

# The Crittenden Press.

VOLUME 23

MARION, CRITTENDEN COUNTY, KENTUCKY, JUNE 5, 1902.

NO 52

## AN EXPERT REPORT.

### The Trinity of Counties to be Resurveyed.

Crittenden, Caldwell and Livingston counties will shortly be taken in hand by the United States Geological Survey and its veins mapped out, its rocks named, and in general we will have such information that an investment in mineral bearing lands in any one of these three counties will be 25 per cent surer than raising wheat.

Caldwell's proportion of the \$500 is already in the hands of Mr Wm. Marble, as per the following item from the Princeton Leader:

"Mr. Marble has raised the \$167 necessary for Caldwell county \$50 being given by the county and the remainder raised by private subscription. As soon as Crittenden and Livingston are ready the money will be sent in."

Crittenden's proportion is in the hands of Mr. John Blue, President of the Marion Bank.

Mr. D. Garth Hearne, of the Eagle Fluor Spar Company, of Salem, Livingston county, has made a very liberal subscription in behalf of that county; Mr. Morton, General Manager of the American Lead, Zinc and Fluor Spar company will follow, while the Marion Zinc Company will do its share, and no doubt the citizens of Salem will make up any deficiency on the part of their county. Such prompt action will result in the survey being started this season.

## CAPTURED.

### Alleged Accomplice of the Burglary at Lola Arrested.

James Coy was arrested in Evansville last week charged with being a pal of Charles Culver, the Lola safe blower. John Lawton, of Joy, went to Evansville and identified Coy as being the other man he drove to Lola. Coy was arrested at the instance of the Government, as the post office was looted at the same time the safe was blown open. The Livingston county authorities asked for requisition papers.

### Pratt for Governor.

Madisonville, June 2.—Judge Clifton J. Pratt, present attorney-general, who lives here, is being boomed for governor by Republicans of this section. It is thought by those here that he will make one of the strongest men that can be procured to lead the party in the next state battle. Mr. Pratt has not as yet expressed any desire to run.

I want your mules and horses. Bring them to town Saturday or Monday, June 7-9. I will pay you best prices for good stock.

A. L. Patrick.

## JAMES' MAJORITY 3002

As Shown by Official Count—Crossland Calls on Friends to Support Winner.

James' majority, 3,002  
Total vote cast, 13,946  
Total for James, 8,474  
Total for Crossland, 5,472

Ollie M. James was awarded a certificate of nomination as the Democratic candidate for congress Thursday afternoon at 2:45 o'clock by the Democratic committee of the First congressional district, at the Palmer house in Paducah.

The committee met pursuant to the rules governing the primary, at 2 o'clock. Every county of the thirteen was represented by its chairman in person or by proxy.

The official vote was then counted. It showed the following results:

	James.	Crossland.
Ballard,	570	218
Carlisle,	452	161
Caldwell,	1085	26
Calioway,	824	307
Crittenden,	1487	8
Fulton,	220	314
Graves,	291	2670
Hickman,	260	307
Livingston,	796	61
Lyon,	629	17
Marshall,	511	227
McCracken,	484	935
Trigg,	705	40
Totals,	8,474	5,472

James' maj., 3,002

Chairman Mott Ayres, of Fulton county, then declared Mr. James the nominee and presented him with a certificate of nomination.

Mr. James made a short speech. The committee then adjourned.

After the committee adjourned Mr. James wrote a check for \$1 additional for each of the precinct officers who served in McCracken county, they having received only \$1 each, while the officers of the city polls, by the rules of the committee, had been given \$2 each for their services.

### Mr. Crossland's Card.

To the Democratic Voters of the First Congressional District:

I have made a clean race and have gone down in defeat. I hope it will not always be so. To the gallant and devoted friends who stood so bravely and faithfully by me, I have a heart full of love and gratitude; to those who saw otherwise I accord them the same privilege of freely expressing their wishes that I hold to myself. To my friends and supporters and all good Democrats I say let's go cheerfully and earnestly to work and carry the Democratic banner to an overwhelming and glorious victory in November, and thereby say to Republicans that they can draw no comfort from our family squabbles, that we settle our differences among ourselves, and always present to them a solid and unconquerable front.

Faithfully yours,

Sam H. Crossland.

Mayfield, Ky., May 27, 1902.

## PEACE IN SOUTH AFRICA

The Cruel War Ended—Liberal Peace Terms.

Peace in South Africa has been declared. The Boers surrendered to the British Saturday night. The news was received in London with great rejoicing.

The terms of peace are of the most liberal character in the concessions made the Boers. The burghers are not to be required to pay a war tax and three million sterling will be used to restock the devastated farms. The military occupation is to be withdrawn as soon as possible and self-government substituted. All prisoners in the hands of the British will be released. The Boer war began Oct 11, 1899. It has cost Great Britain nearly \$1,000,000,000 and the lives of 22,206 soldiers, besides 73,972 wounded and sent home.

Total available fighting force of the Boers, estimated, 50,000; total number of British troops engaged from first to last, 500,000; largest number of British troops in the field at one time, 28,000.

Probable actual number of Boers engaged, 70,000; Boers reduced at end of war 8,000; prisoners at Ceylon, St. Helena, Bermuda, and Cape 40,000.

## AWFUL DEATH

### Of a Well Known Caldwell County Farmer.

Mr. Daniel Grogan, prominent farmer of Caldwell county, was dragged to death on his farm near Princeton by a runaway team hitched to a heavy disc harrow. James Wylie, his son-in-law, had advised him against riding the harrow, which was pulled by a horse and three mules, but Mr. Grogan wished to do so. A short while after a traveler along the public road saw Mr. Grogan reach forward to catch his hat, which the wind had blown off. The hat struck one of the team, and the animals began to run, throwing the unfortunate driver in front of the sharp disc and dragging him until the frightened mules were stopped by the fence, one of them falling across the tongue. When the horror-stricken witnesses arrived Mr. Grogan was found to be terribly bruised and cut, but still conscious. He was removed to his home as soon as possible but died within an hour.

Mr. Grogan was a Virginian by birth and served four years in the Southern army. After the war he came to Caldwell county, where he has since resided.

He left a family.

### Flourspar Discoveries.

The United States Geological Department report flourspar deposits have recently been discovered in Smith, Wilson and Truesdale counties, Tennessee. In Yuma county, Arizona, also extensive deposits are found which of course are not now available, on account of the high rate of freight.

## School Tax.

Marion Graded School District is in debt and needs all taxes due. On Tuesday, June 10, 1902, I will levy for the collection of all unpaid school tax.

By order of the Board of Trustees.

H. A. HAYNES, Treas.

Wanted, one hundred pair of live squirrels. No fox squarrels. Ohio Valley Produce Co.

## LAST DAYS OF POMPEII.

The Great Spectacular and Pyrotechnic Display to Exhibit at Paducah.

Pain's marvelous spectacular and pyrotechnical production of "The Last Days of Pompeii" is announced to exhibit at Paducah June 23-28, which will be an opportunity for our citizens to witness what is unquestionably the most novel, beautiful and thrillingly interesting open air spectacle in the world. Paducah is to be the only city in this state favored by the appearance of this splendid summer night display, on account of the enormous expense involved in its production, which necessarily confines its production to the larger cities. The railroads, however, recognizing the importance and attractiveness of this huge exhibition, will grant special rates to all who wish to attend from outside points.

Pain's "Last Days of Pompeii" is in every respect a marvelous and colossal production, probably the most expensive amusement venture ever conceived and risked by even the most ingenious and daring managers.

Five acres of massive, picturesque scenery stand as a reproduction of the ill-fated city of Pompeii, while towering high above it in the background looms up the treacherous Mt. Vesuvius. Three hundred or more gorgeously costumed performers participate in its stirring scenes and festivities, the latter of which embrace imposing pageants of Priests, Senators, Guards, Gladiators, Choristers, Flower Girls, Couriers, Standard-bearers, etc.; exciting contests of the Roman hippodrome and arena; superb sensational specialties by noted American and European artists; pretty ballets, including the amazing "Fire Dance of Isis," claimed to be the most beautiful ballet ever attempted in a stage or open air spectacular production, the dancers each apparently being enveloped in a furnace of fire.

The grand culmination of this scene of festivity and splendor is the thrilling and awe inspiring destruction of the city by volcano and earthquake. Tremendous explosions are heard, shaking the very earth, and laying low in chaos and destruction the imposing temples and palaces of the painted city, while down the mountain side flows torrents of fire and lava. It is a scene that beggars description, and so thrillingly realistic it is executed that the spectator sits in breathless amazement at the tragic culmination of what was but a few moments before a scene of rare beauty, life, color and gaiety.

The smoke barely clears above the ruins of the fallen city when begins the real feature of the great exhibition—a \$1,000 display of Pain's famous Manhattan Beach Fireworks, with which every performance terminates. Mr. Pain is known in America, England and Australia as the "Pyrotechnic King," and in this display will be seen many of the marvelous pyrotechnic devices and novelties that has made his name celebrated all over the entire civilized world.

The organization travels in its own special train of twenty cars, carries its own electric light plant and an immense portable amphitheater with a seating capacity of ten thousand people.

Bring your mules and horses to Marion Saturday and Monday June 7th and 9th. Patrick will be here and will pay the highest market prices.

## LITERALLY CRUCIFIED.

Human Brutes Nail an Alabama Farmer to a Tree.

A dispatch from Huntsville, Alabama, tells of a horrible outrage committed upon Tom Harless, a white farmer residing near Huntsville.

Harless had been plowing. He was eating dinner at a spring on the place, when he was confronted by two strange men with pistols, who demanded that he throw up his hands. The farmer's pockets were rifled and the robbers then backed him up against a tree. The loose folds of flesh on each side of his body were pulled out and nailed to the tree with wire nails.

His hands were stretched above his head and also nailed to the tree.

Harless was literally crucified, and his sufferings while nailed to the tree were almost unendurable. He was rescued after several hours. His hands are ruined and he will probably not be able to work for several months.

Posses are seeking the miscreants but there is no clue.

### Clipped From The Commoner.

The patriotism of some men is never aroused until they can see money in it.

Of course it is not necessary, neither is it always justice, to let the flag "stay put."

Water cure, starvation, torture, and extermination are the natural fruits of imperialism.

The why and the how of volcanoes is information that interests but is not essential. What we want to know is the when.

J. Pierpont Morgan seems determined to achieve the distinction of being the San Juan Hill leader of the Captains of Industry.

The best tribute paid to the memory of Amos J. Cummings was the statement that "little children in the streets cried when they heard he was dead." No grander monument than the tears of little children can be builded to any man.

The name of the next democratic candidate for the presidency is not yet definitely known. But it is definitely known that whoever he is he will be a democrat who has been faithful to democratic principles as enunciated in democratic platforms.

Only the press made heroes of war are howling about "attacks on the army." The soldiers who won their spurs and straps in open, honorable and lawful warfare are not complaining because instances of brutality have been pointed out. The real soldier is glad of it because it means that his profession will not be made dishonorable without a protest from the people.

Several thousand people are despoiled in Martinique. But let us remember also that there are destitute and suffering at Goliad, Texas, Cold Creek, Tenn., and other points in our own country. It is right and proper to extend aid to the suffering everywhere, but in so doing we should not be coldly indifferent to the sufferings of our own people.

## NEGRO GIRL

Horsewhipped at Smithland—Attack on White Girl Avenged.

Smithland was the scene of great excitement Thursday, occasioned by the daughter of Cullen Turley, colored, beating and bruising the ten year old daughter of John Wank, white.

The negro girl was arrested and while on the street near the court house the irate father of the white girl gave her a horse whipping and knocked her father down.

Later on pistols and knives were drawn by the white friends to prevent the negroes from assaulting him. About midnight an independent crowd of about fifty white citizens collected for the purpose of either whitecapping Turley's family or driving them out of town. Sheriff Bush and other cool heads finally persuaded the crowd to disperse.

## Sale Notice.

REAL ESTATE.

On June 9, 1902, at 1 o'clock p. m., at the court house door in Marion, Ky., I will sell to the highest bidder, cash in hand, the residence of A. C. Gilbert, deceased, subject to the widows life time interest.

A. M. GILBERT,  
Administrator.

## Wool Wool

### Eggs and Chix

Is what we want. Don't sell until you see us. We are the people that hold the prices up for the farmer.

### Prices on Groceries:

3 cans of Apples 25c  
3 " Pumpkin 25c  
3 " Hominy 25c  
3 " Corn 25c  
3 " 2lb Tomatoes 25c  
3lb can of Tomatoes 10c  
3lb can of Apricots 20c  
3lb can of Peaches 15c  
Early breakfast oats, 3 pk 25c  
Quaker oats, 2 packages 25c  
Petti Johns Food, 2 pkgs 25c  
12 bars of Soap for 25c  
We handle nothing but the best goods. Always notice the brand on the goods you buy and you will see where to buy your goods. If what you buy here is not O. K., return it and get your money back.  
Don't "Cheap John's" and Shoddy Goods, but go to the Old Reliable House that has been doing business here for 14 years.

Yours Respectfully

Hearin & Son

Kodol Dyspepsia Cure  
Digests what you eat.

### Mill for Sale.

A 20 horse power portable engine and saw rig; cut off saw and edger, making a good saw mill and outfit; all practically new. A bargain. For particulars address J. J. May, Carrsville, Ky.

### Corn and Hay for Sale.

I have 1500 bushels corn, 50 tons choice timothy hay (in bales) and 50,000 feet lumber for sale.  
W. E. Dowell,  
Tolo, Ky.

A number of nice, large, well ventilated rooms, in second story, for rent at reasonable rates.

J. P. Pierce.

## 15 Minutes

sufficient to give you most delicious tea biscuit using Royal Baking Powder as directed. A pure, true leavener.



# THE CRITTENDEN PRESS

PUBLISHED WEEKLY.

MARION, KENTUCKY.

## THE OLD HEROIC LINE.

I have read on storied pages how frigates in their fight  
Were lashed beneath the powder-cloud till day had merged to night;  
How boarders swarmed upon the deck, as foemen backward reel,  
And cut a path to victory through gleaming blades of steel.  
I've read of this, and joyed to know such blood as theirs was mine,  
That I held kinship with the men of that "old heroic line."

I have read in histories olden of those giants of the past,  
Who marched and fought and suffered where their fate was cast;  
Of men who died by squadrons, or went down with their ships,  
Their faces to the battle-front, a cheer upon their lips—  
And my heart has leaped within me to know they all were mine,  
A portion of my heritage, that "old heroic line."

I have read in many a volume that grandly stirring tale,  
Of how the hardy pioneers swarmed o'er the western trail;  
Of how with ax and rifle, in constant toil and fear,  
They faced a thousand dangers, and held our long frontier.  
And some way they are kin to me—each struggling spirit mine,  
These sturdy empire makers of that "old heroic line."

I scan the daily papers, and there on every page  
I read the living messages of this our living age;  
Of soldiers on the battle line, of sailors on the sea,  
Of men who live and work and die to make our world more free,  
And I know that all about me are these same souls of mine,  
And every age holds to its heart that "old heroic line."

The men who dare to think and act the duty of their day,  
To whom the stirring call of life is not the voice of play,  
They hear the thrilling bugle note that makes them do and dare,  
And count their days a puny thing they never dream to spare.  
I see their faces on the street—these comrades true of mine,  
Heirs of the mighty ages past, that "old heroic line."

—George R. Parrish, in Chicago Inter Ocean.

## A SET OF FALSE TEETH.

Little Miss Lowther had been in the women's "fracture" ward of St. Jerome's hospital for nearly three weeks before she was able to sit up and look about her. The window almost at her elbow looked out on a whitewashed inner court of the building, and, except for the opposite windows, offered nothing to attract the attention. But when the first warm April day came and the windows were all raised to let in the dry perfume of spring, she saw at the opposite window, looking fixedly but respectfully at her, the pale face of a man. It was an incident. Everything is an incident after three weeks of hibernation in a hospital bed. As soon as he saw her looking at him the stranger's eye withdrew.

That afternoon Miss Lowther's nurse brought her a fragrant bouquet of red carnations. "From Mr. Bennett," whispered the gentle creature in the blue gown and white cap.

"And who, pray, is Mr. Bennett?" asked the nervous Miss Lowther, taking the flowers and sinking her pretty nose hungrily into their midst.

"Oh, the poor fellow is just across the court in the men's ward. He has a broken leg, railroad accident, saw you at your window and asked me about you."

Miss Lowther sat up and looked out. He was there, and the smile upon his face was good to see as he watched her smelling his flowers. She smiled vaguely at him, said "Thank you" softly, and turned to the nurse.

"It was very kind of him, wasn't it? So he asked you about me, did he? And what did you tell?" asked the patient, her thin face kindling with the interest and pleasure she felt.

"Oh, I just told him what I knew. That you were all alone, a stranger in Chicago. That you had broken your wrist falling on the ice, that you were very patient, your name, that you were a school-teacher, and that you expected—"

"Expected what?" sternly interrupted Miss Lowther.

"That you expected to be able to leave the hospital very soon," explained the nurse, filling a glass with water for the flowers.

"Ah, that was right, Miss Helen," with a sigh of relief; "you didn't tell him that I—you didn't say anything about Mr. Wheelock, or that I was—er—engaged?"

"Oh, no, miss."

There was silence for a few minutes, when Miss Helen arranged the carnations in the sunlight of the open window and Miss Lowther, with unconscious coquetry, straightened her masses of brown hair, drew her shawl about her shoulders, and went on:

"I was hurt and in the hospital. I wrote him two letters. I haven't seen him for two months, and not a word from him since I came here. We did intend to be married this spring, but he went to Denver, and the Lord knows—"

The speaker's big blue eyes were looking wistfully across the court. "The Lord knows what?" asked the nurse.

"Oh, I don't know what He knows," snapped the pretty patient, "and if I never hear from Mr. Wheelock again, I guess it won't kill me."

"Umph! I thought it was a sure-enough case of love—"

"Love, fiddlesticks, Helen! I'm nearly 30, and I'm tired school-teaching. He's an awfully good man, sober, intelligent, and all that, you know, and I think he'd make a good husband. But as for a romance—th, th! I got past that ten years ago!"

That afternoon, however, she got a letter with the Denver postmark on it. It ran like this:

Dear Miss Lowther: I have been so busy with our spring examinations that I really hadn't a moment to spare for correspondence. I am truly sorry to hear that you are laid up. I believe you said you had broken your leg. I expect to pass through Chicago about April 10 and expect to find you better. If you leave the hospital please send me your address. I like my position in the high school very well, and expect to become quite fond of Denver in time. Yours truly,

DENT GRISWOLD WHELOCK.

"What a passionate appeal," murmured little Miss Lowther, biting her lip to keep down the sardonic smile that threatened to break out in a bitter laugh. But she read the letter again and again. It, too, was an incident, and she began to count the days till April 10.

But the nurse put Mr. Wheelock and his cold-blooded message out of her mind by bringing a pile of novels and magazines, which she laid upon the table, saying: "Mr. Bennett sent you these, miss."

So she took one of the story-books, and, with a kind of calm satisfaction, with the attention of her unknown admirer, put her plump arm under her shapely head to seek in the printed page something tenderer and sweeter than she had found in the letter from Denver. Every day after that some delicate token of remembrance came from the man's ward, sometimes with a little note, respectfully but prettily couched, in which the writer hoped that she was better, or calling her attention to some special article in the magazine, or chapter in the books which, "he hoped," might please her.

But after a week of this long-range love-making had progressed, the nurse, who was somewhat quite prejudiced against the Denver professor, sidled up to Miss Lowther's bedside and whispered:

"He wants permission to pay his respects, miss!"

"Who, Mr. Wheelock? It isn't the 10th yet!" rattled the patient.

"No—sh-h-h! Mr. Bennett! He's waiting at the door there. He's so anxious to meet you."

"How do I look? Quick, Helen, give me that shawl! Now! Is my hair hanging down at the back? Certainly, show him in."

He came slowly in, for he was still lame, but Miss Lowther thought him quite handsome. Taller than she supposed, but of mighty frame, in spite of his gauntness. His voice, as he saluted her, was very musical, strong but low. He asked about her injuries, and she told him pretty much all about herself, how she was hurt, the surgical operation she had undergone, etc., before she thought that, perhaps, she might as well say something about Prof. Wheelock. But try as she might, she couldn't think of any way to bring in that name, and before she realized how time had flown, or had thought to ask him about himself, about his hurts, the attendant was lighting the lamps, and it was time for him to go.

"Good night, Miss Lowther," he was saying, as she wondered whether it was just the proper thing to let him hold her hand, "I may call on you to-morrow?"

"No, if you please, not to-morrow," she answered; "not till the day after. You see—to-morrow is the 10th, isn't it? Well, I'm expecting company to-morrow. But the day after—"

She smiled, watching his face grow sad, and then light up.

But an awful thing happened some time during the night between the 9th and 10th! Miss Lowther had put her false teeth in a glass of water on the window sill, and in some unexplained manner it had been knocked, glass and all, out of the window to be shattered into fragments upon the paved courtyard. If such a thing had happened at almost any other time, it would have been a tragedy. But the distracted girl had no sooner learned of the fate of her teeth than she realized that it was the morning of the very day when Prof. Wheelock was to visit her. There was a swift

scurrying for dentists, none of whom could promise anything within three days. They made plaster casts of her generous, but pretty mouth, and said they would "rush" things, but there was no alternative for that day beyond denying herself to Wheelock, or facing him in the toothless state in which nature starts us, and to which accident sometimes returns us.

The nurse, Helen, more worried than her mistress, almost shed tears at the prospect, though she advised Miss Lowther to "keep the professor waiting."

At ten that morning he had not called. At 11 the nurse ran in with a set of teeth. "Try them!" she cried. "Your professor is in the waiting-room. Don't ask me where I got them! If you can wear them for an hour, you'll be all right."

Miss Lowther did try them. The plate was a bit big and unfamiliar, but she managed to place it and found she could talk. Ten minutes later Prof. Wheelock, over-groomed, smiling, condescendingly, came in. He talked like a phonograph for 30 minutes, mostly about himself. He said no tender words. He shook hands with Miss Lowther in the manner of a housekeeper buying a duck for Sunday dinner. Then:

"I must be going, really!" he uttered. "I'm so very hurried, you see. Must catch train for Boston at two this afternoon. Hope you'll soon be up, Miss Lowther. Really pains me to see you so pale. Good-by!"

And he was gone.

Bennett did not call the next day, as Miss Lowther had expected—nay, hoped. But on the third day, the 13th, her dentists brought her a new, well-fitting array of pearly teeth.

"Give me the old ones, quick," said Miss Helen, the nurse, poor Mr. Bennett hasn't had a substantial meal for three days.

"Bring him in after dinner, will you, Helen?" smiled Miss Lowther, coloring.

And that evening he sat by her bedside holding her dimpled hand, long after the lamps were lighted—and Prof. Wheelock was quite forgotten.

—Chicago Record-Herald.

## GOOD FISHERS AND HUNTERS.

Both the Horned and Barred Owls Destroy Much Small Game.

"The Sullivan county man who asserted recently that the horned owl catches fish," said one who had spent a great deal of time in the woods and has been a close observer, to a New York Sun reporter, "is quite right about it. The horned owl is a hunter as well, and he fishes and he hunts by days as well as by night."

"He is no better fisher or hunter than the barred owl, who also is abroad when the popular supposition is that he is either asleep or blinking blindly on his roost. I have seen both the horned owl and the barred owl chase and capture quail and grouse in broad daylight, and once shot a barred owl on the wing as it came noiselessly sailing along the edge of an elder copse where I was watching for a mink that had despoiled my hen-coop. When I picked the owl up I found a large brook sucker in its claws."

"One late fall day I flushed a covey of quail in a field that bordered a deep wood, and instantly out of that wood a horned owl came like a winged specter, and seized a quail in each claw as the covey dashed away across the field. These two owls destroy a great quantity of small game."

"The horned owl is an uncanny creature to come suddenly upon in the woods. He glides along with the speed of the wind, and has the startling faculty of dropping instantly and stopping, whether on prey or not. His favorite perch when stopping thus in his swift flight is on a stump or a dead limb, where he will stare at you with his great eyes, beckon you with his head, and even with his long, white, noiseless wings. In the south they call him the specter owl, and the superstitious darkey believe his beckoning means death in the family of the one he beckons."

"There is satisfaction in knowing that as the large timber growth disappears in any locality these owls disappear with it, for they must have the depth and solitude of the woods to live in."

## Marriage in Lapland.

It used to be death in Lapland to marry a maid without the consent of her parents or guardians. That being obtained, it was customary for the young couple to run a race in which the girl was allowed a start of one-third of the whole distance. By this means she could easily outstrip the would-be bridegroom, and if she did so he knew he was rejected. If the damsel approved of her suitor, she would run fast at first to test the truth of his love, and then voluntarily halt before the race was over.

## NEWS OF THE WORLD.

E. L. Godkin, formerly editor of the New York Post, died in England last week.

The purchase of mules by the British in this country has ceased, by order of the London war office.

An oil gusher with a flow of 10,000 barrels of oil per day was brought in at Jennings, La., last week.

Jeffries and Fitzsimmons have at last come to terms, and will battle for the pugilistic championship in San Francisco in July.

American sovereignty over the island of Cuba ceased May 20, when the new republic was formally turned over to President Palma and other officials.

Junius Lehman, a wealthy brewer, has been sentenced to two years in the penitentiary on the charge of bribing members of the St. Louis city council.

Mont Pelée is still in eruption and the people on the island of Martinique are panic stricken. Hundreds are frantically watching for an opportunity to escape from the island, which they believe is doomed, and the consternation which prevails is indescribable. A large portion of the island of St. Vincent is threatened with complete obliteration.

Dudley Morgan, a negro rapist, met a horrible death near Lansing, Texas. Morgan assaulted the wife of a section foreman, for whom he was working. For several days the people of the surrounding country searched for the negro, and when he was captured it was decided he should perish at the stake. Several hundred people witnessed the execution, and the husband of his victim set fire to the faggots piled about his body.

At the Dallas conference of the M. E. Church, South, it was decided that the money voted the church by congress to reimburse for property destroyed during the civil war be returned to the government, should a demand be made for it. There has been much dissatisfaction since the claim was settled on account of the course pursued by the church's agents in Washington. Some allege lobbyists were employed to work in the interest of the claims, and that therefore the church should not accept the money.

Once more Goliad, the scene of the massacre of Texans in the struggle for independence, has become the center of attraction. This time it is because of the greatest catastrophe that has befallen any town in Texas in years, with the single exception of the Galveston disaster. The storm which swept Goliad May 19 was a hurricane that came from the southeast with a most terrific force. It struck the western end of the town, which was largely populated with negroes. The path of the fearful wind was about five hundred yards wide and two miles in length. The storm struck shortly after 3 o'clock in the afternoon, moving northwest with a velocity of seventy-two miles an hour. The scene that met the eyes of survivors after the awful speed of the hurricane had passed was terrible in the excitement. Houses that stood square and bravely to the weather but a moment before were flattened as if by a huge roller, and out of the piles of wreckage came the shrieks and cries of the injured. All that was possible to be done had been done by the stricken citizens and the surrounding towns hurried to the scene as soon as they could reach it. It is believed over 150 people were killed and as many more injured. Gov. Sayers issued a call for relief, which was responded to by citizens of every town in the state.

The superb bronze statue of Gen. Count de Rochambeau, who brought the forces of France across the sea at the hours of greatest peril in the American revolution, was unveiled at Washington last week.

One of the important acts of the Methodist Episcopal conference at Dallas was the creating of the order of deaconess. This is said by church authorities to be the most advanced and radical step ever taken in the church policy and discipline.

The Chicago packers who were enjoined by Judge Grosscup are planning to obey the order and are instructing their agents everywhere to refrain from everything that is prohibited by the injunction.

The steamer John K. Speed, plying between Memphis and New Orleans, was burned at the latter place May 23.

During the present session of congress 12,200 private bills have been introduced, less than 1,000 of which have been disposed of.

A wind storm demolished the baseball grandstand at Birmingham. The storm came a short time before a crowd was due to witness a game of ball. One boy was killed and another was seriously injured.

It was reported from Guatemala City, April 20, that earthquake shocks, which were general throughout that country on April 18, 19 and 20, nearly obliterated Quezaltenango. The city has a population of about 25,000.

When workmen opened the valve of a new oil well at Jennings, La., to get out a small piece of pipe, the stream of oil shot into the air to a height of 150 feet, and before the flow could be checked a lake of oil covering over an acre of ground was formed.

An attack on the constitutionality of the Sherman anti-trust law will be made by the packers in the course of their defense to the government's bill for an injunction. Their counsel will take the position that the legality of the act itself never has been passed upon by the supreme court of the United States.

President Roosevelt has revoked the old executive order of August 29, 1901, by which the lieutenant general commanding the army (Gen. Miles) and the adjutant general (Gen. Corbin), in turn, are to assume the duties of secretary of war in the absence of the secretary and the assistant secretary. The president's order of revocation leaves the department without a head in the event of the absence of the secretary and assistant secretary, unless such head is specifically designated on each occasion.

Several earthquake shocks were felt at St. Augustine, Fla., May 22. The earthquake was accompanied by a succession of short but decisive reports, like distant cannonading, seemingly from far out at sea. The sounds were unlike thunder, having no reverberating roll, and were accompanied by decided tremors, while the sky in the southwest was suffused with a glow. The reports came at intervals of perhaps three minutes, and persons who remember the earthquake at Charleston say the noises were very similar to the subterranean noises accompanying that occurrence. The sound traveled from the southeast.

A water spout caused the death of six people in Covington and Cincinnati and millions of dollars' worth of property was destroyed in the Miami valley. In the lower part of Cincinnati sewers overflowed, and the water poured through the grating into cellars and beneath the wholesale houses. The dead: Willie Willen, aged 4, drowned in Covington; Mrs. Flahner, drowned in Covington; Clem Davier, teamster, drowned in Covington; George Booker, teamster, drowned in the streets of Cincinnati; Ferdinand Rapp, peddler, drowned in a cellar in Cincinnati; D. W. C. Belleville, carpenter, blown from a roof in Cincinnati.

The statistics of the department of agriculture has completed his estimates of the acreage, production and farm value of the cereal crops of the United States in 1901, the grand totals being as follows:

Corn—91,349,928 acres, 1,522,519,891 bushels, \$921,555,768.

Wheat—49,895,004 acres, 748,460,218 bushels, \$467,350,156.

Oats—28,541,476 acres, 736,808,724 bushels, \$293,658,777.

Barley—4,295,744 acres, 109,932,924 bushels, \$49,705,163.

Rye—1,987,505 acres, 30,344,880 bushels, \$16,909,742.

Buckwheat—811,864 acres, 15,125,941 bushels, \$8,532,318.

Tommy Noonan, a pugilist, died in Boston from injuries received in a prize fight.

A violent wind storm swept over Nebraska, Kansas and Missouri May 24, destroying crops and many buildings. Several fatalities were also reported.

President Roosevelt May 22 unveiled the memorial shaft erected in Arlington cemetery, Washington, by the National Society of Colonial Dames in memory of the American soldiers who fell in the recent struggle between Spain and the United States.

The seventeen year locusts have appeared in several states.

The machinists of the Texas Pacific system are on strike for shorter hours.

Lord Pauncefote, British ambassador to the United States, died at Washington May 24.

Another great mine disaster is reported from Bernie, B. C., where 175 men lost their lives.

A general strike of all miners in Virginia and West Virginia has been ordered, to take place June 7.

A cloudburst in Illinois destroyed thousands of dollars in property in the vicinity of Independence and Dubuque.

The Illinois Central will expend in the neighborhood of \$1,000,000 in the erection of new shops at Memphis.

Former Governor Thomas, of Colorado, has announced for the United States senate in opposition to Senator Teller.

Oliver Lomas, a white man sentenced to life imprisonment for murder, was liberated from the Simpson county (Mississippi) jail by friends who overpowered the guards.

The resources and liabilities of the 4,426 national banks in the United States on April 30 last were: Capital stock \$671,176,312; individual deposits, \$3,111,690,195; outstanding bank notes, \$309,781,739; loans and discounts, \$3,172,757,485; total resources \$5,962,135,451; and average ratio reserve held 27.2 per cent.

A terrible tragedy occurred at Arcola, a small town in Missouri, in which three people were killed. A young man went to the home of Mrs. Wm. Friend and fatally shot both Mrs. Friend and her daughter. He then put the muzzle of the revolver in his own mouth and blew off the top of his head. The girl's refusal to marry him led to the triple tragedy.

Because he was rejected as a suitor for the hand of a 13-year-old girl, W. M. Austin, aged 25, murdered five members of the family of Wm. Wilkinson near Hastings, Fla. The dead are: William Wilkinson, aged 52; Mrs. Wilkinson, his wife; Miss Abitha McCullough, aged 13; Miss Wilkinson, sister to William Wilkinson; one child; William Austin, the murderer and suicide, aged 25.

The first chapter in the beef trust suit instituted in federal court at Chicago ended in the granting of a temporary injunction against the packers. The decree of the court is so wide in its scope that if the packers or their agents continue with their present alleged uniform arrangements, they will be taken into court on contempt proceedings, and the burden of proof will be on them to show that they have not violated the order in any particular.

The most appalling disaster in the history of East Tennessee occurred at Coal Creek, in the coal mining section May 19. An explosion of gas accumulated in the Fraterville coal mine probably brought death to as many as 300 men and boys. Superintendent George Camp, of the mine, states that on account of the large number of boys and day laborers employed, of whom no tag checks were required, the number in the mine may have been from 250 to 300.

The bill passed at the present session of congress giving Mrs. William McKinley, widow of the late president, the right to transmit mail matter without the payment of postage makes the list of women in the United States who are given this privilege three. The others are Mrs. Garfield and Mrs. Grant, widows of presidents. The privilege accorded them of a "postal frank" dates back to 1881 in the case of Mrs. Garfield and 1886 in the case of Mrs. Grant.

English economists are disturbed by the recent rise in the prices charged for the necessities of life in Great Britain. The rise is particularly marked in the center of population, but chiefly in London, where bread, meat, potatoes and dairy products cost from 5 to 30 per cent more than a year ago, while fresh vegetables have mounted entirely beyond the reach of the ordinary purse.



# PUZZLE PICTURE.



## WATCH IN THE PIE.

Young Matron Baked Her Timespiece and Didn't Know It.

There is one young matron of Hartford who will no longer wear her watch when she goes into the kitchen to bake pie, says the Hartford Courant. The baking of pie is the only portion of the culinary work she does and she does this because her husband says it tastes like that "mother used to make."

Among the wedding presents of this young matron was a handsome watch which she thought so much of that she wore it on all occasions.

She decided to bake a pie last Saturday. All went well until a short time after the pie was placed in the oven, when she discovered that her watch was missing from her chate-laine on which it usually hung on her dress. She hunted all through the house but could find no watch. The husband returned home and he was told of the mishap. The wife became convinced that some person had stolen the watch and she could not be consoled.

The nice pie "like mother used to

make" was brought on for dessert at dinner, and a generous portion given the husband. He looked at it and then asked his wife:

"What kind of a pie do you call this, my dear?"

"Mince pie, of course," replied the wife.

"Well, I should call it watch pie," remarked her husband as he produced the missing watch from the interior of the piece he was about to eat.

As this is an account of what actually happened it would not do to say that the watch was still keeping time. It was not, and the jeweler's bill for repairs of the baked watch will take considerable of the young matron's pin money.

### How to Begin.

You can train children not to tell too much, but you cannot stop grown-up folks.—Washington (La.) Democrat.

### The Long and Short of It.

Every man who is long on vanity is short on common sense.—Chicago Daily News.

## The Old-Time Lawyer.

BY SIMON P. SHOPE.

Former Chief Justice of the Illinois Supreme Court



A toast to the Old-Time Lawyer? Each day diminishes his numbers and adds to the brightness of his laurels. He blazed the way for legal precedents, established the landmarks for common law principles, and, besides making the rich legal literature which illumines the progress of this nation, laid broad and deep the foundations upon which civil liberty and the growth of our civilization rests.

The old-time lawyer was A MAN OF THE PEOPLE, A GOOD STUDENT OF A FEW BOOKS AND A BETTER STUDENT OF MANY MEN. He dealt with first principles, digested them until they became a part of his being and applied them to the conditions with which he was confronted. He had his Blackstone, his Chitty, his Forns and his Preston. Often he could carry his whole library in his saddle bags as he rode the circuit. But he mixed with the people and knew their political, social and physical conditions, realized that it was his province to apply to these conditions the principles of the old common law of England—and to make the logical exception where they would not apply. PRINCIPLES RATHER THAN PRECEDENTS WERE HIS CONCERN. He did not grope among almost 200 volumes of "reports" of his own common-law for a formidable array of precedents with which to get a ready-made fit for his case; he did not have an office corps of index hunters and witness chasers, and his standing at the bar was not measured by his ability to consolidate commercial enterprises into combines and trusts.

His life was thoughtful, unsordid, courteous and tempered by the relaxation which came from familiar contact with the common people. He lived well, loved and dignified his profession, and GENERALLY DIED POOR.

Not least among the things which made the Old-Time Lawyer a man of thought and of judicial repose was his ability to drop care under the genial spell of comradeship with his peers. As a lad I have listened to the stories of Lincoln as he traveled the circuit and know the charm of that influence!

Then, too, these informal gatherings of the men who pioneered our jurisprudence were the best law schools ever conducted. Such discussions reached down into the very heart of the law.

The law was looked at by its old-time expounders from a different viewpoint than that taken to-day. They studied the law historically, reading in its principles the crystallization of the highest thought of the period.

Opportunity will not make one great. It needs the assistance of push, energy and ability, and it is these qualities that make opportunities.

## CARELESS OF OTHERS' LAWNS.

People in Cities Forget That They Cost Time and Money.

"The uses of grass in cities would be a good topic for the good government clubs or the civic associations that have to do with promoting the welfare of the community," was the observation made by a lady as she sat looking out of the front window of her house in the residence section of the city, records the Washington Star.

"I have no doubt that is a good suggestion," rather dryly remarked a caller, who was sharing with her hostess the satisfaction of looking upon the beauty of the springtime in the city as exhibited in the fresh foliage of the trees and the rich green of the lawns; "but I hardly appreciate its full force. I don't imagine you are an advocate of the use of grass as an article of food."

"Hardly that," was the good-natured response. "Still if the advocacy of such an idea would serve to impress upon the public mind the value and importance of grass I think I would be willing to do it in theory, at least, but not in practice. I see so much carelessness on the part of people who ought to know better that it is not surprising to see children tramping over the parking in front of houses and walking down the little shoots as they struggle to come up in the spaces reserved for such a purpose on each side of the trees that border the sidewalks. To save a few steps in turning a corner many persons will, thoughtlessly, I hope, walk over a section of the lawn instead of keeping their feet where they belong, and that is on the sidewalk. Anyone who has had experience in keeping a lawn appreciates the difficulty as well as the expense of keeping grass alive. Yet when we walk abroad we trample upon our neighbor's lawn just as if the covering was some ordinary material instead of being the equivalent of bank notes. If we think of what the average lawn costs our feet will probably be influenced to stay where they belong."

### THE MOTIVES OF MISERS.

Glamour of Gold and Mania for Collecting Are Influencing Factors.

Is there no charm or glamour in gold itself which attracts, and in a sense overpowers the miser, though it does not often induce him to steal? There may be in some cases. Doctors say that kleptomania, though so often pleaded as a dying defense, really exists, especially among children, and that it is in some way mysteriously limited and defined, the full strength of the passion being excitable only by certain objects, usually shining. The pursuit of gold for 5,000 years may have bred in the mind a hereditary tendency toward its acquisition, as a concrete and visible article, which is, we may remark, as often manifested by the rich as by the poor. Asiatics often hoard coin and jewels to their own hurt, knowing that their possession involves extreme danger, and we could ourselves relate two authentic stories of great accumulations of gold coin made by Englishmen who seemed to derive pleasure from its actual sight and touch. These are, however, we fancy, rather illustrations of the collector mania, so often described and analyzed in the case of books and china, than instances of true miserliness, which is based, we are convinced, rather on fear and an abnormal kind of mean pride than on the passion for hoarding. That is often divorced from avarice. It was not for their value that George IV. kept every coat he had ever worn, or that Mr. Blank bought wardrobe after wardrobe in which to preserve every morsel of clothing that had ever been in his possession.—London Spectator.

### Tennessee's State Debt.

Tennessee has been reducing its state debt at a rapid rate. Ten years ago it owed \$16,000,000, a much larger sum than any other state in the same region, and carrying an interest charge of \$500,000 a year at a time when the annual interest charge on New York's debt was less than \$400,000, and on that of Ohio less than that of \$100,000. Recently the state debt has been reduced and Gov. McMillan gives some interesting information concerning the reduction of the state debt during his administration. Since January 1, 1899, the debt has been reduced at the rate of \$11,000 a week, and the indebtedness paid up to this time includes \$910,465.34 of floating debt and the redemption of \$905,000 of state bonds, a total of \$1,815,465.34.

### Only Thinks He Knows.

When a man thinks he knows it all he seldom takes time to investigate the worth of his supposed knowledge.—Chicago Daily News.

## UNWRITTEN LAWS.

"First Come, First Served" an Inflexible Rule of the Barber Shop.

"Next," the time-honored barber shop word, is the audible evidence of administration of one of those unwritten laws which are enforced more strictly than many engrossed statutes. "Next" is part of the fair play code, and probably was inscribed in invisible ink on imperceptible parchment by the patrons of the first man who scraped chins for hire.

It is "first come first served" crystallized. The barber who permits any man to break the law of "next" is punished on the spot, as an accessory after the fact, and the criminal who slides into a chair before his lawful turn is looked upon as a worthy candidate for penitentiary honors.

A man may step ahead of the one before him in the line leading to the box office of a theater, and every person in the line will feel a personal grievance against him, but no one holds the ticket seller responsible for this infraction of the "first come, first served" rule.

A hurried depositor may reach over the shoulders of those who lined up before him in front of the receiving teller's window, but no one feels that the man behind the plate glass screen is a subject for a grand jury investigation.

But in a barbershop, "next" means next. It is the basic principle on which the constitution and by-laws of the tonsorial profession are founded. Any barber who will permit the wrong man to get into the right place after he has called out "next!" loses the respect of his customers then and there.

He is a brave man who refuses to comply with the request: "Will you give me a light?" The one with the lighted cigar and the one with a cigar he wants to smoke may be so strange to each other that they never dreamed of each other's existence. This generally is the case, but 999 times out of 1,000 the smoker promptly hands over his lighted cigar, the other man lights his, the cigar is returned with thanks, and the unwritten law, "Never refuse a request for a light," which has come down through many generations of smokers, has been duly and promptly obeyed.

If a man on the back platform of a street car asks his fellow passenger, whom he never saw before: "What is your name?" the chances are that he will get a cold, stony glare turned on him, and will be told it is none of his business. If, however, he bites off the end of a cigar and asks for the light, the other man will give it to him as a matter of course. He does not know why he should take his good cigar out of his mouth and risk its being ruined by contamination from a cheap weed. He simply does it because he has done it ever since he learned to smoke. It is one of the unwritten laws.—Milwaukee Sentinel.

### LIONS' HEADS AS MODELS.

Very Few Big Buildings Are Decorated with Anything Else.

It was the city salesman who said: "If anybody with a few hours to throw away will devote his time to the study of our big office buildings he will find that much of the ornamental carving on pillars and cornices consists of heads. I have been spending some of my time in this interesting examination, and I have found that out of every 100 heads that decorate the fronts of our great buildings, at least 95 are lions' heads. I have looked patiently for the heads of other types found in our zoos and menageries, but as a rule the search has been in vain. The face of the tiger ought to make an artistic trimming, and I'm sure nothing could be more striking than an elephant's head and tusks, but strange to say these mighty beasts have been ignominiously slighted by the architects, as have most of the other denizens of the jungle.

"Now and then, to be sure, a dragon is seen perched up on the ledge of a tenth-story window, and occasionally a horse or a long-eared hound is pressed into service, but in the great majority of cases the animal chosen for a model is the lion. Whether the prevalence of his countenance is a tribute to the native majesty of the beast, or is merely an accident, I am not prepared to say, but certain it is that lions rampant and couchant, and in all half-way positions, flourish as abundantly on the walls of New York's downtown buildings as in their tropical jungles."—N. Y. Times.

### Will Encourage Industry.

The Spanish government is organizing a labor department, which will advise ministers on industrial matters. Five women will have places in the new body.

## SPIKING HIS GUNS.



Mr. Murphy—Now Ol guess that saw-bones won't dun me anny more, an' him just afther killin' me wolfe.

## A FAMILY OF CONSULS.

History of an Appointment Held Since Washington's Time.

When Horatio Sprague, United States consul at Gibraltar, died a few months ago, says the New York Post, it was announced that the Sprague family had been longer in the consular service than any other, but recent investigations prove that this distinction belongs to the members of the celebrated house of Fox, who have continuously retained the consulship at Falmouth, England, since the establishment of the United States government.

State department records at Washington, D. C., show that Robert W. Fox, the first consul, grandfather of the present incumbent, was appointed by George Washington, on May 30, 1794, and that since then his descendants have controlled the post at Falmouth against the protests of politicians of both parties, who enter as their plea that the position is held by an Englishman. But sentiment and the fact that the original Fox was appointed by Washington have defeated the aim of the office seekers. The holding of this consulship has always been a trust of honor with the Foxes, since they are a wealthy family, and the office yields but \$300 yearly.

During the career of Robert Were Fox, the first consul, Falmouth was the port from which mail packets sailed to all parts of the world, which lay to the west and south of the English channel, and was the scene of great bustle and interest. Mr. Fox, while occupying this post, was engaged in extensive mercantile mining, and fishing enterprises, and by these laid the foundations of the fortune that has been handed down to his descendants. Many noted people were entertained at his home, and in 1828, a few years after the death of Mr. Fox, his widow, who was noted for her hospitality, received the queen of Portugal, who held a reception there.

Robert Were Fox, jr., appointed consul in 1815, devoted much time to the study of science, and made many discoveries. In 1815 he proved that there was a real increase of temperature experienced in descending Cornish mines—a fact previously asserted by the Saxons miners, but long disputed by such men as Humboldt and Arago. Among his many valuable

inventions was the deflector dipping needle, which has been used in every Arctic and Antarctic expedition since that time in determining the magnetic condition of the different parts of the earth's surface.

President Lincoln appointed the third consul, Alfred Fox, in 1863. This gentleman won the highest commendation from the government for his efficiency and faithfulness during the late war. The coast at Falmouth is very dangerous, and often ships are wrecked there; Mr. Fox did all in his power in rendering help to these shipwrecked crews, and for this was highly rewarded by the heads of the nations.

Howard Fox, F. G. S., the present consul, was appointed by President Grant. He had been acting as deputy consul, but in 1874 succeeded his father to the consulship.

### ANDREW CARNEGIE.

Gets Off His Little Joke on a Wall Street Messenger.

Andrew Carnegie is not often a visitor to Wall street, and when he went down there a few days ago he passed unobserved down the famous thoroughfare, right into the arms of a runner for a bucket shop.

"Come to put up a little money on the rise of the market?" asked the runner. "Sure thing; can't lose. Stocks are going up. I'll show you where you can double your money in half an hour."

"Double all I have?" asked Mr. Carnegie, assuming an air of eager innocence.

"How much've you got?" inquired the runner.

"Oh, a little less than \$175,000,000," replied the canny Scotsman, simply.

"Wh-what?" gasped the man.

"But I am trying to get rid of it, not double it," went on the iron-master.

"Why, are you Andrew Carnegie?" asked the runner.

"I am," said he, going on and chuckling quietly to himself.—N. Y. Times.

### No Waste of Time at That.

Some one has calculated that it would take a typist 3,700 years of working time to write "Dear Sir," and "Yours truly" to all the letters posted in a year.

Civilization has girdled the globe. The oldest civilization is in China. And as civilization has moved westward from China it has changed in degree, character and force until now, having encircled the world, the civilization of Europe and America is forcing its way through the entrances into the Chinese empire.

We may perhaps find that we are waking a sleeping giant, but it is impossible for us to stop. We would not if we could. We could not if we would. The impelling forces of progress are too great for our resistance. Within a few years Japan has been revived. As the sun of western civilization has commenced to throw his morning rays on her shores, that little empire has awakened from its long sleep and has suddenly become one of the most active and progressive nations in the world. Who can doubt that similar results occur in China? And when China fully awakens with her hundreds of millions of people, more economical, more imitative, and more willing to work than the people of any other nation, it will cause a reawakening of all mankind and possibly a readjustment between nations and peoples. The conflict has not yet become deadly, but the skirmishes have begun. The civilization of the west and the civilization of China are in conflict.

I wonder if the hordes of China, when that nation is thoroughly awakened, will not attempt, through mere force of numbers, to overpower American civilization as the Goths and Huns and Vandals overcame the civilization of Rome. The coming conflict with China, however, will be more desperate than the one which caused the fall of Rome. The civilization of China will never amalgamate with the civilization of America. The people of China and the people of America are of two different races, which can never coalesce.



## The Press.

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

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

### ANNOUNCEMENT.

#### FOR CONGRESS.

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

Mr. Crossland's acceptance of the situation was not issued in circular form.

A course of lectures on geology and mineralogy ought to interest the natives in this section. The next best thing will be the Press' special mining edition.

The volcano in South Africa has ceased eruption; now if we could slip a lid over the crater of ours in the Philippines, the silence would be demonstrative, but not oppressive.

There are thousands of good Democrats over in the glorious old First district, but no better ones than Ollie James, who was this week nominated by his people for Representative in Congress.—Elk-ton Times.

Over in the Second congressional district the candidates are referring to each other as "aristocrats" and "pumpkin heads." This kind of a campaign gives evidence also of the presence of "mutton-heads."

In Crittenden county, the home county of Ollie James, he received 1487 votes and Sam Crossland only 8. When a man stands that well among the Democrats of his own county he ought to go to congress or anywhere else he wants to go.—Clinton Democrat.

#### Public Roads.

Now that one of our hopes is about to be realized—the going of Ollie James to Congress, we will have time to look after another that has long been delayed—the building of good roads in Crittenden county. A county that has a United States senator, a prospective congressman, and the richest zinc mines in the world should have as good public roads, as it is able to secure. The people may be divided on some questions, but on this proposition all ought to get together. Before, however, we get good roads, or get a clear conception of any suggestion looking to this end, there is one error that must be dug up and cast out, root and branch, and that is the idea that good roads can or will be had without money or price. An expenditure of money or its equivalent, muscle, must be made for food and raiment, and the same proposition is equally applicable to road building. The manner of collecting the money or expending it is the only phase of the problem effected by law, and the discussion of the law feature of the matter comes properly after the money has been located. The money expended for the necessities of life comes from the pockets of those who provide themselves with these necessities, excepting those unfortunates who are at the poor house, or those depraved who steal. Now, the means for building roads must come from the pockets of those who provide themselves with roads. There is no evasion of the truth of this statement. Are you willing to contribute your quota of the means for securing good roads? If you are not, then you are not favorable to any reasonable proposal for good roads. This gets the matter down to a good foundation, a fair and square understanding of the question, and you are in a position to let yourself know whether or not you are for an improvement of our public roads. Talk the matter over with yourself.

## FREDONIA'S ORE MILL.

A First Class 100 Ton Mill About Completed.

Caldwell county will have the first complete Joplin type of ore separating mill erected in this district.

The capacity will be 100 tons daily, which can be largely increased when greater developments of the ore bodies make it necessary. The engine is of 60 h. p. capacity, the brace of boilers combined 120 horse power. A battery of four jigs is fed direct from the mine shaft which is under the same roof, the ore first passing through a rock breaker and Cornish rolls.

In operation the rock carrying zinc, lead and fluorspar is broken fine enough to make the cleavage between the ore and the limestone perfect. It then passes into the jigs, which are supplied with a running stream of water, and operated by power. The jiggling up and down causes the light or worthless material to rise to the top, the ore and fluor spar being heavier is found underneath.

Messrs. Trout and Earl, of the National Zinc, Lead and Fluorspar company of Cleveland, Ohio, have the work under their personal supervision, and they are completing a splendid, substantial mill.

There seems to be, according to Mr. Sturtevant, decided indications of copper in the main shaft, at the lower workings.

The mill will be in full operation by the latter part of this month.

### BLACKFORD.

The News of the Little City on the Tradewater.

The springs school closed Friday and the pupils were given a picnic by their teacher, Miss Mattie Jones.

A number of young people of this place spent quite a pleasant time at the residence of C. T. Allen Thursday night.

Mrs. J. B. Hubbard and daughter, Miss Mamie, of Marion, are visiting friends and relatives of this city.

Buy your screen doors and windows from Crowell-Nunn Co.

Prof H. M. Wills, of Indianapolis, Ind., delivered a lecture on "Impersonalities" at the court house last Wednesday night. A large crowd attended.

Master John White is on the sick list.

Dr. Lindle, of Sturgis, Dr Reynolds, of Blackford, and Dr. Newcom, of Repton, met at Weston on Saturday last and performed a surgical operation on J. R. Crowell's leg. Mr. Crowell had cut his leg with a broadaxe.

J. A. Carnahan and family left on last Friday for Oklahoma where they intend to make their future home.

Dr D. T. White and little daughter, Zola, returned from Missouri Wednesday, where they have been visiting relatives.

Well, yes, mineral prospects are really good in this section. One half mile west of our little city, spar has been discovered, which, when properly developed, the owner thereof will be rewarded many thousand dollars.

When this field of mineral is mined, as it should be, the little city of Blackford will rival Marion in shipment of material.

Mrs Neely of Marion, Mrs Cook of Forda Ferry, and Miss Donaky of Sheridan, were guests of Mrs. W. L. Staton Monday and Tuesday.

Go to Crowell-Nunn Co. for your binder twine; they handle the best.

FOR SALE—A good buggy, cheap for cash. J. W. Goodloe.

## A TOOTHsome MENU

Dinner Served at Crittenden Springs Hotel from Home Grown Material

The following menu of the dinner given by Mr. John Wilson the other day at Crittenden Springs Hotel is somewhat remarkable on account of every article served being produced on the hotel estate with the exception of the tea, coffee and sugar:

Radishes	Puree of Green Peas	Lettuce
Water Cress	Ohio River Bass	Duchess Potatoes
Young Squirrels on toast	Roasted Sirloin of Beef au naturel	Butter Beans
Green Peas	Barbecued Lamb	Green Onions
Irish Potatoes	Mint Sauce	Sweet Potatoes
Cabinet Pudding	Broiled Spring Chickens	Washington Pie
Sweet Sauce	Giblet Gravy	Blackberry Tarts
Tea	Strawberries	Milk
American Cheese	Coffee	Wafers

Mr. Wilson's extensive gardens produce all the vegetables desired, the stream that meanders through the hotel grounds the fish, while the pools adjacent furnish the frogs. The beaves and muttons are fattened on the rich grasses of the bottom lands, while the chickens, ducks and turkeys are brought to a high degree of perfection in their separate houses. Milk and cream, not the milkman's product, but the old fashioned, golden tinged article is served ad libitum; the hotel woods are full of squirrels, quail and pigeons. The ice houses are packed to the roof with the congealed water; charming drives through a delightful country, with various scenes of pastoral and mining life diversified with shooting and fishing, make the days pass pleasantly. The evenings are enlivened with music and dancing, games and tete a tete supper parties; the celebrated springs of sulphur, iron and lithia waters tone the system, quicken the appetite and bring a rosy color to the most listless and jaded.

Two hundred guests can be very comfortably accommodated in the spacious hotel.

### OLD FIDDLERS AGAIN

To Have a Contest in this City. Friday, July Fourth.

Arrangements are being made for another old fiddler's contest. It is to take place in the opera house in this city on Friday night July 4th. The contestants will be carefully selected by the management and only fiddlers of ability will be allowed to enter. The programme will be entirely different in arrangement from the one rendered at the last contest. A number of worthy special features will be introduced. High class music will be interwoven with the old time melodies, and in many other features the program will excel that of the other entertainment.

Miss Lottie Greenup, the popular young lady violinist, of Paducah, will probably be present and will render several selections. It will be remembered that Miss Greenup accompanied her father during his canvass for the Democratic nomination for Congress in this district, playing the violin at all his appointments. She attracted much attention. The young lady is a violinist of remarkable talent.

#### Frank Pasteur Dies Suddenly.

Frank A. Pasteur, formerly county court clerk of Caldwell county, died at his home in Princeton at six o'clock Sunday morning of heart disease. Mr. Pasteur had taken a bath and was sitting on the bed dressing when he fell over dead. He was sixty years of age. He was well known in this city.

## THE LATEST NEWS.

The Kentucky quarantine order against Indiana has been suspended for ten days.

James A. Patten successfully closed his corner in oats at Chicago, clearing a million dollars.

By agreement of the attorneys the Caleb Powers case goes over to the September term of the Court of Appeals.

Gen. Wood's expense account as Military Governor of Cuba shows astonishing expenditures for wines and liquors, and other luxurious personal appurtenances.

William Clark, a notorious burglar, who escaped from Eddyville penitentiary four years ago, was captured in Kansas City and brought back by detective Maher.

Gov. Beckham has offered rewards of \$300 each for the arrest of Frank Cecil and Zach Steele, the Bell county fugitives accused of complicity in the assassination of Gov. Wm. Goebel.

The Senate agreed to take a vote June 3 on the Philippine Government Bill. The outcome of the vote will have no effect on the continuance of the present inquiry into the military management in the islands.

That branch of the Bardwell Christian congregation which opposes the use of an organ in the church has seceded from the main body of the church and will build an independent house of worship. The new church will be called the "Church of the New Testament."

The Shattuc Immigration Bill passed the House carrying with it two important amendments. The first prohibits the sale of intoxicating liquors at immigration stations. The second, introduced by Mr. Landis, prohibits the sale of intoxicants in the National Capitol.

The Second Baptist church in Little Rock, by a practically unanimous vote, adopted a resolution withdrawing fellowship from Gov. Jeff Davis, which is equivalent to expulsion. The charges against him were drunkenness, gambling, and other immoral acts. Gov. Davis was not present, being on a fishing trip.

Immigration to the United States is now at its highest point. The month will record the high water mark of the century—88,500. The bulk of the immigrants are from Southern and Southeastern Europe, while immigration from Ireland, Germany, Norway, Sweden and Denmark has greatly fallen off.

A resolution has been presented to the International Immigration and Commercial Association, a negro organization meeting in Chattanooga, petitioning Congress to appropriate \$500,000,000 for the deportation of any dissatisfied negroes. It is claimed that negroes enjoy in the United States less political protection than people in Turkey or China, and that the United States by reason of mob violence is assuming first place in the ranks of lawless nations.

### Wickless Blue Flame Oil Stoves

This is one of the most convenient stoves ever offered to the trade. Easy to operate, light to handle, and always ready. A good Oil Stove is a great source of comfort and satisfaction; also very economical.

These Stoves burn Coal Oil (Kerosene), and have become very popular on account of their safety and economy. Kerosene is always safer and more economical than gasoline. Prices reasonable.

Sold by BIGHAM & BROWNING

### Woodmen of the World

Rosewood Camp, No. 22, W. O. W., meets at Masonic Hall every Tuesday evening. Best, cheapest and most scientific plan of insurance in existence. Jno. WILBORN, Ck. M. A. WIND, C.C. A. J. DRISKILL, Physician.

## Texas Big Four Oil & Pipe Line Company, Of Galveston, Texas

### OPERATING IN

Beaumont Oil Fields  
Saratoga Oil Fields  
High Island Oil Fields  
Big Hill Oil Fields  
Damon Mound Oil Fields  
Sour Lake Oil Fields  
Oil City Oil Fields

The truth is more startling than fiction. The World's production increased many fold in less than half a year. One hundred wells with an average output of 60,050 barrels each day, yield the enormous daily production of 6,000,000 barrels. This means a daily income from wells now in of no less than \$1,800,000 for each day the wells are operated. Figure just a little. That means \$1250 per minute if sold at thirty cents a barrel. Think of it! Two bright American eagles, a big twenty-dollar gold piece for every breath you breathe and the dance has not started good.

### ARE YOU IN IT?

Would you Harvest a Share of this Good Gold?

The Texas Big Four Oil & Pipe Line Company, of Galveston, Texas, owning lands in the proven oil districts offers you an opportunity to secure shares in the Company on the most liberal terms and under the strictest guarantee of sure returns, with a proviso that if there is no gusher your money will be refunded.

J. LOBIT, Treasurer. W. H. LAYTON, Secretary  
207 Improvement Loan & Trust Building, GALVESTON, TEXAS.

\$5.00

EVANSVILLE

—TO—

Chicago

AND RETURN

SATURDAY, JUNE 14th.

—VIA—

Illinois Central R. R.

All tickets good until June 17, for return with privilege of extension to June 20, by depositing ticket at depot ticket office and paying one dollar. Trains will leave Franklin street depot 7:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m., Saturday, June 24. Sleeping cars on night trains.  
F. R. WHEELER, C. P. & T. A., 200 Main Street, EVANSVILLE, IND.



Kimball Pianos and Organs

Lead the World!

Sold on Easy Monthly Payments!

Call on A. J. Chittenden at R. C. Haynes' grocery store, for terms and prices.

W. W. KIMBALL CO., Evansville, Ind.  
A. J. CHITTENDEN, Local Agent, Marion, Ky.





# The Press.

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

ONE YEAR ONE DOLLAR

## HOME Insurance Company

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.

Monday is county court day.  
Ollie James was in Louisville Saturday.

Miss Anna Dorr returned from St. Louis Thursday.

Geologist Julius Fohs was in Evansville Friday.

Dr. Richard J. Morris is in Hampton this week.

Hon. M. F. Pogue, of Frances, was in town Monday.

Circuit court commences in this city Monday, June 23d.

Mr. A. C. Moore was in Paducah the first of the week.

Mr. J. M. McChesney, of Kelsey, was in town Sunday.

If you want 15c. for your spring chix take them to Pritchett

The latest designs in monogram stationery at the PRESS office.

Pritchett wants your spring chickens; will pay 15c per pound.

Live squirrels wanted by the Ohio Valley Produce company.

Mr. L. W. Postlethwait of Paris, Tenn., was in town last week.

Miss Ethel Adams is the guest of friends in Henderson this week.

Mr. Nelson H. Snow, of Mineral Point, Wis., was in this city last week.

Pritchett, at Gladstone, pays 15 cent a pound for spring chickens.

The city council holds its regular monthly session next Tuesday night.

Mr. Wm. O. Pickering, a prominent citizen of Princeton, died last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Sep. Haynes, of DeLand, Fla. are visiting relatives in this city.

Miss Kittie Moore visited friends in Dyousburg Friday and Saturday.

Mrs. J. B. Hubbard and daughter, Miss Mamie, are visiting relatives at Blackford.

Woods & Co. guarantee their house paint. If not satisfactory, money refunded.

Mr. Richie Pickens, of Carmi, Ills., is spending the week with his parents in this city.

The Baptist Sunday school pupils and teachers spent yesterday at the Crittenden Springs.

A little fresh paint will make your buildings worth double price. All colors—Woods drug store.

The Wickless blue flame Oil Stoves are superior to all others. Sold by Bigham & Browning.

County judge Towery has made some much needed improvements to the interior of the court house.

Bring us live squirrels. We will pay you high prices.  
Ohio Valley Produce Co.

A crowd of young people went to the Crittenden Springs Monday evening and enjoyed a dance.

Mrs. S. L. Rogers has returned to her home in Litchfield, after spending two weeks with relatives here.

Marriage license were issued Monday to Oscar Kirby, aged 18, and Miss Rosa L. Johnson, aged 16 years.

Wall paper from 3c to 35c per roll, at Woods & Co's drug store.

Dr. T. A. Frazer has been ill for several days, but is able to be out today.

Don't forget that Patrick, the stock buyer, will be here Saturday and Monday.

Will pay you 8 cents for chickens Saturday. This price is only good for that day.

Take your spring chickens to J. W. Pritchett at Gladstone and get 15c a pound for them.

Mr. James Deboe and family of Clinton, were the guests of relatives in this city this week.

We bought too much wall paper this spring. We are selling it away down—Woods drug store.

High prices paid for live squirrels. Bring them in.  
Ohio Valley Produce Co.

Woods & Co. sell Masury's house paints at less price than any other high grade paint in town.

Mr. Chastain W. Haynes, who has been attending college at DeLand, Fla., returned home Saturday.

Mr. Foster Threlkeld, of Tolu, was in town Thursday. He has just recovered from a severe illness.

Give me your laundry and your work will always be satisfactory—Kearney Blue, agent for Kohinoor laundry.

We have a lot of good corn for sale at the Clark & Kevil mill, at 70c per bushel.  
Marion Milling Co.

Dr. Morris is in Hampton this week. Persons desiring to see him will find him at his office Monday.

Bring your horses and mules to town Saturday or Monday. Patrick will pay you the highest market prices.

Messrs. R. F. Haynes and C. C. Taylor attended the merchant's carnival at Evansville Thursday and Friday.

A trial is all that is necessary to convince you that the Wickless Blue flame Oil Stoves are the best. Sold by Bigham & Browning.

Will pay 8 cents for Chickens Saturday and Sunday only.  
Ohio Valley Produce Co.

Visiting cards, invitations, announcements, etc., either printed or engraved at the PRESS office. Call and see sample.

Wall paper of all patterns, shades and grades, at all kinds of prices, mostly low ones, however—Woods drug store.

Orders for extra copies of the illustrated mining edition of the PRESS, which will appear shortly, are coming in rapidly.

You will never have cause to grumble about your work if you patronize the Magnet laundry—James Hicklin, agent.

Mr. J. H. Brewer, of Louisville, State Manager of the Woodmen of the World, has been here this week, and has greatly increased the membership of Rosewood Camp No. 22. He has recently organized new camps at Morganfield and Uniontown.

See the Oil Stoves at Bigham & Brownings.

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

Dr. A. J. Driskill was in Kuttawa yesterday.

Mr. A. L. Patrick of Carmi, Ills. is in the city.

Mrs. J. E. Dean is the guest of relatives in Indianapolis.

Miss Lena Donaky, of Levas, is the guest of friends here.

I desire to rent my house on North Main street.—J. H. Walker

Miss Ebba Pickens has been ill since her return from Bowling Green.

Rev. B. A. Cundiff of Tolu was in town Tuesday en route from district conference.

Rev. Charles R. Montgomery will conduct services at the Presbyterian church at Tolu Sunday.

The pupils and teachers of the Presbyterian Sunday school enjoyed a picnic at the Crittenden Springs Tuesday.

Miss Ebba Pickens returned from Bowling Green Monday, where she has been attending a business college.

The Ohio Valley Produce Co., will pay 8 cts for chickens Saturday.

Mr. L. E. Guess, who has served as county clerk Weldon's office deputy for several months, will leave in a few days for Oklahoma.

Don't chase out of town for any kind of job printing. The PRESS does the highest grade of printing, engraving, embossing and lithographing.

Mr. Thomas Champion was in town Friday en route to his home in Livingston county. He has been attending a law school at Bowling Green.

Misses Bessie and Fannie Woods gave a birthday party at their home Tuesday evening. Many of their friends were present and richly enjoyed the pleasures of the evening.

Mr. Joe Bourland, of the PRESS and Mr. Stewart, the photographer for its special mining issue secured valuable data and some interesting pictures in and around Dycusburg last week.

The Hopkins county fair and carnival will be held at Madisonville August 5th-9th. Fine attractions have been secured and the fair will be the biggest ever held in this end of the state.

The children of the Missionary Society of the Methodist church will give an ice cream supper in the yard of the church parsonage Friday evening. Ice cream and cake will be served at ten cents.

Born to the wife of Squire Geo. Williams, June 3d, a spanking big boy baby. Mr. Williams has been married thirty years and this is the first masculine specimen he has been able to produce.

Mr. S. H. Cassidy, the prominent Dycusburg merchant, left this week for Buffalo, New York, where he will remain several weeks under medical treatment. He has been ill for several months. Mrs. Cassidy accompanied him.

A little son of Mr. R. B. Clement was kicked by a mule last week. The animal's hoof struck the little fellow in the forehead and it was thought that the skull was fractured, but the bone was laid bare. It was a narrow escape.

Quite a number of the Crittenden county teachers will attend the Kentucky Educational Association, which convenes in Lexington June 24th. All railroads of the State have granted the low rate of one fare for the round trip.

Mrs. Wm Clark was taken to the Hopkinsville Asylum yesterday. She was declared insane only a few weeks ago and sent to the asylum, but apparently recovered and was discharged last week but insanity again developed and she became worse than ever.

## The Opening Ball.

Thursday evening the opening ball of the season will be given at the Crittenden Springs. That it will be a brilliant success there is no doubt. Preparations have been made to entertain a great number of guests. The attendance from this city will be very large, and large parties are coming from many of the surrounding towns and cities. The orchestra arrived Saturday.

## Sunday Services.

In the morning Rev. Montgomery preached from the Angels Salutation, "Peace on earth, good will to man" to a good congregation. The choir sang with fine effect, the "Sevenfold Amen."

At the Christian church in the evening the Rev. J. W. Flynn chose his subject from the conversion of "Saul of Tarsus."

At the Cumberland Presbyterian Rev. Mr. Price spoke to a large audience, both morning and evening.

The Baptist and Methodist pulpits were vacant, both clergymen being out of the city.

## Doss—McNeely.

Sunday afternoon, at Elizabethtown, Ills., Mr. Frank M. Doss and Miss Lena McNeely, of this city, were united in marriage, returning home in the evening. The marriage was quite a surprise to the many friends of the popular young couple.

Miss McNeely is one of the prettiest young ladies of the city. She possesses a sweet, sunny disposition, and has many friends wherever she is known. She is the daughter of Mr. John McNeely.

The groom is a son of Mr. C. E. Doss. He is an industrious young man.

Mr. and Mrs. Doss will reside in the city. The PRESS extends congratulations and wishes them the utmost happiness.

## Deeds Recorded.

Mrs. F. M. Allard to Robert and Braekneridge Carr, 30 acres on Deer Creek, \$552.50.

Adelia Farmer to Chas. C. Dalm, interest in two tracts of land, \$665.00.

A mine worker's union was organized in this city last week with twenty-five members. Mr. S. E. Farmer is president of the association.

The commencement exercises of the State College at Lexington will be held this week. Among the graduates are Mr. A. F. Crier of this county and Mr. L. D. Threlkeld of Salem.

Friday evening Messrs. Henry Haynes and Walter Walker entertained at the residence of Mr. R. C. Walker. Mrs. R. F. Haynes made a most charming hostess. Misses Estelle Walker and Leslie Woods assisted in entertaining. Forty young ladies and gentlemen were present. The parlors were tastefully decorated with flowers. The hours were pleasantly passed by the young people.

Attorneys L. H. James and Jas. A. Moore went to Fredonia Saturday. They were employed in the trial of Mr. Smith Bugg, charged with selling whisky without license. There were 69 charges against Mr. Bugg, and 57 against his clerk, Mr. Dan Patton. Mr. Bugg was found guilty and fined on first trial. Acquittal was the result of second trial. A compromise was effected and all the charges against both gentlemen were dismissed.

Mr. Bugg was granted druggist license to sell whisky.

## Mules and Horses Wanted!

I will be in Marion Saturday and Monday, June 7th and 9th, to buy good horses and mules. Will pay highest price market will justify and buy anything I think I can make a little money on.

Bring in your stock and will try to trade with you. Come to Pierce & Son's livery stable.  
A. L. PATRICK.

## Lights and Shades

Where in the world is Vigo?

Any millionaire would give half his fortune for Kearney Blue's appetite.

Black and white are the prevailing colors on our Sunday excursions.

Roy Gilbert's visit to Evansville during the carnival was a good thing for Evansville.

A printer belonging to the PRESS office was lost somewhere in the shuffle on the Hopkinsville excursion Sunday week.

The barbed wire got in its bare bones work on Will Clifton the other night at "congressman James' welcome home."

The "James reception" night was made notable by the burning of powder and the cheers of pretty nearly everybody in Crittenden county.

No note was heard; no funeral knell; no song of bird; no sound of bell; streets were silent; regular—Fredonia sort of a town, Marion was, on decoration day.

Until the Lola safe blowing episode is relegated to the past, strangers and pilgrims better give marshal Cannan a wide berth. This Cannan goes off on the slightest provocation.

If Squire J. Frank Conger's remarkable hen will lay eggs enough to pay for a year's subscription to the PRESS it will tell all about her wonderful achievements.

Kenneth Clark, the little son of Dr. Joe Clark, was tasting his first glass of carbonated water.

"How does it taste, Kenneth?" asked a bystander.  
"Dess like a foot asleep," replied the youngster.

Mr. Joseph Bourland, the artistic printer of the PRESS office, has recently put out some society work in the shape of invitations, cards, etc., that would be most creditable to any city engraving establishment.

A bright ten year old boy reached Marion last week en route for a pleasant permanent home near the river. He was from the Baptist Orphans home, Louisville, and showed all the evidences of a refined, comfortable, pleasant home.

We are always glad to see Mr. Nelson H. Snow, of Mineral Point Wis., on our streets, but he should remember that there is a limit to our cold weather capacity. This Wisconsin weather that he brings with him is a brand that isn't appreciated down in Kentucky.

Colonel Russell's fishing expedition to the Hodge mines was curtailed by the pressure of business at this office. We have never heard of the Colonel's catching a fish, either at the Hodge mines or elsewhere—that is not a properly authenticated heard.

For several weeks Dr. Morris has been troubled with insomnia. Sleep seemed impossible. The more he wooed it the more distant it appeared. An old friend advised him to prepare for bed and then count himself to sleep, promising him certain relief. The next day he asked the doctor if he followed out the prescription; the latter replied that he counted up to 22,000.

"And then you dropped off to sleep, of course?"  
"No," replied the doctor, "it was then time to get up."

The Roosevelts and Booker Washingtons had a game of ball on the lawn of the county court house the other day. It was rather an odd sight—in Kentucky.

Crittenden Springs Hotel is now formally and officially ready for the opening ball, Uncle Jake Lennard, of Evansville, having arrived for his fifth season at that charming resort.

Editor Walker was carving a delicious looking boiled ham the other day—he prides himself on his pen of fine pigs—turning to his guest he said that he had received a request from a northern newspaper for something from his pen, with a true Kentucky flavor, and he thought he would send them a slice of this ham.

On one occasion there were two oysters lying side by side in a church vestibule. A throng of people were hurrying in and out and evidently there was something "doing."

"What's all this racket about and what are we here for?" said one of the oysters to the other.

"There is to be a church social here tonight and oyster soup is to be served."

"Yes I know," said the other oyster, "but what do they want of both of us?"

"The minister will take dinner with us this evening, so be on your good behavior," said Mrs. Clifton to her husband, Tom, as he came from the store.

"What have we for dinner?" asked the husband.

"I bought a good string of small river fish and several larger ones from the dam, and as the minister is very fond of fish we will take the large ones and fry the others."

"That will do finely," said Tom, "but it's the first time we have ever had a minister at dinner and I feel a little nervous over it."

"Oh, you'll do nicely," said Jane, as she turned to the parlor to announce dinner to the waiting minister.

After grace had been said, Tom hastily dishing out the vegetables and remembering he had two kinds of fish to serve, he asked his guest:

"Would you prefer the little river fish or a part of the dam big fish?"

The warning kick under the table was unnecessary, he knew that he had blundered, cold beads of perspiration were on his forehead. "I should have said, will you have some of the dam river fish or some of the big fish?"

His foot was in it again; some one pulled his coat tail to bring him to his senses.

"Excuse me," said Tom, "but would you like some of the river fish or some of the other dam fish?"

Jane's face was in a blaze and she turned a cold, stony look of indignation on Tom, which made matters worse for the poor fellow, as he cleared his throat and said:

"Which of the dam fish do you prefer, anyhow?"

## Hammar Paints

### The Guarantee of Cost and Wear.

After being thinned, gallon for gallon, with Pure Linseed Oil, and applied according to the directions on every can (which are those followed by all good painters), we place our \$200,000 capital behind our guarantee that Hammar Paint will not crack, peel, blister or chip off for five years on three-coat work or for three years on two-coat work, over surface previously painted.

That the use of Hammar Paint will save you 25 per cent of the ordinary cost of high grade mixed paints or white lead. That pound for pound Hammar Paint will cover more surface than White Lead.

We also agree that in case this guarantee is not fulfilled to your entire satisfaction we will refund you in CASH the entire cost of materials used in painting.

F. HAMMAR PAINT CO.  
Sold by BIGHAM & BROWNING  
Marion Ky.



## THE LAW.

"Is a truth as old as the soul of things—  
Whatever ye sow ye reap."  
"Is the cosmic law that forever springs  
From the unimagined deep."  
"Is shown in the manifold sorrows of  
Of the race; in remorse with its secret  
stings;  
That he who grief to his brother brings  
Is his turn some day shall weep."  
To the man who hears his victim's cry  
And hardens his heart at the sound.  
At last a Nemesis dread shall rise  
From out of the void profound.  
Who sows in selfishness, greed, and hate  
Shall gain his deserts in the years that wait  
For the slow and remorseless wheel of Fate  
Forever turn round and round.  
If ye give out of mercy and love and light,  
The same shall return to you.  
For the standards of right are infinite  
And the scales of the gods are true.  
By its good or evil each life is weighed;  
In motives and deeds is its record made;  
In the coin ye pay ye shall be repaid.  
When your wages at last fall due.  
—J. A. Edgerton, in Denver News.

## My Strangest Case

BY GUY BOOTHBY.

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

(Copyrighted, 1913, by Ward, Lock & Co.)

### CHAPTER V.—CONTINUED.

When he had gone I sat down at my desk to think. I had had a good many surprises in my life, but I don't know that I had ever been more astonished than I was that afternoon. If only I had been aware of Hayle's identity when he had called upon me two mornings before, how simply everything might have been arranged! As a matter of fact I had been talking with the very man I had been paid to find, and what was worse, had even terminated the interview myself. When I realized everything, I could have kicked myself for my stupidity. Why should I have suspected him, however? The very boldness of his scheme carried conviction with it! Certainly, Mr. Gideon Hayle was a foman worthy of my steel, and I began to realize that, with such a man to deal with, the enterprise I had taken in hand was likely to prove a bigger affair than I had bargained for.

"Having failed in both his attempts to get me out of the way, his next move will be to leave England with as little delay as possible," I said to myself. "If only I knew in what part of London he was staying, I'd ransack it for him, if I had to visit every house in order to do so. As it is, he has a thousand different ways of escape, and unless luck favors me I shall be unable to prevent him from taking his departure."

At that moment there was a tap at the door and my clerk entered the room.

"Mr. Kitwater and Mr. Codd to see you, sir."

"Show them in," I said, and a moment later the blind man and his companion were ushered into my presence.

Codd must have divined from the expression upon my face that I was not pleased to see them.

"You must forgive me for troubling you again so soon," said Kitwater, as he dropped into the chair I had placed for him, "but you can understand that we are really anxious about the affair. Your letter tells us that you discovered that Hayle was in London a short time since, and that he had realized upon some of the stones. Is it not possible for you to discover some trace of his whereabouts?"

"I have not been able to do that yet," I answered. "It will be of interest to you, however, to know that he called upon me here in this room, and occupied the chair you are now sitting in, three days ago."

Kitwater clutched the arm of the chair in question and his face went as white as his beard.

"In this room three days ago, and sitting in your presence," he cried. "Then you know where he is, and can take us to him?"

"I regret that such a thing is out of my power," I answered. "The man came into and left this room without being hindered by me."

Kitwater sprang to his feet with an oath that struck me as coming rather oddly from the lips of a missionary.

"I see it all. You are in league with him," he cried, his face suffused with passion. "You are siding with him against us. By God you are, and I'll have you punished for it. You hoodwinked us, you sold us. You've taken our money, and now you've gone over and are acting for the enemy."

I opened the drawer of my table and took out the envelope he had given me when he had called. For a reason of my own I had not banked the note it contained.

"Excuse me, Mr. Kitwater," I said, speaking as calmly as I could, "but there seems to be a little misunderstanding. I have not sold you, and I have not gone over to the enemy. There is the money you gave me, and I will not charge you anything for the little trouble I have been put to. That should convince you of my integrity. Now perhaps you will leave my office, and let me wash my hands of the whole affair."

I noticed that little Codd placed his hand upon the other's arm. It traveled down until their hands met. I saw that the blind man was making an effort to recover his composure, and I felt sure that he regretted ever having lost it. A moment later Codd came across the room to my table, and taking up a piece of paper, wrote upon it the following words:

"Kitwater is sorry, I am sure. Try to forgive him. Remember what he has suffered through Hayle."

The simplicity of the message touched me.

"Pray sit down a minute, Mr. Kitwater," I said, "and let me put myself right with you. It is only natural that you should get angry, if you think I have treated you as you said just now. However, that does not happen to be the case. I can assure you that had I known who Hayle was, I should have taken very good care that he did not leave this office until you had had an interview with him. Unfortunately, however, I was not aware of his identity. I have encountered some bold criminals in my time, but I do not know that I have ever had a more daring one than the man who treated you so badly."

I thereupon proceeded to give him a rough outline of Hayle's interview with myself, and his subsequent treatment of me. Both men listened with rapt attention.

"That is Hayle all over," said Kitwater when I had finished. "It is not his fault that you are not a dead man now. He will evade us if he possibly can. The story of the roughs you have just told us shows that he is aware that you are on the trail, and, if I know him at all, he will try the old dodge, and put running water between you and himself as soon as possible. As I said to you the other day, he knows the world as well as you know London, and, in spite of what people say, there are still plenty of places left in it where he can hide and we shall never find him. With the money he stole from us he can make himself as comfortable as he pleases wherever he may happen to be. To sum it all up, if he gets a week's start of us, we shall never set eyes on him again."

"If that is so we must endeavor to make sure that he does not get that start," I replied. "I will have the principal ports watched, and in the meantime will endeavor to find out where he has stowed himself away in London. You may rest assured of one thing, gentlemen, I took this matter up in the first place as an ordinary business speculation. I am now going on for that reason and another. Mr. Hayle tried a trick on me that I have never had attempted before, and for the future he is my enemy as well as yours. I hope I have set myself right with you now. You do not still believe that I am acting in collusion with him?"

"I do not," Kitwater answered, vehemently. "And I most humbly apologize for having said what I did. It would have served me right if you had thrown the case up there and then, and I regard it as a proof of your good feeling towards us that you consent to continue your work upon it. To-day is Friday, is it not? Then perhaps by Sunday you may have something more definite to tell us."

"It is just possible, I may," I returned.

"In that case I am instructed by my niece to ask if you will give us the pleasure of your company at Bishopstowe on that day. After the toils of London, a day in the country



A TRAVELING RUG THROWN OVER HIS SHOULDER, AND CARRYING A SMALL BROWN LEATHER BAG IN HIS HAND, STOOD GIDEON HAYLE.

will do you no harm, and needless to say we shall be most pleased to see you."

I remembered the girl's pretty face and the trim neat figure. I am not a lady's man, far from it, nevertheless I thought that I should like to renew my acquaintance with her.

"I shall be very pleased to accept Miss Kitwater's invitation, provided I have something of importance to communicate," I said. "Should I not be able to come, you will of course understand that my presence is required in London or elsewhere. My movements must of necessity be regulated by those of Mr. Hayle, and while I am attending to him I am not my own master."

Kitwater asked me one or two more questions about the disposal of the gems to the merchants in Hatton Garden, groaned as I describe the enthusiasm of the dealers, swore under his breath when he heard of Hayle's cunning in refusing to allow either his name or address to be known, and then rose and bade me good-by.

During dinner that evening I had plenty to think about. The various events of the day had been so absorbing, and had followed so thick and fast upon each other, that I had little time to seriously digest them. As I ate my meal, and drank my modest pint of claret, I gave them my fullest consideration. As Kitwater had observed, there was no time to waste if we desired to lay our hands upon that slippery Mr. Hayle. Given the full machinery of the law, and its boundless resources to stop

him, it is by no means an easy thing for a criminal to fly the country unnoticed; but with me the case was different. I had only my own and the exertions of a few and trusted servants to rely upon, and it was therefore impossible for us to watch all the various backdoors leading out of England at once. When I had finished my dinner I strolled down the Strand as far as Charing Cross station. Turner was to leave for St. Petersburg that night by the mail train, and I had some instructions to give him before his departure. I found him in the act of attending to the labeling of his luggage, and when he had seen it safely on the van, we strolled down the platform together. I warned him of the delicate nature of the operation he was about to undertake, and bade him use the greatest possible care that the man he was to watch did not become aware of his intentions. Directly he knew for certain that this man was about to leave Russia, he was to communicate with me by cipher, and with my representative in Berlin, and then follow him with all speed to that city himself. As I had good reason to know, he was a shrewd and intelligent fellow, and one who never forgot any instructions that might be given him. Knowing that he was a great votary of the Goddess Nicotine, I gave him a few cigars to smoke on the way to Dover.

"Write to me immediately when you have seen your man," I said. "Remember me to Herr Schneider, and if you should see—"

I came to a sudden stop, for there, among the crowd, not three-carriage lengths away from me, a traveling rug thrown over his shoulder, and carrying a small brown leather bag in his hand, stood Gideon Hayle. Unfortunately, he had already seen me, and almost before I realized what he was doing, he was making his way through the crowd in the direction of the main entrance.

Without another word to Turner, I set off in pursuit, knowing that he was going to make his bolt, and that if I missed him now it would probably be my last chance of coming to grips with him. Never before had the platform seemed so crowded. An exasperating lady, with a lanky youth at her side, hindered my passage, porters with trucks piled with luggage barred the way just when I was getting along nicely; while, as I was about to make my way out into the courtyard, an idiotic Frenchman seized me by the arm and implored me to show him "ze office of ze money-changeaire." I replied angrily that I did not know, and ran into the portico, only to be in time to see Gideon Hayle take a seat in a hansom. He had evidently given his driver his instructions, for the man whipped up his horse, and went out of the yard at a speed which, at any other hour, would certainly have got him into trouble with the police.

I called up another cab and jumped into it, promising the man a sovereign as I did so, if he would keep the other cab in sight, and find out for me its destination.

"Right ye are, sir," the cabman replied. "You jest leave that to me. I won't let him get out of my sight."

Then we, in our turn, left the yard of the station, and set off eastwards along the Strand in pursuit. Both cabmen were sharp fellows and evidently familiar with every twist and turn of their famous London. In my time I have had a good many curious drives in one part of the world and another, but I think that chase will always rank first. We traveled along the Strand, about 100 yards behind the other vehicle, then turned up Southampton street, through Covent Garden by way of Henrietta street into Long Acre. After that I cannot pretend to have any idea of the direction we took. I know that we passed through Drury Lane, crossed High Holborn, to presently find ourselves somewhere at the back of Gray's Inn. The buildings of the Parcels Post depot marked another stage in our journey. But still the other cab did not show any sign of coming to a standstill. Leaving Mount Pleasant behind us, we entered that dingy labyrinth of streets lying on the other side of the Clerkwell House of Detention. How much longer was the chase going to last? Then, to my delight, the other cab slackened its pace, and eventually pulled up before a small public-house. We were so close behind it that we narrowly escaped a collision. I sprang out, and ran to the other vehicle in order to stop Hayle before he could alight.

"Wot's up, guv'ner?" asked the cabman. "Don't go a worritting of yourself. There's nobody inside."

He was quite right, the cab was empty!

### CHAPTER VI.

I flatter myself that I am a man who is not easily disconcerted, but for the second time that day I was completely taken aback. I had watched that cab so closely, had followed its progress so carefully, that it seemed impossible Hayle could have escaped from it. Yet there was the fact, apparent to all the world, that he had got away. I looked from the cab to the cabman and then at my own driver, who had descended from his perch and was standing beside me.

"Well, I wouldn't have believed it," I said aloud, when I had recovered somewhat from my astonishment.

My own driver, who had doubtless begun to think that the sovereign I had promised him was in danger, was inclined to be somewhat belligerent. It appeared as if he were anxious to make a personal matter of it, and in proof of this he sternly demanded of his rival what he had done with his fare.

"You don't think I've ate him, do yer?" asked that worthy. "What's it got to do with me what a fare does? I set 'im down, same as I should do you, and now I am on my way home. Look arter your own fare, and take him 'ome and put him ter bed, but don't yer a'come aboth'erin' me. I've done the best day's work I've ever 'ad in my life, and if so be the pair of yer like to come into the pub here, well, I don't know as I won't a stand yer both a two of Scotch cold. It looks as if 'twould kind a' cheer the guv'ner up a bit, seein' as how he's disappointed like. Come on now!"

It is one of my principles, and to it I feel that I owe a considerable portion of my success, that I never allow my pride to stand in the way of my business. The most valuable information is not unfrequently picked up in the most unlikely places, and for this reason I followed my own Jehu and his rival into the public-house in question. The man was visibly elated by the good stroke of business he had done that night, and was inclined to be convivial.

"'E was a proper sort of bloke," he said as we partook of our refreshment. "'E give me a five, 'e did, an' I wishes as 'ow I could meet another like 'im every day."

"They do say as how one man's mutton is another man's poison," retorted my driver, who, in spite of the entertainment he was receiving, visibly regarded the other with disfavor. "If you'd a give us the tip, I'd 'ave 'ad my suvering. As it is I don't take it friendly like that you should a' bilked us."

[To Be Continued.]

## DECORATION WITH A MORAL.

Its Recipient Breaks a Pledge Not to Accept Such Honors and Is Sorry.

A story illustrative of an unfortunate error of judgment is told at the expense of the late Baron Nordenfjeld, says Youth's Companion. When he was on his way home from the Siberian coast, he received a telegram from the Russian government, asking him if he would accept a decoration from the star in recognition of his services to the country.

Now the baron was a member of the Anti-Decoration society, which pledged its supporters to receive no decorations from anybody; and he wrestled long and faithfully with himself before finally he yielded to the temptation, and telegraphed back that he would gladly accept the honor.

How great, then, was his chagrin when, on reaching home, a friend told him that the czar was fully aware of his antipathy to honors of the nature of decorations, and he had put aside the sum of 300,000 rubles, to be given to him in case of his refusal of the offer.

"Russia," added the friend, blandly, "is certainly grateful to you for your failure to live up to your pledge."

A man does not lose 300,000 rubles every time he breaks a pledge, but the moral is a good one for all that.

### Rosa's Bonheur's Lions.

Rosa Bonheur gave the freedom of her gardens to the lions of the menagerie at By. Sometimes the passers-by on the road would regard with stupefaction a tawny lion crouching on the terrace of Mile. Rosa, and gazing majestically from the height of the wall which formed his pedestal. However, after while the artist grew tired of entertaining such expensive guests, which, moreover, in spite of all assurances, kept the neighborhood in a constant state of terror, and she gave her last lion, so carefully tamed, to the Jardin des Plantes. It was a privilege to hear the charming woman tell of her visit to her imprisoned pet, of how sad he was, revelling no longer in the caresses of his mistress, while his mane looked dirty and uncombed. "The poor animal," said she, "rose up when he saw me, and his glance, so eloquent and pathetic, seemed to tell me—I am wrong; his look actually said: 'See what they have done to me. I am weary. I suffer. Save me! Take me back!'"—Harper's Magazine.

### A Burst of Generosity.

A man from Dunedin once visited (the town of) Wellington. An Irish friend insisted upon the visitor staying at his house instead of at a hotel, and kept him there for a month, playing the host in detail, even to treating him to the theaters and other amusements, paying all the cab fares, and the rest. When the visitor was returning to Dunedin, the Irishman saw him down to the steamer, and they went into the saloon to have a parting drink.

"What'll you have?" asked the host, continuing his hospitality to the very last.

"Now, look here," said the man from Dunedin, "I'll hae nae mair o' this. Here ye've been keepin' me at yer hoose for a month, an' payin' for a' the theaters an' cabs an' drinks—I tell ye I'll stan' nae mair o' it! We'll just hae a toss for this one!"—The Scotsman.

There is a man who is always apologizing, and some say: "How courteous he is!" Know that he is a thorough and aggressive egotist. He runs against you, he steps on your foot, he tries to pass you on the left, he knocks your hat as he hangs by a strap in the car, he sits on your coat tail—what does he not do to call attention to his own breeding? Sometimes he throws the accent on "beg," sometimes on "pardon." The speech is merely a rhetorical flourish and he has practiced all the variations.—Boston Journal.

### Ominous.

When a woman's eyes look like fire, and she rattles the dishes round in cooking than usual, it means that when her husband appears, she intends to start something.—Atchison Globe.

## PERSONAL AND LITERARY.

The state of Illinois has 23 Carnegie libraries.

All the Latin poems written by the pope have been collected and published at Milan in a two-penny volume of 112 pages.

Bryant is said to have written "Thanatopsis" in a week. The work of translating Homer consumed four or five of his best years.

Josiah Lynn, once partner of Jay Gould in the tannery at Gouldsboro, Pa., is now blind and an inmate of the poorhouse at Karsville, N. J.

The Wyoming national bank, of Warsaw, N. Y., claims the youngest bank president in the country. He is Welcott J. Humphrey, 24 years old, and graduated from Williams college in 1906.

"Every business man should read Shakespeare," says James J. Hill, the railroad magnate. "There are other good works aplenty, of course, but I have found more valuable advice, consolation and information in Shakespeare than in any other author."

Joseph Jefferson was asked the other day why he never introduced a dog into "Rip Van Winkle," and this was his reply: "If I had brought on a real dog he would never have pleased everyone, because each one had a special idea of what sort of a dog Schneider ought to be. And if the tail of the dog of realism had wagged once at the wrong time it would have spoiled everything."

The story that the late William Black liked best to tell, says Harper's, was that of the luncheon given to him by a small party of American admirers just before he left New York on his return voyage. A certain American author of venerable age, whose acquaintance with English literature was probably more extensive than exact, presided at this entertainment, and in proposing Black's health, after referring to him as "the greatest of living novelists," he called upon the company to drink to their guest, "William Black, the author of 'Lorna Doone!'" It was characteristic of Black's good sense and freedom from vanity that in after years he not only delighted to tell this story in private, but repeated it once, at least, in public.

## THE COLOR OF WATER.

What Recent Investigation Shows—Results Are Important Because of Popular Prejudice.

Recent investigations of natural color in water show that it is due to two distinct causes, vegetable stain and suspended matter. When the latter is present in appreciable quantity, it causes turbidity and is not a real pigment. The true color of vegetable stain is greenish-yellow to reddish brown, and is due to decayed plant growth; the suspended matter is generally mineral and often contains iron. The color acquired by water at the bottom of a deep pond is largely due to this cause.

Experts have adopted a method of stating the depth of color in water by comparison with a mixture of platinum and cobalt, the color produced by one part of platinum to one million parts of water being taken as the unit.

Thus it has been shown, says Arthur E. Bostwick, in Success, that the color of surface water depends both on the character of the neighboring vegetation and on the time that the water remains in contact with it. Water near steep rocks, where there are few trees, will generally be below 20 units in color; steep wooded or cultivated slopes give 20 to 50 units; similar, but gentler slopes, from five to one hundred; and swampy areas, 100 to 500 or even higher. Highly colored waters are more common in the northern states than in the south. Colored water is gradually bleached by sunlight, the action taking place chiefly within one foot of the surface. The study of color in water is of commercial importance, because most people object to drinking brownish water. Hence, in a town water supply the color must either be removed or its formation must be prevented. The latter is often the most economical thing to do, and it may be accomplished by intercepting the water from the uplands and leading it into the streams without letting it pass through the swamps.

Filtering through sand will not remove the color from water, and even clay will take it out but partially. Generally, the water must be altered chemically, as by mixture with sulphate of aluminum, which coagulates the coloring matter. The color may also be removed by oxidation, as with permanganate of potash, or by ozone; but this method is not much in use at present. The question is largely one of aesthetics, as natural coloring matter in water is rarely harmful.

### Too Sincere.

"My husband often says that his disposition might be worse," said the patient-looking woman.

"That sounds gentle and conciliatory."

"Yes; but he always insists on going ahead and proving it!"—Washington Star.

### A Sure Proof.

"So Jack is married, eh? Do you think he'll get along well with his wife?"

"I'm quite sure he will. They sang in the same choir for two years without quarreling!"—London Tit-Bits.

### Not Here Alone.

Mrs. Quiverful—Do you know, dear, that I think the baby sometimes cries in her sleep?

Mr. Quiverful (savagely)—I don't know about that; but I know she often cries in mine.—Tit-Bits.

## SUFFERED 25 YEARS

With Catarrh of the Stomach—  
Pe-ru-na Cured.



Congressman Botkin, of Winfield, Kan.

In a recent letter to Dr. Hartman Congressman Botkin says:

"My Dear Doctor—It gives me pleasure to certify to the excellent curative qualities of your medicines—Peruna and Manalot. I have been afflicted more or less for a quarter of a century with catarrh of the stomach and constipation. A residence in Washington has increased these troubles. A few bottles of your medicine have given me almost complete relief, and I am sure that a continuation of them will effect a permanent cure."—J. D. Botkin.

Mr. L. F. Verdery, a prominent real estate agent, of Augusta, Ga., writes:

"I have been a great sufferer from catarrhal dyspepsia. I tried many physicians, visited a good many spas, but I believe Peruna has done more for me than all of the above put together. I feel like a new person."—L. F. Verdery.

The most common form of summer catarrh is catarrh of the stomach. This is generally known as dyspepsia. Peruna cures these cases like magic.

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

Address Dr. Hartman, President of The Hartman Sanitarium, Columbus, O.

### A Cynical Suggestion.

"Do you think that people are less romantic and imaginative after they are married?"

"I don't know about the romance," answered Mr. Chittins. "But if they are going to try to explain everything, they've got to be more imaginative."—Brooklyn Eagle.

### Papa Was Pleased.

"And what did papa say?"

"He said it was all right."

"Didn't he seem very reluctant?"

"I can't say that he did. When I told him that I came to ask him for your hand he muttered something that sounded very much like 'Thank heaven, at last!'—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

When a man is accused of leading a dog's life it may be an insult to the dog.—Chicago Daily News.

### Shake Into Your Shoes.

Allen's Foot-Ease. It cures painful, swollen, smarting, sweating, feet. Makes new shoes easy. Sold by all Druggists and Shoe stores. Don't accept any substitute. Sample FREE. Address A. S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

The poor being always with us, it is fortunate that they are so much more tolerable than the rich.—Puck.

I am sure Pico's Cure for Consumption saved my life three years ago.—Mrs. Thos. Robbins, Maple Street, Norwich, N. Y., Feb. 17, 1900.

Practice builds on the plane laid down by principle.—Ram's Horn.

Explosions of Coughing are stopped by Hale's Honey of Horehound and Tar. Pike's Toothache Drops Cure in one minute.

Fear not the scorn of ignorance nor the slurs of pretenders.—Town Topics.

## MILWAUKEE PEOPLE

Could Hardly Believe It. A Prominent Woman Saved From Death by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I suppose a large number of people who read of my remarkable cure will hardly believe it; had I not experienced it myself, I know that I should not."



MRS. SADIE E. KOCH.

"I suffered for months with troubles peculiar to women which gradually broke down my health and my very life. I was nearly insane with pain at times, and my human skill I consulted in Milwaukee could bring me relief."

"My attention was called to Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound; the first bottle brought relief, and the second bottle an absolute cure. I could not believe it myself, and felt sure it was only temporary, but blessed fact, I have now been well for a year, enjoy the best of health, and cannot in words express my gratitude. Sincerely yours, SADIE E. KOCH, 134 10th St., Milwaukee, Wis.—\$5000 forfeit if above testimonial is not genuine."

Such unquestionable testimony proves the power of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound over diseases of women.

Women should remember that they are privileged to consult Mrs. Pinkham, at Lynn, Mass., about their illness, entirely free.







## NOVEL WEDDING.

The First Couple Ever Married on the Stage in Kentucky.

Paducah, Ky., May 30.—During the cathedral scene of "The Hunchback of Notre Dame" at the Kentucky theater Tuesday night, Mr. Otto Inden, formerly of Keokuk, Iowa, and Miss Mattie Gainer, of this city, were married by Rev. J. T. Cunningham of Canton Trigg county, Ky., in presence of 500 people, the English summer stock company producing the play. Manager J. E. English was unable to secure a local preacher, to perform the ceremony and had to import one. After the marriage the couple passed through the audience amid cheers and took a seat in a box. It was the first marriage ever performed on the stage in Kentucky.

## TOLU.

Hurrah for Ollie James.

We have been having some fine rains.

Quite a number of our people attended quarterly meeting at Hurricane Sunday.

Wheat and corn are looking fine in our section.

J. W. Guess is on the sick list.

Miss Maude Lear returned home from Lola Saturday where she has been engaged in the millinery business for the past few weeks.

Our island boys are through planting corn.

Albert Liken and wife, of Carrville, visited friends here last week.

J. O. Brown is improving very slowly.

The Ohio is rising.

Tolu is on a boom. Squire Marks and Mose Lanham are painting the town red.

FOR SALE—A good work mule. For cash or on time.

Geo. M. Crider.

## Sunday School Convention.

The tenth International Sunday School Convention meets in Denver June 26-30. This convention will have as delegates the leading Sunday school workers of the United States and Canada, with delegates from Cuba, Porto Rico, Hawaii and Mexico. This convention has oversight of the Sunday school work of all these countries and in addition appoints the international lesson committee. It is, therefore, one of the most noted and important gatherings of the world for our Sunday school interests. The Kentucky Sunday School Association has arranged to run a special train from Louisville with reduced railroad rates, reduced sleeping car rates, and reduced rates for meals en route.

This season of the year is the most pleasant to visit Colorado, with its most beautiful scenery and climate. Any one wishing to go to Denver, whether a Sunday school worker or not, can get information and details by addressing E. A. Fox, General Secretary Kentucky S. S. Association, Louisville, Ky.

## Gray Hair

"I have used Ayer's Hair Vigor for over thirty years. It has kept my scalp free from dandruff and has prevented my hair from turning gray."—Mrs. F. A. Soule, Billings, Mont.

There is this peculiar thing about Ayer's Hair Vigor—it is a hair food, not a dye. Your hair does not suddenly turn black, look dead and lifeless. But gradually the old color comes back,—all the rich, dark color it used to have. The hair stops falling, too.

\$1.00 a bottle. All druggists.

If your druggist cannot supply you, send us one dollar and we will express you a bottle. Be sure and give the name of your nearest express office. Address, J. C. AYER CO., Lowell, Mass.

## CHAPEL HILL.

John Reed and Lan Waddell were in our beat Saturday.

B. F. Walker is building a fine stock barn, which is near completion.

Some few of our neighbors are done setting tobacco.

Corn looks fine in our beat; some has been plowed the second time.

Wheat is not so good, some few fields are looking well; about two-thirds crop will be harvested.

Oats look well; a small crop will be harvested.

Children's Day at Chapel Hill second Sunday in June.

T. M. Hill and wife visited E. R. Hills family of Iron Hill Saturday and Sunday.

J. T. Bigham and family were guests of J. N. Hill's Saturday and Sunday.

B. F. Walker visited his daughter, Mrs. Joe Parr, of Caldwell county, Sunday.

Charley Clement will build an addition to his tobacco barn this spring.

M. G. Jacobs visited his brother William near Lillie Dale Sunday.

T. J. Vandell had a hard chill Wednesday night and has been very bad off ever since.

A queer way to plant cucumbers is as follows: Put your ground in good order, make your hills and on the 4th day of July, in the morning before breakfast, walk backwards to the patch and plant your cucumbers and the yield will be great.

Frank James, from the Pleasant Hill neighborhood, is a very frequent visitor in our precinct.

Mrs. Charles Clement is sick.

William Fowler, President of the Farmers Bank of Marion, was out on his farm last week.

## Hot Weather Weakness.

If you feel fagged out, listless and lacking in energy, you are perhaps suffering from the debilitating effects of summer weather. These symptoms indicate that a tonic is needed that will create a healthy appetite, make digestion perfect, regulate the bowels and impart natural activity to the liver; this Herbine will do; it is a tonic, laxative and restorative. H. J. Freegang, Proprietor Grand View Hotel, Cheney, Kan. writes:

"I have used Herbine for the past 12 years and nothing on earth can beat it. It was recommended to me by Dr. Newton, of Newton, Kan." 50c at H. K. Woods'.

## LEVIAS.

Mr. David Barnes is very sick at home. His chance of recovery is doubted by his friends.

Sunday school at Union every Sunday at 9:30. We have a flourishing school and hope all may take an interest in the work and attend.

Will Hurley and family and Miss Adie Franks attended church at Union Sunday.

Bro J. S. Henry filled his regular appointment here Sunday. A large congregation came out to hear him.

Rev E. M. Eaton is prospecting for mineral on his farm near Levias and has developed what he thinks is carbonate of zinc.

E. B. Franklin and Miss Lena Price are on the sick list.

Miss Lelis Carter is visiting in Marion.

## DYCUSBURG.

Died May 21st, Willie Charles Grove, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Grove, aged 18 months. The interment was at the family burying ground.

Mrs. Laura Luckett and children and Mrs. Ida Evans of Eddyville are visiting Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Brown.

S. H. Cassidy and wife left for Buffalo, N. Y., Monday. Mr. Cassidy goes for treatment.

Mrs. Champion, of Livingston, is visiting the family of J. C. Griffin and other relatives near this place.

W. B. Vandell and wife, of Marion, visited the family of F. B. Dycus last week.

Miss Cora Clifton is visiting in Metropolis.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Charles spent last week in Livingston.

## CRAYNEVILLE.

Health good in this community.

Miss Lucy Bradford was the guest of Miss Gracie Holland Saturday and Sunday.

Rev Price filled his appointment here Saturday and Sunday.

Miss Alta Bradford visited the family of W. H. Ordway Saturday and Sunday.

Several of the young people from Chapel Hill attended church here Sunday.

Children's Day here 4th Sunday in June.

## CASTORIA

For Infants and Children

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher*

## In Loving Remembrance

Of Mrs. Eliza Eunice Daniel, who departed this life May 11, 1902. She was the daughter of Samuel H. and Sarah C. Elder, wife of Thos. J. Daniel, to whom she was united in the fall of 1872, by this union God blessed them with twelve children, four of which preceded her to their heavenly home. She leaves a husband and eight children to mourn her loss.

Mrs. Daniel professed faith in Christ when quite young and led a consistent Christian life, until God called her home. She was on example to her neighbors, as a model Christian lady, a good wife, and a loving mother. She was loved by all who knew her. And so the time came when the mother heard the Saviour calling and beheld the angels saying, come to the place the Lord has prepared; and behold, as the angels turn their beaming eyes upon her, as she is carried to the throne she heard a sweet voice say, "has mother come?" the answer comes, "yes;" then a mighty cry of joy went forth through the glorious realms of heaven; for the mother was reunited to her children; and when we think of the calm, sweet face, how peacefully she fell asleep in Jesus, and passed from this weary life to the blessed experience of heaven; and how happy little Willie, Edd, Oscar and dear little Ella are at being with their mother, Oh weep not for her, she is blessed, her troubles and cares are over and she is ready to welcome you on the golden shore.

"We miss her, yes we miss her. Along life's lonely track; Yet to earth's toils and trials We would not call her back.

For while we must remember The last sad hours of pain, We know that her bereavement Is her eternal gain.

One who loved her.

M. M. P.

## Constipated Bowels.

To have good health the body should be kept in a laxative condition, and the bowels moved at least once a day, so that all the poisonous wastes are expelled daily.

Mr. G. L. Edwards, 142 N. Main street, Wichita, Kansas, writes: "I have used Herbine to regulate the liver and bowels for the past ten years, and found it a reliable remedy. 50 cents at H. K. Woods'.

## Kodol Dyspepsia Cure

Digests what you eat.

This preparation contains all of the digestants and digests all kinds of food. It gives instant relief and never fails to cure. It allows you to eat all the food you want. The most sensitive stomachs can take it. By its use many thousands of dyspeptics have been cured after everything else failed. It prevents formation of gas on the stomach, relieving all distress after eating. Dieting unnecessary. Pleasant to take.

It can't help but do you good Prepared only by E. C. DeWitt & Co., Chicago. The \$1. bottle contains 2 1/2 times the 50c. size.

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

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