

The Crittenden Press.

VOLUME 24.

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

NUMBER 25

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As an illustration of what a few hundred dollars can accomplish in Crittenden county, the purchase of 50 acres of land near the Hodge mine by Judge Pierce less than a year ago is an example. The Judge paid three hundred dollars for the land. The timber has yielded about four hundred dollars, the royalty on the mineral already pays some \$50 per month and the opening up of a heavy lead deposit in connection with the fluor spar produced an offer of \$6,000 for the 50 acres which Judge Pierce promptly declined.

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Big Scenic Sensation.

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The Realistic Depot Scene
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The John P. Reed farm, with two great veins outcropping through its entire length, and less than a mile from the city of Marion, at the prices above named would be cheap at \$30,000 for its 120 acres.

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MARION, : : : KENTUCKY.

WHEN DADDY PLAYS HIS FIDDLE

When quiet settles o'er the farm,
An' night takes place uv day,
An' all the stock is housed an' fed,
An' supper's cleared away,
The daddy takes his fiddle out,
An' tunes the E and A,
An' then the G string with the D,
An' then begins to play.

He plays a reel or jig or two
To get his fingers free;
To take the kinks out left by work,
He says to ma an' me,
An' then he puts in longer strokes,
An' lays his face hard o'er,
An' plays on three strings at a time,
An' sometimes hits the four.

He cuts in deep upon the bars,
An' thunderstorms pass o'er,
An' then he sails high on the E,
An' clears the skies once more.
Now deep an' loud, now soft an' low,
Life trembles by a thread,
A dismal wail off in the night,
Where graveyards mark the dead.

Then daddy strikes a streak uv hope,
An' sun breaks through the rain,
An' then he strikes a martial air,
An' marches home again.
No time, no tune, no written score,
Jes' somethin' dandy plays,
The like of which wuz never heard
In old or modern days.

He seems a different man when'er
His fiddle's in his hand;
There is a bond between the two
That's hard to understand.
An' ma she sets an' knits away,
An' dreams her dreams uv old,
While daddy's fiddle takes 'em both
Way off to lands uv gold.

No doubt they spy a shady lane,
An' see themselves, two lovers there,
With hearts too full fur words,
I've heard big bands an' orchestras,
Church organs an' the rest,
But fur sweet music from the heart,
I like my daddy's best.
—Joe Cobb, in N. Y. Sun.

THEFT OF THE GOLDEN SCALE.

BY CLARENCE LUDLOW BROWNELL.

Ohashi Kintaro was gazing into his sake cup reflectively. It was a cup with pictures on it—two views of the same subject. The front presentation on the inside of the cup, and the other on the bottom. A cup such as you have sometimes when cooling on the dry bed of the Kamogawa in Kiyota, if you happen to be on good terms with those who serve you, but which you never leave with your other curios for custom house inspection on reaching home.

"That inside picture seems to interest you," said Gardner. "Do you recognize the face?"

"The countenance resembles that of Daredesuka's sweetheart, but I never saw it on a sake cup before," replied Ohashi.

"Daredesuka?"

"Yes, the man who tried to steal the gold from the shachi hoka on the tenshu in Nagoya."

"The which on the what?"

"The great gold dolphins on the ends of the ridge of Nagoya castle. Gen. Kato Kiyomasa put them up there nearly 300 years ago, quite out of harm's way, you would think."

"Yes, I remember you pointed out the fish a little before we reached Nagoya station on our way through, but tell us about Daredesuka and his sweetheart. What did they do?"

"Daredesuka was a samurai who had been with the daimyo of Kaga once, and had won fame as a great swordsman. But when the daimyo died Daredesuka became ronin. That is a samurai without a master. He went about teaching fencing and sometimes winning prizes in contests before distinguished folk, but never getting established anywhere. He was too fond of roaming. He used to practice with his sword on all the forked limbs of trees that he could reach and also on the wild dogs that are as dangerous as wolves on the West Coast roads. It is said that once when robbers tried to take him he cut through two bodies with a single stroke, and that the other robbers, seeing this, ran away crying that he was an Oni (demon), not a man."

"In time he came to Kiyoto, which was a large city then and was the home of the Tenshi, our emperor. The Shogun lived in Yeddo—this was a long time before the name was changed to Tokio. Soon after Daredesuka arrived the Shogun came down to Kiyoto to see the Tenshi. He had to come once a year according to ancient custom. Of course this meant a great deal of preparation. The ceremonies were elaborate, and the court nobles, who usually were poor, made money by teaching the proper etiquette to the Shogun's officers. Geisha were busy in all the tea houses, and gathered gold pieces enough to last them a whole month, which is a long time when speaking of geisha. There were all sorts of sport, too—polo, archery or horseback fencing and jujutsu, which is a kind of wrestling."

"Daredesuka was the right kind of man for such a time. He went into many contests, and won so often that people talked about him in the

streets. Because he was a winner he became the guest at many banquets, and did not have to buy any food himself for several weeks. At the banquets he saw many geisha, who came to dance and to sing and to play, just as they are doing over yonder now," pointing to a tea house all open on one side along the river bank.

"Being a military man, Daredesuka did not care much for geisha. He had the name of a strict and severe man. One night, however, at a chaya just at the end of this bridge, the most famous tea house of all in Kiyoto, Daredesuka changed his idea."

"Eikibo San was the cause of the change. She was a geisha who did the fan dancing most famously and was never engaged except in the best houses and by the richest guests. When Daredesuka saw her dancing he could not look from her. She swayed this way and that way gently as a lily when the autumn wind is blowing, and her fan went round her like a butterfly that she had trained. Her face was white except the color of cherry blossoms on her cheeks and her eyebrows high as in the pictures on these fans. Her hands were long and fine and waved like birds' wings when she turned about playing and tossing with the fan. So long and so hard was Daredesuka looking that the soups and fish the other geisha were serving to him became quite cold, and some of the guests near by were wondering. Then one of these said:

"You have never seen Eikibo San before? She is our best dancer. Even the Shogun, they say, has seen her. Many men have tried to take her home, but she does not listen. She has no lover. She lives with an old aunt, as she calls her, in the geisha quarter and never leaves the old woman alone for a single night, nor does she ever respond to any callers who go there to give her presents. These gift bearers talk with the old aunt at the gate but no one of them has ever had his foot inside."

"This, if it could be, made Daredesuka ever the keener, so that when the fan dancing was over and Eikibo came round to do her turn at pouring sake, beginning before him as the chief guest, he said she must first drink from his cup and might afterward serve him. She took the dainty bit of porcelain from him, and, bowing low, touched it to her forehead. Then Daredesuka poured sake from the china bottle in front of him, but could give her only a few drops, as she pushed the mouth of the bottle up with the edge of the cup, saying: 'More would be a great deal.' She made as though she drank it, but one could not tell, for the geisha is skillful to pretend. Then, before she could rinse the cup, Daredesuka took it from her and said: 'Ippal dozo go-men natal.' (Full, please, and excuse me.)

"Eikibo laughed because he did not let her rinse the cup. Then she passed on to the next guest, reaching out the sake bottle, with her arm at full length and her sleeve caught up between her teeth, out of the way of the soup bowls and other dishes on the mat before her.

"After this everything was different for Daredesuka. He wished to see Eikibo San every day and all day long. That could not be, but if he kept his fame he might see her at the tea house festivals while the Shogun remained in Kiyoto, and after that, if he could get money, he could call on her by himself, he hoped.

"He kept his fame for the remaining contests. Perhaps he made it even greater, for he had an offer to go with a great daimyo to the south, who promised him a post as instructor of his retainers and many koku of rice, with a home and servants. Before the fan dancing he would have gone, I am sure, had such a good chance come, but now he could not travel far and leave Eikibo San behind.

"As he could not take her on the daimyo's train he made humble apologies and said that so great honor could not be his, for he had made an agreement already with another to travel further north. There was more truth than he thought in this, for he did go from Kiyoto later and along the road that takes one north. He did not mean to when he declined this offer, though.

"Five or six times after this Daredesuka saw Eikibo before the Shogun left, always in the same tea house, and with the same few words, for he could not detain her beyond the drinking of a single cup of sake. She would apologize and say that there were many guests and too few to wait on them, therefore she must not stay long. After the Shogun had set out on his return to Yeddo Daredesuka called the geisha several times from a quiet tea house down the river, but only once she came, for her

engagements almost never failed. Her name was on some lists for months ahead.

"As soon as the maids had brought refreshments and retired, he made an offer to her which almost always a geisha will accept. She should be his wife. He would take service with some quiet daimyo within the next six months, and she would then be in the highest of the four classes of society, ranking almost as one of the nobility. He told her of offers he had received and had refused because he could not bear to leave her, and said he would accept whichever one she chose, if she would come with him.

"Eikibo laughed at all this, being, she said, familiar with fine promises. 'They are all of a kind,' she told him—'interesting to hear if you did not know they were like little flies that live a day and then no one knows what has become of them.' Daredesuka persisted, but only to find that words did not avail. At last he cried:

"Give me some test, for I must have you know that I speak the truth. Shall I bring you pearls from the deep sea or golden scales from the dolphins on Nagoya castle? Only say the thing and I shall do it. You shall believe me."

"Eikibo looked merrily at him and said:

"Yes, I must believe you if you bring me a dolphin's golden scale from the ridge of the fifth story of the tower, as I know well, for I am in Nagoya every year. Only the birds go up there. Yes; I should know you spoke the truth if you brought the scale, and she laughed again, for to the geisha the truthful parents of the truthful man are not yet born. Then she added: 'My call time for the full moon tea house over the river has arrived. I beg your honorable pardon. I must go. At the great Matsuri (religious festival) in Nagoya next month I am to dance. Bring me the scale then and I shall know your heart.'

"Daredesuka sat still for an hour thinking, and then, as the samurai often did on the night before the battle, he clapped his hands, ordered more sake and more food, sent to an inn near by for a friend, who was lodging there, and made merry until the watch announced the hour for closing. Two days later he was in Nagoya.

"As you know, those goldfishes are high up, and perhaps you could see that each is now in a heavy cage. That cage was not there in Daredesuka's time. You know, too, that we Japanese enjoy our play with kites. We can send them very high, and can guide them nicely. Well, Daredesuka was a wonderful man with kites. He had made large ones when he was with his late lord, and had once dropped a line far out over a junk that was blowing off to sea and so saved many lives. He now said that he would use a kite to get the scale that Eikibo had declared would tell if he spoke true. Secretly he went to work and made one so large he was sure it would carry the weight of his body on the winds. He found another ronin whom some gold and the promise of future aid persuaded to give him help in his strange plan.

Then, on a stormy night, with wind and clouds and rain, he went up and secured a golden scale. But the tool he had used in prying was very wet and slippery and fell from his hands. The guards went out, discovered the kite, which a rift in the sky let the moon shine down upon for a fatal moment, and when Daredesuka reached the earth they caught him and put him in prison. The golden scale convicted him and his companion. Being samurai, they received sentence to commit harikari, and performed the act serenely before the state officials.

"Eikibo did not do the fair dance at the Matsuri, for the morning before she was to appear an old priest found her body on Daredesuka's grave."—Detroit Free Press.

An Imperial Pawnshop.

The imperial pawnshop at Vienna has been reopened to the public after a considerable enlargement. Besides advancing loans on pledged articles the managers of the institution undertake the sale by auction of any goods or stock of merchandise submitted. Those desirous of disposing of their effects must notify the managers three days previous to the sale. The new metropolitan institution when complete will contain no fewer than 12 auction halls. The authorities claim no more than five per cent. of the sum realized at an auction, which charge includes all auctioneering expenses.

Good Luck.

It is easier to hear of good luck than to see it.—Chicago Daily News.

News of the World

Oklahoma went republican at the recent election.

The director of the mint places the amount of gold mined in Alaska the past ten months at \$18,770,075.

Gen. Fred Grant recently appointed commander of the department of Texas, with headquarters at San Antonio, has assumed command.

Secretary of War Root, in his annual report, will recommend the re-establishment of the army canteen, abolished by act of the last congress.

A general fight followed an attempt to force negro workmen to leave Beaumont, Texas, in which Max Weylich, a white man, was killed.

Rev. Charles Cox, aged 65, pastor of a church at Morehead, Ky., eloped with a 17-year-old girl, a member of his congregation, deserting a wife and five children.

President John Mitchell, of the miners' union, refused to stand for election as president of the American Federation of Labor, to succeed Mr. Gompers.

Henry Youtsey, now serving a life sentence under conviction of complicity in the murder of Gov. Goebel, of Kentucky, is alleged to have made a confession, implicating several parties not heretofore suspected in connection with the crime.

The admission of Oklahoma, Arizona and New Mexico to statehood will be one of the first questions considered by the senate when congress meets in December. A committee from the senate will shortly visit the penitentiaries to view the conditions.

The St. Louis city school board has decided to supply free text books to the children of that city.

J. H. Bingham, collector of revenue for Alabama, has been removed from office, it is claimed, on account of his activity in what is called the lily white movement to exclude negroes from the councils of the republican party.

The reply of President George F. Baer of the Philadelphia and Reading Coal Company to the charges of President Mitchell of the United Mine Workers, as presented to the arbitration commission, ignores Mitchell as an official of the union, and suggests that the commission exclude the union from any recognition in their conclusions of the matters in dispute.

In its annual report the civil service commission urges that congress provide for the reclassification of the entire department service. The commission says that until such reclassification is made it does not feel justified in attempting to enforce any uniform system of regulations for promotions. It urges that each department adopt a system of promotions of its own.

Howells and the Arbuckles are in a fight with the sugar trust for control of the eastern trade.

While no special provision has been made by the war department this year for handling Christmas packages intended for soldiers of the United States serving in the far east, yet all such packages so addressed will be cared for and will be forwarded to the various points to which they may be addressed, so as to be delivered during the holidays.

The preliminary estimate of the average yield per acre of corn, as published in the monthly report of the statistician of the department of agriculture is 26.8 bushels, as compared with an average yield of 16.7 bushels in 1901; 25.3 bushels in 1900 and 1899, and a ten year average of 23.4 bushels. The average yield by states shows Missouri in the lead with 32 bushels per acre, Ohio next with 30 bushels per acre, while the lowest in production is Texas, with 8.01 per acre.

Col. J. F. Holden, general traffic manager of the Choctaw, has been appointed assistant freight traffic manager of the Rock Island system, with headquarters in Chicago.

Gerhardt Burchler, a German farmer near Columbus, Neb., was murdered by his 14-year-old boy, who then dragged the body to a haystack and set it on fire. The boy admits the crime, and says he killed his father because he mistreated him.

President Roosevelt will visit Memphis on the 18th inst.

The French arbitration board has decided against the striking coal miners.

Joseph Farrow and Marion Dun, white, fought a pistol duel at Grandin, Mo., and both men were killed, each being shot four times.

The Yaqui Indians of Mexico have lately committed numerous murders in the state of Sonora, their victims being ranchmen.

A. L. Pennock and Pat Doyle, railroad laborers, were instantly killed by the premature explosion of a charge of dynamite near Union, Mo.

Marshal Nicholas Hofferton, of Independence, Ky., was killed in a desperate battle with a farmer named William Rice, who was himself fatally wounded.

Striking girl employees of a woolen mill at St. Joseph, Mo., attacked four non-union girls while they were on their way to work and almost stripped them of their clothing.

Dr. G. A. Charlton, an eminent pathologist of Montreal, claims to have discovered a serum for the cure of scarlet fever. Out of fifteen cases recently treated with the serum, thirteen recovered.

Vice Governor Luke E. Wright, of the Philippines, and Gen. Chaffee, in command of the army on the islands the past year, arrived at San Francisco on the 11th inst. Both gentlemen express themselves as satisfied with the progress being made towards pacifying the Philippines.

The exports of manufactures from the United States in the nine months ending with September, 1902, are larger than those in the corresponding period of any other year in the history of our country, with the single exception of 1900. The total for the nine months is \$311,302,441, against \$298,660,551 in the corresponding months of last year, and \$358,678,243 in the corresponding months of 1900.

Roland B. Molineaux was set free by a jury in New York City, after having once been sentenced to death and after spending four years in prison. Molineaux was accused of murdering Mrs. Katherine Adams by forwarding poison through the mails. The case has been one of the most sensational in the history of the country, and attracted unusual attention on account of the prominence of the accused and his accusers.

The executive board of districts 14, 21 and 25, representing coal miners of Missouri, Kansas, Arkansas, Indian Territory and Texas, held a secret conference at Pittsburg last week, the object being to formulate plans by which they can make joint demands on the Central Coal and Coke Company, the Western Coal and Mining Company and the Southwestern Coal and Improvement Company for recognition of the union. These are the only companies in the west that have not signed a union contract.

A report issued by the census bureau places the quantity of the present crop of cotton which had been ginned up to the 18th of October at 5,925,872 commercial bales, which is estimated to be a little more than sixty per cent of the entire crop. These figures were collected by the agents of the bureau and 29,314 ginneries are represented by the returns. The following figures represent the amount ginned in each state by bales: Alabama 583,583, Arkansas 360,800, Florida 29,779, Georgia 906,949, Indian Territory 210,019, Kentucky 284, Louisiana 369,198, Mississippi 559,126, Missouri 14,963, North Carolina 303,029, Oklahoma 84,699, South Carolina 601,431, Tennessee 121,180, Texas 1,781,797, Virginia 5,625.

Speaker Henderson will probably be a candidate for the republican nomination for governor of Iowa next fall.

Clasped in each other's arms, lying on the floor of the pastor's study in the German Baptist church at Omaha, Neb., the janitor discovered the dead bodies of Rev. W. C. Hale, pastor, and Miss Augusta Busch, his secretary. Death was caused by asphyxiation, two jets being found open.

Work is under way on the \$100,000 Cotton Belt hospital at Texarkana.

It is reported Schwab is to be deposed as president of the great steel trust.

The republicans claim the defeat of Senator Teller, of Colorado, for re-election to the United States senate.

Nine persons were badly injured in a collision between a railroad train and a trolley car near Belleville, Ill.

While prospecting for sulphur in North Carolina, W. L. Woodrow struck a vein of gold that is yielding \$45 per ton of ore.

Several prominent Montana democrats have been arrested on the charge of bribery in connection with the recent election.

Two men were burned to death, two boys were overcome by smoke and the pressroom of the New York Times was wrecked by a fire.

The postmaster general has ordered that the position of postoffice physician be abolished in all post-offices in cities under 500,000 population.

Postmaster General Payne denies a report that President Roosevelt had expressed himself in favor of a move to reduce the south's representation in congress.

The Philippine commission has appropriated \$2,000,000 with which to purchase rice and deliver the goods in provinces where crops were a failure last season.

Dispatches from Hawaii state that the republicans swept the island in the recent election. The republican congressional delegate-elect is a full-blood Hawaiian.

There is some talk among politicians of opposition to the re-election of Senator Platt from New York. It is said Gov. Odell is desirous of the defeat of Senator Platt, owing to certain opposition shown in the last campaign.

The absorption of the capital stock of different roads by the larger railroad corporations during the last decade has reached a stupendous total, whole systems having passed out of legal existence during this time. The different reports of the interstate commission bring out this movement strikingly. From 1890 to 1900 no less than \$506,000,000 of the capital stock of the railroads of the country was absorbed by the larger railroad systems. During this decade the total amount of the capital stock of all railroads increased 32 per cent, while during the same period the amount of stock of other roads owned by the larger railroad corporations increased more than 52 per cent. In other words, during these ten years the absorption of outstanding stock by the railroads increased at a rate nearly twice as great as the entire increase shown in the capital stock of all the roads.

The south constructed last year 2,254 miles of steam railroads. In one southern state, Texas, there have been planned since the beginning of this year new lines and extensions aggregating 3,797 miles. Of these, 2,423 miles represent the plans of established companies, and 1,274 are entirely of new undertakings, nineteen in number. In addition, other plans are reported as under consideration at various points to build an aggregate of 1,000 more mileage. The process under way in Texas, Louisiana, Arkansas and other parts of the southwest is an intensified form of that which has wrought so mightily in the upbuilding of older states of the south.

An entire family, three children and the parents, by the name of Bense, were found in almost a dying condition from starvation in a tenement house at Philadelphia. They had been without food for seven days.

Harry Allemang, who led the Southern league baseball pitchers the last two seasons, was shot and fatally wounded at Mason, Va., by burglars, whom he surprised in the act of robbing the post office.

The attorneys for Wm. R. Hearst have filed formal complaint with the interstate commerce commission against the coal-carrying roads in Pennsylvania charging them with demanding excessive rates for carrying coal to eastern points.

The secretary of the treasury has revoked the order made several weeks ago, providing for the acceptance of state and municipal bonds or security for public deposits.

A Thanksgiving Surprise

By ELISA ARMSTRONG BENGOUGH.

"All you a pleasant Thanksgiving this year?" queried the little woman in blue.

"No, we didn't—that is, I did not, though my husband laughs every time he thinks of it, so he, at least, must have enjoyed it," replied the tall woman in brown.

"Oh, well, some men are that way; they will laugh at anything. But what happened? Did your cook go out of one door as the turkey came in by another?"

"No—she did not leave, but her grandmother's second cousin's wife died—it is strange what mortality there is in her family."



COULD COOK DINNER LATER.

at holiday times. She said the funeral would be over at noon on Thanksgiving day, and if I wanted her to she could be at home to cook dinner for me 15 minutes later. As her grandmother's second cousin lives ten miles away, however, I considered that doubtful.

"So you just made a virtue of necessity. Oh, well, you can at least remind her of it the next time that you have company."

"Yes, if she happens to be with me that long. Anyhow, it did not seem to matter greatly, because each Thanksgiving day since our marriage we have dined with my husband's sister. We originally arranged that we were to entertain each other on alternate Thanksgivings, and I have always made it a point to say each time as we sat down to dinner, 'Now, you must all dine with me next Thanksgiving day. I will take no refusal.' Oh, I am always very careful to keep an agreement."

"Oh, and did they—"

"Well, er—no. You see I am so forgetful that when Anna would say in a sort of hesitating sort of a way, as Thanksgiving day drew near: 'Well, are you and John and the children coming over as usual on Thursday?' I would just hasten to reassure the good soul as that point. But I never failed to give them all a cordial invitation for the next year."

"Oh, I see."

"Yes, well, this year I did not happen to see Anna, but I knew it would be all right, especially as I had shown myself so friendly each year. So when John began to talk of Thanksgiving I told him that Anna would be hurt if we failed to come. She does her own work, you know, and has

no cook to go off and upset things. John had brought home a fine turkey, but—"

"That would keep until Sunday."

"So I thought. Well, we started early in order that Anna might be quite sure of us when she started to prepare dinner."

"Oh, so you really went?"

"We did. John and I have been married 14 years now; he knows it is best to do what I say the first time I say it. The day, as you remember, was cold and windy, and we were chilled through with our long drive and the children were quite fretful when we arrived to—"

"To find a glowing fire, a warm welcome and a good dinner. How nice; quite like a bit out of a story book."

"To find the place deserted; not a soul at home! I was never so enraged in my life—I always did hate a lack of hospitality. I wanted to go on to his aunt's, but John said we would go home, and he said it in such a tone that we had driven a mile before I caught my breath."

"Oh, well, you could cool your temper by giving him a cold dinner."

"That was what I resolved to do, but, if you will believe it, when we reached home we found Anna, with her husband and all those children—only two less than we have ourselves—all waiting for us on the porch! She said that my invitation on last Thanksgiving day had been such a pressing one that she could not find it in her heart to disappoint me! So I actually had to go to work and get up a big dinner for her whole family as well as my own. Did you ever hear of such an imposition on good nature in your life?"

Thanksgiving Worries

With dainty cap and apron white,
With brow all puckered in a frown,
With cook-books scattered left and right
(Thanksgiving goodies she'd compound),
My little wife, perplexed, cries: "Jack,
Do stop your work to help me here;
Now would you haste the turkey, dear,
With white thread or with black?"
—Abigail Stuart, in Brooklyn Life.

A Selfish Fowl

Aunt Emmie—Why, Allie, don't you like your ice cream?

Little Allie (gaspingly)—Yes, auntie; but the turkey won't make any room.—Brooklyn Life.

Where They Differ

Though every dog may have his day
There's reason to deplore
The turkey, what with hash and stew,
Can count up three or four.
—Judge.

COULDN'T UNDERSTAND IT.



"Wonder why Mr. Oatstraw has become so generous of late?"



The Pilgrim Father's Loaf

A Thanksgiving Story

By MANDA L. CROCKER

"Be kind to Harley!"

He was within hailing distance of the "ragged edge" when he scrawled the above injunction on the reverse side of the letter he had just written.

Putting down the pen he tilted the window-shade a little to get a better view of the fine farmhouse beyond the lonely stretch of frosty fields.

Under that aristocratic roof somewhere Miss Bessie was busy no doubt with Thanksgiving preparations, while he, Harley Upton, was hobnobbing with the Kingsleys pride for her hand.

They were a high-toned lot, those Kingsleys, and he wondered how it happened that Miss Bessie returned his love when the rest of the family ignored him completely.

All this and more he drummed into the devil's tattoo he beat on the desk while he gazed, for there was more to think of. Miss Bessie had been vacillating so long between throwing him over to please the lot,



HE DRUMMED THE DEVIL'S TATTOO.

and accepting him to please herself, that Harley was growing quite disheartened. But he meant to settle it now for all time, whether it should be he or not he, at the farmhouse over there.

Again he looked down on the great overgrown scrawl completely covering the back of the lover's proposition as set forth on page one. He did not dream, however, that the crazy-looking word-quarrel, resembling two pairs of "horribles," was destined to be the diamond cornerstone of a happy future.

Some later Miss Bessie, with a wonderfully complicated pucker on her fair brow, ran over for the dozenth time the contents of startling "page one."

"So he's going to walk home with me from church before them all! It will help to decide. Merry me!" and she fairly gasped at the audacity of her lover. The more she contemplated the daring undertaking the more it magnified itself in the troubled perspective.

Brother Tom would hug his broadcloth and smile disdainfully; Sister Alicia would gather up her silks and take the other side of the road, while Papa Kingsley would flash his contempt over his gold bows and mamma's eyes grow red under the humiliation.

Not one of them would be civil, of course not; and even near-sighted Nancy Ellen would elevate her foreign brows and say, in a lofty aside: "Lord! and is that beggar coming here to dinner?"

Choking with vexation, Miss Kingsley brushed the last cinder from the depths of the "out-oven" and closed the door on the even heat ready for the Thanksgiving baking.

First would go in the "rye and injun," next the white and brown loaves and then the pie—pumpkin and mince—and goodness knew what else. O yes, Nancy was manufacturing a "Pilgrim Father's loaf," whatever that might prove to be.

The warmth of the oven may have been a reason for the extra flush on Bessie's face, but it could not be responsible for the two big tears running unopposedly down her cheeks while she stooped to adjust the iron latchbar.

Instead of Thanksgiving day to-morrow would be a dreadful decision day! Really, Harley should not have chosen the holiday for such a demonstration.

Nancy had all the baking ready when Bessie came to her assistance, all but the Pilgrim Father's loaf. "And you may be carrying out of the loaves," she said, in her rich, cheery brogue, "and I'll soon have the finish."

Bessie bore away an armful of pies while the ambitious cook held up a dilapidated-looking bake-tin. "An' this shiftness niver forgits to burn its contents, as I've noticed betimes," she ejaculated, squinting hard at the condemned article. "I've a notion to spread wite of paper in the old mischief now. I don't want my Pilgrim Father's baked to a cinder! An', shure, here's the identical bit of paper I'm after havin'!" she exclaimed, as she finished buttering the tin and picked up a folded paper from the floor. "An' it's Nancy Ellen's scrubbin' as what makes any floor clean enough to dine off of," bridling her head by way of apology.

As she fitted the paper to the tin her defective vision saw only "a bit of writin' on the wan side" and on the other "some o' the children's map-drawin'."

When Bessie again appeared in the bake-room the Pilgrim Father's loaf had been safely dumped on the "map-drawin'" and Cook Nancy delivered it into her hands.

Mrs. Kingsley always made it a point to inspect the baking after it was turned out on the broad oaken table in the wide, roomy pantry. So when the loaves were brought in on this eventful day the adroit Nancy sent Bessie on ahead with the "rye an' injun," while she turned the Pilgrim Father's loaf deftly over and pulled off the browned paper with a dexterous yank. "She's so mighty fine," she murmured, referring to Mrs. Kingsley, "an' she isn't likely to want the map of Ireland on the prize bakin'! I'll warrant she'd turn up her nose at even the thought of it, and we don't want anything objectionable on the blessed day when all Ameriky's givin' of thanks. Holy Mother! I should think not!"

Notwithstanding the precaution of Cook Nancy and her invocation to the Virgin Mary Mrs. Kingsley turned very white as she touched her refined nasal organ to the bottom of the "prize" loaf to see if it was thoroughly baked, for she saw something on the rich crust which Nancy's defective vision had not comprehended.

For full five minutes she gazed. The horror crept into her face. Then with a sob she called out: "Nancy Ellen! Nancy Ellen! Come here immediately!"

The cook, who was busy cleaning kettles in the kitchen, hearing the unusual summons and noticing that each word of her mistress was a smothered shriek in itself, dropped her work and ran to her assistance.

"Phwat in the wurruld can be the matter?" she panted, flying along the passage-way.

"Close the door behind you, Nancy Ellen,

and shove the bolt," commanded Mrs. Kingsley as the daughter of Erin made her appearance.

"O, an' it's a mouse yer wantin' to be killed, now?" queried Nancy as she shot the bolt into place. But her mistress took no notice of the question.

"Did you see this on the bottom of your fancy loaf, Nancy?" asked Mrs. Kingsley, in a stage whisper, with her words far apart.

"No, ma'am," was the surprised answer. "An' has the basely thing gone an' burned itself now?"

"No, Nancy," exclaimed her mistress, "but I sincerely wish it had—burned itself up. Look here!" and she held the fateful



SHE PICKED UP A FOLDED PAPER.

Pilgrim Father's combine close to the servant's defective vision.

In a second it all flashed over Nancy's keen inner perception. But she stood "right in betwixt a dishonorable discharge and a fine home for the winter," as she afterward explained, "and it really was no place to tell the truth at all."

"O, I can't imagine," she said, gravely and mysteriously. "Why, it must be a warnin', ma'am," crossing herself hurriedly. "Shure, the day for its writin' it is, though I can't make it out meself, ma'am," and she bent attentively and solemnly over the map of Ireland as distinctly traced on the loaf.

"Well, I can," and Mrs. Kingsley put the loaf down on the table with a shiver.

"An' is it some wan's death, ma'am, that ye fear?" asked the curious Nancy, feeling sure that it was something more serious than an outline of her native isle.

"No, Nancy, but it is about as serious," and the excited woman shivered again. "The saints defend us!" and Nancy Ellen stood aghast.

Mr. Kingsley was in the library discussing a scheme of money-making with Tom, and Mrs. Kingsley sent for them.

"The mistress be a wantin' ye to come right off and onravel a black mystery!" cried the cook, breaking in upon them.

"What!" and both men sprang to their feet at the unusual summons. In a trice they, too, were bending over the Pilgrim Father's affair with open-eyed astonishment.

"That's a devil of a note!" blurted Tom, irreverently. "How the deuce came it on a loaf of bread?" straightening up and looking straight at Nancy Ellen, who stood behind his mother, mutely making the sign of the cross on her leaving bosom.

"I'm shure it's all a black mystery to me," she said, answering his look. "I couldn't be after makin' thim high-rologiphies if I would, and I wouldn't anyway."

Alicia came in presently and stared at the quartette of horrors in bold relief on the innocent loaf. "Are we in the times of Cotton Mather?" she asked, with white lips. But no one could answer, and the dumfounded "lot" regarded the bold scrawl as an avenging angel.

Mr. Kingsley was the first to arrive at a conclusion. Walking slowly over to the window, he looked across to the Upton cottage, showing its low roof over the ridge of stubble in a pleading way. A far-away ancestral inspiration touched him and a tabor of latent superstition in his being responded.

"I take it that we are to obey the warning," he said. "We've been flying in the face of Providence."

When the family withdrew to discuss the matter further the cook carried the Pilgrim Father's loaf to Bessie and confessed for them and herself as well.

"You blessed old blunderer," cried the girl. "Harley's letter was in the tin and the heat and homemade ink did the rest; but why did you not confess to mamma?"

"An' be turned off afore the bakin' was cold?" exclaimed Nancy Ellen. "Saints be merciful!"

The next day Harley Upton occupied the place of honor at the Kingsley's Thanksgiving dinner. But the Pilgrim Father's loaf was not served.

By order of the head of the family it was buried in the garden the night previous.



GOBBLER'S WISH FULFILLED.

"I wish," said Mr. Gobbler, "I had a nice warm coat like that boy."

"Don't worry," replied the boy. "You'll be inside of mine very soon."

Did His Best

Ruggles was taking his Thanksgiving dinner at a down-town restaurant.

"What is your order, sir?" asked the waiter.

"I don't care what," replied Ruggles, "as it's tender and all white meat."

"Frog's legs!" yelled the waiter.—Chicago Tribune.

Dolly's Thanksgiving

By WILLIAM ROSSER COBBE.

THE sun set clear but left chill the air on a November day among the New Hampshire hills, whose leafless trees shook their branches mournfully as the northwest winds passed them by.

The promise of the next day was bright, despite the cold, which brings no terrors to the New England spirit, long inured to the blasts from the north. It was Thanksgiving eve, and no other day of all the year brings such gladness to those born where Thanksgiving day first had its being. Poor, indeed, was the household that had not ready its glorious pies of pumpkin, nor its plump, fat turkey in readiness for the coming of the morrow. Few were the hearts that had been unable to forget what of the past was sorrowful that they might hail and welcome this day of home-bringing and home joys.

Since they could first recollect, aye! since the days of their fathers and fathers' fathers, it had been so, that with pure and glad hearts, grateful for benefits the day should be heralded and kept throughout. To greet it otherwise would be a dishonoring of the mothers who bore them and the sires from whose loins they sprang.

Yet in a neat, white cottage, half-hidden beneath one of these great bleak hills, was a young woman who, in deference of parental authority and the traditions of her people, refused to enter into the spirit of the season.

Dolly Benson was an only child and, if the truth must be told, a somewhat spoiled although a very pretty one. She had had her way since she could remember, and even yet, although nearly two years had passed, she could not understand why her parents had refused to let her marry Jabez Jackson.

He, too, was an only son, and his mother a widow. They, Jabez and she, had been playmates in childhood and lovers since before they knew the meaning of the word.

To be sure, his mother was poor, but Dolly's father had enough and to spare. There was no reason in the world for refusing him. She hated everybody, she declared, this night. The world was hateful and everybody in it. She could not understand why anybody could have the heart to be thankful for anything.

It was just two years this very night that Jabez had asked her to marry him. Two years ago to-morrow her father had sent him away without hope.

Then he had enlisted and gone away to the Philippines. Stories reached her of his bravery in battle and his rapid promotions for gallant conduct. Her heart beat fast with pride, even though she could not hope to be his.

But there followed a long night of darkness and despair. He had been killed by



SEIZED DOLLY IN HIS ARMS.

cruel bolomen, and his body disfigured beyond recognition.

What did she care this night that her father felt for her sorrow, or that he regretted his conduct toward the man she loved? This would not call him back from the dead, nor fill the aching in her sorrowful heart.

There was no man for her in all the world. There had been but one; there could not be another.

The anniversary but served to intensify her sorrow. She moved about helping her mother, for there was yet much to be done in preparation for the morrow. But her spirit was not in her household duties. The bright glow of the fire, the steady flare of the lamp bore no rays to her. The house within was as dark as the night without.

If her parents observed her mood they did not comment upon it.

Dolly thought the evening never would end. How she detested pies and cakes and every suggestion of feasting as well as of merriment. She longed to be alone in her room, where she might cry out her very eyes for sorrow of losing her dear love. God was not good, nobody was good, there was no cause for gratitude, and how she did wish she was dead. If the latter, then she would meet him. The only kind friend, the only good friend in all the world was death.

The simple, hearty occasional words of her parents grated harshly upon her ear. They had her in their lives together. Of course they might be thankful, but she—

Then there was a knock at the door, and then a tall, soldierly-looking fellow had entered and seized Dolly in his arms. And then he told her how he had been wounded sorely, but had not been killed, and how he was to remain in the army, and—

"But, Dolly," he exclaimed, "why are you crying? Surely you are not sorry I have returned?"

"For the joy of your coming, dear," she answered, as she buried her face on his breast, "and for the gladness of this Thanksgiving—and, and, Jabez, dear, just a bit, too, in sorrow because I was so rebellious when I thought I had lost you forever."

The blessings that are man's may be found by searching, and every heart may find much for which to be grateful at the coming of Thanksgiving day.

Cause for Joy

Sunday School Teacher (during Thanksgiving week)—You, Jenny, can tell us something, perhaps, for which we ought to be thankful.

Jenny—Mamma says we ought to be thankful that Sister Sue is married at last.—N. Y. Times.

A Word of Warning

"Now, Ham," said Nosh, in kind but firm tones, as he noted the approach of Thanksgiving. "I want you to bear in mind that I have but two turkeys in the ark, and that you will have to curb your instincts for the present."—Baltimore American.



It seems to me that back to us from some immortal clime
Come the glory and the gladness of the dear Thanksgiving time,
When the frost has touched the leaflets in the rabbit-haunted wood,
And the combed ones on the hillside don their tapestry of gold;
For the whole land smiles with plenty from the mountains to the sea,
And the Nation, chanting psalms, bends to God a grateful knee,
And an aureole of beauty crowns Columbia's stony brow
As she looks to greater glory in a hundred years from now.

THROUGH the sunlit peaceful valleys to the sea our rivers flow,
Singing in the tinted woodlands, skirting mountains capped with snow,
Bearing ever, ever onward, unto nations far away
The story and the glory of our own Thanksgiving Day;
How we meet beneath the steeples, how we gather in the world,
Telling to our children's children the story never old,
How the harvest never failed us since our fathers made us free,
And the first Thanksgiving anthem rose beneath the hoary tree.

'T WAS long ago, but every year the story seemeth new,
The bells rejoice again beneath November's arch of blue,
The orchards yield their treasures as the harvest gave its grain,
And every heart beneath our flag is filled with joy again;
Lo! Ceres, crowned with beauty, smiles above the festive board,
And from out the hands of Plenty God's largesses are poured;
There's music on the mountain side and in the Autumn dells,
For far and wide are ringing now the sweet Thanksgiving bells.

THE quail his mate is calling where the frost has kissed the corn,
The brooklet greets the sunshine in the fair Thanksgiving morn,
And the hoary-headed granddame takes his scion on his knee
As he tells the precious story of the fight for Liberty—
How we marched to fame and grandeur 'neath Jehovah's watchful eye,
And planted Honor's battle-flag fore'er against the sky,
Till the boy's face glows with gladness and, as thousands kneel to pray,
He feels and knows the meaning of the last Thanksgiving Day.

God of our fathers, keep us in the hollow of Thy hand,
And may our home forever be Immortal Freedom's land;
Send the seed time and the harvest, may the wheatlands never fail,
And the cornlands know their treasure as the ocean knows its gale;
We rise to greater glory as we onward march to fame,
And all the world enraptured thanks Thee for Columbia's name;
In her heart are greater riches than the Jewels of Cathay,
Which pale before the brightness of our own Thanksgiving Day.

IN the anthems and the music of the soft Thanksgiving bells
Is rehearsed that glorious story which the child of freedom tells,
As he looks adown the vistas of the ever-fleeting years,
And covers with the bloom of hope a Nation's fallen tears;
I hear a song of sweetness in the mighty fields of corn,
On the banners of our Nation beams the fair Thanksgiving morn;
And I hear the glad bells ringing from the mountains to the sea;
"Bless the Sower of the Harvest! He hath kept us ever free!"
T. C. HARBAUGH.

A Thanksgiving Surprise

By ELISA ARMSTRONG BENGOUGH.

"AD you a pleasant Thanksgiving this year in blue?" queried the little woman in blue.

"No, we didn't—that is, I did not, though my husband laughs every time he thinks of it, so he, at least, must have enjoyed it," replied the tall woman in brown.

"Oh, well, some men are that way; they will laugh at anything. But what happened? Did your cook go out of one door as the turkey came in by another?"

"No—she did not leave, but her grandmother's second cousin's wife died—it is strange what mortality there is in her family."



COULD COOK DINNER LATER.

at holiday times. She said the funeral would be over at noon on Thanksgiving day, and if I wanted her to she could be at home to cook dinner for me 15 minutes later. As her grandmother's second cousin lives ten miles away, however, I considered that doubtful.

"So you just made a virtue of necessity. Oh, well, you can at least remind her of it the next time that you have company."

"Yes, if she happens to be with me that long. Anyhow, it did not seem to matter greatly, because each Thanksgiving day since our marriage we have dined with my husband's sister. We originally arranged that we were to entertain each other on alternate Thanksgivings, and I have always made it a point to say each time as we sat down to dinner, 'Now, you must all dine with me next Thanksgiving day. I will take no refusal.' Oh, I am always very careful to keep an agreement."

"Oh, and did they—"

"Well, er—no. You see I am so forgetful that when Anna would say in a sort of hesitating sort of a way, as Thanksgiving day drew near: 'Well, are you and John and the children coming over as usual on Thursday?' I would just hasten to reassure the good soul on that point. But I never failed to give them all a cordial invitation for the next year."

"Oh, I see."

"Yes. Well, this year I did not happen to see Anna, but I knew it would be all right, especially as I had shown myself so friendly each year. So when John began to talk of Thanksgiving I told him that Anna would be hurt if we failed to come. She does her own work, you know, and has

no cook to go off and upset things. John had brought home a fine turkey, but—

"That would keep until Sunday."

"So I thought. Well, we started early in order that Anna might be quite sure of us when she started to prepare dinner."

"Oh, so you really went?"

"We did. John and I have been married 14 years now; he knows it is best to do what I say the first time I say it. The day, as you remember, was cold and windy, and we were chilled through with our long drive and the children were quite fretful when we arrived to—"

"To find a glowing fire, a warm welcome and a good dinner. How nice; quite like a bit out of a story book."

"To find the place deserted; not a soul at home! I was never so enraged in my life—I always did hate a lack of hospitality. I wanted to go on to his aunt's, but John said we would go home, and he said it in such a tone that we had driven a mile before I caught my breath."

"Oh, well, you could cool your temper by giving him a cold dinner."

"That was what I resolved to do, but, if you will believe it, when we reached home we found Anna, with her husband and all those children—only two less than we have ourselves—all waiting for us on the porch! She said that my invitation on last Thanksgiving day had been such a pressing one that she could not find it in her heart to disappoint me! So I actually had to go to work and get up a big dinner for her whole family as well as my own. Did you ever hear of such an imposition on good nature in your life?"

Thanksgiving Worries.

With dainty cap and apron white,
With brow all puckered in a frown,
With cook-books scattered left and right
(Thanksgiving goodies she'd compound),
My little wife, perplexed, cries: "Jack,
Do stop your work to help me here;
Now, would you baste the turkey, dear,
With white thread or with black?"
—Abigail Stuart, in Brooklyn Life.

A Selfish Fowl.

Aunt Emmie—Why, Allie, don't you like your ice cream?
Little Allie (gaspingly)—Yes, auntie; but the turkey won't make any room—Brooklyn Life.

Where They Differ.

Though every dog may have his day
There's reason to deplore
The turkey, what with hash and stew,
Can count up three or four.
—Judge.

COULDN'T UNDERSTAND IT.



WONDER WHY MR. OATSTRAW HAS BECOME SO GENEROUS OF LATE?



and shove the bolt," commanded Mrs. Kingsley as the daughter of Erin made her appearance.

"O, an' it's a mouse yer wantin' to be killed, now?" queried Nancy as she shot the bolt into place. But her mistress took no notice of the question.

"Did you see this on the bottom of your fancy loaf, Nancy?" asked Mrs. Kingsley, in a stage whisper, with her words far apart.

"No, ma'am," was the surprised answer.

"An' has the baste thing gone an' burned itself now?"

"No, Nancy," exclaimed her mistress, "but I sincerely wish it had—burned itself up. Look here!" and she held the fateful

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SHE PICKED UP A FOLDED PAPER.

Pilgrim Father's combine close to the servant's defective vision.

In a second it all flashed over Nancy's keen inner perception. But she stood "right in betwixt a dishonorable discharge and a fine home for the winter," as she afterward explained, "and it really was no place to tell the truth at all."

"O, I can't imagine," she said, gravely and mysteriously. "Why, it must be a warnin', ma'am," crossing herself hurriedly. "Shure, the day for its writin' it is, though I can't make it out meself, ma'am," and she bent attentively and solemnly over the map of Ireland as distinctly traced on the loaf.

"Well, I can," and Mrs. Kingsley put the loaf down on the table with a shiver.

"An' is it some wan's death, ma'am, that ye fear?" asked the curious Nancy, feeling sure that it was something more serious than an outline of her native isle.

"No, Nancy, but it is about as serious," and the excited woman shivered again.

"The saints defend us!" and Nancy Ellen stood aghast.

Mr. Kingsley was in the library discussing a scheme of money-making with Tom, and Mrs. Kingsley sent for them.

"The mistress be a wantin' ye's to come right off and unravel a black mystery!" cried the cook, breaking in upon them.

"What!" and both men sprang to their feet at the unusual summons. In a trice they, too, were bending over the Pilgrim Father's affair with open-eyed astonishment.

"That's a devil of a note!" blurted Tom, irreverently. "How the deuce came it on a loaf of bread?" straightening up and looking straight at Nancy Ellen, who stood behind his mother, mutely making the sign of the cross on her heaving bosom.

"I'm shure it's all a black mystery to me," she said, answering his look. "I couldn't be aither makin' thim high-rogliphs if I would, and I wouldn't any way."

Alicia came in presently and stared at the quartette of horrors in bold relief on the innocent loaf. "Are we in the times of Cotton Mather?" she asked, with white lips. But no one could answer, and the dumfounded "lot" regarded the bold scrawl as an avenging angel.

Mr. Kingsley was the first to arrive at a conclusion. Walking slowly over to the window, he looked across to the Upton cottage, showing its low roof over the ridge of stubble in a pleading way. A far-away ancestral inspiration touched him and a throb of latent superstition in his being responded.

"I take it that we are to obey the warning," he said. "We've been flying in the face of Providence."

When the family withdrew to discuss the matter further the cook carried the Pilgrim Father's loaf to Bessie and confessed for them and herself as well.

"You blessed old blunderer," cried the girl. "Harley's letter was in the tin and the heat and homestead ink did the rest; but why did you not confess to mamma?"

"An' be turned off afore the bakin' was cold!" exclaimed Nancy Ellen. "Saints be merciful!"

The next day Harley Upton occupied the place of honor at the Kingsley's Thanksgiving dinner. But the Pilgrim Father's loaf was not served.

By order of the head of the family it was buried in the garden the night previous.

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"I wish," said Mr. Gobbler, "I had a nice warm coat like that boy."

"Don't worry," replied the boy. "You'll be inside of mine very soon."

DID HIS BEST.

Ruggles was taking his Thanksgiving dinner at a downtown restaurant.

"What is your order, sir?" asked the waiter.

"I don't care what," replied Ruggles, "as it's frogs and all white meat."

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Close the door behind you, Nancy Ellen,

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He, too, was an only son, and his mother a widow. They, Jabez and she, had been playmates in childhood and lovers since before they knew the meaning of the word.

To be sure, his mother was poor, but Dolly's father had enough and to spare. There was no reason in the world for refusing him. She hated everybody, she declared, this night. The world was hateful and every body in it. She could not understand why anybody could have the heart to be thankful for anything.

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Then he had enlisted and gone away to the Philippines. Stories reached her of his bravery in battle and his rapid promotions for gallant conduct. Her heart beat fast with pride, even though she could not hope to be his.

But there followed a long night of darkness and despair. He had been killed by



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The anniversary but served to intensify her sorrow. She moved about helping her mother, for there was yet much to be done in preparation for the morrow. But her spirit was not in her household duties. The bright glow of the day, the steady flare of the lamp bore no rays to her. The house within was as dark as the night without.

If her parents observed her mood they did not comment upon it.

Dolly thought the evening never would end. How she detested pies and cakes and every suggestion of feasting as well as of merriment. She longed to be alone in her room, where she might cry out her very eyes for sorrow of losing her dear love. God was not good, nobody was good, there was no cause for gratitude, and how she did wish she was dead. If the latter, then she would meet him. The only kind friend, the only good friend in all the world was death.

The simple, hearty occasional words of her parents grated harshly upon her ear. They had had their lives together. Of course they might be thankful, but she—

Then there was a knock at the door, and then a tall, soldierly-looking fellow had entered and seized Dolly in his arms. And then he told her how he had been wounded sorely, but had not been killed, and how he was to remain in the army, and—

"But, Dolly," he exclaimed, "why are you crying? Surely you are not sorry I have returned?"

"For the joy of your coming, dear," she answered, as she buried her face on his breast, "and for the gladness of this Thanksgiving—and, and, Jabez, dear, just a bit, too, in sorrow because I was so rebellious when I thought I had lost you forever."

The blessings that are man's may be found by searching, and every heart may find much for which to be grateful at the coming of Thanksgiving day.

Cause for Joy.

Sunday School Teacher (during Thanksgiving week)—You, Jenny, can tell us something, perhaps, for which we ought to be thankful.

Jenny—Mamma says we ought to be thankful that Sister Sue is married at last.—N. Y. Times.

A Word of Warning.

"Now, Ham," said Noah, in kind but firm tones, as he noted the approach of Thanksgiving, "I want you to bear in mind that I have but two turkeys in the ark, and that you will have to curb your instincts for the present."—Baltimore American.

COLUMBIA'S OWN THANKSGIVING

IT seems to me that back to us from some immortal clime
Come the glory and the gladness of the dear Thanksgiving time,
When the frost has touched the leaflets in the rabbit-haunted wood,
And the cornblades on the hillside on their tapestry of gold;
For the whole land smiles with plenty from the mountains to the sea,
And the Nation, chanting psalms, bends to God a grateful knee,
And an aureole of beauty crowns Columbia's snowy brow,
As she looks to greater glory in a hundred years or so.

THROUGH the sunlit peaceful valleys to the sea our rivers flow,
Singing in the tinted woodlands, skirting mountains capped with snow,
Beating ever onward to nations far away
The story and the glory of our own Thanksgiving Day;
How we meet beneath the starry, how we gather in the wild,
Telling to our children's children the story never old,
How the harvest never failed us since our fathers made us free,
And the first Thanksgiving anthem rose beneath the hoary tree.

'T WAS long ago, but every year the story seemeth new,
The bells rejoice again beneath November's arch of blue,
The orchards yield their treasures as the harvest goes its grain,
And every heart beneath our flag is filled with joy again;
Lo! Ceres, crowned with beauty, smiles above the festive board,
And from out the hands of Plenty God's largesses are poured;
There's music on the mountain side and in the Autumn dells,
For far and wide are ringing now the sweet Thanksgiving bells.

THE quail his mate is calling where the frost has kiss'd the corn,
The brooklet greets the sunshine in the fair Thanksgiving morn,
And the hoary-headed grandire takes his son on his knee
As he tells the precious story of the fight for Liberty;
How we march to fame and grandeur 'neath Jehovah's watchful eye,
And planted Honor's battle-flag free'er against the sky,
Till the boy's face glows with gladness, and as thousands kneel to pray,
He feels and knows the meaning of the land's Thanksgiving Day.

GOD of our fathers, keep us in the hollow of Thy hand,
And may our home forever be the immortal Freedom's land;
Send the seed time and the harvest, may the wheatlands never fail,
Send the cornblades know their treasure as the ocean knows its gale;
We rise to greater glory as we onward march to fame,
And all the world enraptured thanks Thee for Columbia's name;
In her heart are greater riches than the jewels of Cathay
Which pale before the brightness of our own Thanksgiving Day.

IN the anthems and the music of the soft Thanksgiving bells
Is rehearsed that glorious story which the child of freedom tells,
As he looks down the vistas of the ever-fleeting years,
And covers with the bloom of hope a Nation's fallen tears;
I hear a song of sweetness in the mighty fields of corn,
On the garners of our Nation beams the fair Thanksgiving morn;
And I hear the glad bells ringing from the mountains to the sea,
"Bless the Sower of the Harvests! He hath kept us ever free!"
T. C. HARBAUGH.

The Pilgrim Father's Loaf

A Thanksgiving Story

By MANDA L. CROCKER

BE kind to Harley!"

He was within hailing distance of the "out-oven" when he scrawled the above injunction on the reverse side of the letter he had just written. Putting down the pen he tilted the window-shade a little to get a better view of the fine farmhouse beyond the lonely stretch of frosty fields.

Under that aristocratic roof somewhere Miss Bessie was busy no doubt with Thanksgiving preparations, while he, Harley Upton, was hobnobbing with the Kingsleys, and he wondered how it happened that Miss Bessie returned his love when the rest of the family ignored him completely.

All this and more he drummed into the devil's tattoo he beat on the desk while he gazed, for there was more to think of. Miss Bessie had been vacillating so long between throwing him over to please the lot,

Choking with vexation, Miss Kingsley brushed the last crumb from the depths of the "out-oven" and closed the door on the even heat ready for the Thanksgiving baking.

First would go in the "rye and injun," next the white and brown leaves and then the pie—pumpkin and mince—and goodness knew what else. O yes, Nancy was manufacturing a "Pilgrim Father's loaf," whatever that might prove to be.

The warmth of the oven may have been a reason for the extra flush on Bessie's face, but it could not be responsible for the two big tears running unpoetically down her nose while she stooped to adjust the iron latchbar.

Instead of Thanksgiving day to-morrow would be a dreadful decision day! Really, Harley should not have chosen the holiday for such a demonstration.

Nancy had all the baking ready when Bessie came to her assistance, all but the Pilgrim Father's loaf. "And you may be carryin' out of the loaves," she said, in her rich, cheery brogue, "and I'll soon have the finish."

Bessie bore away an armful of pies while the ambitious cook held up a dilapidated-looking bake-tin. "An' this shiftless thing never forgits to burn its contents, as I've noticed betimes," she ejaculated, repeating hard at the condemned article. "I've a notion to spread wite mite of paper in the old mischief now. I don't want my Pilgrim Father's baked to a cinder! An' shure, here's the identical bit of paper I'm after havin'!" she exclaimed, as she finished buttering the tin and picked up a folded paper from the floor. "An' it's Nancy Ellen's scrawlin' as what makes any floor clane enough to dine off of," bridling her head by way of apology.

As she fitted the paper to the tin her defective vision saw only "a bit of writin' on the wan side" and on the other "some o' the children's map-drawin'."

When Bessie again appeared in the bake-room, the Pilgrim Father's loaf had been safely dumped on the "map-drawin'," and Cook Nancy delivered it into her hands.

Mrs. Kingsley always made it a point to inspect the baking after it was turned out on the broad oaken table in the wide, roomy pantry. So when the loaves were brought in on this eventful day the adroit Nancy sent Bessie on ahead with the "rye an' injun," while she turned the Pilgrim Father's loaf deftly over and pulled off the browned paper with a dexterous yank. "She's so mighty fine," she murmured, referring to Mrs. Kingsley, "an' she isn't likely to want the map o' Ireland on the prize bakin'. I'll warrant she'll turn up her nose at even the thought of it, and we don't want anything objectionable on the blessed day when all Ameriky is givin' of thanks. Holy Mother! I should think not!"

Notwithstanding the precaution of Cook Nancy and her invocation to the Virgin Mary Mrs. Kingsley turned very white as she touched her refined nasal organ to the bottom of the "prize" loaf to see if it was thoroughly baked, for she saw something on the rich crust which Nancy's defective vision had not comprehended.

For full five minutes she gazed. The horror crept into her face. Then with a sob she called out: "Nancy Ellen! Nancy Ellen! Come here immediately!"

The cook, who was busy cleaning kettles in the kitchen, hearing the unusual summons and noticing that each word of her mistress was a smothered shriek in itself, dropped her work and ran to her assistance.

"Phwat in the wuruld can be the matter," she panted, flying along the passage-way.

"Close the door behind you, Nancy Ellen,

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As she fitted the paper to the tin her defective vision saw only "a bit of writin' on the wan side" and on the other "some o' the children's map-drawin'."

When Bessie again appeared in the bake-room, the Pilgrim Father's loaf had been safely dumped on the "map-drawin'," and Cook Nancy delivered it into her hands.

Mrs. Kingsley always made it a point to inspect the baking after it was turned out on the broad oaken table in the wide, roomy pantry. So when the loaves were brought in on this eventful day the adroit Nancy sent Bessie on ahead with the "rye an' injun," while she turned the Pilgrim Father's loaf deftly over and pulled off the browned paper with a dexterous yank. "She's so mighty fine," she murmured, referring to Mrs. Kingsley, "an' she isn't likely to want the map o' Ireland on the prize bakin'. I'll warrant she'll turn up her nose at even the thought of it, and we don't want anything objectionable on the blessed day when all Ameriky is givin' of thanks. Holy Mother! I should think not!"

Notwithstanding the precaution of Cook Nancy and her invocation to the Virgin Mary Mrs. Kingsley turned very white as she touched her refined nasal organ to the bottom of the "prize" loaf to see if it was thoroughly baked, for she saw something on the rich crust which Nancy's defective vision had not comprehended.

For full five minutes she gazed. The horror crept into her face. Then with a sob she called out: "Nancy Ellen! Nancy Ellen! Come here immediately!"

The cook, who was busy cleaning kettles in the kitchen, hearing the unusual summons and noticing that each word of her mistress was a smothered shriek in itself, dropped her work and ran to her assistance.

"Phwat in the wuruld can be the matter," she panted, flying along the passage-way.

"Close the door behind you, Nancy Ellen,

The Press.

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The eligibility of Gov Beckham to succeed himself as chief executive is the burning question in Kentucky just now. Neither his Democracy, past or present, nor his fitness for the office, seems to be questioned.

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Most people find the running of a newspaper expensive business. Three men nerved themselves for the job and, in the absence of the fighting editor, took charge of this office for an hour or so Friday night. The expense of their brief newspaper career will be figured out by the lawyers and the court.

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Mrs. R. F. Haynes.....	8
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SISCO MURDER CASE

Continued—The Crowd in Court Room Searched—Prisoner Returned to Henderson.

Friday Geo M. Sisco, the alleged murderer of Miss Bertha Williamson, came to this city to consult with his attorneys. He arrived on the noon train and returned to Henderson on the afternoon train. His appearance here created some excitement, but no demonstration whatever was made. A large crowd gathered to see the prisoner as he was taken from the law office to the depot. Grover Brown the murdered girl's lover and escort on the fatal night was in town. It was reported that he openly declared his intention to kill Sisco and went to the depot armed with a shotgun ready to attack the prisoner. These rumors could not be substantiated, however. Brown made no effort whatever to injure Sisco. Perfect order prevailed. Deputy sheriff Flanary went to Henderson and brought Sisco to the city and returned with him.

Tuesday Sisco was again brought to this city to appear in court. As expected, the case was continued by the defendant. The case attracted widespread attention and a large crowd was in town. The court room was crowded when the case was called. The Judge ordered that every person in the court room should be searched. Sisco was brought into the court room. He appeared nervous and was evidently afraid that violence would be attempted. Both sides have a great number of witnesses. The prisoner was returned to Henderson on the afternoon train. The case was set for the 7th day of the March term of court.

THE OFFICIAL RETURNS.

James' Majority 7,307—Nunn's Majority 8,904.

The official count by the election board at Frankfort of the vote shows that Ollie James carried the congressional district by a majority of 7,307 over Linn. James received 12,781 votes, Linn 5,474, Kirkpatrick, the Prohibitionist, 955.

In the Appellate race Nunn received 22,091 votes and Darby's vote was 13,187, Nunn's majority is 8,904.

The total vote of the State in the recent congressional election was as follows: Democrats, 158,479; Republicans 121,896; Prohibition 5,606.

CIRCUIT COURT.

Grand Jury Finds 36 Indictments. Frank Moore Indicted.

The grand jury finished its work Tuesday. Thirty-six indictments were returned.

The commonwealth cases were disposed of and the civil docket is now claiming the attention of the court.

The case against Henry Bennett charging him with seduction, was dismissed.

The indictment against Tom Woody for obtaining money under false pretense was dismissed. John Ramsey, charged with breaking into the mill at Sheridan, pleaded guilty and was given one year in the penitentiary; the indictment against him for false swearing is filed away.

Ed Harp, who with some other boys were charged with breaking into a store at Dycusburg, was released on his own bond. He has been in jail several months.

The suit of Mrs. Della Sparkman against Mrs. Jane Tyner and others was continued by the plain tiff.

In the suit of J. T. Lanham vs. McConathy and others of Louisville, \$600, the amount asked for was awarded the plaintiff. The defendants leased some mineral land from plaintiff and failed to fulfill the contract.

The grand jury returned an indictment for malicious shooting against Frank Moore, who was arrested several months ago and is under bond. The readers of the Press will remember that Moore and some other fellows, all drunk, fired from a skiff into a boat on the Ohio river near Cave in Rock, wounding Mrs. Sam Sturgis.

Court will adjourn Saturday afternoon.

QUEEN QUALITY



The Famous Shoe for Women. Sold only by Yandell-Gugenheim Co.

Will Furnish You a Home

Either in Marion or in the County.

JUST READ OUR LIST:

City Property.

A two-story frame house of 7 rooms, two lots, in the city of Marion. Two good wells and outbuildings. Offered at a price that will sell it.

House of 5 rooms, pantry, double veranda, two wells, good stable, buggy house and smoke house; nearly 3 acres of ground, 155 feet front; ground lays well; good fences and property in splendid repair; situated just outside of the corporate limits of Marion. Price low. Terms one-third cash, balance one, two and three years, at 6 per cent interest.

House and lot on Belleville street, in East Marion. Lot 90x250 feet. House of five rooms, good well, cistern, large stable, smoke house and everything convenient. This is desirable property and is located in the growing part of Marion. Price reasonable.

Farming Lands.

171 acres, lying on the waters of Crooked creek; 35 acres in timber, 126 acres in good state of cultivation. Frame house of four rooms, plenty of stock water, good orchard and stables. This is a desirable farm, 1 1/2 miles from Marion, close to school house and church. Price low; terms easy.

200 acres, more or less, in Marion precinct No. 3, six miles from Marion, 11 1/4 miles from Mattoon. Two-story house of 4 rooms; good stables and barn; 130 acres cleared; all in good state of cultivation; 70 acres in timber; good well and stock water; two small tenant houses. This can be made one of the best farms in Crittenden county. Price exceeding by low; easy terms.

About 200 acres about one-half mile below mouth of Tradewater river, on the Ohio river, 100 acres in good state of cultivation (twenty acres good river bottom); remainder in timber. Three room frame house, orchard, good pecan orchard. Price \$1500; 1/4 cash, balance in 1, 2, 3 and 4 years, at 6 per cent interest.

373 acres near Baker, about ten miles from Marion on Weston and Marion road, 1 1/2 miles from Mattoon; 200 acres in cultivation, balance in timber; 100 acres of land in creek bottom; an evergreen spring and good wells; house of 4 rooms. Will sell at a low price on easy terms. Fine mineral prospects.

400 acres near Rodney, in two tracts of 200 acres each, will sell single or together; 250 acres in cultivation, 150 acres in timber; 12 miles from Marion; route; near school house and church; well watered, good fences, 4 big barns, one 6 room house, one 3 room house; land is rich. Will sell for \$1000 for or 1 tract \$1000, one \$2000. Easy terms.

About 300 acres, 200 acres in a good state of cultivation, balance in timber. Two-story frame house of seven rooms, two orchards, two tenant houses, three barns, one 79x16 ft. good stable. On Hells Mines and Weston road, 10 miles from Weston, land lying on Crooked creek, about 50 acres fine creek bottom. This is one of the best farms in Crittenden county. \$5,000; easy terms.

227 acres of fine farming land on Tradewater river in Crittenden county near Rodney, and 1 1/2 miles from Mattoon; 100 acres cleared, balance in timber; 60 to 80 bushels of corn to 1 acre raised on this land. Two splendid everlasting springs; three comfortable tenant houses; will sell on easy terms. Persons desiring a fine farm at a price will do well to see this land. For further particulars call on Bourland & Walker.

250 acres, 1 mile south of Sheridan, Wallace Ferry road. Will be sold whole or divided into two farms: 100 acres on West side of Wallace Ferry road; 150 acres on East side of road. West side has two-story log house of rooms, everlasting water, 1 acre timber, remainder in good state of cultivation; 2 springs and cistern. East side room house, stable, cistern, 80 acres timber, 30 acres timber. This farm is located in the mineral belt, only 1/2 mile from the "Old Jim" zinc mine. It is worth the price for agricultural purposes.

For further particulars write to us or call at Press Office. If you have property for sale, we will sell it for you.

BOURLAND & WALKER, MARION, KY.

Sheriff's Sale For Taxes.

By virtue of taxes due Crittenden county and Jno. T. Pickens, Ex-S. C. C. for the years 1898, 1899, 1900 and 1901 amounting to the sum of \$— I, or one of my deputies, will, on Monday the 8th day of Dec 1902, between the hours of 10 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 the taxes due aforesaid and costs), to-wit:

Bennett, Robert, 5 acres near Dalton in Dycusburg, No. 3, for 1898 \$2.50
Henson, John A., 4 acres near E. H. in Dycusburg, No. 3, for 1898, 1899 and 1900 \$10.20
Jones, Wm., 1 lot in Dycusburg for 1898 \$4.10
Scott, R. F., 104 acres near S. H. in Casey, for 1898 \$6.45
Shewcraft, Jas., 60 acres near G. W. Parish, for 1898 \$3.45
Teer, Geo. A., 30 acres near A. J. Stinnett, for 1898 \$4.90
Ellis Dava, 10 acres near Isaac Tribue, in Hurricane, No. 5, for 1898 \$2.05
Lynn, Jas. A., 40 acres near Wm. Hardin, for 1898 \$5.75
Vinson, Geo. (col.), 10 acres near Geo. Thompson for 1898 \$3.90
Ballard, C. L., 9 acres near E. W. Jones, in Marion, No. 1, for 1899 \$9.55
Woods, Rosa (col.), 1 lot in Marion for 1898 \$2.35
Churchwell, Ed., 1 lot in Marion, for 1899 \$5.00
Conger, Emanuel, 30 acres near B. P. Butler, in Marion, No. 1, for 1899 and 1900 \$8.05
Dunning, J. H., 124 acres near Wm. Mayes for 1899 \$10.45
Hughes, John C., 40 acres near J. J. Hughes, 1899 \$6.30
Moore, R. M., 1 lot in Marion for 1898 and 1899 \$10.45
Deboe, John C., 30 acres in Marion Precinct, No. 2, for 1898, 1899, 1900 and 1901 \$9.75
Champion, E., 82 acres near T. P. Barnes, in Union, No. 4, for 1899 \$6.80
Bettis, D. G., 1 acre near Lyda Clark in No. 5, for 1899 \$0.40
Herington, J. H., sr., 130 acres near C. Shepherd, in No. 5, for 1899 and 1900 \$15.20
Johnson, G. W., 40 acres near Watson heirs 150 acres near Dave Wolford, in No. 4 for 1899 \$3.80
Manus, M. M., 25 acres near W. N. Lynn, for 1899, \$5.29
Murphy, D. J., 1 lot in Weston for 1899 \$4.20
Baird, John C., 126 acres near Grant Baird, in Marion No. 1, for 1900 and 1901 \$10.75
Baldwin, A. M., 1 lot in Marion, for 1900 \$3.40
Wheeler, Bob, 1 lot in Marion, for 1900 and 1901 \$5.80
Frazil, Mrs. S., 1 lot in Marion, for 1900 and 1901 \$16.40

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Holster, S. R., 36 acres near Dr. Graves in No. 3, 1900 and 1901 \$8.00
Mayhugh, J. S., 1 lot in Dycusburg for 1900 \$4.00
Rushing, Mrs. C., 20 acres near Geo. Brown, in No. 3, for 1900 and 1901 \$5.00
Farmer, A. L., 40 acres near T. L. Hughes, in No. 6, for 1900 and 1901 \$4.00
Thomas, W. L., 40 acres near J. N. Brantley, in Hells Mines, No. 7, for 1900 \$4.00
Cruce, Dick (col), 1 lot in Marion for 1900 \$4.00
Brooks, Chas., 19 acres near Bill Bennett in No. 3, for 1900 and 1901 \$4.00
Slaughter, L., 2 acres near E. Gregory, for 1900 and 1901 \$4.00
Gilbert, Brice, 100 acres near Henry Thompson, in Hells Mines, No. 7, for 1899 \$4.00
Todd, J. F., 33 acres near H. C. Brown in Marion, No. 2, for 1901 \$4.00
Todd, R. A., 33 acres near H. C. Brown for 1901 \$4.00
Wilson, C. G., 1 lot in Marion for 1901 \$4.00
Clark, W. C., 175 acres near V. Floyd for 1900 \$4.00
Stone, Harry, 14 acres near M. Gahan, for 1900 and 1901 \$4.00
Crawford, J. S., 46 acres near John Baird in Marion No. 1, for 1901 \$4.00
Bahr, Henry, 60 acres near John Rushing heirs, 60 acres near L. H. Paris, for 1899 and 1901 \$4.00
Carrick, R. C., 1 lot in Marion for 1901 \$4.00
Young, O. S., 1 lot in Marion for 1901 \$4.00
Fletcher, J. W., 26 acres near James Stephens, in No. 2 for 1901, \$4.00
Tuber, Jas. H., 5 acres near Joe Rushing in Marion No. 2 for 1901, \$4.00
Wilson, Wm. col., 1 lot in Marion for 1901, \$4.00
Hughes, Mahala, 130 acres near J. F. Flanary for 1900 and 1901, \$4.00
Johnson, D. A., 30 acres near George Lawrence for 1900, \$4.00
Lewis, R. L., 40 acres near Joe Kirk for 1900 \$4.00
McDaniel, J. D., 43 acres near John Ragin for 1900, \$4.00
Vanhooser, S. G., 75 acres near A. Hebert in Marion No. 2 for 1901 \$4.00
Wynn T. M., 1 lot in Repton for 1901, \$4.00
Coan, J. H., 20 acres near Jno. Crouch in No. 3 for 1901, \$4.00
Guess, I. J., 43 acres near Owen Boaz in No. 3 for 1901, \$4.00
Joyce, M. V. B., 100 acres near Joe McDowell in No. 8, for 1901, \$4.00
Ainsworth, J. W., agent for W. H. Davis 36 acres near Sam Curnel in No. 5 for 1901, \$4.00
Vaughn, Sam J., 30 acres near W. W. Trail in No. 5 for 1901, \$4.00
Weldon, T. A., 35 acres L. A. Weldon in No. 5 for 1901, \$4.00
This Nov. 12, 1902.

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SISCO MURDER CASE

Continued—The Crowd in Court Room Searched—Prisoner Returned to Henderson.

Friday Geo M. Sisco, the alleged murderer of Miss Bertha Williamson, came to this city to consult with his attorneys. He arrived on the noon train and returned to Henderson on the afternoon train. His appearance here created some excitement, but no demonstration whatever was made. A large crowd gathered to see the prisoner as he was taken from the law office to the depot. Grover Brown the murdered girl's lover and escort on the fatal night was in town. It was reported that he openly declared his intention to kill Sisco and went to the depot armed with a shotgun ready to attack the prisoner. These rumors could not be substantiated, however. Brown made no effort whatever to injure Sisco. Perfect order prevailed. Deputy sheriff Flanary went to Henderson and brought Sisco to the city and returned with him.

Tuesday Sisco was again brought to this city to appear in court. As expected, the case was continued by the defendant. The case attracted widespread attention and a large crowd was in town. The court room was crowded when the case was called. The Judge ordered that every person in the court room should be searched. After this precaution was taken, Sisco was brought into the court room. He appeared nervous and was evidently afraid that violence would be attempted. Both sides have a great number of witnesses. The prisoner was returned to Henderson on the afternoon train. The case was set for the 7th day of the March term of court.

THE OFFICIAL RETURNS.

James' Majority 7,307—Nunn's Majority 8,904.

The official count by the election board at Frankfort of the vote shows that Ollie James carried the congressional district by a majority of 7,307 over Linn. James received 12,781 votes, Linn 5,474, Kirkpatrick, the Prohibitionist, 955.

In the Appellate race Nunn received 22,091 votes and Darby's vote was 13,187. Nunn's majority is 8,904.

The total vote of the State in the recent congressional election was as follows: Democrats, 158,479; Republicans 121,896; Prohibition 5,506.

CIRCUIT COURT.

Grand Jury Finds 36 Indictments. Frank Moore Indicted.

The grand jury finished its work Tuesday. Thirty-six indictments were returned.

The commonwealth cases were disposed of and the civil docket is now claiming the attention of the court.

The case against Henry Bennett charging him with seduction, was dismissed.

The indictment against Tom Woody for obtaining money under false pretense was dismissed.

John Ramsey, charged with breaking into the mill at Sheridan, pleaded guilty and was given one year in the penitentiary; the indictment against him for false swearing is filed away.

Ed Harp, who with some other boys were charged with breaking into a store at Dycusburg, was released on his own bond. He has been in jail several months.

The suit of Mrs. Della Sparkman against Mrs. Jane Tyner and others was continued by the plain tiff.

In the suit of J. T. Lanham vs. McConathy and others of Louisville, \$600, the amount asked for was awarded the plaintiff. The defendants leased some mineral land from plaintiff and failed to fulfill the contract.

The grand jury returned an indictment for malicious shooting against Frank Moore, who was arrested several months ago and is under bond. The readers of the Press will remember that Moore and some other fellows, all drunk, fired from a skiff into a boat on the Ohio river near Cave in Rock, wounding Mrs. Sam Sturgis.

Court will adjourn Saturday afternoon.

QUEEN QUALITY



The Famous Shoe for Women. Sold only by
Yandell-Gugenheim Co.

Will Furnish You a Home!

Either in Marion or in the County.

JUST READ OUR LIST:

City Property.

A two-story frame house of 7 rooms, two lots, in the city of Marion. Two good wells and outbuildings. Offered at a price that will sell it.

House of 5 rooms, pantry, double veranda, two wells, good stable, buggy house and smoke house; nearly 3 acres of ground, 155 feet front; ground lays well; good fences and property in splendid repair; situated just outside of the corporate limits of Marion. Price low. Terms one-third cash, balance one, two and three years, at 6 per cent. interest.

House and lot on Belleville street, in East Marion. Lot 90x250 feet. House of five rooms, good well, cistern, large stable, smoke house and everything convenient. This is desirable property and is located in the growing part of Marion. Price reasonable.

Farming Lands.

171 acres, lying on the waters of Crooked creek; 35 acres in timber, 126 acres in good state of cultivation. Frame house of four rooms, plenty of stock water, good orchard and stables. This is a desirable farm, 1 1/2 miles from Marion, close to school house and church. Price low; terms easy.

200 acres, more or less, in Marion precinct No. 3, six miles from Marion, 1 1/4 miles from Mattoon. Two-story house of 4 rooms; good stables and barn; 130 acres cleared; all in good state of cultivation; 70 acres in timber; good well and stock water; two small tenant houses. This can be made one of the best farms in Crittenden county. Price exceedingly low; easy terms.

About 200 acres about one half mile below mouth of Tradewater river, on the Ohio river, 100 acres in good state of cultivation (twenty acres good river bottom) remainder in timber. Three room frame house, orchard, good peacan orchard. Price \$1500; 1 1/4 cash, balance in 1, 2, 3 and 4 years, at 6 per cent interest.

373 acres near Baker, about ten miles from Marion on Weston and Marion road, 1 1/2 miles from Mattoon; 200 acres in cultivation, balance in timber; most of land in creek bottom; an everlasting spring and good wells; house of 4 rooms. Will sell at a low price on easy terms. Fine mineral prospects.

400 acres near Rodney, in two tracts, of 200 acres each, will sell single or together; 250 acres in cultivation, 150 in timber; 12 miles from Marion; mail route; near school house and churches, well watered, good fences, 4 big barns; one 6 room house, one 3 room house; land is rich. Will sell for \$5,000 for silo, or 1 tract \$1000, one \$2,000. Easy terms.

About 300 acres, 200 acres in a good state of cultivation, balance in timber. Two story frame house of seven rooms two orchards, two tenement houses, three barns, one 79x46 ft; good stable. On Bells Mines and Weston road, 1 1/2 miles from Weston, land lying on Camp creek, about 50 acres fine creek bottom. This is one of the best farms in Crittenden county. \$5,000 easy terms.

227 acres of fine farming land on the Tradewater river in Crittenden county, near Rodney, and 1 1/2 miles from Sullivan; 100 acres cleared, balance in fine timber; 60 to 80 bushels of corn to the acre raised on this land. Two splendid, everlasting springs; three comfortable tenant houses; will sell on easy terms. Persons desiring a fine farm at a low price will do well to see this land. For further particulars call on Bourland & Walker.

250 acres, 1 mile south of Sheridan, on Wallace Ferry road. Will be sold as a whole or divided into two farms; 140 acres on West side of Wallace Ferry road and 110 acres on East side of road. The West side has two-story log house of 6 rooms, everlasting water; 7 acres timber, remainder in good state of cultivation; 2 springs and cistern. East side 2 room house, stable, cistern, 80 acres tillable, 30 acres timber. This farm is located in the mineral belt, only 1 1/2 miles from the "Old Jim" zinc mine. It is worth the price for agricultural purposes.

For further particulars write to us or call at Press Office
If you have property for sale, we will sell it for you.

BOURLAND & WALKER, MARION, KY

Sheriff's Sale For Taxes.

By virtue of taxes due Crittenden county and Jno. T. Pickens, Ex. S. C. C. for the years 1898, 1899, 1900 and 1901 amounting to the sum of \$—1, or one of my deputies, will, on Monday the 8th day of Dec 1902, between the hours of 10 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 the taxes due aforesaid and costs, to-wit:

Bennett, Robert, 5 acres near Dalton in Dycusburg, No. 3, for 1898	\$2.50
Henson, John A., 4 acres near E. H. in Dycusburg, No. 3, for 1898, 1899 and 1900	\$10.20
Jones, Wm. 1 lot in Dycusburg for 1898	\$4.10
Scott, R. F., 104 acres near S. H. Cassidy, for 1898	\$6.45
Shewcraft, Jas. 60 acres near G. W. Parish, for 1898	\$5.45
Teer, Geo. A., 30 acres near A. J. Stinnett, for 1898	\$4.90
Ellis, Dave, 10 acres near Isaac Tribue, in Hurricane, No. 5, for 1898 & 1899	\$2.65
Lynn, Jas. A., 40 acres near Wm. Hardin, for 1898	\$5.75
Vinson, Geo. (col.), 10 acres near Geo. Thompson for 1898	\$3.90
Ballard, C. L., 9 acres near E. W. Jones, in Marion, No. 1, for 1899	\$9.55
Woods, Rosa (col.), 1 lot in Marion for 1898	\$2.35
Churchwell, Ed. 1 lot in Marion, for 1899	\$5.60
Conger, Emanuel, 39 acres near B. P. Butler, in Marion, No. 1, for 1899 and 1900	\$6.05
Dunning, J. H. 124 acres near Wm. Mayes for 1899	\$10.45
Hughes, John C., 40 acres near J. J. Hughes, 1899	\$6.30
Moore, R. M. 1 lot in Marion for 1898 and 1899	\$10.45
Deboe, John C. 30 acres in Marion Precinct, No. 2, for 1898, 1899, 1900 and 1901	\$9.75
Champion, E., 82 acres near T. P. Barnes, in Union, No. 4, for 1899	\$6.80
Bettis, D. G. 1 acre near Lyda Clark in No. 5, for 1899	\$0.40
Herington, J. H. sr., 130 acres near C. Shepherd, in No. 5, for 1899 and 1900	\$15.20
Johnson, G. W. gdu for Watson heirs 150 acres near Dave Wolford, in No. 4 for 1899	\$3.80
Manus, M. M., 95 acres near W. N. Lynn, for 1899	\$5.29
Murphy, D. J., 1 lot in Weston for 1899	\$4.30
Baird, John C., 125 acres near Grant Baird, in Marion No. 1, for 1900 and 1901	\$10.75
Baldwin, A. M., 1 lot in Marion, for 1900	\$3.40
Wheeler, Bob, 1 lot in Marion, for 1900 and 1901	\$5.80
Frazil, Mrs. S., 1 lot in Marion, for 1900 and 1901	\$19.40

Johnson, Bails, 1 lot in Marion, for 1900	\$5.50
Holister, S. R., 36 acres near Dr. Graves in No. 3, 1900 and 1901	\$8.10
Mayhugh, J. S., 1 lot in Dycusburg for 1900	\$4.65
Rushing, Mrs. C., 20 acres near Geo. Brown, in No. 3, for 1900 and 1901	\$5.00
Farmer, A. L., 40 acres near T. L. Hughes, in No. 6, for 1900 and 1901	\$6.80
Thomas, W. L., 40 acres near J. M. Brantley, in Bells Mines, No. 7, for 1900	\$3.60
Cruce, Dick (col) 1 lot in Marion for 1900	\$5.50
Brooks, Chas., 19 acres near Bill Bennett in No. 3, for 1900 and 1901	\$4.80
Slaughter, L., 2 acres near E. Gregory, for 1900 and 1901	\$3.60
Gilbert, Brice, 100 acres near Henry Thompkins, in Bells Mines, No. 7, for 1899	\$4.40
Todd, J. F., 33 acres near H. C. Brown in Marion, No. 2, for 1901	\$5.90
Todd, R. A., 33 acres near H. C. Brown for 1901	\$5.90
Wilson, C. G., 1 lot in Marion for 1901	\$6.00
Clark, W. C. 175 acres near V. Floyd for 1900	\$6.20
Stone, Harry, 14 acres near N. Mahagan, for 1900 and 1901	\$6.80
Crawford, J. S. 46 acres near John Baird in Marion No. 1, for 1901	\$5.80
Buhr, Henry, gdu Kushing heirs, 60 acres near L. H. Paris, for 1899 and 1901	\$6.20
Carrick, R. C., 1 lot in Marion for 1901	\$5.80
Young, O. S., 1 lot in Marion for 1901	\$5.60
Fletcher, J. W. 26 acres near James Stephens, in No. 2 for 1901	\$4.90
Teber, Jas. H. 5 acres near Joe Rushing in Marion No. 2 for 1901	\$3.20
Wilson, Wm. col. lot in Marion for 1901	\$4.40
Hughes, Mahala, 130 acres near J. F. Flanary for 1900 and 1901	\$10.70
Johnson, D. A. 50 acres near George Lawrence for 1900	\$4.80
Lewis, R. L. 40 acres near Joe Kirk for 1900	\$7.10
McDaniel, J. D. 43 acres near John Ragin for 1900	\$5.50
Vanhoozer, S. G. 75 acres near A. Bebout in Marion No. 2 for 1901	\$5.50
Wynn T. M. 1 lot in Repton for 1901	\$3.40
Coan, J. H. 20 acres near Jno. Crouch in No. 3 for 1901	\$4.40
Guesse, I. J. 43 acres near Owen Boaz in No. 3 for 1901	\$4.40
Joyce, M. V. B. 100 acres near Joe McDowell in No. 8, for 1901	\$2.40
Ainsworth, J. W. agent for W. H. Davis 30 acres near Sam Curnel in No. 5 for 1901	\$2.40
Vaughn, Sam J. 30 acres near W. W. Trail in No. 5 for 1901	\$2.40
Weldon, T. A. 35 acres L. A. Weldon in No. 5 for 1901	\$2.40
This Nov. 12, 1902.	

JOHN T. PICKENS, Ex. S. C. C.
Talk is cheap, but show you and convince you that our suits and overcoats are lowest.
Yandell-Gugenheim Co.

The Press.

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

ONE YEAR ONE DOLLAR

Pay up and vote.

Dan Patton, of Fredonia, was in town yesterday.

S. S. Anderson, of Sullivan, spent Sunday here.

Mr. H. L. Davis, of Carrsville, was in town Sunday.

Mrs. J. W. Bigham was quite ill the first of the week.

Rev. J. O. Smithson, of Carrsville, was in town Thursday.

Union Thanksgiving services at the Presbyterian church today.

Hold your laundry for James Hicklin. He guarantees his work.

A good \$7 Jacket for \$5 Yandell-Gugenheim Co

Mr. J. H. Newman, of Thompsonville, was in the city Saturday.

Mr. R. L. Smith, of Clinton, was the guest of Mr. O. M. James Friday.

Judge J. H. Clifton, of Dycusburg, attended court here this week.

Another big vote was polled in the contest this week. Have you voted?

Mr. Zed A. Bennett, of Smithland, was in town Saturday and Sunday.

Messrs J. C. Green and J. R. Farris, of Salem, were in town Thursday.

Miss Shelby, of Sturgis, is the guest of Misses Kittie and Fannie Gray.

Miss Kate Browning, of Evansville, is the guest of relatives in this city.

Mr. Lon Johnson and family returned Monday from a visit to Fordsville.

Mr. Ed. Olive, of Eddyville, is spending the week with relatives at this place.

Mr. Eugene Guess, of Tolu, was the guest of his friends at this place last week.

Mr. J. P. Pierce is in Tennessee this week looking after his mining properties.

Mr. J. A. Stegar, of Princeton, was a guest at the New Marion hotel last week.

Mr. F. H. Harwood, the I. C. freight agent of Evansville, was in town this week.

Elder J. S. Henry is conducting a protracted meeting at Bordley, Union county.

A good \$5 Jacket for \$4. Yandell-Gugenheim Co

Watch for "The Millionaire Tramp" Friday afternoon. He will scatter money on the streets.

A large number of Livingston county people, witnesses in the Sparkman-Tyner suit, were in town Monday. The case has been in court several years.

Prof Evans will attend the First District Educational convention at Paducah Friday and Saturday. Several other teachers will attend.

Attorney W. I. Clark of Smithland, attended court here this week. He is a candidate for circuit judge, desiring to succeed Judge Nunn.

Miss Ruby James returned Wednesday from Evansville. She left this week for Webster City, Iowa, where she will spend the winter with relatives.

There will be a union Thanksgiving service at the Presbyterian church at 10 o'clock, a. m. and Bro Montgomery will preach the Thanksgiving sermon. Every one is requested to attend.

Mrs. Nina Howerton will embark in the Millinery business again next spring. She will have no rent to pay and will sell goods cheap. Her old friends and customers will remember her. Later on she will advertise her stand. She buys from one of the best houses in St. Louis.

We will load a car of Turkeys and Geese Dec. 10. Now is the time to bring in your Poultry to get fancy price.
Ohio Valley Produce Co.

Circuit court will adjourn Saturday.

Mr. Lewis Clifton has been ill several days.

Dr. W. U. Hodges has removed from Tribune to Kelsey.

Attorney S. Hodge of Princeton attended court here last week.

For an up to date hat see Gus Taylor. He has the latest styles.

Its tiresome to be rich; that's what "The Millionaire Tramp" thinks.

Deputy Warden Jesse Olive, of Eddyville, was in town the last of the week.

School will not be in session Thursday and Friday, the Thanks giving holidays.

Always the best stock at Yandell-Gugenheim Co

Summer is gone and Gus Taylor is here with the best overcoats for the money.

Nothing but special scenery is used in the production of "The Millionaire Tramp."

Mr. Ben E. Martin, of Lyon county, was in town Friday greeting his many friends.

For ladies, mens, boys and girls underwear see Gus Taylor. You can get any kind cheap.

Secure your seats at the Press office for the best play of the year—"A Millionaire Tramp."

Mr. J. A. Stegar, of Princeton has rented the Moore & Langley tobacco house in this city.

To see and price Gus Taylor's clothing means to buy. He will fit your back and pocket book.

Messrs R. J. Morris and Ollie Tucker attended the Thanksgiving Eve Ball at Uniontown.

The best \$10 Jacket for \$7.50. Yandell-Gugenheim Co

Money will be scattered on the street Friday afternoon by "The Millionaire Tramp." Watch for him.

You will never have cause to grumble about bad work if you patronize the Magnet laundry, Jas Hicklin agent.

The members of the local bar will give a banquet Thursday evening at the New Marion Hotel in honor of Judge T. J. Nunn.

The great Church scene, the Old Hotel, The Country Opera House, the Village Depot—great scenes in The Millionaire Tramp.

Why pay \$5 for shoes when you can get the W. L. Douglas shoe for \$3.50. They are the best.
Gus Taylor.

At the quarterly meeting of the M. E. church at this place Monday evening, the pastor's salary for the ensuing year was fixed at \$700.

Dr. Ravdin, the eye and ear specialist of Evansville, will spend a few days with friends in Marion. He will remain here December 4, 5 and 6.

Mr. W. H. Copher went to Evansville Sunday. From there he went to Marion, Ill., and will eat his Thanksgiving turkey with his mother.

The inclement weather has made it impossible to thoroughly bill "The Millionaire Tramp," but do not forget that it is one of the best attractions of the season.

We guarantee to save you money on clothing Yandell-Gugenheim Co

Misses Jamie Morris and Elizabeth Millet of Uniontown, and Mr. John J. Millet, of Louisville, were the guests of Dr. R. J. Morris Thursday and Friday.

Rev. Elgin, the new Presiding Elder of the Princeton District, preached at the Methodist church Sunday evening. A large congregation was present. Rev. Elgin made a very favorable impression on his congregation, both as a minister and affable gentleman.

Mr. G. Ellis Grissom and family will move from Sturgis to this city this week. Mr. Grissom has accepted a position with the Press. He has been connected with the Sturgis Herald for several years. He was a member of the Press force for a number of years and his many friends will be glad to hear of his return.

Try one of our Swaggar Overcoats. They are dressy.
Yandell-Gugenheim Co

Now is the time to buy
an up to date

JACKET

We have a new, complete line and all are remarkable bargains.

Yandell-Gugenheim Co

Hear the choir of the Church of the Holy Cross and the song of the Christmas Revelers in "The Millionaire Tramp" at the opera house Friday night.

Dr. M. Ravdin the oculist, of Evansville, will be in this city next week. He was advertised to appear here some time ago, but illness prevented him from coming.

The Methodists of the Princeton district will endeavor to build a district parsonage this year. A fund of \$700 has been on hands some years for this purpose, and this will be supplemented with \$1300 more. Marion will probably give Princeton a contest for the parsonage.

In a letter to the Press Mr. I. N. Young of Wellsford, Kansas, a former Crittenden county man, has the following to say:

"I send you a sample of the second crop of oats. I cut this bunch out of a twenty-five acre patch last Sunday and there were 75 head of cattle running on it for some time. Give us rain and we will beat the world raising stuff."

Mr. Frank Travis brought a turnip into the Courier office that is a "whopper." It weighed five pounds.—Smithland Courier.

That is not so much. Mr. Harison Bigham, of Chapel Hill brought the Press a turnip Saturday that weighs eight and one half pounds, is 24 inches in circumference, and would make the measly five pounder look like thirty cents.

Best bread on the market at Copher's.

A Danville groceryman spends \$1200 annually for advertising, though Danville is a city of only 5,000 inhabitants. As a result he finds it necessary to employ ten clerks and will establish a branch store at Perryville. The Danville merchant is a hustler. He knows the value of newspaper advertising, consequently he is prospering. A proposition made to some merchants to spend one hundred dollars annually, not monthly, for advertising would shock them beyond comprehension. Still they can't understand why all the business don't come their way.

OLD JAIL REMOVED.

The old jail is being removed, and the work of erecting the new prison will begin at once. The building will be modern in every respect and will cost about \$7,000. The new jail will be located on the old prison lot.

MEETING CLOSED.

The revival services at the Cumberland Presbyterian church closed Thursday evening after being in progress nearly three weeks. The meeting resulted in forty conversions and three additions to the C. P. church.

MULLINAX PAROLED.

John Mullinax, who was given a life sentence for killing George Hankins in this county, was released from the Eddyville Penitentiary several days ago, on parole, after serving ten years. Mullinax was a model prisoner. He did not return to this county.

ALL HOME PRINT.

After next week the Press will discard the patent inside pages. Eight pages, all home print, of fresh, interesting matter will be sent to our subscribers every week. A new man has been added to the Press force; several other improvements will be made in the near future and the Press, now regarded as one of the best county papers in the State, will be better than ever before.

THE BAZAAR.

The annual bazaar of the school is being held today. The spacious school chapel resembles a state fair or midway pleasure. A doll show, a country store, Mrs. Jarley's Wax Works, and a Fortune Teller are among the many attractions. Ices and other refreshments are served. Fancy work and bric-a-brac are offered for sale. The bazaar will be open until ten o'clock this evening. The proceeds go to the school library. The young ladies of the upper grades have charge of the affair.

A Great Line of Watches

Either Open Face or Hunting Cases.



5 year, 10 year, 20 year,
25 year or solid gold cases.
Size: 0, 6, 10, 12, 16, 18.



JEWELER LEVI COOK MARION, KY.

Waltham Watches are carried all over the world. They are the best and best known Watches.

Mechanical precision, perfect material and careful finish are the features that have made Waltham Watches the best in the world.



Fine Elgin and Waltham Movements

7 jewel, 15 jewel, 17 jewel
19 jewel, 21 jewel.

Watches of all Kinds, all prices
No Cheap, Worthless Goods.



DEEDS RECORDED.

Mrs. Sarah Boaz to William J. Campbell, 90 acres on Dycusburg and Marion road.

John T. Pickens to A. J. Pickens, interest in lot near the C. P. church, \$500.

Jas H. Agee to J. Henry Young, 3 1/2 acres on Piney.

H. Hughes to J. H. Young, 3 acres.

John Matthews to M. F. Pogue, interest in mineral rights.

J. A. Lewis to M. F. Pogue, lot in Frances.

Wm H. Robertson to Serena S. Shewmaker, land on Hurricane.

Wm Polk to Sarah J. Writtenbury, land on Livingston creek, \$230.

John Matthews to M. F. Pogue, interest in mineral rights.

J. H. Young to T. H. Paris, 167 acres, \$2300.

"THE JAMES BOYS."

Manager Walker announces the appearance at the opera house next Tuesday night, Dec. 2d, of the great sensational comedy-drama, "The James Boys." Of the many sensational plays produced this season, none have proven so successful as "The James Boys." Its drawing powers have only been limited by the capacity of the theatres in the cities where it has been presented. Possessing an extraordinarily interesting plot, replete with thrilling climaxes and situations, with a vein of clever comedy running throughout, it is small wonder that the play has proven so successful with the theater-going public. The play is founded on incidents in the lives of Jesse and Frank James, the Missouri outlaws—love, hatred and revenge furnishing the material with which the playwright has been so successful. The company carry all necessary special scenery including the railroad train for the great Blue Cut hold-up scene.

HANG THIS UP

in your kitchen and read it every morning, noon and night

This is the nicest line of Groceries in town.

Early breakfast oats.
Quaker oats.
Petti John's breakfast food.
Ralston's " " "
Vermicelli.
Cream of wheat.
Grape nuts.
Zu Zu ginger snaps.
Little Beauty ginger snaps.
Postum cereal.
Tapioca.
Gelatin, Plymouth Rock and Cox.
Graham Crackers.
Cakes of all kinds.
Pickles, jellies, sauces.
Mustard, can goods of all kinds.
Rice, hominy, beans and peas.
Soap of every kind, stoneware of all kinds and styles, tinware in anything you need; nice line of glass and queenware. Always remember we handle nothing but the best grade of goods and sell as cheap as any house in town. We are always glad to see you and ready to wait upon you.

A. M. Hearin & Son.

A BEAUTIFUL STORY.

A Synopsis of "The Millionaire Tramp"—Thrilling Scenes.

A play within a play; this sounds rather jobsenish in fact, though it is not; on the contrary it is a good, wholesome, humorous story of American life and without a single weird situation or enigmatical line. To satisfactorily explain one must tell the story of the play. An actor who had taken to drink on account of the opposition made to him by the parents of his fiancée, goes to the bad, is no longer able to hold an engagement and eventually becomes a tramp. One day he drifts into a little Indiana town, on the front end of a passenger train; further back, but on the inside of the coaches, there is a small theatrical company—tramp and company get off at the same town, the latter from choice, the former with the aid of the brakeman's boot.

The company is billed to play in the town a week. The second night of the engagement the leading man is called home by the death of his wife; there is no one to fill his place and consternation reigns in the hearts of the little band of actors and actresses; finally it is learned that the tramp has been an actor and furthermore he has played the lead in the "Two Orphans" with Kate Claxton. This is the play they are to put on this night; the tramp plays the part, meets the leading woman of the company, his former sweetheart. The complications that arise form the groundwork to the plot of the greatest scenic drama of recent years, Elmer Walters, "A Millionaire Tramp." The third act shows not only the exterior of a country theater, but the interior as well, with the audience seated, curtain up, and performance in progress, an effect that has never been accomplished heretofore. This great play will be seen at the opera house Friday night.

Jack Frost is expected anytime, our overcoats will protect you.

Yandell-Gugenheim Co
Pure New Orleans molasses at Copher's.

The BEST and most complete stock of shoes at the lowest prices.

Yandell-Gugenheim Co

A great lesson regarding the evils of intemperance is taught in "The Millionaire Tramp."

A HANDSOME CATALOGUE.

Lockyear's Business College, of Evansville, has just sent us one of the handsomest catalogues we have ever had the pleasure of seeing, printed by the Crescent Engraving printing company of that city.

It shows interior views of the college and gives much information for prospective students. This is one of the leading colleges and enjoys a large patronage from this county.

If you are interested it will pay you to send for a copy.

Economize by trading
with Yandell-Gugenheim

FURS

Furs!

Furs this season will be prices unheard of. Coon, mink, possum will be 50 per cent. higher than last year. Take my advice and buy steel traps. Quit talking politics and bring me all the furs you can get, it will pay you better than your last corn crop.

Will guarantee \$1.50 for No. 1 Mink, \$1 for No. 1 Skunk, 30c for No. 1 Opossum, 90 cts for No. 1 Coon, \$7.00 a piece for No. Otter.

The Vogue

for wearing watch fobs is growing among women. Exquisitely dainty, yet inexpensive as compared with all gold, are the patterns we're showing of

Simmons Watch Fobs

Sold by
LEVI COOK,
JEWELER
Marion, Ky.

The Press.

R. C. WALKER, Publisher
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Judge J. H. Clifton, of Dycusburg, attended court here this week.

Another big vote was polled in the contest this week. Have you voted?

Mr. Zed A. Bennett, of Smithland, was in town Saturday and Sunday.

Messrs J. C. Green and J. R. Farris, of Salem, were in town Thursday.

Miss Shelby, of Sturgis, is the guest of Misses Kittie and Fannie Gray.

Miss Kate Browning, of Evansville, is the guest of relatives in this city.

Mr. Lon Johnson and family returned Monday from a visit to Fordville.

Mr. Ed Olive, of Eddyville, is spending the week with relatives at this place.

Mr. Eugene Guess, of Tolu, was the guest of his friends at this place last week.

Mr. J. P. Pierce is in Tennessee this week looking after his mining properties.

Mr. J. A. Stegar, of Princeton, was a guest at the New Marion hotel last week.

Mr. F. H. Harwood, the I. C. freight agent of Evansville, was in town this week.

Elder J. S. Henry is conducting a protracted meeting at Bordley, Union county.

A good \$5 Jacket for \$4.
Yandell-Gugenheim Co

Watch for "The Millionaire Tramp" Friday afternoon. He will scatter money on the streets.

A large number of Livingston county people, witnesses in the Sparkman-Tyner suit, were in town Monday. The case has been in court several years.

Prof Evans will attend the First District Educational convention at Paducah Friday and Saturday. Several other teachers will attend.

Attorney W. I. Clark of Smithland, attended court here this week. He is a candidate for circuit judge, desiring to succeed Judge Nunn.

Miss Ruby James returned Wednesday from Evansville. She left this week for Webster City, Iowa, where she will spend the winter with relatives.

There will be a union Thanksgiving service at the Presbyterian church at 10 o'clock, a. m. and Bro Montgomery will preach the Thanksgiving sermon. Every one is requested to attend.

Mrs. Nina Howerton will embark in the millinery business again next spring. She will have no rent to pay and will sell goods cheap. Her old friends and customers will remember her. Later on she will advertise her stand. She buys from one of the best houses in St. Louis.

We will load a car of
Turkeys and Geese Dec.
10. Now is the time to
bring in your Poultry to
get fancy price.
Ohio Valley Produce Co.

Circuit court will adjourn Saturday.

Mr. Lewis Clifton has been ill several days.

Dr. W. U. Hodges has removed from Tribune to Kelsey.

Attorney S. Hodge of Princeton attended court here last week.

For an up to date hat see Gus Taylor. He has the latest styles.

Its tiresome to be rich; that's what "The Millionaire Tramp" thinks.

Deputy Warden Jesse Olive, of Eddyville, was in town the last of the week.

School will not be in session Thursday and Friday, the Thanks giving holidays.

Always the best stock at
Yandell-Gugenheim Co

Summer is gone and Gus Taylor is here with the best overcoats for the money.

Nothing but special scenery is used in the production of "The Millionaire Tramp."

Mr. Ben E. Martin, of Lyon county, was in town Friday greeting his many friends.

For ladies, mens, boys and girls underwear see Gus Taylor. You can get any kind cheap.

Secure your seats at the PRESS office for the best play of the year—"A Millionaire Tramp."

Mr. J. A. Stegar, of Princeton has rented the Moore & Langley tobacco house in this city.

To see and price Gus Taylor's clothing means to buy. He will fit your back and pocket book.

Messrs R. J. Morris and Ollie Tucker attended the Thanksgiving Eve Ball at Uniontown.

The best \$10 Jacket
for \$7.50.
Yandell-Gugenheim Co

Money will be scattered on the street Friday afternoon by "The Millionaire Tramp." Watch for him.

You will never have cause to grumble about bad work if you patronize the Magnet laundry, Jas Hicklin agent.

The members of the local bar will give a banquet Thursday evening at the New Marion Hotel in honor of Judge T. J. Nunn.

The great Church scene, the Old Hotel, The Country Opera House, the Village Depot—great scenes in The Millionaire Tramp.

Why pay \$5 for shoes when you can get the W. L. Douglass shoe for \$3.50. They are the best.

Gus Taylor.

At the quarterly meeting of the M. E. church at this place Monday evening, the pastor's salary for the ensuing year was fixed at \$700.

Dr. Ravdin, the eye and ear specialist of Evansville, will spend a few days with friends in Marion. He will remain here December 4, 5 and 6.

Mr. W. H. Copher went to Evansville Sunday. From there he went to Marion, Ill., and will eat his Thanksgiving turkey with his mother.

The inclement weather has made it impossible to thoroughly bill "The Millionaire Tramp," but do not forget that it is one of the best attractions of the season.

We guarantee to save
you money on clothing
Yandell-Gugenheim Co

Misses Jamie Morris and Elizabeth Millet of Uniontown, and Mr. John J. Millet, of Louisville, were the guests of Dr. R. J. Morris Thursday and Friday.

Rev. Elgin, the new Presiding Elder of the Princeton District, preached at the Methodist church Sunday evening. A large congregation was present. Rev. Elgin made a very favorable impression on his congregation, both as a minister and affable gentleman.

Mr. G. Ellis Grissom and family will move from Sturgis to this city this week. Mr. Grissom has accepted a position with the Press. He has been connected with the Sturgis Herald for several years. He was a member of the Press force for a number of years and his many friends will be glad to hear of his return.

Try one of our Swagger
Overcoats. They are
dressy.
Yandell-Gugenheim Co

Now is the time to buy
an up to date

JACKET

We have a new, complete
line and all are remarkable
bargains.

Yandell-Gugenheim Co

Hear the choir of the Church of the Holy Cross and the song of the Christmas Revelers in "The Millionaire Tramp" at the opera house Friday night.

Dr. M. Ravdin the oculist, of Evansville, will be in this city next week. He was advertised to appear here some time ago, but illness prevented him from coming.

The Methodists of the Princeton district will endeavor to build a district parsonage this year. A fund of \$700 has been on hands some years for this purpose, and this will be supplemented with \$1300 more. Marion will probably give Princeton a contest for the parsonage.

In a letter to the PRESS Mr. I. N. Young of Wellsford, Kansas, a former Crittenden county man, has the following to say:

"I send you a sample of the second crop of oats. I cut this bunch out of a twenty-five acre patch last Sunday and there were 75 head of cattle running on it for some time. Give us rain and we will beat the world raising stuff."

Mr. Frank Travis brought a turnip into the Courier office that is a "whooper." It weighed five pounds.—Smithland Courier.

That is not so much. Mr. Harison Bigham, of Chapel Hill brought the PRESS a turnip Saturday that weighs eight and one half pounds, is 24 inches in circumference, and would make the measly five pounder look like thirty cents.

Best bread on the market at Copher's.

A Danville groceryman spends \$1200 annually for advertising, though Danville is a city of only 5,000 inhabitants. As a result he finds it necessary to employ ten clerks and will establish a branch store at Perryville. The Danville merchant is a hustler. He knows the value of newspaper advertising, consequently he is prospering. A proposition made to some merchants to spend one hundred dollars annually, not monthly, for advertising would shock them beyond comprehension. Still they can't understand why all the business don't come their way.

OLD JAIL REMOVED.

The old jail is being removed, and the work of erecting the new prison will begin at once. The building will be modern in every respect and will cost about \$7,000. The new jail will be located on the old prison lot.

MEETING CLOSED.

The revival services at the Cumberland Presbyterian church closed Thursday evening after being in progress nearly three weeks. The meeting resulted in forty conversions and three additions to the C. P. church.

MULLINAX PAROLED.

John Mullinax, who was given a life sentence for killing George Hankins in this county, was released from the Eddyville Penitentiary several days ago, on parole, after serving ten years. Mullinax was a model prisoner. He did not return to this county.

ALL HOME PRINT.

After next week the PRESS will discard the patent inside pages. Eight pages, all home print, of fresh, interesting matter will be sent to our subscribers every week. A new man has been added to the PRESS force; several other improvements will be made in the near future and the PRESS, now regarded as one of the best county papers in the State, will be better than ever before.

THE BAZAAR.

The annual bazaar of the school is being held today. The spacious school chapel resembles a state fair or midway place. A doll show, a country store, Mrs. Jarleys Wax Works, and a Fortune Teller are among the many attractions. Ices and other refreshments are served. Fancy work and bric-a-brac are offered for sale. The bazaar will be open until ten o'clock this evening. The proceeds go to the school library. The young ladies of the upper grades have charge of the affair.

A Great Line of Watches

Either Open Face or Hunting Cases.



JEWELER LEVI COOK MARION, KY.

DEEDS RECORDED.

Mrs. Sarah Boaz to William J. Campbell, 90 acres on Dycusburg and Marion road.

John T. Pickens to A. J. Pickens, interest in lot near the C. P. church, \$500.

Jas H. Agee to J. Henry Young, 3 1/2 acres on Piney.

H. Hughes to J. H. Young, 3 acres.

John Matthews to M. F. Pogue, interest in mineral rights.

J. A. Lewis to M. F. Pogue, lot in France.

Wm H. Robertson to Serena S. Shewmaker, land on Hurricane.

Wm Polk to Sarah J. Wittenbury, land on Livingston creek, \$230.

John Matthews to M. F. Pogue, interest in mineral rights.

J. H. Young to T. H. Paris, 167 acres, \$2300.

"THE JAMES BOYS."

Manager Walker announces the appearance at the opera house next Tuesday night, Dec. 2d, of the great sensational comedy-drama, "The James Boys." Of the many sensational plays produced this season, none have proven so successful as "The James Boys." Its drawing powers have only been limited by the capacity of the theatres in the cities where it has been presented. Possessing an extraordinarily interesting plot, replete with thrilling climaxes and situations, with a vein of clever comedy running throughout, it is small wonder that the play has proven so successful with the theater-going public. The play is founded on incidents in the lives of Jesse and Frank James, the Missouri outlaws—love, hatred and revenge furnishing the material with which the playwright has been so successful. The company carry all necessary special scenery including the railroad train for the great Blue Cut hold-up scene.

HANG THIS UP

in your kitchen and read it every morning, noon and night

This is the nicest line of Groceries in town.

Early breakfast oats, Quaker oats.

Pettit John's breakfast food.

Ralston's Vermicelli.

Cream of wheat.

Grape nuts.

Zu Zu ginger snaps.

Little Beauty ginger snaps.

Postum cereal.

Tapioa.

Gelatine, Plymouth Rock and Cox.

Graham Crackers.

Cakes of all kinds.

Pickles, jellies, sauces.

Mustard, can goods of all kinds.

Rice, hominy, beans and peas.

Soap of every kind, stoneware of all kinds and styles, tinware of anything you need; nice line of glass and queensware. Always remember we handle nothing but the best grade of goods and sell as cheap as any house in town. We are always glad to see you and ready to wait upon you.

A. M. Hearin & Son.

Jack Frost is expected
anytime, our overcoats
will protect you.
Yandell-Gugenheim Co

Pure New Orleans molasses at Copher's.

The BEST and most
complete stock of shoes
at the lowest prices.
Yandell-Gugenheim Co

A great lesson regarding the evils of intemperance is taught in "The Millionaire Tramp."

A HANDSOME CATALOGUE.

Lockyear's Business College, of Evansville, has just sent us one of the handsomest catalogues we have ever had the pleasure of seeing, printed by the Crescent Engraving printing company of that city.

It shows interior views of the college and gives much information for prospective students. This is one of the leading colleges and enjoys a large patronage from this county.

If you are interested it will pay you to send for a copy.

Economize by trading
with Yandell-Gugenheim

FURS

Furs!

Furs this season will be prices unheard of. Coon, mink, possum will be 50 per cent. higher than last year. Take my advice and buy steel traps. Quit talking politics and bring me all the furs you can get, it will pay you better than your last corn crop.

Will guarantee \$1.50 for No 1 Mink, \$1 for No. 1 Skunk, 30c for No. 1 O'possum, 90 cts for No. 1 Coon, \$7.00 a piece for No. Otter.

The Vogue

for wearing watch fobs is growing among women.

Exquisitely dainty, yet inexpensive as compared with all gold, are the patterns we're showing of

Simmons

Watch Fobs

Sold by

LEVI COOK,

JEWELER

Marion, Ky.



LEADER AMONG WOMEN.

Lady Frances Balfour, Head of the Equal Suffrage Movement in Great Britain.

That energetic little gentlewoman, Lady Frances Balfour, is by all odds the cleverest of the three bright women in the family of the new premier of England. She isn't the one most often spoken of in connection with Mr. Balfour. That is her sister, Miss Alice Balfour, who is now mistress of the official residence of the premier in Downing street, and who has been for years the close companion of her distinguished brother in his home life. Lady "Betty" Balfour, wife of Rt. Hon. Gerald Balfour, is frequently talked of also. She is and always has been prominent socially, so the additional prestige of being sister-in-law to the prime minister of England does not affect her particularly one way or the other.

But of these ladies, Lady Frances Balfour, by reason of her cleverness and energy, is most deserving of attention just now. She is the wife of the premier's brother Eustace, and, incidentally, the high priestess of woman suffrage in England.

Lady Frances Balfour, who retains the title which is hers by birth, is one of the youngest daughters of the late duke of Argyll, and is, therefore, sister-in-law to the present duchess of Argyll, King Edward's sister, Princess Louise. The man so long known as marquis of Lorne, and now as the duke of Argyll, has the honor of being sharp-tongued little Lady Frances' elder brother. The cause of woman suffrage in England has, it will be seen, monstrous high connections.

Lady Frances is president of the Central Society for Women's Suffrage and was the prime mover in uniting all the women's suffrage societies of England into the present single body. She is gifted with rare executive ability and the wittiest tongue, certainly, that even a woman suffragist ever had. Lady Frances is far from unattractive to look at. She is distinctly of the Scotch type. Her eyes and fair complexion are unmistakably those of the women north of the Tweed. In like manner, the intelligence and animation of her



LADY FRANCES BALFOUR.

face prove her at first glance a woman of exceptional power.

Mr. Balfour, the sweet-tempered prime minister, finds much amusement in the society of this emphatic advocate of women's rights. He is a frequent visitor in her home, and the warm friend of her hilarious children—for they are hilarious, having inherited their mother's keen sense of humor and her penchant for expressing it. Some one tells me: "Lady Frances says what she likes. She can take people off to perfection. When she begins to mimic—well, there's nothing slow about Lady Frances Balfour."

Lady Frances is supposed to have influenced the present prime minister's views on the subject of woman's suffrage. As everybody knows, he occasionally presides over the deliberations of the ladies' grand council of the Primrose league, and has done numerous things in and out of parliament which shows that his sympathies are for an equal franchise regardless of sex. No one doubts that Lady Frances has on more occasions than one put the proverbial "bug" in her brother-in-law's ear, which has caused him to look kindly on the pet schemes of, for instance, the Woman's Local Government society. Lady Frances is a moving spirit in that organization.

Lady Frances is a Presbyterian; so is her brother-in-law, the prime minister. Both are philanthropists in their way, being much interested, I am told, in hospitals. The Travelers' Aid society also counts Lady Frances as one of its patrons.—Detroit Free Press.

To Remove Mildew Stains.
Mildew stains may easily be removed by wetting and soaping the spot, covering it with powdered chalk and then putting it in the sun to bleach. Damp it from time to time as it dries and then wash it in the usual manner with soap and water. If necessary repeat the process.

Flavor for Afternoon Tea.
A mingling of clove and lemon flavors in the afternoon tea is delightful. Drop a whole clove into each cup just before serving.

TALK ABOUT CRADLES.

Baby Has Many Queer Lodging Places If Reports of Travelers Are to Be Believed.

The word cradle is Anglo-Saxon; in Anglo-Norman it was bers or bersel, from which is derived the modern French berceau. In Brittany cradles to-day are called bancel; children are put into them and hung up next to the ceiling out of harm's way.

There were no cradles in England before the seventh century, says the Chicago Tribune, for an old history says that the archbishop of Canterbury severely punished a woman for leaving her baby "lying loosely around" on the hearth, so that it was



ROLLSTUHL FOR DUTCH BABIES.

scalded to death by the boiling over of a caldron.

The infant Mercury is represented as sitting in a shoe-shaped cradle, like the old woman who lived in a shoe without the children; it is an absurd picture with the face of a man and the body of an infant.

Kingley's water babies are not the only little ones who have been rocked in shells. One of the most celebrated kings of France was cradled in a large tortoise shell, and the great abalone shells of the Pacific with their lovely iridescent linings are often used for that purpose.

The simplest cradles are hewn out of a log of wood or the trunk of a tree is hollowed out; these are so clumsy and heavy they must needs be stationary. Julian Ralph declares that in some parts of Virginia these are in use at the present time and that they are so large one end is used for the baby and the other for a bread pan.

In olden times in England mince pies were baked in the shape of the cradle "where Christ did lie."

The leaves of the Victoria Regia in India are so strong and spread out to such a size that little Hindu babies are often laid upon them and gently lulled to rest; they will bear the weight of a child two years old or more.

Among the Seminole Indians and in most of the South American states tiny hammocks are used for cradles. In New Guinea the nude little one is cradled in a netted bag, which hangs from the mother's forehead just below her waist.

The cradle boards for Indian papooses are most curious and interesting with the bed of soft moss and handsome bead ornaments. Sometimes the cradle is suspended from the pliant branch of a tree, where it sways gently in the breeze, or it is set up against the side of the wigwam or tent.

The Alaskan mother fastens a rope to her child's cradle, runs it up over her head, through a pulley, and then attaches it to her great toe, so that wherever she happens to be she can gently jog the cradle.

The Siberian cradle looks like a great flour sieve, except that the bottom is cloth instead of wire. This is suspended by cords within easy reaching distance of the mother.

Mothers in Holland often wheel their babies in a rolling chair like the picture.

Delicious Frozen Pudding.

A writer in "What to Eat" gives a recipe for frozen fruit pudding as follows: Four eggs, half a cupful of sugar, a rounding tablespoonful of corn-starch, a quart of milk, a cup of either strawberry or cherry preserves, a fourth of a pound each of raisins and English walnuts and vanilla to flavor. To save time it is better to seed and cut the raisins and chop the nuts the day before. Beat the yolks of the eggs and the sugar until light, add the cornstarch dissolved in a little cold milk, the remaining milk heated to boiling, and cook over hot water for 15 minutes, stirring constantly until thickened, then occasionally. When the mixture is cold add the preserves, raisins and nuts and when half frozen add a meringue made of the white of the eggs beaten stiff, and slowly added to them a fourth of a cupful of sugar and water each, cooked to a thick syrup. Turn out at serving time, and garnish with whipped cream, preserves and English walnuts.

Charcoal as a Purifier.

Housekeepers do not use charcoal enough about their kitchens. A few pieces of charcoal laid in the refrigerator absorb impurities in the air. A bag of powdered charcoal tied around the mouth of the faucet removes impurities in the water as it passes through it. Charcoal used in this way soon becomes foul, and should be frequently replaced by a fresh supply. It is best to burn up charcoal that has been used as a germ trap.

FOR FAIR WEARERS.

Feminine Finery for the Current Season—Dainty Neckwear and Trimmings.

Ruchings are to be used a good deal, row after row finishing flounces. A ruching of Valenciennes lace, two edges sewed together is charming. The rolled brim sailor in all shades of felt and beaver will be fashionable for general wear, reports a fashion authority.

The use of white satin, narrow for edgings, fine untarnishable gold braid, costly buttons and gimpure laces, will be a feature of cloth and velvet gowns.

Triple, double and quadruple skirts are shown in various models, and double and triple circular flounced skirts are seen.

Venetian, kid-finished and satin-faced cloths, cheviot and fine camel's hair are to be used for autumn tailor gowns for shipping, promenade and traveling wear.

French jackets of light-weight covert cloth are made with double-breasted, semi-loose fronts, and finished with three graduated shoulder capes, the roll of the lining showing like a silk or satin piping at the extreme edge of each cape.

Gun metal velvet and velveteen are among the new materials for fall costumes, and you have no idea how becoming they are to a woman with a high color. Others should leave gun-metal velvets and cloths alone, as they are rather cold unless one uses some becoming tone around the face to give warmth.

The Louis XV. coat in velvet, brocade, or heavy silk or satin-faced cloth is one of the most stylish garments of the season, and the new models have the skirt in either of two lengths, and the sleeves reversed in cuffs to any depth. For a tall woman of graceful figure this is one of the most becoming coats that has ever been designed.

The fancy for dainty neckwear of fine make has given employment to many thousands of girls, who profit by the season's tendency to load women with many dress accessories.

There is to be a revival of mohair plush for coats this winter. They are made after the same models that are used for cloth coats, the flaring, dolman shaped three-quarters coat being the favored style just now. The plush coats are trimmed with flat braid and may have fur collars if one chooses.

A HARD LUCK TALE.

Troubles That Beset the Man Who Is Making a Collection of Curios.

"Maybe you think that collectors don't have their troubles," complained a man who has a "den" full of all sorts and conditions of artistic and artistic rubbish, relates the Detroit Free Press. "Just because I like curious things of many kinds my life is a burden. I am pursued and distressed by the mistaken kindness of my friends. Other people have no discrimination. I just wish you could see the stuff that my acquaintances poke off on me—any old thing, however ugly or nondescript, they think will do for my 'den,' from a way-back coaloil lamp to a broken-down, ten-cent plaster Apollo. However I've made a Japanese 'go-down' behind the couches in my 'den' to store away these ugly gifts; and some of these days I'll give an art rummage sale on the premises, so that my mistaken friends can come and buy back their old monstrosities at half price."

"I'll give you a sample of my woes. Yesterday an expressman called to collect \$1.35 for a box he had out in his wagon. I have had to instruct him not to lug bundles into my house until I inspect them. When I asked what the package was he said it was chickens."

"Chickens!" I repeated; "I'm not in the chicken business; these must be for my brother out in the country. Don't you bring any chickens in here."

"No," said the man, "these are not live chickens—they are dead chickens."

"Dead chickens!" I exclaimed. "Take them away. I'm no poultry dealer."

"Well," he continued to explain, "I guess they're stuffed chickens."

"Stuffed chickens!" said I, "let me look at 'em."

"So I went out to the wagon, and there was a big case of stuffed birds—nine of them—hideous things—mounted on a stiff branching perch. All I could do was to pay the \$1.35 and help move the case into my house. I don't know who sent the 'stuffed chickens.' I haven't any room for them in my 'den,' and I don't want them in there anyway. But you just come around to my art rummage sale. You'll see a big case of stuffed birds occupying the front row."

Compote of Pears.

Cut fine large pears in half, pare, remove cores, but not stems. Make a rich sirup as for preserving; add a slice or two of lemon, and when it boils put in the pears and cook very gently until tender. Take them up carefully, arrange in pyramid on a glass dish and cover with a very firm apple jelly; let get cold, and, having boiled down the sirup until very thick, pour it around the pears cold.—Washington Star.

Cream Pie.

One cupful milk, one-half cupful sugar, yolks of two eggs, one heaping teaspoonful flour, salt and flavoring to taste, one tablespoonful butter. Cook in double boiler for two or three minutes after adding flour. Cool and fill baked shell.—Boston Globe.

Learnings.

Dubbs—This is preeminently an era of education.

Tubbs—Yes, even horses are being taught in "automobile schools."—F. Y. Herald.

THOUSANDS OF WOMEN ARE SLOWLY DYING FROM CATARRH

Pe-ru-na Cures, That Is Why the People Like It.

All the Advertisements in the World Could Not Make Pe-ru-na as Popular as It Is.

Miss Margaret Donnelly, 21 Webster Place, Brooklyn, N. Y., writes: "Pe-ru-na was recommended to me about a year ago for catarrh with which I had been troubled nearly all my life, but which had given me serious trouble a few months before I took Pe-ru-na. In two weeks my head cleared up, I did not have headaches, and in a short time felt perfectly well."—Margaret Donnelly.

when I found myself with a bad case of catarrh of the head and throat Pe-ru-na was the first thing that I thought of. And my convictions were not wrong, for in a few weeks after using Pe-ru-na systematically I was entirely rid of this aggravating and distressing disease, catarrh.

"If people knew how efficient Pe-ru-na was for this trouble they would not hesitate to try it. I have all the faith in the world in it, and have never known of a case where the person was not cured in a short time."—Jennie Driscoll.

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

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

November Colds Should Not Be Allowed to Develop into Chronic Catarrh.

Pe-ru-na Cures a Cold Promptly and Permanently.

"I am glad to recommend Pe-ru-na as it has done so much for me. I had been a great sufferer from catarrhal colds until I was urged to try Pe-ru-na, and I am happy to say that it has entirely cured me. I shall never be without it and most cheerfully recommend it to others who are afflicted as I have been."—Katherine Dauter, 229 15th St., Milwaukee, Wis.

Most people think the success of Pe-ru-na depends upon the use of advertisements. Undoubtedly the advertisements help some. But by far the greatest number of people who hear of Pe-ru-na, have their attention called to it by a friend.

Some one gets cured of chronic catarrh by Pe-ru-na. After he is certain of his cure, he is sure to recommend it to his friends. Friend recommends it to friend and the news spreads from tongue to tongue.

All the advertisements in the world could not make Pe-ru-na as popular as it is. Pe-ru-na cures. That is the reason people like it. Pe-ru-na cures a very stubborn disease. That is why everyone recommends it. Pe-ru-na cures chronic catarrh after all other remedies fail, which explains why

It Made a Difference.
A man of literary aspirations who had his way yet to make in the world wrote a poem, which he submitted to his wife before sending it out for publication. "Why, Henry," she said on looking it over, "you have made 'hundred' rhyme with 'onward.'" "That's all right," he replied; "Tennyson did it." "Yes," rejoined his wife, "Tennyson could do such a thing, but you can't, Henry."—Chicago Chronicle.

Tastology.
Mrs. Chugwater—The directions for making this sauce say: "Take equal parts mandrake and"—what is mandrake?
Mr. Chugwater—Mandrake is a useless repetition.—Chicago Tribune.

The St. Paul Calendar For 1903.
Six sheets 10x15 inches, of beautiful reproductions, in colors, of pastel drawings by Bryson, is now ready for distribution and will be mailed on receipt of twenty-five (25) cents—coin or stamps. Address F. A. Miller, General Passenger Agent, Chicago.

Might Not Bother Him.
"Well," said the cheerful wife, who thought she had a soprano voice, "if the worst comes to the worst I could keep the wolf from the door by singing."
"I don't doubt that would do it," replied her pessimistic husband, "but suppose the wolf should happen to be deaf?"—Philadelphia Press.

The grace to do small things may be greater than the gift of doing great things.—Ran's Horn.

It's easier to make a tool of a dull man than of a sharp one.—Chicago Daily News.

THE CHILDREN ENJOY

Life out of doors and out of the games which they play and the enjoyment which they receive and the efforts which they make, comes the greater part of that healthful development which is so essential to their happiness when grown. When a laxative is needed the remedy which is given to them to cleanse and sweeten and strengthen the internal organs on which it acts, should be such as physicians would sanction, because its component parts are known to be wholesome and the remedy itself free from every objectionable quality. The one remedy which physicians and parents, well-informed, approve and recommend and which the little ones enjoy, because of its pleasant flavor, its gentle action and its beneficial effects, is—Syrup of Figs—and for the same reason it is the only laxative which should be used by fathers and mothers.

Syrup of Figs is the only remedy which acts gently, pleasantly and naturally without griping, irritating, or nauseating and which cleanses the system effectually, without producing that constipated habit which results from the use of the old-time cathartics and modern imitations, and against which the children should be so carefully guarded. If you would have them grow to manhood and womanhood, strong, healthy and happy, do not give them medicines, when medicines are not needed, and when nature needs assistance in the way of a laxative, give them only the simple, pleasant and gentle—Syrup of Figs.

Its quality is due not only to the excellence of the combination of the laxative principles of plants with pleasant aromatic syrups and juices, but also to our original method of manufacture and as you value the health of the little ones, do not accept any of the substitutes which unscrupulous dealers sometimes offer to increase their profits. The genuine article may be bought anywhere of all reliable druggists at fifty cents per bottle. Please to remember, the full name of the Company—**CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.**—is printed on the front of every package. In order to get its beneficial effects it is always necessary to buy the genuine only.



LEADER AMONG WOMEN.

Lady Frances Balfour, Head of the Equal Suffrage Movement in Great Britain.

That energetic little gentlewoman, Lady Frances Balfour, is by all odds the cleverest of the three bright women in the family of the new premier of England. She isn't the one most often spoken of in connection with Mr. Balfour. That is her sister, Miss Alice Balfour, who is now mistress of the official residence of the premier in Downing street, and who has been for years the close companion of her distinguished brother in his home life. Lady "Betty" Balfour, wife of Rt. Hon. Gerald Balfour, is frequently talked of also. She is and always has been prominent socially, so the additional prestige of being sister-in-law to the prime minister of England does not affect her particularly one way or the other.

But of these ladies, Lady Frances Balfour, by reason of her cleverness and energy, is most deserving of attention just now. She is the wife of the premier's brother Eustace, and, incidentally, the high priestess of woman suffrage in England.

Lady Frances Balfour, who retains the title which is hers by birth, is one of the youngest daughters of the late duke of Argyll, and is, therefore, sister-in-law to the present duchess of Argyll, King Edward's sister, Princess Louise. The man so long known as marquis of Lorne, and now as the duke of Argyll, has the honor of being sharp-tongued little Lady Frances' elder brother. The cause of woman suffrage in England has, it will be seen, monstrous high connections.

Lady Frances is president of the Central Society for Women's Suffrage and was the prime mover in uniting all the women's suffrage societies of England into the present single body. She is gifted with rare executive ability and the wittiest tongue, certainly, that even a woman suffragist ever had. Lady Frances is far from unattractive to look at. She is distinctly of the Scotch type. Her eyes and fair complexion are unmistakably those of the women north of the Tweed. In like manner, the intelligence and animation of her



LADY FRANCES BALFOUR.

face prove her at first glance a woman of exceptional power.

Mr. Balfour, the sweet-tempered prime minister, finds much amusement in the society of this emphatic advocate of women's rights. He is a frequent visitor in her home, and the warm friend of her hilarious children—for they are hilarious, having inherited their mother's keen sense of humor and her penchant for expressing it. Some one tells me: "Lady Frances says what she likes. She can take people off to perfection. When she begins to mimic—well, there's nothing slow about Lady Frances Balfour."

Lady Frances is supposed to have influenced the present prime minister's views on the subject of woman's suffrage. As everybody knows, he occasionally presides over the deliberations of the ladies' grand council of the Primrose league, and has done numerous things in and out of parliament which shows that his sympathies are for an equal franchise regardless of sex. No one doubts that Lady Frances has on more occasions than one put the proverbial "bug" in her brother-in-law's ear, which has caused him to look kindly on the pet schemes of, for instance, the Woman's Local Government society. Lady Frances is a moving spirit in that organization.

Lady Frances is a Presbyterian; so is her brother-in-law, the prime minister. Both are philanthropists. In their way, being much interested, I am told, in hospitals. The Travelers' Aid society also counts Lady Frances as one of its patrons.—Detroit Free Press.

To Remove Mildew Stains.
Mildew stains may easily be removed by wetting and soaping the spot, covering it with powdered chalk and then putting it in the sun to bleach. Damp it from time to time as it dries and then wash it in the usual manner with soap and water. If necessary repeat the process.

Flavor for Afternoon Tea.
A mingling of clove and lemon flavors in the afternoon tea is delightful. Drop a whole clove into each cup just before serving.

TALK ABOUT CRADLES.

Baby Has Many Queer Lodging Places If Reports of Travelers Are to Be Believed.

The word cradle is Anglo-Saxon; in Anglo-Norman it was bers or bersel, from which is derived the modern French berceau. In Brittany cradles today are called bansei; children are put into them and hung up next to the ceiling out of harm's way.

There were no cradles in England before the seventh century, says the Chicago Tribune, for an old history says that the archbishop of Canterbury severely punished a woman for leaving her baby "lying loosely around" on the hearth, so that it was



ROLLSTUHL FOR DUTCH BABIES.

scalded to death by the boiling over of a caldron.

The infant Mercury is represented as sitting in a shoe-shaped cradle, like the old woman who lived in a shoe without the children; it is an absurd picture with the face of a man and the body of an infant.

Kingley's water babies are not the only little ones who have been rocked in shells. One of the most celebrated kings of France was cradled in a large tortoise shell, and the great abalone shells of the Pacific with their lovely iridescent linings are often used for that purpose.

The simplest cradles are hewn out of a log of wood or the trunk of a tree is hollowed out; these are so clumsy and heavy they must needs be stationary. Julian Ralph declares that in some parts of Virginia these are in use at the present time and that they are so large one end is used for the baby and the other for a bread pan.

In olden times in England mince pies were baked in the shape of the cradle "where Christ did lie."

The leaves of the Victoria Regia in India are so strong and spread out to such a size that little Hindu babies are often laid upon them and gently lulled to rest; they will bear the weight of a child two years old or more.

Among the Seminole Indians and in most of the South American states tiny hammocks are used for cradles. In New Guinea the nude little one is cradled in a netted bag, which hangs from the mother's forehead just below her waist.

The cradle boards for Indian papooses are most curious and interesting with the bed of soft moss and handsome bead ornaments. Sometimes the cradle is suspended from the plant branch of a tree, where it sways gently in the breeze, or it is set up against the side of the wigwam or tent.

The Alaskan mother fastens a rope to her child's cradle, runs it up over her head, through a pulley, and then attaches it to her great toe, so that wherever she happens to be she can gently jog the cradle.

The Siberian cradle looks like a great flour sieve, except that the bottom is cloth instead of wire. This is suspended by cords within easy reaching distance of the mother.

Mothers in Holland often wheel their babies in a rolling chair like the picture.

Delicious Frozen Pudding.

A writer in "What to Eat" gives a recipe for frozen fruit pudding as follows: Four eggs, half a cupful of sugar, a rounding tablespoonful of corn-starch, a quart of milk, a cup of either strawberry or cherry preserves, a fourth of a pound each of raisins and English walnuts and vanilla to flavor. To save time it is better to seed and cut the raisins and chop the nuts the day before. Beat the yolks of the eggs and the sugar until light, add the cornstarch dissolved in a little cold milk, the remaining milk heated to boiling, and cook over hot water for 15 minutes, stirring constantly until thickened, then occasionally. When the mixture is cold add the preserves, raisins and nuts and flavor with vanilla. Freeze as ice cream, and when half frozen add a meringue made of the white of the eggs beaten stiff, and slowly added to them a fourth of a cupful of sugar and water each, cooked to a thick syrup. Turn out at serving time, and garnish with whipped cream, preserves and English walnuts.

Charcoal as a Purifier.

Housekeepers do not use charcoal enough about their kitchens. A few pieces of charcoal laid in the refrigerator absorb impurities in the air. A bag of powdered charcoal tied around the mouth of the faucet removes impurities in the water as it passes through it. Charcoal used in this way soon becomes foul, and should be frequently replaced by a fresh supply. It is best to burn up charcoal that has been used as a germ trap.

FOR FAIR WEARERS.

Feminine Finery for the Current Season—Dainty Neckwear and Trimmings.

Ruchings are to be used a good deal, row after row finishing flounces. A ruching of Valenciennes lace, two edges sewed together is charming.

The rolled brim sailor in all shades of felt and beaver will be fashionable for general wear, reports a fashion authority.

The use of white satin, narrow fur edgings, fine untarnishable gold braid, costly buttons and guipure laces, will give a feature of cloth and velvet gowns.

Triple, double and quadruple skirts are shown in various models, and double and triple circular flounced skirts are seen.

Venetian, kid-finished and satin-faced cloths, cheviot and fine camel's hair are to be used for autumn tailor gowns for shipping, promenade and traveling wear.

French jackets of light-weight covert cloth are made with double-breasted, semi-loose fronts, and finished with three graduated shoulder capes, the roll of the lining showing like a silk or satin piping at the extreme edge of each cape.

Gun metal velvet and velveteen are among the new materials for fall costumes, and you have no idea how becoming they are to a woman with a high collar. Others should leave gun-metal velvets and cloths alone, as they are rather cold unless one uses some becoming tone around the face to give warmth.

The Louis XV. coat in velvet, brocade, or heavy silk or satin-faced cloth is one of the most stylish garments of the season, and the new models have the skirt in either of two lengths, and the sleeves reversed in cuffs to any depth. For a tall woman of graceful figure this is one of the most becoming coats that has ever been designed.

The fancy for dainty neckwear of fine make has given employment to many thousands of girls, who profit by the season's tendency to load women with many dress accessories.

There is to be a revival of mohair plush for coats this winter. They are made after the same models that are used for cloth coats, the flaring, dolman shaped three-quarters coat being the favored style just now. The plush coats are trimmed with flat braid and may have fur collars if one chooses.

A HARD LUCK TALE.

Troubles That Beget the Man Who Is Making a Collection of Curios.

"Maybe you think that collectors don't have their troubles," complained a man who has a "den" full of all sorts and conditions of artistic and artistic rubbish, relates the Detroit Free Press. "Just because I like curious things of many kinds my life is a burden. I am pursued and distressed by the mistaken kindnesses of my friends. Other people have no discrimination. I just wish you could see the stuff that my acquaintances poke off on me—any old thing, however ugly or nondescript, they think will do for my 'den,' from a way-back coil lamp to a broken-nosed, ten-cent plaster Apollo. However I've made a Japanese 'go-down' behind the couches in my 'den' to store away these ugly gifts; and some of these days I'll give an art rummage sale on the premises, so that my mistaken friends can come and buy back their old monstrosities at half price."

"I'll give you a sample of my woes. Yesterday an expressman called to collect \$1.35 for a box he had out in his wagon. I have had to instruct him not to lug bundles into my house until I inspect them. When I asked what the package was he said it was chickens."

"Chickens!" I repeated; "I'm not in the chicken business; these must be for my brother out in the country. Don't you bring any chickens in here."

"No," said the man, "these are not live chickens—they are dead chickens."

"Dead chickens!" I exclaimed. "Take them away. I'm no poultry dealer."

"Well," he continued to explain, "I guess they're stuffed chickens."

"Stuffed chickens!" said I, "let me look at 'em."

"So I went out to the wagon, and there was a big case of stuffed birds—nine of them—hideous things—mounted on a stiff branching perch. All I could do was to pay the \$1.35 and help move the case into my house. I don't know who sent the 'stuffed chickens.' I haven't any room for them in my 'den,' and I don't want them in there anyway. But you just come around to my art rummage sale. You'll see a big case of stuffed birds occupying the front row."

Composite of Peas.

Cut fine large peas in half, pare, remove cores, but not stems. Make a rich syrup as for preserves; add a slice or two of lemon, and when it boils up put in the peas and cook very gently until tender. Take them up carefully, arrange in pyramid on a glass dish and cover with a very firm apple jelly; let get cold, and, having boiled down the syrup until very thick, pour it around the peas cold.—Washington Star.

Cream Pie.

One cupful milk, one-half cupful sugar, yolks of two eggs, one heaping teaspoonful flour, salt and flavoring to taste, one tablespoonful butter. Cook in double boiler for two or three minutes after adding flour. Cool and fill baked shell.—Boston Globe.

Learning.

Dubbs—This is pre-eminently an era of education.

Dubbs—Yes, even horses are being taught in "automobile schools."—N. Y. Herald.

THOUSANDS OF WOMEN ARE SLOWLY DYING FROM CATARRH



November Colds Should Not Be Allowed to Develop Into Chronic Catarrh.

Pe-ru-na Cures a Cold Promptly and Permanently.

"I am glad to recommend Peruna as it has done so much for me. I had been a great sufferer from catarrhal colds until I was urged to try Peruna, and I am happy to say that it has entirely cured me. I shall never be without it and most cheerfully recommend it to others who are afflicted as I have been."—Katherine Dauter, 239 13th St., Milwaukee, Wis.

Most people think the success of Peruna depends upon the use of advertisements. Undoubtedly the advertisements help some. But by far the greatest number of people who hear of Peruna, have their attention called to it by a friend.

Some one gets cured of chronic catarrh by Peruna. After he is certain of his cure, he is sure to recommend it to his friends. Friend recommends it to friend and the news spreads from tongue to tongue.

All the advertisements in the world could not make Peruna as popular as it is. Peruna cures. That is the reason people like it. Peruna cures a very stubborn disease. That is why everyone recommends it. Peruna cures chronic catarrh after all other remedies fail, which explains why

It Made a Difference.

A man of literary aspirations who had his way yet to make in the world wrote a poem, which he submitted to his wife before sending it out for publication. "Why, Henry," she said on looking it over, "you have made 'hundred' rhyme with 'onward.' That's all right," he replied; "Tennyson did it." "Yes," rejoined his wife, "Tennyson could do such a thing, but you can't, Henry."—Chicago Chronicle.

"Yes," said the Cynical Coder, "it is mighty easy to trade your reputation for money; but you're up against it when you try to trade back."—Baltimore Herald.

Pe-ru-na Cures. That Is Why the People Like It.

All the Advertisements in the World Could Not Make Pe-ru-na as Popular as It Is.

Miss Margaret Donnelly, 21 Webster Place, Brooklyn, N. Y., writes: "Peruna was recommended to me about a year ago for catarrh with which I had been troubled nearly all my life, but which had given me serious trouble a few months before I took Peruna. In two weeks my head cleared up, I did not have headaches, and in a short time felt perfectly well."—Margaret Donnelly.



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"I found myself with a bad case of catarrh of the head and throat. Peruna was the first thing that I thought of. And my convictions were not wrong, for in a few weeks after using Peruna systematically I was entirely rid of this aggravating and distressing disease, catarrh."

"If people knew how efficient Peruna was for this trouble they would not hesitate to try it. I have all the faith in the world in it, and have never known of a case where the person was not cured in a short time."—Jennie Driscoll.

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

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

"Well," said the cheerful wife, who thought she had a soprano voice, "if the worst comes to the worst I could keep the wolf from the door by singing." "I don't doubt that would do it," replied her pessimistic husband, "but suppose the wolf should happen to be deaf?"—Philadelphia Press.

The grace to do small things may be greater than the gift of doing great things.—Ram's Horn.

It's easier to make a tool of a dull man than of a sharp one.—Chicago Daily News.

THE CHILDREN ENJOY

Life out of doors and out of the games which they play and the enjoyment which they receive and the efforts which they make, comes the greater part of that healthful development which is so essential to their happiness when grown. When a laxative is needed the remedy which is given to them to cleanse and sweeten and strengthen the internal organs on which it acts, should be such as physicians would sanction, because its component parts are known to be wholesome and the remedy itself free from every objectionable quality. The one remedy which physicians and parents, well-informed, approve and recommend and which the little ones enjoy, because of its pleasant flavor, its gentle action and its beneficial effects, is—Syrup of Figs—and for the same reason it is the only laxative which should be used by fathers and mothers.

Syrup of Figs is the only remedy which acts gently, pleasantly and naturally without griping, irritating, or nauseating and which cleanses the system effectually, without producing that constipated habit which results from the use of the old-time cathartics and modern imitations, and against which the children should be so carefully guarded. If you would have them grow to manhood and womanhood, strong, healthy and happy, do not give them medicines, when medicines are not needed, and when nature needs assistance in the way of a laxative, give them only the simple, pleasant and gentle—Syrup of Figs.

Its quality is due not only to the excellence of the combination of the laxative principles of plants with pleasant aromatic syrups and juices, but also to our original method of manufacture and as you value the health of the little ones, do not accept any of the substitutes which unscrupulous dealers sometimes offer to increase their profits. The genuine article may be bought anywhere of all reliable druggists at fifty cents per bottle. Please to remember, the full name of the Company—CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.—is printed on the front of every package. In order to get its beneficial effects it is always necessary to buy the genuine only.





Another club woman, Mrs. Hauke, of Edgerton, Wis., tells how she was cured of irregularities and uterine trouble, terrible pains and backache by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

"A while ago my health began to fail because of female troubles. The doctor did not help me. I remembered that my mother had used Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound on many occasions for irregularities and uterine troubles, and I felt sure that it could not harm me at any rate to give it a trial.

"I was certainly glad to find that within a week I felt much better, the terrible pains in my back and side were beginning to ease, and at the time of menstruation I did not have nearly as serious a time as heretofore, so I continued its use for two months, and at the end of that time I was like a new woman. I really have never felt better in my life, have not had a sick headache since, and weigh 30 pounds more than I ever did, so I unhesitatingly recommend Vegetable Compound."

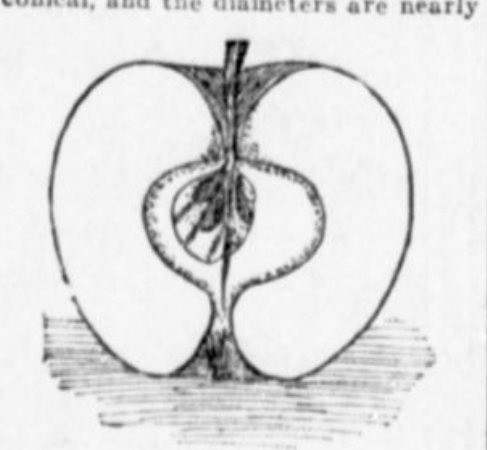
Women should remember there is one tried and true remedy for all female ills, Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. Refuse to buy any other medicine, you need the best.



THE CORNELL APPLE.

For Either Family Use or Market It Is Held in High Estimation by Old Growers.

Among the very good autumn apples for either family use or market is Cornell. It is often called Cornell's Fancy, but this longer name is neither desirable nor necessary, and it has been changed to the simpler form. The tree is sufficiently vigorous and productive and is quite satisfactory to the orchardist. The fruit is of medium size, which it maintains evenly, in shape is conical, and the diameters are nearly



THE CORNELL APPLE.
(Cut Shows a Fair Specimen, Just One-Half Natural Size.)

equal, the stem is rather long and slender and set in a cavity of medium depth and width, that has no russeting, the eye is closed, rather small and set in a narrow and slightly wrinkled basin; the surface is smooth and sometimes glossy. In color it is mixed and striped purplish-red over a yellowish ground, making an attractive but not brilliant appearance; the dots are few but large, light colored and very conspicuous, the flesh is yellowish white, fine grained, very tender and juicy. In flavor it is mild subacid, very pleasant, aromatic and satisfying. The quality is very good, and some might say best, but it is not quite up to my standard of excellence of the first grade. However, Cornell is one of the apples that I would want in an orchard if I were planting one, especially if it was for family use.—H. E. Van Deman, in Rural New Yorker.

APPLE TREE BORERS.

No General Effectual Preventive Measure Against Them Has Yet Been Discovered.

I know of no sure method of preventing the work of the apple tree borer. A piece of tarred or other tough paper wrapped tightly around the base of the tree will keep out some of them. Perhaps a coating of gas or coal tar would prove as effectual on the apple as it has against the peach tree borer, but it should be tested on a few trees to see if it injures the tree. Tar would prove as effectual as any other "wash." Barnyard liquid or wood ashes around the roots would not discourage the borers, but it would encourage the trees and help them recover. Sand would be of little use. A little practice will soon enable one quickly to locate the borers' burrow or tunnel, and it is often an easy job to run a wire in and end its life. Some inject a little carbon bisulphide into the opening where the "sawdust" is being thrown out in the spring, and quickly close the hole with putty, thus causing the deadly fumes to penetrate all through the burrow and kill the grub. It is possible that low-headed trees shading the base would discourage the borer, but there is no definite data on this point. It is true that some orchards suffer but very little from this pest, while others within a few miles may be riddled. We put out an orchard of nearly 500 trees a few years ago, expecting to test some of the proposed remedies, but there have not been borers enough in it to experiment on. The "digging out" or "wiring" process is the surest method yet devised, and the one generally practiced by apple growers. No effectual preventive measure has yet been discovered.—M. V. Slingerland, in Rural New Yorker.

Time as a Preservative.

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A Surprised Physician.

A dying patient, recovers through the interposition of a humble German. Chicago, Nov. 15. Some weeks ago Dr. G., a very reputable and widely-known physician, living on C— Street, was called to attend a very complicated case of Rheumatism. Upon arriving at the house he found a man about forty years of age, lying in a prostrated and serious condition, with his whole frame dangerously affected with the painful disease. He prescribed for the patient, but the man continued to grow worse, and on Sunday evening he was found to be in a very alarming condition. The knees and elbows and larger joints were greatly inflamed, and could not be moved. It was only with extreme difficulty that the patient could be turned in bed, with the aid of three or four persons. The weight of the clothing was so painful that means had to be adopted to keep it from the patient's body. The doctor saw that his assistance would be of no avail, and left the house, the members of the family following him to the door, weeping. Almost immediately the grief-stricken ones were addressed by a humble German. He had heard of the despair of the family, and now asked them to try his remedy, and accordingly brought forth a bottle of St. Jacobs Oil. The poor wife applied this remedy. The first application raised the patient's very much. A few hours they used it again, and, wonder of wonders, the pain vanished entirely! Every subsequent application improved the patient, and in two days he was well and out. When the doctor called a few days after, he was indeed surprised.

He Lost.

A Quaker city gossip tells this story of a young man who apologized for being late at a dinner party: "Awfully glad to see you, Mr. Blank." said the hostess. "So good of you to come. And all the way from New York, too! But where is your brother?" "I am commissioned to tender his regrets. You see, we are so busy just now that it was impossible for both of us to get away, and so we tossed up to see which of us should come," said the young man. "How nice! Such an original idea! And you won't." "No," said the young man, absently; "I lost."—Pittsburg Bulletin.

Very Fashionable.

Idea—Was it a fashionable summer boarding house? May—Oh, yes. Every Sunday we had chickens for dinner that had been run over by "millionaire" automobiles.—Chicago Daily News.

The little folks love Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup. Pleasant to take; perfectly harmless. Positive cure for coughs, colds, bronchitis, asthma.

Wise Boy.

She—A woman is as young as she looks. He—Yes; but she ain't always as young as she thinks she looks.—Detroit Free Press.

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

"So Ambitious has achieved fame, has he?" asked the Philosopher. "He has," replied the Cheerful Chap. "Brilliant things said by other men are now credited to him."—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

Itchiness of the skin, horrible plague. Most everybody afflicted in one way or another. Only one safe, never failing cure. Doan's Ointment. At any drug store, 50c.

Confidence.—"Would you trust him?" "Oh, yes." "To what extent?" "Well, I'd trust him to look out for his own interests—and that is all."—Chicago Post.

Cure your cough with Hale's Honey of Horehound and Tar. Pike's Toothache Drops Cure in one minute.

If a man carries a mortgage it is usually because he can't lift it.—Chicago Daily News.

A household necessity. Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil. Heals burns, cuts, wounds of any sort; cures sore throat, croup, catarrh, asthma; never fails.

Somehow, our relatives that we are proud of, never seem proud of us.—Indianapolis News.

Putnam Fadeless Dyes do not stain the hands or spot the kettle, except green and purple.

The best policy is a paid-up one.—Chicago Daily News.

To Cure a Cold in One Day. Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund money if it fails to cure. 25c. Charity seldom crawls out of a crowded purse.—Ram's Horn.

Obscurity furnishes a good pedestal for lasting fame.—Ram's Horn.

ALMOST A MIRACLE.

Case No. 49,673. Mrs. M. Isted of 1207 Strand Street, Galveston, Tex., who is proprietor of a boarding house at that address, numbering among her boarders a dozen medical students, says: "I caught cold during the flood of September, 1900, and it settled in my kidneys. Despite the fact that I tried all kinds of medicine and was under the care of physicians, the excruciating twinges and dull aching across the small of my back refused to leave, and trouble with the kidney secretions began to set in. From then, ordinary Anglo-Saxon fails to describe the annoyance and suffering I endured. The fearful pain through my body, loss of appetite, loss of sleep, consequent loss of energy, and, finally, an indication of complete dissolution compelled me, from sheer agony and pain, to either lie on the floor and scream, or forced me into spasms. On such occasions my husband called in a physician, whose morphine treatment relieved me temporarily. I grew weaker and thinner, and so run down physically that nothing was left but skin and bone. All my friends, acquaintances, and neighbors knew about my critical condition, and on one occasion I was reported dead and they came to see my corpse. At last the doctors attending me held a consultation and agreed that if I did not undergo an operation I could not live. Preparations were made, a room selected at the city hospital, and they even went so far as to have the carriage brought to the door to carry me there. I don't know why, but something told me not to go, and I absolutely refused. Now I want the reader to grasp every word of the following: A friend of ours, a Mr. McLaughlin, knowing that my kidneys were the real cause of the entire trouble, brought a box of Doan's Kidney Pills to the house, and requested me to give them a trial. I had taken so much medicine that I was more than discouraged, and had little, if any, faith in any preparation. However, I reasoned if they did not do me good they could not possibly make me worse, so I began the treatment. After the third dose, I felt something dart across me like a flash of lightning, and from that moment I began to improve. The pain in my back and kidneys positively disappeared, the kidney secretions became free and natural. At present I rest and sleep well, my appetite is good, my weight has increased from 118 to 155 pounds, and my flesh is firm and solid. My friends actually marvel at the change in my appearance. Words cannot express my own feelings. I am not putting it too strongly when I say I have been raised from the dead. I am satisfied that had it not been for Doan's Kidney Pills, taken when they were, I would have been either lying in the Lake View Cemetery, or an invalid for the balance of my life. I will be only too pleased to give minutest particulars of my case to any one calling on me, not, of course, out of idle curiosity, but if they really have kidney complaint and want to know what course to pursue to get relief."

A FREE TRIAL of this great kidney medicine which cured Mrs. Isted will be mailed on application to any part of the United States. Address Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y. For sale by all druggists, price 50 cents per box.

YOU WANT

Pure, Unadulterated, Old-Fashioned Sugar-House Molasses

Ask your Grocer for the Famous Rokland Plantation Open Kettle. It is guaranteed absolutely pure, and \$600.00 is offered to any one finding a particle of glucose in this molasses. Rokland Plantation is the kind that was made before the war. C. E. COE, Memphis, Tenn. Sole Agent and Plantation Distributor to the Jobbing Trade Only.

HAMLIN'S WIZARD OIL

EARACHE

An idea that young men want to get out of their heads is that another job is a better job, because there is less work about science.—Indianapolis News.



W. L. DOUGLAS

\$3 & \$3.50 SHOES

W. L. Douglas shoes are the standard of the world. W. L. Douglas made and sold more men's Good-Year Welt (Hand Sewed Process) shoes in the first six months of 1901 than any other manufacturer. \$10,000 REWARD will be paid to anyone who can disprove this statement. W. L. DOUGLAS SHOES CANNOT BE EXCELLED. 1900 sales, \$1,103,820. 1901 sales, \$2,940,000. 1st 6 months, \$1,103,820. 1st 6 months, \$1,103,820. Best Imported and American leathers, Hall's Patent Gait, Enamel, Box Gait, Gait, Vici Kid, Coram Gait, Red, Kanamoon, Frank Color, Eyelets used. Caution! The genuine have W. L. DOUGLAS name and price stamped on bottom. Shoes by mail, 25c. extra. Illinois Catalog free. W. L. DOUGLAS, BROCKTON, MASS.

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VIOLA CENTRAL RAILROAD. Via Dubuque, Waterloo and Albert Lea. Fast Vestibule Night train with through Sleeping Car, Buffet-Library Car and Free Reclining Chair Car. Dining Car Service en route. Tickets of agents of I. C. R. R. and connecting lines. A. H. HANSON, G. P. A., CHICAGO.

WHEN YOU HAVE PAINS IN YOUR BACK OR ANY DISEASE OF THE KIDNEY OR BLADDER

TRY DR. McGEER'S BACKACHE & KIDNEY CURE



IT WILL CURE YOU. PRICE 50¢ & \$1.00 THE MAYFIELD MEDICINE MFG. CO. ST. LOUIS.

Dropsy

CURED Gives Quick Relief. Removes all swelling in 2 to 3 days; effects a permanent cure in 30 to 60 days. Trial treatment given free. Nothing can be fairer. Write Dr. H. H. Green's Sons, Specialists, Box Q, Atlanta, Ga.

PILES

ANAKESIN gives instant relief. CURES PILES. For free sample address "ANAKESIN," Tribune building, New York.

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repeat. They don't jam, catch, or fail to extract. In a word, they are the only reliable repeaters. Winchester rifles are made in all desirable calibers, weights and styles; and are plain, partially or elaborately ornamented, suiting every purpose, every pocketbook, and every taste.

WINCHESTER AMMUNITION

made for all kinds of shooting in all kinds of guns.

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WINCHESTER REPEATING ARMS CO., NEW HAVEN, CONN.

FOR TWO GENERATIONS MEXICAN MUSTANG LINIMENT

HAS BEEN THE FARMER'S FRIEND AND A HOUSEHOLD NECESSITY. PAIN LEAVES WHEN MUSTANG LINIMENT ARRIVES—FOR MAN OR BEAST

PRICKLY ASH BITTERS

Is a fine regulating tonic which filters through the body, casting out injurious matter, stimulating the digestion and nourishing and strengthening every weakened part. It also purifies the blood, sharpens the appetite and creates energy. In this way it restores the system to perfect order.

For irregular bowel movements, chronic constipation, flatulence, belching, foul breath, and other troubles due to indigestion or obstruction in the bowels, Prickly Ash Bitters is a speedy cure.

SOLD AT DRUGGISTS.

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FREE TO WOMEN!

To prove the healing and cleansing power of Paxtine Toilet Antiseptic

we will mail large trial treatment with book of instructions absolutely free. This is not a tiny sample, but a large package, enough to convince any one that it is the most successful preparation known to medicine as a cleansing vaginal douche and for the local treatment of woman's special ills, curing discharges and all inflammation, also to cleanse the teeth, mouth, and cure catarrh. Send to-day; a postal will do.

Sold by druggists or sent postpaid by us, 50 cents large box. Satisfaction guaranteed. THE R. FAYTON CO., 201 Columbus Ave., Boston, Mass.

PISO'S CURE FOR

COUGHS, BRONCHITIS, ASTHMA, HOARSENESS, AND ALL AFFECTIONS OF THE THROAT AND LUNGS. Cures in 10 to 15 days. Sold by druggists.



Another club woman, Mrs. Haule, of Edgerton, Wis., tells how she was cured of irregularities and uterine trouble, terrible pains and backache by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

"A while ago my health began to fall because of female troubles. The doctor did not help me. I remembered that my mother had used Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound on many occasions for irregularities and uterine troubles, and I felt sure that it could not harm me at any rate to give it a trial.

"I was certainly glad to find that within a week I felt much better, the terrible pains in my back and side were beginning to cease, and at the time of menstruation I did not have nearly as serious a time as heretofore, so I continued its use for two months, and at the end of that time I was like a new woman. I really have never felt better in my life, have not had a sick headache since, and weigh 20 pounds more than I ever did, so I unhesitatingly recommend Vegetable Compound."—Mrs. MAY HAULE, Edgerton, Wis., President Household Economics Club. —\$5.00 per bottle if original of above letter proving genuineness cannot be procured.

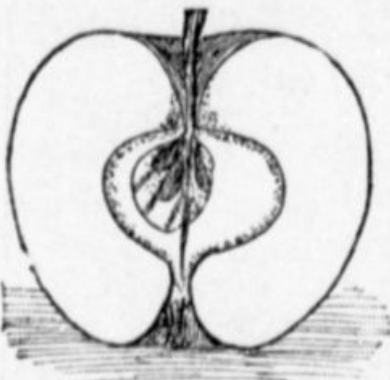
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THE CORNELL APPLE.

For Either Family Use or Market It Is Held in High Estimation by Old Growers.

Among the very good autumn apples for either family use or market is Cornell. It is often called Cornell's Fancy, but this longer name is neither desirable nor necessary, and it has been changed to the simpler form. The tree is sufficiently vigorous and productive and is quite satisfactory to the orchardist. The fruit is of medium size, which it maintains evenly, in shape is conical, and the diameters are nearly



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equal, the stem is rather long and slender and set in a cavity of medium depth and width, that has no russeting, the eye is closed, rather small and set in a narrow and slightly wrinkled basin; the surface is smooth and sometimes glossy. In color it is mixed and striped purplish-red over a yellowish ground, making an attractive but not brilliant appearance; the dots are few but large, light colored and very conspicuous, the flesh is yellowish white, fine grained, very tender and juicy. In flavor it is mild subacid, very pleasant, aromatic and satisfying. The quality is very good, and some might say best, but it is not quite up to my standard of excellence of the first grade. However, Cornell is one of the apples that I would want in an orchard if I were planting one, especially if it was for family use.—H. E. Van Deman, in Rural New Yorker.

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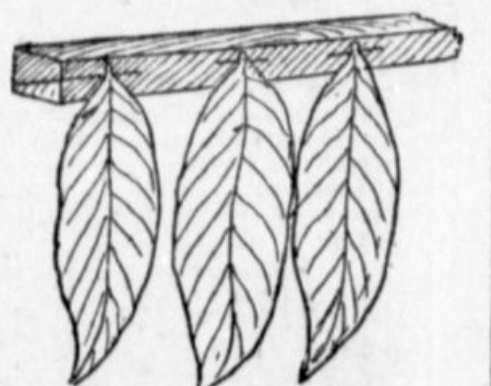
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A Surprised Physician.

A dying patient, recovers through the interposition of a humble German.

Chicago, Nov. 15. Some weeks ago Dr. G., a very reputable and widely-known physician, living on C— Street, was called to attend a very complicated case of Rheumatism. Upon arriving at the house he found a man about forty years of age, lying in a prostrated and serious condition, with his whole frame dangerously affected with the painful disease. He prescribed for the patient, but the man continued to grow worse, and on Sunday evening he was found to be in a very alarming condition. The knees and elbows and larger joints were greatly inflamed, and could not be moved. It was only with extreme difficulty that the patient could be turned in bed, with the aid of three or four persons. The weight of the clothing was so painful that means had to be adopted to keep it from the patient's body.

The doctor saw that his assistance would be of no avail, and left the house, the members of the family following him to the door, weeping. Almost immediately the grief-stricken ones were addressed by an humble German. He had heard of the despair of the family, and now asked them to try his remedy, and accordingly brought forth a bottle of St. Jacobs Oil. The poor wife applied this remedy. The first application relieved the patient very much; after a few hours they used it again, and, wonder of wonders, the pain vanished entirely! Every subsequent application improved the patient, and in two days he was well and out. When the doctor called a few days after, he was indeed surprised.

He Lost.

A Quaker city gossip tells this story of a young man who apologized for being late at a dinner party: "Awfully glad to see you, Mr. Blank," said the hostess. "So good of you to come. And all the way from New York, too! But where is your brother?" "I am commissioned to tender his regrets. You see, we are so busy just now that it was impossible for both of us to get away, and so we tossed up to see which of us should come," said the young man. "How nice! Such an original idea! And you won." "No," said the young man, absently; "I lost."—Pittsburg Bulletin.

"I owe my whole life to Burdock Blood Bitters. Scrofulous sores covered my body. I seemed beyond cure. B. B. B. has made me a perfectly well woman." Mrs. Chas. Hutton, Berwick, Mich.

Very Fashionable.

Ida—Was it a fashionable summer boarding house? May—Oh, yes. Every Sunday we had chickens for dinner that had been run over by 'millionaire' automobiles.—Chicago Daily News.

The little folks love Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup. Pleasant to take; perfectly harmless. Positive cure for coughs, colds, bronchitis, asthma.

Wise Boy.

She—A woman is as young as she looks. He—Yes; but she ain't always as young as she thinks she looks.—Detroit Free Press.

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

"So Ambitious has achieved fame, has he?" asked the Philosopher. "He has," replied the Cheerful Chap. "Brilliant things said by other men are now credited to him."—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

Itchiness of the skin, horrible plague. Most everybody afflicted in one way or another. Only one safe, never failing cure. Doan's Ointment. At any drug store, 50c.

Confidence—"Would you trust him?" "Oh, yes." "To what extent?" "Well, I'd trust him to look out for his own interests—and that is all."—Chicago Post.

Cure your cough with Hale's Honey of Horehound and Tar. Pike's Toothache Drops Cure in one minute.

If a man carries a mortgage it is usually because he can't lift it.—Chicago Daily News.

A household necessity. Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil. Burns cuts, wounds of any sort; cures sore throat, croup, catarrh, asthma; never fails.

Somehow, our relatives that we are proud of never seem proud of us.—Indianapolis News.

Putnam Fadeless Dyes do not stain the hands or spot the kettle, except green and purple.

The best policy is a paid-up one.—Chicago Daily News.

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

Charity seldom crawls out of a crowded purse.—Ram's Horn.

Obscurity furnishes a good pedestal for lasting fame.—Ram's Horn.

ALMOST A MIRACLE.

Case No. 49,073. Mrs. M. Isted of 1207 Strand Street, Galveston, Tex., who is proprietor of a boarding house at that address, numbering among her boarders a dozen medical students, says: "I caught cold during the flood of September, 1900, and it settled in my kidneys. Despite the fact that I tried all kinds of medicine and was under the care of physicians, the excruciating twinges and dull aching across the small of my back refused to leave, and trouble with the kidney secretions began to set in. From then, ordinary Anglo-Saxon fails to describe the annoyance and suffering I endured. The fearful pain through my body, loss of appetite, loss of sleep, consequent loss of energy, and, finally, an indication of complete dissolution compelled me, from sheer agony and pain, to either lie on the floor and scream, or forced me into spasms. On such occasions my husband called in a physician, whose morphine treatment relieved me temporarily. I grew weaker and thinner, and so run down physically that nothing was left but skin and bone. All my friends, acquaintances, and neighbors knew about my critical condition, and on one occasion I was reported dead and they came to see my corpse. At last the doctors attending me held a consultation and agreed that if I did not undergo an operation I could not live. Preparations were made, a room selected at the city hospital, and they even went so far as to have the carriage brought to the door to carry me there. I don't know why, but something told me not to go, and I absolutely refused. Now I want the reader to grasp every word of the following: A friend of ours, a Mr. McQuaid, knowing that my kidneys were the real cause of the entire trouble, brought a box of Doan's Kidney Pills to the house, and requested me to give them a trial. I had taken so much medicine that I was more than discouraged, and had little, if any, faith in any preparation. However, I reasoned if they did not do me good they could not possibly make me worse, so I began the treatment. After the third dose, I felt something dart across me like a flash of lightning, and from that moment I began to improve. The pain in my back and kidneys positively disappeared, the kidney secretions became free and natural. At present I rest and sleep well, my appetite is good, my weight has increased from 115 to 135 pounds, and my flesh is firm and solid. My friends actually marvel at the change in my appearance. Words cannot express my own feelings. I am not putting it too strongly when I say I have been raised from the dead. I am satisfied that had it not been for Doan's Kidney Pills, taken when they were, I would have been either lying in the Lake View Cemetery, or an invalid for the balance of my life. I will be only too pleased to give minutest particulars of my case to any one calling on me, not, of course, out of idle curiosity, but if they really have kidney complaint and want to know what course to pursue to get relief."

A FREE TRIAL of this great kidney medicine which cured Mrs. Isted will be mailed on application to any part of the United States. Address Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y. For sale by all druggists, price 50 cents per box.

YOU WANT Pure, Unadulterated, Old-Fashioned Sugar-House Molasses

Ask your Grocer for the Famous Rokland Plantation Open Kettle

It is guaranteed absolutely pure, and \$500.00 is offered to any one finding a particle of glucose in this molasses. Rokland Plantation is the kind that was made before the war.

C. E. COE, Memphis, Tenn. Sole Agent and Plantation Distributor to the Jobbing Trade Only.

HAMLIN'S WIZARD OIL FOR RHEUMATISM

ALL RHEUMATISM'S BEST

An idea that young men want to get out of their heads is that another job is a better job, because there is less work about science.—Indianapolis News.



W. L. DOUGLAS \$3 & \$3.50 SHOES

W. L. Douglas shoes are the standard of the world. W. L. Douglas made and sold more men's good-year Welt (Hand Sewed Process) shoes in the first six months of 1902 than any other manufacturer. \$10,000 REWARD will be paid to anyone who can disprove this statement. W. L. DOUGLAS \$4 SHOES CANNOT BE EXCELLED. 1000 sales, \$1,103,820 | 1902 sales, \$2,940,000 1st 6 months, \$1,103,820 | 1st 6 months, \$1,103,820 Best Imported and American Leathers, Best Patent Calf, Enamel, Box Calf, Calf, Vici Kid, Cowhide, Colt, Nat. Kangaroo, East Color, Etc., Etc. The genuine have W. L. DOUGLAS name and price stamped on bottom. Shoes by mail, 25c. extra. Free Catalogue. W. L. DOUGLAS, BROCKTON, MASS.

FINE SERVICE TO MINNEAPOLIS AND ST. PAUL

VIOLA CENTRAL VALLEY ROUTE RAILROAD NEW LINE FROM CHICAGO Via Dubuque, Waterloo and Albert Lea. Fast Vestibule Night train with through Sleeping Car, Buffet-Library Car and Free Reclining Chair Car. Dining Car Service en route. Tickets of agents of L. C. R. R. and connecting lines. A. H. HANSON, G. P. A., CHICAGO.

WHEN YOU HAVE PAINS IN YOUR BACK OR ANY DISEASE OF THE KIDNEY OR BLADDER

DR. McKEE'S BACKACHE & KIDNEY CURE

IT WILL CURE YOU. PRICE 50¢ & \$1.00 THE MAYFIELD MEDICINE MFG. CO. ST. LOUIS.

Dropsey

CURED Gives Quick Relief. Removes all swelling in 30 days; effects a permanent cure in 30 to 60 days. Trial treatment free. Nothing can be fairer. Write Dr. H. H. Green's Sons, Specialists, Box Q, Atlanta, Ga.

ANAKESIS gives instant relief in all cases of PILES. Cures PILES. No free sample; address ANAKESIS, 711 Broadway, New York.

A. N. K.—F 1948

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WINCHESTER

REPEATING RIFLES

repeat. They don't jam, catch, or fail to extract. In a word, they are the only reliable repeaters. Winchester rifles are made in all desirable calibers, weights and styles; and are plain, partially or elaborately ornamented, suiting every purpose, every pocketbook, and every taste.

WINCHESTER AMMUNITION

made for all kinds of shooting in all kinds of guns.

FREE—Send name and address on a Postal for our 104-page Illustrated Catalog.

WINCHESTER REPEATING ARMS CO., NEW HAVEN, CONN.

FOR TWO GENERATIONS MEXICAN MUSTANG LINIMENT

HAS BEEN THE FARMER'S FRIEND AND A HOUSEHOLD NECESSITY. PAIN LEAVES WHEN MUSTANG LINIMENT ARRIVES—FOR MAN OR BEAST

PRICKLY ASH BITTERS

Is a fine regulating tonic which filters through the body, casting out injurious matter, stimulating the digestion and nourishing and strengthening every weakened part. It also purifies the blood, sharpens the appetite and creates energy. In this way it restores the system to perfect order.

For irregular bowel movements, chronic constipation, flatulence, belching, foul breath, and other troubles due to indigestion or obstruction in the bowels. Prickly Ash Bitters is a speedy cure.

SOLD AT DRUGGISTS.

\$1.00 Per Bottle.

FREE TO WOMEN! Paxtine Toilet Antiseptic

To prove the healing and cleansing power of Paxtine Toilet Antiseptic we will mail large trial treatment with book of instructions absolutely free. This is not a tiny sample, but a large package, enough to convince any one that it is the most successful preparation known to medicine as a cleansing vaginal douche and for the local treatment of woman's special ills, curing discharges and all inflammation, also to cleanse the teeth, mouth, and cure catarrh. Send to-day; a postal will do.

Sold by druggists or sent postpaid by us, 50 cents large box. Satisfaction guaranteed. THE R. PAXTINE CO., 201 Columbus Av., Boston, Mass.

PISO'S CURE FOR GUINIS WHITE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Cures Croup. Use in time. Sold by druggists. CONSUMPTION

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OBITUARY.

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Truly her christian life was one worthy to follow.

Mourning by children, grandchildren, and all who knew her, she has gone to that mansion prepared for the children of God—a home where sorrow and care never come, but where all is joy, peace and love.

Let us so live that when our summons shall come we may meet grandma on that happy shore and live forevermore.

Compare our goods and prices and you will buy from
Yandell-Gugenheim Co

DYCUSBURG.

City Hall to be Erected—Much
Sickness—Other Matters.

Several critical cases of illness have been successfully treated by our physicians recently. Mrs. Thos Brasher is convalescent after undergoing a surgical operation; Mesdames H. B. and W. L. Bennett are recovering after being seriously sick.

L. F. Bennett has made several trips up the Cumberland with his steamer Mary Steward. His daughter, Miss Edmonia, has been the appreciated guests of relatives here for the past few weeks.

Mr. S. H. Cassidy was in attendance at the Methodist Sunday school Sunday morning for the first time since his recent illness. Come again, Uncle Sam.

Ed Mitchell, son of Thos Mitchell, mail carrier from Dycusburg to Kuttawa, on his route home last Tuesday was thrown from the mail carriage by a runaway mule and fell under a two horse wagon, the wheels of which passed over his head. The injury sustained proved not so serious as apprehended and Ed is out with the boys again.

Mrs. Fred Ramage, of Dycusburg hotel, is ill with pneumonia.

Mrs. Dancie Brown and little son Roland, of Kuttawa, are visiting here.

Mrs. G. W. Phillips and wife of Hampton were guests of their son, Dr. Phillips, recently.

The Kentucky Home Society, Louisville, represented by Mr. Gardener, has placed in Dycusburg and vicinity in the last three weeks, 24 orphan children. Good homes were secured for them all.

W. B. Charles is at home from a revival at Marion and is now assisting in a revival at Smithland.

Smith Griffith has a little child dangerously ill of membranous croup.

A revival at Caldwell Springs resulted in 23 conversions and 16 accessions to the church. Several attended the baptizing Sunday from Dycusburg.

The town board of trustees and the Masons Lodge have agreed to erect a city hall and a lodge room on the site of the old Baptist church; the ground floor will be used for a hall and the second floor will be devoted to lodge purposes. The erection of this building is an appreciated enterprise and worthy of co-operation.

Dr. J. M. Graves is having his residence painted and his home otherwise beautified.

Miss Nedie Martin, of Salem was recently the guest of Mrs. Nannie Griffin.

NEW SALEM.

Rev. Tolley commenced a protracted meeting at Tyners Chapel the fourth Sunday.

Bro Lowery failed to fill his regular appointment at New Salem the fourth Sunday.

Felix Tyner has the belt as champion heavy weight.

John Pace says that when there are no obstructions on the highway he keeps moving.

Leo White and wife, of View, were the guest of friends Sunday.

Corn gathering is finished in this section; the corn is about 85 per cent. of a crop.

Misses Irene LaRue of Sheridan and Kate Carter of Levas were the guests of friends Sunday.

A chair frame over a man's head, a razor and a footrace constituted a little fun in Crittenden one evening last week.

The mining interest is on the increase in this section; new finds are reported almost every day.

The late rains have greatly improved the wheat crop.

Hog killing will commence in this section the first cold spell.

There is some sickness.

Dave Wolford is working on the new hotel at Salem.

Married, at the residence of the mother of the bride, Nov 12th, Mr. Franklin James to Miss Julia Hall.

Charlie Binkley has moved onto the widow Alvis farm and will cultivate it in 1903.

Bewer birds and fewer bird hunters in this section than for many years past.

One knockout and one footrace all in one day furnished enough fun for this section for a year.

No tobacco sold in this section yet, and no buyers have been around.

Many people wake up in the morning with a coat on their tongue, and an awful headache, with a languid feeling, drowsy and yawning, this is biliousness. Many people do not know of the many horrors of diseases that arise when a person neglects their bowels if illious or constipated; such things as regularity of the bowels can not be given too strict attention; the best pill for a general laxative or cathartic in the world is Hill's Universal Pills; 25c at all patent medicine dealers in the county.

Stoves! Stoves!

Cook Stoves Heating Stoves
Wood Stoves Coal Stoves
Parlor Stoves Bedroom Stoves
Air tight Heaters
Laundry Stoves
Church or School House Stoves
Or any other kind of Stoves

ALL SOLD UNDER GUARANTEE
BIGHAM & BROWNING

Have You Property For Sale?
IF SO, SEE
BOURLAND & WALKER
Real Estate Dealers

MARION, - - - KENTUCKY

TILINE.

Our Sunday school is progressing nicely; every one enjoys it.

Farmers are all busy, gathering and husking corn.

The tobacco buyers are riding around looking at the crops.

Miss Minnie Crow, who has been visiting Miss Bobbie Ward, has left for Frances. We were all sorry to have her leave.

Uncle Joe Cluck has a good many logs at the mill but help is scarce.

The Misses Agnes and Essie Cruce went to Kelsey Thursday shopping.

The social at Mr. Tom Smith's Thursday night was greatly enjoyed. Misses Bobbie Ward and Minnie Crow and Melvie Ward and Eddie Crow and Messrs. John Charles and Dick Ward of Tiline were present and they reported a nice time.

Charley Howell and his brother Oscar of Illinois have been visiting Mr. Frank Cruce, of this place.

Misses Essie and Agnes are all smiles. W. T. Ward and wife went to Smithland Monday shopping.

Miss May and Mag Hurley of Pinckneyville visited Miss Bobbie Ward Monday.

Press Cruce has been quite sick but has recovered.

Misses Lou and Shelly Vaughan went to Dycusburg Saturday.

W. T. Ward and Mr. Ward Doores are mining and have found lead and silver.

Mrs. Miller and Miss Bobbie went to Sugar creek Wednesday night and reported a nice time.

Asleep Among Flames.

Breaking into a blazing home, some firemen lately dragged the sleeping inmates from death. Fancied security and death near. Its that way when you neglect coughs and colds. Don't do it. Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption gives perfect protection against all chest throat and lung troubles; keep it near and avoid suffering, death and doctor's bills. A teaspoonful stops a late cough persistent use the most stubborn. Harmless and nice tasting, it's guaranteed to satisfy by H. K. Woods. Price 50c and \$1.

CHAPEL HILL.

Quite a number of our people attended church at Crayneville Sunday.

Mr. Dunn from Caldwell county was through here this week hunting fat stock.

Fred Hill sold to Dunn a fine steer; price \$9.50 per cwt.

Geo Daughtery, of Caldwell Springs neighborhood, was here Saturday and Sunday.

The neighbors gathered 20 loads of corn for Corry Minner Friday, which averaged 15 bushels per load.

C. A. Walker and son visited his sister, Mrs. Joe Parr, Sunday.

Wheat in this vicinity is looking well, some fields have the ground covered.

W. W. Ward is in Tennessee, looking under the ground for its hidden treasures, which he has had good luck in finding some rich mineal on his grandfather's place.

Our precinct still continues to turn out her part of school teachers. P. M. Ward,

Chapel Hill; Miss Jennie Clement, Lone Star; Miss Ada Hill, Sullenger school house; Miss Sallie Crider, Whitehall.

The tobacco crop as far as I know is of a good quality and fine texture; it is better than for many years. It had an excellent opportunity to ripen well and did so. It was also thoroughly cured in the barn and has turned out a fine article indeed. Would like to hear from Pleasant Hill and all other points on the subject.

CARD OF THANKS.

We earnestly desire to thank the good people of Lola and vicinity for their kindness and assistance to us during the sickness and death of our son Audley Wright. Words can not express our gratitude to our friends who have so nobly assisted and sympathized with us in our sadness and loss of our beloved child. May the richest benison of heaven be yours to enjoy,

T. J. Wright and Wife.

Rugs and carpets at
Yandell-Gugenheim Co

RULES GOVERNING CONTEST.

(1) Every lady, married or unmarried, residing in Crittenden and Livingston counties, is eligible to enter the contest.

(2) Every \$1.00 paid on subscription to the Press entitles the subscriber to four votes in the contest. Every 25 cent subscription entitles the subscriber to one vote.

(3) A contestant must reside in either Crittenden or Livingston county; the voter may reside anywhere in the United States.

(4) No restrictions are placed on the voter, except that all votes must be cast on ballots provided by the Press for use in said contest.

(5) The voter may pay all his arrears and may pay his subscription as many years in advance as he may desire and for each dollar so paid receive a ticket entitling the holder to four votes in the contest.

(6) As received the ballots will be placed in a locked box kept in the Press office for that purpose. The box will be opened every Wednesday morning, and the ballots counted. The next day's issue of the Press will contain the standing of each candidate. The report will appear each week.

(7) The last count before the close of the contest will be made on WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 17th. The ballot-box will then be locked, the key given to some reputable citizen for safe keeping, and the box remain unopened until the close.

(8) The contest will be closed at 4 o'clock WEDNESDAY EVENING, DECEMBER 24th.

(9) Immediately after the close a committee of three reputable and disinterested citizens will take charge of the ballot-box, open and count the ballots, and determine the winner in the contest.

(10) The contest will be conducted in a most impartial manner and these rules will be strictly observed. Those interested should read them carefully.

Luck in Thirteen.

By sending 13 miles Wm Spirey, of Walton Furnace, Va., got a box of Buelen's Arnica Salve that wholly cured a horrid fever sore on his leg. Positive cures bruises, felons, ulcers, eruption boils, burns, corns and Piles; 25c. guaranteed by Woods.

COLUMBIA DISC Graphophones

The Type you see
ADVERTISED EVERYWHERE

Columbia Disc Graphophones are superior to all others. Our flat, indestructible records are composed of a material controlled exclusively by us. They are the sweetest, smoothest and most brilliant records ever heard. Until you listen to them you can form no accurate idea of the progress that has been made in bringing disc records to the point of perfection. Their excellence is fully equalled by their durability.

The Disc Graphophone is made in three types

SELLING AT

\$15, \$20 and \$30

7-inch records,

50c each; \$5 per doz.

10-inch records,

\$1 each; \$10 per doz.



Columbia High Speed Moulded Records fit all makes and types of talking machines using cylindrical records and are superior to all others.

Columbia Phonograph Co.,

GRAND PRIZE PARIS 1900.

40 E. Baltimore Street, BALTIMORE, MD.

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.

BOSTON, WALKER & CO.,
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

R. F. DORR, Funeral Director and Embalmer.

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



Famous at home for Generations past; Famous now all over the World.

FOR SALE BY
WM. HARRIGAN.

O. B. CHAMPION THOS. W. CHAMPION

Champion & Champion
LAWYERS,

MARION, - KENTUCKY

Will practice in all the courts of the Commonwealth. Special attention given collections.

J. B. KEVIL,
LAWYER
and City Judge.

Regular term of City Court first Monday in each month.

Kodol
Dyspepsia Cure
Digests what you eat.

This preparation contains all of the digestants and digesta all kinds of food. It gives instant relief and never fails to cure. It allows you to eat all the food you want. The most sensitive stomachs can take it. By its use many thousands of dyspepsia have been cured after everything else failed. It prevents formation of gas on the stomach, relieving all distress after eating. Dieting unnecessary. Pleasant to take. It can't help but do you good.

Prepared only by E. C. DeWitt & Co., Chicago. The \$1. bottle contains 30 doses. 50c. per bottle.

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

It can't help but do you good
Prepared only by E. C. De Witt & Co., Chicago
The St. Louis Dispensary has the only large supply

FARMERS INSTITUTE

Of Livingston County, Held at
Salem Nov. 7 and 8, 1902.

The Institute was held under the auspices of the Livingston county Farmers Club and the State Bureau of Agriculture. The Institute was called to order by President G. N. McGrew at 11 o'clock a. m.

Song, Bringing in the Sheaves, was sung, with Miss Sallie Summers at the organ.

Prayer was offered by J. R. Moreland.

G. N. McGrew, President of the Farmers Club, was elected Chairman, and J. W. Hudson was elected Secretary.

Mr. Linley warmly welcomed all to Salem. He said in part that he felt as a farmer great interest in any movement for the benefit of the farming class. The Institute could make farmers take greater interest and become better informed. Institutes had built up the teachers of the State until now they stand at the top, by coming together and discussing the questions relating to education. As a result they have impressed the legislature and got them to pass laws for the benefit of schools. Farmers should profit by this organization through advantages gained by information acquired. If farmers were to go on a strike for one year what would happen, everything else would have to stop.

Commissioner Ion B. Nall responded in a very fitting and practical speech, explaining the intention of farmers institutes, workings of the State Bureau of Agriculture, urging the necessity of such organizations, etc.

Mr. J. B. Walker and wife, of Christian county, were present. Mr. Walker is a practical farmer and has acquired considerable knowledge of same and has an easy way of telling it.

Most all the papers read were good. Discussions free and some times a little lively.

How to improve on the present method of keeping up the public highways was freely discussed. It seemed from the expressions that it is thought that the present methods are inadequate.

A committee was appointed to go before the fiscal court and ask them for an appropriation towards building public roads in our county.

Resolutions thanking Trustees of Salem Union church, Livingston Banner, Col. Ion B. Nall, J. B. Walker and wife for services, and resolutions to the fiscal court were all adopted.

G. N. McGrew was elected President of the Livingston County Farmers Club, J. R. Summers Vice President, J. W. Hudson Secretary and H. F. Green Assistant Secretary.

On motion and second we adjourned to meet sometime in March at some place designated by President McGrew.

J. W. Hudson, Sec'y.

Alonzo Pankey, of Ford's Ferry, Ky., said of Hill's Specific: I have used Hill's Specific for several years, and can say it is the best medicine for bowel complaint that I ever used. This is the talk of many who use it, for it excels all preparations of the known in the world, being neither too strong for the child nor too weak. For sale at every drug store in the county.

OBITUARY.

Departed this life Oct. 18, 1902, Aunt Catharine Wood, aged eighty-two.

Truly her christian life was one worthy to follow.

Mourning by children, grandchildren, and all who knew her, she has gone to that mansion prepared for the children of God—a home where sorrow and care never come, but where all is joy, peace and love.

Let us so live that when our summons shall come we may meet grandma on that happy shore and live forevermore.

Compare our goods and prices and you will buy from
Yandell-Gugenheim Co

DYCUSBURG.

City Hall to be Erected—Much
Sickness—Other Matters.

Several critical cases of illness have been successfully treated by our physicians recently. Mrs. Thos. Brasher is convalescent after undergoing a surgical operation; Mesdames H. B. and W. L. Bennett are recovering after being seriously sick.

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J. M. McChesney,
Marion, Ky.