kentucky Mining Company will resume hauling spar to the railroad May first.

The Owens Cave Mine, near Smithland, a noted ante bellum producer of lead, was sold last week to Paducah parties.

Mr. D. C. Griffith of the Marion Zinc Company returned to Marion on Friday. We hope he will remain with us permanently and give his personal attention to the company's interests here.

Dr. Carlstedt has taken up the Bateman property on the banks of Flat Lick, near Lola. It shows a strong vein of fluor spar of first class quality, directly on the surface close to the creek. The doctor represents Evansville, Ind., parties.

Parties from Muncie, Ind., have optioned the Stone farm and also the farm adjacent, between Lola and Carrsville. Mr. Stone uncovered a year ago a first-class quality of carbonate of zinc which on further work showed nothing but fluor spar. Probably a little more work will locate the direction of the zinc ore.

"I am sorry you are having that fence moved," said Mr. Uren, the Superintendent of Blue & Nunn's mine to Mr. Nunn the other day. "Why?" interrogated Mr. Nunn. "Well you see," said the old man, "that fence hemmed in the carbonate and I am afraid if you take down the fence the carbonate will get out beyond the line."

The unprecedented demand for working miners, that is men who really work, is causing some embarrassment in pressing development work. Several properties in and around Crittenden Springs need working miners. They have plenty of bosses, or if they need the latter a telephone to Marion will bring bosses to burn.

The Pittsburg Fluor Spar Mfg. and Mining Company shipped last week from their mine near Green's Ferry two barge loads of 150 tons each of first-class fluor spar. This spar is transferred to cars at Jopps, Ill., and there sent east. This property will produce 100 tons daily in the course of a few months.

The dressing platform at the Blue & Nunn carbonate mine, "The Old Jim," has at present fully 500 tons ready to ship. Last week eleven heavy teams were hauling to the depot from this mine making two trips each, averaging something over a ton and a half to the load. Mr. W. C. Uren the Superintendent, was in town Saturday, and notified station agent Johnson that he wanted cars for fifty tons daily from this time forward. Supt. Uren says that he will at least put out 50 tons every 10 hours until the snow flies, and so far no one has ever accused him of "talking through his teeth."

Mr. G. J. Harwood, the enterprising General Freight Agent of the Illinois Central, whose headquarters are in Evansville, was touring this section last week and making freight contracts on zinc ore, fluor spar, tobacco, etc. His suggestion that a belt line of railroad, taking in all of the shipping mines, would develop the country much faster than is at present being done, receives the hearty plaudits of everybody in the country.

The old Englishman who is supervising the "Old Jim" mine was asked the other day by a gentleman who wanted to know all about the carbonate and "Jack," and how long it would last and where it came from and what put it there rather got back at "his nibs" when he asked how deep it would go. Mr. Uren in his rather quaint way said: "I am sorry, but our man who can see six feet under ground is not working this morning and so I can't tell you."

The cutting through the porphyry dike at the "Old Jim" mine opens up an entirely new vein of carbonate of zinc, or perhaps one should say that this dike separates the vein. As it now stands, the solid carbonate vein is fully forty feet wide and the Lord only knows to what distance it extends, except that this vein crops out away up on the hill overlooking the works. As the Press has perhaps heretofore stated, it's a daisy and a lulu and several other things.

Dr. W. E. Bryan, of French Lick, Ind., was in town on Saturday on purpose to study our carbonate of zinc formation. He owns 1,000 acres of land near West Baden, Ind., on which he is prospecting with a diamond drill for zinc ores. The doctor's visit to Blue & Nunn's property, the "Old Jim" rather tended to divide his allegiance between Indiana and Kentucky, as it was the greatest body of ore he ever saw; but as for that, it's the largest vein any one else ever looked at.

Dr. Carran Pope, of Louisville, and Mr. Coulter of Frankfort, Ky. were on Saturday busy packing up their spoils from the David Frankland, consisting of the typical high grade lead and zinc ores of this section. The opening, simply on the surface, is perhaps stronger than the average of any country. Messrs Pope and Coulter were very much impressed with the heavy percentage of lead, and left for home with their grips full of ore and themselves full of enthusiasm over this magnificent prospect.

Mr. John Moore, of Marion, made purchase of the Thurman 106 acre farm last Friday for \$2,000, cash. This land is adjacent to and carries the same veins as the Memphis mine, owned by the Kentucky Fluor Spar company. The fluor spar in this vicinity is generally of the highest grade and is largely used for grinding. On the

MARION OPERA HOUSE!

Saturday Night, April 26th,

Hon. William J. Bryan

(Under auspices of Marion High School.)

IN HIS GREAT NON-PARTISAN LECTURE

"The Conquering Nation."

Seats are Now on Sale at the Press Office.

Reserved Seats 75 cents, General Admission 50 cents. A large number of tickets have been sold, the demand is great, orders are coming in rapidly, and every seat in the house will be taken before the hour of the lecture. Secure your ticket at once. Call at Press Office or address Walter Walker, Marion, Ky.

PROGRAM

Of Fredonia Valley Union Christian Endeavor.

To be held at Crayneville, Ky., April 24, 25.

THURSDAY EVENING.

7:45 Song service.
8:10 Sermon by Rev Dr. T. D. McClelland. Subject: The opportunities and responsibilities of young Christians.

FRIDAY MORNING.

9:00 Devotion, by Allie Adams.
9:30 The pledge and its import, by B. F. Jacobs.
10:00 The field our Union, by Rev. J. P. Halsell.
10:30 The relation of Christian Endeavorers to worldly amusements, by Hon. Wm. Marble.
11:00 Sermon, by Rev. A. J. Thompson. Subject: The work of our young people in the churches.

FRIDAY AFTERNOON.

2:00 Devotions, by W. T. Oakley.
2:30 The importance of Junior Societies, by Miss Grace Adamson.
2:40 What we should teach the Junior, by Mrs. Belle Price.
3:00 How we should train the Juniors, by Mrs. Mary O'Hara.
3:20 Our relations to the State Convention, by Rev. H. C. Temple.
3:40 How to extend our borders, by Rev. J. C. Read.
4:00 Three minute talks on Christian Endeavor.

FRIDAY EVENING.

7:45 Devotional exercises, led by H. C. Glenn.
8:00 Consecration service, led by Rev. A. J. Thompson.

To the Consumers of Paint.

We appeal to the common sense and to practical knowledge. We have no theories to advance nor prejudice to work upon. We guarantee Hammar Paints to be the most durable and least expensive. If, after practical tests, they are not found to be the best paints you ever used, we will refund the entire cost of all material used. There is \$200,000 behind the guarantee. Price \$1.12½ cents per gallon. Bigham & Browning.

HE KEPT HIS LEG.

Twelve years ago J. W. Sullivan, Hartford, Conn., scratched his leg with a rusty wire; inflammation and blood poisoning set in; for two years he suffered intensely; then the best doctors urged amputation; "but," he writes "I used one bottle of Electric Bitters and 1-2 boxes of Bucklen's Arnica Salve and my leg was as well as ever." For better, salt rheum, etc. Try them. Daily News.

Miss Cook's Roll of Honor.

The pupils of the fourth and fifth grades, whose good work entitles them to honorable mention are as follows:

Fourth Grade—Wilson Adams, Walter Doles, Sylvan Schwab, Linnie Towery, Lizzie Gilbert, Katie Stevenson, Mattie Henry, Ora Orange, Lucy Chandler, Mildred Rankin, Nannie Rochester, Ida Chandler, Myrtle Brown, Grace Moore, Minnie Driver, Maud Davis.

Fifth Grade—Evalena Kennedy, Jessie Croft, Clara Blick, Jamie Ingram.

Miss Lillie Cook, Teacher.

THE CRITTENDEN PRESS

PUBLISHED WEEKLY.
MARION, KENTUCKY.

ONE OF "THE FINEST."

"The nicest man I ever saw," said little Nan to me, "is the one who stands outside our school when we're let out at three."

"He's dressed just as the soldiers are; he wears gold buttons, too; and he stands up so proud and straight. The way the soldiers do."

"He always says: 'Come, little kids, I'll take you 'cross street,' and I guess 'cause I'm the littlest girl. He always holds my hand."

"And all the cars and horses stop. He's so big they don't dare to say 'Get up' and drive 'em on. Because he's standing there."

"He makes believe to chase the boys, and shakes his fist, and then he laughs and laughs, and they all come A-scrampering back again."

"Sometimes he puts me on the head and says: 'Hot little girl, you going to wait till Christmas comes to get me off that curl?'"

"And one time when it rained, the street was muddy, and I cried: 'He picked me up and carried me right to the other side.'"

"The nicest man I ever saw," said little Nan to me, "is the one who stands outside our school when we're let out at three."

—Theodosia Pickering Garrison, in St. Nicholas.

GIRL WAS TOO RICH.

Nobody who hasn't gone through it knows how rich it is to be rich. I mean very rich—so rich that people say: "There goes the rich Miss Ellice." Not "pretty Miss Ellice" or "nice Miss Ellice," though it does seem to me that I have some claim to both those descriptive adjectives, but always that inevitable "rich Miss Ellice."

I was as nearly born an orphan as anybody could be, for my mother died when I was a day old and my father a few months later, leaving me with all those oppressive millions and no blood relations (I always hated that expression, it sounds so murderous) to look after me, so I was made a ward in chancery.

My nurse used to toady to me, and as for the children I was allowed to know, several of them admitted regarding me as a kind of natural curiosity because I was "an heiress."

When I was 19 a chaperon was engaged to live with me and travel about the world. I had longed to travel, but I soon found out it was just as bad being abroad as at home.

How the facts about me leaked out everywhere I don't know. I wanted to take a false name and have a little peace, but my chaperon, who was a bishop's widow and rather rigid in her ideas, would not hear of "passing under false pretenses" as she called it. If the truth were known I believe that Mrs. De Selwyn in her quiet way enjoyed the kind of triumphal progress we made wandering about Europe.

People never failed to find us out at hotels. Whispers and glances went round, and mothers with sons scraped acquaintance with us and were unpleasantly maternal. In England and France I was fairly mobbed with impudently young noblemen and officers, and would have been amused if I hadn't been furious. In Germany it was much the same, and in Italy I narrowly escaped being kidnapped.

When I couldn't stand it any longer we went back. It was just at the beginning of the season, and Mrs. De Selwyn was determined that I should be presented. I was presented, and the inevitable consequences ensued. In the first month I had 48 proposals. By the end of the season I had quite lost count, and I was so sick of it all—so deadly sick, knowing only too well that not one of the men who had asked me to marry them would have dreamed of doing it if it had not been for my millions.

I could have been two duchesses—I mean, that two English dukes were among the moths who burned their wings at the golden lamp; and there was even a lesser royalty—but it seems like boasting to enumerate them; whereas, in reality, with each proposal I had one more point of my vanity broken off until finally I had none left at all.

Things went on in this way, growing worse instead of better, for two years. I felt old and had lost my faith in the disinterestedness of men and women. I was not intended by nature to be cynical, but experience was thwarting nature, and the people who made themselves so charming must often have disliked me intensely, though all the while I was starving for love—honest love without the suspicion of a mercenary twist.

When I was 21, and free—as much as a girl can be free—to do as I chose, Mrs. De Selwyn and I had a quarrel. It was a silly quarrel about an equally silly young man, my chaperon's nephew, whom she'd been scheming for years, it seemed, to have me marry.

I was so disgusted that I threw away all my money and all my liver.

Purely vegetable. Only 25 cents a box. Never gripes or weakens. Only 25 cents a box.

over a lot of country-house engagements and rushed off to the only person whose love had ever been proved to be for myself and not my money.

She was a dear old proud thing who wrote love stories for magazines, and had refused to accept a penny from me when she was threatened with consumption and had been sent away to Judson, a small Florida coast place, to live. She had taken a tiny cottage, for which she paid no more in a year than I spent for nothing at all in a week. But she had a spare room, and wrote that she would love to keep me for as long as I liked to stay. Her name was Mrs. Pendennis and we had got acquainted through my writing, in care of her editor, to tell her how much I liked a story of hers.

She did me good because she never flattered, but scolded me instead for being cynical. She said it was a "mental dyspepsia," and while I lived with her I almost believed it was.

I hadn't been in Judson for a week when one day I came in from a walk and exclaimed: "Well, it's begun!" "What has begun?" inquired my dear old friend, looking up from a love scene which was meant to make the public shed tears.

"The usual thing," said I. "A man has come. I am not conceited, but there are signs, and I'm sure he is one of them."

She knew what I meant without asking, and merely sat still with a mild smile as I related the incident which had occurred.

Circumstantial evidence was with me, for men were out of season in Judson. I had been the only stranger. Now, within a week of my advent, there was another—a male stranger, a gentleman to the eye and ear, well dressed (but not too well dressed), staying at a hotel which offered no inducement at this time of year to his kind. I had seen him come out of that inn, and instinct told me that I was the inducement. Who the man was I could not guess, but I was sadly sure that he more than guessed who I was. Somehow my secret had been betrayed, and he—no doubt of the army of impudently unattached ones—had stalked me to my lair. My hat had blown off, he had run after it, picked it up and handed it back with a bow and a murmured word.

To be sure he had not followed up his advantage, but I was certain that this was only his cleverness, and that he would be more pushing next time. I was so hatefully experienced in that kind of thing—I knew all the phases.

Mrs. Pendennis tried to cheer me up, but I had seen the speck in my garnered fruit, and it was a big speck, at least six feet tall and broad in proportion. One couldn't forget it, especially as to a less sophisticated mind it might have appeared exceedingly good to look upon.

Next day I met him again, or rather he met me. But to my surprise, instead of taking off his cap and smiling and making the most of yesterday's acquaintance he glared and plunged round the first corner. Could this be a new kind of tactics? I asked myself. Could it be that he wished to rouse interest by piquing curiosity?

I smiled with scorn at the thought and determined to show the man at the first opportunity how futile were his subtleties. Still, if it were his object to make me think of him, I must confess that to a certain extent he succeeded, for it was a novelty to be glared at by a man, and the picture of the big brown frowning fellow lingered in my mind.

That evening my opportunity came. My afternoon walks had usually to be taken alone, as Mrs. Pendennis' working days were long. I was strolling by the sea at the sweet hour when the east is misty silver with the rising of the moon, the west fading pink with the setting of the sun. There he was, presumably lying in wait, so I glared and, turning round, marched away. But something seemed to force me to glance back—just a fleeting glance, yet long enough to see that the man was striding off in the opposite direction. So far had he gone already that I was afraid he must have missed my protest.

For an entire week we kept it up. There were not many different walks to take, so it need not have been surprising that we almost invariably met. But as invariably we turned upon our tracks and—often met again. I could not help wondering who he was and all about him, and whether, after all, he really was one of them.

After a whole fortnight I came in from a walk one day to find Mrs. Pendennis nervous and embarrassed. "I've a confession to make, dear," she said at dinner. "Do forgive me, but—I've let out to the rector's wife—she called while you were out—who you really are."

"If I know," she said, "I'll tell you."

man." I retorted, "it doesn't much matter, for if he came for the purpose we suspect he must have known all along."

"Don't say 'we suspect,' Margot. I don't suspect."

"You did. You know you did. If you don't now it must be because you've found out something."

"Well, I told you the dear rector's wife was inclined to gossip, and her husband is an old acquaintance of the man's. That, she says, is what brought the man here. He wanted to find the quietest, most secluded spot in America, and he thought of his friend's description of Judson."

"Why did he want a retired spot? Is he an escaped convict?"

"No. But his name is John Drayton."

"My goodness! Not the South American millionaire?"

"Yes, dear. So it seems."

"Why, he's got as much money as I have—more, perhaps."

"That was his reason for wanting seclusion. You see, people made such a fuss about him when he first came back from South America. Girls behaved rather foolishly, and he—"

"O, what fun. He ran away from them, too, and supposed that I was one of them, just as I've been supposing about him."

"Likely. But if the rector's wife has repeated what I was indiscreet enough to let out—"

"Then he knows by this time. I wonder—" But I didn't finish my sentence. I was wondering whether if we happened to meet in the morning he would avoid me again.

We did happen to meet. I dropped a book—quite accidentally, of course. It fell into the water and he fished it out and gave it to me. He didn't glare, neither did I. It was no longer worth the trouble. Somehow we talked and we liked the same things. Besides, the common sorrow of being rich drew us together. I had never met a young unmarried millionaire before, and being with one was wonderfully restful. By and by it got to seem the nicest thing in the world.

When he told me that I was the prettiest, sweetest girl he had ever seen I believed it, for he had nothing to gain by flattery. When he told me that he loved me I believed that, too, for he had twice as much money as he wanted, and the addition of mine would be a bore. He only liked me in spite of it. I believed him and he believed me, and together we made the remarkable discovery of how to be happy though rich.—Chicago Tribune.

NO HOLE IN THE STREET.

An Irish Witness So Testified and Justified Himself in It.

It was a tiresome suit for "damages for personal injuries" on trial before Judge McMichael. On the stand was a nervous little Irishman who had assumed a frigid attitude when cross-examined by the city's legal guardian. The question at issue, says the Philadelphia Times, was: "Was there a hole in the street, and was it by reason of the existence of this hole that the plaintiff was thrown down and badly injured?"

A score of witnesses had sworn that the hole had been there for many weeks. The Irishman was asked the stereotyped question.

"No, sor," was the emphatic answer; "there was no hole there."

"What?" said the attorney; "no hole? Why, all the others swear there was a big hole. You must be mistaken."

"No, sor, I'm not; there was no hole there."

"Now, my dear sir, remember you are under oath. You certainly don't want to perjure yourself. Answer me, now. Was there a hole in that particular spot, or was there not?"

"There was not!" came back the snappy answer.

"May your honor please—" began the attorney.

"Yer honor," almost screamed the witness, "may I say a word?"

There was silence as the witness reached under the stand for his derby hat.

"Now, yer honor," he continued, "do you see that hat? Well, if I breck it in like that (denting it) I don't be makin' a hole in it; if I put my fist through it (here he suited the action to the word) there'll be a hole in it. A hole goes all the way through."

And he glanced withering scorn upon the lawyer, who joined bench, jury and audience in the laugh.

One-Armed Grave Diggers.

Some time ago there appeared in the press an account of a one-handed gravedigger at Luton. There is also a gravedigger who has been employed at the old parish church at Walton-on-the-Hill, near London, and who has

she rocks a ball from clothes.

NEWS OF THE WORLD.

Lord Kimberly, the British liberal leader, is dead.

Congress has voted a annual pension of \$5,000 to the widow of the late President McKinley.

President Roosevelt and family were the guests of South Carolina on the 8th and 9th inst., at the Charleston exposition.

Gen. Delaney has reported to Former President Kruger numerous cases of wanton murder of defenseless women and aged Boers by British troops. The accusations are supported by affidavits, and specific cases are mentioned, with dates of occurrences.

The largest quarterly receipts in the history of the postal department are reported for the three months ending January, figures for which have just been completed. The receipts were \$32,005,621; expenditures, \$30,947,131; excess of receipts over expenditures, \$1,058,490.

The April report of the agricultural department of the department of agriculture shows the average condition of winter wheat on April 1 to have been 78.7, against 91.7 on April 1, 1901, 82.1 at the corresponding date in 1900 and 82.4 the mean of the April averages for the last ten years.

An appeal has been issued by Boer sympathizers of Illinois for five million donations of \$1 each, to be forwarded for the relief of Boer men and women in concentration camps in South Africa.

It is reported the Louisville & Nashville railroad has passed to the Southern railway. Indications seem to point to the fact that the L. & N. will be turned over to the Rock Island, and the Southern and Rock Island systems will affect some kind of community of interest deal.

Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage, the noted Presbyterian minister, died at his home in Washington on the 12th. Dr. Talmage was born January 7, 1832, in Somerset county, New Jersey. After graduating he studied law, but a few years later entered the ministry of the Presbyterian church.

Miss Carrie M. Jennett, a school teacher, was brutally murdered at Detroit, Mich., by Prof. Joseph Miller, who beat the girl's head into an unrecognizable mass with a hatchet. Miller had wronged the girl, and when she asked him to leave his family and go with her he planned the murder. He was convicted in less than seventy-two hours after the crime, was committed and given a life sentence in prison.

An Illinois Central passenger train collided with a switch engine at Memphis. The passenger engine, two baggage cars, the mail car and a second class coach were derailed. Fireman Wm. Goodloe, colored, was killed. Engineer Chas. J. Barnett, badly injured about the body. Express Messenger Wm. E. Pink of Cairo, Ill., sustained a fracture of the skull and severe bruises, and an unknown man, supposed to be a tramp, lost a hand and one of his eyes.

Gen. Wade Hampton, of South Carolina, died on the 11th inst. Gen. Hampton had just passed his 84th birthday. He was the most distinguished citizen of South Carolina. To the dead statesman and soldier, Gen. Fitzhugh Lee paid the following tribute: "Gen. Hampton was one of the most magnificent men in many respects I have ever known; a man of great ability, fascinating manners, true and loyal to his friends and an officer of great merit and a citizen without peer and without reproach. He was a magnificent specimen of the southern gentleman and his death will not only be greatly deplored over the country, but more especially by those Confederate soldiers who were accustomed to follow him on so many fields of battle."

Whitelaw Reid, special embassy to the coronation of King Edward, will have to defray the expense of the trip for himself and staff, congress having failed to make an appropriation for that purpose.

Official announcement has been made of the sale of the Choctaw, Oklahoma and Gulf railroad. The deal was made through Speyer & Co., New York bankers, and it is the general belief that the Rock Island is the purchaser.

A petition with 3,000,000 signatures will be sent to congress by the distilled spirits interests, asking that the internal revenue tax be reduced from \$1.10 to 70 cents a gallon.

Fire at Columbus, Ga., destroyed property valued at \$250,000.

Minister Conger is to return from his present mission to the Chinese court.

The Kansas City, Mo., democratic municipal ticket was elected by a plurality of 2,000 votes.

Miss Helen Stone, the missionary who was captured by brigands in Bulgaria, arrived in this country on the 10th inst.

Maj. Gen. W. R. Shafter, retired, has agreed to accept the republican nomination for governor of California should it be tendered him.

Three millionaires—N. B. Scott, Henry Schulback and James Caldwell—are opposing candidates for United States senator from West Virginia.

Henry Fletcher, colored was hanged at St. Louis for the murder of Louis Roth, aged 16 years. A few minutes after the trap was sprung the sheriff received a telegram from the governor granting a respite of fifteen days to the condemned man.

Eugene F. Ware, of Kansas, has been named as the successor of Pension Commissioner Evans. Mr. Ware is a veteran of the civil and Indian wars; was a member of the Kansas senate and twice delegate to the republican national convention. He is the author of many sketches, pamphlets and legal essays, and under the nom de plume of "Iron Quill" has written a number of poems.

A desperate negro named Reynolds shot and killed Sheriff Gassaway, P. A. Prout, Jesse Davis and another officer at Tuscombia, Ala. The officers went to arrest the negro when he opened fire with a Winchester. Reynolds was himself killed in battle. Following the tragedy, an order was issued forbidding the assembling of negroes, for fear that a clash between the races would occur. At Florence a negro who expressed gratification over Reynolds' fiendish success as a murderer was killed by a butcher, who cut his body almost half in two with a meat knife.

Plans have been completed by the navy department for important changes in the existing system of training enlisted men for the service, and a policy adopted which, if carried out, will give the navy an aggregated force of 50,000 seamen in the next nine years. It is proposed to add 3,000 men annually to the navy, beginning this year and extending until 1910. There are now nearly 23,000 men in the service, including apprentices, and with the increase that is expected to be authorized this season, the navy must make provision between now and July 1, 1903, for 6,798 men.

Almost the entire population of Zapata county, Tex., is in a deplorable condition and many persons are on the verge of starvation. There has been no rainfall there for two years, and former fertile acres are now nothing but ghastly, glistening sand dumps. The bones of thousands of animals strew the plains, and death and desolation are to be seen on every hand. Citizens of Texas have contributed to the sufferers, and the governor has done all in his power for their relief, but outside aid is badly needed. Many of the people will remove to other parts if assisted to do so.

Wheat was cultivated on 209,460 farms, covering 807,136 acres and producing 11,237,005 bushels of a farm value of \$5,748,371. Corn was cultivated on 4,697,799 farms, producing 2,666,436,279 bushels on 97,916,866 acres of a farm value of \$830,257,726. On 2,114,559 farms oats was cultivated over 29,559,597 acres, producing therefrom 942,387,375 bushels, of a farm value of \$217,098,584. Rye was cultivated on 295,108 farms, covering 2,054,269 acres, producing therefrom 25,570,330 bushels, of a farm value of \$12,291,258. On 2,053,912 farms wheat was cultivated, on 52,588,574 acres, producing therefrom 658,531,252 acres, of a farm value of \$369,945,320.

The sum of \$5,000 contributed by Illinoisans for the relief of Boer women in South African concentration camps has been forwarded to the American consul at Capetown.

The agricultural division of the census has completed its tabulation of the most important cereals. Of the 5,739,637 farms in the nation, 272,913 raised barley, cultivating 4,481,228 acres, upon which were produced 119,632,827 bushels of a farm value of \$41,630,346. Buck-

The St. Louis world's fair will not open till 1904.

The salaries of all New York City officials are to be reduced 10 per cent.

The lower house of congress passed the senate bill extending charters of national banks twenty years.

In a fight between officers and desperadoes near Bragg, I. T., four men were killed and seven wounded.

Authoritative announcement of a consolidation of the great hardware jobbing interests of the country, capitalized at \$120,000,000 has been made.

In the event Senator Jones retires as chairman of the national democratic committee, Hon. Thomas Taggett, of Indiana, will be his successor.

Major Waller, of the marines corps, has been acquitted by court martial of the charge of killing native Filipinos on the island of Samar without a trial.

During a windstorm a tree was blown on a negro church building near Shreveport. Services were being held at the time and four people were killed and several injured.

New terrors have been added to the woes of the drought sufferers in Zapata county, Texas, by the breaking out of hydrophobia among the wolves, the only living animals in the afflicted section. Relief is being sent to the people by Texas officials as fast as contributed, the railroads furnishing free transportation as far as they reach.

Chas. T. Roberts, a Mississippiian, smashed a \$300 plate glass window of a Memphis millinery store, giving as his reason that a wax figure in the window was immorally draped in fine lingerie, unfit for the eye of youth to look upon. Roberts' efforts at reform will cost him several hundred dollars and probably a long term in prison.

The census bureau has issued a preliminary report on the cotton crop of 1901, in commercial bales, gross weight, as returned by the cotton ginners, showing an aggregate crop of 9,952,982 bales. This is 533,166 bales less than the 1900 crop. The 1900 crop, expressed in 500-pound bales, was 10,123,027, or 363,121 less than the number of commercial bales, the gross average bale weight being 483 pounds. Following are the figures of the crop of 1901, together with those of 1900, respectively, in commercial bales, by states and territories: Alabama, 1,162,739 and 1,061,679; Arkansas, 736,740 and 828,820; Florida, 37,198 and 55,696; Georgia, 1,401,815 and 1,270,597; Indian Territory, 280,175 and 288,114; Kansas, 170 and 151; Kentucky, 140 and 133; Louisiana, 858,661 and 714,073; Mississippi, 1,279,286 and 1,055,968; Missouri, 27,987 and 27,980; North Carolina, 454,354 and 509,341; Oklahoma, 149,415 and 116,875; South Carolina, 730,603 and 780,782; Tennessee, 209,186 and 227,601; Texas, 2,590,704 and 3,536,506; Virginia, 13,809 and 11,833.

AS DAME FASHION DECREES.

Apple green, delicate blue, pink and burnt orange are stylish shades in velvet trimmings.

Belts are either of black or some delicate colored velvet to harmonize with the color of the costume.

There is a decided fancy for a touch of black in all the embroideries, and it generally renders them more becoming. Again, a great deal of black Chantilly lace is used.

A new ribbon suggests fine canvas cloth. It comes in various colors and is sprinkled along the edge and through the center with small black velvet dots. Dresden ribbons are finer than ever.

Mohair undershirts both in black and colors are more in evidence than ever for everyday wear for early spring. As the warmer weather advances pongee and foulard will be largely favored.

Soft cloths are used greatly for skirt and bodice costumes. Etamines, veillings and crepe de chine are a source of comfort to economical women, since it is not necessary they should be lined with silk, though silk lining makes them cooler. Trimmings are so varied that individual taste can be easily suited and there is little danger of overelaboration.

Grenadine pointille is a new dress material and is handsome. It is a closely woven grenadine sprinkled with tiny dots in white and various colors. This gives it a two-toned effect. White, gray, black, beige, blue and red are its favored shades. A new net for evening or handsome dress gowns is figured in a large sprawling design of not too vivid coloring. The net is very like the plain net worn years ago for bridal veils.

Here are a few considerations for you, young man, and now is as good a time as any other to give them your attention.

What Are You Doing for Your Country?

By DR. MORGAN DIX,
Rector of the Old Trinity Church, New York

As an American you are proud of your country, of course. You are glad to see it in the van of the world.

Now what are you doing to advance it? Are you contributing your share to its advancement by discharging your duties, public and private? Do you stand in your own personality for all those qualifications that will increase its influence for good, or are you, like too many of its citizens, indifferent?

You do not amount to much if you are willing to let others make your country great, while you stand by as unconcerned as a dead weight.

If you are anxious to really DO something, you might fight three enemies that are opposed absolutely to the public peace of your country. These are IGNORANCE, DISCONTENT and DISORDER, and you will find them THRIVING in your own community.

There will always be those whom it is impossible to instruct, and those whom nothing will satisfy. These take to riot and rebellion as naturally as a duck takes to water. These are the dangerous classes of whom the State must beware if it values its life.

There will always be persons who cannot be made to see that social equality is an impossible condition in this imperfect world, and that no effort to secure it can succeed, for the reason that men are not born equal; that they are born unequal, physically and intellectually, and that this innate ineradicable inequality at the start must bear its fruit, a social inequality, which will last until the world and human nature be made over, and the causes which bring it about have been removed forever.

There will always be persons who honestly think that the needs of the poor can be supplied by plundering the rich and making distribution of the spoil per capita, and that by that ingenious process poverty can be abolished; who cannot comprehend the simple truth that such plundering and distributing would do no lasting good; that labor cannot live without capital to keep it at work and save it from starvation and death.

There will always be persons ready for the nefarious work of sowing the seeds of discontent among the masses and stirring them to jealousy, envy and hatred, passions which never yet gave comfort, but act as tormentors of the breast that harbors them within it. Such are the forces that do battle always and everywhere against domestic peace. If these should prevail over sound judgment, respect for law, abhorrence of internal dissension and love of orderly behavior and fraternal consideration the state must perish.

Think these things over, young man.

Make up your mind to fight these three enemies of your country whenever and wherever they appear. Then you will be actively engaged in the work of keeping your country great.

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A BLIND MECHANIC.

Who Puts Machines Together by the Sense of Touch.

That a blind man should set up an agency for agricultural machinery and manage it; that he should become an expert in the handling of such machinery, know how to put it together and tear it apart, how to locate faults in it and how to right them, is almost incredible.

Nevertheless these are the achievements of John S. Wenger, who for 43 years has lived in East Earl township, Pa., says the New York World.

His general store at Weaverland is a business center for a thickly settled rural community.

The shop in which he occasionally works at carpentering or broom-making is the resort of the curious.

His warehouse, wherein are stored scores of machines of all the sorts in demand by up-to-date farmers, is visited by tillers of the soil from far and near, and it is the blind proprietor himself who waits upon them, explains the machines, points out their advantages, shows how to operate them.

One of Wengers eyes was weak from infancy; at the age of 14 he had to quit going to school, because the other became weak also. A year or two later he became totally blind.

He had always been fond of tools, so he first became a carpenter and joiner; then he took to the industry of broom making. Besides this he opened a little store and sold peanuts, cakes and candies to the school children and to the young fellows who liked to lounge about such places of an evening. His store and shop lay some distance from his home and the path led to a narrow footbridge, without guard rails, that spans a stream. He walked it unguided.

When Mr. Wenger reached the age of 29 his father removed to a farm several miles distant. The blind man soon learned to know it as well as he knew the old home. He bought some land near by and put up the building in which for more than a quarter century he has run a general store and his broom factory. Close by he put up a warehouse for agricultural machinery and embarked on a large scale in the handling of such stock.

Machines come from the factory "knocked down"—i. e., dismembered and packed in crates and boxes. Mr. Wenger unpacks them and puts them together.

When a farmer comes to buy a piece of machinery of him he takes him out to his warehouse, leads him to the spot in which that particular machine is found, shows him how to operate it and exhibits its advantages, tells him how to take care of it and explains the points in which it differs from like machines made by other manufacturers. If a machine is improperly put together he can tell what is wrong.

A messenger came to him in haste one day last summer during haymaking time. "Pop wants you to come along with me over to our place, if you have time," said he, "and tell us what's wrong with our mower. He got a new one last week, and it's out in the field, but won't work."

The blind man went along with the boy. He was taken to the meadow where the hands who were to help in gathering the hay crop stood idle because the new mower wouldn't work. The blind man was in his element at once. He walked all around the machine and looked at it with his wonderful eyes—his fingers. He studied all the parts. "Drive on a few steps," he said to the man who held the horses. "Let me see how it goes." "Stop," he commanded after a few steps had been taken. Get me a wrench. Here's a wheel that is turned face inward. Let me examine it."

He did so, took off the wheel, turned it face about and the defect was remedied.

"I don't like the location of that telephone," said Mr. Wenger's brother, Postmaster David E. Wenger, the other day. "It's too unhandy out there in the broom room. We ought to have it here in the store." "All right," said John. "I'll have it moved. I guess I can do it myself."

Next night he set about it, getting to work after midnight, so as to offer no interference to telephone calls. Working alone, he cut the wires, moved the apparatus to the other room, set it in the desired place, then went out and put up a ladder, spliced the wires to the pieces necessary to make them long enough to reach the new point of entrance, brought them around and made the proper connection and had all ready for business at four a. m.

"I am contented with my lot," he says.

Vanity and impudence are twin sisters.—Chicago Daily News.

A NEW FAVORITE.



THE SULTAN OF TURKEY.

Abdul Hamid II., His Personality and the Position He Occupies.

The sultan of Turkey is perhaps the most interesting personality among the sovereigns of the world, says W. E. Curtis, in the Chicago Record-Herald, both for what he is and for what he represents, combining as he does the functions of any emperor over a semibarbarous and turbulent people, and being the spiritual head of one of the most numerous religious bodies. He is the ecclesiastical successor of Mohammed, head of the Moslem church and of the house of Ishmael, the son of Abraham, and in his person is supposed to receive and enjoy the blessings which God promised to Hagar.

That is one of the most dramatic incidents in Biblical history when, in obedience to the jealousy of Sarah, his wife, "Abraham rose up early in the morning and took bread and a bottle of water and gave it to Hagar, putting it on her shoulders, and the child, and sent her away, and she departed and wandered in the wilderness of Beer-sheba." And after the water was spent in the bottle and she had cast the child under one of the shrubs, and lifted up her voice and wept, "The angel of God called to Hagar out of Heaven, and said unto her: 'Arise, lift up the lad and hold him in thine hands, for I will make him a great nation.'"

The Moslem world believes that Abraham was the founder of Mecca; that Ishmael was their ancestor and that they have inherited the religion of Abraham with its promises and blessings and characteristic traits ascribed to Ishmael. Their hand has been against every man, and every man's hand has been against them, and still they defy all other nations, whether pagan or Christian. Padishah (father of all the sovereigns of the earth) is the official title of the sultan, and is used exclusively by the Turks in official communications. He is also styled Imam-ul-muslemun (pontiff of Mussulmans), Alem Penah (refuge of the world), Zil-ullah (shadow of God), Hunkiar (the slayer of infidels), and has several other honorary titles. He controls the Mohammedan subjects of all nations, and if he should go to a little mosque at the seraglio and unfurl the green banner which was carried by Mohammed and declare a holy war, the sons of Ishmael in every part of the earth—in India, Africa, China, the East Indies and the islands of the sea—would be required by their religion to sustain him and obey his orders, regardless of their allegiance to their own civil authorities.

Abdul Hamid II., the present sultan, who will be 60 years old in September, is said to be a great coward who dare not leave his country palace and show himself in his own capital.

The American public condemn the Boxer movement in China; because of it they pronounce the

China Needs Help and Justice

By LOCK WING,
Chinese Vice-Consul at New York.

both are founded on ignorance and prejudice.

AMERICA SHOULD NOT FORCE FROM CHINA THAT WHICH SHE IS NOT WILLING TO ACCORD TO CHINA.

China needs your help for its progress, and I believe that by lending the helping hand you will be doing a Christian service, helping my people to become better men and better women. Ignorance and prejudice must give way in time; between the United States and China closer relations must come, and may justice be the star which shall guide this nation to look with favor upon all that is good in the development of my country.

It is true that the most extraordinary precautions are taken for his protection. He dare not leave the safe solitude of Yildiz park, which is situated about two miles outside the gates of Constantinople and is surrounded by a double wall. The road from the palace to the Bosphorus passes between these walls and is protected every inch of the way from the gates of the park to the wharf on the Bosphorus, where, once a year only, he takes a state barge and is rowed over to the seraglio to perform the obligation imposed upon him by his religion to worship the holy mantle of the prophet on the anniversary of the death of Mohammed. That act is required of him. If he did not perform it the whole church would rise against him. Therefore for that day he is compelled to suppress his fears and appear before the public, but it would be impossible for an outsider to get anywhere near him unless he were highly recommended and identified.

Some people say that the cowardice of Abdul Hamid is cultivated by his ministers and other men who surround him, who find it to their personal advantage to prevent him from going abroad. So they keep him locked in the Yildiz kiosk, where they can control his surroundings and prevent him from receiving any information that will be to his discredit. At the same time there is no doubt that the sultan keeps constantly in mind the fact that 22 of the 27 padishahs who have reigned at Constantinople have died by violence. Several endeavored to save their lives by abdication, but the public never saw them again.

The World's Biggest Frog.

Among large frogs Canada probably has the honor of owning the largest. It was grown on a small farm, Killarney, five miles from Fredericton, N. B. Just before its death it was weighed, and found to tip the scale at 48 pounds. Its length was 30 inches and height 18 inches. It measured 14 inches across the back. Now, stuffed and mounted, it forms an exhibit of which the locality is proud.

Thrifty People.

The lord mayor of Sheffield, England, at the recent annual meeting of the Sheffield savings bank, said not ten per cent. of the large wage earners saved a farthing, and when bad trade came and the soup kitchens were started they were generally the first to apply for assistance. It was the people who got from five to six dollars a week who showed a thrifty spirit.

An Exasperating Person.

The most exasperating person in the world is the one who gives you the feeling that you would like to get behind and push him.—Atchison Globe.

BREVITIES OF FUN.

Unlucky People.—"I am a firm believer in luck. Why, some people are so lucky that were they to travel backward they would stub their toe."—San Francisco Bulletin.

Husband (hurriedly)—"Intelligence has just reached me." Wife (chiming in)—"Thank goodness! it has come at last!" (Then there was silence.)—London Tit-Bits.

"Doctor, a friend of mine has assured me that sucking lemons will prevent seasickness. Is that true?" "Oh, yes, provided you sit in the shade of a tall tree while you do it."—Philadelphia Press.

Landlady (who has been looking for the boarder's umbrella)—"I'm satisfied, Mr. Blake, that it has been stolen." The Boarder—"You may be satisfied, Mrs. Hasher, but I'll be blown if I am."—Glasgow Times.

"Why, I was putting my shoe on and a snake slipped out of it," she cried. "Only one?" said the professor. "Why, there should have been three. I put them there last night to keep them warm."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

"My Seat, Madam."—"I wonder who it was who first said: 'You never lose anything by politeness?'" "I don't know. Why?" "Oh, nothing, except that it's plain he never rode in a street car with a crowd of women."—Catholic Standard.

Mrs. Jones—"Just think of it! That fellow came in and actually stole the clock right off the mantelpiece." Mrs. Brown—"And your dog was in the very same room?" Mrs. Jones—"Yes, but that didn't count. Fido is only a watch dog, you know."—Boston Transcript.

A Cruel Jest.—Mrs. Gaussip—"I understand from Mrs. Jokey that your doctor has been guilty of conduct unbecoming a gentleman." Mrs. Meekley—"Oh, yes?" Mrs. Gaussip—"For goodness' sake! How, when?" Mrs. Meekley—"Oh, constantly. My doctor's a lady."—Philadelphia Press.

THIEVES LIKE THE POLICE.

At Least Such Is the Case as Reported in England.

"Contrary to what you might expect," said a veteran of the detective force, "the professional criminal has not that animosity toward the police, and particularly toward the detective service, which their natural antagonism of interests might be supposed to create. The professional thief regards his occupation as a legitimate business and ours as another. He takes a tolerant and philosophical view of the matter if the opposing interests clash.

"Many a criminal run down and captured by relentless pursuit has lightened the monotony of a long railroad journey for a detective who has caught him hundreds of miles away from the scene of his crime and is taking him home. If he has been caught before by the same man, even though it was years ago, he is likely to treat his captor as an old acquaintance, if not friend. It is to the detectives that the professionals go when they want a little favor done, railroad fare or a little money to help them through a period of poverty."—London Answers.

WORRY FATAL TO SONG.

Mme. Eames Says Peace of Mind Is Necessary to Success.

"I know how to relax my nerves and have learned to enjoy the present," recently declared Mme. Eames. "I always used to strain myself toward the future like a race horse, but now I know better, for I was not doing as well as I might."

"For an hour after luncheon I lie perfectly flat in a darkened room and empty my brain. If I am to sing that day I take two hours in the dark room, for, you see, I need more quiet."

"I never eat dinner; I couldn't sing if I did. I live absolutely by rule. My body is an instrument, and when it is not in good condition I cannot do anything at all."

"I live for my work, and have learned just how to keep myself feeling at best."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Short Names for Vessels.

"The Ea," reports the Philadelphia Record, "is said to have the shortest name for a vessel in the world. She is a Spanish steamer, and she reached Philadelphia laden with iron ore last week, after a voyage so rough that three of her sailors were incapacitated by seasickness. The Ea was named by a Spanish nobleman after his daughter, Esmeralda. She belongs to a line that has set, in the matter of short names, an example that other lines are beginning to follow. The Eolo, the Aro and the Oria are sister ships of hers. In all the fleet there is not a name that is more than 6 letters long."

THE SENSE OF HUMOR.

Has a Practical Value as a Material Element of Success.

I am strongly of the opinion that a quick and abiding sense of humor is a great element of success in every department of life, says Justin McCarthy, in Success. I do not speak merely of success in the more strictly artistic fields of human work, but am ready to maintain that, even in the prosaic and practical concerns of human existence, the sense of humor is an inciting and sustaining influence to carry a man successfully through to the full development of his capacity and the attainment of his purpose. It is so in the art of war—it is especially so in the business of statesmanship. Mortal life, at the best, is so full of perplexities, disappointments and reverses that it must be hard work indeed for a man who is endowed with little or no sense of humor to keep his spirits up through seasons of difficulty and depression and maintain his energy—living despite the disheartening effects of commonplace and prosaic discouragements. A man who is easily disheartened does not appear to be destined by nature for the overcoming of difficulties, and nothing is a happier incentive to the maintenance of good animal spirits than the quick sense of humor which finds something to make a jest of even in conditions which bring but a sinking of the heart to the less fortunately endowed mortal.

In the stories of great events and great enterprises we are constantly told of some heaven-born leader who kept alive, through the most trying hours of what otherwise might have been utter and enfeebling depression, the energies, the courage and the hope of his comrades and his followers. One can hardly read the story of any escape from shipwreck, any drifting about in an open boat over wintry seas, without learning of some plucky and humorous mortal who kept his comrades alive and alert through all dangers and troubles by his ready humor and animal spirits. Read any account of a long-protracted siege, when the besieged had to resist assault from without and hunger within, and you will be sure to be told how the humorous sallies of some leader were able to prevent those around him from sinking into the depths of despair. There are times when no good whatever is done by taking even the most serious things too seriously, and a sudden flash of humor often lightens up the atmosphere as the blast of a trumpet might give new spirits and new energy amid the deepening gloom of some almost desperate day.

WAS A SHERLOCK HOLMES.

Skill of a Washington Detective Amazed Woman Who Had Been Robbed.

About the time that considerable attention was being paid to the story of "Sherlock Holmes" a member of Capt. Boardman's corps did a piece of detective work which caused the belief on the part of a woman that he had been endowed with remarkable detective ability. He had been told to call on Mrs. —, says the Washington Star, and when he reached the house he was invited into the dining-room.

"Are you a detective?" he was asked by the woman who had been robbed. "I am," was the sleuth's response. "Have you been robbed of a clock?" he inquired, noting the absence of a timepiece from the mantel and at the same time seeing the outline of a clock in the dust.

"How did you know I had lost a clock?" was the woman's anxious inquiry.

"Only that I'm a detective," he answered, "and that's part of the business."

Then he indicated the lines of the clock on a piece of paper and concluded by giving a description of the ornament that was on the timepiece.

"That's remarkable," the woman said, "simply remarkable."

Having been so successful, the detective thought he would venture a little farther, and he assured the woman that in 24 hours he would recover the stolen property. Succeeding in this, he made the further prediction that two days later he would have the thief. This he also accomplished, and when he had finished with the case the woman was anxious to know how he had worked so successfully.

"It's a secret of the profession," was all the detective would tell her, and the woman has never been told how the detective was able to accomplish so much.

The Witnesses Who Lie.

When a man has a suit in court, he always believes that the witnesses on the other side swear to one lie after another.—Atchison Globe.

Don't Do It.

Never call a man a fool; he may be foolish enough, but it is not your business to tell him so.—Chicago Daily News.

WE ARE STILL LEADING

JUST COME IN AND SEE THE BUSINESS WE'RE DOING.
IT WILL OPEN YOUR EYES AND WARM YOUR HEART.

It is the Stock we Have. It is the Fair Treatment we Show You. And it is the Lowest Prices we Give You. We Show You the Greatest Stock of

Dry Goods, Clothing, Shoes, Hats and Everything You Wear!

We can Supply Your Demands for Spring and Summer Apparel. Every Line is Overflowing in Choice Styles, and you can get the Choicest Plums by Coming First.

We Give You More Goods for Your Money than any Other House, and the Same Goods for Less Money. IT PAYS TO SEE US.

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ANNOUNCEMENT.

FOR CONGRESS.

We are authorized to announce
OLLIE M. JAMES

a candidate to represent the First District of Kentucky in Congress, subject to the action of the Democratic party.

The Child of Hope.

The Appellate court Democratic committee gives the candidates from April 15 to July 19—ninety-five days—in which to canvass the eighteen counties composing the judicial district. This gives them five days to the county. The congressional committee gave the candidates seventy days in which to canvass the thirteen counties composing the congressional district. This gives them five days to the county. The Mayfield Messenger, posing as the champion of the people, denounced the action of the congressional committee as undemocratic—unfair, and has been persistent in its effort to discredit the committee and bring the members thereof under the tongue of disrepute. So zealous has it been in its effort to create discord in the party, expecting the booty from a party fight to fall to its candidate, and hoping that the bitterness and bad blood thus aroused would overshadow the relative merits and claims of the two candidates that it has been bitter in its warfare upon the gentlemen who stood at the head of the party organization in 1900 and 1901, charging them with faithlessness to the trust imposed on them by the people.

Now the same committeemen, together with five other gentlemen representing the Democracy of five additional counties, hold the same character of meeting and in executive session prescribe the same qualifications for voters, and give the candidates, considering the size of the districts, the same time in which to make the canvass and behold the Messenger says it is

"PERFECTLY SATISFACTORILY."

Time, the same; qualifications, the same; "behind closed doors," the same. The logical conclusion is too apparent to need elucidation. The Messenger, as suspected from the time it was not "the champion of the people" after all, the godfather to the

of Mr. Crossland's only hope—"discord." The Messenger, rather ashamed of the weakly infant, "discord," from the beginning, sought to hide its real attitude in the higher sounding phrase, "champion of the people," and now that the swaddling clothes of the infant—Crossland's blanket circular—has been torn to shreds, Bro. Lemon is disposed to deposit the denuded child on somebody's else door step. Whether or not this is "perfectly satisfactorily" to its progenitor, we cannot say.

If Sam Crossland had not been a candidate for congress, the dear people would not have discovered the "ring" Sam has so patriotically pointed out, and so disinterestedly lambasted. Sam never does anything for his party until there is an office in sight, then he rushes out with his telescope, sweeps the horizon with critical eye, and woe to any object that appears between him and the office. If the party depended on Sam for work in trying campaigns, he would show up promptly, if an office was at the other end of the row.

Would Mr. Crossland have issued that circular, arousing the people to a sense of the danger threatening them from that hydra headed, tentaculus monster "rings," and "rascally election officers," if he had not been a candidate? Certainly not. He would have let them perish if he had not had a hankering to go to congress. Then the call to arms, the mighty blast from his bugle, is primarily to help Sam get office.

If this be true, and who doubts it, Sam's charge that Ollie James' gallant services in 1896, 1898, 1899, 1900 and 1901, were to help Ollie to go to congress might as well apply to Sam's gallant circular service just before the congressional primary in 1902. If Mr. Crossland had extended his campaigning over a period of six or eight years instead of a few months, while he is an announced candidate, he might have fared better in a comparison that he has invited, by impugning James' motives in battling for the party. If James' long years of earnest, telling party service must be contemptuously dismissed, with the charge that he was a candidate for congress, then what must be done with Crossland's newly printed circular, attacking the organization of the party. If James' motives in battling for his party, offensively and defensively, all these years, were not good, how are we to conclude that Mr. Crossland's attack upon the party and his professions of champion of the people, after all, the godfather to the

to help in his own race for congress? Mr. Crossland certainly does not help his own case by impugning the motives of other men. Let us win our battles in life upon our own merits, and not project our campaigns upon the idea that we grow great in proportion to our success in destroying others.

THE CONGRESSIONAL RACE.

MANLY APPEAL.

Mr. James' speech from start to finish was a manly appeal to the voters for their support and was given close attention.—Murray Ledger.

SOLID IN CALDWELL.

Caldwell hasn't more than 1,600 votes, but out of every 100 cast 95 will be for James.—Princeton Banner.

RECOGNIZED ABILITY.

Mr. James is a man of recognized ability, both as a politician and statesman, and fully able to cope with his competitors on the stump or in the halls of congress; and being entirely free from any ring or clique or combination he stands as the defender of the rights of the people. And if nominated and elected will use all his endeavors to show himself worthy of the confidence reposed in him.—Mayfield Monitor.

FROM GRAVES COUNTY.

Hon. Ollie James was in our county last Thursday. Mr. James is a candidate for congress and has many friends here who will bend every effort to give him a rousing vote in this precinct when the primary comes off.—Wingo correspondent Mayfield Monitor.

BALLARD COUNTY.

The Mayfield Messenger says Crossland is gaining in Ballard and Carlisle counties. That's a big old "lie" Mr. Lemon has gotten up. Conservative thinkers place James' majority over Crossland in this county at from 400 to 800.—Ballard Yeoman.

LYON HEARD FROM.

Democrats, remember primary election to nominate a candidate for congress comes off May 24 and every Democrat should do his duty. Every Democrat in Lyon county knows how Ollie James has always responded when his services were needed, and that for twelve or fifteen years he has given of his time, talent and means, unstintingly, for the success of the party. He has never before asked the people for an office. The people of Lyon county will show their appreciation of the service by giving him about the solid vote.—Eddyville Tale.

Mr. Crossland's friends could save him some votes if they would call off Lemon of the Messenger. There are a number of friends of both James and Crossland who were rather inclined to "hold still" until the Messenger's continued attack on the committee and Mr. James have brought them out solidly against the Messenger's man.—Calloway County Times.

When Ollie James was standing like a Titan against the gold standard and Trust orators who came into this district in 1896 and 1900, Sam Crossland was resting in the shade of his home. It is not strange, in view of this undisputed and undisputable fact, that the joint discussions between the candidates for congress have been ovations for James. The people appreciate a man who stands for them in the hour of need, more than they do the man who is on hands only when an office is to be filled.

Mr. Crossland is bubbling over with love for his party, now that a congressional nomination is to be given out by the people. He expends printers' ink to save it from the men who fought for it in the years gone by. If he couldn't face Palmer & Buckner's satellites in 1896, if he could not take the stump in 1899 and 1900, he should have issued blanket circulars in those years. Why wait until the battles are fought out, the issues and the policies definitely outlined, and then rush into blanket circulars, traducing the men who bore the brunt of the battle?

Cadiz Record: Hon. Ollie M. James, of Marion, candidate for congress in this district, reached Cadiz yesterday and will remain in the county until this afternoon, looking after his political fences. Mr. James is just from Murray, where he and his opponents spoke last Monday, and he feels very hopeful of his nomination by the primary to be held on the 24th of May.

Mr. James has long been a great favorite with the Trigg county Democracy. No man in the state has done more for the party or responded more promptly to its call when there was work to be done, and the number of speeches made here during the campaigns of the past have won for him a place in the hearts of the loyal Democrats of the county possessed by no other man of his age in the state.

For Sale.

Buggies, surreys and harness that have been used; very cheap; cash or time, or will trade for anything we can use.
ap17w4 Pierce & Son.

MEET AGAIN.

James Gains Ground in Ballard County.

Manly and Fair in Presenting His Claims to the People.

WICKLIFFE, Ky., April 22.—The Congressional candidates met in joint debate here Monday. A large crowd heard the speaking and it is conceded by all that James had the best of it in the forensic battle. James' friends are jubilant, and he has scores of them in this county. His friends claim the county for him by 500 majority. He was strong before the discussion, he is stronger now. The people here have long known that he is brainy, bright and courageous in the defense of his party, and now they know that he is manly, fair and able in presenting his own claims, and such a man will make the proud old First a representative worthy of the honor and competent for the work. The speaking was a victory for him.

Illinois Central R. R.

Mattoon, Decatur, Peoria, Chicago, Sioux City and Omaha.

Connecting with direct lines to all points north, east and west.

Evening train carries through Pullman sleeping and drawing room car Evansville to Chicago, and free reclining chair car Evansville to Peoria.

Trains leave Marion 6:50 a. m., and 2:55 p. m., daily north.

To Princeton, Ky., Fulton, Ky., Jackson, Tenn., Memphis, Tenn., Jackson, Miss., Vicksburg, Miss., Baton Rouge, and New Orleans. Train leaving Princeton 4:47 p. m., carries through Pullman sleeping and drawing room car to New Orleans, connecting at Memphis with Y. & M. V. R. R., for Vicksburg and Baton Rouge.

Train leaving Princeton 2:30 a. m., carries Pullman sleeping and drawing room car, and free reclining chair car through to Memphis and New Orleans. Connecting with direct lines to all points in Mississippi, Louisiana, Arkansas, Oklahoma, Texas, Mexico and California.

Trains leave Marion 11:45 a. m. and 7:22 p. m., daily south.

Connection at Princeton, Ky., each Tuesday and Friday, Mattoon each Wednesday, and Chicago each Friday with through Pullman excursion sleepers to the Pacific coast.

HOMESEEKERS TICKETS.

On the first and third Tuesday of each month home-seekers tickets are sold from Evansville and Henderson to Southern and South-western, western and north western points at special low rates good to return within twenty one days from date of sale. Liberal stop over arrangements. A copy of the Southern Home-seekers guide giving information regarding lands in the Mississippi valley will be mailed to you free on application.

Lon Johnson, Agent, F. R. Wheeler, Passenger Agent, Evansville, Ind.

Wm. Alfred Kellond, A.G.P.A., Louisville, Ky.

A. H. Hanson, G.P.A., Chicago, Ill.

Notice.

Since I have been in Marion I have not made a general call upon my patrons to settle, but circumstance over which I have no control compel me to do so now. Please attend to this matter if possible. Very truly yours,

W. J. J. Paris.

April 12, 1902. 2w

'All parties having claims against the estate of T. E. Wilson, either by note or account, must present the same to us or leave it at the county clerk's office before the 1st day of May, 1902. All claims not presented by that time will be barred.

Ida B. Wilson,

Geo. M. Travis,

Adm'rs.

Here we are again, the old and reliable grocery firm, with the largest and most up to date stock of groceries ever in Marion. No part of any person's old stock on our shelves; all clean, fresh goods, just such as you want, and no sensible person expects us to sell you a staple article for cost or less without bleeding you on something else. We have no goods at cost but you can buy from us at a small profit, and be sure you get the best. Our stock of queensware, glassware, stoneware, tinware, and woodenware is immense; look before you buy; we handle Blanke's celebrated coffees, fine grades from 15 to 30 cents per pound; anything you want in canned goods nice and fresh; pickles and relishes of all kinds; garden seed in bulk and in package; all kinds of onions and sets; seed potatoes, both sweet and Irish; soaps, an endless variety of both laundry and toilet; Gilkey's celebrated hog and horse medicines; coal oil and gasoline, in candies and confectioneries we lead the town; and as for your produce we are the people who have made and kept up the prices, and we still want all you have; while we thank our many patrons of the past we would like to get as many more, and will do so if you will come in and see us; that is if good goods, low prices, and fair dealing is any inducement to you; all we ask is a trial and the work is done; so when you are in the city and want to buy call in and we will treat you kindly, appreciate your trade, and make it to your interest and bear in mind with every purchase you get a ticket that entitles you to some of our beautiful tableware to be seen on our shelves.

Yours to please,

A. M. HEARN & SON.

We are now ready to make contracts for ice for the season.

DE KOVEN CORNET BAND

DE KOVEN, KY.

Now open for engagements High class music furnished at reasonable prices. A good Orchestra in connection.

For particulars, prices, etc., call on or write

C. P. Noggle.

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.

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.

Lime delivered anywhere in the city. Bigham & Browning.

Mr. Levi Yeakey moved from Fords Ferry to Marion last week.

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

Mr. T. C. Jameson, of Gracey, was greeting his old friends in Marion Monday.

I wear the W. L. Douglass shoe. Do you? Well, if you do you sure wear the best in town.

For carpets and matting see Taylor & Hurley before you buy, they will save you money.

Mr. William Marble of Princeton, was in town last week, looking after mining interests.

After May 1st I will be in my office only Mondays and Saturdays 3t J. B. Paris, Supt.

For medicinal purposes there is nothing better than "Old J. B. T." Old Stone or Cold Spring. For sale by C. E. Doss.

If you are not a patron of the Magnet laundry, Jas Hicklin Agt. you are not getting the best work. A trial will convince you. Headquarters at McConnell & Stone's.

The Kohinoor laundry is clearly demonstrating the fact that its work is greatly superior to that of any competitor. Headquarters at Woods' drug store. Kearney Blue agent.

The following left this city last Saturday for Dallas, Tex.: Messrs J. P. Pierce, J. H. Orme, Robt L. Flannery, A. Dean, P. S. Maxwell, and Miss Mina Wheeler and R. F. Wheeler.

There will be no advance in the price of seats for the Bryan lecture, as the sale has far exceeded the expectations of the management. The prices will remain at 50 and 75 cents.

TRUSTEES—Bring census report. I cannot legally receive it unless you do this.

J. B. Paris, Supt.

Rev Sears, of Ills., delivered two lectures at the C. P. church last week. Thursday evening his subject was, "More Taffy and Less Epitaphy." Friday evening "Grumblers and Their Cure." The addresses were most entertaining. Rev. Sears is a humorist of remarkable ability.

"Jane, turn over, I want to tell you why I think CLIFTONS is the BEST STORE in the country for us to trade with.

"In the first place, they carry a stock that is second to NO store in the county. We can ALWAYS find just what we want there. If it's new and stylish THEY HAVE IT. As they are ALWAYS FIRST to get the new stuff. And then, as we pay CASH for our goods we should ALWAYS get CASH prices—the ALMIGHTY DOLLAR should buy more goods anywhere than a promise to pay and when we trade at CLIFTONS we can always be DEAD SURE of getting CASH PRICES, for they do not sell on 12, 24 or 36 months time and can afford to sell on a small margin of profit. No, Jane, we run NO RISK of paying too much for our goods when we trade at CLIFTONS."

"John, you've a long head on you and I think that's just about right. I know that NO MAN living or dead or yet to be, can or will sell on long time at CASH PRICES, and it does not take a Solomon to understand that the SUREST place to always get CASH PRICES is at a CASH HOUSE and the house that "fills the bill" better than any other is CLIFTONS. There is no chance for an argument with me about this, I've been to town a few times John, so turn over and let's go to sleep."

The celebrated Hammar Paints are guaranteed for five years' wear and there is \$200,000 behind this guarantee; \$1.12 per gallon. Bigham & Browning.

If you'll look at our custom made \$1.50 Oxford before you pay \$1.75 or \$2.00 for one elsewhere we'll sell you a \$1.50 oxford.

CLIFTONS.

The Alumna exercises of the school will be held in the school chapel Monday evening. The affair will be one of the most delightful events in the history of the institution.

People from all parts of Western Kentucky will come here Saturday to hear Mr. Bryan. Henderson, Dixon, Morganfield, Uniontown, Sturgis, Eddyville, Cadiz and Princeton, and several other towns will send large delegations.

Telephone Bigham & Browning for a barrel of lime. Just received a fresh lot.

Mr W. T. James has taken charge of the wool carding mills in this city. Mr. James is an enterprising young man, and those dealing with him will find him to be both affable and accommodating.

It has been reported that Charlie Conger, formerly of this county, but now of the United States army stationed in the Philippines, while guarding prisoners was attacked by them and dangerously wounded.

Taylor & Hurley have just received a nice line of W. L. Douglass shoes. I wear them because they are the best.

Rev. Chas. R. Montgomery is happy over the arrival of a fine boy at his home. The young man put in his appearance Wednesday morning.

Over two hundred reserved seats have been sold for the Bryan lecture, and the sale of general admission seats have been great, and the demand for tickets continues.

Rev Willis, of Hopkinsville, is conducting a series of meetings at the Christian church in this city. The gentleman is an eloquent and earnest speaker. Services are held every evening.

The graduating class of the High School has nine members. The graduates chose Mr. Leslie Terry as Salutatorian, and Miss Estelle Walker as Valedictorian, at a meeting of the class on Tuesday.

The woman who buys her summer dress before seeing our line loses an advantage of selecting from the largest, prettiest and cheapest line ever shown in Marion.
CLIFTONS.

On April 27th the Cadet Brass Band, of Evansville, will make the round trip from Evansville to Princeton, Ky., on the Illinois Central, playing at the stations en route in both directions. This band is a wonder, it has twenty-one members, none of whom are over fifteen years of age and nearly half of them being under ten. They play all of the latest and most difficult pieces. Go to the depot and hear them.

Old Hickory, full proof, for sale by Doss.

Mrs. J. B. Jenkins, of Douglass, West Va., is the guest of her daughter, Mrs. Harry Watkins, of this city. Business prevented Mr. Jenkins from accompanying his wife, but he will arrive here in a few days. He is general manager of the largest coal and coke works in West Virginia, and he also holds a controlling interest in the famous Blue Lake Silver Mines, of Colorado. Mr. Jenkins will look over our mineral fields and may invest in lead and zinc properties.

The makers of the celebrated "Vitals" brand of Clothing are the largest makers of Clothing in the world. Their clothes are better made, better trimmed, better fitting, than any other ready made clothing. They are leaders in style, have a larger range of exclusive patterns than any other line. Their clothes fit and look like tailor made suits. Their \$7.50, \$8.50 and \$10.00 suits have no equal. They are handled by the leading dealers in every large city in the land. There is but one place in the county where you can see these goods, at CLIFTONS.

On Sunday May 4th, \$1.00 for round trip. Train leaves Marion at 8:24 a. m. Returning train leaves Evansville at 6:30. The parks will be opened, and there will be amusements of all kinds including baseball.

L. Johnson, Agt.

Mr Julius Baldauf, of Henderson, was in town this week looking after mining interests.

Subject for sermon at Presbyterian church next Sunday morning: "God's Church the Light of the World."

To cure headache try old J. B. T.—C. E. Doss.

Ollie James will introduce Mr. Bryan to the audience Saturday evening. The doors will be opened at seven o'clock; the speaker will appear at 8:15.

We have a few breaking plows in stock to be closed out at a bargain. Bigham & Browning.

Mr. Bryan's lecture, "The Conquering Nation," is a beautiful address, full of instruction and patriotism. It is absolutely non-partisan and abounds with eloquence.

Miss Mary Cameron has accepted a position in the Illinois Central office at Princeton. The Princeton Leader says: "Mr. Hall, the postal telegraph operator at this point, has gone to Hopkinsville to take charge of the company's office there. He has been succeeded by Miss Cameron of Marion. The new operator is quite a nice and clever little lady, and is also a most efficient operator."

FOR RENT—A residence in Marion. J. H. WALKER

Saturday evening the people of this city and the surrounding country will have an opportunity of seeing and hearing the most distinguished American that has ever visited Marion. The man twice nominee of the Democratic party for President. A statesman whose eloquence has won for him undying fame. The editor of a paper with a circulation of 150,000.

Compare our womans made-to-order \$2.00 oxford with the kind you would pay \$2.50 for elsewhere and you'll buy from us.
CLIFTONS.

WANTED—To trade, a good Mogul, 4 inch log wagon and buggy and harness (one or both) for good horse. J. P. Pierce.

High Grade Fertilizer.

Hundreds of dollars have been wasted in this county every year on fertilizer because neither the farmer nor the dealer knew the elements of plant food the different soils needed, not the requirement of the crop it was intended for.

We have in our firm two farmers who have made a special study of this for several years. They made a success with fertilizer on their own farms. They are acquainted with the analysis of every brand of goods sold in the State. One of them, Mr. Wheeler has been for two years in the employ of the German Kali Works, of New York, in making experiments for them. When completed it will be probably one of the most extensive tests of the kind ever carried on in Southern Kentucky. Those farmers have had the selection largely of the goods that we now handle and will be glad to assist you in making the right selection for your special soil and crop.

Bigham, Browning & Wheeler.

Wool Carding

The Marion Wool Carding Machine

Has been thoroughly overhauled and is in first class condition for doing the highest grade of work. It will be in charge of a man who thoroughly understands every detail of the business.

I Guarantee Satisfactory Work.
The patronage of the people of Crittenden and surrounding counties is solicited. Special attention given mail orders. Freight paid one way on shipments of 100 pounds or over. Club with your neighbors and make this amount.

Will Begin to Receive Wool May 1st.
Bring or ship us your wool and we will give you the best of results.

W. T. JAMES,
Marion, Ky.

STRAYED—From my farm 3½ miles north of Salem, Ky., on the 8th day of April 1902, a large muly, red cow and a yearling heifer mostly red with white face, marks crop and split in left ear and split in right ear. Will pay for their return or information leading to their recovery.

J. A. Davidson,
Levisa, Ky.

R. F. Haynes' Soda Fountain.

Mr. R. F. Haynes will open his soda fountain Saturday morning and will serve ice cream, pineapple frappe, and all the summer drinks.

Knights are Generous.

Yesterday Blackwell Lodge, Knights of Pythias, of this place, wired Dr. W. T. Daughtry fifty dollars. He is a member of the lodge, and when his loss became known, his brother knights promptly ordered their exchequer to forward him the amount.

Three Prizes.

With each 50 cent purchase at Bigham & Browning's you are entitled to one guess on number of seed in the gourd on display in their show window. The prizes will be given the three nearest correct guesses. First prize \$40 sewing machine; 2d prize, \$10 clock; \$5 rocking chair.

Hughes—Terry.

Mr. John Wyatt Hughes and Miss Effie Terry were united in marriage at the residence of the bride's father, Mr. Milton Terry, north of Marion Wednesday, April 16th. The marriage was solemnized in the presence of a large number of friends. The attendants were Mr. Alvis Stephens and Miss Ada Howerton. A dinner was given at the residence of the groom's father, Mr. William Hughes, in honor of the bride and groom.

The bride is a pretty and lovable lady, and Mr. Hughes is a well to do farmer.

Substantial Sympathy.

On learning of the narrow escape from death made by Dr. W. T. Daughtry and family, who were passengers on the City of Pittsburgh, and the total loss of his personal property, the many friends of the doctor in this city sent him a donation amounting to \$450. Dr. Daughtry resided in this city for several years, and is very popular throughout the town and county. He is an excellent physician and was regarded as one of the most skillful surgeons in this section of the State. He is a deserving man and we regret to give him up. The people of Anniston, Mo., his new home, will find him to be a perfect gentleman in every respect. The Press wishes him much success in his new home.

Oratorical Contest.

On Friday evening, May 2d, a debating contest will be held under the auspices of the school. Two young men of the High School will compete for the gold medal given by Mr. C. S. Nunn to the best debater in the school. The contestants are Messrs. Lonnie Towery and Hickman Walker. The subject for debate is, "Resolved, That the world will finally become Anglo-Saxon." Mr. Towery has the affirmative and Mr. Walker the negative. Both of the contestants are orators of local prominence. Mr. Towery won the gold medal in the last annual oratorical contest, while Mr. Walker was awarded the first prize in annual contest of 1901. The contest will doubtless be a spirited one.

Russell—Fox.

"Happy is the bride the sun shines on." This adage was fully realized by Mr. Geo. M. Russell and Miss Elizabeth E. Fox, who were united in marriage at the Rose Hotel, Elizabethtown, Ill., on Saturday last.

The bride is a daughter of Mr. Charles W. Fox, one of the most prominent and prosperous farmers in the county. She is a lovable and accomplished young lady, and is universally conceded to be one among the fairest of Crittenden's "rosebud garden of girls."

The groom is a son of Mr. G. M. Russell, of the Press office. By profession he is a mechanical engineer, and at present has charge of the engine at the Hodge mines. He is a young gentleman of brains, energy and ambition, and will doubtless prove an affectionate and provident husband to the fair young girl who has entrusted her future happiness to his keeping. The entire Press force join in sincere congratulations.

A laundry that never fails to give satisfaction—the Magnet laundry, Jas. Hicklen, agent.

Can you guess the number of seed in a gourd? It will not cost you a cent to make a guess. Bigham & Browning.

J. B. KEVIL,
LAWYER
and City Judge.

Regular term of City Court first Monday in each month.

THE ENTERTAINMENT.

A Large Attendance and Brilliant Program.

The young ladies assisting under the direction of Mrs. Ingram were:

Misses Ray Woods,
Ruby James,
Della Barnes,
Edna Moore,
Ruth Thomas,
Laura Miles,
Lillie Cook,
Fannie Gray,
Pearl Cook,
Melville Glenn,
Kittie Gray,
Mary Maxwell,
Rosa Schwab,
Mrs. Effie Jenkins,
Mr. Ira Pierce.

A large and thoroughly appreciative audience welcomed the society bards of Marion in their musical and dramatic entertainment last Wednesday evening at the opera house. The program opened with a piano duet, followed by the other numbers in quick succession. The long waits common in more pretentious entertainments were lacking everything moving smoothly and without friction, due largely to the intelligent efforts of Mrs. Ingram, who directed and assisted the young ladies from the inception of the entertainment.

"The Violet," a vocal solo by Miss Mary Maxwell was delightfully voiced, and the young lady herself was quite in keeping with the modest flower that gave title to the composition.

"Nearer, My God, to Thee," a pantomime, by Miss Melville Glenn, with the concealed chorus chanting the hymn religious, "Nearer to Thee," was in conception and execution a pure piece of art work. The clean cut, girlish voices in the distance, the spotless white robes of the pantomimist, with the occasional colored lights thrown on the devout, upturned face of Miss Glenn, made a beautiful picture.

The young ladies of the company seemed entirely at home in the "Ribbon Drill," ribbons and young ladies are always synonymous, and it was with scarcely an effort that figures artistic and figures geometrical, and lovely figures were evolved by the russet colored ribbons in their deft hands.

"When the Autumn Leaves Are Falling," a solo by Miss Kittie Gray, with piano accompaniment, was repeatedly encored, and Miss Gray finally yielded to the enthusiasm of the audience and returned to the stage.

"Old Snake Bit Bob," a reading by Miss Rosa Schwab, was one of the many happy hits of the evening. Miss Schwab has the adaptation to her subject, the versatility, the physical grace and motion that illustrates and explains her spoken words in a very marked degree, and as the work of an amateur shows elements of strength that are rarely equaled. In response to the enthusiastic demands of the audience Miss Schwab gave as an encore, "The Possum," a little bit of humorous work, which she rendered in such an arch and natural manner that the audience were completely captivated.

Mrs. Effie Jenkins, in her unaccompanied solo on the harp, rendered "Our Old Kentucky Home" as an encore with such a soft and delicate effect that really the "old home" seemed just around the corner.

The vocal duet of Miss Kittie Gray and Mr. Ira Pierce was one of the most pleasant features of the entertainment.

The concluding number, "The Revel of the Nymphs," was in every way charming; the grouping of the young ladies, who were costumed in classic Grecian robes, each carrying a fairy hoop, forming, marching and posing was so well conceived and executed that as the various beautiful figures were formed spontaneous applause was the result. Indeed, all in all the entertainment was a brilliant success, and again shows that our Kentucky girls are the most talented, versatile and lovely beings this side of paradise.

Hardesty Bros.,

HARDESTY, KY.,
(Better known as Milford, Ky.)

Fine Whiskies,

Will retail by the quart.
Fine Kentucky Bourbon and Rye Whiskies.
Prices

SOLACE.

Yes say you are not strong enough, 'dear heart,
To bear misfortune's sting and scarring smart.
You say the future seemeth gray and dark—
A troubled sea on which you must embark.
I know how futile is my power to cheer,
I know how vain my words must be, my dear!
Yet will I utter thoughts that throng the mind,
In hopes therein some solace you may find.
The Past hath vanished like a fleeting dream,
Bearing our joys and sorrows on its stream.
The Future's doors are barred and will not ope,
E'en to the sesame of sacred hope!
The Present only is what we possess,
In which to do the deeds that blight or bless.
The Present—ah, what joys we daily store
For future good when we observe her lore.
The duty done, the anguish borne, the weight
Of cares upheld—that is to smile at Fate!
Dear heart, live in the now, nor vainly dread,
That which to fancies threatens far ahead.
—Arthur E. Locke, in Boston Budget.

My Strangest Case

BY GUY BOOTHBY.

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

(Copyrighted, 1901, by Ward, Lock & Co.)

CHAPTER I.—CONTINUED.

Next day I made my way to the great metropolis, and installed myself at a small private hotel, while I looked about me preparatory to commencing business. To talk of gaining a footing in London is all very well in its way, but it is by no means so easy a task to accomplish as it might appear. Doubtless it can be done fairly quickly if one is prepared to spend large sums of money in advertising, and is not afraid to blow one's own trumpet on every possible occasion, but that is not my line, and besides, even had I so wished, I had not the money to do it. For a multitude of reasons I did not feel inclined to embark my hard-earned savings on such a risky enterprise. I preferred to make my way by my own diligence, and with that end in view I rented an office in a convenient quarter, furnished it, put a small advertisement in a few of the papers, and then awaited the coming of my clients.

As I have a long and curious story to tell, and this book is only intended to be the narration of a certain episode in my life, a detailed description of my first three years in London would not only be superfluous, but in every way a waste of time. Let it suffice that my first case was that of the now notorious Pichard street diamond robbery, my success in which brought me business from a well-known firm in Hatton Gardens. As the public will doubtless remember, they had been robbed of some valuable gems between London and Amsterdam in a singularly audacious manner. My second was the case of the celebrated Russian swindler, who called herself Countess Demikoff. This case alone took me nearly six months to unravel, but I did not grudge the time, seeing that I was well paid for my labors, and that I managed to succeed where the police had failed. From that time forward I think I may say without boasting that I have been as successful as any man of my age has a right to expect to be. What is better still, I am now in the happy position of being able to accept or decline business as I choose. It is in many respects a hard life, and at all times attended with a fair amount of risk, but you cannot make omelettes without breaking eggs, and if anyone chooses to spend his life running to earth men who are waging war against society, well, he must not grumble if he receives some hard knocks in return.

After these preliminaries I will proceed to show how I came to be mixed up in the most curious case it has ever been my good, or evil, fortune to encounter. It showed me a side of human nature I had not met before, and it brought me the greatest happiness a man can ever hope to find.

CHAPTER II.

All business London, and a good many other people besides, must remember the famous United States Empire bank fraud. Bonds had been stolen and negotiated, vast sums of money were discovered to be missing, and the manager and one of the directors were absent also. So cleverly had the affair been worked, and so flaring were the defalcations, that had it not been for the public-spirited behavior and generosity of two of the directors, the position of the bank would have been most seriously compromised, if not shattered altogether. How the culprits had managed to slip through the fingers of the law in the first place no one could say, but the fact remains that they were able to get out of England, without, apparently, leaving a trace of their intentions or their whereabouts behind them. Scotland Yard took the matter up with its usual promptness, and at first were confident of success. They set their cleverest detectives to work upon it, and it was not until more than a month had elapsed that the men engaged were compelled most reluctantly to admit their defeat. They had done their best; it was the system under which they worked that was to blame. In the detection of crime, or in the tracing of a criminal, it is best, as in every other walk of life, to wait until the

remaining directors of the bank, in which they inquired if I could make it convenient to call upon them at the head-office that day. To tell the truth, I had been expecting this summons for nearly a week, and was far from being displeased when it came. The work I had expected them to offer me was after my own heart, and if they would only trust the business to me and give me a free hand, I was prepared on my part to bring the missing gentlemen to justice.

Needless to say, I called upon them at the hour specified, and after a brief wait was conducted to the board room, where the directors sat in solemn conclave.

The chairman, Sir Walter Bracebridge, received me on behalf of his colleagues.

"We wrote to you, Mr. Fairfax," he said, "in order to find out whether you could help us concerning the difficulty in which we find ourselves placed. You of course are aware of the serious trouble the bank has experienced, and of the terrible consequences which have resulted therefrom."

I admitted that I was quite conversant with it, and waited to hear what he would have to say next.

"As a matter of fact," he continued, "we have sent for you to know whether you can offer us any assistance in our hour of difficulty? Pray take a chair, and let us talk the matter over and see what conclusion we can arrive at."

I seated myself, and we discussed the affair to such good purpose that, when I left the board room, it was on the understanding that I was to take up the case at once, and that my expenses and a very large sum of money should be paid me, provided I could manage to bring the affair to a successful termination. I spent the remainder of that day at the bank, carefully studying the various memoranda. A great deal of what I had read and heard had been mere hearsay, and this it was necessary to discard in order that the real facts of the case might be taken up, and the proper conclusions drawn therefrom. For three days I weighed the case carefully in my mind, and at the end of that time was in a position to give the board a definite answer to their inquiries. Thereupon I left England, with the result that exactly 12 weeks later the two men, so much wanted, were at Bow street, and I had the proud knowledge of knowing that I had succeeded where the men who had tried before me had so distinctly failed.

As will be remembered, it was a case that interested every class of society, and press and public were alike united in the interest they showed in it. It is not, however, the trial itself as much as another curious circumstance connected with it that has induced me to refer to it here. The case had passed from the magistrate's court to the Old Bailey, and was hourly increasing in interest. Day after day the court was crowded to overflowing, and, when the time came for me to take my place in the witness-box and describe the manner in which I had led up to and effected the capture of



"YOU ARE MR. FAIRFAX, ARE YOU NOT?" INQUIRED THE TALLER OF THE MEN.

the offenders, the excitement rose to fever heat. I can see the whole scene now as if it had occurred but yesterday; the learned judge upon the bench, the jury in their box, the rows of counsels, and the benches full of interested spectators. I gave my evidence and was examined by the counsels for the prosecution and for the defense. I described how I had traced the men from England to their hiding-place abroad, and the various attempts that had been made to prevent their extradition, and had just referred to a certain statement one of the prisoners had made to me soon after his arrest when an interruption caused me to look behind at the rows of spectators. At the further end of the bench, nearest me, were two men; one was evidently tall, the other very short. The taller was the possessor of silvery white hair and of a venerable beard. He was a handsome-looking man of about 40, and my first glance at him told me that he was blind. As I have said, his companion was a much smaller man, with a smooth, almost boyish face, a pair of twinkling eyes, but a mouth rather hard set. Both were evidently following the case closely, and when on the next day I saw that they were in the same place I took an even greater interest in them than before. It was not, however, until the trial had finished and the pair of miserable men had been sent to penal servitude for a lengthy term of years, that I made the acquaintance of the men I have just described. I remember the circumstance quite distinctly. I had left the court and was proceeding down the Old Bailey in the direction of Ludgate Hill, when I heard my name pronounced.

Turning round I discovered to my astonishment the two men I had seen in the court, and who had seemed to

take such an interest in the case. The smaller was guiding his friend along the crowded pavement with a dexterity that was plainly the outcome of a long practice. When I stopped, they stopped also, and the blind man addressed me. His voice was deep, and had a note of pathos in it impossible to describe. It may have been that I was a little sad that afternoon, for both the men who had been condemned to penal servitude had wives and children, to whose pitiful condition the learned judge had referred when passing sentence.

"You are Mr. Fairfax, are you not?" inquired the taller of the men.

"That is my name," I admitted.

"What can I do for you?"

"If we could persuade you to vouchsafe us an hour of your valuable time we should be more grateful than we could say," the man replied. "We have an important piece of business which it might possibly be to your advantage to take up. At any rate, it would be worthy of your consideration."

"But why have you not come to me before?" I inquired. "You have seen me in court every day. Why do you wait until the case is at an end?"

"Because we wanted to be quite sure of you," he answered. "Our case is so large and of such vital importance to us, that we did not desire to run any risk of losing you. We thought we would wait and familiarize ourselves with all that you have done in this affair before coming to you. Now we are satisfied that we could not place our case in better hands, and what we are anxious to do is to induce you to interest yourself in it and take it up."

"You pay me a very high compliment," I said, "but I cannot give you a decision at once. I must hear what it is that you want me to do and have time to think it over, before I can answer you. That is my invariable rule, and I never depart from it. Do you know my office?"

"We know it perfectly," returned the blind man. "It would be strange if we did not, seeing that we have stood outside it repeatedly, trying to summon up courage to enter. Would it be possible for you to grant us an interview to-night?"

"I fear not," I said. "I am tired, and stand in need of rest. If you care to come to-morrow morning, I shall be very pleased to see you. But you must bear in mind the fact that my time is valuable, and that it is only a certain class of cases that I care to take up personally."

"We are not afraid of our case," the man replied. "I doubt if there has ever been another like it. Ifancy you yourself will say so when you hear the evidence I have to offer. It is not as if we were destitute. We are prepared to pay you well for your services, but we must have the very best that England can supply."

My readers must remember that this conversation was being carried on at the corner of Ludgate Hill and the Old Bailey. Curious glances were being thrown at my companions by passers-by, and so vehement were the tall man's utterances becoming that a small crowd was gradually collecting in our neighborhood.

"Very well," I said, "if you are really desirous of consulting me, I shall be very glad to see you at my office at ten o'clock to-morrow morning. I must ask you, however, not to be late, as I have several other appointments."

"We shall not be late," the man answered, "you may rely upon that. We have too much at stake to run any risks of losing your assistance. We will be with you to-morrow at ten o'clock punctually."

He thereupon bade me good-by, and, raising his hat politely, was led along the street by his companion in an opposite direction to that I was taking. They seemed delighted that I had given them an appointment, but for my part I am afraid I was too absorbed by the memories of the day, and the punishment that had been allotted to the two principal members in the swindle, to think very much of them and their business. Indeed, although I made a note of the appointment, it was not until I had arrived at the office on the following morning that I recollected their promised visit. I had just finished my correspondence, and had directed a few letters to my managing clerk, when a junior entered with two cards, which he placed before me. The first I took up bore the name of Septimus Gidd, that of the second, Mr. George Kitwater. When I had finished the letter I was in the act of dictating, I bade the clerk deliver them, and a moment later the blind man and his companion whom I had seen on Ludgate Hill the previous evening were ushered into my presence. I cannot remember a more venerable appearance than that presented by the taller man. His was a personality that would have appealed forcibly to any student of humanity. It was decidedly an open countenance, to which the long white beard that descended almost to his waist gave an added reverence. His head was well shaped and well set upon his shoulders, his height was six feet two if an inch, and he carried himself with the erectness of a man accustomed to an outdoor life. He was well dressed, and for that reason I surmised that he was the possessor of good manners. His companion was as much below the middle height as he was above it. His was a peculiar countenance resembling that of a boy when seen at a distance, and that of an old man when one was close to him. His eyes, as I have already said, were small, and they were set deep in his head. This, in itself, was calculated to add to his peculiar appearance. He steered his blind companion into the room and placed him in a seat. Then he perched himself on a chair beside him and waited for me to open the debate.

"Good morning, gentlemen," I said. "Allow me to congratulate you on your punctuality."

"We were afraid of missing you," observed Kitwater. "Our business is

so particular that we did not want to run any risk of losing our appointment."

"Perhaps you will now be good enough to tell me what that business is?" I replied, taking my note-book out of a drawer, preparatory to writing down what they had to say.

"In the first place, sir," the man began, "we of course understand that everything we have to tell you will be regarded by you as strictly private and confidential?"

"That goes without saying," I replied. "If I were to divulge what my clients tell me, my business would not be worth a day's purchase. You can rest assured that everything you may impart to me will be treated in strictest confidence."

"We thank you," said Kitwater. "The story I have to tell you is perhaps the strangest that has ever been told to mortal man. To begin with, you must understand that my companion and myself have but lately arrived in England. We have been for many years missionaries in China, sowing the good seed in the western provinces. I do not know whether you have ever visited that country, but, even if you have not, you must be aware to some extent of the dangers to which our calling is subjected. We carry our lives in our hands from the moment we leave civilization until we enter it again. There are times, however, that compensate one for all the trials that have to be undergone."

"You must excuse me," I said, "if I remind you that my time is valuable, and that, however interested I may be in the missionary work of China, I cannot allow it to interfere with my business. The sooner you tell me in what way you want me to help you, the sooner I shall be able to give you the answer you are seeking."

"I must implore your pardon," the man continued, humbly enough. "I am afraid our calling, however, is apt to make us a trifle verbose. If you will allow me I will put what I have to say in as few words as possible."

I bowed and signed to him to proceed.

THE WHIRLIGIG TABLE.

An Ingenious Three-Story Affair Made by a Connecticut Yankee Years Ago.

A lounge in a second-hand furniture shop asked the man behind the counter whether he had ever seen one of the queer merry-go-round tavern tables described recently in a New York newspaper, relates the Detroit Free Press.

"Yes," the second-hand man answered, "and I can go ahead of that New York man's story. I've seen a whirligig table three stories high. The New York man's table had only one story, with pigeon-holes for the dishes of food in the revolving center. Also, he describes it as a southern device, but I happen to know that all these revolving tables are Yankee inventions. Those I have seen were invented by Connecticut Yankees, good men who had such big families that they couldn't get all their children served with food under half an hour's valuable time."

"Down in a Kentucky town, now, I could show you a three-story revolving dinner table. It was carefully constructed years ago by a man who came west from Connecticut; he made it of beautiful inlaid woods, and the family used it with doilies under the plates instead of a tablecloth. The center of the table proper was a revolving disk on which the meats and vegetables were placed, and above this a smaller disk revolved, holding salads and fruits, and on a little disk at the top was always a glorious big cake. Yes, it looked queer, of course; but that Yankee mother and housewife was an extra good cook, and I've seen some remarkably toothsome repasts go round on that old whirligig table. The family is all grown and scattered now. When the children were young they thought their father's invention was the finest thing in the world. It served a good purpose, too—that funny old whirligig table did."

Church Going in the Olden Days.

Those who are concerned about the present condition of church attendance, now being discussed in our columns, might like to return to the state of things prevalent in George II.'s reign. The mediaeval laws for fining people who did not go to church, and even those who harbored absentees, were still in force, which looks as though the church still entered a good deal into the daily life of the people. There was, indeed, daily service in 44 of the city churches, and evening service in all of them on Wednesday and Friday evenings, besides special sermons on other days in churches endowed with lectureships. Fast days were still rigorously observed, too, although, in most cases, the shops were not closed on Ash Wednesday and Good Friday, as they had been in monastic times. But the work of the clergy practically ended with the performance of their ecclesiastical duties and the visiting of the sick. Other parish work was not then done by the clergy at all.—London Chronicle.

Prominent in Literature.

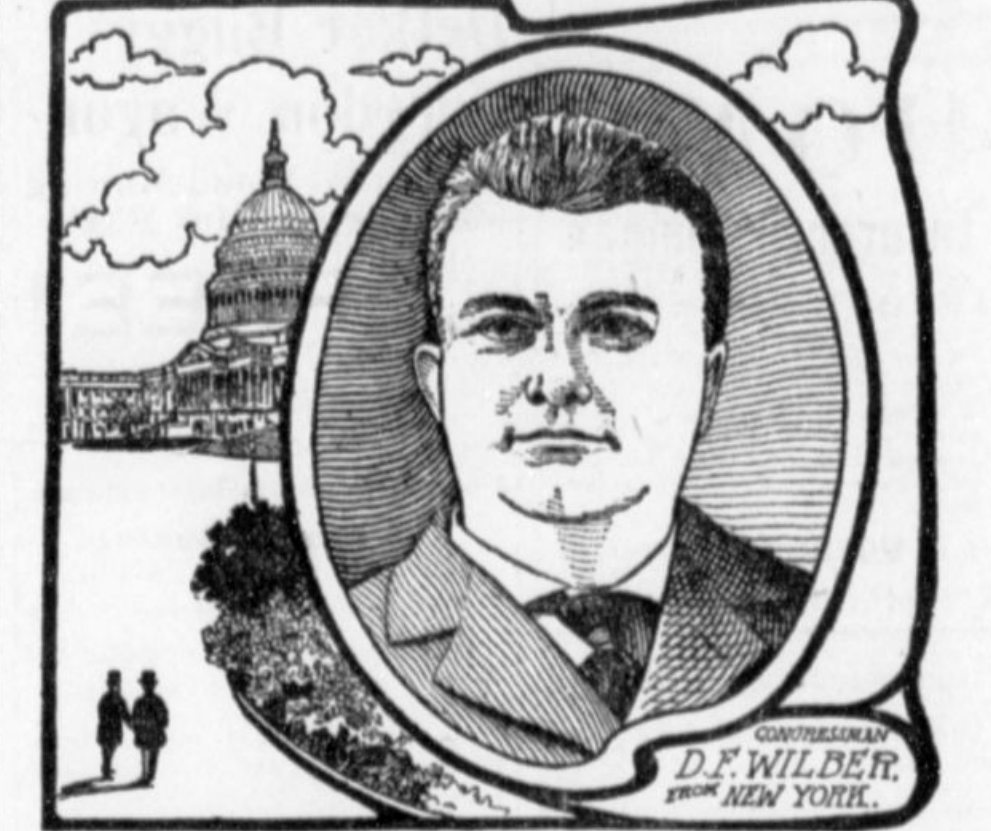
"I tell you," said "Shiny Patches," as he addressed five of his companions while all were basking in the sunshine and resting between rests, "we are the prominent figures in modern literature. I don't pick up a paper without reading something about some member of our ancient order. The very thought of our fame makes me eloquent."

"We are indeed famous. Every intelligent man recognizes the names of 'Weary Willie,' 'Dusty Rhodes,' 'Meandering Mike,' 'Tired Thomas,' 'Hungry Hawkins,' 'Resting Robert,' and a score more of names that we are proud of. Literature has made us."—Stray Stories.

CONGRESSMAN WILBER SAYS

(To The Pe-ru-na Medicine Co., of Columbus, O.,)

"Pe-ru-na is All You Claim For It."



Congressman D. F. Wilber, of Oneonta, N. Y., writes:

The Peru-na Medicine Co., Columbus, O.: Gentlemen—Persuaded by a friend I have tried your remedy and I have almost fully recovered after the use of a few bottles. I am fully convinced that Peru-na is all you claim for it, and I cheerfully recommend your medicine to all who are afflicted with catarrhal trouble."—DAVID F. WILBER.

Peru-na Preventive and Cure for Colds.

Mr. C. F. Given, Sussex, N. R., Vice President of "The Past-time Boating Club," writes:

"Whenever the cold weather sets in I have for years past been very sure to catch a severe cold which was hard to throw off, and which would leave after-effects on my constitution the most of the winter."

"Last winter I was advised to try Peru-na, and within five days the cold was broken up and in five days more I was a well man. I recommended it to several of my friends and all speak the highest praise for it. There is nothing like Peru-na for catarrhal afflictions. It is well high infallible as a cure, and I gladly endorse it."—C. F. Given.

Gave New Life and Strength.

Mr. Edward Laws, Crown Point, Ind., writes the following:

"I must tell you what a grand help Peru-na has been to me. For over two years I suffered with catarrh of the lungs and throat, and although I doctored for it, nothing brought me relief until I tried Peru-na. One bottle helped me greatly, and three more effected a complete cure, while at the same time it gave such new life and strength to my whole body that I feel like a new man and ten years younger."

"I hope that my testimonial may induce others who are similarly afflicted to try Peru-na."—Edward Laws.

A Prominent Singer Saved From Loss of Voice.

Mr. Julian Weisseltz, 176 Seneca street, Buffalo, N. Y., is corresponding secretary of The Sangeriust, of New York; is the leading second bass of the Sangeriust, the largest German singing society of New York, and also the oldest.

In 1899 the Sangeriust celebrated its fiftieth anniversary with a large celebration in New York City. The following is his testimony:

"About two years ago I caught a severe cold while traveling and which settled into catarrh of the bronchial tubes, and so affected my voice that I was obliged to cancel my engagements. In distress, I was advised to try Peru-na, and although I had never used a patent medicine before, I sent for a bottle."

"Words but illly describe my surprise to find that within a few days I was greatly relieved, and within three weeks I was entirely recovered. I am never without it now, and take an occasional dose when I feel run down."—Julian Weisseltz.

If you do not derive prompt and satisfactory results from the use of Peru-na, 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, O.

One Cent a mile to TEXAS

COTTON BELT ROUTE

On account of the Confederate rate Veteran Reunion, April 22d to 25th, tickets will be sold to Dallas, via the Cotton Belt, at rate of one cent a mile. This rate is open to everybody. Return Limit will be extended to May 15th, and low rate side trip tickets will be sold to all parts of Texas, Oklahoma and Indian Territories. If you ever expect to visit Texas, this will be the chance of your life to do so. Write for rate and schedule from your home town.

Any Confederate Veteran who contemplates attending the Reunion at Dallas will be sent 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.

W. C. FEZLER, D. P. A., Memphis, Tenn. W. S. ADAMS, T. P. A., Nashville, Tenn.
F. E. WATTS, T. P. A., Cincinnati, O. J. E. ADAMS, T. P. A., Cairo, Ill.
E. W. LA BEARNE, G. P. & T. A., St. Louis, Mo.

DR. MOFFETT'S TEETHINA (TEETHING POWDERS)

Cures Cholera-Infantum, Diarrhoea, Dysentery and the Bowel Troubles of Children of Any Age. Aids Digestion, Regulates the Bowels, Strengthens the Child and MAKES TEETHING EASY. Cures Eruptions and Sores, Colds, Hives and Thrush. Removes and prevents Worms. TEETHINA Counteracts and Overcomes the Effects of the Summer's heat upon Teething Children, and costs only 25 cents at Druggists, or Mail 25 cents to G. J. MOFFETT, M. D., St. Louis, Mo.

We all want justice—when it's on our side.—Puck.

ALABASTINE

The Only Durable Wall Coatings

Wall Paper is unsanitary. Kalamines are temporary, rot, rub off and scale. ALABASTINE is a pure, permanent and artistic wall coating, ready for the brush by mixing in cold water. For sale by paint dealers everywhere.

Buy in packages and beware of worthless imitations.

ALABASTINE COMPANY, Grand Rapids, Mich.

READY ROOFING

Anybody with a hammer CAN ROOF! Two-ply complete, 100 square feet, \$1.75. Three-ply complete, 100 " " " 2.00.

BAATHOLEW ROOFING COMPANY, 400 Second Street, - MEMPHIS, TENN.

WHEN WRITING TO ADVERTISERS please state that you saw the Advertiser in this paper.

A Non-Sinkable Boat.
Experiments are being made on a device to prevent boats from sinking. By turning a wheel several water-tight doors are instantly closed. If it is a success it will make ocean travel as free from danger as Hotchkiss' Stomach Bitters does the road through life. It is a specific remedy for stomach ills, such as belching, flatulency, heartburn, indigestion, dyspepsia and constipation. It is also a splendid blood purifier and preventive of la grippe, malaria, fever and ague. Be sure to try it.

He—"Darling, what do you suppose I have done to-day?" She—"I couldn't guess in a hundred years." He—"I have had my life insured." She—"That's just like you, John Mann. All you seem to think of is your-self."—Boston Transcript.

Fictitious.
It is very seldom that we pay much attention to reports circulated in reference to the virtue of a patent medicine, as we have always considered that reports of this nature were more or less fictitious and gotten up for the purpose of creating a demand from the public. But the publication in various papers of the wonderful results obtained from using that famous remedy St. Jacobs Oil, and from the fact that it is a remedy for outward application only, led us to make trials of it in our own family. One, a case of lumbago of long standing which had previously resisted every form of treatment, was permanently cured by a few applications of the Oil. Another was a sprained ankle, with severe pain. This was instantly relieved and permanently cured in a few days by the use of St. Jacobs Oil, while for severe toothache and neuralgia it acted almost like magic, so quickly did the pain depart after the Oil was applied. Our own experience in using the Oil, as above indicated, was so highly satisfactory that we determined in the interest of the general public to make a thorough local investigation among dealers and others who have sold and used St. Jacobs Oil. Recognizing Messrs. Taylor and Co. as head-quarters for all proprietary medicines, we called at their drug store, and on making known the object of our visit to the general manager, he stated that their three stores in Leeds were selling more than a thousand bottles of St. Jacobs Oil every week, and the trade was constantly increasing—that it was the most popular remedy sold and was highly spoken of by everyone who used it. The manager said he had heard hundreds of people say they had been permanently cured of rheumatism, neuralgia, sciatica, and similar complaints by the use of this famous Oil.

Only a Bird.
Nervous Lady (as a large bird flies before the vessel)—Oh, captain, is that an owl?
Matter-of-Fact Captain—No, madam; that is a seagull.—Judge.

Earliest Russian Millet.
Will you be short of hay? If so plant a plenty of this prodigally prolific millet. 5 to 8 TONS OF RICH HAY PER ACRE. Price 50 lbs. \$1.00; 100 lbs. \$1.50, low freight. John A. Salzer Seed Co., La Crosse, Wis.

This would be a far more desirable world to live in were it not for the fact that too many people are always doing their best to do their worst.—Chicago Daily News.

Stops the Cough and Works Off the Cold.
Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. Price 25c.

"He is satisfied now that this is a hard, hard world." Why, he's rich, and has everything he could wish for. "I know, but he's been thrown out of his automobile several times lately."—Philadelphia Press.

The Public Awards the Palm to Hale's Honey of Horehound and Tar for coughs. Pike's Toothache Drops Cure in one minute.

Rimer—"And who is your favorite poet, Mr. Kostique?" Kostique—"Chatterton." "Huh! What do you find to admire in him?" "He committed suicide."—Philadelphia Press.

Ask To-Day for Allen's Foot-Ease.
It cures swollen, aching, tired feet. At all Drugists and Shoe stores. 25c. Sample sent FREE. Address A. S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

Aged Criminal (who has just got a life sentence)—"Oh, me, I shall never live to do it!" Judge (sweetly)—"Never mind. Do as much of it as you can!"—Punch.

PUTNAM FADELESS DYES are easier to use and color more goods brighter and faster colors than any other dye.

He—"It is reported around town that we are engaged." She—"Is it? What idiotic things people do say."—Somerville Journal.

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

Briefly, monarchy is the system of naming eras for the persons who do about the least to make these illustrious.—Puck.

CHANGE OF LIFE.

Some Sensible Advice to Women by Mrs. E. Sailer.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—When I passed through what is known as 'change of life,' I had two years' suffering,—sudden heat, and as quick chills would pass over me; my appetite was variable and I never could tell for



MRS. E. SAILER,
President German Relief Association,
Los Angeles, Cal.

a day at a time how I would feel the next day. Five bottles of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound changed all that, my days became days of health, and I have enjoyed every day since—now six years.

"We have used considerable of your Vegetable Compound in our charitable work, as we find that to restore a poor mother to health so she can support herself and those dependent upon her, if such there be, is truer charity than to give other aid. You have my hearty endorsement, for you have proven yourself a true friend to suffering women."—Mrs. E. Sailer, 756 1/2 Hill St., Los Angeles, Cal.—\$3.00 per bottle if above testimonial is not genuine.

No other person can give such helpful advice to women who are sick as can Mrs. Pinkham, for no other has had such great experience—her address is Lynn, Mass., and her advice free—if you are sick write her—you are foolish if you don't.

HORTICULTURE

PRUNING CHERRY TREES.

Until the Bearing Age Is Reached This Operation Is One of Paramount Importance.

Authorities on the subject have fallen into the habit of saying that cherry trees need "practically no pruning whatever." Of course this is a general statement, which, like most general statements, does not contain all the truth or all the facts. It is somewhat misleading also, to the inexperienced fruit grower; for he, naturally, is inclined to apply such a rule to every cherry tree on his farm, regardless of variety, age or condition. My own observation and experience convince me that most cherry trees need regular and systematic pruning until the bearing age is reached. After that, if the first five or six years' trimming has been properly attended to, very little if any pruning is required.

Commercial cherry orchards are rarely seen in Michigan or Ohio, but in New York state, California, Idaho, etc., cherry culture has received much attention. Personally I take great pride and pleasure in a little block of 50 trees which I set with my own hands four years ago. The varieties are mostly Montmorency and Early Richmond, with a few sweet varieties such as Gov. Wood, Windsor, Black Tartarian and Yellow Spanish. For four years this little cherry orchard has received the same care and attention that my peach and pear orchards have. Each spring the trees have been pruned; each winter moderate amounts of stable manure and wood ashes have been applied; each year the orchard has been plowed



CHERRY TREES PROPERLY PRUNED.

and regularly harrowed. Spraying (for the slug which attacks the leaves) has been attended to; and, early in August, the ground has been "seeded down" to oats or rye or crimson clover.

The result is exceedingly satisfactory. The cherry trees have made a splendid growth, and are shapely and thrifty and promising. I bought these 50 trees for about \$6 four years ago; to-day I would not take \$100 for the orchard. Indeed, if I am not greatly mistaken, and if I live long enough, I expect to see seasons when I can market \$100 worth of cherries from these 50 trees. That is not an extraordinary expectation, either. It's fully within the bounds of reason, judging from the yield and net profit derived from occasional door yard cherry trees in this neighborhood.

But, of course, to attain such success with cherries—or any other fruit—the location must be right, the soil and climate congenial, and the details of cultivation must all be attended to. And, in my opinion, pruning is one of the essential details. It is true, however, that cherry trees require much less pruning than do other fruit trees. A very little suffices. The accompanying photo engraving shows the amount of "brush" removed from an average Montmorency tree last spring. As you will notice there were no "big limbs" removed; nothing but small and occasional twigs and branches that threatened to cross or grow inward. By pruning a little every year, no necessity for removing large limbs has existed; nor should it exist.

My aim has been merely to remove surplus branches, which either hung so low as to interfere with horse cultivation, or which promised to make the center of the tree too dense, or which interfered with other branches. I have never "headed back" the limbs (as is customary with peach or pear trees) and I have always been careful not to shock the trees by over-pruning in any one year. No case of bark-burst or injury has ever resulted from this pruning. The sweet varieties of cherries, I find, require less pruning than the sour varieties; and the Montmorency needs less trimming than does the Richmond. Each variety has its own peculiar habit of growth, and should be treated accordingly.—Walter E. Andrews, in Ohio Farmer.

Standard Box for Apples.
A standard apple box has been adopted by the Inland Empire Horticultural association, of Washington. The box is to contain 224 cubic inches of space and will be made in two shapes in order to conform to the different varieties of apples. One size will be 10x11x12 1/2 inches inside measure and the other will be 10 1/2 x 11 x 18 1/2 inches inside measurement. The official standard adopted by the association is slightly over a bushel. Each box of apples is to be branded "One bushel." The next legislature will be urged to adopt a standard by law, coupling therewith a penalty for using any other.

MAKING FARM HOTBED.

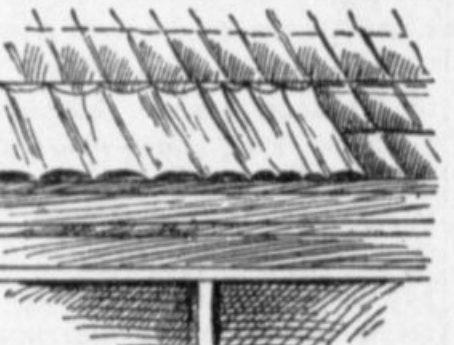
If You Have Neglected to Construct One This Year Save This Advice for Next Season.

The site for a bed should be on a slope facing south, and if sheltered on the north and west by buildings or grove so much the better. Mark a space on the ground at least one foot larger each way than the sash to be used. Throw out earth to the depth of two feet, which should be done in the fall. Fill this with horse manure having plenty of litter in it. Tramp it down firmly. Make a frame the size of the sash, set it over the pit, and put the sash on; if the frame is built so the sash fits inside, and cleats are nailed on the inside inch from the top to hold it, the sash cannot blow off or slip out of place. The north end sash should be from four to six inches higher than the south end. Bank round the outside of frame with horse manure. The heat at first will be too intense, but when it has subsided to about 80 degrees put on five or six inches of the best soil obtainable, and sow the seed. Keep the temperature at from 70 to 75 degrees in the day time, and do not let it get below 55 at night. At night it may have to be covered with blankets or mats if very cold. Do not remove sashes to give air immediately after removing covering or the plants will damp off. Sow the hotbed about April 1 and sow in it tomatoes and peppers. Sometimes it is best to start plants in boxes in the house, then about April 20 make a hotbed and transplant into it, giving each plant from four to six inches space each way. In this way tomatoes will be in blossom when it is warm enough to set them in the open air, which will generally be from June 1 to 10. Nothing is gained by putting them out as long as it is cold and frost may destroy them. Be sure to give plenty of air on warm sunny days. I lost a fine lot of plants one spring by neglecting to raise the sash one morning, says the writer; at noon when I went to look at them they were all dead, scalded as if by hot water. As the weather becomes warmer remove the sashes altogether in the day time, replacing at night. A couple of days before setting in the open ground, water very sparingly. Then take up carefully with as much soil as possible and transplant.—Farm, Stock and Home.

SHADE IN GREENHOUSES.

Simple Device Which Prevents All Danger from Injury to Tender Plants by the Hot Sun.

Shade in greenhouses to protect plants against the hot sun becomes more necessary as spring advances. A simple device to obviate such ill effects is shown in the sketch herewith. Two wires are stretched above the bench, and on these is hung, with brass rings, a length of cotton cloth, to be pulled over the plant or shoved aside to one end of the house, as conditions demand. The inner wire may be much higher than the other, thus being out of the way. The cloth will thus be nearly at the same angle of the slope over the bench as the glass roof. Each bench in the greenhouse can be thus provided with covers at a trifling expense of time or money.—Farm and Home.



SHADE FOR GREENHOUSE.

ORCHARD AND GARDEN.
Do not any longer put off getting your garden seeds.

Cut away old and dead portions of the raspberry, blackberry, currant and gooseberry bushes.

The average cost of growing an acre of sugar beets in Colorado, exclusive of rent of land, is about \$30.

Sunlight let into gooseberry bushes will reduce the number of those that produce mildew berries.

Make up a list of plants and bushes needed this spring to keep up the assortment in your berry patch and to replace the dead and dying.

Under proper culture and protection from fire Norway spruce can in 25 or 30 years be grown of sufficient size to furnish a crop of wood for paper pulp.

The berry patch can be cleaned out now with less work than at any time between now and this time next year. Don't forget this till the bushes are all leaved out.

A strawberry grower found that by removing one-third of the berries from the vines, allowing only the best to grow, he got one-third more berries by the measure, and that when sold in market they not only paid for the labor, but increased the profit.—Farmers' Voice.

Club Root of Cabbage.

The treatment of this disease by fungicides has not proved successful up to the present time, and until some better means of combating this pest is found, the best plan will be to starve it out of the soil by growing other crops upon which it cannot thrive. The same land should not be used for cabbage and allied species oftener than once in three or four years. All materials, such as stumps of cabbage and root trimmings of turnips, which are capable of spreading the disease, should be destroyed.—Midland Farmer.

A PROFITABLE YEAR ON THE FARM

Depends to a large extent on pure blood, good digestion and a sound physical condition.

The farmer cannot afford to commence Spring work with his blood loaded with impurities or with a torpid liver or constipated bowels. When the sun gets warm, if there are impurities in the blood they begin to spread their malignant influence to every part of the system producing a drowsy, tired, lazy feeling. Work becomes a severe task instead of a pleasure and the victim has to drive himself to his daily duties. Unless this condition is corrected symptoms of a spell of sickness soon appear. The appetite becomes variable, the breath foul, with bad taste in the mouth, occasional headache and feverishness, all of which gradually grows worse as the days get warmer, and by the time hot weather sets in the victim finds that he can't work to amount to anything. He is weak, short-winded and his head swims on the least exertion hence he is compelled to lose valuable time sitting around home when he should be out looking after the harvesting of crops or other important work. How long delayed the final breakdown will be is a question of strength, and if the disease is allowed to progress until it undermines the constitution the end is inevitable, in the meantime there is much suffering and expense. The proper course to avoid this misery is to begin the season right, by thoroughly purifying the blood, and cleansing and regulating the stomach, liver and bowels so that the system will be equipped for hard work in hot weather. Prudent persons begin taking a reliable system tonic and blood purifier with the first appearance of Spring, and continue its use regularly until Summer begins. The expense of this "spring cleaning" is trifling while the benefits are beyond estimate. The number of persons who take a course of PRICKLY ASH BITTERS every year for this purpose is increasing rapidly. As its great efficacy in purifying the blood and regulating the system becomes more widely acknowledged it appeals to all good managers. Every man who is a success in life is a good manager and nowhere is good management more necessary than among the workers on the farm. A good manager not only considers financial matters but he recognizes the close connection between health and earning power. If he has not health he cannot make money because the time needed for labor is lost in sickness. PRICKLY ASH BITTERS then is a money maker. Used as a Spring tonic it purifies and enriches the blood, strengthens the digestive organs, stimulates the kidneys, regulates the liver and bowels; in short, it puts the system in complete order. When all the vital organs are active and the stomach can digest and assimilate food properly the physical condition of the body is at its best and a man's capacity for work is only limited to his strength.

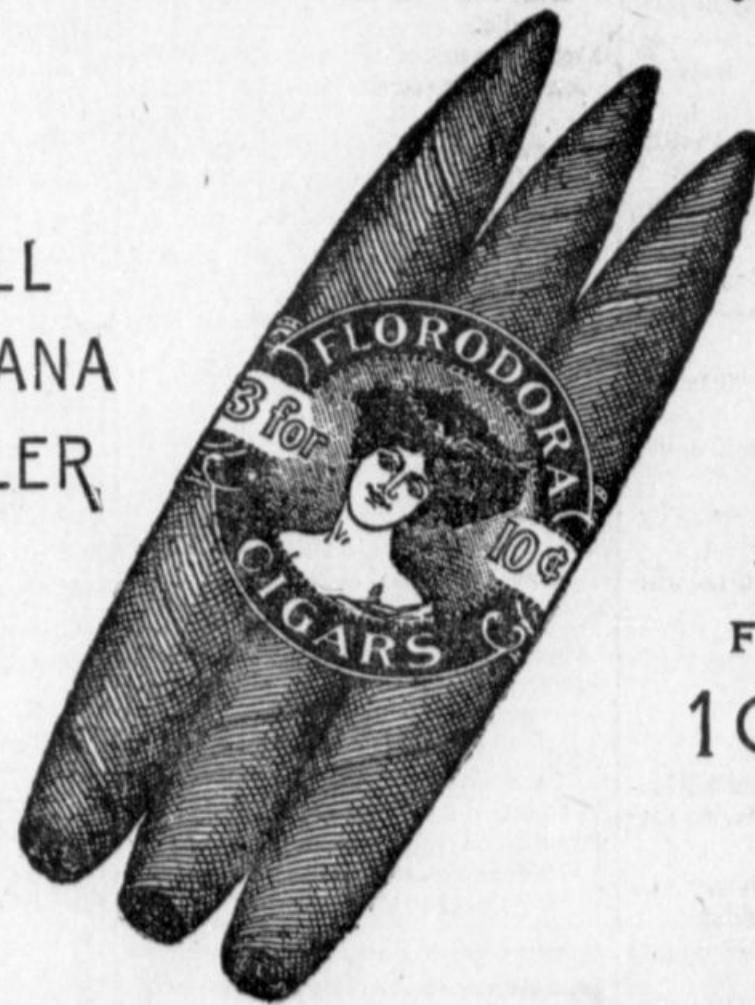
PRICKLY ASH BITTERS is good for the whole family. It is good for sickly children as it acts mildly on the liver and bowels, drives out worms or impurities, promotes good appetite and digestion, sound sleep and a healthy growth. It is a marvelous remedy for women and the ailments peculiar to their sex, establishes regularity, cures constipation, heartburn and nervous weakness, sweetens the breath, removes sallowness and transforms the cross tired victim into a bright cheerful woman with clear eye and the rosy bloom of health in the complexion.

SOLD EVERYWHERE AT \$1.00 PER BOTTLE.

Unscrupulous dealers may offer you something which they say is "just as good" as Prickly Ash Bitters. Don't take it; they want to increase profits at your expense. Insist on getting the genuine.

Good enough for anybody
In the reach of everybody

ALL
HAVANA
FILLER



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10¢

You can't buy a Cigar of better
quality for 10 cents each.

"FLORODORA" Bands are of same value as tags from "Star," "Drummond," "Natural Leaf," "Good Luck," "Old Peach and Honey," "Razor" and "E. Rice Greenville" Tobacco.

HAZARD
GUN POWDER
For the benefit of those who have not patterned their guns in some time, and for those who possibly have never individually made such patterns on a regular target, we have prepared some sets, each of which has three circles 20 inch, 16 inch, and 12 inch, for use at 40 yds., and will be pleased to send two of these to any gunner who desires to pattern or regularize their guns, and have records worth keeping. Address: HAZARD BROS. & CO., 100 N. 3rd St., NEW YORK, N.Y.

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GOUTS WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS.
Best Cough Syrup. Cures Croup. Use in time. Sold by druggists.

WANTED Walnut Logs, LUMBER AND TREES.
Extra Price Paid for 14 and 16 Feet Long Logs.
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A. N. K.-F 1913

PILES
ANAKESIS gives instant relief and positive cures for PILES. For free single address, "ANAKESIS," use mailing stamp, New York.

LOCAL NEWS.

The Continued Story of Current Events.

REPTON.

Hurrah for O. M. J!
The school taught by Miss Ada Nation is progressing nicely.
Charley Gouch of Blackford, was in town last week on business.
Miss Mary Nunn, of Sullivan is visiting her uncle, R. I. Nunn, of our city.
W. B. Wring, of Marion, was in our midst Wednesday.
Mrs Victory Curry, of Sturgis, was here last week.
Tom Perryman spent Thursday in Blackford.
Burglars entered the residence of Sam Long one day last week when no one was at home and carried off some clothes.
Dr Driskill of Marion was here last week.
Clem Thurman, of Webster county, is visiting in this section.
Mrs W. S. Jones made a trip to Sturgis Wednesday.
Geo Perryman, of Marion, was here Thursday.
Uncle Will Asher, of Weston, spent Friday with Joe Samuel here.
J. L. Dean of Henderson, was in our midst last week.
J. S. McMurray has had his house re-roofed.
Carter Powell, who has been very ill for several weeks, is improving very rapidly.
Horace Smith and wife, of Sturgis, spent Sunday with us.
Miss Linnie Nunn visited in Rockport Sunday.
Louis Onell, of Baker's, was here Sunday.
Miss Ada Duvall, of Marion, visited in this section Sunday.
Rev C. E. Perryman filled his regular appointment here Sunday.

JOB COULDN'T HAVE STOOD IT.

If he had had itching piles. They're terribly annoying, but Buckle's Arnica Salve will cure the worst case of piles on earth. It has cured thousands. For injuries, pains or bodily eruptions it is the best salve in the world. Price 25c a box. Cure guaranteed. At Woods'.

CHAPEL HILL.

James N. Hill was in Eddyville last week.
Mrs John Baird, from Illinois, is visiting her parents, Horace Williamson and wife.
Mr Nute Woodside, of Mayfield, is visiting relatives in this section.
W. H. Bigham wants your order for the best grade of fertilizer.
Sunday is our regular meeting day at Chapel Hill. The third Sunday in each month.
Green Jacobs went to the Beavers' on Tuesday.
James Alex Hill attended the Presbytery which was held at Newport, Ky.
Mrs Mary Hill is very sick. She is the mother of T. M., H. S. and H. O. Hill.
Tobacco plants look promising in our neighborhood. A large acreage will be set out.
J. T. Bigham sold a fine horse last week.
Henry Minner, of Eddyville, is in our midst.
W. H. Bigham wants to sell some 100 pound shoats; apply at once.
Will Ward has bought one of Dr. Carter's fine horses.

NEW SALEM.

Mrs Geo C. Kirk is very sick.
Henry Bruster and Miss Addie Bruster spent Saturday and Sunday in Livingston county.
Tom Harpending and sister, Miss Blake, were at Deer Creek Sunday.
No corn planted yet; farmers holding for warmer weather.
Lum Massey and Charlin Waing will own the W. J. Fuller farm the present year.
J. F. Threlkeld has moved back to his farm.
Will Summers and Harry Harpending of Marion were in this section Saturday and Sunday.
Joe Pace is the first farmer and the only one in this section to have any corn planted.
A Mr. Gass from above Marion has moved on the Bill Tyner farm and will work for Mr. Tyner the coming summer.
The mineral business is on a boom. Our oil well we mentioned some two weeks ago will materialize in a short time.
We have got the mineral in this section and it won't be long before it will be taken out.
A man can afford to snake bit this summer. There is plenty of money and minerals (and a good horse).
J. P. Pierce.

MEXICO.

Lake Campbell and family of Oklahoma, were visiting relatives here Sunday.
Rev Lane filled his appointment here Saturday and Sunday.
Mrs Hudspeth has been sick several days but is recovering.
A little son of Ben Capps fell and was badly hurt last week.
John Chamberless has moved from Sturgis to this place.
Mrs Robinson, of Dawson Springs, is visiting her nephew, Mr Capps, at this place.
B. B. Boswell and son have purchased a house and lot in Marion from Duck Stephenson.
Wm Smith and wife of Fredonia, were visiting friends here Sunday.
Miss Analeza Watts returned from Marion Saturday.
Mack Magee and family are visiting her father, Mr. Williamson, of Chapel Hill.
Green Franklin and family of Frances were visiting her mother, Mrs. Wheeler, Sunday.
Miss Alice Brasher died Saturday after a lingering illness of consumption. The remains were laid to rest in Caldwell Springs cemetery.
Misses Lucy Call and Ida Drennan were the guests of Mrs Lucy Williamson Sunday.
Miss Nannie Debe was the guest of Miss Emma Taber last week.

TIS EASY TO FEEL GOOD.

Countless thousands have found a blessing to the body in Dr. King's New Life Pills, which positively cure consumption, sick headache, dizziness, jaundice, fever and ague and all liver and stomach troubles. Purely vegetable, never gripe or weaken. Only 25 cent a box.

ASKING FOR PIE.

A DONE HAM
O give me a piece of 'dried apple pie,' Made out of sunshine, apples and rye, To end up my feast of old country ham, With its rich red gravy, fried eggs, brown biscuit and jam.
O sweet to my taste is 'dried apple pie,' Laden with spices 'formed out of the sky, Sweet to end up my meal of old country ham, With its rich red gravy, fried eggs, brown biscuit and jam.
O who could long live on 'dried apple pie?,' Inflated so much he'd bust bye and bye, O give me, yes give me, the old country ham, With its rich, red gravy, fried eggs, brown biscuit and jam.
O poet, O poet, of the 'dried apple pie,' Lead me not to my death, oh why should I die!
O teach me not of thy ways to partake, I don't want to swell 'till I'm ready to break,
O let me alone with my old country ham 'With its rich, red gravy, fried eggs, brown biscuit and jam.'
I believe in my heart that my song on the ham Would bring up sweet memories to dear Uncle Sam,
When he was a boy red gravy smelt good, And he'd enjoy some of that ham if he could,
But dear Uncle Sam is eating of late Rich, spiced pies, 'till sure they inflate, He doing just what, O poet you said, Mixing up things, and swelling a head!
"Apples for breakfast, water for dinner, Swelling for supper and you'll be a winner."
O poet, O poet, oh why so inflate me? O, why so tempting to me will you be, To endeavor to lead me up to thy bliss, O can I be a dried apple pie like this!
Dear old, sweet old, Dried apple pie!!

Poorly?

"For two years I suffered terribly from dyspepsia, with great depression, and was always feeling poorly. I then tried Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and in one week I was a new man."—John McDonald, Philadelphia, Pa.

Don't forget that it's "Ayer's" Sarsaparilla that will make you strong and hopeful. Don't waste your time and money by trying some other kind. Use the old, tested, tried, and true Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

SOLDIER LIFE

How the Day Is Spent At An Army Post.

FT. RILEY, KAN., April 15—ED. PRESS: The army is dead at this season of the year, for so much rain interferes with the regular routine of duty; but when summer sheds her green coat, 'tis then that the army is very active.

Every soldier is provided with a revolver belt, canteen, knife, fork, spoon, and field outfit, and taught how to use them. His day begins with the reveille, which is sounded at 6 o'clock. The bugle says, according to army tradition:

I can't get 'm up,
I can't get 'm up,
I can't get 'm up in the morning;
I can't get 'm up,
I can't get 'm up,
I can't stir 'm up at all.
The corporal's worse than the private,
And won't obey the call,
The Sargeant's worse than corporal,
The Captain's worse than all.

Roll call and mess call follow ten minutes after reveille.

In addition to the above we have "stables" at 7:00 a.m., at which call all men available fall out in white suits and campaign hats and are marched to the corral or picket line and at once put to grooming their steeds.

As soon as "stables" are over we fall out for dismounted exercises and gymnasium drills. At 9 o'clock the battery is "hitched in," and goes out for regular drill. "Mess" is sounded at noon and no more duty is required until 4 p.m. when the stable act is gone over again. Evening mess is sounded at 5:30 and retreat at 6:30. At retreat all men form in blue uniforms and white gloves for roll call.

After retreat all men that are granted passes can be absent from their organization until next morning at reveille. A soldier's day ends at 9:30 o'clock with tattoo, and a quarter of an hour later taps is sounded, when all lights must be put out, and a non-commissioned officer with a lantern inspects all the dormitories, counts the men, and reports the result to the officer of the day.

Horseback riding is one of the most interesting drills in the light artillery. During the first stages of mounted drill the horses, provided with snaffle bits, are placed in line facing the riding hall, and taught to remain perfectly still in that position, while each man is instructed how to properly mount. It is then that he must master the art of vaulting into the saddle without touching the stirrup. He practices leaning back until his head touches the horses croup, touching the ground with one hand, meanwhile supporting himself by grasping hold of the pommel of the saddle with one hand and gripping the cantle with his ankles. The mounted drills are

more interesting than foot drills, and a great deal more thrilling and full of excitement. The skill of a first-class soldier becomes marvelous. They perform tricks that one does not see in a circus and fairly out do the "Rough Riders" of Buffalo Bill's show, except the riding of bucking bronchos.

At a large fort like this the men are very comfortably housed in large stone barracks. On each side is large, broad porches, that furnish comfortable lounging places for the lazy class of men.

The quarters are scrupulously clean, and everything must be in its place. On Saturday and Sunday the men are relieved from drill and can retire to the post exchange or canteen, where all sorts of jolly amusements are indulged in, and quite often to excess.

With much love and good wishes for my many Crittenden county friends, I beg to remain,

M. C. Sutherland,
Seventh Battery Artillery Corps,
Fort Riley, Kan.

Obituary.

Sister Narcissa Tolley, wife of J. R. Tolley and daughter of James and Darthula Ainsworth, was born June 12th, 1874, professed faith in Christ in 1891, and united with the Baptist church at Deer creek. She was married Oct 18th, 1899.

She loved her church and lived a faithful and consistent member until her death, which occurred April the 4th, 1902. Her death was from blood poisoning. She leaves a devoted husband, two precious little children, a kind and affectionate father and mother, two precious sisters, a loving brother and a host of friends to mourn their loss. But we sorrow not as those who have no hope.

Sister Nar, as she was familiarly called, was a very intelligent, refined, christian lady, whom to know was to love.

But now she rests from all her labors and her works do follow her, Weep not dear father, mother, husband, brother and sister, for if you live as she lived it won't be long till you meet her on that beautiful shore where disease and death can never come, where tears are never shed, and where we will never say goodbye. And may God's richest blessings come upon her loved ones, and especially upon the precious little children is the heart's desire of the writer.

The funeral services were conducted by the writer at Hopewell church, in Livingston county near her home, after which we laid her away in the cemetery at that place to await the resurrection of the just.

Sleep on, dear loved one
And take thy rest;
God called thee home,
He thought it best.

W. R. Gibbs.

CASTORIA.
The Kind You Have Always Bought
Bears the Signature of
Chas. H. Fletcher

R. J. MORRIS

Dentist,

Office over Marion Bank.

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

CASTORIA

The Kind You Have Always Bought, and which has been in use for over 30 years, has borne the signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher* and has been made under his personal supervision since its infancy. Allow no one to deceive you in this. All Counterfeits, Imitations and "Just-as-good" are but Experiments that trifle with and endanger the health of Infants and Children—Experience against Experiment.

What is CASTORIA

Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is Pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. It destroys Worms and allays Feverishness. It cures Diarrhoea and Wind Colic. It relieves Teething Troubles, cures Constipation and Flatulency. It assimilates the Food, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

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Bears the Signature of

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In Use For Over 30 Years.

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J. A. LEWIS,

REPTON, KY.

Manufacturer of Lime Pine-nacle Rock.

Attention of Tobacco Growers is called to the importance of liming their lands. We can supply them. Slacked lime \$3 per ton. Five hundred pounds to the acre lasts for five years. It will double the value of tobacco, and on wheat will do as well.

Sweet Potatoes For Sale.

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

Geo. W. Whitt.

Shipping point at Crayneville.

..BICYCLES..

\$12.98.

THEY'RE THE BEST.

Full line of Sundries.

C. C. TAYLOR, At Haynes' Drug Store

Phone orders given prompt attention.

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For Infants and Children

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Bears the Signature of
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R. C. Walker,

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REAL ESTATE SOLD ON COMMISSION

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MINERAL LANDS FOR SALE!

For information concerning farms, residences or mineral lands, leases, options, etc., write him.

Dr. J. E. Hadley

VETERINARY SURGEON.

Permanently located at Marion.

Kodol Dyspepsia Cure
Digests what you eat.

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I have a number of choice building lots in Marion for sale.
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I keep constantly on hand rough lumber of all dimensions, and am prepared to fill bills on short notice
W. A. DAVIDSON,
LEVIAS, KY

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The Aristocrat among the Whiskies of the Old School. Without a peer

FOR SALE BY
WM. HARRIGAN.

I have a cottage house with four rooms and hall, in desirable location of the town for lot and good improv
J. C. Evans,