

The Crittenden Press.

VOLUME 25.

MARION, CRITTENDEN COUNTY, KENTUCKY, DECEMBER 10, 1903.

NUMBER 27

RICH SPECIMENS OF SILVER ORE!

Discovered in Hardin County, Illinois—Mining Interests Improving all Along the Line.

The Mountain Lead, Zinc and Fluorspar company have about 100 tons of Carbonate on their ground ready for shipment from their mines on Wilson's Crittenden Springs tract.

Rev C. R. Montgomery, of Elizabethtown, Ill., was in the city recently. He exhibited some fine samples of silver ore from his mines, and as the vein is said to be wide and heavy, it will doubtless prove to be a bonanza.

Morganfield—Lead Mining—Deer Creek Mining Co. has been incorporated by J. M. Crowe, J. A. Sutton and A. D. Noe to mine lead and other minerals. The capital stock is \$10,000.

The Bell Coal and Mining company have all their newly arrived machinery over but the boiler for hauling the boiler alone they have agreed to pay \$50, without loading or unloading. It is six feet in diameter and forty-six in length and will take a good wagon to hold it up.—Sturgis Herald.

A new rock crusher, a modification of the old Blake crusher, appears destined to have quite a wide application. In it the movable jaw is split in the middle and one half moves forward while the other half is moving backward. The maximum method is said to be only one half as great as that of an ordinary Blake breaker of equal capacity.

The samples of fluor spar and lead ore from the Crittenden Mining company, on exhibition at the Gleaner office attracted considerable attention yesterday, all persons familiar with such ore were very loud in their praise of the specimens. Without doubt the new addition to this company's property will prove to be one of the most valuable of the mineral discoveries in this wonderful mineral territory.

Mr. T. B. Gilchrist of Sullivan, just below us, was in town Monday with a fine sample of Bell coal. Mr. Gilchrist has evidently struck it rich. The coal is 46 inches thick and he owns 318 acres. His mine is nearly on the bank of Tradewater river, and also close enough to switch to the I. O. railroad. Mr. Gilchrist has a curiosity now on exhibition at his mine. Some ten days ago a petrified snake, some eight feet in length, and weighing perhaps 40 pounds, was found in the coal. This is characteristic of the Bell coal, as of some whiskey that there are snakes in.—Sturgis Cor. Morganfield Sun.

THE OLD RELIABLE



Absolutely Pure
THERE IS NO SUBSTITUTE

A deed has been made by the late owner of the Flanary tract to the Crittenden Mining company which deed has been lodged in the Marion bank, awaiting the pleasure of this company, which has some weeks yet in which to accept and pay for the same. The fact that they have ordered the deed to be prepared is an indication of their intention to add this very valuable mining privilege to their already valuable property.—Henderson Gleaner.

In conversation with Mr. A. G. Roberts, of this city, one of the fortunate owners of the great lead and fluor spar property purchased in Crittenden county recently, of which the Gleaner gave an account at the time, he informed us that his people were intent on pushing things from the word go. It seems to be their purpose to begin at once the erection of a plant of ample capacity to mill all ore produced. The milling process will consist of crushing ore, separating the lead and spar by means of jigs, grinding the spar, and preparing the two products for shipment. In the opinion of persons competent to judge, all that is needed to insure them a large fortune is to make suitable preparation for handling large quantities of this ore, and this they are preparing to do as quickly as possible.

Specimens to be displayed in Kentucky's 6,000 square feet of space in the Mines and Metallurgy building at the World's Fair next year, are now rapidly arriving at the Haldeman warehouse in Louisville for storage until sent to St. Louis next March. Among the shipments that have already arrived are the following: Two barrels of zinc ore from J. W. Cammack, Owenton; large box of onyx from Barren county; two barrels of coke from Bell county; sack of iron ore from Hart county; barrel of clays from Hart county, and boxes of the following: Stone from the McWilliams Construction Co., of Eddyville; stone and clay from Lancaster; stone from Falmouth; clay from Rockcastle; stone from Richmond; stone from Lincoln; stone from Green; stone from Greensburg; stone from Lebanon.

F. Haag, of the Crittenden Mining company, has just returned from a short visit to Crittenden county, where he went to look after the interests of his company; he reports interest in mining matters in that county unabated, hardly a day passing that some new company is not formed, or new capitalists arriving in the county with a view to inspecting the field. In this connection he reports that the new mine recently acquired by the Roberts, Noe, Moseley Co. has proven even richer than at first anticipated, the vein of fluor spar and lead are measuring fully sixteen feet across and extending through the whole length of their tract of land. It is estimated that the mine will yield practically an inexhaustible quantity of the highest grade of fluor spar and lead ores. This is a very satisfactory combination for the reason that

the process of separation these ores is very simple and inexpensive.—Henderson Gleaner.

Conditions at this time point to one of two developments in the lead trade becoming a certainty within the next few months. Either there will be a combination of the United and National Lead Companies, or there will be one of the most interesting trade wars which has been waged in this country for several years. One year ago at this time the prospects for a merger of the two companies were satisfactory. Conditions changed in February last and at that time it was declared by representatives of both companies that negotiations have been finally broken off. The promoters of the United Lead Company reduced their proposed capitalization and organized without further ado. Now it develops that there have been efforts made during the past few weeks to re-open negotiations looking towards a merger of the two companies. It is known that there is a powerful faction in the National Lead Company which is opposed to a merger of the two companies and which wants to carry the fight through to a finish. Interested parties have refused to discuss the subject and if such a movement is on foot, it is being carried on along the lines of a famous Missouri politician who is alleged to have worn "gum shoes" while carrying on political work. Be that as it may, it is a fact that the United Lead Company is already at work on a new white lead manufacturing plant at Perth Amboy, N. J., and that they are making every endeavor to get construction work started on the western plant, to be erected near St. Louis. If their plans are carried out the United Lead Company will soon be in a position to make itself felt in the white lead trade and realizing the unsettled conditions, the independents are watching developments with no little interest, while endeavoring to fortify themselves as best they can. In the opinion of close observers, it is "merge or fight."

Sad Death Near Slaughterville.

Virginia, the only daughter of Dr. John Immer, died at the home of her grandparents near Slaughterville Sunday morning, Nov. 29th. She was two years and twenty-seven days old, and young as she was leaves a host of bereaved friends and relatives to mourn her untimely death. The blow to the father is quite a severe one, as his young wife was taken away only four months ago. The child died of bronchial and brain trouble due to an accident a few weeks ago.—Madisonville Hustler.

Dr. Immer is now a resident of this city, and by his quiet and courteous demeanor has gained many friends, who sincerely sympathize with him in his double bereavement.

FARM FOR SALE OR LEASE.

We call attention to our find of glass sand, a bed 60 feet deep, covering at least five acres, situated about 1/2 mile from depot at Marion, Ky. This property is easily mined; plenty of water in easy reach. It is in line with the zinc and spar mines, and only about 1/2 mile from the Lucile Mines. Expert glass makers have pronounced it, by actual test, to be the best quality. Plenty of coal near by. Here is a fine location for a glass factory, as the raw material is here. Also a fine location for waterworks; a lake covering 10 acres easily made by a dam 40 feet high, by 150 yards long. Enough to amply supply any factory and the town of Marion, which is in need of water all the time. The lake would be supplied by living water and a drainage of 75 acres. If interested, and further information is wanted, write LEMUEL CLARK, Marion, Ky.

LIFE AGAIN

Will Flourish in the Town of Hindoston, Ind.

Shoals, Ind., Dec. 5.—After a lapse of eighty-eight years the wonderful water power at Hindoston falls on White river near here is to be again utilized. In 1815 a company of Eastern capitalists was formed and a town laid out at the falls. Sawmills, gristmills, the Hindoston Stone Company and various other enterprises were started and did a flourishing business for several years. The power to operate these plants was procured by a dam erected across the river at the falls. After many years successful operation an epidemic locally called the black plague appeared and literally swept the town from the face of the earth. The county seat and county buildings were removed to another town, and with them went all the stores, mills and business of the place, which then was a rival to Vincennes, Henderson and Louisville. The houses were removed, destroyed by the elements or permitted to decay, and for more than sixty years the old site of the town has been cultivated farm land. To-day there is no trace of the once flourishing town!

Recently Northern Indiana capitalists, with Jerome Herff, of Peru, Ind., at the head, have been investigating the water power and the Indiana Hydraulic Company has been formed. Also a traction company to construct an electric railway from Vincennes to Shoals, with branches from here to West Baden and Indian Springs. The company also proposes the erection of a dam and powerhouse here as well as at Hindoston, and it is said work will be commenced in the spring. The company is now acquiring by purchase and appropriation proceedings the title to the real estate which will be used in the erection of their plants or overflowed by backwater from their dam. The company is well capitalized and have had careful surveys and estimates made of the land to be used and the power which can be generated.

Several rival corporations have appeared in the field and are locating sites for hydraulic power plants and interurban lines, and their various interests are now in litigation. All of the companies claim to have plenty of capital behind them, and it is probable that the legal battle will be hotly contested.

HAMPTON.

Frank Crawford, of Paducah, visited friends and relatives here last week.

H. E. Worten and wife have gone to housekeeping.

The spelling Saturday night at Dyers Hill was very good.

Chas Scott and Bruce Bogues, two of our boys, joined the army at Paducah last week and were ordered to Washington City.

Eld J S Roe filled his appointment here Saturday and Sunday night.

The singing at J A Wright's on Sunday evening was a success.

Prof Canterbury spent Saturday and Sunday in Smithland.

J Trace Hardin and Ben Scott were out Saturday night and Sunday, but I don't know where.

Telegraphy.

Send for special catalogue of the National School of Telegraphy. Every worthy graduate secures a position. Address H. H. Cherry, Bowling Green, Ky.

Santa Claus Headquarters!

C. J. BLACK & SON,

Have the Largest and Best Selected Stock of Christmas Goods to be found in Marion.

TOYS OF EVERY DESCRIPTION

NOVELTIES IN GLASS AND CHINAWARE.

Presents that will suit the old as well as the young.

See the "Merry-Go-Round"

in our show window.

Elegant Display OF Holiday Goods!

Comb and Brush Sets,
Collar and Cuff Boxes,
Manicure Sets,
Fine Cut Glass,
Medallions,
Necktie Cases,
Fancy Paper,
Smoker Sets,
Fine Cutlery,

Pocket Books,
Fancy Work Baskets,
Guitars,
Fine Candies,
Wall Pockets,
Games of all kinds,
Crokinole, Flinch,
Authors and Juvenile,
Games of every kind.

Altogether the prettiest line ever brought to Marion.

COME AND SEE.
WE CAN PLEASE YOU.

R. F. HAYNES,

SELLING OUT!

Must Vacate Store Jan. 1, 1904.

CLOTHING, Hats, Gent's
Furnishings. Will sell goods
for what they will bring.
Overcoats from \$2.50 to \$7.00
Pants from 45 cents up.
Ladies Union Suits from 20c up
Shoes Ladies and Mens \$1 up

ABE BARKER,

One Door Below Masonic Building.

New Laundry Agency.

Metcalf's Hopkinsville Steam Laundry has opened a branch in Marion at H F Morris & Son's grocery. If you are not pleased with your laundry, or for any reason desire a change, please call me by telephone, No 28. We guarantee all our work and hope the public will divide with us.
J. LACY HUGHES,
Local Agent.

STRAYED

From my farm, one mile east of Iron Hill, on November 23rd, one red cow—weight about 300 pounds, swallow fork in left ear, bob-tailed, fat. A liberal reward will be paid for her return or for any information as to her whereabouts.
G. D. KEMP,
Iron Hill, Ky.

Law School.

Write for full information concerning our Law School. Address H. H. Cherry, Bowling Green, Ky.



Don't Forget To Get In The Band Wagon.

The Most Prominent People In Marion and Crittenden County Will Be Represented In Our Pictorial Issue.

AS A HISTORY

The Pictorial Edition of Marion and Crittenden county will be well worth preserving for its accurate fund of valuable information.

AS AN ADVERTISING MEDIUM

The Pictorial Edition of the PRESS presents an extraordinary opportunity for the Merchant and Manufacturer to make a direct appeal, which will reach and be read by the right people for a number of years to come. It will take a permanent place as a souvenir in every library in Marion and Crittenden county.

We will publish the Pictorial Edition anyway. We are meeting encouragement on every hand. Many have already engaged space, enough to insure the success of the undertaking, and all who join us are sure to get their money's worth. But of course the number and variety of illustrations will depend to some extent on the assistance we get from citizens who will reap more of the benefits of this publication than we will. This is one of the best direct advertising mediums for the merchants in existence to-day.

WANTED AT WORLD'S FAIR

Mr. R. E. Hughes, Secretary Kentucky Exhibit Association World's Fair, St. Louis, 1904, who called on me recently, says without fail send him a copy of each town I have gotten issues of this kind out for, to be exhibited in the Kentucky building. He says it is the finest enterprise in the State today. I will respond to his request. WM. H. BICKERS.

TO OUR BUSINESS MEN.

Take advantage of the opportunity offered by our Pictorial Edition of the PRESS to advertise your business. Farmers, merchants and business men of Marion and Crittenden county cannot afford to be left out of this Pictorial Edition of the PRESS. We will have a page for the county and city officials, lawyers, doctors and professional men. Don't be left out of this great Pictorial Edition.

Help us bring Marion and Crittenden county to the front. This is for the benefit of Marion and Crittenden county. It don't benefit us at all. If you are not represented in this issue don't blame us—blame yourself. It will be a beauty, besides a souvenir. Have your picture in this issue, so you can send a copy to your friends in Texas or some other state, wherever they may be. They will be proud to get a copy, besides you are advertising your town and county. Merchants out in the country, write us if you want your picture and store-house or residence in this issue.

Every merchant in Marion ought to advertise in our Pictorial Edition; everybody ought to stand by home industry of every character. Try the plan of advertising and see if it pays. As a rule, the business man who does not advertise his goods, has no goods worth advertising; the merchant that has a good stock of goods is only too proud to tell the world, through these Pictorial Editions, about his goods. When a man has anything good to sell he wants the people to know it, and the people look to these Pictorial Newspapers for their information. Don't be left out; engage space at once.

TO BE ISSUED JANUARY 7, 1904.

Help Us Bring Marion and Crittenden County to The Front

A VISION OF JESUS.

BY O. G. W.

Alone at the midnight hour! What is there about silence and darkness that gives eyes, and ears and wings to the soul? Why should curtain night clear our vision that by day is sun-blind? I know not. But this I know, that in such an hour there came to me a "Vision of Jesus," sweet, inspiring, of which I can make here but imperfect record.

I seemed to live in the world through which Jesus passed, in far famed Judea. As in old time I heard the laws of Moses learnedly expounded, and in the stately Sabbath service paid fitting, if formal, praise to that dread Jehovah whose name I dared not take upon my lips.

But the world was sad, the people oppressed. We were looking for a deliverer; one who in might and majesty should drive the hated Roman from our land and give us once again the glory of ancient days. So life went on 'twixt fear and hope until at length we heard the rumor strange, "Behold, the Messiah, the Man of Galilee, appears." Doubting, yet hoping I stood with the multitude, looking full into the prophet's face and listening to the music of his speech.

I heard him call that distant and cloud-robed God, worshipped from afar in synagogue and temple, HIS FATHER, and with others I muttered, BLASPHEMY. With look that would have melted hearts less hard than ours, he said of poor and outcast men, These are my brothers. Again I was offended; for what communion hath light with darkness, knowledge with ignorance, or virtue with vice?

But at last, thank Heaven, I saw the truth profound—the heart of this new gospel. God, the Infinite, the Universal, Creator of all that was and is, and is to be,—that God, the Father, is of all mankind. How small and mean, then, seemed the worship of a tribal deity! And, if we all were borne into this

realm of smiles and tears by one high wisdom and one strong love, no pride of race, or sect, or speech can break this bond; for we are Brothers to the last man of us—forever.

From that hour of vision the Nazarene's faith was mine; and through eventful days I followed him, not knowing whither I was led. It was enough to know that He was near, my master and my friend.

What days were those! Strange, solemn days of mystery and mercy. We marveled at his power, his patience and his love. No man who came to him in honest need found aught but gracious welcome, and many a body racked with pain was healed, and many a clouded soul was filled with light and peace.

But the fickle and the foolish thronged his path. Spies and enemies dogged his steps. The hard hand of hate and the cruel hand of power led him, at length, to Herod's court and Pilate's cross. Oh! those were sad, proud days, whereon the Master did confront alone—for we were faithless—the powers that sought his life. What dignity in defeat, what tenderness in misery! Herod's slaves could wring from him no word that said, "My mission is a lie." Pale and scarred with torture stroke, he answered Pilate with fearless words, and wise, "To this end was I born and to this end am I come into the world, that I should bear witness to the truth."

Long were the hours and long the way from judgment seat to that bare rock on which the sweetest life since time began yielded its breath to cruelty and bigot-blinded rage. And there for one dark moment's space we, who loved him, and were by resistless fascination drawn to behold him suffering, feared that faith would fail, for sadder words never fell from lips of pain,—"My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?" Had this been, all hell might have claimed a victory. But this is not all, "Father, into thy hands I commit my spirit." "Father." Can he say that now? With death damp

on his lips can he cry, "Father." Then has faith triumphed over the last foe; and to the end of time, men and women shall face the dread unknown without a fear, remembering how he died.

And in my vision the wise and good of all lands and ages seemed to say, "Look well to the cross; for of very deed that nail-pierced shall change, at last, the course of centuries, writing above creeds that bind and blind, above tyrannies that enslave and cruelties that fill our life with tears, his own eternal verities—the Fatherhood of God, and the Brotherhood of Man."

Startling Evidence.

Fresh testimony in great quantity is constantly coming in, declaring Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs and Colds to be unequalled. A recent expression from T. J. McFarland, Bentonsville, Va., serves as example. He writes: "I had Bronchitis for three years and doctored all the time without being benefitted. Then I began taking Dr. King's New Discovery, and a few bottles wholly cured me." Equally effective in curing all Lung and Throat troubles, Consumption, Pneumonia and Grip. Guaranteed by Woods & Orme druggist. Trial bottles free, regular sizes 50c and \$1.

LETTER FROM KANSAS.

WELLINGTON, KAN., Dec. 1, 1903
—S. M. Jenkins, Esq. My Dear Marshall: Your statement for the PRESS received a few days ago and glad to get it as I could not tell how my account was credited as I could never hear from Mr. Walker as to how much I owed him. I could not well get along without the PRESS and am glad that it has fallen into such good hands, as Mr. Walker had to give it up on account of his health. Please find enclosed \$2, and kindly send me a receipt for the same.

Your truly,
R. E. DOWELL.

A jury in the United States court at Los Angeles has awarded a woman \$27,500 damages against the Southern Pacific railroad on account of the death of her husband.

OLLIE'S MOTIVE.

Hon. Ollie M. James, who recently introduced a bill in Congress enabling the machinery of the Federal courts to be used in returning W. S. Taylor, Charles Finley and others from Indiana to Kentucky has this to say in defense of his bill:

"The sentiment of Kentucky in favor of bringing Taylor to the bar of justice is as strong as it ever was," said James. "The spectacle of Taylor, the murderer, standing in Indianapolis waving his bloody hands and anathematizing our courts and juries suggests that there ought to be strength enough in the Federal government to interfere and bring this man to trial. Certainly a government before which nations tremble and which is a power throughout the earth, ought to find some way to administer simple justice at home."

Worst of all Experiences.

Can anything be worse than to feel that every minute will be your last? Such was the experience of Mrs. S. H. Newton, Decatur, Ala. "For three years" she writes, "I endured insufferable pain from digestion, stomach and bowel trouble. Death seemed inevitable when doctors and all remedies failed. At length I was induced to try Electric Bitters and the result was miraculous. I improved at once and now I'm completely recovered. For Liver Kidney, Stomach and Bowel troubles Electric Bitters is the only medicine. Only 50c. It's guaranteed by Woods & Orme druggists."

LOOK FOR THE BEAM.

Nothing helps to blind us so much to our own defects as the habit of getting angry with others. In proportion as we become able to discover the mote in our brother's eye at a hundred paces, we lose the ability to see the beam in our own in the nearest looking glasses. Anger is a first-rate tendency when we turn it more and more upon our own shortcomings. To be thoroughly angry at one's self is a fine moral stimulus. But to be angered increasingly by the faults of others is a very bad symptom and should make us uneasy about our moral condition.

R. J. MORRIS Dentist,

Office over Marion Bank.

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FUNERAL DIRECTOR.

EMBALMER.

R. F. DORR.

Marion, - - - Kentucky.

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Repair Work of all kinds Given Prompt Attention.
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LEADING DRUGGISTS.

School Supplies,
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Diamond Dyes, all sizes Glass.
ons Compounded at all Hours, Day or Night

ALICE OF OLD VINCENNES

By MAURICE THOMPSON

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CHAPTER V.

FATHER GIBAUT.

Great movements in the affairs of men are like tides of the sea, which reach and affect the remotest and quietest nooks and inlets, imparting a thrill and a swell of the general motion. Father Gibault brought the wave of the American Revolution to Vincennes. He was a simple missionary, but he was, besides, a man of great worldly knowledge and personal force. Colonel George Rogers Clark made Father Gibault's acquaintance at Kaskaskia when the fort and its garrison surrendered to his command, and quickly discerning the fine quality of the priest's character, sent him to the post on the Wabash to win over its people to the cause of freedom and independence. Nor was the task assumed a hard one, as Father Gibault probably well knew before he undertook it.

A few of the leading men of Vincennes, presided over by Gaspard Roussillon, held a consultation at the river house, and it was agreed that a mass meeting should be called, bringing all of the inhabitants together in the church, for the purpose of considering the course to be taken under the circumstances made known by Father Gibault. Once Jazon constituted himself an executive committee of one to stir up a noise for the occasion.

It was a great day for Vincennes. The volatile temperament of the French frontiersmen bubbled over with enthusiasm at the first hint of something new and revolutionary in which they might be expected to take part. Without knowing in the least that it was that Father Gibault and Jazon wanted of them, they were all in favor of it at a venture.

Rene de Ronville, being an active and intelligent young man, was sent about through the town to let everybody know of the meeting. In passing he stepped into the cabin of Father Beret, who was sitting on the loose puncher floor, with his back turned toward the entrance and so absorbed in trying to put together a great number of small paper fragments that he did not hear or look up.

"Are you not going to the meeting, father?" Rene bluntly demanded. In the hurry that was on him he did not remember to be formally polite, as was his habit.

The old priest looked up with a startled face. At the same time he swept the fragments of paper together and clutched them hard in his right hand.

"Yes, yes, my son; yes, I am going, but the time has not yet come for it, has it?" he stammered. "Is it late?"

He sprang to his feet and appeared confused, as if caught in doing something very improper.

Rene wondered at this unusual behavior, but merely said:

"I beg pardon, Father Beret. I did not mean to disturb you," and went his way.

Father Beret stood for some minutes as if dazed, then squeezed the paper fragments into a tight ball, just as they were when he took them from under the floor some time before Rene came in, and put it in his pocket.

A little later he was kneeling, as we have seen him once before, in silent yet fervent prayer, his clasped hands lifted toward the crucifix on the wall.

"Jesus, give me strength to hold on and do my work," he murmured beseechingly. "And, oh, free thy poor servant from bitter temptation."

Father Gibault had come prepared to use his eloquence upon the excitable creoles, and with considerable cunning he addressed a motley audience at the church, telling them that an American force had taken Kaskaskia and would therefore hold it; that France had joined hands with the Americans against the British, and that it was the duty of all Frenchmen to help uphold the cause of freedom and independence.

"I come," said he, "directly from Colonel George Rogers Clark, a noble and brave officer of the American army, who told me the news that I have brought to you. He sent me here to say to you that if you will give allegiance to his government you shall be protected against all enemies and have the full freedom of citizens. I think you should do this without a moment's hesitation, as I and my people at Kaskaskia have already done. But perhaps you would like to have a word from your distinguished fellow citizen, M. Gaspard Roussillon. Speak to your friends, my son; they will be glad to take counsel of your wisdom."

There were a stir and a craning of necks. M. Roussillon presently appeared near the chancel, his great form towering majestically. He bowed and waved his hand with the air of one who accepts distinction as a matter of course; then he took his big silver watch and looked at it. He was the only man in Vincennes who owned a watch, and so the incident was impressive. Father Gibault looked pleased, and already a murmur of applause went through the audience. M. Roussillon stroked the bulging crystal of the timepiece with a circular motion of his thumb and bowed again, clear-

ing his throat resonantly, his face glowing purplish above his beard.

"Good friends," he said, "what France does all high class Frenchmen applaud." He paused for a shout of approbation and was not disappointed. "The other name for France is glory," he added, "and all true Frenchmen love both names. I am a true Frenchman," and he struck his breast a resounding blow with the hand that still held the watch. A huge horn button on his buckskin jerkin came in contact with the crystal and there was a smash, followed by a scattered tinkling of glass fragments.

All Vincennes stood breathless, contemplating the irreparable accident. M. Roussillon had lost the effect of a great period in his speech, but he was quick. Lifting the watch to his ear he listened a moment with superb dignity, then slowly elevating his head and spreading his free hand over his heart he said: "The faithful timepiece still tells of the seconds, and the loyal heart of its owner still throbs with patriotism."

Once Jazon, who stood in front of the speaker, swung his shapeless cap as high as he could and yelled like a savage. Then the crowd went wild for a time.

"Vive la France! A bas l'Angleterre!" Everybody shouted at the top of his voice.

"What France does we all do," continued M. Roussillon, when the noise subsided. "France has clasped hands with George Washington and his brave compatriots. So do we."

"Vive Zhorzh Vastinton!" shrieked Uncle Jazon in a piercing treble, tipping and shaking his cap recklessly under M. Roussillon's nose.

The orator winced and jerked his head back, but nobody saw it, save perhaps Father Gibault, who laughed heartily. In conclusion M. Roussillon said:

"Frenchmen, America is the garden spot of the world and will one day rule it, as did Rome of old. Where freedom makes her home, there is the center of power."

When M. Roussillon ceased speaking the audience again exhausted its vocal resources, and then Father Gibault called upon each man to come forward and solemnly pledge his loyalty to the American cause. Not one of them hesitated.

Meantime a woman was doing her part in the transformation of Post Vincennes from a French-English picket to a full fledged American fort and town. Mme. Godere, finding out what was about to happen, fell to work making a flag in imitation of that under which George Washington was fighting. Alice changed to be in the Godere home at the time and joined enthusiastically in the sewing. It was an exciting task. Their fingers trembled while they worked, and the thread, heavily coated with beeswax, squeaked as they drew it through the cloth.

"We shall not be in time," said Mme. Godere; "I know we shall not. Everything hinders me. My thread breaks or gets tangled and my needle's so rusty I can hardly stick it through the cloth. Oh, dear!"

Alice encouraged her with both words and work, and they had almost finished when Rene came with a staff which he had brought from the fort.

"Mon Dieu, but we have had a great meeting!" he cried. He was perspiring with excitement and fast walking. Leaning on the staff, he mopped his face with a blue handkerchief.

"We heard much shouting and noise," said Mme. Godere. "M. Roussillon's voice rose loud above the rest. He roared like a lion."

"Ah, he was speaking to us; he was very eloquent," Rene replied. "But now they are waiting at the fort for the new flag. I have come for it."

"It is ready," said Mme. Godere.

With flying fingers Alice sewed it to the staff.

"Voilà!" she cried. "Vive la republique Americaine!" She lifted the staff and let the flag droop over her from head to foot.

"Give it to me," said Rene, holding forth a hand for it, "and I'll run to the fort with it."

"No," said Alice, her face suddenly lighting up with resolve. "No, I am going to take it myself." And without a moment's delay off she went.

Rene was so caught by surprise that he stood gazing after her until she passed behind a house, where the way turned, the shining flag rippling around her and her moccasins twinkling as she ran.

At the blockhouse, awaiting the moment when the symbol of freedom should rise like a star over old Vincennes, the crowd had picturesquely broken into scattered groups. Alice entered through a rent in the stockade, as that happened to be a shorter route than through the gate, and appeared suddenly almost in their midst.

It was a happy surprise, a pretty and catching spectacular apparition of a sort to be thoroughly appreciated by the lively French fancy of the audience. The men caught the girl's spirit, or it caught them, and they made haste to be noisy.

"Vive! Vive! L'p'tite Alice et la banniere de Zhorzh Vastinton!" ("Look, look! Little Alice and George Washington's flag!") shouted Uncle Jazon. He put his wiry little legs through a sort of pas de zephyr and winked at himself with concentrated approval.

All the men danced around and yelled till they were hoarse.

By this time Rene had reached Alice's side, but she did not see him. She ran into the blockhouse and climbed up a rude ladder way. Then she appeared on the roof, still accompanied by Rene, and planted the staff in a crack of the slabs, where it stood bravely up, the colors floating free. She turned about to descend and for the first time saw that Rene had followed her. His face was beaming.

"What a girl you are!" he exclaimed in a tone of exultant admiration.



"Good friends," he said.

"Never was there another like you!" Alice walked quickly past him without speaking, for down in the space where some women were huddled aside from the crowd, looking on, she had seen little Adrienne Bourcier. She made haste to descend. Now that her impulsively chosen enterprise was completed her boldness deserted her, and she slipped out through a dilapidated postern opposite the crowd. On her right was the river, while southward before her lay a great flat plain, beyond which rose some hillocks covered with forest. The sun blazed between masses of slowly drifting clouds that trailed creeping fantastic shadows across the marshy waste.

Alice walked along under cover of the slight land swell, which then, more plainly marked than it is now, formed the contour line of hummock upon which the fort and village stood. A watery swale grown full of tall aquatic weeds meandered parallel with the bluff, so to call it, and there was a soft, melancholy whispering of wind among the long blades and stems. She passed the church and Father Beret's hut and continued for some distance in the direction of that pretty knoll upon which the cemetery is at present so tastefully kept. She felt shy now, as if to run away and hide would be a great relief. Indeed, so relaxed were her nerves that a slight movement in the grass and cattail flags near by startled her painfully, making her jump like a fawn.

"Little friend not be afraid," said a guttural voice in broken French. "Little friend not make noise."

At a glance she recognized Long Hair, the Indian, rising out of the matted marsh growth. It was a hideous vision of embodied cunning, soullessness and murderous cruelty.

"Not tell white man you see me?" he grunted interrogatively, stepping close to her. He looked so wicked that she recoiled and lifted her hands defensively.

She trembled from head to foot, and her voice failed her, but she made a negative sign and smiled at him, turning as white as her tanned face could become.

In his left hand he held his bow, while in his right he half lifted a murderous looking tomahawk.

"What new flag mean?" he demanded, waving the bow's end toward the fort and bending his head down close to hers. "Who yonder?"

"The great American father has taken us under his protection," she explained. "We are big knives now. It almost choked her to speak.

"Ugh, heap big fools!" he said with a dark scowl. "Little friend much big fool."

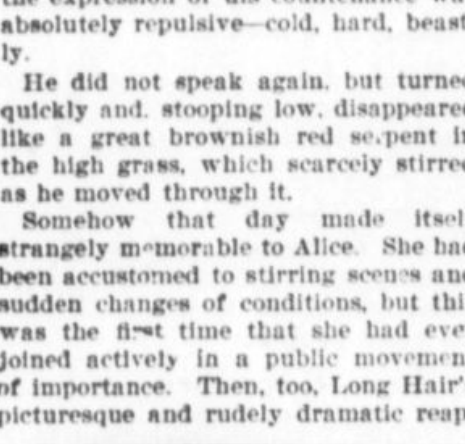
He straightened up his tall form and stood leaning at her for some seconds, then added:

"Little friend get killed, scalped, maybe."

The indescribable nobility of animal largeness, symmetry and strength showed in his form and attitude, but the expression of his countenance was absolutely repulsive—cold, hard, bestial.

He did not speak again, but turned quickly and stooping low, disappeared like a great brownish red serpent in the high grass, which scarcely stirred as he moved through it.

Somehow that day made itself strangely memorable to Alice. She had been accustomed to stirring scenes and sudden changes of conditions, but this was the first time that she had ever joined actively in a public movement of importance. Then, too, Long Hair's picturesque and rudely dramatic reap-



"What new flag mean?"

pearance affected her imagination with an indescribable force. Moreover, the pathetic situation in the love affair between Rene and Adrienne had taken hold of her conscience with a disturbing grip. But the shadowy sense of im-

pending events, of which she could form no idea, was behind it all. She had not heard of Brandywine or Bunker Hill or Lexington or Concord, but something like a waft of their significance had blown through her mind. A great change was coming into her idyllic life. She was indistinctly aware of it, as we sometimes are of an approaching storm while yet the sky is sweetly blue and serene. When she reached home the house was full of people to whom M. Roussillon, in the gayest of moods, was dispensing wine and brandy.

"Vive Zhorzh Vastinton!" shouted Uncle Jazon as soon as he saw her.

And then they all talked at once, saying flattering things about her. Mme. Roussillon tried to scold as usual, but the lively chattering of the guests drowned her voice.

"I suppose the American commander will send a garrison here," some one said to Father Gibault, "and repair the fort."

"Probably," replied the priest, "in a very few weeks. Meantime we will garrison it ourselves."

"And we will have M. Roussillon for commander," spoke up Rene de Ronville, who was standing by.

A good suggestion," assented Father Gibault. "Let us organize at once." Immediately the word was passed that there would be a meeting at the fort that evening for the purpose of choosing a garrison and a commander. Everybody went promptly at the hour set. M. Roussillon was elected captain by acclamation, with Rene de Ronville as his lieutenant. It was observed that Uncle Jazon had resumed his dignity and that he looked into his cap several times without speaking.

Meantime certain citizens who had been in close relations with Governor Abbott during his stay quietly slipped out of town, manned a bateau and went up the river, probably to Oulaton first and then to Detroit. Doubtless they suspected that things might soon grow too warm for their comfort.

It was thus that Vincennes and Fort Sackville first acknowledged the American government and hoisted the flag which, as long as it floated over the blockhouse, was lightly and lovingly called by every one la banniere d'Alice Roussillon.

Father Gibault returned to Fort Kaskaskia and a little later Captain Leonard Helm, a jovial man, but past the prime of life, arrived at Vincennes with a commission from Colonel Clark authorizing him to supersede M. Roussillon as commander and to act as Indian agent for the American government in the department of the Wabash. He was welcomed by the villagers and at once made himself very pleasing to them by adapting himself to their ways and entering heartily into their social activities.

M. Roussillon was absent when Captain Helm and his party came. Rene de Ronville, nominally in command of the fort, but actually enjoying some excellent grouse shooting with a bell mouthed old fowling piece on a distant prairie, could not be present to deliver up the post, and as there was no garrison just then visible Helm took possession without any formalities.

"I think, lieutenant, that you'd better look around through the village and see if you can scare up this Captain What's-his-name," said the new commander to a stalwart young officer who had come with him. "I can't think of these French names without getting my brain in a twist. Do you happen to recollect the captain's name, lieutenant?"

"Yes, sir—Gaspard Roussillon it reads in Colonel Clark's order, but I am told that he's away on a trading tour," said the young man.

"You may be told anything by these hair tongued parlyvoos," Helm remarked. "It won't hurt, anyway, to find out where he lives and make a formal call, just for appearance sake, and to inquire about his health. I wish you would try it, sir, and let me know the result."

The lieutenant felt that this was a peremptory order and turned about to obey promptly.

"And I say, Beverley, come back sober if you possibly can," Helm added in his most genial tone, thinking it a great piece of humor to suggest sobriety to a man whose marked difference from the men of that time was his total abstinence from intoxicating drinks.

Lieutenant Fitzhugh Beverley was a Virginian of Virginians. His family had long been prominent in colonial affairs and boasted a record of great achievements both in peace and in war.

He was the only son of his parents and heir to a fine estate consisting of lands and slaves; but, like many another of the restless young cavaliers of the Old Dominion, he had come in search of adventure over into Kentucky, along the path blazed by Daniel Boone, and when Clark organized his little army the young man's patriotic and chivalric nature leaped at the opportunity to serve his country under so gallant a commander.

Intent upon his formal mission, Lieutenant Beverley stalked boldly into the inclosure at Roussillon place and was met on the gallery by Mme. Roussillon in one of her worst moods. She glared at him with her hands on her hips, her mouth set irritably aslant upward, her eyebrows gathered into a dark knot over her nose. It would be hard to imagine a more forbidding countenance, and for supplementary effect out popped hunchback Jean to stand behind her, with his big head lying back in the hollow of his shoulders and his long chin elevated, while he gawped intently up at Beverley's face.

"Bon jour, madame," said the lieutenant, lifting his hat and speaking with a pleasant accent. "Would it be agreeable to Captain Roussillon for me to see him a moment?"

Despite Beverley's cleverness in using the French language he had a decided brusqueness of manner and a curt turn of voice not in the least Gallic. True, the soft Virginian intonation marked every word, and his obeisance was as low as if Mme. Roussillon had been a queen, but the light French grace was wholly lacking.

"What do you want of my husband?" Mme. Roussillon demanded.

"Nothing unpleasant, I assure you, madame," said Beverley.

"Well, he's not at home, m'sieu; he's up the river for a few days."

She relaxed her stare, untied her eyebrows and even let fall her hands from her shelflike hips.

"Thank you, madame," said Beverley, bowing again. "I am sorry not to have seen him."

As he was turning to go a shimmer of brown hair streaked with gold struck upon his vision from just within the door. He paused, as if in response to a military command, while a pair of gray eyes met his with a flash. The cabin room was ill lighted, but the crepuscular dimness did not seem to hinder his sight. Beyond the girl's figure a pair of slender swords hung crossed aslant on the wall opposite the low door.

The rough frame of the doorway gave just the rustic setting suited to Alice's costume, the most striking part of which was a grayish short gown ending just above her fringed buckskin moccasins. Around her head she had bound a blue kerchief, a wide corner of which lay over her crown like a loose cap. Her bright hair hung free upon her shoulders in tumbled half curls.

Beverley could not stare at the girl, and no sooner had he turned his back upon her than the picture in his mind changed like a scene in a kaleidoscope. He now saw a tall, finely developed figure and a face delicately oval, with a low, wide forehead, arched brows, a straight, slightly tip tilted nose, a mouth sweet and full, dimpled cheeks and a strong chin set above a faultless throat. His imagination in casting off its first impression was inclined to exaggerate Alice's beauty and to dwell upon its picturesqueness. He smiled as he walked back to the fort and even found himself whistling gayly a snatch from a rollicking fiddle tune that he had heard when a boy.

[TO BE CONTINUED]

DR. FENNER'S
KIDNEY and
Backache
CURE

All diseases of Kidneys, Bladder, Urinary Organs, Also Rheumatism, Backache, Heart Disease, Gravel, Dropsy, Female Troubles.

Don't become discouraged. There is a cure for you. If necessary write Dr. Fenner. He has spent a life time curing just such cases as yours. All consultations Free.

"I suffered 10 years with backache and kidney trouble. Tried a great many physicians without relief. Dr. Fenner's Kidney and Backache Cure is the only Remedy that ever helped me and after using only two bottles I feel entirely cured. Have no pain or ache of any kind."

ALICE McDONALD, Omaha, Neb.
Druggists, 50c., \$1. Ask for Cook Book—Free

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The Best There is to be had
They last longer and give
and give better satisfaction.

Call and see us when in need of anything in the Hardware Line.
Our Prices continue to give satisfaction.

COCHRAN & PICKENS

and FEVER
CURE



(This Picture on Every Bottle)

Cures Chills, Fevers, Malaria, Biliousness. Take it as a General Tonic and at all times in place of Quinine. Breaks up Coughs, Colds and La Grippe. NO CURE, NO PAY.
J. C. MENDENHALL,
Sole Owner
Evansville, Indiana

WANTED—Trustworthy lady or gentleman to manage business in this county and adjoining territory, for house of solid financial standing; \$20 straight cash salary and expenses paid, each Monday direct from headquarters. Expense money advanced; position permanent. Address Manager, 605 Monon B g Chicago.

ILATO MALT



of PRIME BEEF and
OLD MALT.

Louisville, Ky., January 22, 1907
MALT CO., Louisville, Ky.
Having examined your Meat and Malt, and being thoroughly acquainted with the quality and mode of manufacture, I can say that it is an efficient nerve and blood tonic. It has the appetite and invigorates digestion, and is especially beneficial in nervous prostration and cases attended with debility. Yours truly,
L. D. KASTENBINE, M. D.,
Louisville College of Pharmacy

MALT CO., Louisville, Ky.

PARKER'S
HAIR BALSAM
(Cures and restores the hair, promotes its luxuriant growth, never fails to restore Gray Hair to its youthful color. Cures scalp diseases, a hair falling out, and itches at the scalp.)



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The WORLD'S BEST
By EVERY TEST

Gold Medal for high standard quality at New Orleans, 1885; Chicago, 1893; Paris, 1900.

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Sterling

IT'S YOUR MOVE!

We have given you pertinent facts from time to time about the quality and prices of our goods. Now it's "Your Move."

CLOTHING.

You will profit by examining our mens and boys suits. They are up-to-date in every respect and the price does the talking, after taking the quality and style in consideration.

Underwear of all kind.

SHOES.

Shoes that are all leather, shoes that fit, shoes that have style, shoes that satisfy our customers, shoes that sell and make friends for us.

W. L. Douglas Shoes
Best by Test.

Dress Goods and
Waistings.

Jackets and Ready
Made Skirts.
Lion Brand Shirts
and Collars.

OVERCOATS

Our sales on overcoats has been far ahead of our anticipations. Qualities, Styles and prices have been the cause.

Neckwear for all.
Carpets and Rugs.

REMEMBER OUR PRICES ARE ALWAYS THE BOTTOM.

Taylor & Cannan.



Sterling

The Press.

S. M. JENKINS,
Editor and Publisher.

ONE YEAR ONE DOLLAR

THURSDAY, DEC. 10, 1903.

Dr. Immer makes a specialty of Chronic Diseases.

WANTED:—Two gentlemen boarders. Apply to Mrs. Goodloe, Marion, Ky.

Rev. J. F. Price will preach at Shiloh next Sunday.

Cut prices on ready-made skirts at T. & C's.

Miss Evelyn Shelby went to Kelsey Monday.

Don't forget K-hinoor Blue and the Kearney laundry—Linen finish.

Dr. John Immer makes chronic diseases a specialty.

C. J. Black & Son have a fine line of vases at five cts. and up. Something to please the children.

Mrs. Mary A. Jenkins left Monday for Princeton after a visit to her son and his family.

Our meal is fine.
Our flour is superfine.
Yeakey & Travis.

Mrs. J. A. Farmer left Monday on an extended visit to relatives in Indian Territory, Texas and Colorado.

George M. Russell has accepted a position in the Illinois Central machine shops at Henderson.

Born to the wife of Geo. Horning, a fine boy, at his home on the Brick Kiln road three miles from town.

Miss Mayme Hubbard was the guest of Mrs. W. W. Bridges, of Drakesboro Ky., last week.

Mr. and Mrs. C. S. Nunn and Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Sayre went to Frankfort Monday to attend the inauguration ceremonies.

Polite attention and pleasant business methods are the two cardinal points which Kearney Blue has to feel proud of—but don't forget that laundry bundle.

Our line of holiday lamps at from 75 cents up to \$5.00 is ahead of anything ever seen in Marion. Let us show you. C. J. Black & Son.

Chester Dunbar, of Shady Grove neighborhood, is now in the U. S. army and at Ft. Apache, Arizona. He writes to a friend that he must have the Press.

Rev. J. F. Price will attend the Pastor's Sunday School Institute next week at Louisville. His Sunday Schools have decided to pay his way and he appreciates the kindness.

The special salesman for the W. L. Douglas Shoe Co. was at Taylor & Cannan's last Thursday evening and received thirty-six special orders. This shows that the Douglas Shoe is very popular.

Strength and vigor come of good food, duly digested. "Force," a ready-to-serve wheat and barley food, adds no burden, but sustains, nourishes, invigorates.

LOST—Strayed or stolen: Black sow pig with white spot on shoulder. Split in right ear, also swallow fork in right ear. Crop off left ear. Reward for its return.—Frank Marshall Doss.

We write any kind of insurance you may want. Fire, Tornado, Steam Boiler, Employer's Liability, Workman's Wages, Accident and Sick Benefit. Office in house.—Bourland & Haynes.

Bargains! Bargains! In clothing at Taylor & Cannan's for the next 30 days.

Born to the wife of Thomas Hughes, of Panther Holler, a fine boy, Tuesday, Dec. 8th, 1903, Dr. T. Atchison Frazer attending. The mother and child are getting along nicely and Tom is as proud as he was when he found that carbonate vein for the Wilson Mining company.

NOTICE.—Many of our subscribers are very much in arrears in their subscriptions. After Christmas we will put all accounts out for collection and will be compelled to drop all delinquents. We can't run this office on promises, it takes money.

Mr. R. L. Orme, now of St. Louis, has been in Evansville several days with his wife who is ill in a sanitarium in that city, having been operated on for appendicitis. Their many friends in this county will rejoice to know that she is now on the road to recovery.—Morganfield Sun.

New dates, citron, Smyrna figs, raisins, fresh coco-nuts, oranges, nice candied lemons, almonds, filberts, soft shell pecans, paper shell almonds, English walnuts, olives, pickled pigs feet—in fact all the delicacies. Come to see me, I can please you. Black, the leading grocer.

Mrs. Zylla Moore Cardin has received the appointment as State Commandant of The Dames of 1846, for Kentucky, which is quite an honor. Mrs. Cardin will enter on her work with zest and enthusiasm, and will do credit to the position. Already she is receiving additions to the order and she is much encouraged over the prospect.

"Squire W. H. Asher, than whom no better man or citizen lives in the county, brought to this office some corn which would make some of the "the Ohio river barons" turn green with envy. The corn is the "long yellow variety" and is very fine. It was raised on the "Squire's" home place, which he recently sold to Shell Newcomb. "Squire D. Asher raised the corn. Old Bell's Mines can't be beat.

The editor of the Press has received a letter from Mr. Walter Walker in which he alludes to the "moving" of the Press into its new quarters:

"I suppose you and the Press are now comfortably located in your new quarters. Would like to step in and look over your new home. I know that the task of moving was an exceedingly pleasant one, and was calculated to bring forth from the movers only the choicest expressions of religious sentiment. Of course no frowns of worry and distress played upon your face, and your nights during that move were filled with peaceful sleep and pleasant dreams. I hear the various expressions of the "force" now. Something like this it ran—

Proprietor Jenkins—"I have aged ten years."

Bourland—"I'll be darn glad when it's over."

Grissom—"It is a h—l of a job."

Russell—"I'll be d—d if I ain't nearly dead."

"Parmenter—"I want to go home."

Grand chorus of spectators, loafers—"Say, have you got moved yet?"

I suspect it would have been advisable to have opened up the first morning with prayer.

We have found Colorado to be a magnificent country. It meets all of our expectations. The half has never been told of its wonders," etc. His innate modesty causes us to forego the pleasure of publishing all his letter, but his description of the "move" was "so true to keep."

Indeed we all think he must surely have used the Marconi system, else he could not have gotten it verbatim et literatim.

To Our Patrons.

Good health, all the fruits of the earth, plenty of kindling and coal, turkey and cranberry sauce, sweet potatoes and cider, warm overcoats and shoes. That's all. Enough, Christmas is coming. Come to see us. We're happy.

Black & Son.

WILL ISSUE EARLY.

THE CRITTENDEN PRESS will go to press for Christmas week advertisers, Tuesday afternoon, Dec. 23, at 2 o'clock, which is a full day ahead of time.

Ladies Aid Society.

The very interesting programme gotten up for the entertainment given by the ladies of the C. P. Church was carried out to perfection at the opera house Friday night. Every one seemed to take especial interest in their parts and this added to the success of the enterprise. The music and singing was especially good, and the play, "The Minister's Guest," was enjoyed by every one.

A DISTINGUISHED HONOR

Sister Mary Genevieve, of Mt. St. Agnes Academy, Preston Park, Louisville, has been chosen the mother superior of the Convent of Mercy. The Sisters of Mercy maintain a splendid academy at 1152 E. Broadway, Highland Park, Louisville. As Miss Maggie Jenkins she visited Marion several times before taking the veil, and she will be remembered by many friends who will be glad to know that her pure christian life has been recognized in such a substantial way.

MARRIAGE LICENSE.

Nov. 23—W. R. Hard to Miss Nellie C. Smith.
Nov. 23—Cad P. Pearce to Miss Gracie Cullen.
Nov. 30—W. H. Dobbins to Miss Lucy J. Campbell.
Nov. 30—T. D. Hayes to Miss Belle Hardin.
Dec. 1—Ollie M. James to Miss Ruth Thomas.
Dec. 5—C. C. Love to Miss Mary F. Adams.
Dec. 7—James L. Holloman to Miss Nellie Crouch.
Dec. 8—Benj. F. Armstrong to Miss Bertha M. Sipes.

MRS. J. H. WALKER DEAD.

Mrs. Hortense Gregory Walker, the wife of the venerable J. Hickman Walker, one of the best citizens of this section, died Monday night at her home in this city at 9:45 o'clock, of paralysis. Mrs. Walker was born in Boone county, Ky., on February 4, 1838, was married to J. H. Walker February 4, 1856, and died December 7, 1903, being in her 65th year. She was a consistent member of the Christian church, which she joined in 1871. Mrs. Walker has been a resident of Marion ever since her marriage, which was soon after the town was incorporated, and has many friends here.

Her sisters, Mrs. J. R. Finley, who lives here, Mrs. Dr. Chas. Lindley, of Atchison, Kan., and Mrs. John Caldwell, of Atlanta, Ga., survive, also one brother. The aged husband, who is now left alone in the world, has the sympathy of the community.

MR. LEWIS COOK DEAD.

Approaching the ripe old age of 80, Mr. Lewis Cook, a highly respected citizen of this county, died at the residence of his son, Charley Cook, at Paducah, last Sunday night at 11 o'clock, and his remains were brought to Marion and buried in the New Cemetery Monday afternoon. Mr. Cook was of German parentage. His parents came to America from Strasburg, Germany, and settled at Pittsburg, Pa., when that city was only an Indian outpost and fort. He was born in Pittsburg, July, 1824, and died December 6, 1903, being therefore in his 80th year. When a young man he came to this county and in 1861, after having married Miss Elvira Clinton, in October, 1861. She survives him, also four children—two daughters, Miss Lilly Cook, of Paducah, and Mrs. Thos. Clifton, of this city—two sons, Harry, who lives at Elizabethtown, Ill., and Charley, who lives at Paducah, and at whose home he died.

For Christmas Presents . . .

If You Make Your selections at Levi Cook's Jewelry Store you will make no mistake.

Cut Glass, Hand Painted Chinaware

Silver Novelties, Watches, Clocks, Diamonds, Jewelry.



THE CITY COUNCIL

Passes Ordinance Prohibiting Fireworks During Holidays.

The city council held its regular meeting last Tuesday night and passed the following:

CITY ORDINANCE.

The city council of the city of Marion do ordain:

That section 3. of Ordinance No. 14 be amended as follows: By striking out all that part of said section beginning with the word "provided" in line 5, and ending with the word "shall" in line 11 of said section, so that said section when amended shall read as follows, to-wit:

Sec. 3. It shall be unlawful for any person to discharge a gun, pistol, cannon, or any other kind of firework, or to explode gunpowder, dynamite, or other dangerous explosives within the city limits, under a penalty of not less than two dollars nor more than twenty-five dollars. This ordinance shall not prevent any one discharging fire-arms on his own premises, if done in such prudent manner as not to endanger the person or property or disturb the peace of other citizens.

Passed and approved this December 8, 1903.

J. W. BLUE JR., Mayor.

J. C. BOURLAND, City Clerk.

DEEDS RECORDED.

William H. Clark to P. S. Maxwell; lot in Marion, \$375.50.
J. M. Freeman to G. W. Eaton; two lots in Bryan's addition, \$300.
Geo. M. Travis to T. B. Larp; 101 acres on Piney Creek for \$1,400.
T. B. Lamb to J. R. Lamb; land on Piney Creek for \$250.
W. L. James to Lucy Hughes, interest in lots in Marion, \$151.05.
Matthew Ledbetter to Forrest Harris; lot in Tolu, \$475.
John C. Moore to R. S. Cain; 50 acres for \$300.
David Jones to A. F. Karges; 65 acres on Hurricane Creek for \$975.
A. J. Bennett to John L. Franklin; 181 1/4 acres on Ohio river, \$1,008.
Thos. H. Coeburn to A. J. Baker; 3/4 int. in 130 acres on Piney Creek, \$750.
J. A. Clark to A. F. Karges; 72 1/2 acres on Hurricane creek, \$1,008.
Wayman L. Dalton to A. F. Karges; 132 acres on Hurricane creek, \$2,000.
J. H. Davis to C. E. Donakey, 150 acres on Deer Creek for \$1,050.
W. C. O'Bryan to Eugene Love; lot in Bryan's addition, \$150.
J. P. Pierce to O. H. Paris; lot in Marion, \$556.67.
W. C. O'Bryan to W. T. James and Lucy Hughes; lot in Marion, \$125.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITY.

If you want to sell your farm, store or mill, write to the Columbia Finance and Trust Company, Care Department, of Louisville, Ky. They have a system of agents over Kentucky and the Southern and Western States that enable them to secure buyers over this large territory.

Clothing—See our \$5.00, \$7.50 and \$10.00 suits before you buy. Taylor & Cannan.

Little Folks' Corner.

For Children Under 12.

A LETTER FOR SANTA.

Marion, Ky., Dec. 5, 1903.

Dear Santa:—
Please bring me a nice, big, black-headed doll, a machine a goose, a little bug, a pig, some candy, fruit and nuts, a little tin stove with pans, &c., a little watch, a baby buggy and whatever else you want to bring me. With much love,
LINDA JENKINS.

Last week's puzzle: What country is an article of tinware and a girl's name? Answer: Canada.

First correct answer was received from Miss Lena Poltsclaw, Marion, and she gets the prize. Other correct answers were received from Jesse Croft, Enoch Fritts, Mildred Trisler, Susie Boston, Ruth Haynes, Era Daniel, Ruby Braxwell, Mamie Haynes, Mamie Love, Carrie Bigham, Margaret Joiner, Ruth Terry, Ruth Dollar, Stella Dean, Ruth Croft, Katherine Kittinger, Dixie Trisler, Mamie Boston, Edna Schoolcraft, Etta Bettis, Stella Elder, Myra Dixon, all of Marion. Other good answers were from Wilson Rankin, Weston, Panama; Willie Fritts, Marion, Delaware; Wilbur Boston, Marion, American; Esther Utley, Albany, Ind., Canada.

Puzzle for this week:
Once beneath the heavens a creature did dwell,
As sacred writing unto us doth tell;
It lived in this lower world, 'tis true;
It neither sin nor evil knew,
Yet within it was an immortal soul
That must either rise to heaven or sink to hell.

Committed Suicide in Kansas.

Peter Northern, who went to Kansas from this county a year or so ago, is reported to have shot himself, his wife and his daughter. He is dead, but there is hope for his wife and daughter to recover. He had many friends here and in the county, and all will regret to hear of the tragedy.

Doing a Great Educational Work.

The Southern Normal School and Bowling Green Business College, Bowling Green, Ky., are doing a great work in preparing young people to fill various positions of usefulness. Write for catalogues. Address H. H. Cherry, Business Manager, Bowling Green, Ky.

A STRAY MULE.

On November 26th, a mouse-colored mule came to my farm, 1/2 mile east of Chayneville, Crittenden county, Ky. Owner may secure same by proving and paying advertising and feed bill.
JESSE P. STEVENS.

NOTICE TO CONTRACTORS

The undersigned will receive sealed bids for the building of a 2 story brick building at Tolu, Ky. for bank building. Plans and specifications can be seen at Weldon & Sons' store at Tolu.

L. A. Weldon.
W. E. Dowell.
I. H. Clement.

Later from Santa Claus.

I am now in Marion and my headquarters is at Hearin & Son's where I will be glad to see all the people of Crittenden and adjoining counties.

I have in stock on the second floor of this big building one of the largest stocks of Holiday Goods ever opened in the town and they will take special care to show you through, and I have instructed them to make the prices within the reach of all, both rich and poor alike. Hope no one will miss the opportunity to look through this vast stock, and be sure to go early, before they are picked over, as now going. When you go you will come away well pleased, and paid for your time, whether you buy or not.

Yours once a year,
SANTA CLAUS.

CHAPEL HILL.

Henry Young from below Marion was in this beat last week.

Albert Hughes has got the frame of his house up, and if it remains fair weather will be at home again soon.

C. A. Walker sold to Henry Young Young a fine mare; price \$90.00.

What has become of the tobacco buyers. I am told that they are ashamed to start out; if so, boys stay at home and wait for better times.

Frank Dorroh of Crayneville, passed through this section last week.

Doctor Elder, of this neighborhood, is in a very feeble condition, he has lost the use of his right arm and is helpless. The Doctor is about the oldest man in this community, being nearly 90 years old.

Rufus Elder, from below Marion, is in our beat with his house puller and will move J. N. Hill's house to front the Crayneville and Cardin road.

LEVIAS.

Wade Hughes of Harrisburg, Ill., is visiting relatives here; he has not seen his kinfolks here since 1862. He is looking strong and healthy notwithstanding he is near eighty years old.

W. S. Paris has moved to Tolu, and Marion Allison, who bought his farm, has moved on it and will make a crop.

J. A. Davidson & Sons are making an addition to their stemmyery and will buy and receive tobacco the coming year.

Lawrence Bishop of Joy passed through here on his way to Marion last week. Lawrence says he will soon be ready for business at his old stand.

T. H. Cossitt, the Dentist,

Is still making first-class and best teeth for seven dollars per set, either upper or lower. Office on same floor with telephone office

Crittenden Press 1903-12-10 seq-6.jpg

CHEERFULNESS IN THE SICK-ROOM.

BY T. ATCHISON FRAZER, M. D.

Read Before The Ohio Valley Medical Association, June 11, 1903.

The humble physician, in his routine work, sees more sad faces perhaps than any other professional man. His work carries him in to both the mansion and the hovel. He sees life stripped of the superfluities of pomp and pride; he listens to the tale of woe from the rich and poor alike, and he gently and patiently soothes the anguish of the mother and babe, the father and son, and he is ever ready to respond to the calls of the sick or injured, the distressed and oppressed either in body or mind, and he is present in all the trying times of life. He is also present to comfort and console when the "grim reaper" bares his scythe to clip the brittle thread of life. He sees the mother weeping over the lifeless form of her precious babe, the father in agony over the loss of his favorite son, the husband's grief over the loss of his faithful companion, the wife in anguish over the death of her kind husband—yet, with this dark picture so often before our eyes, we should cultivate cheerfulness.

Often we are summoned to the bedside of the sick, with orders to come as quickly as possible. We go with all possible speed, and when in sight of our destination we see the sad parents watching anxiously for us. It is whispered from one to another, "The doctor is coming," all concerned will give a sign of relief. They feel that with the humble doctor comes relief. They place the little patient in our charge with implicit confidence almost divine in its nature; they watch our every move and act; they feel that something is going to be done for their loved one; they expect us to give them good cheer and to give their baby relief from his suffering.

We should enter the sick-room with that expression of kindness and self-composure that will inspire the confidence of all concerned; we should be gentle and patient in our examinations; we should be deliberate in our opinions and cheerful in our deportment and give our prognosis with rose-tints if the circumstances will admit.

It never does any good to enter the sick-room like it was a death-chamber. It does no good to draw down our eyebrows and make "crow-feet" on our foreheads when we enter the sick-chamber, and it often unduly alarms our patient for us to be too dignified. We should be cheerful, jolly the "little ones," have a kind word for every one present, and be polite and affable.

There is nothing on earth that is cheaper than politeness, and yet there is nothing that pays a larger dividend. If we can not laugh, we should learn to laugh. A good laugh is often better than a bad dose of medicine. Learn to tell a story. A good story well told in a sick-room is like a sunbeam on a cloudy day. Learn to keep your troubles to yourself. Sick people are but little for your ills or sorrows. If the world looks gloomy to you, keep it to yourself, and hide your own aches and pains under pleasant smiles. The patient does not enjoy hearing you groan and grumble about your rheumatic joints or neurotic headaches. Don't cry. Tears have effect in a novel, but they are out of place in a sick-room. Save them for the death-chamber and funeral. Learn to greet your patient with a smile. A good-humored doctor is always welcome, but the dyspeptic, rheumatic, or hypochondriac physician is a common nuisance. Above all things, we should never fail to make people as pleasant as possible. Pleasure is the most sought-for commodity that exists, and in no case can we be too kind and tender with our patients and patrons. We will pass through this world but once, and therefore any good thing we can do, or kindness we can show,

or sad heart we can gladden, we should do it now, for if we defer or neglect, we let the opportunity pass that will not come our way any more.

Many of us are too prone to give our patients nauseous drugs. Don't burden them with medicines they do not need, but bathe their brows with the milk of human kindness and soothe their minds with kind words.

Once I was riding along with a fellow-physician who was going to consult with me in the case of a little girl who had been lying between life and death for several days, suffering with typhoid fever. The consulting physician was an elderly man of the most genial Kentucky type. As we rode along, he saw some wild roses by the wayside. He at once halted, got down, gathered some of the roses, and I curiously asked him what he would do with those roses. He replied, "I know but a little girl, and these roses from me will do her more good than any suggestion I can give in her case." I watched their effect. I saw her pale lips quiver when this fatherly doctor handed her the roses; the sunken eyes sparkled as they had not since the beginning of her illness, a sweet smile played over her pallid face, and the little wild flowers had their desired therapeutic effect.

Light is one of God's greatest blessings, and we can not have a cheerful sick-room unless the sun's golden rays are permitted to freely enter. How often we enter the sick-chamber and find shutters closed or blinds down, as if one ray of sunshine meant death to the patient; and it always looks gloomy, not only to the patient, but to all present, to make the sick-chamber a dungeon. How often have we heard sick people say, "It looks so bright out of doors!"

Air is another element that adds much to the cheerfulness or gloom of the sick-room, as the case may be; and air, like politeness, is also one of the cheapest things we know of, and it will force itself upon us unless we barricade against it. And often we enter the sick-chamber after riding in the fresh, crisp air to be almost suffocated in this barricade of impure air. If we can have a well-ventilated, well-lighted apartment, with cheerful, pleasant attendants for our patients, it is a pleasure to us to visit them, and it is also easy for us to be cheerful and inspire confidence by our deportment.

Another very important step to ward making our patients comfortable and keeping them in good cheer is to have control of the friends who visit them. It often happens that some motherly woman comes into the sick-room just to "cheer them up a little," and tells of all the accidents and deaths that have occurred in the neighborhood since the patient has been sick, and perhaps of a dear friend who has died or met with misfortune, or of some one who died years ago "whose illness commenced just like yours." It is ridiculous for such things to occur in any civilized community, but we who bear the responsibility of the sick meet with such a state of affairs quite frequently.

Music adds cheerfulness to the sick chamber. Often the "wee" ones, as they hum their sweet melody to the rag doll in their arms, will cheer and comfort the sick mother or father, sister or brother; and the prattling babe, in its swaddling clothes, adds unconsciously its quota of glad tidings and good cheer to the sick room. And often we have observed the sweet smile of the sick mother when she would behold the face of her sweet babe, and say in the most tender words: "Mama will be able to nurse you in a few days," and this thought to the sick mother inspired hope as

sweet as life itself.

To be cheerful in the sick chamber is not always a small undertaking. It is an art we should cultivate just as we study any other therapeutic measure, and we should study it while out of the presence of the afflicted, that we may practice it the more successfully in their presence.

If we go to our meals with a long face and heavy conscience we will go to our business with indignation, so if we go to see our patients with long faces and frowning brows we will leave them discouraged and unbenefitted by our visit.

The field of the general practitioner is so broad and his labors so arduous that he often forgets the sunshine of life. The mists of gloom that often hover over us and often seem that it will overcome us, quickly vanish when penetrated by the brilliant rays of a cheerful heart; the tired limbs and overworked brain soon resume their normal functions when we drop out of a world of labor to a world of refreshments.

While life is a very serious proposition we are often prone to make it too serious. We often fail to appreciate a friend because we do not know his worth. We also often fail to appreciate salient features in life because we do not throw aside the curtain and look at life as a reality.

Now that I have served you as President it is for you to say whether or not I have served you well. The responsibility, indeed, is great, while the work of the year has been at all times pleasant. There has been no discord to mar our deliberations, there has been no strife to brush away our ray of sunshine, and the members of the Association have stood in one solid phalanx like gallant soldiers, and have held up the hands of their presiding officer and have greatly contributed counsel and wisdom to make this the banner year of the Association's existence. I wish to place a wreath of American Beauties on the table of our Secretary, and I feel sure that the Association will join in hearty congratulations to him for his faithful and conscientious work for the past year. And I wish to express my gratitude to the committees, both in Evansville last fall and here this spring, for the noble work they have done to crown our efforts with success.

Now, in conclusion, let us take up renewed energy and inspiration to make our time-honored profession better year by year and let us return to our labors with hopeful minds and cheerful hearts and look on the sunny side of life and life's work.

MARION, KY.

Warts on her fingers, corns on her toes she will be miserable wherever she goes, unless she uses Dr. Mendenhall's Corn Cure. 15 cents at druggists, or sent by mail on receipt of price by J. C. Mendenhall, Evansville, Ind.



SORE LUNGS

When your lungs are sore and inflamed from coughing, is the time when the germs of PNEUMONIA, PLEURISY and CONSUMPTION find lodgment and multiply.

FOLEY'S HONEY AND TAR

stops the cough, heals and strengthens the lungs. It contains no harsh expectorants that strain and irritate the lungs, or opiates that cause constipation, a condition that retards recovery from a cold. FOLEY'S HONEY AND TAR is a safe and never failing remedy for all throat and lung troubles.

The Doctors Said He Had Consumption—A Marvelous Cure.
L. M. Ruggles, Reasoner, Iowa, writes: "The doctors said I had consumption and I got no better until I used FOLEY'S HONEY AND TAR. It helped me right from the start and stopped the spitting of blood and the pain in my lungs and today I am sound and well."

THREE SIZES 25c, 50c, and \$1.00
REFUSE SUBSTITUTES

SOLD AND RECOMMENDED BY
R. F. HAYNES, LEADING DRUGGIST MARION, KY.

THE GIRL WHO LAUGHS.

The girl who laughs, God bless her
Thrice bless herself the while,
Music on earth
Has nobler worth
Than that which voices smile.

The girl who laughs—life needs her;
There is never an hour so sad
But wakes and thrills
To the rippling rills
Of a laugh of the lass whose gleam.

—Ladies' Home Journal.

Heart Fluttering.

Undigested food and gas in the stomach, located just below the heart, presses against it and causes heart palpitation. When your heart troubles you in that way take Herbine for a few days. You will soon be all right. 50 cent at Woods & Orme's.

BETTER "BIDE A WEE."

You can make the clock strike before the hour by putting your own hands on it, but it will strike wrong. You can tear the rosebud open before its time, but you mar the beauty of the rose. So we may spoil many a gift or blessing that God is preparing for us by our own eager haste. He is weaving our lives into patterns of beauty and strength. He has a perfect plan for each. Don't pull at the threads of life. God's love is the motive of all delay, to give us unexpected and surprising blessings. —Selected.

WANTED:—A trustworthy gentleman or lady is each county to manage business for an old established house of solid financial standing. A straight, bona fide weekly salary of \$15 paid by check each Monday with all expenses direct from headquarters. Money advanced for expenses. Enclosed addressed envelope. Manager, 300 Caxton Bldg Chicago.

KODOL ALMANAC.

The editor of the PRESS acknowledges the receipt of a copy of the 1904 Kodol Almanac and 200 Year Calendar, sent to him with the compliments of the publishers of this most interesting and useful book.

The Kodol Almanac and 200 Year Calendar, aside from other interesting features, points out your guiding star and tells you your most promising month. It also tells you your lucky day, your flower and your birth stone, and the day of the week upon which you were born, or the day of the week upon which any other event has occurred since the day of our National Independence, or that may occur upon any given date, as far into the future as the year 1996.

Messrs. E. C. DeWitt & Co., of Chicago, Ill., are sole owners and publishers, of the Kodol Almanac and 200 Year Calendar, and will be pleased to mail a copy of this booklet to any one enclosing a two cent stamp with a request for same, provided this paper is mentioned.

DON'T READ THES

They are telling a good joke on city judge, B. N. Gordon, who by the way is making a good man in the place which is a terror to evil doers. Judge Gordon had before him Saturday a man from the country whom officer Johnson had arrested for lowering the peace and dignity of the matchless commonwealth of which he is a citizen by carrying concealed upon his body and person a pistol, a deadly weapon, the same probably being loaded with ball or bullets of lead or ball or balls of other hard substance.

The Judge was moved with compassion for the young man and accordingly gave him the lightest possible sentence, thinking to accomplish much more good by delivering him a lecture upon the evil of pistol toting. This the court did with much emphasis, eloquence and warmth. At the conclusion of the interesting deliverance, Councilman John Smith who happened to be in the room, asked the young man as he started out with Jailor Gill to serve his sentence what he would take for his guns, which were innocently lying upon the table. The young fellow grinned.

"I don't know as I want to sell 'em; I expect I'll need 'em when I get out," said he.

And Judge Gordon went home, got down his copy of "Leave's Labor Lost," and forgot himself in reading.—Todd County Times.

A Timely Suggestion.

This is the season of the year when the prudent and careful housewife replenish her supply of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. It is certain to be needed before the winter is over, and results are much more prompt and satisfactory when it is kept at hand given as soon as the cold is contracted and before it has become settled in the system. In almost every instance a severe cold may be ward off by taking this remedy freely as soon as the first indication of the cold appears. There is no danger in giving it to children for it contains no harmful substance. It is pleasant to take—both adults and children like it. Buy it and you will get the best. It always cures. For sale by Woods & Orme.

SOME TRUISMS

The intellect sees truth, the heart feels it.

I've made it a practice to put all my worries down in the bottom of my heart, then sit on the lid and smile.—Mrs. Wiggs in "Lovely Mary."

Tomorrow you have no business with. You steal if you touch tomorrow. It is God's. Every day has in it enough to keep any man occupied without concerning him.

self with the things beyond—Hervord echo.

Trouble strengthens the cords of love and snaps the thread that holds together the selfish.

An ounce of higher piety is worth more than ten of higher criticism.

The lowest place in the vitality of humanity is nearer heaven than the highest peak on the mountains of self righteousness.

Life is like a roll of costly material, passing swiftly through our hands, and we must embroider our pattern on it as it goes. We can not wait to pick up a false stitch, or pause long before we set another.

Lord Alverstone, who presided over the deliberations of the Alaskan Boundary Commission, once charged a wealthy client \$5,000 for a few pages of type written advice. The client ventured to suggest that this was rather a high price for half a day's work. "It's not half a day's work," said his lordship. "It's part of my whole education. All my years at the temple, all the years I have practiced, all the years of my experience. It is half a day out of the heart of my life."

Culture is a fine thing if one intends to make it tributary to something higher and more permanent. But the kind of culture that is not sought as an element of character is hardly worth seeking at all.

No one can perform good service who is pre-occupied or preoccupied with something else. The mind is always following the heart as a dog follows its master. It can not give itself unreservedly and effectively to anything unless the heart be present with it in its task. We must love what we do, if we ever expect to do it supreme well.

That Throbbing Headache.

Would quickly leave you, if you used Dr. King's New Life Pills. Thousands of sufferers have proved their matchless merit for sick and Headaches. They make pure blood and build up your health. Only 25 cents, money back if not cured. Sold by Woods & Orme.

ADMINISTRATORS' NOTICE.

All persons having claims against the estate of D. H. Oliver deceased, will please present same properly proven within the next 60 days, or be forever barred from collecting same.

This Nov. 18th, 1903.

M. F. Pogue, Adm'r.

WORMS!

For 20 Years Has Led all Worm Remedies.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

Prepared by

WHITE'S CREAM VERMIFUGE!

Best in Quality — Best in Quality

EVERY BOTTLE GUARANTEED

JAMES F. BALLARD, St. Louis.

Ladies Jackets

That have the Style, Price Color—correct, right. They are all winners and you can sure be suited. Some new ones just arrived.

Hats and Caps for The Holidays,

The good shaped ones and the ones you'll like to wear.

Dress Goods, Silks

and Waistings. You can stop with us and you will surely find the kind you want. Some new ones are here. You will surely like them.

Buy Where a Dollar Gets More Values!

WEIGH ALL PRICES!
Printed or Spoken.

We are ready for the Holiday Rush. Our early prediction: "To make this our biggest year has been endorsed and we are ahead of any previous business year.

WHY IS IT? Well, we'll tell you why!

We are known as the greatest value givers in the county. We give you honest treatment and do what we promise. We are leaders in styles and always show the new goods first. Biggest Stock, Best Goods and Lowest Prices. Dry Goods, Clothing, Shoes, Hats, carpets, Rugs, Skirts, Jackets and what you want. Trade with us and we'll take care of you.

Yandell-Gugenheim Co

Originators of Low Prices and Honest Values

Winter Clothes

We've got anything and everything you want in Suits and Overcoats. Clothes that are made right and bought from the people who know how the style should be with price that makes them sell.

Our Shoes are good shoes. They are built to wear. They have the style and finish. They are fitters. Walk over Shoes for Men. Queen Quality Shoes for Women

New Neckwear and Collars—the right kind.

Ladies and Gents Underwear, Hosiery and Winter Apparel.

Money Savers for You
Come and get them.

Local News.

Gossipy Letters From all Sections of the County.

DYCUSBURG.

A revival of unusual interest began in Dycusburg November 23rd, conducted by Rev. Jos. Crowe, of Grand Rivers circuit, and Rev. Fralich, of Salem circuit. There has been more than forty professions of religion. One remarkable conversion is that of John Money-maker, who has been a confirmed inebriate for forty years, and is 56 years of age. There was much rejoicing among his old friends when he professed faith in Christ. Rev. Crowe is an attractive public speaker and large congregations attended each service. Rev. Fralich is a native of Switzerland and his kindly German nature promises to win for him many friends in this work. The meeting closed Sunday night.

Miss Ellen Parsley, of Hopkinsville, has secured a class in stenography in Dycusburg. She comes well recommended and is a pupil of Prof. Fox, of that city. We extend to her a hearty welcome and wish her a pleasant stay in our midst.

Our enterprising town board have put up a number of new street lanterns on our corners and Dycusburg no longer "walks in darkness."

Mr. Geo. Steele was the successful applicant for the post office upon the resignation of Mr. E. M. Dalton, who has handed out the mail to our citizens for the past six years. Mr. Dalton proved himself an excellent postmaster and Mr. Steele is fully competent to do the same. He has rented the residence formerly occupied by Ab Hollowell, which is centrally located, and will keep the office in the room opening on the street.

Collin, little son of Mr. Jas. Bennett, was dangerously ill last week of croup, but has recovered. Mrs. Jas. Jeffords, of Mississippi, is visiting relatives here.

Rev. Cook Kingsolvent, of Salem neighborhood, rendered some assistance in the revival at the Methodist church. Rumor says he has selected a most deserving bride under the shadow of our town and the nuptials will be celebrated during Christmas holidays.

Dr. Fred Buntion, of Kelsey, was in our town last week.

Miss Cora Graves, accompanied by her sister, Mrs. Scott, and children, returned from Hopkinsville several days ago. Mrs. Scott will remain in Dycusburg until she fully recovers from her late severe illness.

Mrs. Lula Buntion and children are visiting in town.

Quarterly meeting for the Salem circuit will be held at Salem the 15th and 16th insts. by the Rev. Elgin, P. E., of Princeton district. A full attendance of the church officials on the work and others who are interested is requested.

J. H. Clifton, who for the past three months has been at Buffalo, N. Y., for medical treatment, and whose home-coming has been from time to time deferred, writes that his health is greatly improved and that he will start for home Wednesday.

It is not denied by the knowing ones that a handsome trousseau from St. Louis is expected this week and that the lights in Salem church on Saturday night will smile upon a Dycusburg bride and Salem groom as they take their marriage vows. May blessings crown the union ever.

The Dycusburg Bank will be plastered and painted and made ready for use this week.

M. E. Charles went to Paducah last week.

Rev. Talley, of Tiline, attended church here Saturday night.

The Cumberland river is low again and boats have stopped their welcome visits to our ports.

Born to Marion Polk and wife, a daughter.

T. H. McRenolds was called to Muhlenberg county by the illness of his father last week.

Rev. Geo. Summers will preach at the Baptist church in Dycusburg Sunday night, December 12.

The "Watch and Pray" band, with Miss Ella Charles as captain, will hold their meetings at the Methodist church Monday evenings.

Percy Smith, of Livingston county, was the guest of Henry Wells and wife Sunday.

Rev. Crowe will preach at Grove Chapel Sunday December 12th.

Miss Iva Perry, of Koon, has been visiting in town.

STARR.

Hogs are flat; cattle coming down; no offers for tobacco.

Among our sick are Mrs. Frances Crayne, Mrs. Willie Wilson, Mrs. J. S. Woodall, Luther Gibson, Guy, little son of Ed Rushing, severe attack of pneumonia.

Mr. Cantrell, from Tennessee, has moved into this community.

Jim Conger has moved from his home place to J. F. Conger's farm.

Mr. Sutton of Iron Hill has moved to the Rushing farm.

Barnett Farmer has moved from W. A. Hill's farm to Henry Bugh place.

J. E. Glass has moved from the parsonage to the Jim Gass farm.

Sam Stovall has moved from Mrs. Crayne's to the parsonage.

John Turley has moved from J. F. Crayne's place to the Turley place.

Jim Hurley has moved to the Champ Crayne place.

A MERRY WEDDING.

Married, Sunday evening, Nov. 29, at the residence of the bride's father, Mr. J. C. Alexander, Mr. Geo. Guess and Miss Flora Alexander, Rev. W. F. Paris officiating. Attendants, Mr. Brink Orider and Miss Pearl McNeely.

The groom is the son of the well known farmer, W. H. Guess. The bride is one of our bright and beautiful young ladies.

George, in return for your polite invitation we extend to you and yours the right hand of congratulation, and our best wishes.

WESTON.

The river is still quite low and receding notwithstanding. The smaller packets continue to make their regular trips from Evansville to Paducah.

Health is generally good, with some few exceptions.

The little three-year-old child of Kelly Walker is slowly improving from a severe burn, which occurred by his falling in the fire.

The infant child of Henry King died recently.

The many friends of Miss Margaret Rankins are pleased to know of her recovery. Miss Madge has been confined to her room for several months with a broken limb, and was out Saturday for the first time.

Miss Twinkle Hill, of Iron Hill vicinity, visited her sister, Miss Catherine Hill, of this place, last week.

Messrs. C. N. Cain, Robt. L. Gahagen and Husk, of Bell's Mines, attended meeting here Sunday night.

That big-hearted, J. L. Rankin, representing a tie company, and formerly a resident of Clementsburg, passed through here Saturday enroute to Marion, his present home.

Ye writer had the pleasure of attending an entertainment at the home of L. B. Cains on Saturday night last, which proved to be quite a pleasant affair to all who attended. Misses Catharine Hill, Gertrude Rankins and several others were guests at the social.

Our popular grocery man, L. W. Truitt, accompanied by Messrs. Ramsey King, R. K. Crowell and A. A. Avitts spent a pleasant day Sunday outing and viewing. They have many stories to relate of the curiosities and wonders of Glad Stone and its bluffs and freaks of nature.

T. J. Layman has sold his property at this place and will move to the Bell's Mines section.

Our school is progressing nicely under the guidance of Prof. Ward. We think the trustees and patrons generally should congratulate themselves upon the procuring of the worthy gentleman. Weston has one among the best schools in the county and is by no means educationally dead.

The business men of Weston are glad to announce the fact that our jovial friend, "Dumby," is in splendid health and busy mingling with the drummers, and continues his skiffing along the river.

REPTON.

Ed Barnett, of Henderson was here Wednesday.

Gene Fletcher, who has been visiting in Blackford several days, is home again.

Guess Brantly has returned from Missouri, which country he will make his future home.

Maurie Nunn of Marion, was in this section bird hunting Saturday.

A. A. Fritte spent Sunday with Frank Hughes.

Sam Bradburn moved to Wheatcroft last week. We regret very much to give him up as he has been one of our best neighbors for a number of years.

J. R. Summerville was in our town Wednesday.

Mrs. Bageby, who has been visiting in Illinois several days returned home Friday.

Willie Jones was in Marion last week.

J. A. Deming of Providence has moved to our city.

Hubert Butler spent Sunday in Crayneville.

W. M. Pogue of Evansville was here Thursday.

BERRY FERRY.

Protracted meeting at the Cave Spring is doing much good.

Anderson Bros. has sold their river bottom farm to a man from Fords Ferry for \$3500.

Pete Coleman, a young man, died at Bayou and was buried at this place.

The steamer Mamie Barnes blew up near Goleonda last Friday and killed two men outright with four other in a serious condition; names of killed and wounded not yet known.

Ernest Naughton made a business trip to Paducah last week.

Burr Hall and wife spent their Thanksgiving with Frank Hamby and wife.

Walter Burns of Goleonda and Miss Nellie Rhodes of Carrsville, married Sunday at the home of the bride's parents.

The new steamboat at Goleonda being built by Ben McCandless, of this place, will soon be ready to enter the packet trade between Paducah and Goleonda.

Trandle Bros of St Louis were in this place a few days ago buying mules.

Burr Hall is buying a car load of hogs this week.

W. A. Sims, of Goleonda, came over on a business trip last Friday.

Bob George is running a huckster wagon for Hamby.

The people here welcome the Press each week and wish it much success.

50¢
"See That Thing"
"It Opens Here"
"Easy to Clean"
Free Trial
"A Perfect Chopper," says
"Write for book by
Nelson Reed and Fred Chopper No. 11. All you desire, in
by mail express free. Your MONEY BACK if not satisfied."
ROSLAN MFG. CO., 140 Pine Ave., Mount Joy, Pa.

MATTOON.

John Roberts spent Sunday at Rodney.

Joe Lamb, of Iron Hill, was the guest of Hubert Barton, of this place, Sunday.

Dadie Duvall has been confined to her bed with measles.

The was to be spelling at Seminary last Thursday night was postponed on account of measles.

Will Howerton and Frank Moore started for Missouri Tuesday.

Bill Brantley and family of Sullivan, visited near here Sunday.

Jimmie Sullivan is visiting relatives near Shady Grove this week.

Miss Winnie Wilcox visited her brother Liston at this place Sunday.

Mrs. Nannie Nunn who has been visiting relatives here, has returned home.

Mrs. J. S. King and Miss Vanity King left here for Springfield, Ill. last week.

The musical given at Mr. E. M. Duvall's recently was well attended and well enjoyed by a large number of our most popular young people.

Miss Blanche Franklin visited her brother at Marion Sunday.

LEVIAS.

The Thanksgiving entertainment given by the school was quite a pleasant affair. Glad to see patrons taking an interest and giving encouragement along these lines.

L. Barnes and wife, of Salem, visited here last week.

Gid Manley is building an addition to his house. Wonder if it's a wedding he is fixing for?

Calvin Franklin, of Berry Ferry is visiting his parents and friends here.

The school is talking up a library for the district. We second the motion and hope it will materialize very soon.

J. W. Burklow is moving to Pinckneyville and expecting to carry the mail from that point this year.

G. B. Belt from DeKoven visited his family Sunday, returning to his work Monday.

W. A. Davidson was called to Paducah Saturday to see his sister, Mrs. Guy Deming, who is dangerously ill.

Thanksgiving very appropriately observed by getting wood for the widows and orphans. Others went hunting.

G. W. Eeton went to Evansville Sunday to buy a stock of goods to sell at East Levias.

Miss Katie Carter, from Marion school visited the home folks Saturday and Sunday.

HAMPTON.

A rabbit season for the boys on Thanksgiving.

T. M. Lay and family left us on Monday morning for Marion, Ill.,

where they will make their future home.

Ernest Nelson and Claud Gibbs say there is no place on earth so dear as Mrs. Woodmansee's.

The Dentist, Dr. E. B. Hardin, will be at Tolu and Carrsville from the 1st to the 6th, and here from the 6th to the 11th.

J. D. Threlkeld fell from a building last Friday and is badly hurt but hope not dangerous.

Albert Scott, one of the phone boys, was at home Sunday.

The farmers' meeting at Good Hope Friday and Saturday was a grand success.

Prof. W. C. Canterbury spent Thanksgiving in Smithland.

H. C. Coffield is in these part writing insurance.

ROLL OF HONOR.

Since our last report the following have paid their subscriptions to date opposite name:

J. B. Clerk, Sturgis	1904 2-1
G. D. Kemp, Iron Hill	1904 5-1
Roe Gilbert, Marion	1904 5-1
M. L. Wright, Sheridan	1904 10-31
Mrs. Kittinger, Marion	1904 9-17
Judge J. P. Pierce, Marion	19-3-8-1
Thos. A. Hughes, Marion	1904 1-1
W. R. Cruce, New Bransfield	1903 12-31
Owen Boaz, Dycusburg	1904 8-7
W. H. Towery, Marion	1904 11-8
Alfred Wright, Marion	1902 8-1
R. H. Dean, Lexington	1905 1-1
Alfred Wright, Marion	1903 9-1
T. A. Rankins, Ford's Ferry	1902 12-5
Curg Travis, Marion	1904 1-1
J. L. Rodgers, Mexico	1904 2-6
Wm. Shanweker, Ohio	1904 11-6
J. L. Bradburn, Wheatcroft	1904 2-6
G. G. Baker, Marion	1904 5-6
K. E. Cannon, Marion	1904 11-4
Mrs. H. P. Long, Marion	1904 9-10
W. J. Brantley, Tribune	1905 1-1
A. K. Love, Tolu	1904 11-7
H. C. Farmer, Marion	1905 1-1
W. J. Damron, View	1905 1-1
Paul Walker, Marion	1904 1-10
R. A. Witherspoon, Kansas	1903 11-4
H. B. Phillips, Tolu	1903 11-4
Jas. T. A. Baker, Louisville	1904 11-11
Grant Davidson, Marion	1904 8-13
D. W. Stobe, Tolu	1904 5-9
Geo. Cochran, Ellis, Kan.	1904 1-1
Geo. Hill, Kelsey	1904 1-1
Lee Orme, Oklahoma	1904 3-1
L. A. Threlkeld, Tolu	1903 12-1
W. H. Graves, Marion	1904 3-15
W. H. Arfack, Blackford	1905 1-1
Jas. Quinn, Titusville, Fla.	1904 11-13
Enoch Belt, Lola	1903 12-20
J. R. Simpson, Marion	1904 1-15
Wm. Barnett, Tolu	1904 11-1
Sam Smith, Tolu	1904 5-16
Tommie Bass, Salem	1904 11-16
A. Dean, Marion	1904 11-1
T. L. Dean, Barstow, Texas	1904 9-1
J. W. Farris, Cleburne	1904 11-16
Hugh McKee, Repton	1904 11-3
Dr. J. S. Todd, Fredonia	1904 11-1
J. B. Hunt, Star	1903 4-20
Geo. Reid, Kelsey	1904 1-1

Sour Stomach

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