

The Crittenden Press.

VOLUME 24.

MARION, CRITTENDEN COUNTY, KENTUCKY, JULY 17, 1902.

NUMBER 6.

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Geo. C. Hughes, Jos. L. Friedman, Ed. Woolfolk, Driefus, Weil & Co., Max Nahen, of Bowling Green, Ky.; E. P. Gilson, Geo. O. Hart, Geo. C. Wallace, R. B. Phillips, E. P. Noble, A. L. Livingston.

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Prof. E. O. Ulrich, Washington, D. C.
L. W. Postlethwait, Paris, Tenn.
W. S. Tangier Smith, Washington, D. C.
C. S. Knight, Ft. Wayne, Ind.
D. C. Roberts, Chicago.
L. C. Garrett, New York.
B. L. Pettigrew, New York.
Dr. J. J. Clark, Marion.
O. F. Miller, Richmond, Ind.
J. C. Frankel, Sturgis, Ky.

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The grocery business will be continued at the old stand by the undersigned, assisted by Mr. R. E. Pickens; the patronage of all former customers and the public generally will be greatly appreciated.

J. W. Goodloe.

"GARDEN OF GOLD."

How Millions Have Been Made on Cripple Creek.

AN ENTERTAINING LETTER FROM MR. F. J. CLEMENT.

COLORADO SPRINGS, COL., July 9, 1902.—EDITOR PRESS: Colorado Springs, a beautiful city of 32,000 people, is situated on a plain just at the foot of Pikes Peak. The climate here in summer is most delightful. Colorado Springs has an altitude of 6189 feet, while the summit of Pikes Peak is 14,147 feet above the level of the sea.

When I left Texas two weeks ago the temperature was 96 degrees in the shade. I alighted from the train at Colorado Springs 24 hours later, and found the people all wrapped in regular winter clothing; overcoats and furs were in general demand. I cast my eyes toward the Peak and found the top covered with snow. The next thing I did was to hurry off to the hotel and bring forth my winter suit, which I was mindful enough to bring along.

I find this climate subject to great extremes. Some days, for a few hours near the middle of the day, at least, it is pretty warm and the next day, perhaps, snow will fall quite generally. Yesterday was the hottest day since I came. The temperature reached 70 in the shade. This morning the Peak is white with snow, and the hustle and bustle on the street reminds me of a January day in Marion.

It is said that Colorado Springs claims more rich people than any town of its size in the country; 32 millionaires live in close proximity on one street. Many have "struck it rich" in the famous Cripple Creek district.

Many readers of the Press doubtless remember the career of one W. S. Stratton, the discoverer of the Cripple Creek gold field. Formerly he was a carpenter in this city. Poverty had rendered him penniless. His wife becoming despondent from having to support the family by taking in washing, chose to abandon her husband on the ground of non support. Stratton at times became so poor that he could not pay for his meals. Still with pick and bar he searched for gold. Luck came his way. Districts over which other prospectors had passed he found to be rich in gold. He sold the famous Independence mine to an English company for eleven million dollars. He yet owns many rich mines. The most valuable property and enterprises in the city are now Stratton's. He is spending a million dollars on a public park. The poor are remembered by him. He does not seek notoriety; on the contrary he dresses very plainly, and personally oversees his business and improvements. On labor day he marches with the laboring people. His wealth is now estimated at forty million dollars.

While this man has made his millions, millions have been lost by others. The entire Cripple Creek country reminds one of a western prairie log town. Every foot of land has been taken, and for miles and miles the mountains are punctured with moneyless holes. I had the pleasure of making the trip from Colorado Springs to Cripple Creek per the famous mountain railroad. There is perhaps no 45 miles of railroad in the United States that shows the scenery that this route does. Winding like the threads on a bolt, the train climbs peak after peak until the divide is reached. Over trestles, across canons, through tunnels, the mighty engine takes her stand on the summit of this lofty peak of the old Rockies. Up the side we cross the great Cheyenne canon on trestle work 2000 feet from the ground below. Further up we climb, as the threads of a screw, around the sides of St. Peter's Dome. Finally we come in sight of Cripple Creek in the valley below. Then the train begins to circle and wind, round and round, until we descend upon the "Garden of Gold." While in Cripple Creek I make inquiries for my old friend, Dave Franks, whom the Press used to be familiar with as "Jim Tom" from Glendale. As I only had a short while in the city, and as Dave was at dinner, I failed to see him. I found, however, that he was well known in Cripple Creek and that he had been successful in mining.

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I attempted to walk to the top of the mountain; but I changed my intention. When I reached the half-way house I had enough. Up the trail it is 9 miles from the base to the top. The air is so thin on top that one not used to it can scarcely breathe it. A person with a weak heart dares not attempt the trip. Often one's nose and ears bleed and a sickness similar to sea sickness effects him.

The top of the mountain is beyond the timber line, hence nothing grows. The top is covered with snow. The sides are covered with pine and aspen timber. The most beautiful springs of water issue from the sides; the water is fine and as cold as ice water commonly gets. There is a lake on the side of the mountain into which the snow water runs, and Colorado Springs gets its supply from there.

These are some of the pleasant, agreeable things about Colorado. On the other hand there are many things that, to a southern man at least, are not so agreeable. The negro is supreme in this State; he enjoys every social feature with the whites. He attends the same school, the same church; he occupies a place on the police force; the business man tips his hat to the sister of color on the street; in the ball room the son of Ham takes the aristocratic maiden of wealth and trips the fantastic toes with her in his embrace. Gosh! Excuse me, my blood begins to warm up. Like Bill Arp, I must go out and cool off, take a ramble amongst the flowers and ruminant Texas may be a little nearer the tropics, a little nearer the sea level, than Colorado, but let me return and spend the remainder of my days in the Southland, where Mr. Negro is given every opportunity that I enjoy, but is kept on the other side of the partition.

Truly yours,
F. J. CLEMENT.

THE ADVERTISING LAW.

Passed by the Legislature—Now in Effect.

SOME THINGS THE LAW REQUIRES TO BE PUBLISHED.

At its recent session the Kentucky Legislature passed a State Advertising law, which is now in effect. It provides:

"In addition to the notices now provided by law to be posted, all public sales of any kind of property, when sold under execution, judgment or decree, shall, unless otherwise agreed upon by the parties to such execution, judgment or decree, be advertised in some newspaper published in the county of such sale, if any newspaper be therein published, at least once a week for three consecutive weeks next preceding the day of sale. Provided, that in the counties where there is a daily newspaper published, or in general circulation, publication of such notice of sale for three consecutive days next preceding the day of sale be sufficient. The advertisement shall state time, place and terms of sale, and shall give a description of the property to be sold. Provided, that the newspaper advertisement herein provided for shall not be necessary where the appraised value of the property to be sold is less than one hundred dollars, to be ascertained by appraisement in each case, as is now provided by law.

"Whenever any suit or action in court involving the settlement of any estate whatever is referred to any commissioner or other officer, to receive and report claims, or for any other purpose, it shall be the duty of such commissioner or other officer to advertise the time, place and purpose of his sittings, in the same manner as provided for advertising sale of property by Section First hereof.

"For all newspaper advertising required by this act or any other law, the publisher shall be entitled to receive as full compensation for such advertising at the rate of fifty cents per lineal inch, single column, solid, eight point measure, for each insertion, and in all advertisements in judicial proceedings the cost of advertisement shall be taxed as costs by the clerk of the court. Provided, that the rates of advertising in daily newspapers shall not exceed one dollar per lineal inch per insertion."

gold by a
Douglas Store,
and the best
shoe dealers
everywhere.
EXCUSE ME:
The genuine
have W. L.
Douglas
name and
price on
bottom.

BEST IN THE WORLD.

\$3.00 W. L. DOUGLAS SHOES \$3.50

UNION MADE.

Notice increase of sales in table below:
1890 = 749,106 Pairs.
1891 = 808,193 Pairs.
1892 = 1,259,754 Pairs.
1893 = 1,566,720 Pairs.

Business More Than Doubled in Four Years.

W. L. Douglas makes and sells more men's \$3.00 and \$3.50 shoes than any other manufacturer in the world.
W. L. Douglas \$3.00 and \$3.50 shoes placed side by side with \$5.00 and \$6.00 shoes of other makes, are found to be just as good. They will outwear two pairs of ordinary \$3.00 and \$5.00 shoes.
Made of the best leathers, including Patent, Corona, Kid, Corona Calf, and National Kangaroo. See color prints and prices. Black, Brown, Tan, W. L. Douglas \$4.00 "Gilt" \$4.50. Cannot be equalled at any price. Shoes by mail \$5.00 extra. Catalog free. W. L. Douglas, Brockton, Mass.

Sold Only by

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"In addition to the notices now provided by law to be posted, all public sales of any kind of property, when sold under execution, judgment or decree, shall, unless otherwise agreed upon by the parties to such execution, judgment or decree, be advertised in some newspaper published in the county of such sale, if any newspaper be therein published, at least once a week for three consecutive weeks next preceding the day of sale. Provided, that in the counties where there is a daily newspaper published, or in general circulation, publication of such notice of sale for three consecutive days next preceding the day of sale be sufficient. The advertisement shall state time, place and terms of sale, and shall give a description of the property to be sold. Provided, that the newspaper advertisement herein provided for shall not be necessary where the appraised value of the property to be sold is less than one hundred dollars, to be ascertained by appraisal in each case, as is now provided by law.

"Whenever any suit or action in court involving the settlement of any estate whatever is referred to any commissioner or other officer, to receive and report claims, or for any other purpose, it shall be the duty of such commissioner or other officer to advertise the time, place and purpose of his sittings, in the same manner as provided for advertising sale of property by Section First hereof.

"For all newspaper advertising required by this act or any other law, the publisher shall be entitled to receive as full compensation for such advertising at the rate of fifty cents per lineal inch, single column, solid, eight point measure, for each insertion, and in all advertisements in judicial proceedings the cost of advertisement shall be taxed as costs by the clerk of the court. Provided, that the rates of advertising in daily newspapers shall not exceed one dollar per lineal inch per insertion."



gold by the Douglas Store, and the best shoe dealer everywhere. CAUTION! The genuine W. L. Douglas name and price on bottom.

BEST IN THE WORLD.

\$3.00 W. L. DOUGLAS SHOES \$3.50

UNION MADE.

Notice increase of sales in table below:

1900	1,250,764 Pairs.
1901	1,566,720 Pairs.

Business More Than Doubled in Four Years.

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W. L. Douglas makes and sells more men's \$3.00 and \$3.50 shoes than any other two manufacturers in the world.

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Made of the best leathers, including Patent, Calf, Cow, Goat, and National Kangaroo. Fast Color Resists and Always Black Shoes Last.

W. L. Douglas \$4.00 "Gilt Edge Line" cannot be equalled at any price.

Shoes by mail \$3c. extra. Catalog free. W. L. Douglas, Brockton, Mass.

Sold Only by

TAYLOR & HURLEY, MARION, KY

The Crittenden Press.

VOLUME 24.

MARION, CRITTENDEN COUNTY, KENTUCKY, JULY 17, 1902.

NUMBER 6.

MOVEMENTS IN THE MINING CIRCLES.

THE WORK OF THE GEOLOGICAL SURVEY BEGAN MONDAY. PROMINENT MINING MEN AT CRITTENDEN SPRINGS HOTEL.

THE "COPPER KING" EXPECTED HERE.

The Riley shaft is now down 30 feet, and the disseminated heavy galena ore seems to permeate every part of this great vein.

Mr. J. C. Frankel, of Sturgis is identified with the Sturgis coke and coal company at that town. This daily output will exceed 2,000 tons of over 50,000 tons per month, which is sold throughout the south from Marion, Ky., to New Orleans, La.

C. S. Knight, the president of the Marion Zinc company, reports a splendid breast of carbonate in the latest or number three opening on the McDowell carbonate over at Lola. It is the strongest and most solid body of this peculiar ore that has yet been reached in the Lola country.

Mr. L. C. Garrett, the owner of the patent process for concentrating ores, which is in process of erection at Paducah, arrived at the Crittenden Springs hotel on Sunday morning and had a long interview with Messrs. Pettigrew and Postlethwait regarding their tour of inspection.

Crittenden Springs Hotel was the center of attraction for the whole mining section on Sunday. It is the one pleasant spot in the county where mine owners and prospectors can meet in an undisturbed conversation and they are availing themselves of the broad halls and verandas.

Judge Howell, of Hopkinsville, who is a personal friend of Senator Clark, of Montana—the Senator who does not think the day well begun without a million dollars worth of copper ore is raised before breakfast—says that Senator Clark will be in Marion this week. His visit is purely a business one. If the ore and the ore veins suit him, he is as apt to purchase a dozen townships or a couple of counties as is the ordinary twenty million dollar man to buy a small farm.

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Lockyear, of Lockyear's business college, of Evansville, are guests at the Crittenden Springs. Mr. Lockyear has but just returned from the Yellville, Ark., zinc district, where he has some considerable interests. His visit to Blue & Nunn's immense zinc property two miles from the hotel the other day, set his mathematical qualities at work. He figures that nothing in Arkansas, outside possibly of the Morning Star mine, can possibly show such abundance of ore as at the Old Jim. His equation would run about as follows:

Yellville, Arkansas, several hundred miles from Evansville, Ind.

One first-class property there that belongs to somebody else.

Marion, Ky., 74 miles from Evansville, a dozen first-class properties that Evansville people can purchase.

Result for Evansville, so far, —nothing. Why?

Messrs. J. Will Gleichen, and John H. Rohsenberger, of Evansville, were in this city Monday. The gentlemen are stockholders in the Evansville Lead, Zinc and Spar company, which was incorporated several weeks ago. The company own and control seven or eight hundred acres of rich mineral land in Crittenden and Livingston counties.

The Paducah Lead, Zinc and Fluorspar Development company was organized at Paducah the other day and have already some 700 acres of land in Crittenden and Livingston counties under lease and option. The following gentlemen are interested:

Geo. C. Hughes, Jos. L. Friedman, Ed. Woolfolk, Driefus, Weil & Co., Max Nahen, of Bowling Green, Ky.; E. P. Gilson, Geo. O. Hart, Geo. C. Wallace, R. B. Phillips, E. P. Noble, A. L. Livingston.

Among the mining men located at Crittenden Springs are the following:

Prof. E. O. Ulrich, Washington, D. C.
L. W. Postlethwait, Paris, Tenn.
W. S. Tangier Smith, Washington, D. C.
C. S. Knight, Ft. Wayne, Ind.
D. C. Roberts, Chicago.
L. C. Garrett, New York.
B. L. Pettigrew, New York.
Dr. J. J. Clark, Marion.
O. F. Miller, Richmond, Ind.
J. C. Frankel, Sturgis, Ky.

B. L. Pettigrew, a graduate of the Harvard (Massachusetts) Law School, registering at Crittenden Springs from Paducah, has visited many of our mines and prospects during the past week. He will continue his tour of investigation for several days more and will probably make himself acquainted with our various ores and where they are located. It is understood that Mr. Pettigrew's visit is in the interest of a syndicate of which he is a member, their purpose being to erect a large concentrating plant at Paducah for the purpose of separating our combined ores.

Prof. E. O. Ulrich, of the U. S. Geological Survey arrived on Saturday and commenced his Crittenden county geological work on Monday morning. W. S. Tangier Smith of the same department, will take up the underground work, studying the formation in the various shafts, where we have attained any depth. These two gentlemen will be assisted by Mr. Albert Crider.

Prof Ulrich was at Crittenden Springs over Sunday and was kept busy replying to congratulations on his work of thirteen years ago. The confirmation of his statements at that time regarding our fissure veins have proven so absolutely correct that we all hope great things from the present investigation, supplemented as it will be by Prof. Smith's report on the deeper workings.

THE VERY LATEST.

Important News of the Country and State Condensed.

Many of the Boer officers refuse to sign the oath of allegiance.

Unless the King's physicians forbid, August 9th will be chosen as the date for the coronation of Edward VII.

The president has issued a proclamation in connection with the act of congress announcing to the world the postponement until April 30th, 1904, of the Louisiana purchase Exposition.

Representative Richardson, minority leader of the House, characterizes as "ridiculous" and "indignities" the President's action in waiting until the adjournment of Congress to launch his anti-trust campaign.

E. H. White, a wealthy bachelor, who dropped dead at Dawson Springs, left his entire fortune to Mrs. Annie Maude McCawley, of Henderson. The lucky woman's husband is the Illinois Central agent at Henderson, and while stationed at Dawson Springs the deceased lived with them. Mr. White was interested in coal mines at Ilsey, near Dawson, and was worth about \$100,000.

According to an estimate of the Red Cross Identity Depot, which served as a casualty bureau for the Boer forces, the Boer losses during the war were 3,700 men killed or died of wounds, 32,000 made prisoners, of whom 700 died. The Boer forces in the field numbered about 75,000. The Boer government's official papers have been turned over to the British, giving a complete history of Mr. Kruger's relations with other powers.

It is now practically settled that congressman Charles K. Wheeler of Paducah will not be a candidate for governor next year. He has been urged by many leading Kentuckians to permit the use of his name in the campaign.

Mr. Wheeler's only political ambition, says the Paducah News-Democrat now is to represent his state in the United States Senate, and it is known that he will be a candidate to succeed Hon. J. C. S. Blackburn four years hence. In the meanwhile he will devote himself to his profession exclusively.

A careful revision of the figures of dead and injured and the fire losses on the Fourth of July disclosed some astonishing facts. The dead, as heard from all over the country, numbered thirty-one; the casualties and their causes were as follows:

Fireworks,	731
Skyrockets,	110
Cannon,	368
Firearms,	443
Gunpowder,	546
Toy pistols,	422

Total injured, 2,649
The total fire loss was \$250,155. In this amount Lee, Ill., led with \$100,000; Dixon, Ill., was second with \$50,000, and Kansas City was third with \$25,000.

Notice.

All persons indebted to the estate of the late A. M. Henry are requested to call on the undersigned and settle same. These accounts must be settled up without delay; "a hint to the wise is sufficient."

The grocery business will be continued at the old stand by the undersigned, assisted by Mr. R. E. Pickens; the patronage of all former customers and the public generally will be greatly appreciated.

J. W. Goodloe.

"GARDEN OF GOLD."

How Millions Have Been Made on Cripple Creek.

AN ENTERTAINING LETTER FROM MR. F. J. CLEMENT.

COLORADO SPRINGS, COL., July 9, 1902.—EDITOR PRESS: Colorado Springs, a beautiful city of 32,000 people, is situated on a plain just at the foot of Pikes Peak. The climate here in summer is most delightful. Colorado Springs has an altitude of 6189 feet, while the summit of Pikes Peak is 14,147 ft above the level of the sea.

When I left Texas two weeks ago the temperature was 96 degrees in the shade. I alighted from the train at Colorado Springs 24 hours later, and found the people all wrapped in regular winter clothing; overcoats and furs were in general demand. I cast my eyes toward the Peak and found the top covered with snow. The next thing I did was to hurry off to the hotel and bring forth my winter suit, which I was mindful enough to bring along.

I find this climate subject to great extremes. Some days, for a few hours near the middle of the day, at least, it is pretty warm and the next day, perhaps, snow will fall quite generally. Yesterday was the hottest day since I came. The temperature reached 70 in the shade. This morning the Peak is white with snow, and the hustle and bustle on the street reminds me of a January day in Marion.

It is said that Colorado Springs claims more rich people than any town of its size in the country; 32 millionaires live in close proximity on one street. Many have "struck it rich" in the famous Cripple Creek district.

Many readers of the Press doubtless remember the career of one W. S. Stratton, the discoverer of the Cripple Creek gold field. Formerly he was a carpenter in this city. Poverty had rendered him penniless. His wife becoming despondent from having to support the family by taking in washing, chose to abandon her husband on the ground of non support. Stratton at times became so poor that he could not pay for his meals. Still with pick and bar he searched for gold. Luck came his way. Districts over which other prospectors had passed he found to be rich in gold. He sold the famous Independence mine to an English company for eleven million dollars. He yet owns many rich mines. The most valuable property and enterprises in the city are now Stratton's. He is spending a million dollars on a public park. The poor are remembered by him. He does not seek notoriety; on the contrary he dresses very plainly, and personally oversees his business and improvements. On labor day he marches with the laboring people.

His wealth is now estimated at forty million dollars. While this man has made his millions, millions have been lost by others. The entire Cripple Creek country reminds one of a western prairie log town. Every foot of land has been taken, and for miles and miles the mountains are punctured with moneyless holes. I had the pleasure of making the trip from Colorado Springs to Cripple Creek per the famous mountain railroad. There is perhaps no 45 miles of railroad in the United States that shows the scenery that this route does. Winding like the threads on a bolt, the train climbs peak after peak until the divide is reached. Over trestles, across canons, through tunnels, the mighty engine takes her stand on the summit of this lofty peak of the old Rockies. Up the side we cross the great Cheyenne canon on trestle work 2000 feet from the ground below. Further up we climb, as the threads of a screw, around the sides of St. Peters Dome. Finally we come in sight of Cripple Creek in the valley below. Then the train begins to circle and wind, round and round, until we descend upon the "Garden of Gold."

While in Cripple Creek I make inquiries for my old friend, Dave Franks, whom the Press used to be familiar with as "Jim Tom" from Glendale. As I only had a short while in the city, and as Dave was at dinner, I failed to see him. I found, however, that he was well known in Cripple Creek and that he had been successful in mining. Sunday, June 24th.—I attended the International Sunday School convention at Denver. I hoped to see some one there from Crittenden county, especially Bro. Price, but I failed, on account, I presume, of the serious illness of his mother. One of the great attractions of the thousands of tourists who come here is the trip to the summit of Pikes Peak. There are three ways to go up: one is to walk one is to ride a burro (little donkey) and the other is to go on the cog-wheel railroad. This railroad and train are peculiar. The track is very steep, there being three rails, the one in the center having cogs in it to fit the cogs in a wheel on the engine. The car and the engine are not connected. In going up the car precedes the engine. In coming down the engine goes before. In case of accident, the coach is on the safe side. Every kind of break known is applied to this train.

I attempted to walk to the top of the mountain; but I changed my intention. When I reached the half-way house I had enough. Up the trail it is 9 miles from the base to the top. The air is so thin on top that one not used to it can scarcely breathe it. A person with a weak heart dares not attempt the trip. Often one's nose and ears bleed and a sickness similar to sea sickness effects him.

The top of the mountain is beyond the timber line, hence nothing grows. The top is covered with snow. The sides are covered with pine and aspen timber. The most beautiful springs of water issue from the sides; the water is fine and as cold as ice water commonly gets. There is a lake on the side of the mountain into which the snow water runs, and Colorado Springs gets its supply from there.

These are some of the pleasant, agreeable things about Colorado. On the other hand there are many things that, to a southern man at least, are not so agreeable. The negro is supreme in this State; he enjoys every social feature with the whites. He attends the same school, the same church; he occupies a place on the police force; the business man tips his hat to the sister of color on the street; in the ball room the son of Ham takes the aristocratic maiden of wealth and trips the fantastic toe with her in his embrace. Gosh! Excuse me, my blood begins to warm up. Like Bill Arp, I must go out and cool off, take a ramble amongst the flowers and ruminations. Texas may be a little nearer the tropics, a little nearer the sea level, than Colorado, but let me return and spend the remainder of my days in the Southland, where Mr. Negro is given every opportunity that I enjoy, but is kept on the other side of the partition.

Truly yours,
F. J. CLEMENT.

THE ADVERTISING LAW.

Passed by the Legislature—Now in Effect.


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W. L. DOUGLAS
SHOES \$3.50
UNION MADE.
Notice: increase of sales in table below:
1894=145,105 Pairs.
1895=204,132 Pairs.
1900=1,269,764 Pairs.
1901=1,566,720 Pairs.
Business More Than Doubled in Four Years.
THE REASONS:
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W. L. Douglas \$3.50 and \$5.00 shoes placed side by side with \$5.00 and \$6.00 shoes of other makes, are found to be just as good. They will outwear two pairs of ordinary \$3.50 and \$5.00 shoes.
Made of the best leathers, including Patent Cowhide, Calfskin, and National Kangaroo. Fast Color Kysels and Always Black Shoes Last.
W. L. Douglas \$4.00 "Gilt Edge Line" cannot be equalled at any price.
Shoes by mail free, extra. Catalog free.
W. L. Douglas, Brockton, Mass.

Sold Only by
TAYLOR & HURLEY, MARION, KY

THE CRITTENDEN PRESS

PUBLISHED WEEKLY.

MARION, KENTUCKY.

UNKNOWN CHILDREN.

I meet them in the country lane,
In village shop and city street,
With cheeks all glowing in the rain,
Or voices gladdened in the sleet,
Or eyes enraptured with the snow—
The children I should like to know.

How fair creation is to them!
Unweighted by the cloak of years
They dance upon its lustrous hem,
And lose in rainbows all their tears.
How easily the hearts overflow
Of children we should like to know!

Their sleep is deeper than our peace,
Their waking gladder than our dreams,
Their guardian angels never cease
To speak to them in winds and streams.
The days are lifetimes, sweet and slow,
To the children we should like to know.

O little heart, above this page,
The road is long, the road is hard,
But do not thou obscure in age
That early sky so thickly starred.
Keep sweet the faith of long ago,
Dear child, whom I shall never know.
—Ethelwyn Wetherald, in Youth's Companion.

MINERVA'S PLOT.

BY J. A. BALLIS.

"Beauty Nook," cried the brakeman.

Mrs. Martha Livingstone and her son, Adelbert, alighted from a parlor car and were met by Abijah Anderson, who "took city boarders" during the summer months.

Adelbert Livingstone had just graduated from Harvard, and had planned to take a good rest before entering upon a business career in New York city. His mother was an invalid and could not endure the noise and excitement in hotels.

The little village was formerly known as Huckleberry Hollow, and the beautiful lake beside it as Quog's pond. But with the rise of the place as a summer resort the village received the name of Beauty Nook and the sheet of water the appellation of Laurel lake.

Farmer Anderson's only daughter, Minerva, was at once captivated with Adelbert Livingstone, well educated, handsome and distinguished in appearance, as she was inordinately ambitious, the knowledge that the young man was rich made her captivity doubly easy.

Minerva had a good figure and dressed stylishly. She had a quick, energetic mind, and, although exceedingly affable to people of high station with whom she desired to ingratiate herself, was haughty toward inferiors.

Minerva tried to fascinate Adelbert, but he was politely indifferent. "So he proposes to treat me as a casual acquaintance," said Minerva indignantly to herself one morning as she stood in her room admiring herself in the large mirror which frequently did homage to her vanity. "Well, I'll see about it, my fine sir. I'm no unsophisticated maid, I'll have him to understand."

When next she met Adelbert she smiled most sweetly and endeavored to engage him in conversation; but he did not take her bait. He was in search for bait with which to catch fish in the lake.

About the middle of the afternoon Adelbert returned with a long string of fish, and the one who admired his skill the most and who most enthusiastically complimented him was Minerva.

"Have you anything to claim your attention during the remainder of the day?" was Minerva's stilted question.

"Nothing in particular," was the reply.

"Then we would like to have you go bathing with us if it would be agreeable to you. Several of the guests and myself are going to the lake; we would like to have you go, too."

Thomas Larkins and his wife, Lucy Wadhams, Daisy Dimple and Benjamin Winthrop were the other members of the party.

All were splashing in the water, laughing and talking, when Minerva challenged Adelbert to try to catch her as she swam away from the land. He followed in a perfunctory way, and she kept well in the lead.

Suddenly she became frightened and began to flounder, having apparently been seized with cramps.

"O, dear, what shall I do!" she gasped. "Save me; I'm drowning!"

She disappeared beneath the surface, and, thoroughly alarmed, Adelbert lunged forward to the rescue. He caught the bewildered girl as she arose, and she threw one arm wildly about his neck.

"Be cool or you'll drown us both," he cried.

Minerva withdrew her arm from his neck and began to sink, at the same time saying: "Only support me a little, and I'll be all right."

He grasped her left arm, and, smiling at him as if his mere presence

gave her strength, she consigned herself to his care with a happy sigh, and began to paddle somewhat uncertainly with her disengaged arm.

She weighed on Adelbert rather heavily, but with his aid, and with some help from her free arm, they began to make progress toward the shore. Fortunately they had not far to go before their feet could safely touch bottom.

It was remarkable how quickly she seemed to have recovered from the cramp, and she was able to stand, holding fast to his hand as they stood with water up to their necks.

"O, O, that pain!" she cried in agony, and Adelbert found it incumbent on him to place his arm around her waist and support her. Then she immediately quieted and they began slowly to wade toward the land.

"How good and brave you are," she exclaimed, regarding her companion with a look full of admiration and gratitude.

"It is nothing," he hastily replied, realizing even at that moment that it would be awkward to be a hero in the eyes of a girl whose personality was not pleasing to him.

In the meanwhile Daisy Dimple and Lucy Wadhams were indulging in hysterics and Mrs. Larkins was pale with fright; but Larkins and Winthrop recovered their wits and rushed out and pulled the two adventurers to the shore with trembling hands.

Minerva collapsed on the beach and the women threw themselves around her.

"She is drowned; she is drowned!" moaned Daisy Dimple.

"Yes, she is dying!" exclaimed Lucy Wadhams, and she burst into tears.

"No; I'm still alive," murmured Minerva, smiling faintly.

Mrs. Larkins bethought her of a smelling bottle in the pocket of her dress hanging in the bathhouse and quickly getting it applied it to the nose of the faint girl.

"How good that smells," said Minerva, drawing a deep breath in a way that showed that her strong lungs were unharmed.

"It might be more efficacious with the stopper off," remarked Larkins, dryly.

Minerva blushed and Mrs. Larkins looked sheepish.

During the rescue Tom Owlsh, Minerva's country beau and winter escort, stood behind the bathhouse unobserved and glowered at Adelbert Livingstone. In the winter Owlsh was in high favor with Minerva. But in the summer Minerva flouted her humble but faithful attendant, or treated him with a coolness that made him miserable.

Adelbert was not a fool, and he felt quite certain that Minerva had tried to dupe him for the purpose of luring him into her toils as the result of a seemingly romantic adventure, and he was indignant.

A few days later there was a picnic, in which many, both of the regular inhabitants and the city guests, participated. The picnic was held in a grove on Laurel lake.

Minerva and Adelbert were there, and on account of their recent remarkable adventure were the center of all eyes. Minerva continually hovered about Livingstone, and treated him with undisguised and tender admiration, and Adelbert did not know how to shake her off.

Among the country girls was one who even wore a sun bonnet. She was modest, sweet and pretty, and withal sensible and very intelligent. She was much respected and the other girls acknowledged her innate superiority without envy. Sally Wartrous was the only daughter of a widower, a farmer in moderate circumstances. She took care of his little home and she took care of it well. The old ladies said she was the only thoroughly good housekeeper among the young women of the neighborhood.

"I tell ye, she's worth 40 of your modern, high-educated girls," said enthusiastic aunt Betsey Perkins to Adelbert. "She can bake and sew and wash. She can do anything. In her hands a dollar will go further than five in the hands of one of your highly-tighty girls that sets the pace nowadays. She's no fool in books, nuther. That Minervy they say you're struck on, but I hope you ain't—pardon me if I'm offendin'—has had more advantages, as they call 'em; but she can't hold a candle to Sally in things that count."

Adelbert was not offended, and he encouraged Aunt Betsey to expatiate on the virtues of her favorite. He himself had already been charmed by Sally's appearance and at his request Aunt Betsey gave him an introduction to the remarkable maiden.

Despite the watchfulness of Minerva, Adelbert managed to elude her after the basket luncheon had been eaten and to wander along the shore of the lake in company with Sally.

Tom Owlsh stood in a forest behind a wall that extended along one side of a country road. The road was unusually narrow there and the place lonely and secluded. It was early in the evening and the moon was shining brightly.

Soon Livingstone appeared on horseback, and with a grimace of satisfaction Owlsh squatted behind the wall and waited for his victim to go by. The horse was walking and Adelbert was enjoying the light of the moon.

At the proper moment Owlsh threw a stone that struck Livingstone fairly on the back of his head and he fell insensible to the ground. Owlsh immediately fled into the depths of the forest.

Fortunately Mr. Wartrous happened to be driving home from the village and he found Adelbert lying in the road. He placed the still unconscious man in his wagon and carried him to his home, not half a mile distant.

Of course, Sally proved to be a competent and devoted nurse, and Adelbert soon recovered from his injury; but he told Sally that it was impossible for him to recover his heart, and she blushing promised to take good care of it for him.

As for Minerva, she "took up" with Tom Owlsh. One day, when he was drunk, her husband informed her that it was he who had hit Adelbert Livingstone with the stone and had thus enabled Sally Wartrous to "catch" the desirable city man for a husband. Thereafter the quarrels between Mr. and Mrs. Owlsh were much more frequent than formerly and at last she left the mean fellow and returned to the home of her parents.—Boston Globe.

AN INTERESTING SCENE.

Building Operation That Curious Crowds Gather to See.

"The most interesting scene in Washington," said an observing citizen to a Star reporter, "is the boy at the blower flinging red-hot bolts through the air in the operation of fastening the structural steel frame of a new building on G street."

"Interested crowds have daily watched this expert boy at the blower in the hope that his aim might prove false and the meteoric blazing bit of steel drop sizzling into the pools of water in the cellar, but the boy at the blower has fooled the crowd. It is this way:

"The steel skeleton floors of the building are about 200 by 50 feet. The boy, with his little blast-furnace, occupies a position in the center of the floor where the work is going on. The spaces between the girders are too wide for him to step to the gang of workmen who hammer the red-hot bolts into the connecting ends of the frame work, and their position changes too frequently to go to the trouble of laying down a path of boards. So the boy seizes the small, blazing lump of red-hot steel in his tongs and flings it right at the workmen, perhaps 30 to 40 feet away, as one boy flings a ball to another. One of the workmen will catch the missile in an empty nail keg as cleverly as the boy throws it, another takes it out with a pair of tongs, and in a few seconds it is in place and hammered hard and fast as a bolt in a boiler.

"Whether the boy at the blower and the man with the empty nail keg is on the first or the tenth floor of the steel frame work, this dangerous pitch and catch of red-hot pieces of metal goes on all day. There is seldom a 'muff' by the catcher or a 'high ball' by the pitcher. The crowds have patiently waited by the hour to see one of the red-hot bolts strike the man in the face instead of the interior of the keg, or miss him, and they have thus far waited in vain."

Burying the Inn Sign.

Whenever an inn in the vicinity of Newarth estate loses its license there is an interesting obsequy. The inn sign is committed to the grave, in the presence of the old customers of the inn. As a rule, it is watered with tears in the shape of a bottle of whisky, accompanied by an appropriate burial service. The Moorcock inn, Lanercost, was the last to be mourned. The Brampton justices took away its license, and the decision was upheld by quarter sessions. The usual last rites were performed.

Heaven's First Law.

Order is Heaven's first law, but many a man never thinks of obeying it until he is called upon to enact the star role in a deathbed scene.—Chicago Daily News.

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"IS YOUR FATHER AT HOME, THIS EVENING?"
"YES, SIR."
"WHERE IS HE?"

COREA.

Was Formerly a Country in Which There Existed Three Kingdoms.

Old Corea, like Britain with England, Wales and Scotland, was a territory, inside of which were three kingdoms. These, says the New York Post, had a long history of intestine struggle and border wars, with alternating invasions or succor from China or Japan. In the old books they are called Kaokuli, Sinlo (Silla), and Petsi (Pak-je), the first and most warlike being in the north, the second in the southeast, and the third in the west of the peninsula. Silla, cultivating commerce and the arts of civilization, carried on trade even with the Arabs, in whose books the kingdom and its products are described. China made Silla its ally, and in a great invasion, 660 A. D., Chinese armies overran the peninsula, overthrew a dynasty nearly 700 years old and annexed Pak-je as a province of China. The victory was commemorated by uprearing a great stone ten feet high and seven feet wide, but the next year the son of the king raised the standard of revolt, and tumbled the big token of imperialism and conquest into the river which flowed past his father's capital. Four centuries later, during the great drought (1047-1084), the stone was exposed, and the people drew it to the bank, but did not set it up. Covered with the debris of eight centuries, it lay undisturbed until 1886, when Mr. Tong, then secretary of the Chinese legation in Seoul, and now Taotai of Tientsin, journeyed to Pu-yu and had excavations made at the spot indicated. After 18 feet of earth had been removed he struck and uncovered the prostrate stone. Clearing off the surface, he first took a careful rubbing, which is reproduced word for word in the Corea Review for May, 1902, and made preparations to remove the stone. Unfortunately, that night a terrible storm of wind and rain, which unroofed houses, swept away scores of dwellings and caused loss of life by the river flood, roused the superstitious fears of the people. Thinking the spirits were angry, they filled up the pit. In substance, the text, after the usual fulsome compliments to the Chinese emperor and his generals, praises the "benevolent assimilation," and declares that the king, crown prince, 13 ministers and 700 courtiers were carried to China, while five Chinese generals or military governors were left to administer the seven districts (250 prefectures), which, according to the text, had a population of 6,100,000.

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"Here," said M. Santos. "Here is the twisted tail of a cyclone. I think we can tie to this."

So they tied up and had a high ball, and they leaned back and enjoyed a comfortable nap.

Suddenly they awoke. They were being yanked through the air at the rate of 50 miles a minute. It was awful.

"Wh-wh-what's cut loose?" cried the companion.

"I'm afraid," M. Santos mournfully remarked, "that by a strange mistake I tied the balloon to the tip of the tail of a sleeping comet. Whew! Hold on to your hat!"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

THE CRITTENDEN PRESS

PUBLISHED WEEKLY.
MARION, KENTUCKY

UNKNOWN CHILDREN.

I meet them in the country lane,
In village shop and city street,
With cheeks all glowing in the rain,
Or voices gladdened in the street.
Or eyes entranced with the snow—
The children I should like to know.
How fair creation is to them!
Unweighted by the cloak of years
They dance upon its lustrous hem,
And lose in rainbows all their tears.
How easily the hearts overflow
Of children we should like to know!
Their sleep is deeper than our peace,
Their waking gladder than our dreams,
Their guardian angels never cease
To speak to them in winds and streams.
The days are lifetimes, sweet and slow,
To the children we should like to know.
O little heart above this page,
The road is long, the road is hard,
But do not thou obscure in age
That early sky so thickly starred.
Keep sweet the faith of long ago,
Dear child, whom I shall never know.
—Ethelwyn Wetherald, in Youth's Companion.

MINERVA'S PLOT.

BY J. A. BALDWIN.

"Beauty Nook," cried the brakeman.

Mrs. Martha Livingstone and her son, Adelbert, alighted from a parlor car and were met by Abijah Anderson, who "took city boarders" during the summer months.

Adelbert Livingstone had just graduated from Harvard, and had planned to take a good rest before entering upon a business career in New York city. His mother was an invalid and could not endure the noise and excitement in hotels.

The little village was formerly known as Huckleberry Hollow, and the beautiful lake beside it as Quog's pond. But with the rise of the place as a summer resort the village received the name of Beauty Nook and the sheet of water the appellation of Laurel lake.

Farmer Anderson's only daughter, Minerva, was at once captivated with Adelbert Livingstone, well educated, handsome and distinguished in appearance, as she was inordinately ambitious, the knowledge that the young man was rich made her captivation doubly easy.

Minerva had a good figure and dressed stylishly. She had a quick, energetic mind, and, although exceedingly affable to people of high station with whom she desired to ingratiate herself, was haughty toward inferiors.

Minerva tried to fascinate Adelbert, but he was politely indifferent. "So he proposes to treat me as a casual acquaintance," said Minerva indignantly to herself one morning as she stood in her room admiring herself in the large mirror which frequently did homage to her vanity. "Well, I'll see about it, my fine sir. I'm no unsophisticated maid, I'll have him to understand."

When next she met Adelbert she smiled most sweetly and endeavored to engage him in conversation; but he did not take her bait. He was in search for bait with which to catch fish in the lake.

About the middle of the afternoon Adelbert returned with a long string of fish, and the one who admired his skill the most and who most enthusiastically complimented him was Minerva.

"Have you anything to claim your attention during the remainder of the day?" was Minerva's stilted question.

"Nothing in particular," was the reply.

"Then we would like to have you go bathing with us if it would be agreeable to you. Several of the guests and myself are going to the lake; we would like to have you go, too."

Thomas Larkins and his wife, Lucy Wadhams, Daisy Dimple and Benjamin Winthrop were the other members of the party.

All were splashing in the water, laughing and talking, when Minerva challenged Adelbert to try to catch her as she swam away from the land. He followed in a perfunctory way, and she kept well in the lead.

Suddenly she became frightened and began to flounder, having apparently been seized with cramps.

"O, dear, what shall I do!" she gasped. "Save me; I'm drowning!" She disappeared beneath the surface, and, thoroughly alarmed, Adelbert lunged forward to the rescue. He caught the bewildered girl as she arose, and she threw one arm wildly about his neck.

"Be cool or you'll drown us both," he cried.

Minerva withdrew her arm from his neck and began to sink, at the same time saying: "Only support me a little, and I'll be all right."

He grasped her left arm, and, smiling at him as if his mere presence

gave her strength, she consigned herself to his care with a happy sigh, and began to paddle somewhat uncertainly with her disengaged arm.

She weighed on Adelbert rather heavily, but with his aid, and with some help from her free arm, they began to make progress toward the shore. Fortunately they had not far to go before their feet could safely touch bottom.

It was remarkable how quickly she seemed to have recovered from the cramp, and she was able to stand, holding fast to his hand as they stood with water up to their necks.

"O, O, that pain!" she cried in agony, and Adelbert found it incumbent on him to place his arm around her waist and support her. Then she immediately quieted and they began slowly to wade toward the land.

"How good and brave you are," she exclaimed, regarding her companion with a look full of admiration and gratitude.

"It is nothing," he hastily replied, realizing even at that moment that it would be awkward to be a hero in the eyes of a girl whose personality was not pleasing to him.

In the meanwhile Daisy Dimple and Lucy Wadhams were indulging in hysterics and Mrs. Larkins was pale with fright; but Larkins and Winthrop recovered their wits and rushed out and pulled the two adventurers to the shore with trembling hands.

Minerva collapsed on the beach and the women threw themselves around her.

"She is drowned; she is drowned!" moaned Daisy Dimple.

"Yes, she is dying!" exclaimed Lucy Wadhams, and she burst into tears.

"No; I'm still alive," murmured Minerva, smiling faintly.

Mrs. Larkins bethought her of a smelling bottle in the pocket of her dress hanging in the bathhouse and quickly getting it applied it to the nose of the faint girl.

"How good that smells," said Minerva, drawing a deep breath in a way that showed that her strong lungs were unharmed.

"It might be more efficacious with the stopper off," remarked Larkins, dryly.

Minerva blushed and Mrs. Larkins looked sheepish.

During the rescue Tom Owlsh, Minerva's country beau and winter escort, stood behind the bathhouse unobserved and glowered at Adelbert Livingstone. In the winter Owlsh was in high favor with Minerva. But in the summer Minerva flouted her humble but faithful attendant, or treated him with a coolness that made him miserable.

Adelbert was not a fool, and he felt quite certain that Minerva had tried to dupe him for the purpose of luring him into her toils as the result of a seemingly romantic adventure, and he was indignant.

A few days later there was a picnic, in which many, both of the regular inhabitants and the city guests, participated. The picnic was held in a grove on Laurel lake.

Minerva and Adelbert were there, and on account of their recent remarkable adventure were the center of all eyes. Minerva continually hovered about Livingstone, and treated him with undisguised and tender admiration, and Adelbert did not know how to shake her off.

Among the country girls was one who even wore a sunbonnet. She was modest, sweet and pretty, and withal sensible and very intelligent. She was much respected and the other girls acknowledged her innate superiority without envy. Sally Wartrous was the only daughter of a widower, a farmer in moderate circumstances. She took care of his little home and she took care of it well. The old ladies said she was the only thoroughly good housekeeper among the young women of the neighborhood.

"I tell ye, she's worth 40 of your modern, high-educated girls," said enthusiastic aunt Betsey Perkins to Adelbert. "She can bake and sew and wash. She can do anything. In her hands a dollar will go further than five in the hands of one of your mighty-tighty girls that sets the pace nowadays. She's no fool in books, nuther. That Minerva they say you're struck on, but I hope you ain't—pardon me if I'm offendin'—has had more advantages, as they call 'em; but she can't hold a candle to Sally in things that count."

Adelbert was not offended, and he encouraged Aunt Betsey to expatiate on the virtues of her favorite. He himself had already been charmed by Sally's appearance and at his request Aunt Betsey gave him an introduction to the remarkable maiden.

Despite the watchfulness of Minerva, Adelbert managed to elude her after the basket luncheon had been eaten and to wander along the shore of the lake in company with Sally.

Tom Owlsh stood in a forest behind a wall that extended along one side of a country road. The road was unusually narrow there and the place lonely and secluded. It was early in the evening and the moon was shining brightly.

Soon Livingstone appeared on horseback and with a grimace of satisfaction Owlsh squatted behind the wall and waited for his victim to go by. The horse was walking and Adelbert was enjoying the light of the moon.

At the proper moment Owlsh threw a stone that struck Livingstone fairly on the back of his head and he fell insensible to the ground. Owlsh immediately fled into the depths of the forest.

Fortunately Mr. Wartrous happened to be driving home from the village and he found Adelbert lying in the road. He placed the still unconscious man in his wagon and carried him to his home, not half a mile distant.

Of course, Sally proved to be a competent and devoted nurse, and Adelbert soon recovered from his injury; but he told Sally that it was impossible for him to recover his heart, and she blushing promised to take good care of it for him.

As for Minerva, she "took up" with Tom Owlsh. One day, when he was drunk, her husband informed her that it was he who had hit Adelbert Livingstone with the stone and had thus enabled Sally Wartrous to "catch" the desirable city man for a husband. Thereafter the quarrels between Mr. and Mrs. Owlsh were much more frequent than formerly and at last she left the mean fellow and returned to the home of her parents.—Boston Globe.

AN INTERESTING SCENE.

Building Operation That Curious Crowds Gather to See.

"The most interesting scene in Washington," said an observing citizen to a Star reporter, "is the boy at the blower flinging red-hot bolts through the air in the operation of fastening the structural steel frame of a new building on G street. Interested crowds have daily watched this expert boy at the blower in the hope that his aim might prove false and the meteoric blazing bit of steel drop sizzling into the pools of water in the cellar, but the boy at the blower has fooled the crowd. It is this way:

"The steel skeleton floors of the building are about 200 by 50 feet. The boy, with his little blast-furnace, occupies a position in the center of the floor where the work is going on. The spaces between the girders are too wide for him to step to the gang of workmen who hammer the red-hot bolts into the connecting ends of the frame work, and their position changes too frequently to go to the trouble of laying down a path of boards. So the boy seizes the small, blazing lump of red-hot steel in his tongs and flings it right at the workmen, perhaps 30 to 40 feet away, as one boy flings a ball to another. One of the workmen will catch the missile in an empty nail keg as cleverly as the boy throws it, another takes it out with a pair of tongs, and in a few seconds it is in place and hammered hard and fast as a bolt in a boiler.

"Whether the boy at the blower and the man with the empty nail keg is on the first or the tenth floor of the steel frame work, this dangerous pitch and catch of red-hot pieces of metal goes on all day. There is seldom a 'muff' by the catcher or a 'high ball' by the pitcher. The crowds have patiently waited by the hour to see one of the red-hot bolts strike the man in the face instead of the interior of the keg, or miss him, and they have thus far waited in vain."

Burying the Inn Sign.

Whenever an inn in the vicinity of Naworth estate loses its license there is an interesting obsequy. The inn sign is committed to the grave, in the presence of the old customers of the inn. As a rule, it is watered with tears in the shape of a bottle of whisky, accompanied by an appropriate burial service. The Moorcock inn, Lanercost, was the last to be mourned. The Brampton justices took away its license, and the decision was upheld by quarter sessions. The usual last rites were performed.

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The act of congress approved April 12, 1902, repealing war revenue taxation took effect July 1. It abolishes all special and stamp taxes imposed by the law now in force, with the exception of the tax of ten cents a pound on tea, which will continue until January 1, 1903, and the provision in the present law relative to mixed flour. The present taxes on fermented liquors, snuff and tobacco, and cigarettes have been reduced and the taxes imposed on the manufacture and sale of oleomargarine and process butter by the act approved May 9, 1902, will be enforced.

The president has formally declared the restoration of peace in the Philippine archipelago. He has placed the islands under complete civil control, and has extended general amnesty to the Filipinos who have been in rebellion. These three things, marking one of the most important chapters in history, were accomplished through the issue of three separate orders and proclamations, one by the president, over his own signature, extending amnesty; one through Secretary Root, by the president's order, relieving General Chaffee of his duties as military governor, and a third, which takes the shape of a general order, addressed to the entire army of the United States, in which Secretary Root takes occasion to express the president's high appreciation of the work accomplished, both in Cuba and in the Philippines.

The Choctaw has handled over 1,000 cars of potatoes this season, grown along its lines.

The question of the payment of the Chinese indemnity in gold or silver has not been settled. China insists that the debt should be paid in silver and is supported by the United States. For this reason the ministers will send separate replies to the Chinese contention. All the countries except the United States demand payment in gold.

Gov. Van Sant, of Minnesota, has been renominated for a second term by the republicans.

President Roosevelt has issued a proclamation, formally postponing the St. Louis fair until 1904.

The supreme court of Missouri, in the suit against the packing combine, has sustained the anti-trust law of the state.

Mike Burke, a farmer near St. Joseph, Mo., was shot and killed by his wife. He was under the influence of liquor and had viciously assaulted his wife.

William Coates, aged 17, murdered his mother at her home near St. Joseph, Mo. The boy confessed to the crime, declaring his father told him to kill his mother.

Senator Bailey, of Texas, lost his temper and assaulted Senator Beveridge, of Indiana, in the senate chamber a few moments after the body had adjourned for the day. The episode was the result of a heated controversy which the two senators had, when Senator Beveridge had said that Senator Bailey had made an "unwarranted attack" on Solicitor Penfield of the state department.

Acting Secretary of War Sanger sent a communication to the house in answer to a resolution directing the secretary of war to furnish information as to what amounts have been paid out of the Cuban people to F. S. Truber or any other person, corporation or association for advocating reciprocity with the United States. The answer of the war department consists of certified copies of vouchers covering the payments referred to it in the resolution, amounting to \$15,626.

A Rock Island passenger train was held up on the night of the 3d, near Dupont, Ill. Express Messenger Kane was shot through the groin by one of the robbers. The local safe was forced open, but the amount of the booty secured is not known. One party has been arrested, but declares that he was forced at the point of a pistol to climb on the engine and demand that the train be stopped.

The annual report of Chief Wilkie, of the secret service division, submitted last week to Secretary Shaw, shows that during the year there were 573 persons charged with various offenses against the federal statutes, New York leading with eighty-five prosecutions. Of the offenders, 415 persons were of American birth, the next largest number of offenders being Italians. Sixty-three per cent of those arrested were convicted. The report shows the fact that during the fiscal year but one dangerous spurious note was put in circulation, a \$5 silver certificate, while there was but one other even passable counterfeit—a \$1 silver certificate, whose makers, with their complete plant, were captured in Chicago the same day they attempted to put one of their notes in circulation.

The monthly report of the statistician of the department of agriculture shows the average condition of cotton on June 25 to have been 84.7, as compared with 95.1 on May 26, 1902; 81.1 on June 25, 1901; 75.8 on July 1, 1901, and a ten-year average of 85.6. With the exception of North Carolina, where there seems to have been a slight improvement, and Virginia, where there is no appreciable change in every cotton-producing state shows a decline during the month, the decline being greatest in Texas, where it amounts to 22 points, and in Louisiana, Indian Territory, Mississippi and Alabama, where it is 11, 10, 9 and 8 points, respectively. The condition is, however, still in excess of the ten-year average in the following states, by the number of points stated in each case: Virginia, 2; North Carolina, 6; South Carolina and Florida, 9; Georgia and Arkansas, 7; Tennessee, 12; Oklahoma, 2; and Missouri 10.

ACROSS THE SEA.

It is still a crime to shout "Vive la France!" in Alsace-Lorraine.

The colossal equestrian statue at Rome of King Victor Emmanuel II. is now nearing completion. The statue is about 33 feet in height from the level on which the horse stands to the crown of the king's head. The feathers in his helmet are about five feet extra. There will be space for one or two persons to get into the head, and for four or five in the head of the horse.

BREVITIES OF FUN.

"Which do you like better—money or nobility?" "Well, I love a dollar, but I worship a sovereign!"—Smart Set.

His Hair Dyed.—"Why, Willie," said his teacher, "what makes your hair so red?" "Aw, I just had scarlet fever and it settled in me head."—Widow.

An Expert.—Penfield—"Which is the best writer of fiction these publishers have?" Merritt—"The fellow who writes their book advertisements."—N. Y. Sun.

The Field of Danger.—Greene—"Some folks fancy that golf is a dangerous game. Do you think there is any danger in it?" Gage—"I had two friends who got engaged on the golf links last season."—Boston Transcript.

Misunderstanding.—Mrs. Slangay—"Surely, John, you haven't brought anyone home to dinner!" Mr. Slangay—"Surely I have! Haven't you got any grub for 'em?" Mrs. Slangay—"Of course not. You told me you'd bring home a couple of lobsters for dinner." Mr. Slangay—"Well, that's them in the parlor."—Philadelphia Press.

"Jerry," said Flaherty, "they do say that shmokin' th' poipe is gittin' to be quite fashionable." "Tis a thrue wor-rud, me la-ad," said Jerry, and he clasped both hands over the match and turned his face to the breeze. "But it dips a dale on who smokes it whether 'tis so fashionable or no."—Indianapolis News.

LIKE OIL-COVERED ROADS.

Georgia Farmers Consider Recent Experiment a Great Success.

The work of oiling the roads is taking right along with farmers and people who come to Augusta from the country, says the Augusta, Ga., Herald. Nearly the whole of a recent week was spent by the gang assigned to this work and the apparatus in treating the Wrightsboro road to this new bath. The first experiment was made several weeks ago by Judge Eve at the stockade, but he thought the experiment had not been given a proper test when used under shelter and decided as soon as practicable to get on the road in open with the oil. The experiment at the stockade was such a success that the grand jury recommended the use of the oil on the roads and the Wrightsboro thoroughfare was selected as the first to be given the treatment. Several farmers coming into the city the other day over that portion already covered say the travel has been greatly improved. They notice at once the absence of the dust usual on a hot day and say their horses seem to really enjoy traveling over it. Where the sun strikes the work the oil percolates with surprising rapidity and in a couple of days the road is in good condition for traveling. After the bath the surface is left with a kind of spongy covering, yet of a nature into which the tires of the vehicles do not sink or cut as might be expected. The experiment period is practically over now and the new material will be used on the road improvement throughout the county.

QUITE RIGHT, TOO.

No Occasion for Hilarity Over Appearance of Baby's First Tooth.

"George," exclaimed Mrs. Young, husband, with a radiant smile, "baby has a tooth."

"Has he?" was the response, in a tone which betrayed no emotion.

"You don't seem surprised."

"I'm not surprised. All babies have first teeth. If our didn't have any I'd manage to work up some excitement, perhaps."

"I thought you'd be ever so pleased and happy about it."

"No; I don't see that it's any occasion for especial congratulation. The baby has my deepest sympathy."

"What for?"

"For having the first tooth. He has just struck the opening chapter of a long story of trouble. Pretty soon he'll have other teeth."

"Of course he will."

"Every one he cuts will hurt him. Then his second teeth will come and push these out. That will hurt him again. Some of the new ones will grow crooked, likely as not, and he will have to go to the dentist and have instruments adjusted to them to pull them into line. Then he'll cut his wisdom teeth. They will hurt a lot. After that he'll have to go to the dentist and let him drill holes and hammer until his face feels like a great palpitating stone quarry. I shouldn't like him to go through life without teeth. But I must say that I don't see any occasion for the customary hilarity over an event that means so much in the way of sorrow and humiliation."—London Tit-Bits.

WATCH THE WORKERS.

Public Stopped to See Simple Process of Moving a Big Pole.

A gang of men were tugging away at a great pole the other day on one of the business streets trying to get it through an alley to the inside of the block, says the Washington Star. When in place it was to carry telephone wires, and as the telephone users were evidently numerous in that locality the pole was correspondingly long and thick. One of the giants of the forest had fallen when the ax was laid at the root of this specimen, for what was left of the tree, stripped of its branches and its bark, must have been fully 60 feet long and some three feet in diameter. The men pulled and hauled, but apparently made little progress, and yet it was no small force that was applied, as no less than 30 sun-bronzed workmen united their strength in the task.

Finally with a lift altogether the lightest end was raised high enough to permit a small platform on two wheels to be run under, and upon this a portion of the weight rested. The gang of men moved forward a little, and, raising the tree trunk, the platform was pushed farther along until a point was reached where the ends were balanced and then the bulk was easily pushed along the street on the wheeled platform to the alley.

As is usual when any manual labor is going on in the streets of the city, spectators gathered about watching with the interest of fascination the spectacle of other men at work. Why such a commonplace as men at labor should attract attention is one of the curious problems of human nature which has never been fully explained. Naturally, as they looked they talked, and the latter was largely critical of the methods employed, as well as the way the job was being done. From the curbstone spectators the boss of the gang might have had for nothing a whole lot of suggestions. But none were offered, perhaps because none were requested.

One man who had a cool place beneath the shade of a tree remarked, casually, but also disdainfully: "They raised them poles just that way 40 years ago. Where is your modern machinery?" he added, with scorn.

"Perhaps hand labor is cheaper," observed his neighbor, who looked discontented.

"The boss of this gang," broke in a keen-looking man, "said there were machines for handling telegraph and other poles, but his company did not have one."

At that point in the discussion the pole began to move rather rapidly up the street and the group of spectators melted away.

FOREIGNERS IN CITIES.

Largest Proportion in Fall River, Smallest in Montgomery, Ala.

The larger part of the foreign-born population of the United States is found, of course, in the large cities, says the New York Sun. But there are few cities having more than one-third of their population foreign born, and there is no city in which one-half of the population is foreign born.

The nearest approach to the latter condition is found in Fall River, where 48 per cent. of the population, including many French-Canadians, is foreign born; Lawrence, Mass., 45 per cent.; Lowell, Mass., 43; Passaic, N. J., 46; Woonsocket, R. I., 44; Manchester, Mass., 42; New York, 37; Paterson, 36; Boston, 35; and in the west, Chicago, 34; Detroit, 33; Milwaukee, 31; Cleveland, 32; San Francisco, 34, and Duluth, 39.

These are the cities having the largest proportionate foreign-born population. The number of cities in which native-born Americans not only predominate, but predominate so largely as to constitute fully or nearly nine-tenths of the population, is more numerous.

Binghamton has 89 per cent. of its population native born and Elmira has 82. Allentown, Pa., one of the strongholds of the Pennsylvania Germans, has 91 per cent. of its population native born; Harrisburg, the Pennsylvania capital, has 95 per cent.; Washington, the national capital, has 92; Richmond and Norfolk, Va., have 96; York, Pa., has 96; Chattanooga and Nashville, Tenn., have 96; Topeka, Kan., has 90; Indianapolis has 89, Terre Haute has 92, Charleston has 95, and Lexington, Ky., 96.

But the American city which comes nearer to having an exclusively native population than any other is, perhaps, Montgomery, Ala., with 98 per cent., though Montgomery does not usually rank among the important cities of the United States.

Little Rock, Ark., has 94 per cent. of American population and Los Angeles 80.

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The special congressional committee, appointed to investigate the charges of bribery in connection with the purchase of the Danish West Indies, has reported that there is not the slightest semblance of evidence that any member of congress, either directly or indirectly, was offered or paid any bribe, or was paid any valuable consideration of any kind or character, to vote for or assist in procuring the proposed adoption or ratification of the treaty of sale of the Danish West Indian islands to the United States.

The act of congress approved April 12, 1902, repealing war revenue taxation took effect July 1. It abolishes all special and stamp taxes imposed by the law now in force, with the exception of the tax of ten cents a pound on tea, which will continue until January 1, 1903, and the provision in the present law relative to mixed flour. The present taxes on fermented liquors, snuff and tobacco, and cigarettes have been reduced and the taxes imposed on the manufacture and sale of oleomargarine and process butter by the act approved May 9, 1902, will be enforced.

The president has formally declared the restoration of peace in the Philippine archipelago. He has placed the islands under complete civil control, and has extended general amnesty to the Filipinos who have been in rebellion. These three things, marking one of the most important chapters in history, were accomplished through the issue of three separate orders and proclamations, one by the president, over his own signature, extending amnesty; one through Secretary Root, by the president's order, relieving General Chaffee of his duties as military governor, and a third, which takes the shape of a general order, addressed to the entire army of the United States, in which Secretary Root takes occasion to express the president's high appreciation of the work accomplished, both in Cuba and in the Philippines.

The Choctaw has handled over 1,000 cars of potatoes this season, grown along its lines.

The question of the payment of the Chinese indemnity in gold or silver has not been settled. China insists that the debt should be paid in silver and is supported by the United States. For this reason the ministers will send separate replies to the Chinese contention. All the countries except the United States demand payment in gold.

Gov. Van Sant, of Minnesota, has been renominated for a second term by the republicans.

President Roosevelt has issued a proclamation, formally postponing the St. Louis fair until 1904.

The supreme court of Missouri, in the suit against the packing combine, has sustained the anti-trust law of the state.

Mike Burke, a farmer near St. Joseph, Mo., was shot and killed by his wife. He was under the influence of liquor and had viciously assaulted his wife.

William Coates, aged 17, murdered his mother at her home near St. Joseph, Mo. The boy confessed to the crime, declaring his father told him to kill his mother.

Senator Bailey, of Texas, lost his temper and assaulted Senator Beveridge, of Indiana, in the senate chamber a few moments after the body had adjourned for the day. The episode was the result of a heated controversy which the two senators had, when Senator Beveridge had said that Senator Bailey had made an "unwarranted attack" on Solicitor Penfield of the state department.

Acting Secretary of War Sanger sent a communication to the house in answer to a resolution directing the secretary of war to furnish information as to what amounts have been paid out of the Cuban people to F. S. Truber or any other person, corporation or association for advocating reciprocity with the United States. The answer of the war department consists of certified copies of vouchers covering the payments referred to it in the reitulation, amounting to \$15,626.

A Rock Island passenger train was held up on the night of the 3d, near Dupont, Ill. Express Messenger Kane was shot through the groin by one of the robbers. The local safe was forced open, but the amount of the booty secured is not known. One party has been arrested, but declares that he was forced at the point of a pistol to climb on the engine and demand that the train be stopped.

The annual report of Chief Wilkie, of the secret service division, submitted last week to Secretary Shaw, shows that during the year there were 573 persons charged with various offenses against the federal statutes, New York leading with eighty-five prosecutions. Of the offenders, 415 persons were of American birth, the next largest number of offenders being Italians. Sixty-three per cent of those arrested were convicted. The report shows the fact that during the fiscal year but one dangerous spurious note was put in circulation, a \$5 silver certificate, while there was but one other even passable counterfeit—a \$1 silver certificate, whose makers, with their complete plant, were captured in Chicago the same day they attempted to put one of their notes in circulation.

The monthly report of the statistician of the department of agriculture shows the average condition of cotton on June 25 to have been 84.7, as compared with 95.1 on May 26, 1902; 81.1 on June 25, 1901; 75.8 on July 1, 1901, and a ten-year average of 85.6. With the exception of North Carolina, where there seems to have been a slight improvement, and Virginia, where there is no appreciable change in every cotton-producing state shows a decline during the month, the decline being greatest in Texas, where it amounts to 22 points, and in Louisiana, Indian Territory, Mississippi and Alabama, where it is 11, 10, 9 and 8 points, respectively. The condition is, however, still in excess of the ten-year average in the following states, by the number of points stated in each case: Virginia, 2; North Carolina, 6; South Carolina and Florida, 9; Georgia and Arkansas, 7; Tennessee, 12; Oklahoma, 2; and Missouri 10.

ACROSS THE SEA.

It is still a crime to shout "Vive la France!" in Alsace-Lorraine.

The colossal equestrian statue at Rome of King Victor Emmanuel II. is now nearing completion. The statue is about 33 feet in height from the level on which the horse stands to the crown of the king's head. The feathers in his helmet are about five feet extra. There will be space for one or two persons to get into the head, and for four or five in the head of the horse.

BREVITIES OF FUN.

"Which do you like better—money or nobility?" "Well, I love a dollar, but I worship a sovereign!"—Smart Set.

His Hair Dyed.—"Why, Willie," said his teacher, "what makes your hair so red?" "Aw, I just had scarlet fever and it settled in me head."—Widow.

An Expert.—Penfield—"Which is the best writer of fiction these publishers have?" Merritt—"The fellow who writes their book advertisements."—N. Y. Sun.

The Field of Danger.—Greene—"Some folks fancy that golf is a dangerous game. Do you think there is any danger in it?" Gage—"I had two friends who got engaged on the golf links last season."—Boston Transcript.

Misunderstanding.—Mrs. Slangay—"Surely, John, you haven't brought anyone home to dinner?" Mr. Slangay—"Surely I have! Haven't you got any grub for 'em?" Mrs. Slangay—"Of course not. You told me you'd bring home a couple of lobsters for dinner." Mr. Slangay—"Well, that's them in the parlor."—Philadelphia Press.

"Jerry," said Flaherty, "they do say that shmokin' th' poipe is gittin' to be quite fashionable." "Tis a thrue wor-rud, me la-ad," said Jerry, and he clasped both hands over the match and turned his face to the breeze. "But it dips a dale on who shmokes it whether 'tis so fashionable or no."—Indianapolis News.

LIKE OIL-COVERED ROADS.

Georgia Farmers Consider Recent Experiment a Great Success.

The work of oiling the roads is taking right along with farmers and people who come to Augusta from the country, says the Augusta, Ga., Herald. Nearly the whole of a recent week was spent by the gang assigned to this work and the apparatus in treating the Wrightsboro road to this new bath. The first experiment was made several weeks ago by Judge Eve at the stockade, but he thought the experiment had not been given a proper test when used under shelter and decided as soon as practicable to get on the road in open with the oil. The experiment at the stockade was such a success that the grand jury recommended the use of the oil on the roads and the Wrightsboro thoroughfare was selected as the first to be given the treatment. Several farmers coming into the city the other day over that portion already covered said the travel has been greatly improved. They notice at once the absence of the dust usual on a hot day and say their horses seem to really enjoy traveling over it. Where the sun strikes the work the oil percolates with surprising rapidity and in a couple of days the road is in good condition for traveling. After the bath the surface is left with a kind of spongy covering, yet of a nature into which the tires of the vehicles do not sink or cut as might be expected. The experiment period is practically over now and the new material will be used on the road improvement throughout the county.

QUITE RIGHT, TOO.

No Occasion for Hilarity Over Appearance of Baby's First Tooth.

"George," exclaimed Mrs. Young, husband, with a radiant smile, "baby has a tooth."

"Has he?" was the response, in a tone which betrayed no emotion.

"You don't seem surprised."

"I'm not surprised. All babies have first teeth. If our didn't have any I'd manage to work up some excitement, perhaps."

"I thought you'd be ever so pleased and happy about it."

"No; I don't see that it's any occasion for especial congratulation. The baby has my deepest sympathy."

"What for?"

"For having the first tooth. He has just struck the opening chapter of a long story of trouble. Pretty soon he'll have other teeth."

"Of course he will."

"Every one he cuts will hurt him. Then his second teeth will come and push these out. That will hurt him again. Some of the new ones will grow crooked, likely as not, and he will have to go to the dentist and have instruments adjusted to them to pull them into line. Then he'll cut his wisdom teeth. They will hurt a lot. After that he'll have to go to the dentist and let him drill holes and hammer until his face feels like a great palpitating stone quarry. I shouldn't like him to go through life without teeth. But I must say that I don't see any occasion for the customary hilarity over an event that means so much in the way of sorrow and humiliation."—London Tit-Bits.

WATCH THE WORKERS.

Public Stopped to See Simple Process of Moving a Big Pole.

A gang of men were tugging away at a great pole the other day on one of the business streets trying to get it through an alley to the inside of the block, says the Washington Star. When in place it was to carry telephone wires, and as the telephone users were evidently numerous in that locality the pole was correspondingly long and thick. One of the giants of the forest had fallen when the ax was laid at the root of this specimen, for what was left of the tree, stripped of its branches and its bark, must have been fully 60 feet long and some three feet in diameter. The men pulled and hauled, but apparently made little progress, and yet it was no small force that was applied, as no less than 30 sun-bronzed workmen united their strength in the task.

Finally with a lift altogether the lightest end was raised high enough to permit a small platform on two wheels to be run under, and upon this a portion of the weight rested. The gang of men moved forward a little, and, raising the tree trunk, the platform was pushed farther along until a point was reached where the ends were balanced and then the bulk was easily pushed along the street on the wheeled platform to the alley.

As is usual when any manual labor is going on in the streets of the city, spectators gathered about watching with the interest of fascination the spectacle of other men at work. Why such a commonplace as men at labor should attract attention is one of the curious problems of human nature which has never been fully explained. Naturally, as they looked they talked, and the latter was largely critical of the methods employed, as well as the way the job was being done. From the curbstone spectators the boss of the gang might have had for nothing a whole lot of suggestions. But none were offered, perhaps because none were requested.

One man who had a cool place beneath the shade of a tree remarked, casually, but also disdainfully: "They raised them poles just that way 40 years ago. Where is your modern machinery?" he added, with scorn.

"Perhaps hand labor is cheaper," observed his neighbor, who looked discontented.

"The boss of this gang," broke in a keen-looking man, "said there were machines for handling telegraph and other poles, but his company did not have one."

At that point in the discussion the pole began to move rather rapidly up the street and the group of spectators melted away.

FOREIGNERS IN CITIES.

Largest Proportion in Fall River, Smallest in Montgomery, Ala.

The larger part of the foreign-born population of the United States is found, of course, in the large cities, says the New York Sun. But there are few cities having more than one-third of their population foreign born, and there is no city in which one-half of the population is foreign born.

The nearest approach to the latter condition is found in Fall River, where 48 per cent. of the population, including many French-Canadians, is foreign born; Lawrence, Mass., 45 per cent.; Lowell, Mass., 43; Passaic, N. J., 46; Woonsocket, R. I., 44; Manchester, Mass., 42; New York, 37; Paterson, 36; Boston, 35; and in the west, Chicago, 34; Detroit, 33; Milwaukee, 31; Cleveland, 32; San Francisco, 34, and Duluth, 39.

These are the cities having the largest proportionate foreign-born population. The number of cities in which native-born Americans not only predominate, but predominate so largely as to constitute fully or nearly nine-tenths of the population, is more numerous.

Binghamton has 89 per cent. of its population native born and Elmira has 82. Allentown, Pa., one of the strongholds of the Pennsylvania Germans, has 91 per cent. of its population native born; Harrisburg, the Pennsylvania capital, has 95 per cent.; Washington, the national capital, has 92; Richmond and Norfolk, Va., have 96; York, Pa., has 96; Chattanooga and Nashville, Tenn., have 96; Topeka, Kan., has 90; Indianapolis has 89, Terre Haute has 92, Charleston has 95, and Lexington, Ky., 96.

But the American city which comes nearer to having an exclusively native population than any other is, perhaps, Montgomery, Ala., with 98 per cent., though Montgomery does not usually rank among the important cities of the United States.

Little Rock, Ark., has 94 per cent. of American population and Los Angeles 80.

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P. S. Maxwell, Chm'n.
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According to the Herald, the signs of the time point to a vote on the liquor question at Sturgis in September.

There is not a fortune for every man who tries his hand in mining enterprises in this promising district, but the man who dares not wins not.

The pistol is getting too handy in this county. The heaviest fine should invariably be imposed upon those convicted of carrying this insignia of rowdism.

Mass convention Saturday at 2 o'clock, p. m., to appoint delegates to the Appellate court district convention. The mass meeting will be held at the court house in Marion.

The nomination of J. H. McConnell for congress has caused Ollie James to lose no sleep. Ollie helped to elect McConnell to the State Senate, and perhaps Mc wants to make it easy sailing for Ollie to Congress.

The Democrats of the county will hold a mass convention at this place Saturday afternoon, and elect delegates to the convention to be held in Paducah July 22d, for the purpose of nominating a candidate for Appellate Judge.

The popularity of the primary election is growing. When practicable, this is the most satisfactory way of nominating candidates. The practicability of the plan should not be impaired by laws that make primaries too expensive.

The shooting of Mrs. Sturgis, an account of which is published in this paper, is one of the most dastardly outrages that has occurred in many a day, and it is to be hoped that the authorities will find and punish to the limit of the law, the party who fired that gun. Place your wife or mother in the position of the wounded lady, and see if you don't feel like going a gunnin' yourself.

Profs Ulrich and Smith have been detailed for a month's work in this district and the mining world will watch with feverish interest the progress of the work, and wait with a degree of impatience the report of these gentlemen. The area embraced and the great bearing this work will have upon the district, it seems to us, would justify the department at Washington in giving more time to this survey. Capital will be influenced largely by the reports of these gentlemen, and anything less than a complete survey would not meet the needs of the district,

A COWARDLY ACT.

Drunken Brute Shoots into a Boat and Wounds a Woman.

Saturday afternoon, while the tug "Nellie Brown" was at the Cave-in-Rock landing, a skiff containing three men and the ferryman pushed out for the Kentucky shore. When a short distance from the shore one of the men drew his pistol and began firing it in the direction of the tug. A bullet from the pistol struck Mrs. Sam Sturgis, who was in the pilot house of the tug, in the back of the head, inflicting an ugly scalp wound. The bullet flattened on the skull and was cut out by the attending physician. Mrs. Sturgis fell over when the bullet struck her, but two lady friends who accompanied her and her husband were near by and prompt attention soon restored her and she rapidly rallied from the shock. The skull was laid bare over a space as large as a silver dollar, and the great wonder is that the ball did not penetrate the head.

Before the fact that Mrs. Sturgis was shot was known in the village, the skiff had reached the Kentucky shore. According to report, the three men in the skiff were Frank Moore and a young man named Burton and William Orr.

From Bryan's Pen.

(The Commoner).

It appears that the republican party has also given a new definition to "reciprocity."

Is it good democratic policy to unite on principles that meet with the cordial endorsement of republican organs?

A democratic platform, promulgated by democrats, and adhered to by candidates known to be staunch democrats will bring about harmony.

The Filipinos enjoy all the rights and privileges of American citizens with the exception of relief by habeas corpus, trial by jury, representation, right to keep arms, right of petition, franchise, citizenship and other minor things too numerous to mention.

The Pennsylvania railroad has issued an order prohibiting kissing in its depots. The Pennsylvania railroad may issue orders to congress and legislatures and have them obeyed, but when it collides with Dan Cupid the Pennsylvania railroad is going to come out of the trouble second best.

We have spent \$200,000,000 and sacrificed the lives of upwards of 5,000 Americans in order to advance commercialism in the Philippines. Since the beginning of the trouble in the Philippines our trade with those islands have amounted to less than \$20,000,000. Do the books balance?

Whenever a democratic senator fails to note the insults of a republican senator the republican organs accuse him of cowardice, and when he does resent the insult he is accused of brutality. It is unwise for a democratic senator to waste time trying to please the republican organs.

Deeds Recorded.

E H Porter to Mrs E J Vanhook, store room in Marion; gift.
E L Nunn to S A Newcom, 150 acres on Tradewater, \$900.

W R Cruce to O C Cook, lot in Crayneville, \$450.

Nancy J Vinson to Pernecie D. Brantley, exchange of land.

M D Vinson to Pernecie D. Brantley; exchange of land.

J E Stephenson to T H Stephenson 115 acres on Dry Fork \$20,000.

Nancy J Vinson to G H Vinson Homestead gift.

Necie D Brantley to G H Vinson; exchange of land.

S M Wilson to W R Cruce, interest in small lot of land.

G P Wilson to Daniel Parker, fifty acres, \$350.

THE BIG EDITION

What Our Exchanges Think of The Mining Issue.

The Crittenden Press, printed at Marion, Ky., got up a superb edition this week.—Marshall County Democrat.

The current issue of the Marion Press is an exhaustless fountain of knowledge concerning the mineral fields of Crittenden county, which are now being developed.—Carlisle County News.

The Crittenden Press came out this week an illustrated edition. It is creditable, more than creditable, and should be appreciated by the people of Marion and community.—Sturgis Herald.

The mining edition of the Crittenden Press appears this week and is a credit to Bob Walker, its publisher. It is about the handsomest edition of a country newspaper we ever perused.—Smithland Courier.

The Crittenden Press of this week, was a mining edition calling attention to the wonderful mineral resources of Crittenden in zinc, lead and fluor spar, but recently brought to light. Crittenden in mineral wealth is destined to rank with the best counties in Kentucky.—Hopkinsville Kentuckian.

The Crittenden Press has issued an illustrated edition that tells the truth blandly about the mineral wealth of Western Kentucky, and, incidentally, about the many excellent people and other "good things" that abound in and around Marion. Paducah News-Democrat.

The Crittenden Press, printed at Marion this week, issues a very creditable special edition, handsomely illustrated and well printed, on calendared paper. The edition is devoted largely to the newly developed mining interests of Crittenden and Livingston counties.—Paducah News-Democrat.

Bros. R. C. and Walter Walker, of the Crittenden Press, issued a 12 page illustrated edition this week that shows enterprise and does the boys credit. These illustrated editions are splendid mediums for any county, and when they are not encouraged it is because their real value and worth are not fully appreciated. We trust the Walker boys will find their receipts handsome.—Elkton Progress.

The trade edition of the Crittenden Press is upon our table and after carefully examining it, we find it to be quite a creditable piece of journalistic work by our friend Walker. It brings before the country the recent great developments in mining and other business enterprises of Crittenden county. It is the proper thing, gotten up in the proper style, and will have much to do in further advancing the progress of that county.—Mayfield Messenger.

The Crittenden Press, printed at Marion, has just issued a beautiful special edition. It is handsomely illustrated, printed on book paper, and exploits the newly developed zinc and fluor spar mining interests of Crittenden and Livingston counties most attractively. The edition is a credit to the Messrs Walker, who publish and manage the paper, and to Crittenden county.—The Louisville Times.

The Crittenden Press, edited by R. C. Walker and printed at Marion, came to our office yesterday morning looking as fine as a brand new fiddle. It was an illustrated edition, printed on good book paper, and was a real beauty. The Crittenden Press is a real good paper at any and all times, but the number of this week was one well worthy of perusal and should be appreciated by the people of that town and county.—Glenn's Graphic, Madisonville.

FOR RENT—A good barn, on reasonable terms.
Mrs. Nina Howerton,

YOUTHFUL THIEVES.

Three Negroes Rob the Cash Drawer in Haynes' Grocery.

Saturday afternoon three little negroes, Ben Wilcox, Cas Woods and Charlie Pickens, were arrested on the charge of grand larceny and lodged in jail. The boys were in Mr. R. C. Haynes' grocery store and after they left Mr. A. J. Crittenden found that the cash drawer had been robbed of a sum amounting to thirty-five dollars. He suspected the negroes and told them unless the money was returned there would be trouble. One of the boys admitted that the money had been taken, and hidden under a negro cabin. The money was recovered, the boys acknowledged their guilt, and were locked up to await the action of the grand jury.

THE MIDSUMMER BALL.

Several Hundred Guests at Crittenden Springs Thursday Night.

The Mid-Summer Ball at the Crittenden Springs Hotel Thursday evening was greatly enjoyed by several hundred guests. It was a most delightful affair, taken from any point of view. Ladies and gentlemen from many of the surrounding towns and cities were present. Large parties came from Evansville, Henderson, Providence, Princeton, Fredonia and Elizabethtown, Ills.

Marriage Licenses.

John P. Gray, of Salem, and Miss Mollie Guess, of Hampton.
P. F. Thomas, Uniontown, and Miss Linnie Travis of this county.

I D Stembridge and Miss Addie Belle Canada.

Leslie Davidson and Miss Rosa Millikan.

C M Reed and Miss Lilla Cox.

County Court Notes.

County court was in session Monday.

Laura Bigham was appointed administratrix of her deceased mother, Laura Bigham.

Henry Barnes was appointed administrator of the estate of David Barnes.

The court appointed J. G. Rochester, administrator of the estate of W F Harmon, deceased.

J E Hillyard was made administrator of the estate of F. M Hillyard, deceased.

A number of road cases before the court were continued.

Notice.

All persons indebted to the J. R. Clark Planing Mill company for lumber and work will please call on me and settle at once, as I am closing up the firm's business. Give this your immediate attention and will oblige us and save trouble. You will find the books at the office of the county school superintendent.

O. H. Paris.

Card of Thanks.

We desire to express our thanks to the good people of Dycusburg for the kindness shown us while in our distress over the illness and death of our son Claude.

Joseph Cluck and wife.

DR. FENNER'S KIDNEY and Backache CURE
All diseases of Kidneys, Bladder, Urinary Organs, Also Rheumatism, Backache, Heart Disease, Gravel, Dropsy, Female Troubles.
Don't become discouraged. There is a cure for you. If necessary write Dr. Fenner. He has spent a life time curing just such cases as yours. All consultations Free.
"A gravel lodged in my bladder. After using a few bottles of Dr. Fenner's Kidney and Backache Cure I passed a gravel half as large as a marble. The medicine prevented further formations. I was cured."
W. T. OAKES, Orris, Va.
Druggists, 50c. Bt. Ask for Cook Book—Free.
ST. VITUS DANCE CURE, Fenner, Fredonia, Mo.

OPPENHEIMER

Closing Out!

Special Days of unheard of Prices:

Thursday and Friday
July 18 and 19.

Millinery, Shoes, Slippers, Dry Goods and Notions.

Come and take advantage of a life-time proposition.

\$10.00

EVANSVILLE TO

Niagara Falls and Return

Via ILLINOIS CENTRAL R. R

and Connections.

SATURDAY, JULY 24th.

Limit 12 Days.

Leave Evansville 7:30 a. m. Saturday, arrive Niagara Falls 8:00 a. m. Sunday. Choice of route, RAIL OR LAKE.

F. R. WHEELER, C. P. & T. A. 126 Main st.

EVANSVILLE, IND

Sheriff's Sale! *Education*
For Taxes.

By virtue of taxes due the county and John T. Pickens, ex-S. C. C. for the years 1898, 1899, 1900 and 1901, I or one of my deputies will on Monday the 11th day of August, 1902, between the hours of 1 o'clock a. m. and 3 o'clock p. m. at the court house door in Crittenden county, Ky., expose to public sale to the highest bidder, for cash in hand, the following property, or so much thereof as may be necessary to satisfy the amount of taxes due and cost, to wit:

50 acres land in Piney precinct, taxes due by L. D. Jones for 1899, 1900, and 1901, \$11.40

73 acres of land in Fords Ferry precinct No. 6, near Z. T. Terry, for taxes due by J. L. Corley for 1900 and 1901, \$10.85

50 acres of land in Marion precinct, No. 2, near Sam Asher, taxes due by Mrs Mary Vinson for 1900, \$7.40

50 acres of land in Marion precinct No. 2, near Sam Asher, taxes due by F. I. Crider for 1901, \$6.20

1 lot in Tolu, in Hurricane No. 5, taxes due by I. W. Kinsey, for 1900 to 1901, \$5.00

30 acres of land in Bells Mines No. 7, near A. E. Tudor, taxes due by W A Brantley for 1900 and 1901, \$8.60

1 lot in Marion precinct No 1, taxes due by Giles Hamilton for 1898, 1899, 1900 and 1901, \$11.25

1 lot in Marion precinct No. 1 for taxes due by Dan Hughes for 1898, 1899, and 1901, \$11.10

1 lot in Marion precinct No 1, for taxes due by Robert Sutcliffe for 1898, 1900, and 1901, \$9.25

1 lot in Marion precinct No 1 for taxes due by Lige McCain for 1899, 1900, and 1901, \$11.30

1 lot in Marion precinct No 1 for taxes due by Chas W Harris for 1898, \$3.30

1 lot in Marion precinct No 1 for taxes due by John Cruce for 1899, 1900 and 1901, \$11.05

1 lot in Marion precinct No 1 for taxes due by G W Brooks for 1898, 1899, 1900, and 1901, \$11.40

TO THE TAXPAYERS.

Let a hint to the wise be sufficient, for I must finish up my collecting and settle with the county and you need not be surprised if you see your land advertised for back taxes. This July 8th, 1902.
JNO. T. PICKENS, Ex s. c. c.

Screens.

You can't afford to fight the flies when screen doors and win dows so effectually shut them out. All size doors and windows cheap
Boston & Walker's,

AND THE PLACE TO GET IT"

INDIANA'S GREATEST SCHOOL OF BUSINESS

Valuable information for you if you are going away to school, and want the best instruction obtainable. Sent free. Write for one at once. Address

LOCKYEAR'S

BUSINESS COLLEGE

SECOND AND MAIN STS.
EVANSVILLE, INDIANA

Illinois Central R. R.

Sells through tickets to all points North, South, East and West. Direct connections are made at Louisville, Evansville, Memphis, New Orleans, St. Louis and Chicago, with principal lines to all points.

L. Johnson, Agent.
W. A. Kellond, A.G.P.A.,
Louisville, Ky. F. R. Wheeler, C.P.A.
Evansville, Ind.

R. L. YEAKY CARL HICKLIN

Yeakey & Hicklin

BLACKSMITHS and WOODWORKMEN.

All work receives prompt attention and Satisfaction Guaranteed.

Horse Shoeing a Specialty.

The Old Griffith Stand MARION, KY

Marion Bank,

Established 1887.

Capital fully paid \$20,000
Stockholders Liability 20,000
Surplus..... 10,000

We offer to depositors and patrons every facility which their balances, business and responsibility warrant.
J. W. BLUE, Pres.
T. J. YANDELL, Cashier.

FOR SALE—3 good saddle and harness horses. Will sell cheap.
Foster Threlkeld,
Tolu, Ky.

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According to the Herald, the signs of the time point to a vote on the liquor question at Sturgis in September.

There is not a fortune for every man who tries his hand in mining enterprises in this promising district, but the man who dares not wins not.

The pistol is getting too handy in this county. The heaviest fine should invariably be imposed upon those convicted of carrying this insignia of rowdiness.

Mass convention Saturday at 2 o'clock, p. m., to appoint delegates to the Appellate court district convention. The mass meeting will be held at the court house in Marion.

The nomination of J. H. McConnell for congress has caused Ollie James to lose no sleep. Ollie helped to elect McConnell to the State Senate, and perhaps he wants to make it easy sailing for Ollie to Congress.

The Democrats of the county will hold a mass convention at this place Saturday afternoon, and elect delegates to the convention to be held in Paducah July 22d, for the purpose of nominating a candidate for Appellate Judge.

The popularity of the primary election is growing. When practicable, this is the most satisfactory way of nominating candidates. The practicability of the plan should not be impaired by laws that make primaries too expensive.

The shooting of Mrs. Sturgis, an account of which is published in this paper, is one of the most dastardly outrages that has occurred in many a day, and it is to be hoped that the authorities will find and punish to the limit of the law, the party who fired that gun. Place your wife or mother in the position of the wounded lady, and see if you don't feel like going a gunnin' yourself.

Profs Ulrich and Smith have been detailed for a month's work in this district and the mining world will watch with feverish interest the progress of the work, and wait with a degree of impatience the report of these gentlemen. The area embraced and the great bearing this work will have upon the district, it seems to us, would justify the department at Washington in giving more time to this survey. Capital will be influenced largely by the reports of these gentlemen, and anything less than a complete survey would not meet the needs of the district.

A COWARDLY ACT.

Drunken Brute Shoots into a Boat and Wounds a Woman.

Saturday afternoon, while the tug "Nellie Brown" was at the Cave-in-Rock landing, a skiff containing three men and the ferryman pushed out for the Kentucky shore. When a short distance from the shore one of the men drew his pistol and began firing it in the direction of the tug. A bullet from the pistol struck Mrs. Sam Sturgis, who was in the pilot house of the tug, in the back of the head, inflicting an ugly scalp wound. The bullet flattened on the skull and was cut out by the attending physician. Mrs. Sturgis fell over when the bullet struck her, but two lady friends who accompanied her and her husband were near by and prompt attention soon restored her and she rapidly rallied from the shock. The skull was laid bare over a space as large as a silver dollar, and the great wonder is that the ball did not penetrate the head.

Before the fact that Mrs. Sturgis was shot was known in the village, the skiff had reached the Kentucky shore. According to report, the three men in the skiff were Frank Moore and a young man named Burton and William Orr.

From Bryan's Pen.

(The Commoner).

It appears that the republican party has also given a new definition to "reciprocity."

Is it good democratic policy to unite on principles that meet with the cordial endorsement of republican organs?

A democratic platform, promulgated by democrats, and adhered to by candidates known to be staunch democrats will bring about harmony.

The Filipinos enjoy all the rights and privileges of American citizens with the exception of jury, representation, right to keep arms, right of petition, franchise, citizenship and other minor things too numerous to mention.

The Pennsylvania railroad has issued an order prohibiting kissing in its depots. The Pennsylvania railroad may issue orders to congress and legislatures and have them obeyed, but when it collides with Dan Cupid the Pennsylvania railroad is going to come out of the trouble second best.

We have spent \$200,000,000 and sacrificed the lives of upwards of 5,000 Americans in order to advance commercialism in the Philippines. Since the beginning of the trouble in the Philippines our trade with those islands have amounted to less than \$20,000,000. Do the books balance?

Whenever a democratic senator fails to note the insults of a republican senator the republican organs accuse him of cowardice, and when he does resent the insult he is accused of brutality. It is unwise for a democratic senator to waste time trying to please the republican organs.

Deeds Recorded.

E H Porter to Mrs E J Vanhook, store room in Marion; gift.

E L Nunn to S A Newcom, 150 acres on Tradewater, \$900.

W R Cruce to O C Cook, lot in Crayneville, \$450.

Nancy J Vinson to Pernecie D. Brantley, exchange of land.

M D Vinson to Pernecie D. Brantley; exchange of land.

J E Stephenson to T H Stephenson 115 acres on Dry Fork \$20,000.

Nancy J Vinson to G H Vinson Homestead gift.

Necie D Brantley to G H Vinson; exchange of land.

S M Wilson to W R Cruce, interest in small lot of land.

G P Wilson to Daniel Parker, fifty acres, \$350.

THE BIG EDITION

What Our Exchanges Think of The Mining Issue.

The Crittenden Press, printed at Marion, Ky., got up a superb edition this week.—Marshall County Democrat.

The current issue of the Marion Press is an exhaustless fountain of knowledge concerning the mineral fields of Crittenden county, which are now being developed.—Carlisle County News.

The Crittenden Press came out this week an illustrated edition. It is creditable, more than creditable, and should be appreciated by the people of Marion and community.—Sturgis Herald.

The mining edition of the Crittenden Press appears this week and is a credit to Bob Walker, its publisher. It is about the handsomest edition of a country newspaper we ever perused.—Smithland Courier.

The Crittenden Press of this week, was a mining edition calling attention to the wonderful mineral resources of Crittenden in zinc, lead and fluor spar, but recently brought to light. Crittenden in mineral wealth is destined to rank with the best counties in Kentucky.—Hopkinsville Kentuckian.

The Crittenden Press has issued an illustrated edition that tells the truth blandly about the mineral wealth of Western Kentucky, and, incidentally, about the many excellent people and other "good things" that abound in and around Marion. Paducah News-Democrat.

The Crittenden Press, printed at Marion this week, issues a very creditable special edition, handsomely illustrated and well printed, on calendared paper. The edition is devoted largely to the newly developed mining interests of Crittenden and Livingston counties.—Paducah News-Democrat.

Bros. R. C. and Walter Walker, of the Crittenden Press, issued a 12 page illustrated edition this week that shows enterprise and does the boys credit. These illustrated editions are splendid mediums for any county, and when they are not encouraged it is because their real value and worth are not fully appreciated. We trust the Walker boys will find their receipts handsome.—Elkton Progress.

The trade edition of the Crittenden Press is upon our table and after carefully examining it, we find it to be quite a creditable piece of journalistic work by our friend Walker. It brings before the country the recent great developments in mining and other business enterprises of Crittenden county. It is the proper thing, gotten up in the proper style, and will have much to do in further advancing the progress of that county.—Mayfield Messenger.

The Crittenden Press, printed at Marion, has just issued a beautiful special edition. It is handsomely illustrated, printed on book paper, and exploits the newly developed zinc and fluor spar mining interests of Crittenden and Livingston counties most attractively. The edition is a credit to the Messrs Walker, who publish and manage the paper, and to Crittenden county.—The Louisville Times.

The Crittenden Press, edited by R. C. Walker and printed at Marion, came to our office yesterday morning looking as fine as a brand new fiddle. It was an illustrated edition, printed on good book paper, and was a real beauty. The Crittenden Press is a real good paper at any and all times, but the number of this week was one well worthy of perusal and should be appreciated by the people of that town and county.—Glenn's Graphic, Madisonville.

FOR RENT—A good barn, on reasonable terms.
Mrs. Nina Howerton,

YOUTHFUL THIEVES.

Three Negroes Rob the Cash Drawer in Haynes' Grocery.

Saturday afternoon three little negroes, Ben Wilcox, Cas Woods and Charlie Pickens, were arrested on the charge of grand larceny and lodged in jail. The boys were in Mr. R. C. Haynes' grocery store and after they left Mr. A. J. Crittenden found that the cash drawer had been robbed of a sum amounting to thirty-five dollars. He suspected the negroes and told them unless the money was returned there would be trouble. One of the boys admitted that the money had been taken, and hidden under a negro cabin. The money was recovered, the boys acknowledged their guilt, and were locked up to await the action of the grand jury.

THE MIDSUMMER BALL.

Several Hundred Guests at Crittenden Springs Thursday Night.

The Mid-Summer Ball at the Crittenden Springs Hotel Thursday evening was greatly enjoyed by several hundred guests. It was a most delightful affair, taken from any point of view. Ladies and gentlemen from many of the surrounding towns and cities were present. Large parties came from Evansville, Henderson, Providence, Princeton, Fredonia and Elizabethtown, Ills.

Marriage Licenses.

John P. Gray, of Salem, and Miss Mollie Guess, of Hampton.
P. F. Thomas, Uniontown, and Miss Linnie Travis of this county.

I D Stembridge and Miss Addie Belle Canada.

Leslie Davidson and Miss Rosa Millikan.

C M Reed and Miss Lilla Cox.

County Court Notes.

County court was in session Monday.

Laura Bigham was appointed administratrix of her deceased mother, Laura Bigham.

Henry Barnes was appointed administrator of the estate of David Barnes.

The court appointed J. G. Rochester, administrator of the estate of W F Harmon, deceased.

J E Hillyard was made administrator of the estate of F M Hillyard, deceased.

A number of road cases before the court were continued.

Notice.

All persons indebted to the J. R. Clark Planing Mill company for lumber and work will please call on me and settle at once, as I am closing up the firm's business. Give this your immediate attention and will oblige us and save trouble. You will find the books at the office of the county school superintendent.

O. H. Paris.

Card of Thanks.

We desire to express our thanks to the good people of Dycusburg for the kindness shown us while in our distress over the illness and death of our son Claude.

Joseph Cluck and wife.

DR. FENNER'S KIDNEY and Backache CURE
All diseases of Kidneys, Bladder, Urinary Organs, Also Rheumatism, Backache, Heart Disease, Gravel, Dropsy, Female Troubles.

Don't become discouraged. There is a cure for you. If necessary write Dr. Fenner. He has spent a life time curing just such cases as yours. All consultations free.
"A gravel lodged in my bladder. After using a few bottles of Dr. Fenner's Kidney and Backache Cure I passed a gravel half as large as a marble. The medicine prevented further formations. I was cured."
W. T. OAKES, Orris, Va.
Druggists, 50c. B. Ask for Cook Book—Free.
ST. VITUS' DANCE Pure Cure, Circular, by

OPPENHEIMER

Closing Out!

Special Days of unheard of Prices:

Thursday and Friday
July 18 and 19.

Millinery, Shoes, Slippers, Dry Goods and Notions.

Come and take advantage of a life-time proposition.

\$10.00

EVANSVILLE TO

Niagara Falls and Return

Via ILLINOIS CENTRAL R. R

and Connections.

SATURDAY, JULY 24th.

Limit 12 Days.

Leave Evansville 7:30 a. m. Saturday, arrive Niagara Falls 8:00 a. m. Sunday. Choice of route, RAIL OR LAKE.

F. R. WHEELER, C. P. & T. A. 126 Main st.
EVANSVILLE, IND.

Sheriff's Sale! "Education" AND THE PLACE TO GET IT

By virtue of taxes due the county and John T. Pickens, ex-S. C. C. for the years 1898, 1899, 1900 and 1901, I or one of my deputies will on Monday the 11th day of August, 1902, between the hours of 1 o'clock a. m. and 3 o'clock p. m. at the court house door in Crittenden county, Ky., expose to public sale to the highest bidder, for cash in hand, the following property, or so much thereof as may be necessary to satisfy the amount of taxes due and cost, to-wit:
50 acres land in Piney precinct, taxes due by L. D. Jones for 1899, 1900, and 1901, \$11.40
73 acre and 1/2 land in Fords Ferry precinct No. 6, near Z. T. Terry, for taxes due by J. L. Corley for 1900 and 1901, \$10.85
50 acres of land in Marion precinct, No. 2, near Sam Asher, taxes due by Mrs Mary Vinson for 1900, \$7.40
50 acres of land in Marion precinct No. 2, near Sam Asher, taxes due by F. I. Crider for 1901, \$6.30
1 lot in Tolu, in Hurricane No. 5, taxes due by I. W. Kimsey, for 1900 to 1901, \$5.00
30 acres of land in Bells Mines No. 7, near A. E. Tudor, taxes due by W A Brantley for 1900 and 1901, \$8.00
1 lot in Marion precinct No 1, taxes due by Giles Hamilton for 1898, 1899, 1900 and 1901, \$11.25
1 lot in Marion precinct No. 1 for taxes due by Dan Hughes for 1898, 1899, and 1901, \$11.10
1 lot in Marion precinct No 1, for taxes due by Robert Sutcliff for 1898, 1900, and 1901, \$9.25
1 lot in Marion precinct No 1 for taxes due by Lige McCain for 1899, 1900, and 1901, \$11.30
1 lot in Marion precinct No 1 for taxes due by Chas W Harris for 1898, \$3.30
1 lot in Marion precinct No 1 for taxes due by John Cruce for 1899, 1900 and 1901, \$11.05
1 lot in Marion precinct No 1 for taxes due by G W Brooks for 1898, 1899, 1900, and 1901, \$11.40

TO THE TAXPAYERS.
Let a hint to the wise be sufficient, for I must finish up my collecting and settle with the county and you need not be surprised if you see your land advertised for back taxes. This July 8th, 1902.
JNO. T. PICKENS, Ex a. c. c.

Screens.

You can't afford to fight the flies when screen doors and windows so effectively shut them out. All size doors and windows cheap
Boston & Walker's.

Is the title of a neat little book just from the press. It discusses the advantages to be derived from a thorough BUSINESS or SHORTHAND education, at \$3.00

INDIANA'S GREATEST SCHOOL OF BUSINESS

Valuable information for you if you are going away to school, and want the best instruction obtainable. Sent free. Write for one at once. Address

LOCKYEAR'S BUSINESS COLLEGE
SECOND AND MAIN STS.
EVANSVILLE, INDIANA

Illinois Central R. R.

Sells through tickets to all points North, South, East and West. Direct connections are made at Louisville, Evansville, Memphis, New Orleans, St. Louis and Chicago, with principal lines to all points.

L. Johnson, Agent.
W. A. Kellond, A.G.P.A.
Louisville, Ky. F. R. Wheeler, C.P.A.
Evansville, Ind.

R. L. YEAKY CARL HICKLIN

Yeakey & Hicklin BLACKSMITHS and WOODWORKMEN.

All work receives prompt attention and Satisfaction Guaranteed.
Horse Shoeing a Specialty.

The Old Griffin Stand MARION, KY

Marion Bank, Established 1887.

Capital fully paid \$20,000
Stockholders Liability 20,000
Surplus 10,000

We offer to depositors and patrons every facility which their balances, business and responsibility warrant.
J. W. BLUE, Pres.
T. J. YANDELL, Cashier.

FOR SALE—3 good saddle and harness horses. Will sell cheap.
Foster Threlkeld.
Tolu, Ky.

LOST!

The Woman

Who has not taken advantage of our cut price sale on Summer Dress Goods has LOST an opportunity to buy her summer dresses cheaper than any other house in Marion ever sold first class up-to-date merchandise. Hundreds have taken advantage and are delighted with their bargains. We have sold more dress goods since we began this sale than any other house ever sold here in same length of time. Here are some of the reasons that we are doing the business:

5 cent Lawns at - 3 1-2 c
8 1-3 c Lawns at - 5 c.
10 and 12 1-2 c Lawns at 6 to 7 1-2 c.
20 and 25c. Goods at 12 1-2

See the goods and you'll know the store. Many of the most desirable patterns yet remain. But come early or you'll be too late.

CLIFTONS.

The Man

Who has not taken advantage of our cut price sale on Clothing has LOST an opportunity to buy a pair of pants or a suit of clothes for less money than ever before. No other house ever offered Fresh, Clean, Up-to-date Clothing for such low prices:

\$ 5.00 Suits for \$3.25
6.00 " " 4.00
8.50 " " 6.00
12.50 " " 8.50

You have nearly a week yet to pick up some of these bargains. But you had better hurry.

CLIFTONS.

The Press.

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

ONE YEAR ONE DOLLAR

Ladies vests 5c each.
Taylor & Hurley.

Mr. Jesse Gray, of Salem, was in town Monday.

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Men's good work shoes for \$1 for a few days.
Taylor & Hurley.

Mrs. H. A. Hodge, of Louisville, is the guest of friends at this place.

When you are looking for bargains don't pass Taylor & Hurley's door.

Mr. Homer Butler, of Salem; visited relatives at this place Saturday.

Col D. C. Roberts is enjoying a vacation. He is a guest at the springs.

Mr and Mrs. Frank M. Doss are spending the week at Dawson Springs.

Miss Carrie Grace Akin, of Princeton, is the guest of Miss Maud Hurley.

Miss Mina Belle Bigham returned Tuesday from a visit with relatives in Fulton.

Mr Louis L. Bebout, of Paducah, is visiting friends and relatives in this county.

HOME Insurance Company

LOSSES PAID OVER \$82,000,000.

Insures Against Loss by Fire, Lightning, Windstorms and Tornadoes, on the Cash, Single Note or Installment Plan and refers to any of the many thousands who have been promptly paid for loss by Fire, Lightning, Wind-storm or Tornado, or to any Banker or Business man in America.

Insure in the "Home" Get the Best It's the Cheapest.

J. H. MORSE, Solicitor & Recorder MARION, KY.

J. W. Pritchett still pays 10c. per dozen for eggs.

Miss Lillie Cook, of Paducah, is the guest of friends and relatives at this place.

See Taylor & Hurley's line of shoes; they are the prettiest in town and cheap.

Pritchett, at Gladstone, wants all your eggs, and will pay you 10 cents per dozen.

Miss Jessie Barclay, of Greenville, has been visiting Prof. Chas Evans and family.

Take your young chickens to Pritchett, at Gladstone, and get 12½ cents for them.

Mrs H. H. Loving and daughter Miss Margie, of Paducah, are visiting relatives here.

Mr L. W. Postlethwaite of Paris, Tenn., has been a guest at the springs several days.

We are glad to note that Mr. L. H. Paris is improving, and there is hope of his recovery.

Mrs Henry T. Flanary, of Memphis, Tenn., is the guest of friends and relatives in this city.

Miss Sallie Bond, a pretty young lady of Princeton, is the guest of friends at this place.

Mr. J. D. Elder, the druggist at Shady Grove, has been granted druggist license to sell liquor.

Miss Nancy Fort, of near Cadiz, is visiting the family of her uncle Mr. W. T. Carlos, of this place.

Miss Clyde Rutherford, of Clarksville, Tenn., is the guest of Miss Claire Taylor, of this city.

Come in to see us; we will make the price to fit your pocket book, on all kinds of goods.

Taylor & Hurley.

Mr. J. P. Boone has tendered his resignation as constable in the Bells Mines precinct. The office is vacant.

Mr A. L. Patrick, the popular stock buyer, purchased several mules and horses here Saturday and Monday.

Save your laundry for Kearney Blue, and you will always be pleased with your work.

Mesdames Jas H. Orme, John W. Blue and Thos. H. Cochran, were at Dawson Springs Saturday and Sunday.

What shoe do you wear? I wear the BEST. Well, we both wear the W. L. Douglass shoe—give me your hand on that.

Mr and Mrs Ramsey and daughter, Miss Marie Ramsey, of Madisonville, are visiting Mr. J. P. Pierce and family.

Messrs. E. J. Hayward and Sam Gugenheim attended the opening ball at the New Century hotel, at Dawson Tuesday night.

Hundreds of extra copies of the illustrated edition have been mailed to all parts of the country, and orders continue to come in.

Dr R. J. Morris, the dentist, will be out of the city all week. Persons desiring to see him will find him at his office Monday.

Mr. I. D. Stenbridge and Miss Addie Belle Canada were married at the residence of Mr. William Woolf, near Iron Hill, Sunday.

Hon. Ollie James was to speak at Wickliffe Saturday, but became ill and did not fill the appointment. He is at Dawson springs.

We have 50 or 60 pairs of ladies kid shoes, worth \$2, for 25c to 50c for a few days; first come will get them. Taylor & Hurley.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas Evans entertained Wednesday evening of last week, in honor of their visitor Miss Jesse Barclay, of Greenville.

Mrs Thos J. Nunn and daughters, Misses Virginia and Nar, were in this city this week, en route to Madisonville from Crittenden Springs.

Mr and Mrs Thomas Taylor, of Providence, and Misses Ada Morton and Braddy Stodgiehill, of Madisonville, are guests at the Crittenden springs.

Mr William Marble, the prominent Princeton attorney, has formed a law partnership with Judge W. D. Greer, of Paducah, and will reside in that city.

No more ice cream will be served in the soda fountains in this city. The druggists say there is no profit in the cream and have agreed to serve no more.

The Indians could hit the ball at will and place the hit within a two foot spot every time they tried. Nothing like it has ever been seen on the home grounds. They played with a snap and a dash that was astonishing.—Mt. Vernon, N. Y., Daily Argus.

The Nebraska Indians will play the Marion boy team at this place July 24th.

Rev W. R. Gibbs has been called as pastor of the church at Liberty, Lyon county.

Mr. R. Ed. Moore, of Madisonville, is the guest of his parents, Judge J. A. Moore and wife.

Revs W. R. Gibbs and E. B. Blackburn will conduct a protracted meeting at Mt. Olivet, beginning Sunday, July 25th.

Union prayer meeting services this evening at the Methodist church. Rev Flynn of the Christian church, will conduct the services.

Mr. and Mrs. Harth, of Caseyville, were in this city Thursday and Friday. Mr. Harth is a member of the mining company of Harth Bros. & Finley.

Rev E. E. Joiner will preach at the Methodist church Sunday morning. Rev Joiner is a missionary from Brazil. He is a nephew of the Methodist pastor.

Messrs Sullenger and Hoover are the managers of a big barbecue to be given at Liberty Grove, near Irma, Saturday, July, 26th. A pleasant time is anticipated.

The most successful laundry is the one that does the best work. The Magnet laundry leads all competitors because its work is always satisfactory.—James Hicklin, Agt.

Rev. Clarence Hodge, formerly pastor of the Baptist church at Smithland, but now pastor of the church at McLeansboro, Ill., was united in marriage with Miss Catharine Board, of Hardinsburg, Ky.

Nine different tribes are represented on the Nebraska Indian Base Ball Team, which plays the Marion team at Marion on Thursday, July 24th. The Indians are made up of Sioux, Assinaboines, Wacos, Winnebagoes, Pottawatomies, Shawnees, Chippewas, Santees and Omahas. The manager carries thirteen players.

Mr. Arthur Finley is in this city, the guest of his parents. He has been employed in the shops of the Cumberland Telephone company at Nashville for several months. A few days ago he was tendered the management of a large branch office of the company at New Orleans. The position commands a handsome salary. Mr Finley will leave for the South this week.

A select team of baseball players from Marion, Dawson, Dixon, and Dekoven will cross bath with the famous Indian club at Marion next Thursday. This will be a game worth seeing. The local team will be in charge of J. Watt Lamb, himself a star player, and his selections from neighboring towns are the pick of Western Kentucky.

BASE BALL

A Great Game Between the Marion Club and the

Nebraska Indians

AT MARION

Thursday, July 24th.

The Best Game of Ball ever played in Marion

The July teachers examination will be held in this city Friday and Saturday.

Mrs. Henry Ledbetter and children, of Elizabethtown, Ill., are the guests of Mr. R. N. Walker. Mr. Ledbetter will probably move to this city.

Mr. Charles Reed and Miss Lillie Cox were united at the residence of Rev W. R. Gibbs Tuesday. They will reside at Mr. P. E. Shoemaker's.

The Crittenden County Teachers Institute will be held at this place next week. Prof. Cherry, of Bowling Green, will be the instructor. The session will be held in the school chapel.

Mr. Geo. L. Hill, of Cave-in-Rock, Ill., was in town yesterday. He is traveling in the interest of Dr. Hill's medicines, and is having good success. Mr. Hill is a pleasant, affable gentleman.

Miss Elizabeth Rochester, the little daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. N. Rochester, entertained the members of Mrs. R. N. Walker's Sunday school class, Saturday afternoon at her home, in East Marion.

FARM FOR SALE.—155 acres good land in Marion school district; fair improvements; price reasonable. W. D. Cain. Marion, Ky.

It makes no difference whether or not you are interested in base ball, you can not afford to miss seeing the Nebraska Indian base ball team which will appear at Marion on Thursday, July 24th. See these genuine Indians play the national game. The chance may not come again.

STRAY NOTICE.—Strayed, about one month ago, from my farm four miles east of Marion, a pale red Jersey heifer, tips of horn cut off, weighs about 700 lbs; will pay reward for her return or information leading to her recovery. R. F. Wheeler.

Prof Chas Evans is in Litchfield this week, conducting a teachers institute.

Special prices on a big lot of wall paper. It must go. This is the time for bargains. Boston & Walker.

Mrs. Frances Givens, of Sturgis, and deputy sheriff Virgil Givens, of Uniontown, were united in marriage last week. Mrs Givens has many friends in this city, where she was engaged in the millinery business for several years. A peculiar phase of the wedding is that Mrs. Givens' first husband was a brother of Mr. Virgil Givens, while the latter's first wife was a sister of the popular milliner.

Sunday morning Jesse Ryan created a disturbance at the Crittenden Springs. He became intoxicated and going to the hotel made himself obnoxious to the guests. Mr. Wilson ordered him to leave. He refused and Mr Wilson attempted to lead him away. Ryan became infuriated and attacked Mr. Wilson. Several guests assisted the proprietor, and the young man was taken to his home near the Springs. Officers from this city arrested Ryan and brought him to Marion. He gave bond and was released. The examining trial will be held this week.

We Want

Your produce and will pay you the highest market price for it. See us before you sell.

We always keep the very thing you want, in the grocery line, and sell as cheap as the cheapest.

We don't handle anything but the best goods.

We are always ready to make you prices.

We want your trade.

Yours to please,

Hearin & Son

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Mrs. H. A. Hodge, of Louisville, is the guest of friends at this place.

When you are looking for bargains don't pass Taylor & Hurley's door.

Mr. Homer Butler, of Salem; visited relatives at this place Saturday.

Col D. C. Roberts is enjoying a vacation. He is a guest at the springs.

Mr and Mrs. Frank M. Doss are spending the week at Dawson Springs.

Miss Carrie Grace Akin, of Princeton, is the guest of Miss Mand Hurley.

Miss Mina Belle Bigham returned Tuesday from a visit with relatives in Fulton.

Mr Louis L. Bebout, of Paducah, is visiting friends and relatives in this county.

HOME Insurance Compny

LOSSES PAID OVER \$82,000,000.

Insures Against Loss by Fire, Lightning, Windstorms and Tornadoes, on the Cash, Single Note or Installment Plan and refers to any of the many thousands who have been promptly paid for loss by Fire, Lightning, Wind-storm or Tornado, or to any Banker or Business man in America.

Insure in the "Home" Get the Best It's the Cheapest.

J. H. MORSE, Solicitor & Recorder
MARION, KY.

J. W. Pritchett still pays 10c. per dozen for eggs.

Miss Lillie Cook, of Paducah, is the guest of friends and relatives at this place.

See Taylor & Hurley's line of shoes; they are the prettiest in town and cheap.

Pritchett, at Gladstone, wants all your eggs, and will pay you 10 cents per dozen.

Miss Jessie Barclay, of Greenville, has been visiting Prof. Chas Evans and family.

Take your young chickens to Pritchett, at Gladstone, and get 12 1/2 cents for them.

Mrs. H. H. Loving and daughter Miss Margie, of Paducah, are visiting relatives here.

Mr L. W. Postlethwaite, of Paris, Tenn., has been a guest at the springs several days.

We are glad to note that Mr. L. H. Paris is improving, and there is hope of his recovery.

Mrs. Henry T. Flanary, of Memphis, Tenn., is the guest of friends and relatives in this city.

Miss Sallie Bond, a pretty young lady of Princeton, is the guest of friends at this place.

Mr. J. D. Elder, the druggist at Shady Grove, has been granted druggist license to sell liquor.

Miss Nancy Fort, of near Cadiz, is visiting the family of her uncle Mr. W. T. Carlos, of this place.

Miss Clyde Rutherford, of Clarksville, Tenn., is the guest of Miss Claire Taylor, of this city.

Come in to see us; we will make the price to fit your pocket book, on all kinds of goods.

Taylor & Hurley.

Mr. J. P. Boone has tendered his resignation as constable in the Bella Mines precinct. The office is vacant.

Mr A. L. Patrick, the popular stock buyer, purchased several mules and horses here Saturday and Monday.

Save your laundry for Kearney Blue, and you will always be pleased with your work.

Mesdames Jas H. Orme, John W. Blue and Thos. H. Cochran, were at Dawson Springs Saturday and Sunday.

What shoe do you wear? I wear the BEST. Well, we both wear the W. L. Douglass shoe—give me your hand on that.

Mr and Mrs Ramsey and daughter, Miss Marie Ramsey, of Madisonville, are visiting Mr. J. P. Pierce and family.

Messrs. E. J. Hayward and Sam Gugenheim attended the opening ball at the New Century hotel, at Dawson Tuesday night.

Hundreds of extra copies of the illustrated edition have been mailed to all parts of the country, and orders continue to come in.

Dr. R. J. Morris, the dentist, will be out of the city all week. Persons desiring to see him will find him at his office Monday.

Mr. I. D. Stenbridge and Miss Addie Belle Canada were married at the residence of Mr. William Woolf, near Iron Hill, Sunday.

Hon. Ollie James was to speak at Wickliffe Saturday, but became ill and did not fill the appointment. He is at Dawson springs.

We have 50 or 60 pairs of ladies kid shoes, worth \$2, for 25c to 50c for a few days; first come will get them.

Taylor & Hurley.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas Evans entertained Wednesday evening of last week, in honor of their visitor Miss Jesse Barclay, of Greenville.

Mrs Thos J. Nunn and daughters, Misses Virginia and Nar, were in this city this week, en route to Madisonville from Crittenden Springs.

Mr and Mrs Thomas Taylor, of Providence, and Misses Ada Morton and Braddy Stodgicill, of Madisonville, are guests at the Crittenden springs.

Mr William Marble, the prominent Princeton attorney, has formed a law partnership with Judge W. D. Greer, of Paducah, and will reside in that city.

No more ice cream will be served in the soda fountains in this city. The druggists say there is no profit in the cream and have agreed to serve no more.

The Indians could hit the ball at will and place the hit within a two foot spot every time they tried. Nothing like it has ever been seen on the home grounds. They played with a snap and a dash that was astonishing.—Mt. Vernon, N. Y., Daily Argus.

The Nebraska Indians will play the Marion boy team at this place July 24th.

Rev W. R. Gibbs has been called as pastor of the church at Liberty, Lyon county.

Mr. R. Ed. Moore, of Madisonville, is the guest of his parents, Judge J. A. Moore and wife.

Revs W. R. Gibbs and E. B. Blackburn will conduct a protracted meeting at Mt. Olivet, beginning Sunday, July 25th.

Union prayer meeting services this evening at the Methodist church. Rev Flynn of the Christian church, will conduct the services.

Mr. and Mrs. Harth, of Caseyville, were in this city Thursday and Friday. Mr. Harth is a member of the mining company of Harth Bros. & Finley.

Rev E. E. Joiner will preach at the Methodist church Sunday morning. Rev Joiner is a missionary from Brazil. He is a nephew of the Methodist pastor.

Messrs Sullenger and Hoover are the managers of a big barbecue to be given at Liberty Grove, near Irma, Saturday, July, 26th. A pleasant time is anticipated.

The most successful laundry is the one that does the best work. The Magnet laundry leads all competitors because its work is always satisfactory.—James Hicklin, Agt.

Rev. Clarence Hodge, formerly pastor of the Baptist church at Smithland, but now pastor of the church at McLeansboro, Ills., was united in marriage with Miss Catharine Board, of Hardinsburg, Ky.

Nine different tribes are represented on the Nebraska Indian Base Ball Team, which plays the Marion team at Marion on Thursday, July 24th. The Indians are made up of Sioux, Assinaboines, Wacos, Winnebagoes, Pottawatomies, Shawnees, Chippewas, Santees and Omahas. The manager carries thirteen players.

Mr. Arthur Finley is in this city, the guest of his parents. He has been employed in the shops of the Cumberland Telephone company at Nashville for several months. A few days ago he was tendered the management of a large branch office of the company at New Orleans. The position commands a handsome salary. Mr Finley will leave for the South this week.

A sale of team of baseball players from Marion, Dawson, Dixon, and Del coven will cross bats with the famous Indian club at Marion next Thursday. This will be a game worth seeing. The local team will be in charge of J. Watt Lamb, himself a star player, and his selections from neighboring towns are the pick of Western Kent pecky.

BASE BALL

A Great Game Between the Marion Club and the

Nebraska Indians

AT MARION
Thursday, July 24th.

The Best Game of Ball ever played in Marion

The July teachers examination will be held in this city Friday and Saturday.

Mrs. Henry Ledbetter and children, of Elizabethtown, Ill., are the guests of Mr. R. N. Walker. Mr. Ledbetter will probably move to this city.

Mr. Charles Reed and Miss Lillie Cox were united at the residence of Rev W. R. Gibbs Tuesday. They will reside at Mr. P. E. Shoemaker's.

The Crittenden County Teachers Institute will be held at this place next week. Prof. Cherry, of Bowling Green, will be the instructor. The session will be held in the school chapel.

Mr. Geo. L. Hill, of Cave-in-Rock, Ills., was in town yesterday. He is traveling in the interest of Dr. Hill's medicines, and is having good success. Mr. Hill is a pleasant, affable gentleman.

Miss Elizabeth Rochester, the little daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. N. Rochester, entertained the members of Mrs. R. N. Walker's Sunday school class, Saturday afternoon at her home, in East Marion.

FARM FOR SALE.—155 acres good land in Marion school district; fair improvements; price reasonable. W. D. Cain.
Marion, Ky.

It makes no difference whether or not you are interested in base ball, you can not afford to miss seeing the Nebraska Indian base ball team which will appear at Marion on Thursday, July 24th. See these genuine Indians play the national game. The chance may not come again.

STRAY NOTICE.—Strayed, about one month ago, from my farm four miles east of Marion, a pale red Jersey heifer, tips of horn cut off, weighs about 700 lbs; will pay reward for her return or information leading to her recovery. R. F. Wheeler.

Prof Chas Evans is in Litchfield this week, conducting a teachers institute.

Special prices on a big lot of wall paper. It must go. This is the time for bargains.
Boston & Walker.

Mrs. Frances Givens, of Sturgis, and deputy sheriff Virgil Givens, of Uniontown, were united in marriage last week. Mrs Givens has many friends in this city, where she was engaged in the millinery business for several years. A peculiar phase of the wedding is that Mrs. Givens' first husband was a brother of Mr. Virgil Givens, while the latter's first wife was a sister of the popular milliner.

Sunday morning Jesse Ryan created a disturbance at the Crittenden Springs. He became intoxicated and going to the hotel made himself obnoxious to the guests. Mr. Wilson ordered him to leave. He refused and Mr Wilson attempted to lead him away. Ryan became infuriated and attacked Mr. Wilson. Several guests assisted the proprietor, and the young man was taken to his home near the Springs. Officers from this city arrested Ryan and brought him to Marion. He gave bond and was released. The examining trial will be held this week.

We Want

Your produce and will pay you the highest market price for it. See us before you sell.

We always keep the very thing you want, in the grocery line, and sell as cheap as the cheapest.

We don't handle anything but the best goods.

We are always ready to make you prices.

We want your trade.

Yours to please,

Hearin & Son

OIL-CARRYING FLEETS.

Their Number Makes the Question of Danger Important.

In connection with the mercantile marine nothing can be said to be more certain than that the oil-carrying fleets of the world will be considerably increased in the course of a very few years, says London Petroleum.

A growing demand for crude and refined petroleum, the discovery of new oil fields and the all-round development of the trade will necessitate the building of new tankers. At the present moment there must be nearly a score of these vessels on the stocks in British and American shipyards. It is a new branch of the shipping industry, and one which ought to attract a great deal of attention. The tanker has a more expensive and complicated equipment than the ordinary freighter, and this demands the display of engineering and scientific knowledge quite unique among specialists work in the art of shipbuilding. Oil-fired steamers, both cargo-carrying and passenger, will also become more numerous during the next four or five years. Oil as a fuel and cargo is one of the most promising liquids of commerce; it has a future that is both interesting and important.

There is a certain unaccountable antipathy to petroleum. Some practical men think it constitutes a dangerous cargo. They are mistaken. Still, we think it is in the best interests of this growing trade that the transport of petroleum in bulk through narrow and crowded waterways should be carried on under proper conditions, and in such a manner that, while the owners of oil-carrying vessels will have no cause for complaint, the interests of the commissioners or companies controlling navigable waterways will have their important interests properly safeguarded. The mishap to the Bulysses, and the more serious destruction of the Nerite by fire, took place in the Suez canal. This was, geographically, unfortunate; if the accident had happened anywhere else there would have been no attempts made to draw lessons from them. The transport of petroleum through the canal, in many respects unique as a waterway, is an old question; ten years ago it was beginning to come to the front, and at that time British shipowners and the officials of the Suez Canal company exhibited a great deal of interest in it. We have before us a report by Sir Frederick Abel and Dr. Boverton Redwood on "the proposed transport of petroleum in tank steamships through the Suez canal." * * * Then there were between 60 and 70 petroleum tank steamers, and of these they said "many carry from 3,000 to 4,000 tons of oil," now there are three times that number of tankers, and the largest, trading and building, are designed to carry from 9,000 to 10,000 tons.

A TERRIBLE BLOW.

The Man Who Was Quite Sure He Could Blow a Bugle.

A party of young men were standing at a street corner the other evening. They were curiously examining a bugle which belonged to one of them, and as the stranger came along an animated discussion arose.

"I wish I could play on it," cried one.

"Play on it?" exclaimed another; "I wish I could make a noise on it."

"It's a hard thing to do," observed a third.

"Hard thing to do?" chimed in the stranger, halting and regarding the group with evident contempt. "Why, I could blow a bugle before I was a foot high."

"Well, some bugles are different from others," doubtfully said a quiet man.

"Give me that bugle," said the stranger, excitedly.

It was instantly handed to him, and, putting it to his lips he made a trial trip.

There was a subdued splutter, and the stranger commenced a kind of war dance, holding his mouth with both hands.

"Great Scott!" he yelled, with tears streaming from his eyes; "who filled that mouthpiece with cayenne pepper?"—London Answers.

Be a Little More Steady.

An Atchison man had a job that paid him \$170 a month, and he didn't work very hard. He refused to behave himself, as a self-respecting man should, and was frequently warned. He paid no attention to the warnings, and was discharged. It will be a hundred years before he gets another job. Are you seeing how near you can go to the edge of the precipice without falling over? We all do it occasionally. Look yourself over.—Atchison Globe.

SUCCESS.

A Story from Every-Day Life—No Luck in This.

On the local page of the Gazette the other day was a notice that Will Cunningham, who entered the Jones & Stone grocery store on the delivery wagon a few years ago, was recently made head bookkeeper—the best job in the store. Now, head bookkeeper of a grocery store in a country town isn't much of a job compared with president of the United States or manager of the steel trust. Yet there are hundreds of grown men in this town who haven't jobs as good. And it's at least a job worth working for. The boys of Emporia should know how young Cunningham got the job. The average boy gets a job this way: His father sits down and runs over in his mind the men who have stores and offices whom the old man thinks he can work. Then the old man makes the rounds, or maybe he sends the boy's mother, and finally the boy has to quit loafing around the creek and in the barn and go to work. Will Cunningham got his own job—on a delivery wagon. Most boys after they get a little education want to start at ten dollars a week, and do only the thinking parts in the business. Cunningham hustled. He made himself so popular with the customers of the store that they would rather have him wait on them than members of the firm. He was polite. He was obliging. He tried to take responsibility. He never kicked when he had to work "overtime." When he saw a piece of work that needed attention, he did it, no matter whose "fault" it was. He got several "raises." The bosses began to trust him. They knew he could be depended on whether they were watching or not. So he got the best job in the store when it was vacated.

There was no luck in that. There is no luck in any man's success. Success means that the man who enjoys it works for it. There is no other way out of it. The boys who are being graduated from the schools and colleges of this town should walk around to Jones & Stone's, and take a look at the Cunningham boy. He is a winner. He will have a better job than he has some day, and he won't be blaming the government for his failure in life. Will you?—Emporia Gazette.

EX HIBITS FROM OLD SPILES.

Marine Curiosities from the Battery Sea Wall in Aquarium Tanks.

Some idea of the varied forms of marine life existing immediately around Manhattan island, says the New York Sun, may be gained from a survey of old spiles pulled up in the course of dock work.

Oak spiles pulled up the other day off the Battery sea wall were found bored through and through in many places by the teredo. On other spiles oysters were found growing—good-size ones, in some cases, three or four years old.

The shells of some of these oysters were clean and white, having been scoured by the tides. To some other of these oysters there were attached other living animals, as barnacles and sea anemones.

The aquarium has secured a section of one of the honeycombed spiles, and some of the oysters and they have been put on exhibition.

In the tanks the oysters give no sign, but the little sea anemones, standing as it were on the oysters' backs, wave their marvelous tentacles, and the tiny barnacles sweep the water with that wondrously formed member which is like a hand of skeleton fingers, quite in their accustomed manner.

A NOVEL BY MILTON.

Amazing Statement Made That Suppressed Work Will Be Published.

The amazing statement is made that John Murray has in his possession the manuscript of a novel by John Milton, and will soon publish it. A novel by Milton is almost as unthinkable as an epic poem by Darwin or a philosophical work by Mr. Dan Leno! Where has this manuscript been kept all these years? Somebody must have known of its existence, and designedly withheld it from publication. Possibly, it was thought to be too humorous and frivolous, and it was feared the reputation of the poet would suffer by its publication. A comic novel by John Milton would be rather a startling thing; but the probability is that the manuscript will prove to be a strictly theological novel with an incidental advocacy of free divorce. That is, provided such a thing as a manuscript novel by Milton is really in existence. However, we shall very soon know if Mr. Murray has or has not any such book in his possession; for no publisher could long keep such treasure trove locked up in his safe.—Philadelphia Times.

LET MONT PEELE EXPLORERS TAKE A BACK SEAT.



For the Chicago city fathers are going to tackle the smoke nuisance.

PECULIAR WRITING PAPER.

Missives Written on Ping-Pong Balls Sent Through the Mails.

Liverpool postmen have recently been in a state bordering on distraction. Some foolish person in that city inaugurated a new fashion of using ping-pong balls as post cards. The balls were stamped, an address written under the stamp, and the message scrawled on the rest of the surface. The fashion spread rapidly, and the pillar boxes became full of these missives, which, from their shape, gave the unfortunate postmen and post office officials an enormous amount of trouble. At last the authorities were forced to intervene, and it is now contrary to the regulations to use the little globules of celluloid for postal purposes.

Among those idle people who waste their superfluous energies in testing the forbearance of the postal officials is a Southampton man whose favorite form of missive used to be a postage stamp. But as he wrote the address on the face of the stamps the authorities decided that they were not bound to deliver them. It was probably the same person who afterwards posted a complete pack of playing cards, each neatly addressed on the back, but with no message whatever on the colored side.

Another very peculiar letter found in a North London pillar box last autumn was a green apple, on one side of which was cut an address and on the other the simple but expressive message: "Sour—like you."

Bank notes have been employed as writing paper more than once by extravagant or foolish persons. Among the effects of an Exeter miser, who died about 15 years ago, was found a five-pound note, on which the deceased had written directions as to the disposal of his property. At Hempstead there lived, until recently, a wealthy bachelor of whom it was said that he once wrote a proposal of marriage to a lady on the back of a £50 note, and because it was sent back without a word of comment by the recipient refused ever afterward to have anything to do with the fair sex.

Writing paper, or, indeed, paper of any kind, is usually at a premium among soldiers on active service. Many very curious substitutes have arrived from our army in South Africa. One of the commonest has been mealie leaves. "Mealie" is the South African name for maize.

After Colenso there was found grasped in the stiffened hands of a dead soldier a piece of leather with a dying message scrawled upon it with a stump of pencil. It was a layer of the sole of the dead man's boot, which had probably been loosened with much marching, and which he had contrived to rip off. It safely reached the poor fellow's family in England.

From the Philippines, too, some curious letters have been received by the friends of American soldiers fighting in those islands. One of the most ingenious was a piece of native bamboo, about a foot long, on which an address had been carved with a penknife. The letter was inside the hollow tube, and held there by wooden pins at each end. The writer explained that he had found it impossible to get an envelope or to find any gum to make one, so had had recourse to this expedient.

The ceiling of a room is, as a rule, so far out of ordinary reach that the idea of using it for writing on seems strange. But in a case tried last year at Tottenham it transpired that a landlady had been in the habit of

using her ceiling in lieu of a rent book. Upon it were inscribed the various amounts received from her lodgers; as it was, of course, impossible to bring this strange rent book into court, a certified copy had to be made for the use of the judge.—London Tit-Bits.

DONE BY THE HUMORIST.

Has Accomplished Reforms That Ponderous Editorials Could Not Bring About.

Humanity, says the New York Independent, has the newspaper joke-writer to thank for relief from the once numerous "stolen-jewel" stories of the actresses who yearned for publicity. He was quick to see the fun of the trick, and prompt to write jokes about it.

He has lifted the almanac from its antediluvian style of humor by first writing jokes about it, and then writing them for it.

He has punctured the pretensions of gaseous politicians, and nipped demagogic schemes in the bud.

He has roused henpecked husbands to a realization of their manhood.

He has guided the new woman past the shoals of silliness by his flaunting signals of sarcastic glee.

He has heated the street cars—in some cities—and has compelled the conductors to be more polite.

He has cured the country cousin of the green goods habit, and has led him to that point where he does not respond to the invitation to inspect the place where the river caved in.

He has caused the cowboy to cease shooting up the town, and has ridiculed begging until organized charity is in existence.

He has remodeled the restaurant system of the country, and has given the world a new form of boarding house—pruneless and almost hashless.

He has frightened fortune-hunting foreign noblemen until Americans have an occasional opportunity to wed an heiress.

He has driven the "bright child" from the parlor, and the Curfew-shall-not-ring-to-night elocutionist from the rostrum.

He has done what he could to overcome the bargain-hunting propensity of woman, has relieved society of much of its folly, has lifted golf from a fad to a sport, has made the polar explorers do more exploring than lecturing, has made historical novels less hysterical, has forced sensational preachers to seek other methods of advertising themselves, has ridiculed congressmen until it takes more than a high forehead and a prince albert coat to constitute a statesman. He has introduced the purse-proud parvenu to grammar, has resisted all efforts of aggrieved mental scientists to think him out of his business, and has checked the habit of shooting guides in Maine.

He has done other things. The list of his achievements is well-nigh endless. Ponderous editorials have been written, and great orators have thundered against evils, but his shaft of sarcasm has found the weak joint in the armor against which astute argument was merely wasted air.

Simple Weather Indicators.

At the public library in Macon there is a barometer made simply of a thin strip of cedar and a thin strip of white pine, placed together and stuck perpendicularly in a base rest of wood. When it is going to rain the strips bend down, and when it is to be dry they stand rigidly stiff and straight. It is said to indicate coming storms unfailingly.

RAISED A TIDAL WAVE.

What Happened When Dunc McCabe's Wife Fell Into the Bay.

Sergt. Josef Froelich had an exciting adventure recently, in which he played the role of a life saver, says the Alaska Prospector. No doubt he learned to save lives in Germany. This unfortunate event happened while Josef was out boat-riding in company with Mrs. Duncan McCabe, the wife of Dunc McCabe, the best blacksmith on the bay.

Mrs. McCabe is not a light woman by any means, and during some feminine movement lost her balance and upset the boat, causing both of its occupants to be precipitated into the icy waters of the bay. Other boats were near, but the parties were so confused by the novel sight that they did not know what to do. Josef, with great coolness and presence of mind, saved Mrs. McCabe from a watery grave by grasping her and taking her ashore. She did not look much the worse for her trying experience. The fort's new wireless telegraphy system was brought into use and a message hastily sent to Dunc for warm clothes. Our friend Josef had on his best suit and it was utterly ruined.

Mrs. Duncan McCabe, being a somewhat heavy woman, displaced a considerable amount of water as she fell in the bay. At about the same time Sergt. McHugh, our provo, was walking along the beach nearly a mile from the scene of the accident, in company with Sergt. Daggett. He was nearly drowned by the tidal wave that suddenly appeared, but was rescued by the timely action of his companion.

The affair was treated as a joke at the fort, and Josef was unmercifully grieved by his comrades. It was a good thing that it was not a young lady, or perhaps there would have been a wedding at the fort in the near future. It is much regretted by the members of company G that Sergt. McHugh was obliged to go on sick report after his experience.

TO A YOUNG LAWYER.

Rules Lord Russell Gave His Son for Attaining Success.

Here is a recipe which the great Lord Russell left behind him for the guidance of his son, a younger member of the bar:

Begin each day's work with a memo. of what is to be done, in order of urgency.

Do one thing only at a time. In any business interviews note in your diary or in your entries the substance of what takes place—for corroboration in any future difficulty.

Arrange any case, whether for brief or for your own judgment, in the order of time.

Be scrupulously exact down to the smallest item in money matters, etc., in your account of them.

Be careful to keep your papers in neat and orderly fashion.

There is no need to confess ignorance to a client, but never be above asking advice from those competent to give it in any matter of doubt, and never affect to understand when you do not understand thoroughly.

Get to the bottom of any affair intrusted to you—even the simplest—and do each piece of work as if you were a tradesman turning out a best sample of his manufacture by which he wishes to be judged.

Do not be content with being an expert master of form and detail, but strive to be a lawyer.

Always be straightforward and sincere.—London Answers.

PROVED SHE WAS WRONG.

An Experience That Was Rather Rough on the Bishop.

The father of a certain bishop was, like several other members of the same family, quite prodigiously ugly. One day, as he sat in an omnibus, he was annoyed by the persistent staring of a man, who presently unburdened himself as follows:

"You're a parson, ain't you?"

"Well, yes; that is so."

"Look 'ere, parson; would you mind comin' 'ome with me to see my wife?"

Imagining the wife was sick and needing assistance, the clergyman, at great inconvenience to himself, went with the man. On arriving at the house the man shouted to his wife to come downstairs, and, pointing to the astonished parson, said, with a grin of delight:

"Look 'e're, Sairy. Yer said this mornin' as I wur the hugliest chap in England. Now, just yer look at this bloke!"—Stray Stories.

Long Service.

In the Commune of Idaarderadeel, in Holland, a woman has just died who was for 74 years in the service of the same family, first as nurse girl, then as domestic, and finally as housekeeper.

FACTS THAT STAGGER.

A Scientist's Reflections on the Grandeur of Minute Things.

"Speaking of small things," said the man who has a leaning toward scientific things, to a New Orleans Times-Democrat reporter, "do you know we never stop to think of the importance of the little things around us, and the poetry, and beauty, and grandeur of the wee things which enter into the composition of that great inscrutable and impenetrable bulk of things and laws we call nature. Hugotung man's vanity somewhat when he said rather tritely that the grub worm was of as much importance to nature in the furtherance of her plans as man was, but he announced a profound truth just the same. We speak flippantly of the atom, and the molecule, and the wee little things without ever thinking seriously about what we are saying. 'Man is an atom,' we will say, with a stretch of the fancy, and we will talk about molecules with the same indifference to the real meaning of the word. What is an atom? What is a molecule? Can the finite mind conceive of a thing, can it think of a thing so utterly small that it cannot be divided? It cannot. Yet we speak of these things with the same liberty and self-confidence we show when we speak of the towering hills or the broad, spreading oceans which divide the continents. It is one of the liberties of speech. Rather I should say it was a license greater than any poet yet hath claimed in chiming his rhymes from the lyre. Did you ever stop to think about the size of a molecule? By some process of reasoning, based upon investigation and experiment, scientists have reached the conclusion that a molecule of glass is less than 1-25,000,000th, and something more than 1-250,000,000th of an inch in diameter. Put in different terms, it is less than 1-1,000,000th, and more than 1-10,000,000th of a millimeter in size. If we could take a drop of water and magnify it until it was the size of the earth in appearance, a molecule would be about the size of a leaden shot or a cricket ball. This will give us some idea of the molecule, which, for some purposes at least, is supposed to be made up of a number of atoms. The chemist, for instance, assumes that the atom is the smallest possible particle, and while not necessarily indivisible, is supposed to be so generally. Suppose we look at the molecule from another standpoint, from the standpoint of its velocity. It is estimated that the speed of the average molecule in a mass of hydrogen at the freezing point of water is about 6,000 feet per second, or about 70 miles a minute. This means 4,200 miles an hour, or about three times the speed of a cannon ball shot from the heaviest gun. It is estimated that at atmospheric pressure space filled with these particles would show collisions of molecule with molecule at a rate for each molecule of about 18,000,000,000 collisions per second. Rather rapid going, isn't it? However, molecules under certain other more normal conditions show a velocity of about 1,000 miles an hour, which is not a slow pace. There is a certain grandeur about these small things which almost staggers the mind when we think of them."

IT BEGAN WELL, BUT—

Two Men Who Believed in Courtesy for Strangers Only.

They bumped into each other in the street, and both started to do the polite thing.

"I beg your pardon," said the first. "And I beg yours," replied the second.

"It was unintentional, I assure you."

"And I beg you to believe it was purely accidental on my part."

"I trust you have taken no offense?"

"None at all, and permit me to feel that—"

"Oh, certainly. Beautiful day?"

"Positively splendid."

"Ever see nicer spring weather?"

"Never."

"Why, by George, but you are Andy Slathers!" exclaimed the first, in tones of contempt.

"And you are Dick McQuirk!" replied the second, as he backed off.

"And I was addressing you as a gentleman!"

"And I thought you were one!"

"Yah!"

"Yah!"—London Tit-Bits.

Wears Wedding Ring on Toe.

A woman without arms has been married at Christchurch, New Zealand. The ring was placed upon the fourth toe of her left foot.

In the British Colonies.

Every inhabitant of the United Kingdom may be said figuratively to hold sway over 130 acres abroad.

OIL-CARRYING FLEETS.

Their Number Makes the Question of Danger Important.

In connection with the mercantile marine nothing can be said to be more certain than that the oil-carrying fleets of the world will be considerably increased in the course of a very few years, says London Petroleum.

A growing demand for crude and refined petroleum, the discovery of new oil fields and the all-round development of the trade will necessitate the building of new tankers. At the present moment there must be nearly a score of these vessels on the stocks in British and American shipyards. It is a new branch of the shipping industry, and one which ought to attract a great deal of attention. The tanker has a more expensive and complicated equipment than the ordinary freighter, and this demands the display of engineering and scientific knowledge quite unique among specialists work in the art of shipbuilding. Oil-fired steamers, both cargo-carrying and passenger, will also become more numerous during the next four or five years. Oil as a fuel and cargo is one of the most promising liquids of commerce; it has a future that is both interesting and important.

There is a certain unaccountable antipathy to petroleum. Some practical men think it constitutes a dangerous cargo. They are mistaken. Still, we think it is in the best interests of this growing trade that the transport of petroleum in bulk through narrow and crowded waterways should be carried on under proper conditions, and in such a manner that, while the owners of oil-carrying vessels will have no cause for complaint, the interests of the commissioners or companies controlling navigable waterways will have their important interests properly safeguarded. The mishap to the *Bulwiesse*, and the more serious destruction of the *Nerite* by fire, took place in the Suez canal. This was, geographically, unfortunate; if the accident had happened anywhere else there would have been no attempts made to draw lessons from them. The transport of petroleum through the canal, in many respects unique as a waterway, is an old question; ten years ago it was beginning to come to the front, and at that time British shipowners and the officials of the Suez Canal company exhibited a great deal of interest in it. We have before us a report by Sir Frederick Abel and Dr. Boverton Redwood on "the proposed transport of petroleum in tank steamships through the Suez canal." . . . Then there were between 60 and 70 petroleum tank steamers, and of these they said "many carry from 3,000 to 4,000 tons of oil;" now there are three times that number of tankers, and the largest, trading and building, are designed to carry from 9,000 to 10,000 tons.

A TERRIBLE BLOW.

The Man Who Was Quite Sure He Could Blow a Bugle.

A party of young men were standing at a street corner the other evening. They were curiously examining a bugle which belonged to one of them, and as the stranger came along an animated discussion arose.

"I wish I could play on it," cried one.

"Play on it?" exclaimed another; "I wish I could make a noise on it."

"It's a hard thing to do," observed a third.

"Hard thing to do?" chimed in the stranger, halting and regarding the group with evident contempt. "Why, I could blow a bugle before I was a foot high."

"Well, some bugles are different from others," doubtfully said a quiet man.

"Give me that bugle," said the stranger, excitedly.

It was instantly handed to him, and, putting it to his lips he made a trial trip.

There was a subdued splutter, and the stranger commenced a kind of war dance, holding his mouth with both hands.

"Great Scott!" he yelled, with tears streaming from his eyes; "who filled that mouthpiece with cayenne pepper?"—London Answers.

Be a Little More Steady.

An Atchison man had a job that paid him \$170 a month, and he didn't work very hard. He refused to behave himself, as a self-respecting man should, and was frequently warned. He paid no attention to the warnings, and was discharged. It will be a hundred years before he gets another job. Are you seeing how near you can go to the edge of the precipice without falling over? We all do it occasionally. Look yourself over.—Atchison Globe.

SUCCESS.

A Story from Every-Day Life—No Luck in This.

On the local page of the *Gazette* the other day was a notice that Will Cunningham, who entered the Jones & Stone grocery store on the delivery wagon a few years ago, was recently made head bookkeeper—the best job in the store. Now, head bookkeeper of a grocery store in a country town isn't much of a job compared with president of the United States or manager of the steel trust. Yet there are hundreds of grown men in this town who haven't jobs as good. And it's at least a job worth working for. The boys of Emporia should know how young Cunningham got the job. The average boy gets a job this way: His father sits down and runs over in his mind the men who have stores and offices whom the old man thinks he can work. Then the old man makes the rounds, or maybe he sends the boy's mother, and finally the boy has to quit loafing around the creek and in the barn and go to work. Will Cunningham got his own job—on a delivery wagon. Most boys after they get a little education want to start at ten dollars a week, and do only the thinking parts in the business. Cunningham hustled. He made himself so popular with the customers of the store that they would rather have him wait on them than members of the firm. He was polite. He was obliging. He tried to take responsibility. He never kicked when he had to work "overtime." When he saw a piece of work that needed attention, he did it, no matter whose "fault" it was. He got several "raises." The bosses began to trust him. They knew he could be depended on whether they were watching or not. So he got the best job in the store when it was vacated.

There was no luck in that. There is no luck in any man's success. Success means that the man who enjoys it works for it. There is no other way out of it. The boys who are being graduated from the schools and colleges of this town should walk around to Jones & Stone's, and take a look at the Cunningham boy. He is a winner. He will have a better job than he has some day, and he won't be blaming the government for his failure in life. Will you?—Emporia Gazette.

EX HIBITS FROM OLD SPILES.

Marine Curiosities from the Battery Sea Wall in Aquarium Tanks.

Some idea of the varied forms of marine life existing immediately around Manhattan island, says the *New York Sun*, may be gained from a survey of old spiles pulled up in the course of dock work.

Oak spiles pulled up the other day off the Battery sea wall were found bored through and through in many places by the teredo. On other spiles oysters were found growing—good-size ones, in some cases, three or four years old.

The shells of some of these oysters were clean and white, having been scoured by the tides. To some other of these oysters there were attached other living animals, as barnacles and sea anemones.

The aquarium has secured a section of one of the honeycombed spiles, and some of the oysters and they have been put on exhibition.

In the tanks the oysters give no sign, but the little sea anemones, standing as it were on the oysters' backs, wave their marvelous tentacles, and the tiny barnacles sweep the water with that wondrously formed member which is like a hand of skeleton fingers, quite in their accustomed manner.

A NOVEL BY MILTON.

Amazing Statement Made That Suppressed Work Will Be Published.

The amazing statement is made that John Murray has in his possession the manuscript of a novel by John Milton, and will soon publish it. A novel by Milton is almost as unthinkable as an epic poem by Darwin or a philosophical work by Mr. Dan Leno! Where has this manuscript been kept all these years? Somebody must have known of its existence, and designedly withheld it from publication. Possibly, it was thought to be too humorous and frivolous, and it was feared the reputation of the poet would suffer by its publication. A comic novel by John Milton would be rather a startling thing; but the probability is that the manuscript will prove to be a strictly theological novel with an incidental advocacy of free divorce. That is, provided such a thing as a manuscript novel by Milton is really in existence. However, we shall very soon know if Mr. Murray has or has not any such book in his possession; for no publisher could long keep such treasure trove locked up in his safe.—Philadelphia Times.

LET MONT PELEE EXPLORERS TAKE A BACK SEAT.



For the Chicago city fathers are going to tackle the smoke nuisance.

PECULIAR WRITING PAPER.

Missives Written on Ping-Pong Balls Sent Through the Mails.

Liverpool postmen have recently been in a state bordering on distraction. Some foolish person in that city inaugurated a new fashion of using ping-pong balls as post cards. The balls were stamped, an address written under the stamp, and the message scrawled on the rest of the surface. The fashion spread rapidly, and the pillar boxes became full of these missives, which, from their shape, gave the unfortunate postmen and post office officials an enormous amount of trouble. At last the authorities were forced to intervene, and it is now contrary to the regulations to use the little globules of celluloid for postal purposes.

Among those idle people who waste their superfluous energies in testing the forbearance of the postal officials is a Southampton man whose favorite form of missive used to be a postage stamp. But as he wrote the address on the face of the stamps the authorities decided that they were not bound to deliver them. It was probably the same person who afterwards posted a complete pack of playing cards, each neatly addressed on the back, but with no message whatever on the colored side.

Another very peculiar letter found in a North London pillar box last autumn was a green apple, on one side of which was cut an address and on the other the simple but expressive message: "Sour—like you."

Bank notes have been employed as writing paper more than once by extravagant or foolish persons. Among the effects of an Exeter miser, who died about 15 years ago, was found a five-pound note, on which the deceased had written directions as to the disposal of his property. At Hempstead there lived, until recently, a wealthy bachelor of whom it was said that he once wrote a proposal of marriage to a lady on the back of a £50 note, and because it was sent back without a word of comment by the recipient refused ever afterward to have anything to do with the fair sex.

Writing paper, or, indeed, paper of any kind, is usually at a premium among soldiers on active service. Many very curious substitutes have arrived from our army in South Africa. One of the commonest has been mealie leaves. "Mealie" is the South African name for maize.

After Colenso there was found grasped in the stiffened hands of a dead soldier a piece of leather with a dying message scrawled upon it with a stump of pencil. It was a layer of the sole of the dead man's boot, which had probably been loosened with much marching, and which he had contrived to rip off. It safely reached the poor fellow's family in England.

From the Philippines, too, some curious letters have been received by the friends of American soldiers fighting in those islands. One of the most ingenious was a piece of native bamboo, about a foot long, on which an address had been carved with a penknife. The letter was inside the hollow tube, and held there by wooden pins at each end. The writer explained that he had found it impossible to get an envelope or to find any gum to make one, so had had recourse to this expedient.

The ceiling of a room is, as a rule, so far out of ordinary reach that the idea of using it for writing on seems strange. But in a case tried last year at Tottenham it transpired that a landlady had been in the habit of

using her ceiling in lieu of a rent book. Upon it were inscribed the various amounts received from her lodgers; as it was, of course, impossible to bring this strange rent book into court, a certified copy had to be made for the use of the judge.—London Tit-Bits.

DONE BY THE HUMORIST.

Has Accomplished Reforms That Ponderous Editorials Could Not Bring About.

Humanity, says the *New York Independent*, has the newspaper joke-writer to thank for relief from the once numerous "stolen-jewel" stories of the actresses who yearned for publicity. He was quick to see the fun of the trick, and prompt to write jokes about it.

He has lifted the almanac from its antediluvian style of humor by first writing jokes about it, and then writing them for it.

He has punctured the pretensions of gaseous politicians, and nipped demagogic schemes in the bud.

He has roused henpecked husbands to a realization of their manhood.

He has guided the new woman past the shoals of silliness by his flaunting signals of sarcastic glee.

He has heated the street cars—in some cities—and has compelled the conductors to be more polite.

He has cured the country cousin of the green goods habit, and has led him to that point where he does not respond to the invitation to inspect the place where the river caved in.

He has caused the cowboy to cease shooting up the town, and has ridiculed begging until organized charity is in existence.

He has remodeled the restaurant system of the country, and has given the world a new form of boarding house—pruneless and almost hashless.

He has frightened fortune-hunting foreign noblemen until Americans have an occasional opportunity to wed an heiress.

He has driven the "bright child" from the parlor, and the Curfew-shall-not-ring-to-night elocutionist from the rostrum.

He has done what he could to overcome the bargain-hunting propensity of woman, has relieved society of much of its folly, has lifted golf from a fad to a sport, has made the polar explorers do more exploring than lecturing, has made historical novels less hysterical, has forced sensational preachers to seek other methods of advertising themselves, has ridiculed congressmen until it takes more than a high forehead and a prince albert coat to constitute a statesman.

He has introduced the purse-proud parvenu to grammar, has resisted all efforts of aggrieved mental scientists to think him out of his business, and has checked the habit of shooting guides in Maine.

He has done other things. The list of his achievements is well-nigh endless. Ponderous editorials have been written, and great orators have thundered against evils, but his shaft of sarcasm has found the weak joint in the armor against which astute argument was merely wasted air.

Simple Weather Indicators.

At the public library in Macon there is a barometer made simply of a thin strip of cedar and a thin strip of white pine, placed together and stuck perpendicularly in a base rest of wood. When it is going to rain the strips bend down, and when it is to be dry they stand rigidly stiff and straight. It is said to indicate coming storms unfailingly.

RAISED A TIDAL WAVE.

What Happened When Dunc McCabe's Wife Fell Into the Bay.

Sergt. Josef Froelich had an exciting adventure recently, in which he played the role of a life saver, says the *Alaska Prospector*. No doubt he learned to save lives in Germany. This unfortunate event happened while Josef was out boat-riding in company with Mrs. Duncan McCabe, the wife of Dunc McCabe, the best blacksmith on the bay.

Mrs. McCabe is not a light woman by any means, and during some feminine movement lost her balance and upset the boat, causing both of its occupants to be precipitated into the icy waters of the bay. Other boats were near, but the parties were so confused by the novel sight that they did not know what to do. Josef, with great coolness and presence of mind, saved Mrs. McCabe from a watery grave by grasping her and taking her ashore. She did not look much the worse for her trying experience. The fort's new wireless telegraphy system was brought into use and a message hastily sent to Dunc for warm clothes. Our friend Josef had on his best suit and it was utterly ruined.

Mrs. Duncan McCabe, being a somewhat heavy woman, displaced a considerable amount of water as she fell in the bay. At about the same time Sergt. McHugh, our provo, was walking along the beach nearly a mile from the scene of the accident, in company with Sergt. Duggett. He was nearly drowned by the tidal wave that suddenly appeared, but was rescued by the timely action of his companion.

The affair was treated as a joke at the fort, and Josef was unmercifully grieved by his comrades. It was a good thing that it was not a young lady, or perhaps there would have been a wedding at the fort in the near future. It is much regretted by the members of company G that Sergt. McHugh was obliged to go on sick report after his experience.

TO A YOUNG LAWYER.

Rules Lord Russell Gave His Son for Attaining Success.

Here is a recipe which the great Lord Russell left behind him for the guidance of his son, a younger member of the bar:

Begin each day's work with a memo of what is to be done, in order of urgency.

Do one thing only at a time. In any business interviews note in your diary or in your entries the substance of what takes place—for corroboration in any future difficulty.

Arrange any case, whether for brief or for your own judgment, in the order of time.

Be scrupulously exact down to the smallest item in money matters, etc., in your account of them.

Be careful to keep your papers in neat and orderly fashion.

There is no need to confess ignorance to a client, but never be above asking advice from those competent to give it in any matter of doubt, and never affect to understand when you do not understand thoroughly.

Get to the bottom of any affair intrusted to you—even the simplest—and do each piece of work as if you were a tradesman turning out a best sample of his manufacture by which he wishes to be judged.

Do not be content with being an expert master of form and detail, but strive to be a lawyer.

Always be straightforward and sincere.—London Answers.

PROVED SHE WAS WRONG.

An Experience That Was Rather Rough on the Bishop.

The father of a certain bishop was, like several other members of the same family, quite prodigiously ugly. One day, as he sat in an omnibus, he was annoyed by the persistent staring of a man, who presently unburdened himself as follows:

"You're a parson, ain't you?"

"Well, yes; that is so."

"Look 'ere, parson; would you mind comin' 'ome with me to see my wife?"

Imagining the wife was sick and needing assistance, the clergyman, at great inconvenience to himself, went with the man. On arriving at the house the man shouted to his wife to come downstairs, and, pointing to the astonished parson, said, with a grin of delight:

"Look 'e're, Sairy. Yer said this mornin' as I wur the hugliest chap in England. Now, just yer look at this bloke!"—Stray Stories.

Long Service.

In the Commune of Idaarderadeel, in Holland, a woman has just died who was for 74 years in the service of the same family, first as nurse girl, then as domestic, and finally as house-keeper.

FACTS THAT STAGGER.

A Scientist's Reflections on the Grandeur of Minute Things.

"Speaking of small things," said the man who has a leaning toward scientific things, to a *New Orleans Times-Democrat* reporter, "do you know we never stop to think of the importance of the little things around us, and the poetry, and beauty, and grandeur of the wee things which enter into the composition of that great inscrutable and impenetrable bulk of things and laws we call nature. Hugobus man's vanity somewhat when he said rather tritely that the grub worm was of as much importance to nature in the furtherance of her plans as man was, but he announced a profound truth just the same. We speak flippantly of the atom, and the molecule, and the wee little things without ever thinking seriously about what we are saying. 'Man is an atom,' we will say, with a stretch of the fancy, and we will talk about molecules with the same indifference to the real meaning of the word. What is an atom? What is a molecule? Can the finite mind conceive of a thing, can it think of a thing so utterly small that it cannot be divided? It cannot. Yet we speak of these things with the same liberty and self-confidence we show when we speak of the towering hills or the broad, spreading oceans which divide the continents. It is one of the liberties of speech. Rather I should say it was a license greater than any poet yet hath claimed in chiming his rhymes from the lyre. Did you ever stop to think about the size of a molecule? By some process of reasoning, based upon investigation and experiment, scientists have reached the conclusion that a molecule of glass is less than 1-25,000,000th, and something more than 1-250,000,000th of an inch in diameter. Put in different terms, it is less than 1-1,000,000th, and more than 1-10,000,000th of a millimeter in size. If we could take a drop of water and magnify it until it was the size of the earth in appearance, a molecule would be about the size of a leaden shot or a cricket ball. This will give us some idea of the molecule, which, for some purposes at least, is supposed to be made up of a number of atoms. The chemist, for instance, assumes that the atom is the smallest possible particle, and while not necessarily indivisible, is supposed to be so generally. Suppose we look at the molecule from another standpoint, from the standpoint of its velocity. It is estimated that the speed of the average molecule in a mass of hydrogen at the freezing point of water is about 5,000 feet per second, or about 70 miles a minute. This means 4,200 miles an hour, or about three times the speed of a cannon ball shot from the heaviest gun. It is estimated that at atmospheric pressure space filled with these particles would show collisions of molecule with molecule at a rate for each molecule of about 18,000,000,000 collisions per second. Rather rapid going, isn't it? However, molecules under certain other more normal conditions show a velocity of about 1,000 miles an hour, which is not a slow pace. There is a certain grandeur about these small things which almost staggers the mind when we think of them."

IT BEGAN WELL, BUT—

Two Men Who Believed in Courtesy for Strangers Only.

They bumped into each other in the street, and both started to do the polite thing.

"I beg your pardon," said the first. "And I beg yours," replied the second.

"It was unintentional, I assure you."

"And I beg you to believe it was purely accidental on my part."

"I trust you have taken no offense?"

"None at all, and permit me to feel that—"

"Oh, certainly. Beautiful day?"

"Positively splendid."

"Ever see nicer spring weather?"

"Never."

"Why, by George, but you are Andy Slathers!" exclaimed the first, in tones of contempt.

"And you are Dick McQuirk!" replied the second, as he backed off.

"And I was addressing you as a gentleman!"

"And I thought you were one!"

"Yah!"

"Yah!"—London Tit-Bits.

Wears Wedding Ring on Toe.

A woman without arms has been married at Christchurch, New Zealand. The ring was placed upon the fourth toe of her left foot.

In the British Colonies.

Every inhabitant of the United Kingdom may be said figuratively to hold sway over 130 acres abroad.

Crittenden Press 1902-07-17 seq-14.jpg

HOUSE WE USED TO LIVE IN.

The house we used to live in looks at us
So wistfully as we go driving by;
The wind that makes its near tree mur-
murous
Flies swiftly after with entreating sigh.
Come back! come back! we hear it low
Implore.
Lift up the grass-choked gate, the earth-
stained door,
And enter in your childhood's home once
more.
Ah, no! let us make merry with light
speech
Of newer days and push the past aside.
Close to that door the baby used to reach
The knob and play with it—before he died;
He used to sleep on the broad window-sill,
A sunbeam in his curls—no, not that hill—
This level road. Drive fast—oh, faster still.
How small it was! Before the birds are
grown
They lie so warmly in one tiny nest;
But all the world is theirs when they have
 flown.
And foreign roofs replace the mother's
breast.
Ah, well—God careth. See, before us now
The simpler home beneath a lofty bough.
Lift up the saddened heart and clear the
 brow.
For in that empty nest beyond the hill
Are blessed shadows at immortal ease;
The sun-crowned baby on the window-sill,
The happy children underneath the trees.
Old house, look not so pitiful. Thou art
Of larger lives the very sweetest part;
The first love of the unforgetting heart.
—Ethelwyn Wetherald, in Youth's Com-
panion.

My Strangest Case

BY GUY BOOTHBY.

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

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CHAPTER VIII.—CONTINUED.

"This is a somewhat remarkable case," he said. "I will mention no names, but doubtless you can read between the lines. There was a man who murdered his wife in order that he might marry another woman. The thought which he gave to it, and the clever manner in which he laid his plans, not only for the murder but also for the disposal of the body, marked him as a criminal in the possession of a singularly brilliant intellect. He gave no hint to anybody, but left the country without leaving the faintest clue concerning his destination behind him. I was called in to talk over the case, but no consideration could make anything of it. I have no objection to admitting that I was completely baffled. Now it so happened that I discovered that the man's mother was of Irish extraction. He, believing that he would be safe on that island, engaged a passage on board a steamer from Havre to Belfast. She was to pick up at Southampton, Plymouth and Bristol, en route. My man, who, by the way, was a very presentable person, and could be distinctly sociable when he pleased, endeavored to make himself agreeable to the passengers on board. On the first evening out of port, the conversation turned upon the value of diamonds, and one of the ladies on board produced some costly stones she happened to have in her possession. The murderer, who, you must understand, was quite safe, was unhappily eaten up with vanity. He could not forego the boast that he was the possessor of a magnificent ring, which had been given him by ex-Emperor Napoleon III. Needless to say this information excited considerable interest, and he was asked to produce it for the general edification.

"He declared that it was too late to do so that evening, but said that he would do so on the morrow, or, at any rate, before he left the vessel. In the excitement of reaching Southampton, the matter was for the moment forgotten, but on the day that they arrived in Plymouth one of the lady passengers reminded him of his promise. This was followed by another application. Thus surrounded, the unhappy man found himself in the unpleasant position of being discovered in the perpetration of an untruth, or of being compelled to invent some feasible tale in order to account for his not being able to produce the ring. It was at this juncture that he made his great mistake. Anxious doubtless to attract attention, he returned from his cabin with the astounding declaration that the lock had been forced, and the famous ring stolen from his trunk in which it had lain concealed. He certainly ached his part well, but he did not realize to what consequence it would lead. The matter was reported to the police, and a search was made through the vessel. The passengers were naturally indignant at such treatment, and for the rest of the voyage the man found himself taking what you English call 'the cold shoulder.' He reached Belfast, made his way into the country, and presently settled down. Later on, when the pursuit had died down, it was his intention to ship for America, where he was to be joined by the woman, to obtain whom he had in the first place committed the crime. Now observe the result. Photographs of the missing man and of the murdered woman were circulated all through France, while not a few were sent to England. One of these pictures reached Plymouth, where it was shown to the officer who had investigated the case on the boat on its way to Ireland. He immediately recognized the man who had made the charge against his fellow-passengers. After that it was easy to trace him to Belfast and his hiding-place on land. Extradition was of course granted, and he left the place. Had he not imagined that in his safety he could indulge his vanities, I confidently believe I should never have found him. When you come to think

of it, it is hard to come to the conclusion for a diamond that never existed, is it not?"

I agreed with him, and then suggested that we should amuse ourselves by endeavoring to find out how the dinner at the Cafe des Ambassadeurs was progressing.

"They will proceed to a theater afterwards, you may be sure," my companion said. "In that case if you like we could catch a glimpse of them as they come out. What do you say?"

I answered that I had not the least objection.

"One night does not make much difference. To-morrow morning I shall make a point of meeting him face to face."

"Should you require any assistance then, I shall be most pleased to give it to you," my companion replied.

I thanked him for his offer, and then we left the restaurant together, hailed a cab, and drove to his flat. It consisted of four rooms situated at the top of a lofty block of buildings near the river. From his windows he could look out over Paris, and he was wont to declare that the view he received in exchange was the most beautiful in the world. Fine as it was, I was scarcely so enthusiastic in my praise.

Among other things they were remarkable for the simplicity of their furniture, and also for the fact that in the sitting-room there was nothing to reveal the occupation of their owner. His clever old servant, Susanne, of whom I was said she would, did she but choose, make as clever a detective as her master (she had served him for more than 40 years), brought us coffee so quickly that it would almost seem as if she had been aware that we should reach the house at that particular moment.

"We have plenty of time to spare," said my host. "In the meantime it will be necessary for us to find out what they are doing. If you will wait I will dispatch a messenger, who will procure us the information."

He wrote something on a half-sheet of note-paper, rang the bell, and handed it to Susanne.

"Give that to Leon," he said, "and tell him to be off with it at once."

ted with all and every sort of ware, a faro-table, a placard setting forth the fact that the renowned Prof. Somebody or Other was a most remarkable phrenologist and worthy of a visit. In fact there was no saying what there was not there. Everything that was calculated to be useful to him in his profession was to be found in the room.

For my own part I am not fond of disguises. Indeed on only two or three occasions, during the whole course of my professional career, have I found it necessary to conceal my identity. But to this wily little Frenchman disguise was, as often as not, a common occurrence.

Half an hour later, two respectable elderly gentlemen, looking more like professors from some eminent Lycee than detectives, left the house and proceeded in the direction of the Folly theater. The performance was almost at an end when we reached it, and we mingled with the crowd who had assembled to watch the audience come out. The inquiries we had made proved to be correct, and it was not very long before I saw the man I wanted emerge, accompanied by a female, who could be no other than Mme. Beaumais. Hayle was in immaculate evening dress, and, as I could not but admit, presented a handsome figure to the world. A neat little brougham drew up beside the pavement in its turn, and into this they stepped. Then the door was closed upon them, and the carriage drove away.

"That's my man," I said to my companion, as we watched it pass out of sight. "To-morrow morning I shall pay him a little visit. I think you were quite right in what you said about the money. That woman must have made a fairly big hole in it already."

"You may be quite sure of that," he answered. "When she has finished with him there will not be much left for anybody else."

"And now to get these things off and then home to bed. To-morrow will in all probability prove an exciting day."

I accompanied him to his room and removed the disguise which had enabled me to see Hayle without his being aware of my identity, and then, bidding my friend good night, returned to my abode. Before I went to bed, however, I sat down and wrote a report of my doings for Miss Kitwater. Little as I had to tell, the writing of this letter gave me considerable pleasure. I could imagine it coming like a breath from another world to that quiet house at Bishopstowe. I pictured the girl's face as she read it, and the strained attention of the two men, who, needless to say, would hang on every word. When I had finished it I went to bed, to dream that Gideon Hayle and I were swimming a race in the Seine for five gigantic rubies which were to be presented to the winner by Miss Kitwater.

Next morning I arose early, went for a stroll along the boulevards, and returned to breakfast at eight o'clock. In the matter of my breakfast in Paris, I am essentially English. I must begin the day with a good meal, or I am fit for nothing. On this particular occasion I sat down on the best terms with myself and the world in general. I made an excellent meal, did the best I could with the morning paper, but my French is certainly not above reproach, and then wondered when I should set out to interview the man whose flight from England had proved the reason of my visiting Paris. Then the door opened and the concierge entered with the words: "A gentleman to see monsieur!"

"Next moment to my overwhelming surprise, no less a person than Gideon Hayle entered the room."

At the moment that I saw Hayle enter my room, you might, as the saying goes, have knocked me down with a feather. Of all that could possibly have happened, this was surely the most unexpected! The man had endeavored to get me out of his way in London, he had played all sorts of tricks upon me in order to put me off the scent, he had bolted from England because he knew I was searching for him, yet here he was deliberately seeking me out, and of his own free will putting his head into the lion's mouth. It was as astonishing as it was inexplicable.

"Good morning, Mr. Fairfax," he said, bowing most politely to me as he spoke. "I hope you will forgive this early call. I only discovered your address an hour ago, and, as I did not wish to run the risk of losing you, I came on at once."

"You appeared to be fairly desirous of doing so last week," I said. "What has occurred to make you change your mind so suddenly?"

Before going further with him I was desirous of convincing myself upon the point.

"You knew them, then, when they were missionaries in China, I suppose?"

"That's the first time I have ever heard what they were," he replied. "Kitwater a missionary! You must forgive my laughing, but the idea is too ludicrous. I'll admit he's done a considerable amount of converting but it has been converting other people's money into his own pockets."

He laughed at his own bad joke, and almost instantly grew serious once more. He was quite at his ease, and, though he must have known that I was familiar with the story, or supposed story, of his villainy, seemed in no way ashamed.

"Now, Mr. Fairfax," he went on, "I know that you are surprised to see me this morning, but I don't think you will be when we have had a little talk together. First and foremost, you have been told the story of the stones I possess?"

"I have heard Mr. Kitwater's version of it," I answered, cautiously. "I know that you robbed my clients of them and then disappeared!"

"I did not rob them of the stones," he said, not in the least offended by the bluntness of my speech. "It is plain that you do not know how we obtained them. Perhaps it's as well that you should not, for there's more behind, and you'd go and get them. No! We obtained them honestly enough at a certain place, and I was appointed to carry them. For this reason I secured them in a belt about my waist. That night the Chinese came down upon us and made us prisoners. They murdered our two native servants, blinded Kitwater, and cut out Codd's tongue. I alone managed to effect my escape. Leaving my two companions for dead, I managed to get away into the jungle. Good heavens! man, you can't imagine what I suffered after that."

I looked at him and saw that his face had grown pale at the mere recollection of his experiences.

[To Be Continued.]

A HAREM-SCARUM TIME.

All-Sufficient Experience of a German Duchess in a Family Circle of Tunisian Ladies.

Ladies contemplating a visit to the Barbary States would do well to inform themselves by reading a recent book, "Tunisia and the Modern Barbary Pirates," by Herbert Vivian, M. A., to which Mrs. Vivian has contributed a chapter describing those secluded parts of oriental dwellings which ne masculine visitor is permitted to enter, and the etiquette prevailing there.

In a harem, as in occidental centers of femininity, the costume of a lady visitor is a source of interest and curiosity. When Mrs. Vivian paid calls the whole family would gather round and pluck at her things, but on the whole she came off very well, the Tunisian ladies contenting themselves with poking and patting her gently and discussing her raiment—cost, cut and color—with each other.

So exalted a personage as the duchess of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha was less fortunate. The gentleman who arranged for the duchess's visit to the harem of an old Arabian friend said to the man:

"The lady who is coming to see you is the daughter of the emperer of all the Russias, and has married the son of the English queen."

The old man was too polite to show incredulity; but when he saw a little lady dressed in ordinary English clothes, he was quite convinced that he had been hoaxed.

"A great princess," he said to himself, "could not possibly go about except attended by a larger suite and attired in brocade or cloth of gold."

The ladies of his household were apparently of the same opinion, for the duchess came out of the house terribly disheveled; they had pulled her hair about, taken the combs out to look at them; tugged at her dress to see how strong the material was, and even attempted to undo it to see what she wore beneath.

The duchess was immensely amused. "But," she declared, "now that I have seen one harem, I am quite satisfied, and have no desire ever to visit another."

When Endurance Rebelled.

An Irish friend insisted that a Scotchman should stay at his house instead of a hotel, and kept him there for a month, playing the host in detail, even to treating him to all the cab fares and the rest. When the visitor was returning to Dublin the Irishman saw him down to the steamer, and they went together to have a last cigar.

"Now, look here," said the man from Dunedil, "I'll hae nae mair' o' this. Here ye've been keepin' me at your house for a month, an' payin' for a' the amusements, and cabs and so on—I tell you I'll stan' nae mair' o' it! We'll just hae a toss for this one!"—Scotsman.

Too Bad, Too Bad.

"When I came of age," said Mr. Softleigh, "I promised mother that I'd never marry until I found the right girl."

"Indeed!" exclaimed Miss Sharpe. "Yes, and—er—you're the right girl."

"That's too bad, for you're the wrong man."—Tit-Bits.

Willie Explained.

MODERN CATECHISM.

In Which We Find Enlightenment Regarding the Purpose of the Whizz-Wagon.

"What was that just whizzed past us?" asked one pedestrian of another, according to the Ohio State Journal.

"That was an automobile."

"And what is an automobile?"

"It is something which has been invented to increase the mortality rate."

"Has it been successful in doing this?"

"Yes, indeed; it has surpassed the fondest expectations."

"What would have happened if we had not got out of the way of the automobile?"

"Two funerals."

"Who is the man who is running the automobile?"

"He is called a chauffeur."

"Is that the only name he has?"

"No; people often call him many other names."

"What would he do if he were to run over some one?"

"He would smile."

"Would he stop?"

"I should say not."

"What would the police do?"

"They would arrest him."

"What then?"

"He would be fined and discharged."

"That would reform him, would it not?"

"No; he doesn't mind being fined, because he has lots of money."

"How fast is that automobile going?"

"About 50 miles an hour."

"Is not that very fast?"

"Not for an automobile."

When Brains Are Needed.



W. L. DOUGLAS
\$3 & \$3.50 SHOES
Established 1876. For more than a quarter of a century the reputation of W. L. Douglas shoes for style, comfort, and wear has excelled all other makes. A trial will convince you.



Good Things to Eat
From Libby's famous hygienic kitchens, where purity prevails. All meats and in-

LIBBY'S
Natural Flavor
Food Products

are U. S. Government Inspected. The whole- some and goodness of every article is prepared in its preparation for your convenience, in the hands of the very best men. A supply on your shelves enables you to have always at hand the one to the very best meals. The little book, "How to Make Good Things to Eat," tells all about the most from Libby's Atlas of the World, mailed free for 10 cent postage.

LIBBY, McNEILL & LIBBY, CHICAGO.

HAZARD

HAZARD, both black and smokeless powders, is the most reliable and purest powder in the world. It is the same as all other powders of the same brand, but it has been produced and refined in a special way, and is the only powder in the world that is so pure. The majority use, and insist that your dealer carries Hazard Powders in stock.

GUN POWDER

HOME STUDY, BOOKKEEPING, PENMANSHIP, etc., successfully taught by mail (no charge) by Draughon's Bus. College, Nashville, Tenn. For free sample address A. N. K. & S. 1111 Broadway, New York.

PILES

ANAKESIS gives instant relief and cures PILES. For free sample address A. N. K. & S. 1111 Broadway, New York.

RHEUMATISM--NEURALGIA

ALL AGES AND PAINS cured by using Dr. BROWN'S MAGIC LINIMENT. If your druggist hasn't got it send 25 cents for bottle postpaid. BROWN CHEMICAL COMPANY, NASHVILLE, TENN.

PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION

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



TEXAS
OKLAHOMA AND INDIAN TER.

Are best reached by the Cotton Belt, which line runs two trains a day from Memphis to Texas without change. These trains either reach directly or make close connections for all parts of Texas, Oklahoma and Indian Territory.

If you want to find a good home in Texas, where big crops are raised and where people prosper, write for a copy of our handsome booklet, "Homes in the Southwest" and "Through Texas with a Camera." Sent free to anybody who is anxious to better his condition.

W. C. PEELER, D. P. A., MEMPHIS, TENN.
E. W. LABAUME, G. P. & T. A., ST. LOUIS, MO.

DR. MOFFETT'S
TEETHINA
(TEETHING POWDERS)

Rev. J. W. Berry (of Arkansas Methodist Conference, writes): "Enclosed find fifty cents for which please mail me two packages of 'TEETHINA.' We wonder how we have raised children without it. Another day a lady in Missouri sent us a package and it came at a most opportune time; our babe was in a serious condition; his bowels had been in bad condition for days, and nothing that we gave did any good; the second dose of 'TEETHINA' gave perfect relief and he has had no further trouble. Other members of the family have used it and every dose has been a perfect success."

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Sheridan is now in need of a real good blacksmith. J. B. Binkley has sold his house and lot and is going to quit blacksmithing.

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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."

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\$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.

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Illinois Central R. R.

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

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

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

Trains leave Marion 6:59 a. m., and 2:55 p. m. daily north.

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

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

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

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

HOMESEEKERS TICKETS.

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

Lon Johnson, Agent.
R. Wheeler, Passenger Agent,
Wm. Alfred Kellond, A.G.P.A.,
A. H. Hanson, G.P.A., Chicago, Ill.

HORRIBLE DISASTER.

At Johnstown--Death List Will Reach 200.

Johnstown, Penn., has again been visited by an awful disaster. It is only less frightful than the terrible calamity of May 31, 1889,

R. C. Walker,

REAL ESTATE AGENT,

MARION, KENTUCKY

REAL ESTATE SOLD ON COMMISSION

If you want a farm or a residence, see his list.

MINERAL LANDS FOR SALE!

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

in cost of life, but in its terrible consequences it has brought the shadow of sorrow into hundreds of homes made desolate by a mine explosion which took place in the Cambria Steel company's rolling mill mine under Westmont Hill, last week.

How many are dead it will take several days to fully determine, but that it is a long and shocking list it is certain. It may reach 200 or more.

It was nearly an hour after the explosion before any general knowledge of what had happened got abroad. Men who escaped with their lives told the terrible news and soon it spread like wildfire all over the city.

In scores of homes there were the most pathetic scenes. Mothers wives, daughters, sons and relatives were frantic with grief. Hundreds rushed to the mine and with sobbing hearts awaited the awful news.

It's Your Liver!

Your appetite is poor, your heart "flutters," you have headaches, tongue is coated, bad breath, bowels constipated, bad taste in the mouth? If not all of these symptoms, then some of them? It's your liver.

Herbine

is a natural vegetable remedy, containing no mineral or narcotic poisons. It will correct any or all symptoms, make your health, appetite and spirits good. At druggists, 50 cents.

R. F. DORR,

Funeral Director & Embalmer

DEALER IN

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

Fine Farm for Sale!

We, the executors of the will of J. W. Jackson, deceased, will on

Tuesday, July 15, 1902

at 10 o'clock, a. m., at the late residence of the deceased, offer for sale the farm known as the JOHN W. JACKSON HOME PLACE, situated on the Kelsey and Kuttawa road, three miles from Kelsey, or one mile from station on the I. C. Railroad, and within one-half mile of good school. Convenient to church, etc.

This farm contains 213 1/2 acres of the very best land and in a high state of cultivation. Good improvements and plenty of water for all purposes.

Any one wishing to see this farm before sale, can do so, and we or either of us, will take pleasure in showing same.

Terms made known on day of sale.

C. W. JACKSON,
M. G. YOUNG,
F. M. McELROY,

Kelsey, Ky.

Executors.

BOSTON & WALKER

Funeral Directors and Embalmers.

We carry a full line of COFFINS, CASKETS, BURIAL ROBES and SLIPPERS. Our Mr. Boston is a graduate of the National School of Embalming.

We have a hearse. All calls given prompt attention.

R. J. MORRIS

Dentist,

Office over Marion Bank.

MARION, KY

900 DROPS

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of

Dr. J. C. Hatcher

In Use For Over Thirty Years

CASTORIA

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.

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

INFANTS & CHILDREN

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

Doan's Kidney Pills

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

Fac-Simile Signature of

Dr. J. C. Hatcher

NEW YORK.

At 6 months old 35 Doses - 35 CENTS

EXACT COPY OF WRAPPER

J. B. KEVIL,
LAWYER
and City Judge.

Regular term of City Court first Monday in each month.

Wm Harrigan
(Successor to J. H. Orme)

Fine Wines Whiskies and

Sole Agt for the C. and O. W. Harper and Old Hickory Whiskies

Special Attention to Mail Orders.

MARION, KENTUCKY.

..BICYCLES..
\$12.98.

THEY'RE THE BEST.

Full line of Sundries.

C. C. TAYLOR, At Hayes' Drug Store

Phone orders given prompt attention.

TO THE WEST AND SOUTHWEST.

A new road, reaching with its own rails all principal points in

KANSAS, OKLAHOMA, INDIAN TERRITORY AND ARKANSAS,

Connecting with through trains from St. Louis and Kansas City to

NORTH AND SOUTH TEXAS.

Library Observation Sleepers to

SAN ANTONIO,

With connections for all points in the

REPUBLIC OF MEXICO.

Excellent service via Burrton, Kas., for points in

COLORADO, NEW MEXICO, ARIZONA, CALIFORNIA and the FAR WEST.

Ask for tickets via the

FRISCO SYSTEM

Full information as to route and rates cheerfully furnished upon application to any local

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ALEX. HILTON, BRYAN S'YDER, Gen'l Passenger Agent, Passenger Traffic Manager, SAINT LOUIS.

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The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of

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Miss Nell Walker
Typewriter and Stenographer

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Typewritten copies of manuscript made at a reasonable price.

L. H. JAMES O. M. JAMES
James & James

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MARION, - - KY.

A. C. MOORE,
..LAWYER..

All Business Promptly Attended to.

Rooms 4 and 5 over Marion Bank MARION, KY

J. A. & Jno. A. Moore
..LAWYERS..

Collections a specialty. Remittance made on day of collection.

OFFICE: First door West of Farmers' Bank, Marion, Ky.

For Rent Always Bought

Lumber For Sale,

I keep constantly on hand rough lumber of all dimensions, and am prepared to fill bills on short notice

W. A. DAVIDSON, LEVIAH, KY

HARPER WHISKY

Famous at home for Generations past, Famous now all over the World.

FOR SALE BY WM. HARRIGAN.

I have a cottage house with four rooms and hall, in desirable section of the town for sale. Lot and good improvements.

J. W. Bine, Jr

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

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

Trains leave Marion 6:59 a. m., and 2:55 p. m. daily north.

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

Train leaving Princeton 2:26 a. m., carries Pullman sleeping and Drawing Room car, and free reclining chair car through to Memphis and New Orleans. Connecting with direct lines to all points in Mississippi, Louisiana, Arkansas, Oklahoma, Texas, Mexico and California.

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

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

HOMESEEKERS TICKETS.

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

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At Johnstown--Death List Will Reach 200.

Johnstown, Penn., has again been visited by an awful disaster. It is only less frightful than the terrible calamity of May 31, 1889,

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

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Your appetite is poor, your heart "flutters," you have headaches, tongue is coated, bad breath, bowels constipated, bad taste in the mouth? If not all of these symptoms, then some of them? It's your liver.

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

Fine Farm for Sale!

We, the executors of the will of J. W. Jackson, deceased, will on

Tuesday, July 15, 1902

at 10 o'clock, a. m., at the late residence of the deceased, offer for sale the farm known as the JOHN W. JACKSON HOME PLACE, situated on the Kelsey and Kuttawa road, three miles from Kelsey, or one mile from station on the I. C. Railroad, and within one-half mile of good school. Convenient to church, etc.

This farm contains 213 1/2 acres of the very best land and in a high state of cultivation. Good improvements and plenty of water for all purposes.

Any one wishing to see this farm before sale, can do so, and we or either of us, will take pleasure in showing same.

Terms made known day of sale.

C. W. JACKSON,
M. G. YOUNG,
F. M. McELROY,

Executors.

Kelsey, Ky.

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Dentist,

Office over Marion Bank.

MARION, KY

in cost of life, but in its terrible consequences it has brought the shadow of sorrow into hundreds of homes made desolate by a mine explosion which took place in the Cambria Steel company's rolling mill mine under Westmont Hill, last week.

How many are dead it will take several days to fully determine, but that it is a long and shocking list it is certain. It may reach 200 or more.

It was nearly an hour after the explosion before any general knowledge of what had happened got abroad. Men who escaped with their lives told the terrible news and soon it spread like wildfire all over the city.

In scores of homes there were the most pathetic scenes. Mothers wives, daughters, sons and relatives were frantic with grief. Hundreds rushed to the mine and with sobbing hearts awaited the awful news.

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I have a cottage house with four rooms and hall, in desirable location of the town for sale. Last lot and good improvements.
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