

# The Crittenden Record.

VOLUME 2.

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NUMBER 1.

## SPLIT-LOG DRAG CREATES NOTICE

Much Interest Taken in The  
New Implement.

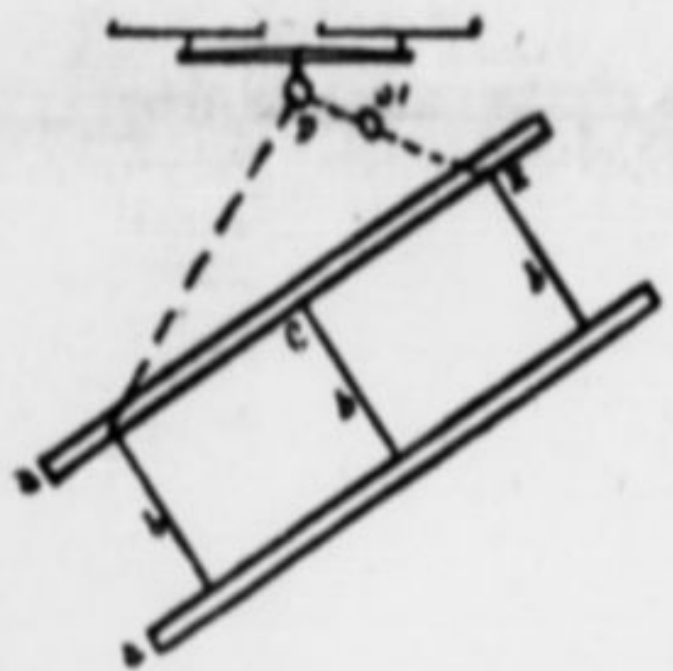
### DIAGRAM OF THE APPARATUS

An Explanation of the Construction of  
the Drag, and the Entire Subject  
Practically Treated.

### IDEAL METHOD FOR ROAD MENDING

Since the appearance last week of our article on the solution of the good roads problem, much interest in the split-log drag has been displayed, some bouquets have been handed in, which are modestly but thankfully accepted, and many inquiries have resulted, all of which will be treated in this issue as fully and thoroughly as may be found practical.

Well, the milk of the cocoanut is to give a brief description of the drag, and then make a great effort to secure an application in this county of this principle of road building and mending. We reproduce herewith the diagram of the drag, together with an explanation of its construction, as given by Mr. King in a circular which he is distributing broadcast all over the country:



In this diagram a, a, are the two halves of a split log nine feet long, ten to twelve inches thick, set on edge thirty inches apart, with both flat sides to the front; b, b, b, strong oak or hickory bars, the ends of which are wedged in two-inch auger holes bored through the slabs; dotted line, chains or strong wire; d, d, are rings to connect double-tree clevis. Hitch at d, and stand at e, on a plank laid on the cross-bars, for ordinary work; or hitch at d and stand at e for ditch-cleaning or to make the drag throw dirt to the left. To move the dirt to the right reverse position of driver and hitch. If working a clay or gumbo road, put iron, old wagon tires or something of the sort on lower edge of the drag at end of six months; for softer soil at the end of three months.

When the drag, don't drive too fast, get on the drag and don't be too particular about making any log will do; don't try to use only one piece, use two. When the road before dragging, gives a soft foundation. Questions which have ever been asked and answered before construction of split-log drag have been answered in detail by the RECORD office or in order to give more detail they are in a catechism, as follows:

Q. How do you plow the road?  
A. The drag, don't drive too fast, get on the drag and don't be too particular about making any log will do; don't try to use only one piece, use two. When the road before dragging, gives a soft foundation.

Q. How do you plow the road?  
A. The drag, don't drive too fast, get on the drag and don't be too particular about making any log will do; don't try to use only one piece, use two. When the road before dragging, gives a soft foundation.

Q. How do you plow the road?  
A. The drag, don't drive too fast, get on the drag and don't be too particular about making any log will do; don't try to use only one piece, use two. When the road before dragging, gives a soft foundation.

Q. How do you plow the road?  
A. The drag, don't drive too fast, get on the drag and don't be too particular about making any log will do; don't try to use only one piece, use two. When the road before dragging, gives a soft foundation.

Q. How do you plow the road?  
A. The drag, don't drive too fast, get on the drag and don't be too particular about making any log will do; don't try to use only one piece, use two. When the road before dragging, gives a soft foundation.

road with a drag. Only plow one furrow. You may plow another furrow after the next rain. At each plowing you widen the roadbed two feet, with the one furrow on each side.

How do you drain the road?  
If the earth is pushed in the middle of the road gradually and continually, the road will soon be in condition to drain itself.

Why not make the drag out of plank?  
You can, and do good work, but the split log is best.

Why not make the drag of heavy sawed timber?  
Because drags so made have a tendency to slip over the bumps.

Don't you grade up the road first?  
No. The grading is done with the drag, gradually. By so doing the road is solid all the time, being built on a solid foundation.

What does it cost to drag a mile of road a year?  
Mr. D. Ward King, our chief informant upon the subject, says that it is variously estimated at from one to three dollars. From this it certainly looks as if our farmers could reduce their six days service to three days or less, and that by working odd times only.

Will the dragged road stand heavy hauling?  
Yes and no. A dragged road will stand more heavy hauling than an undragged road, but not so much as a macadamized or well kept gravel road.

Will a drag help a sand road?  
A sand road is a very different proposition from the black soil or clay road. Mr. King says that an entirely different method must be adopted, and that three things may be done to make it better: First, keep it wet; second, haul clay on to it; third, sprinkle it with crude oil, as they do in California and in some parts of Southern Kansas and in Texas. There are but few places in this section where the sand would be a feature, and the best method of making a solid roadbed would be to haul clay on to these places.

What can be done with the rocky portions of our roads?  
The solution lies in adopting a combination of the methods of road mending. First, they should be ditched on each side to prevent the rains washing away the little soil already on them; second, soil must be hauled sufficient to cover the rocks; they can then be treated the same as the ordinary dirt road, and the rocks will only afford a solid foundation.

The rocky and hilly portions of county roads are a much more serious problem than the comparatively level portions of the dirt roads in this district, in the matter of being mended with the log drag, but in reality they are not as serious a menace to teamsters as the level undrained portions of road, for the level dirt portions of road are often allowed to become so "boggy" as to be almost impassable.

The "boggy" spots are, in the crude method of treatment often received by them, very much like the sweet apple tree in the old orchard. Rock, fence rails, relics of old wagons left along the trail, and anything else that comes handy are shied at the "boggy hole" to fill it up, and in that respect bears a close resemblance to the apple tree filled with clubs, old shoes, broken fence rails and other bric-a-brac. If all apples were gathered by this method, or all mud-holes mended by the use of rocks, poles, fence rails, etc., thrown indiscriminately into them, or all wheat cut with the hand cycle and threshed with the flail and marketed on mule-back, or if all traveling were dependent upon the 16th century stage coach, the works produce might reach the market just the same (as Major Clement sanguinely expressed the opinion at the Road Overseers Convention that it would), but it seems extremely doubtful, to say the least of it.

Last week a RECORD representative was traveling over a comparatively good stretch of road not many miles from Marion, and, in fact, it was exceptionally good owing to the considerable amount of effort—a private contribution—which had been expended on it. However, he met a teamster at the narrowest and worst portion of the road to be found on a stretch of perhaps two miles. After some difficult maneuvering a means of passage was provided, and then some colloquy was indulged in by the two travelers over that "weak link in the chain," as it were, and the "hog wallow" which afforded its chief detraction.

The teamster indulged in some mental calculations as to which would be cheaper, to repair or not to repair the bad spot in the road. He had a few days before broken a wagon wheel at that very spot. In consequence he would pay five or six dollars for repairs to his wagon, and would lose ten dollars or more in time for himself and

## PRIZE WINNERS IN OUR POPULARITY CONTEST.



Miss Leaffa Wilborn, winner of first prize.



Miss Clara Carter, winner of second prize.

team. The nature of repairs required on the road was such that it would have required an expenditure of time and effort amounting to probably fifteen dollars, with ordinary methods, to repair the road. He had been too busy before the breakdown to stop and make the repairs, and besides, his effort to get some others interested to assist in making the repairs had been futile. He does not know which would have been the cheapest, but is willing to try the log drag, and may win a prize for his effort.

Again the rallying cry is repeated: "From your own front gate to your neighbor's front gate toward town." If heeded, the present system of road-working will soon pass into decadence because of the very lack of necessity for it, and if the roads of this county, even excepting the rocky portions, are mended by the split-log drag system, the farmers, teamsters, mine operators, and particularly the church-goers, school children and shoppers will be benefitted more than at present seems possible to the majority of people in this community, because of their lack of knowledge as to conditions elsewhere for comparison with the present existing conditions here. With the soil covered portions of road repaired by farmers along in front of their own property, ample funds are provided by the county for repairing the rocky portions of county roads and placing them in good condition.

A great deal of practical demonstration is necessary to secure the general acceptance and adoption of any method of improvement, and it is this demonstrating object lesson which is sought for this county and district, and must be furnished by some means or other.

The prize feature has been adopted as one means to secure the desired end, and while the contributions to the fund are being received the conditions governing the prize awards will be worked out, and will be published next week.

## CURE FOR HAY FEVER

Haynes & Taylor say Hyomei Will  
Give Relief.—Sold Under Guarantee.

The season for hay fever is almost at hand, and many people feel that they will be obliged to go away in order to avoid the sneezing, watery eyes, and other annoying symptoms of this disagreeable summer disease.

Haynes & Taylor wish to announce that when Hyomei is used as a preventive, or a cure, there will be no hay fever. They advise daily treatment with Hyomei for two or three weeks before the usual time for the annual appearance of hay fever. If this is done, the attack will be prevented. However, if the preventive treatment is not started soon enough, and the disease makes its appearance, use Hyomei six or seven times daily, and relief will be given at once.

There is no stomach dosing when Hyomei is used. Breathed through the neat pocket inhaler that comes with every outfit, its medicated air reaches the minutest air cells, killing all germs and soothing and healing the irritated mucous membrane.

The complete Hyomei outfit costs but \$1, extra bottles 50 cents. It is the only treatment for hay fever sold by Haynes & Taylor under a guarantee to refund the money if it does not give satisfaction.

## Marriage License.

J. W. Thurmond and Miss Cora Lee Grant.  
Will Nothorn and Miss Wrenny Manns.

## News of the Mineral World.

Watkins and Drescher loaded and shipped last week from the Columbia mines over a carload each of zinc and lead.

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The new vein of carbonate reported recently to have been struck on the Cox place by Bob King, has turned out to be a vein of fluor spar.

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J. M. Persons' mine on the Felix Cox place has been closed since the 4th, but will probably be started again as soon as he returns from the east.

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Mr. Charley Jennings, acting as general manager for the Henderson company, has a number of wagons hauling carbonate of zinc this week from their mines that joins the Old Jim.

0-0-0

The Commodore Mining Company, while excavating a ditch in which to lay water pipes, found strong indications of a vein of carbonate. Some ore was found which has the appearance of carrying 2 or 3 per cent carbonate of zinc. It has often been claimed that a carbonate vein runs parallel with the LaRue vein and this new find, if a vein should be developed, would certainly establish the fact.

0-0-0

W. C. Uren spent the week in the city. He has been prospecting in the mountains 20 miles from Cumberland Gap with Mack O'Hara. Mr. Uren was interviewed by a RECORD representative to whom he stated that he and Mr. O'Hara had discovered a valuable body of zinc carbonate at the above place which is located four miles from a railroad. Mr. Uren was superintendent of carbonate of zinc mines in this district some time and is a zinc expert. His friends here will be pleased to hear of his fortunate discovery in the mountains.

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Harry Watkins has bought the McMan farm. This farm is considered to be very rich with zinc and lead. It joins the Memphis mines and has four or five veins running through it, all of which the Kentucky Fluor Spar Company are working now at the Memphis. Mr. Watkins expects to start three shafts on this property in the near future and work a large number of miners. Considerable speculation has been indulged in recently, as to Mr. Watkins probable course of action, and there will undoubtedly be considerable satisfaction felt, now that he contemplates opening up more mines.

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Joplin, Mo., July 9.—The price for second grade zinc ore was advanced from 50c to \$1.50 per ton over the price of the previous week, but there was no advance in the price of top grade ores. This is as the majority of the operators would have it, as there are only a few of the mines which produce top grade ores, and an advance in the price of the second grade ore effects many more of the operators.

The advance in the lower grades is accounted for by the shortage of the production. Many of the mines were closed three days to allow their men a short vacation, and others were closed the entire week. As a result the production of zinc ore is 2000 tons short of the average. The report of the zinc ore shipped during the week, however, shows a shortage of only 1000, an indication that fully 1000 tons of the surplus was bought and shipped by the smelter men. The lead ore market has also become quite stiff, and choice lots brought \$60.50 per ton, while ore assaying 70 per cent sold readily at \$60.

The mine operators of the Joplin district are preparing to wage a hard fight against the importation of British Columbia zinc ore free of duty, and a committee composed of three mine operators in each of the mining camps is now soliciting funds for the purpose of carrying on the fight. It is the intention of Col. John R. Holmes, president of the Missouri and Kansas zinc miners' association, to raise by public subscription \$10,000, to be spent in carrying the case through the United States court, should such a move prove necessary.

The Cockerill smelting company, with smelters at Argentine, Kan., has withdrawn from the Joplin market, and is said to depend almost entirely upon foreign ores. If the Joplin operators are able to shut out importation of zinc ores they will be better situated to command equitable prices for their production.

## Notice, Teachers.

If you wish your certificate to re-  
new July 17, 1905, must attend the in-  
stitute July 17, 1905, even if you do not  
teach this year.

JOHN B. PARR, Supt.

## BUILDING WORK STILL CONTINUES

Though Somewhat Retarded  
by Recent Rains.

### WORK BEGUN ON NEW HOTEL

Everybody is on the Move and Work  
is Rapidly Progressing on Several  
of the New Buildings.

### BOSTON'S LONG-LOST LUMBER FOUND

The recent showers of rain have somewhat hindered the progress of the buildings that are going up, except in a few instances where the work has so far advanced that work could be continued under shelter. Contractor G. F. Jennings has roofed and put in all doors and windows in two of the Wheeler buildings. These will be the first of the new store buildings to be completed. It will take but a few days to plaster and shelve them and they will be ready for the occupants. One will be occupied by Messrs. McConnell & Stone and the other by Morris & Hubbard.

Contractors Mundo & McGraw are pushing the brick work on the Masonic building this week. The large stone bases for the columns were put in place, presenting the appearance of a handsome, substantial structure, and the work throughout so far indicates that the building, when completed, will be a model piece of architecture. The Masonic Lodge will occupy the third floor, as formerly, and the first and second floors will be occupied by the dry goods firm of Taylor & Cannan.

The brick work on the two Frisbie buildings has been completed ready for the second floor joists, which are being placed.

Messrs. Boston & Paris, contractors, have pushed the brick work on the Jas. H. Orme large building to be occupied as a hardware store, and are now ready for the second story joists. For the construction of this building more than 200,000 brick were necessary, and after the first story was completed a one-horse whim was used in raising the material to the scaffolds. The Louisville red pressed brick that are being used in the front of this building, as well as the Orme drug store and the Hayward store building, makes a beautiful front.

Contractor A. C. Melton has begun the brick work on the Yandell & Orme hotel building on Bank street. This building will be the best arranged for a hotel of any in the city. The building will have one hundred and six feet frontage on Bank street, and all the rooms will be outside rooms with ventilation.

Messrs. Boston & Paris have received their long looked for long pine timbers from the South, and the work on the Hayward store building will now be resumed.

The second story joists have been put on the Orme drugstore building.

### Mrs. Elvira Cook Dead.

Mrs. Elvira Cook, an elderly and much loved woman formerly of Marion, but for a few years a resident of Paducah, died in that city Saturday, July 8. The remains were brought here Sunday and interred in the new cemetery. The funeral services were conducted by Rev. J. R. McAfee of the M. E. church.

She was the mother of Mrs. Tom Giffon, of this city, and is also survived by three other children: Miss Lilly and Harry Cook, of Paducah; and Chas. Cook, of Eddyville. She was the widow of the late Lewis Cook, who died only a short time ago.

Mrs. Cook had been an invalid for several years and was tenderly cared for by her loving children to whom she was very much endeared. She was well known here and will long be remembered kindly by all who knew her. The bereaved family have the sympathy of the entire community who pronounce the faith in the belief that the mother has gone to a better home to meet again the loved ones gone before.

Mrs. Cook was about 55 years of age and was a member of the M. E. church at this place.

# EBEN HOLDEN

By IRVING BACHELLER

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## Synopsis of Previous Chapters.

CHAPTER I—I am left an orphan at six and am saved from a dissolute uncle by Eben Holden, an old man who has worked for my father. Uncle Eb takes me through the wilderness from Vermont to seek a new home in New York State.

II.—Our adventures in the woods. Uncle Eb scares away a panther.

III.—A woman presents a little wagon to me, to which Fred, our dog, is hitched. A man tries to enter our camp in the woods.

## CHAPTER IV.

WE listened awhile then, but heard no sound in the thicket, although Fred was growling ominously, his hair on end. As for myself, I never had a more fearful hour than that we suffered before the light of morning came.

I made no outcry, but clung to my old companion, trembling. He did not stir for a few minutes, and then we crept cautiously into the small hemlocks on one side of the opening.

"Keep still," he whispered. "Don't move or speak."

Presently we heard a move in the brush, and then quick as a flash Uncle Eb lifted his rifle and fired in the direction of it. Before the loud echo had gone off in the woods we heard something break through the brush at a run.

"S a man," said Uncle Eb as he listened. "He ain't a-losin' no time nuther."

We sat listening as the sound grew fainter, and when it ceased entirely Uncle Eb said he must have got to the road. After a little the light of the morning began sifting down through the tree tops and was greeted with innumerable songs.

"He done noble," said Uncle Eb, patting the old dog as he rose to poke the fire. "Purty good chap I call 'im! He can hev half o' my dinner any time he wants it."

"Who do you suppose it was?" I inquired.

"Robbers, I guess," he answered, "an' they'll be havin' fer us when we go out mornin'; but, if they are, Fred 'll find 'em, an' I've got Ol' Trusty here, an' I guess they'll take care uv us."

His rifle was always flattered with that name of Ol' Trusty when it had done him a good turn.

Soon as the light had come clear he went out in the "war woods" with dog and rifle, and after a while he returned shortly and said he had seen where they came and went.

"I'd skinned 'em deader 'n a door nail," said he, laying down the old rifle, "if they'd a come any nearer."

Then we brought water from the river and had our breakfast. Fred went on ahead of us when we started for the road, scurrying through the brush on both sides of the trail as if he knew what was expected of him. He flushed a number of partridge and Uncle Eb killed one of them on our way to the road. We resumed our journey without any further adventure. It was so smooth and level underfoot that Uncle Eb let me get in the wagon after Fred was hitched to it. The old dog went along soberly and without much effort, save when we came to hills or sandy places, when I always got out and ran on behind.

Uncle Eb showed me how to brake the wheels with a long stick going downhill. I remember how it hit the dog's heels at the first down grade and how he ran to keep out of the way of it. We were going like mad in half a minute, Uncle Eb coming after us calling to the dog. Fred only looked over his shoulder with a wild eye at the rattling wagon and ran the harder. He leaped aside at the bottom, and then we went all in a heap. Fortunately no harm was done.

"Careful!" said Uncle Eb as he came up to us, puffing like a spent steam boiler, and picked me up unhurt and untangled the harness of old Fred. "I guess he must 'a' thought the wagon was after him."

The dog growled a little for a moment and bit at the harness, but coaxing reassured him, and he went along all right again on the level. At a small settlement the children came out asking me questions. Some of them tried to pet the dog, but old Fred bent to his labor at the heels of Uncle Eb and looked neither to right nor left. We crossed under a tree by the side of a road and took for our dinner, and one of the boys of that dinner I think of always when I think of Uncle Eb. It was the summer of man he was and with what understanding and sympathy he regarded every living thing. In riding the teapot he accidentally poured a bit of water on a big hunk of beef. The poor creature struggled to hit him off, and then another down-pour came hit him and still another with his whole self drenched. Then his breast began heaving violently, his head thrown back, and he snorted and head downward in the grass. Uncle Eb saw the death throes of the bee and knelt down and lifted the dead body by one of its wings.

"Jos' look at this velvet coat," he said, "an' his wings an' feet an' stuff. They'll never carry him another journey. It's too bad a man he'd kill every step he takes."

The bee's tail was moving faintly, and Uncle Eb laid him out in the warm sunlight and fanned him awhile with

his hat, trying to bring back the life of life.

"Guilty!" he said presently, coming back with a sober face. "Thee's a dead bee. No tellin' how many was dependent on him or what plans he had. Must 'a' g'n him a lot o' pleasure t' fly round in the sunlight, workin' every fair day. 'S all over now."

He had a gloomy face for an hour after that, and many a time in the days that followed I heard him speak of the murdered bee.

We lay resting awhile after dinner and watching a big city of ants. Uncle Eb told me how they tilled the soil of the mound every year and sowed their own kind of grain—a small white seed like rice—and reaped their harvest in the late summer, storing the crop in their dry cellars under ground. He told me also the story of the ant lion—a big beetle that lives in the jungles of the grain and the grass—of which I remember only an outline, more or less imperfect.

Here it is in my own rewording of his tale: On a bright day one of the little black folks went off on a long road in a great field of barley. He was going to another city of his own people to bring helpers for the harvest. He came shortly to a sandy place where the barley was thin and the hot sunlight lay near to the ground. In a little valley close by the road of the ants he saw a deep pit in the sand with steep sides sloping to a point in the middle and as big around as a biscuit. Now, the ants are a curious people and go looking for things that are new and wonderful as they walk ahead, so they have much to tell worth hearing after a journey. The little traveler was young and had no fear, so he left the road and went down to the pit and peeped over the side of it.

"What in the world is the meaning of this queer place?" he asked himself as he ran around the rim. In a moment he had stepped over, and the soft sand began to cave and slide beneath him. Quick as a flash the big lion beetle rose up in the center of the pit and began to reach for him. Then his legs flew in the caving sand, and the young ant struck his blades in it to hold the little he could gain.

Upward he struggled, legs air and floundering in the dust. He had got near the rim and had stopped, clinging to get his breath, when the lion began flinging the sand at him with his long feelers. It rose in a cloud and fell on the back of the ant and pulled at him as it swept down. He could feel the mighty cleavers of the lion striking near his hind legs and pulling the sand from under them. He must go down in a moment, and he knew what that meant. He had heard the old men of the tribe tell often how they hold one



We were going like mad.

helpless and slash him into a dozen pieces. He was letting go in despair when he felt a hand on his neck. Looking up, he saw one of his own people reaching over the rim, and in a jiffy they had shut their fangs together. He moved little by little as the other tugged at him and in a moment was out of the trap and could feel the honest earth under him. When they had got home and told their adventure some were flogging to slay the beetle.

"There is never a pit in the path o' duty," said the wise old chief of the little black folks. "See that you keep in the straight road."

"If our brother had not left the straight road," said one who stood near, "he that was in danger would have gone down into the pit."

"It matters much," he answered, "whether it was kindness or curiosity that led him out of the road. But he that follows a fool hath much need of wisdom, for if he save the fool do ye not see that he hath encouraged folly?"

Of course I had then no proper understanding of the chief's counsel, nor do I pretend even to remember it from that first telling, but the tale was told frequently in the course of my long acquaintance with Uncle Eb.

The diary of my good old friend lies before me as I write, the leaves turned yellow and the entries dim. I remember how stern he grew on an evening when he took out this sacred little record of our wanderings and began to write in it with his stub of a pencil.

He wrote slowly and read and reread each entry with great care as I held the torch for him. "Be still, boy; be still," he would say when some pressing interrogatory passed my lips, and then he would bend to his work while the point of his pencil bored farther into my impatience. Beginning here, I shall quote a few entries from the diary, as they cover with sufficient detail an uneventful period of our journey:

"August the 20th. Killed a partridge today. Billed it in the teapot for dinner. Went good. 14 mild.

"August the 21st. Seen a deer this morning. Fred hit ag'in. Come near spillin' the wagon. Hed to stop an' fix the ex. 10 mild.

"August the 22nd. Climb a tree this morning after wild grapes. Come near falling. Gin me a little crick in the back. Willie has got a stun bruise. 12 mild.

"August the 23d. Went in swimmin'. Ketched a few fish before breakfus'. Got provisions an' two case knives an' one fork; also one tin plate. Used same to fry fish for dinner. 14 mild.

"August the 24th. Got some spirits for Willie to rub on my back. Boots wearing out. Terrible hot. Lay in the shade in the heat of the day. Gypsies come an' camped by us tonight. 10 mild."

I remember well the coming of those gypsies. We were fishing in sight of the road, and our fire was crackling on the smooth cropped shore. The big wagons of the gypsies—there were four of them, as red and beautiful as those of a circus caravan—halted about sundown while the men came over a moment to scan the field. Presently they went back and turned their wagons into the siding and began to unhitch. Then a lot of barefooted children and women under gay shawls overran the field, gathering wood and making ready for night. Meanwhile swartly drivers took the horses to water and tethered them with long ropes so they could crop the grass of the roadside.

One tall, bony man, with a face almost as black as that of an Indian, brought a big iron pot and set it up near the water. A big stew of beef bone, leeks and potatoes began to cook shortly, and I remember it had such a goodly smell I was minded to ask them for a taste of it. A little city of strange people had surrounded us of a sudden. Uncle Eb thought of going on, but the night was coming fast, and there would be no moon, and we were footsore and hungry. Women and children came over to our fire after supper and made more of me than I liked.

I remember taking refuge between the knees of Uncle Eb, and Fred sat close in front of us, growing fiercely when they came too near. They stood about, looking down at us, and whispered together, and one young miss of the tribe came up and tried to kiss me in spite of Fred's warnings. She had flashing black eyes and hair as dark as the night that fell in a curling mass upon her shoulders; but, somehow, I had a mighty fear of her and fought with desperation to keep my face from the touch of her red lips. Uncle Eb laughed and held Fred by the collar, and I began to cry out in terror presently, when, to my great relief, she let go and ran away to her own people. They all went away to their wagons, save one young man, who was tall with light hair and a fair skin, and who looked like none of the other gypsies.

"Take care of yourself," he whispered as soon as the rest had gone. "These are bad people. You'd better be off."

The young man left us, and Uncle Eb began to pack up at once. They were going to bed in their wagons when we came away. I stood in the basket, and Fred drew the wagon that had in it only a few bundles. A mile or more farther on we came to a lonely, deserted cabin close to the road. It had begun to thunder in the distance, and the wind was blowing damp.

"Guess nobody lives here," said Uncle Eb as he turned in at the sagging gate and began to cross the little patch of weeds and hollyhocks behind it. "Door's half down, but I guess it'll be better 'n no house. Goin' t' rain sartin'."

I was nodding a little about then, I remember, but I was wide awake when he took me out of the basket. The old house stood on a high hill, and we could see the stars of heaven through the ruined door and one of the back windows. Uncle Eb shoved the leaning door a little and shifted it aside. "We heard then a quick stir in the old house—a loud and ghostly rustle it seems now as I think of it—like that made by linen shaking on the line. Uncle Eb took a step backward as if it had startled him.

"Guess it's nuthin' to be 'fraid of," he said, feeling in the pocket of his coat. He had struck a match in a moment. By its flickering light I could see only a bit of rubbish on the floor.

"Full o' white owls," said he, stepping inside, where the rustling was now continuous. "They'll do us no harm."

I could see them now flying about under the low ceiling. Uncle Eb gathered an armful of grass and clover in the near field and spread it in a corner well away from the ruined door and windows. Covered with our blanket, I made a fairly comfortable bed. Soon as we had lain down the rain began to rattle on the shabby roof and flashes of lightning lit every corner of the old room.

I have had ever a curious love of storms, and from the time when memory began its record in my brain it has delighted me to hear at night the roar of thunder and see the swift play of the lightning. I lay between Uncle Eb and the old dog, who both went asleep shortly. Less wearied, I presume, than either of them, for I had done none of the carrying and had slept a long time that day in the shade

CONTINUED TO THIRD PAGE.

## Good Real Estate Investment!



IN THE CONWAY-STONE SUB-DIVISION ARE A NUMBER of desirable town lots for sale at reasonable prices. These lots lie in the Southwestward wake of the city. Most of them are now within the corporate limits of the city, and the time is not far distant when they will be in the most prosperous and desirable part of the city.

Examine the plot below and select the lot you think you would like to have, and we will tell you how you can get it at a small cost.



These lots are especially suitable for persons desiring to build and own their own homes, besides they represent the most valuable investment in real estate. Whether you want to build or not, our terms will be reasonable and to suit purchaser.

Call or write to

W. J. STONE

Kuttawa, Ky.

T. A. CONWAY

Marion, Ky.

## EBEN HOLDEN

By  
IRVING BACHELLER

Copyright, 1900, by Lothrop Publishing Company

or a tree, I was awake an hour or more after they were snoring. Every flash lit the old room like the full glare of the noonday sun. I remember it showed me an old cradle piled full of rubbish, a rusty scythe hung in the rotting sash of a window, a few lengths of stovepipe and a plow in one corner and three staring white owls that sat on a beam above the doorway. The rain roared on the old roof shortly and came whipping down through the bare boards above us. A big drop struck in my face, and I moved a little. Then I saw what made me hold my breath a moment and cover my head with the shawl. A flash of lightning revealed a tall, ragged man looking in at the doorway. I lay close to Uncle Eb, imagining much evil of that vision, but made no outcry.

Snuggled in between my two companions I felt reasonably secure and soon fell asleep. The sun, streaming in



I had a mighty fear of her.

at the open door, roused me in the morning. At the beginning of each day of our journey I woke to find Uncle Eb cooking at the fire. He was lying beside me this morning, his eyes open.

"Fraid I'm hard sick," he said as I kissed him.

"What's the matter?" I inquired. He struggled to a sitting posture, groaning so it went to my heart.

"Rheumatiz," he answered presently.

He got to his feet little by little, and every move he made gave him great pain. With one hand on his cane and the other on my shoulder he made his way slowly to the broken gate. Even now I can see clearly the fair prospect of that high place—a valley reaching to distant hills and a river winding through it glimmering in the sunlight; a long wooded ledge breaking into naked, grassy slopes on one side of the valley and on the other a deep forest rolling to the far horizon; between them big patches of yellow grain and white buckwheat and green pasture land and greener meadows and the straight road, with white houses on either side of it, glorious in a double fringe of goldenrod and purple aster and yellow John's-wort and the deep blue of the Jacob's ladder.

"Looks a good deal like the promised land," said Uncle Eb. "Hain't got much further 't go."

He sat on the rotting threshold, while I pulled some of the weeds in front of the doorstep and brought kindlings out of the house and built a fire. While we were eating I told Uncle Eb of the man I had seen in the night.

"Guess you was dreamin'," he said, and, while I stood firm for the reality of that I had seen, he held our thought only for a brief moment. My companion was unable to walk that day, so we lay by in the shelter of the old house, eating as little of our scanty store as we could do with. I went to a spring near by for water and picked a good mess of blackberries, that I hid away until supper time as to surprise Uncle Eb. A longer day than that we spent in the old house after our coming I have never known. I made the room a bit tidier and gathered more grass for bedding. Uncle Eb felt better as the day grew warm. I had a busy time of it that morning bathing his back in the spirits and rubbing until my small arms ached. I have heard him tell often how vigorously I worked that day and how I would say, "I'll take care o' you, Uncle Eb—won't I, Uncle Eb?" as my little hands flew with redoubled energy on his bare skin. That finished, we lay down sleeping until the sun was low, when I made ready the supper that took the last of everything we had to eat. Uncle Eb was more like himself that evening and, sitting up in the corner as the darkness came, told me stories.

It was very dark as he finished, and I was feeling a bit sleepy when I heard the boards creak above our heads. Uncle Eb raised himself and looked upon his elbow listening. In a moment we heard a sound as if something were coming softly down the other end of the room. I could see nothing. Uncle Eb demanded, "What's that?" "A gun at me," someone said. "This is my home, leave it or I'll do ye

## HELP HOME INDUSTRIES AND THEY HELP YOU

The Great Benefits to be Derived From Spending Your Money at Home.

A man entering a store approached the merchant and asked if he would exchange for him a garment he had bought of a mail order house in a big city for a similar garment of another size.

The merchant almost fainted at the man's gall, but being an obliging merchant, did not get angry. He asked the man why he did not return the garment and have it exchanged. The answer was that he would have to return it at his own expense and might not then then get what he wanted. The merchant looked sharply at the man to see if he was joking, or if he didn't really know any better, and seeing it was only the latter, he agreed to make the change. The man was profuse in his thanks for the accommodation. The merchant, speaking to the man gently, but firmly, said:

"My friend, you live in this community. You own a farm that cost you perhaps \$15 or \$20 an acre, and it is now worth \$75 or \$100 an acre, and it is not as good as it was when you bought it. It is worth more because it is near a good town—to this town that you and your neighbors have helped to build up by patronage, and while you were doing it you were unconscious of building and trebling the value of your farm. If you buy goods here you help to make this a larger city and help to make your land worth more. If you buy goods in Chicago you help to make Chicago a larger city, and leave to the other people the burden of making your community, your home, your land, increase in value. If you help to build up Chicago, how much will it increase the value of your farm? If you are short of cash and ask credit of the stores here, and you get it, it is a favor to you. If you buy anything at the store you can change it or get your money back. In many ways you are under obligations to this town and merchants here to trade with them, and yet you have sent your money to this mail order house to get what you want and have not got it after all. And you are hurting the value of your own farm when you hurt this town. Now, if you will bring your mail order catalogue here and look through my store, and compare prices right through, and if I don't furnish you the same articles, quality considered, as cheap or cheaper than the mail order house does, I will give them to you. And you will not buy anything by book description, either. You will see the goods, try them on, inspect the quality and get whatever guarantee there is on them, and if they don't suit afterward there will be no trouble or risk in exchanging or replacing them. That mail order house made a profit on your purchase, then run no risk, they will not exchange it for you unless you pay all charges of return shipment and prove that it is not satisfactory, and then you may not get what you want. They pay no taxes here to help run the county expenses and educate your children. They make a profit on their goods or they wouldn't be in business; now why not let the merchants at home make the profit?"

The man said he had really never thought of it that way, and promised to remember that he had been treated white. As he walked out the merchant wondered if he really would remember. Often, however, it is the fault of the merchant in failing to use the modern method, advertising, that has built up the mail order houses. He should persistently advertise his goods and bargains if he expects to "stay in the game."

### Washington Echoes.

In an article from Toppenish, Wash., of June 12th, Mrs. Hill says "God has led us here," also that Mr. Hill caused them to emigrate to that country. Now, we interpret this to mean "Our God, Mr. Hill," in fact, she says no one is held in higher esteem than the Father—Mr. Hill.

We are all glad to know that Miss Arnalla has succeeded in getting a husband in the great northwest. State who is highly honored, and wish our friends from "Old Kantuckee," the "Dark and Bloody Ground," who are the most industrious and intelligent citizens of the northwest State, a long and happy life.

### Wanted.

MEN AND WOMEN in this county and adjoining territories to represent and advertise an old established house of solid financial standing. Salary to men \$21 per week, to women \$12 to \$18 weekly, with expenses advanced each Monday by check direct from headquarters. Horse and buggy furnished when necessary; position permanent. Address Blew Bros. & Co., Dept. B, Monon building, Chicago, Ill. 41-5t.

Dr. R. J. Morris spent Sunday at Uniontown.

## DARK BROWN TASTE

Nothing makes you feel as miserable as a bilious, nauseating dark brown taste. Yours may be the most innocent dark brown taste in the world, or it may be the result of bending your arm—chop suey—or those things. No matter how you got it, you can only get rid of it by cleaning out your stomach and bowels. Waste no time but begin at once to take



## Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin

It will make you feel new all over, clear your brain, relieve all discomfort, restore your appetite. No other medicine like it in effect or result.

Fred A. Brackett, of Des Moines, Ia., writes: "It gives me pleasure to attest to the curative powers of Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin. It is an aid to digestion and cures constipation, and is a valuable remedy to have in any house. After being out late, I often take a dose before retiring, and wake up the next morning with a clear brain, ready for the business of the day."

Your Money Back If It Don't Benefit You  
PEPSIN SYRUP CO., Monticello, Ill.  
Woods & Orme and Haynes & Taylor.

## ICE!

Jas. W. Givens, the Old Reliable Ice Dealer is Again in Business!

I have purchased the ice business of A. M. Hearin & Son., and will be glad to furnish the people of Marion and vicinity with the best ice on the market. Prompt delivery to all parts of the city. Special prices in quantities.

J. W. GIVENS.

\$1.00 \$1.00

Traveling Public

## Attention!

First class One Dollar a Day House, centrally located. Special rates to weekly boarders.

Mrs. Sarah Gill, Marion, Ky.

## Fresh Meat ON ICE!

Telephone Your Orders for Steaks, Roasts, and Fresh Meat of all kinds to

YATES & McCASLIN'S

## Butcher Shop!

At the small cottage stand near the C. P. church, on Main street. There you will get good weight and low prices

George Givens, Butcher.

Telephone 37.

## F. W. NUNN

Dentist

Office at Stewart's Photograph Gallery. MARION, KY.

## Harris & Shopbell ARCHITECTS

Plans prepared for both public and private buildings. Correspondence solicited.

Evansville, Indiana

## CARL HENDERSON

Attorney at Law

Will Practice in all Civil Cases MARION, KY.

## THE PAPER THAT MERITS YOUR CONFIDENCE.

# The Crittenden Record

Built up from the ground in eight months to an unusual prestige and standing, then unfortunately burned out absolutely, but it never missed an issue and today greets you brighter and better than ever. In fact it's the up-to-date Western Kentucky Newspaper.

That's the Record's record, the paper that asks for your patronage.

It contains all the best General News and all the Local News in Crittenden County, and remembers adjoining counties. It is read in the home everywhere. If you are not a subscriber send in a dollar and become one now, only \$1.00

## CLUBBING RATES.

We have made arrangements whereby we can furnish you any of the following Daily Papers and THE CRITTENDEN RECORD at the price named:

St. Louis Republic, daily except Sunday \$4.60  
" " " " " " 6.80  
Louisville Evening Post and chart 3.50  
" " Herald, daily except Sunday 2.50  
" " " " " " 4.00  
Courier Journal daily except Sunday 6.40  
" " " " " " 8.20  
Inter Ocean daily except Sunday 4.20  
" " " " " " 6.00  
Louisville Times 4.50

You can get the daily paper of your choice and THE RECORD at almost the price of the daily alone. We can also furnish you any paper not named above at clubbing rates.

THE RECORD with any of the following Weekly Papers:

The Courier Journal, weekly \$1.50  
Louisville Herald " 1.25  
Nashville American " 1.50  
Cincinnati Enquirer " 1.60  
Globe-Democrat, semi-weekly 1.75  
Home and Farm, weekly 1.25  
Yellow Jacket, twice-a-month 1.20  
Live Stock Reporter, weekly 1.50

THE RECORD one year, and  
Breder's Gazette \$2.00  
Practical Farmer 1.75  
McCall's Magazine 1.30  
Tom Watson's Magazine 1.70  
Johnston Mining Magazine 2.70

What you want in this list we will be pleased to quote you lowest club prices.

THE RECORD is now in its new and modern dress in which it arises from the ashes of the late fire. No paper in Western Kentucky is in a better position to fill your wants in the advertising or publicity line and none have a stronger or more substantial following. Call on THE RECORD, make your wants known and leave a few suggestions regarding your business to the publicity of its columns and note the results. If local and general news, together with a variety of other reading matter makes a paper popular THE RECORD certainly has all those features. If you want no other paper do not fail to send a dollar to

## The Crittenden Record

MARION, KY.

### Huge Task.

It was a huge task to undertake the cure of such a bad case of kidney disease as that of C. F. Collier, of Cherokee, Ia., but Electric Bitters did it. He writes: "My kidneys were so far gone I could not sit on a chair without a cushion, and suffered from dreadful backache, headache and depression. In Electric Bitters, however, I found a cure, and by them was restored to perfect health. I recommend this great tonic medicine to all with weak kidneys, liver or stomach. Guaranteed by Haynes & Taylor, druggists. Price 50 cents."

### An Atlas For \$1.00.

The Great Northern Railway has issued an atlas of 56 pages containing up to date maps of Iowa, Wisconsin, Minnesota, North and South Dakota, Montana, Idaho, Washington, British Columbia, Oregon, Kansas, Missouri, Nebraska, Wyoming, Colorado, Alaska, Hawaii, Japan, Philippine Islands, China, the United States and of the World.

In addition to this, the atlas contains valuable statistical information relative to the States named above, is printed on the very best quality of paper, shows the lines of the Great Northern Railway, and is in every way a commendable work.

This atlas will be distributed at the actual cost of production and will be sent to any address upon receipt of \$1.00. Address F. I. Whitney, Passenger Traffic Manager, Great Northern Railway, St. Paul, Minn. 50-6t.

### Lewis and Clark Exposition

Portland, Oregon, will be open continuously from June 1, 1905, to October 15, 1905, one hundred and thirty-seven days. The short line to Portland is via the Union Pacific. This route gives you 200 miles along the beautiful Columbia River, a trip to Portland and the Northwest without change, and a chance to visit Yellowstone Park. Returning from Portland via California. Inquire of J. H. Lothrop, G. A., 903 Olive St., St. Louis, Mo.

### A Bad Scare.

Some day you will get a bad scare when you feel a pain in your bowels and fear appendicitis. Safety lies in Dr. King's New Life Pills, a sure cure, for all bowel and stomach diseases such as headache, biliousness, costiveness, etc. Guaranteed at Haynes & Taylor's drug store, only 25c. Try them.

## 4 BEAUTY SPOTS

MINNESOTA LAKE PARK REGION  
LAKE MACDONALD, MONTANA  
LAKE CHELAN, WASHINGTON  
BEAUTIFUL PUGET SOUND

AVAIL YOURSELF OF STOPOVER PRIVILEGES WHILE ON YOUR WAY TO THE

Lewis & Clark Exposition VIA THE

Great Northern Railway

"THE COMFORTABLE WAY."

For Rates or Detailed Information, Address Any Representative of the Great Northern Railway



SEND THIS COUPON AND 2 CENTS FOR HANDSOMELY ILLUSTRATED BOOK-LET, "A CAMERA JOURNEY TO THE LEWIS AND CLARK EXPOSITION" TO F. I. WHITNEY, Pass'r. Traffic Mgr., ST. PAUL, MINN.

## Bargains Galore!

Glassware, Tinware  
Coffee, Sugar  
Canned Goods

Jumbo Pickles 10c per dozen  
Best Lard 10c per pound

Nothing but Bargains  
At Goodloe's Tent!

## The Crittenden Record.

ISSUED WEEKLY.

JAS. E. CHITTENDEN  
C. H. WHITEHOUSE

Editors and  
Publishers.

SUBSCRIPTION ONE DOLLAR PER YEAR.

Entered as second-class matter July 15, 1904, at  
the postoffice at Marion, Ky., under Act of Congress  
of March 3, 1879.

FRIDAY, JULY 14, 1905.

### REPUBLICAN TICKET.

FOR COUNTY JUDGE  
WALTER A. BLACKBURN

FOR COUNTY ATTORNEY  
CARL HENDERSON

FOR COUNTY CLERK  
C. E. WELDON

FOR SHERIFF  
J. F. FLANARY

FOR JAILOR  
ALBERT H. TRAVIS

FOR ASSESSOR  
J. ANTHONY DAVIDSON

FOR SURVEYOR  
JAS. E. SULLINGER

FOR CORONER  
CHARLES WALKER

FOR SCHOOL SUPERINTENDENT  
JOHN B. PARIS

### VOLUME 2, NUMBER 1.

With this issue, which is number one, volume two, THE RECORD starts out on its second year. In its brief existence of twelve months we have endeavored to make it a paper that would be considered as second to none in its general makeup and appearance, and, not least of all, one that would fill an open gap in a Western Kentucky field. We have tried to place THE RECORD on such a plane that our faithful readers might not consider it as a luxury or a grievance, but would look upon it as a necessity in the home. We have avoided the sensational side of journalism, and have given as little space as possible to mere rumors. We have sought facts, and in the main have confined ourselves, as much as possible, to matters of local interest, leaving in the main the general or national field of news to our larger weeklies. We are best fitted to publish a local newspaper, and that is what we have tried to do. We have good cause to believe that our readers have seen obstacles overcome by THE RECORD that no paper ever attempted before. We have given them a crisp, six column, eight page, newspaper from the start, and during the twelve months just passed we have not only passed through the experience stage of journalism, but alongside with our fellow townsmen on that awful day for Marion, March 28th, we had to stand and see one of the finest outfits ever purchased for a country newspaper, costing \$4,000 and fresh from the foundries, go up in smoke and ashes, and only half insured. But for that lamentable disaster THE RECORD would to-day be greeting you in semi-weekly form.

As for the future, we shall continue the same conservative and reliable newspaper that has heretofore greeted you, and at the hands of our readers we trust that we may receive that same degree of loyalty and good will that has marked our business relations in the past. Our ultimate success depends largely upon your support, and we hope that it may never grow less, but greater. While you are taking THE RECORD, and possibly read it with pleasure, it may be that your neighbor does not take it now, yet a good word from you may cause him to look up our office the next time he comes to town. Remember the prestige of THE RECORD to-day and its power for good is second to that of no publication in Western Kentucky, and it is largely so through the support you give it. May we not take you into partnership with us, tendering you the privilege to say "our paper," and, working together, may we not double the present subscription list within the next year? Then assist at your end of the line and we will keep up the standard at this end.

Realizing that the young people of to-day will be the readers for tomorrow it will be our desire to have something wholesome and interesting for them. In the year just passed we have had to build a paper, but the work we now have in hand is to keep a paper that is already established. To our young readers we will say that if in these days THE RECORD contains something that you like to read, remember that we put it there for you and intended that you should enjoy it. Our short stories and serials are written by the best authors of to-day, and it will not hurt you to read them.

The Russian battleship that turned pirate has surrendered to the Czar's authority and the crew is begging his pardon.

What do you think about the new idea for road working in this county? Suppose you try to win a prize. The prize you will deserve for your efforts will be greater than the prize. Try it.

### Subscribe for THE RECORD.

The tornado which swept through a part of Texas and across Red river into Indian Territory last week is reported as having killed thirty-five persons.

The Supreme Court of Kansas has rendered a decision declaring the oil refinery law passed by the last legislature of the state to be unconstitutional.

President Roosevelt has chosen Elihu Root the successor to the late John Hay as secretary of state, and the high honor has been accepted by Mr. Root.

Auditors Agent Frank Lucas, has won a back tax suit against the city of Paducah, on city property maintained for profit and the city will have to pay over \$3,500 which includes \$600 fee for Lucas.

The Japs floated their new \$150,000,000 almost without an effort. The world worships success. After the first small degree of success opportunities to further succeed multiply over and over.

The Powers case was called in the circuit court at Georgetown Monday, but continued pending further action of the Federal court. Powers was turned over to Federal authority and removed to Newport.

The Livingston Democrat asks: "What has become of the bi-county fair movement?" We understand that it, and the Paducah-Marion electric line have been hitched together, and are being trained to work in double harness for future service. We will all be surprised someday by the realization of both of these day dreams.

President Roosevelt has issued an order of great interest to army and navy officers, prohibiting the enlistment of influences outside the record of the officer's service in any case where advancement is sought. It is further ordered that the attempt to employ such influences will deprive the person seeking the advancement from the promotion desired. This order will place the meritorious, but often the young man without money or influential friends, on an equal with his fellows and such a ruling should result finally in the most efficient officered army and navy possible to attain.

Uncle Billy Joel Hill, candidate for jailor on the prohibition ticket, paid us a visit Thursday morning. Uncle Billy believes in practical demonstration as a means of conversion to his ideas on temperance, and to be temperate in his opinion evidently does not imply total abstinence, for while here he shyly produced a little brown jug filled with soft mellow liquid fresh from the apple orchard, and suggested its sampling. This was freely done; so freely, in fact, that when it had passed entirely around there was not enough apple juice left to rattle, as it did seem that the whole town population happened in about that time to take part in the temperance exercise.

We are in receipt of the initial number of "Business," a journal of trade and prices current, published in Louisville, Ky. The name is certainly well chosen, for it is brim full of "business" from cover to cover. Its motto is "More Business," and it is the aim of the publishers to reach every merchant in Kentucky, because its prime mission seems to be to work in the interest of our state. Business takes the position that the most profitable support given any paper is the advertising and that the most profitable advertising done by any merchant is through his home paper. The publishers of Business have secured the services of an expert on publicity, who is to devote his time and attention to a department in future issues of this journal that will seek exclusively to help the retailer, with his advertising problems. Business tersely expresses their ideas of the value of advertising in the statement: "If you don't believe in advertising, advertise your business for sale." We wish the publishers of Business the greatest possible measure of success.

The ground on which Judge Cochran orders the transference of the Caleb Powers case from State to Federal jurisdiction is based on Section 641 of the Revised Statutes of the United States. That section declares:

"When any civil suit or criminal prosecution is commenced in any State court, for any cause whatsoever, against any person who is denied or cannot enforce in the judicial tribunals of the State, or in the part of the State where such suit or prosecution is pending, any right secured to him by any law providing for the equal civil rights of citizens of the United States, or of all persons within the jurisdiction of the United States—such suit or prosecution may, upon the petition of such defendant filed in said State court at any time before the trial or final hearing of the cause, stating the facts and verified by oath, be removed for trial into the next Circuit Court to be held in the district where it is pending."

In every respect the decision is fair, impartial and with reference to the petition where it set forth the fact that W. S. Taylor was governor of Kentucky. Judge Cochran did not assume the authority to pass on the claim, referring that to the State.

## MANUFACTURERS' RECORD GIVES MARION PUBLICITY

### Our Commercial Club Ready to Sustain Capital and Industries.

The Manufacturers' Record, a journal devoted to the fullest development of the entire South, gives publicity to the following communication from this city:

"Marion, Ky., July 3.—As fast as possible, Marion, destined to be one of the most important towns in the South on account of being surrounded by all kinds of important minerals, is arising from the ruins of the \$300,000 fire that occurred March 28th. Twenty buildings are now in process of construction. Great precaution against hazardous structures is being exercised by the city council and the Commercial Club, as well as by individuals, all structures going up being brick or concrete, and in many instances wire-glass is being used in windows.

"Marion needs, and they will be fostered by the Commercial Club, a glass factory, an ice plant and steam laundry, an iron foundry and manufacturing plant, for which there are fuel abundant and finest flux known to science; a belt railroad line, or a line running from here to some point on the Ohio river, the distance being from ten to forty miles; more capital to develop a mineral field of innumerable natural resources more fully and to enable the city to recover fully from the loss of the recent fire, and more capital to promote a home improvement concern that has for its purpose the building of homes to meet an unsatisfied demand and to acquire real estate for the purpose.

"There is a broad field just at this time for capital in search of a location where safe and sure investments can be made. Capitalists in search of such a field would do well to investigate the opportunities at Marion, Ky. The Commercial Club is open for correspondence at all times, and will gladly furnish information to those asking for it."

## Poems

By  
Rustic

### Pride and Humility.

A brown caterpillar was creeping one day  
On the bough of an apple tree.  
When a bright yellow butterfly, passing that way,  
Alighted, the insect to see.

"How ugly, oh dear! and how clumsy you are,  
With not even a pair of wings!  
I'm sure to be dead would be better by far  
Than one of those dark, crawling things."

"To true, pretty butterfly, I am not fair,  
But am lowly and humble by birth,  
Yet for some useful purpose I surely am here,  
My place I must fill on the earth."

The butterfly only looked scornful, and said:  
"See my beautiful wings of gauze.  
I can fly, and sip food from white flowers and red.  
Oh! made to adorn earth I was."

He then flew away to a rose bush in bloom.  
Where a boy with a moulin net  
Caught the butterfly fast in its folds, and his dream,  
Alas! unexpected he met.

The meek caterpillar had slipped out of sight  
Till he woke up one morn in July  
In a state of such ecstasy, joy, and delight,  
A peerly-winged, white butterfly.

### Addendum.

The bold, bad caterpillar—soon,  
All snugly hid from view;  
Will murmur to the summer girl—  
"I've got the drop on you!"

### Special to the Editor.

A little fun, and lots of rain,  
A soft wind blowing from the west,  
And woods and fields are sweet again,  
And warmth within the writer's breast.  
A little love, a little trust,  
A soft impulse, a sudden dream,  
A life as dry as desert dust  
Is fresher than a mountain stream.

### Useful and Beautiful.

The Union Pacific Railroad has just issued an illustrated booklet on the Lewis and Clark Centennial, which is a complete guide to Portland, the Exposition and the Pacific Northwest generally.

It is eminently a pocket manual for visitors to the Centennial. It contains a map of the United States; large birdseye-view map, in several colors, of the Exposition grounds with directory; colored map of Portland, beautiful half-tone illustrations of the Exposition buildings; and much general information concerning hotel rates, street car lines, and other things which strangers to Portland will want to know about.

It tells you of the shortest way to reach the Exposition City, what is to be seen en route and of the return trip through California.

Those who intend to visit the Great Western Fair will find in this publication a rare fund of information.

Send two cent stamp in your request, and the book will be mailed you promptly. Address J. H. Lothrop, C. A., 903 Olive st., St. Louis, Mo.

Results tell. Try the "Whitehall" Portland and see for yourself that it is more than we claim for it.

HINA-BARB COMPANY.

### To Investigate Insurance Rates.

The Kentucky and Tennessee Board of Fire Underwriters will invite Henry R. Prewitt, the Commissioner of Insurance, to inspect its books and records, with a view to ascertaining whether the charges of extortionate rates are true. Claude F. Snyder, the secretary of the board, said recently that he will write a letter to Mr. Prewitt and will give the Commissioner every opportunity to ascertain the facts. The charge has been made that the fire insurance rates in Kentucky are too high in some of the cities and towns, and there is no reason for the higher rate. Gov. Beckham has asked the Commissioner of insurance to investigate. Mr. Snyder denied that the rates charged in Kentucky are high. He said they are lower than they are in Tennessee, and are reasonable in every case. He is willing, he said, that the Commissioner should make the investigation, and the board will assist him in every way.

There is more catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and until the last few years was supposed to be incurable. For a great many years doctors pronounced it a local disease and prescribed local remedies, and by constantly failing to cure with local treatment, pronounced it incurable. Science has proven catarrh to be a constitutional disease and therefore requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, is the only constitutional cure on the market. It is taken internally in doses from 10 drops to a teaspoonful. It acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. They offer one hundred dollars for any case it fails to cure. Send for circulars and testimonials.

Address: F. J. CHENEY & CO.,  
Toledo, Ohio.

Sold by druggists, 75c.

Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

## LOW SETTLERS' RATES

To Points in the West and Southwest  
via Cotton Belt Route.

On first and third Tuesdays of each month round trip tickets will be sold to points in Southeast Missouri, Arkansas, Louisiana and Texas, at rate of one fare plus \$2. Stopovers allowed on the going trip; 21 days in which to return. Cotton Belt Route trains leave St. Louis morning and evening, making connection with all lines, and carry sleepers, chair cars and parlor cafe cars.

Write in for literature describing the cheap lands along the Cotton Belt Route, for maps, time table and information about rates, etc.

L. O. SCHAEFER, T. P. A.  
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## SHORT LINE

TO

## Lewis and Clark Exposition

Portland, Ore., June 1st to Oct.  
15th, 1905

VIA THE

## UNION PACIFIC

This route gives you 200 miles along the beautiful Columbia River, a trip to Portland and the Northwest without change, and a chance to visit

## YELLOWSTONE PARK

June 1st to September  
19, 1905, returning from  
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## CALIFORNIA

Inquire

J. H. LOTHROP, G. A.  
903 Olive st. ST. LOUIS, MO

WANTED—By Chicago manufacturing house, person of trustworthiness and somewhat familiar with local territory as assistant in branch office. Salary \$18, paid weekly. Permanent position. No investment required. Business established. Previous experience not essential to engaging. Address Manager Branches, 323 Dearborn St., Chicago. 46-6t

# Sale! Sale!

Either at Private Sale or Public Auction

Wednesday, Aug. 2, '05

At 1:30 o'clock, p. m. at the Old Home Place, our residence, surrounding lots and other realty, consisting of

## The Old Blue Home Place

Four Lots Fronting Salem Street

Six Lots Bordering on Poplar Street

Two New Cottage Homes, Finely Watered

TERMS: One-fourth cash, remainder in one, two and three years, secured by bankable notes, bearing six per cent. interest and lien on property until notes are paid.

The Old home place has thirteen rooms and will make either a lovely home or desirable private boarding house. Sale is made on account of our removal from Marion. You should see these properties before buying elsewhere. Most desirable location in the center of Marion for a home. The place is surrounded by grand old shade trees, and is watered by cistern and never failing well. Reputed to be the most beautiful home place in the city. The plot of these houses, lots and lands can be seen at The Crittenden Record office and at Cochran & Pickens' hardware store.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Evans

When Looking for Something in the  
General Merchandise Line Call on

JAS. F. CANADA  
Canada & Ordway  
CRAYNEVILLE, KY.

They sell Dry Goods, Clothing, Notions, Hats, Caps and Shoes at low prices. Good Fresh Groceries of all kinds, Hardware and Medicines.

COME AND INVESTIGATE OUR PRICES.

## NUNN & TUCKER



Furniture Dealers  
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Wall Paper  
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The books of the Home Law School Series are designed especially for young men. Never before has a complete education in one of the noblest and most practical of the sciences been brought within the

reach of every young man. Lincoln was a Lawyer, Home Trained, who had great faith in the powers of the young man, and the following extract from one of his letters shows how he urged them to "push forward."

"The possession and use of a set of books will not only enable but stimulate every young man to 'push forward' and bring out the best that is in him, attaining a higher and more honored station in life than he could hope to attain without them."

The Lawyer of to-day is the right hand to every great business undertaking. In politics and statesmanship the Lawyer stands prominent. He is credited with judgment and discretion, and his advice controls in all important matters. Every commercial enterprise of any importance has its salaried legal adviser. There is a great demand for young men with knowledge of Law. Any man can

## Learn Law at Home

By the aid of our Home Law School Series, which requires a few hours' study occasionally. The Home Law School Series, prepares for the Bar in any State; Theory and Practice combined. Approved by Bench, Bar and thousands of successful students. Write for booklet of testimonials, descriptive matter, and special offer to the readers of "Everybody's"—sent free. Address

FREDERICK J. DRAKE & CO., Legal Department, CHICAGO, ILL.

Remember that never under any circumstances do we sacrifice quality in order to quote little prices, but buy the best and give it to you at lowest cash prices. C. B. LOYD, Fredonia, Ky.

LOST: A hammer and pick pin. Suitable reward will be paid on its return. F. JULIUS FORB.

## New Blacksmith Shop

Eskeu & Eskeu have opened a Blacksmith Shop at the Old Griffith Stand, Opposite School Building.

All work given prompt attention Horse Shaving and Carriage Work a Specialty. Marion Ky.

# "PLUMS" and "PEACHES"

Some of the early varieties are gone, though there are many others that are just now ripe. So it is with our great bargain list, and the early varieties usually sell for a higher price, although they are no better.

**Now is the Time!** For the Greatest Bargains in Mens and Boys Suits, Extra Pants, Outing Suits, Ladies, Misses and Childrens Slippers. We mean close them out at Great Sacrifice to ourselves and bargains to you. **COME, LET US PROVE IT!**

W. L. Douglas Shoes and Oxfords are the Best Made for \$3 and \$3.50

Shirts and Collars of Distinction "LION BRAND."

NO TROUBLE to SHOW GOODS and **Pleasure to Please!**

## Taylor & Cannan

### LITTLE RECORDS.

Richard J. Morris, Dentist.  
Will Clifton was in Dawson last week.  
Mrs. Georgia Dean, north of the city, is sick.  
J. N. Todd, of Fredonia, was in the Monday.  
A. B. King, of Mexico, was in town Monday.  
Good coco-cola and summer drinks at Copher's.  
Mr. Eli Nunn, of Rodney, was in town Monday.  
R. N. Grady, of Rodney, was in the city Saturday.  
W. L. Hamby, of Frances, was in town Saturday.  
T. E. Meredith, of Frances, was in town Saturday.  
S. L. Mansfield was in Sturgis Monday on business.  
Biley Rowland, of Repton, was in the city Saturday.  
Maurice Sutherland went to Sturgis Sunday afternoon.  
Miss Bessie Woods is spending the week at DeKoven.  
J. A. Fletcher, of Mexico, was in the city Saturday.  
J. M. McCaslin visited his family in Crayneville Sunday.  
Yates & McCaslin are in the market for poultry. See them.  
The Louisville Herald, weekly, and THE RECORD, one year, \$1.25.  
W. C. Uren, of Mineral Point, Wis., is spending the week in the city.  
J. L. Stewart is doing all kinds of photographic work and enlargements.  
Miss Florence Travis visited her father near Repton the first of the week.  
Miss Bertha Moore visited friends and relatives at Repton the first of the week.  
County Attorney Carl Henderson left Tuesday for Dixon to attend circuit court.  
Bob Dowell, of Wichita, Kan., is spending a few days at the Crittenden Springs.  
Miss Lillian Ragsdale, of Fredonia, has accepted a position as clerk in the Palace.  
Herbert Rogers, of Henderson, is the guest of friends and relatives in the city this week.  
Miss Bessie Castleberry, of Princeton, is the guest of Misses AnElyza and Lizzie Johnson.  
G. F. Jennings has removed to his residence known as the Crawford place in Gardan subdivision.  
Barber shop! At back end of hall in Pierce building on Salem street.  
METZ & SEDBERRY.  
Walter A. Blackburn and family, of Louisville, visited friends and relatives in the city the first of the week.  
Miss Rosa Kevil, who has been visiting friends and relatives in Sturgis, returned home the first of the week.  
Don't fail to call at Yates & McCaslin's butcher shop and get their prices on poultry, near C. P. church, Main st.  
Miss Byrle McNeely has accepted a position as night operator with the Overland Telephone Company at Crittenden left this week for his family, who have been there for several months, with him.  
He received a big supply of "Whitehall", Portland cement that is recommended permanent concrete.  
HINA-BABB CO.

F. W. Nunn, dentist.  
Good lunch at Copher's.  
Richard J. Morris, Dentist.  
Watermelons on ice at Sutherland's.  
F. W. Nunn, dentist, at Stewart's gallery.  
J. M. Persons went to Muncie, Ind., Saturday.  
J. L. Lamb, of Iron Hill, was in Monday.  
Jim Blue, of Fredonia, was in town Wednesday.  
THE RECORD and Courier Journal, weekly, \$1.50.  
W. L. Funkhouser, of Tolu, was in town Sunday.  
G. G. Tudor, of Shady Grove, was in town Thursday.  
Miss Bertha Moore, of Princeton, was in town Sunday.  
J. L. Lamb, of Iron Hill, was in town shopping Monday.  
V. C. Crayne, of Caldwell county, called to see us Monday.  
R. N. Grady and son, of Rodney, were in the city Monday.  
The Globe-Democrat, semi weekly, and RECORD one year for \$175.  
W. H. Copher went to Marion, Ill., last week, returning Sunday afternoon.  
Mr. M. E. Bacon, of the Daily New Era, at Hopkinsville, spent Sunday in the city.  
The Cincinnati Weekly Inquirer and THE CRITTENDEN RECORD one year for \$1.60.  
The Louisville Herald, daily and Sunday, with THE RECORD one year for \$4.00.  
Lost.—One mouth piece and B flat shank for cornet. Finder will please return to Cochran & Picken.  
Miss Byrd McNeely, who has been visiting friends and relatives in Dawson, returned home last week.  
Mrs. Inez Neely returned Tuesday at noon from St. Louis, where she has been visiting for about two weeks.  
Walker Ledbetter, who has been visiting relatives in this city, returned to his home at Elizabethtown, Ill., Saturday.  
Misses Bertha and Velda Travis, who have been visiting friends and relatives at Repton, returned home Tuesday.  
Mrs. Harry Watkins and children, Miss Maud and Master Harry, will the 20th for Alberta, W. Va., to visit relatives.  
Miss Ollie Jones, who has been visiting Miss America Woodridge for the last five weeks, returned to her home in Sturgis Tuesday.  
Mrs. William Woodridge and little daughter, who have been visiting Mrs. Woodridge's mother at Sturgis, returned home Saturday.  
The flavor is half the battle. The purity is the other half. My sorghum is pure and has a flavor that is delicious.  
J. FRANK CONGER.  
Guy Champion, who has been here visiting his brother, Claud Champion, for the last two weeks, returned to his home in Marion, Ill., Sunday.  
Chickens, chickens, chickens. We want chickens and will pay the best market price for all kinds of poultry.  
YATES & MCCASLIN.  
J. M. Chandler and family, who removed, last fall, from this place to a point in the South, returned the first of the week and will reside here.  
We will pay 55c per bushel for white corn with shuck off, delivered at our mill; also will be in the market for several thousand bushels of new wheat at highest market prices. See us before selling.  
MARION MILLING CO.

F. W. Nunn, dentist.  
Ira Pierce went to Mexico Tuesday.  
F. W. Nunn, dentist, at Stewart's gallery.  
Geo. P. Roberts went to Paducah Tuesday.  
L. G. Ray, of Princeton, was in the city Monday.  
Cold, refreshing, invigorating drinks at Copher's.  
Not cloudy and dirty, but clean and clear—Sutherland's ice.  
S. E. Walker is giving his residence a handsome coat of paint.  
Miss Addie Boyd was the guest of friends in the city Sunday.  
Mrs. Levi Cook is quite ill at her home on South Main street.  
Richard J. Morris, dentist. Temporary office, Carnahan building.  
Mr. Warner H. Stewart was the guest of his brother, E. P. Stewart, this week.  
Typewriter ribbons for all makes of machines.  
JOE BOURLAND.  
Attorney J. B. Champion is repairing and painting his residence on Depot street.  
Miss Fenwick Wathen, of Fords Ferry, is visiting Miss Sadie Rankin this week.  
Miss Inez Price is the guest of Misses Edna Carr and Lillie Mure Walker at Morganfield this week.  
Miss Lena Terry, of the Sheridan neighborhood, is the guest of Miss Sadie Rankin this week.  
Mrs. T. J. Nunn and daughter, Miss Virginia, arrived Sunday afternoon to be the guests of relatives.  
W. G. Carnahan is erecting a beautiful, up-to-date iron fence in front of his new residence on Belleville street.  
S. S. Sullenger and W. A. Tackwell will give a big barbecue at Irma the 22nd of July. Public sale on ground.  
Ferrell & Watson will have a barbecue at Ferrell's spring near Hopewell church in Livingston county July 22nd.  
Sam Gugenheim left Tuesday afternoon for Henderson to be present at the marriage of his niece, Miss Hartford.  
Master Jim Ainsworth returned home Saturday after a two weeks stay with his aunt, Mrs. L. S. Rogers, at Leitchfield.  
Good shoes and oxfords from 75 cts to \$4.00. New line of suspenders, all prices.  
C. B. LOYD, Fredonia, Ky.  
W. H. McElroy, clerk at the Crittenden Springs Hotel, was in the city Monday enroute to Cincinnati, where he will spend a few days.  
R. H. and G. D. Kemp will act as administrators for the estate of W. S. Kemp, deceased. The personal property will be sold July 18th.  
I have for sale in crib near Mattoon 700 bushels of corn in ear, also about 1200 bushels on my farm at Fords Ferry. See me at Marion.  
J. L. RANKIN.  
Willis J. Ray has removed his family from Kuttawa to this city. They are occupying the residence recently vacated by Prof. J. R. Brinson.  
Miss Ida Hill, who has for several months been visiting her sisters, Mrs. Fannie Weldon, at St. Louis, and Mrs. Eva Deboe, at Clinton, returned home Tuesday.  
The Syracuse (N. Y.) Journal is publishing a series of letters from Southern California towns, and among them is an elaborate description of Pomona, where several former citizens of this county reside.  
The strongest and the most durable "Whitehall" Portland cement.  
HINA-BABB COMPANY.

We keep watermelons in cold storage all the time.  
SUTHERLAND.  
G. G. Hammond, with his family who recently returned from Evansville, has moved into the residence on college street in front of the school building.  
Miss Nell Walker left Wednesday for Grand Junction, Col., where she will visit her brother, Mr. R. C. Walker. She will be absent about a month.  
Try a gallon of my home grown sorghum. My word for it, you will not regret it.  
J. FRANK CONGER.  
Sheriff Watts Lamb, of Crittenden county, was one of the most enthusiastic witnesses to the Princeton-Sturgis game on last Tuesday.—Sturgis Herald.  
Misses Esther Fink, of Evansville, Ind., Nannie Walker and Hattie West, of Hopkinsville, will arrive to-day to be the guests of Miss Carrie Moore for several days.  
You are entitled to the best your money can buy. That's what we give you every time.  
C. B. LOYD, Fredonia, Ky.  
Cleve Wolfe, who lately organized a bank in South Greenfield, Mo., left for that place Saturday afternoon after visiting friends and relatives here and at Salem.  
Messrs. Harry Ramage and Lonnie Moore delightfully entertained quite a number of their friends at the home of Mr. and Mrs. S. H. Ramage last Friday evening.  
Mrs. Ellen Croft and her daughters, Misses Jessie and Ruth, expect to start next Tuesday for Potosi, Mich., where they will remain about a month or two, seeking health.  
Haywood Williams, of Providence, who is in the employment of the Cumberland Telephone & Telegraph Company in the South, was the guest of his sister, Mrs. Eva Moore, this week.  
We are in receipt of a catalogue from Lockyear's Business College and we find in the faculty group the faces of two Crittenden county products of whom we are proud—Miss Kate Brown and Duke S. Hill.  
Prof. Chas. Evans, who has been holding the Grayson county teachers' institute at Leitchfield, visited his family Saturday and Sunday. He is this week holding the McLain county institute at Calhoun.  
Within the next few weeks sell all your old iron to  
R. SCHWAB.  
We notice in the Pomona Daily Review, of Pomona, Cal., that the name of Master Edward Thurman, grandson of Mrs. A. D. McFee, of this city, is published with those being promoted from the kindergarten department of the Pomona schools. He is only five years old, and has been in school seven months.  
Mrs. A. D. McFee raised in her yard at her home on Depot street some very large prunes this year, some of which measured seven inches in circumference. Last year, in the same yard, Mrs. McFee raised some of the largest peaches we ever saw, but these fine peach trees were killed by the fire of March 28th.  
The concrete blocks that are now being made for buildings that are going up in the city are being made with "Whitehall" Portland cement. You can see results before you buy.  
HINA-BABB COMPANY.  
Miss Rosa Schwab has completed at Memphis, Tenn., a three month's shorthand course in only ten weeks, and is now holding the position of chief stenographer with the furniture firm of J. Rose & Co., of that city. Miss Schwab is a graduate of the high school here and a former teacher in the county schools. She was always noted for her aptness in learning.

Roy Eaton is on the sick list.  
Circuit court adjourned Tuesday.  
Mr. H. H. Sayre went to DeKoven Wednesday.  
Harry Cook, of Paducah, returned home Monday.  
Miss Lillie Cook returned to Paducah Monday at noon.  
Charley Cook, of Eddyville, returned to his home Monday.  
Hon. O. M. James is spending a few days in Dawson this week.  
Mrs. Carl Henderson is visiting relatives and friends in Blackford this week.  
J. B. Sedberry spent Sunday and Monday in Smithland visiting friends and relatives.  
Hon. T. J. Nunn, of the court of appeals, is visiting friends and relatives here this week.  
Commonwealth's Attorney John L. Grayot and wife returned to their home at Smithland Saturday evening.  
R. C. Haynes, who has been attending Lockyear's Business College in Evansville, is in the city this week.  
W. D. Cannan went to Salem Wednesday afternoon to inspect the Royal Arch chapter of the Masonic Lodge.  
Mrs. Welford White, of Helena, Ark., arrived in the city yesterday morning to visit her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Dave Woods.  
Mrs. Eva Deboe, of Clinton, arrived Thursday morning to visit her parents, Mr. and Mrs. E. P. Hill. She will remain about a month.  
Mrs. C. M. Davis and little daughter, Ethlyn, of Mayfield, arrived in the city Tuesday at noon. They will spend a few weeks here visiting friends and relatives.  
Our correspondents will please forward items so they will reach us not later than Monday or Tuesday. We frequently receive good communications which we cannot afford to publish because the writers name is withheld from us. Always give us your name, but we will not publish it if requested not to do so.  
We ask you when you are interested to see our line of men's pants and get our prices before you buy.  
C. B. LOYD, Fredonia, Ky.

### Magazines

Are you a Magazine reader? If so, you will find at our stand a complete line of the best up-to-date Magazines and Periodicals. Leave your order for your favorite, we will save same for you. August numbers of the following Magazines are coming in and you should get yours before they are gone:  
Harper's, Red Book, Smith's, Cosmopolitan, Scribners, Smart Set, Ainslee, All-Story, Munsey, Review of Reviews, Everybodys, Delineator, Burr McIntosh, Reader, Argosy, Judge,  
If your favorite is not among these, let us know and we will take pleasure in getting it for you. We have also all the Five Cent Weeklies and the leading daily papers. You will find us at Nunn & Tucker's.  
Marion News Agency  
Jasper T. Riffin.

Fred Hipple, of Madisonville, was in town yesterday.  
County Attorney Carl Henderson is in Louisville on legal business.  
If you want ice on Sunday send in your order Saturday.  
JOHN SUTHERLAND.  
Harry Watkins is seeing about his clay mines at Paris, Tenn., this week.  
Jno. Sheas and Wm. Miller, of Louisville, spent several days here this week looking after their mining business.  
Our motto: It is our desire to please our patrons to the letter. If we don't do that, tell us, but if we do, tell your neighbors and let them try our shop.  
METZ & SEDBERRY.  
J. N. Boston, left Monday at noon for the south to see after the timber which was lost on the railroad, for the E. J. Hayward building. He went as far as Fulton and had it traced, finding it on the switch yards at Canton, Miss. He returned with the car of lumber Wednesday.  
John F. Sutherland arrived in the city last Monday from San Antonio, Tex., where he has engaged the last three months traveling with the Boston Ideal Grand Opera Co. known as Lake Fay South. He will remain the rest of the summer with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Sutherland. He expects to go with the National Co., of New York City, in the fall. The company he was with here last season "busted" and became stranded in the south.  
A Unique Entertainment.  
One of the most delightful and unique entertainments of the season was given Wednesday afternoon by Mrs. James Seth Henry and Miss Martha Henry at the residence of J. W. Goodloe on W. Bellville street.  
The guests were first asked to participate in a telegram contest after which the silhouette contest, the feature of the afternoon, was enjoyed. These were pictures of Marion's own people and were drawn by Misses Mamie Henry and Ethel Hard. These young ladies had done splendid work as only a few out of the twenty-five drawings could not be readily recognized.  
Punch was served during the afternoon and delicious refreshments, consisting of salad, pickles, cream, cakes, bon bons, etc., were served in the beautifully decorated dining room. Every one present considered it a treat extraordinary and one that will long be remembered with pleasure.  
A SAFE INVESTMENT  
One of the greatest salary makers is a good Business and Shorthand education.  
No other investment will bring as large returns for so small cost  
Thorough instruction. Large attendance. Experienced teachers  
Handsome catalogue showing principal features of school sent free. Don't wait for one tomorrow but NOW.  
LOCKYEAR'S BUSINESS COLLEGE  
Evansville, Ind.

## Betrayed to The Spanish

By SAMUEL LOVELACE

Copyright, 1905, by T. C. McClure

Three men had lain down to sleep in a Cuban jungle—three men in ragged uniforms and unkempt in appearance to the last degree. Two of them wore bandages over fresh wounds, and the trio looked gaunt and starved, and slept as if sleep had not come to them for several nights before. It was 8 o'clock when they threw themselves down among the land crabs, with the evening air swarming with mosquitoes, and it was an hour after midnight when one of them awoke and softly crawled over to another and whispered in his ear:

"Diaz, awake! It is time!"

"Is the Yankee sound asleep?" asked the other as he sat up.

"He sleeps like a pig. Things could not be better for us."

The two moved away like serpents through the rank grass and jungle until they had covered a hundred feet, and then they stood up and made their way swiftly along in the direction of the Spanish lines.

There were plenty of American adventurers in the ranks of the patriots—men whose sympathies were on the right side and who ran the blockade and joined the insurgents to fight for them as they had fought for the Union years before. Such men were at first given the hand of welcome, but when their dash and bravery had earned them promotion there were envy and jealousy to be reckoned with.

"The man left lying alone in the jungle was Tom Warner, good natured, reckless and careless. Here, where he had been fighting for six months, nearly always on scout duty, he was called Captain Warner. He had a commission from Garcia, but the title was a barren one. He had furnished his own weapons and clothing and had never drawn a penny from what facetiously might be termed the insurgent treasury. He had won praise and admiration for a time, and then jealousy crept in to make certain men hope in secret that the Spaniards might make him captive. They had heard of the Yankee fighter—aye, and felt his blows—and they had said that they would give him no quarter if they were lucky enough to capture him. He had sent back a message of defiance and gone his way, and it never once entered his mind that some of the men whose battles he was assisting to fight might betray him.

"So you wish to surrender yourselves and at the same time put the Yankee into my hands?" asked the colonel into whose presence they were conducted from the picket post.

"Si, Senor Colonel. We wish to fight against our good friends the Spaniards no longer, and in surrendering we place in your hands one who has killed many of your brave men. The reward shall be what you will."

The colonel looked at them for a moment in contempt. The Spaniard is bloodthirsty and cruel in wartime, but he also has a code of honor. He might condescend to play the spy, but he would not condescend to betray for money.

Each one of the men was handed a five dollar gold piece and ordered to report to the officer of the day, and the colonel wrote a few lines and dispatched them by his orderly and lay down to sleep.

Two hours later he heard the sergeant's squad that had been sent out coming back with their prisoner, but he turned over and slept again. It would be time enough to settle with the Yankee in the morning. The squad had been guided to the place where the captain still slumbered, and he had been made a prisoner without resistance.

"And so, American, you are here, fighting among the rebels against our king?" sneered the colonel when he had eaten his breakfast and the prisoner stood before him.

"I am fighting for the independence of Cuba," was the quiet reply.

"The independence of a mob of dogs! However, that makes no difference. You are not one of them. You have no right here. You may have a commission, but I do not recognize it. No rebel dog has authority to issue commissions. You know your fate, senor?"

"I believe you sent me word only a month ago that you would shoot me without trial if I had the misfortune to be captured."

"And rest assured I shall do so. No; I will not shoot you; I will hang you. You are a spy, and you shall die by the rope."

"On what day and hour?" was the calm inquiry.

"Days and hours!" thundered the colonel as he showed his teeth at his prisoner. "I have no days and hours for the hanging of such as you. I string them up at my own convenience. At 10 o'clock—an hour and a half from now—you shall dance on nothing!"

"Very well, colonel," said Tom as he saluted and fell back and was marched away by his guard.

"He is a brave man," mused the colonel later on, "but he defied me. Yes, I will hang him, and I will make him afraid before he is swung off. When the dogs of renegades hear how he died, begging for his life, it will be a lesson to be heeded. He is hungry and thirsty, but he shall neither eat nor drink before the execution."

The force under the colonel comprised about 400 men. Orders were sent out to parade, all but the sentinels, under arms at 10:15, and a corporal was detailed to see to the erection of a gallows. His work was not arduous or lengthy. A small tree trunk was

passed from the crotch of one tree to another and a noosed rope tied to its center. The prisoner would be placed on a pork barrel—an American pork barrel for the grim irony—and it would be kicked from under him.

At the hour named by the colonel the troops were under arms and formed a three sided square around the gallows. Then the prisoner was brought out. His elbows were tied behind him, and in his contempt for the Cubans who had sold their officer the colonel ordered the two men to march with the condemned man and act as his executioners. They had sold a man for money, but when it came to playing the part of hangmen they rebelled. They hung back, but the colonel ordered the lash applied.

When the prisoner was led under the noosed rope the colonel faced him and made him a butt of ridicule. He pointed at his rags, at his starved looks, at his unkempt appearance, and the soldiers in line laughed. From ridicule he turned to sarcasm and thence to abuse and revilement, and during the long half hour the prisoner faced him calmly without a word. There were not ten men in the lines who did not feel a secret admiration for him. The colonel had failed to shake his nerve, and, chagrined and angered, he ordered one of the deserters to place the barrel and the other to assist the prisoner to mount.

Then it was that one of the betrayers felt the stings of conscience. He was the one who was placing the barrel. He knew what he was going to do would bring him perhaps a more cruel death than that designed for his captain, but he did not hesitate. Like a flash he whipped out a knife and cut the prisoner's bonds, and, though taken by surprise, Captain Tom bounded away toward the forest.

In his excitement the colonel called upon the lines to fire and ran after the fleeing man. A volley was let go, and when the smoke cleared away the colonel lay dead on the ground, the victim of twenty bullets.

For a moment every soldier seemed dumb and without power to move. Then there were shouts and yells, and the lines broke and became a mob. When order was restored the renegades were no longer in sight. The jungle sheltered them and the captain they had betrayed.

"Poor devil!" the released man said. "I don't blame you much. It's a hard road to liberty, and a man has to be something more than a fishworm to win it."

### Charming the Ants.

The mistress of a house in India has to deal with strange servants, picturesque creatures whose minds are bent at every point by the traditions of caste or custom. Chota Chankidar was a tiny night watchman employed by Cornelia Sorabji because he had chosen that occupation. But by day he helped her do her gardening and after burying seeds would rush eagerly next morning to see if green leaves were showing.

When the little green things were really up there came white ants to eat them, and it was Chota Chankidar who found a remedy.

"It behooves us to call a magic man," he said. "He will say charms to the white ants, not forgetting to use some black tar and such things which are deadly to the ant people."

"Could not you and I use the black tar and such things, Chota Chankidar?" asked the mistress humbly.

"Maybe. But we could not say the words."

"But we will say words of our own."

He thought for a moment and then shook his head with melancholy energy. "No, no, Miss Sahib! The father-grandfather ways are best always, and our father-grandfathers always called the magic men to this like trouble. Besides," he added apologetically, "of course, though we people know better than the magic men, the ant people are senseless and would not understand our language."

So the ant people were exterminated with appropriate ceremonies.

### No Twilight in Mexico.

There is almost no twilight in Mexico. You watch the sun, a blazing orb, descending with growing swiftness and wreathed in a veil of fire toward the horizon. Around the air is amber tinted, glowing. Suddenly it begins to drop behind the distant mountains, and the shadows advance across the plain, swallowing up the landscape in mellow gloom. The shadow draws near and nearer—envelops the town. Behind you the sky is still lit up with the rosy beams. A line of shadow creeps swiftly up the rugged sides of old Popocatepetl, obscuring completely the base of the mountain as it advances. Up, up the snow capped crest, deepening in tint until at last it hangs like a great opal against the darkening sky. A moment it remains so, glowing and quivering as if on fire—grows smaller and is gone. Night has come.

Through the dusky silence you seek your hotel, passing on the roadside silent figures, fagot laden. "Adios, senor." Their soft voiced greeting falls upon your ear like a benediction.—Lee W. Ziegler in Recreation.

### Through, but Kept Going.

A long winded member of the Massachusetts legislature was delivering a political address in a town not far from Boston, and the village folk gathered in the town hall to hear it.

He had been speaking quite awhile when finally an old Scotchman arose and walked out of the hall. At the door one of his countrymen was waiting with his back to drive the orator to the station.

"Is he done yet, Sandy?" asked the Scot on the box.

The old man turned about. "Aye," said he; "he's done lang ago, but he will na stop."

## THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

LESSON III, THIRD QUARTER, INTERNATIONAL SERIES, JULY 16.

Text of the Lesson, Isa. III, 13, to III, 12—Memory Verses, 4-6—Golden Text, Isa. III, 6—Commentary Prepared by Rev. D. M. Stearns.

[Copyright, 1905, by American Protestant Association.]

We are granted two lessons in this wonderful prophecy of Isaiah, the heart of which, as of all Scripture, is the sufferings of Christ and the glory that shall follow (Luke xxiv, 25-27; 1 Pet. i, 10, 11). Isaiah is a little Bible, an epitome of the whole, divided into thirty-nine parts and twenty-seven parts, like the books of the Old and New Testaments. It also begins with sin and ends with the new heaven and earth, and the name signifies "The Salvation of Jehovah." If the prophet had actually seen the sufferings of Christ he could not have written more correctly than he has done in this portion, but it was not the prophet, but the Holy Spirit, who wrote through him, and therefore it is so correct, for we firmly and unwaveringly believe that the Holy Spirit wrote all the words of this book, the whole Bible. See II Sam. xxiii, 2; Jer. xxxvi, 4, 6, 8; II Tim. iii, 16; II Pet. i, 21.

That the words "Behold my Servant," with which our lesson opens, refer to Christ is plain from Isa. xlii, 1-4; Matt. xii, 16-21. His exaltation is seen by comparing verse 13 of our lesson with Phil. ii, 9-11, and by reading "stumble" instead of "sprinkle" in verse 15 (see Rev. Ver.) we see how His exaltation will affect the nations and their rulers, many of whom seem to know nothing of the coming glory of Jesus of Nazareth.

The marred form and visage of verse 14 make us think of the scourged back, the scourge possibly tearing the face also; the crown of thorns, the pierced hands and feet. Yet who believes it—that is, truly receives it and lays it to heart? (John i, 12.) To how many of those who hear is it the power of God unto salvation? (Rom. i, 16.) This portion of Scripture will be Israel's national confession in days to come, just as chapter xii will be their national anthem, but is it not true of the vast majority of those who have heard of Christ that in their eyes He is still despised and rejected, not esteemed, not desired? When on earth He was truly the "Man of Sorrows," for no one ever had so many or such varied ones, but they were not His except as He accepted them for our sakes.

The griefs, sorrows, transgressions, iniquities, were all ours, laid upon Him and borne by Him in our stead that we might be healed. "His own self bare our sins in His own body on the tree;" "He suffered for sins, the just for the unjust, that He might bring us to God" (I Pet. ii, 24; iii, 18). The first two sentences of verse 6 any sinner must confess to be true, considering only his own experience, but the third sentence is just as true. "The Lord hath laid on Him the iniquity of us all." Any sinner who believes God can therefore say: "God laid my sins on Jesus; He was wounded for my transgressions and bruised for my iniquities, and I, receiving Him, am healed with His stripes." "Christ hath redeemed me from the curse of the law, being made a curse for me" (Gal. iii, 13).

Verse 7 not only describes His sufferings before Caiaphas and Pilate, but teaches us how to act when we are oppressed. He left us an example that we should follow His steps, for when He was reviled He reviled not again; when He suffered He threatened not, but committed Himself to Him that judgeth righteously (I Pet. ii, 21, 23). He was not allowed the semblance of a fair trial. A prison and the law would today protect even a criminal from such treatment as He received, but He was no criminal, even as Pilate repeatedly testified, "I find no fault in Him," his wife said, "That just man, and even Judas Iscariot said, 'I have betrayed innocent blood.'"

Verse 9 would almost seem impossible of literal fulfillment, but how literal the fulfillment was—a place for His body prepared with the malefactors! But it found a resting place in the tomb of a rich man, where Joseph and Nicodemus placed it, the tomb of Joseph of Arimathea. How can any one question the voice of God and the hand of God in all this prediction and fulfillment unless he is totally blinded by the god of this world?

He shall see His seed. He shall prolong His days, and the pleasure of the Lord shall prosper in His hand (verse 10). How clear a prediction of His resurrection! For how else could one who died prolong his days and see his seed? The great truth of resurrection is seen in the cherubim of Eden, in Isaac being back to his father, in many an Old Testament type as well as in the plain statement of Ps. xvi, 10. Compare Acts ii, 31. In a completed and glorified church, a redeemed Israel and the earth "Bled with His glory He shall yet see of the travail of His soul and be satisfied, and until that consummation the pleasure of the Lord shall prosper in His hand, for He shall not fall nor be discouraged till He shall place righteousness in the earth (Isa. xlii, 4).

In verse 12 there is certainly an intimation of His sharing His glory with the overcomers, as He afterward said more plainly in John xvii, 22, 24, and in the promises to the overcomers in Rev. ii and iii. So we have in this wonderful portion His humiliation, His sufferings, His death and burial and resurrection, His coming again and His reign over the kings and kingdoms of this world, and as truly as the sufferings have been literally fulfilled, so shall the glory be. Let us walk worthy of God, who hath called us unto His kingdom and glory.

### Notice.

Sunday School County Convention is to be held at old Piney Fork church on Tuesday, July 18, 1905. Everybody is most earnestly asked to attend this convention. Sunday schools will please come and let us all sing, talk and plan for better work in the future. Bring all of your family, bring your preacher, bring your basket full up to the handle. Don't forget the date.

Yours for a good convention,  
R. M. FRANKS,  
County President.

### Teachers' Institute July 17.

Institute is coming with all its horrors (to the "un-professional") and you are hereby notified to be prepared to attend the full session—five days. No enrollment will be allowed after the first day without a written and legal excuse. All who expect to teach within the confines of Crittenden county are expected to attend. As a teacher you need all the benefits of a good institute. Prof. Evans will be with us and with a hearty co-operation this will be a good one.

Be on hands the first day, July 17th.  
JOHN B. PARIS, Supt.

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LUCAS COUNTY ss.

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Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1886. A. W. GLEASON,  
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Right of Way Gilbert Parker	Dodo E. F. Benson
Castle Cranecrow McCutcheon	The Girl at the Halfway House Emerson Hough
Mississippi Bubble Emerson Hough	A Colonial Free Lance, Hotchkiss
Quincy Adams Sawyer	Dr. Nikola, Guy Boothby
Chas. Felton Pidgeon	The Chronicles of Count Antonio, Anthony Hope
Adventures of Sherlock Holmes A. Conan Doyle	In the Palace of the King, Marion Crawford
Hound of the Baskervilles Doyle	Cecilia F. Burney
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## When Betty Spoke

By LOUISE J. STRONG

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Betty peeped out cautiously. She would not have them see her for a fortune. Yes, there was Bert, the center of the jolly crowd, and Addie at his elbow. That had been her (Betty's) place for so long that it had come to be considered— And it might have been hers yet if Bert had not— Oh, well, of course she was some to blame. It was not all Bert's fault. She admitted that reluctantly, for Betty thought a good deal of her little self. He was dreadfully provoking, but they would have made up weeks ago if she had not gone to such lengths and reared an impassable barrier between them.

"And that's the truth, Betty Brown!" she apostrophized now. "Why did I do such a ridiculous thing? I might just have said I'd never speak to him again; girls always say that. And I ought to have stopped there, but when he grinned so knowingly, as if there was nothing in that, as there isn't usually, I let it provoke me into declaring that if I ever did speak to him again it would be because I had made up my mind to marry him. Why, it will be the same as proposing if I ever speak to him now, when I've evaded—I can never do it," she sighed.

Bert had not been greatly crushed by her ultimatum. He spoke to her cordially at every opportunity in spite of her nearness to something like elated expectancy in his manner that struck Betty to a more determined stubbornness.

"I suppose he thinks I will, but he'll see," she said firmly.

She had persisted in ignoring him icily until at length he seemed to conclude that it was hopeless and avoided meeting her. All the time, of course, Betty had been hoping he would, somehow, make her speak, though she would not have confessed it, nor the disappointment she felt at his finally abandoning his efforts and accepting the situation.

She flirted desperately, which gave her small satisfaction, as it apparently did not disturb him in the least. He flirted, too, and so fervently that it began to look serious in regard to Addie Stark. Betty felt that she was losing all the fun of life and all the joy as well.

She had simulated successfully a gaiety of spirits almost boisterous at the moonlight skating party, but had really been so miserable at seeing those two, Bert and Addie, gliding about, always together, that she had determined not to go to the skating rink. She had refused all offers of escort, but now, at the passing of the gay party, she suddenly changed her mind, whipped on her curls and darted after Ned and his chum, who had just started.

"Tagging!" Ned chaffed. But he made no objection, for Betty was as good at coasting as any boy of them, fully as fearless and as fleet footed, and now she rushed with them down alleys, through back yards and over fences, going across lots the nearest way.

Thus when the crowd arrived Miss Betty was triumphantly sailing down the longest, steepest course with the yelling boys, cheered by the mob of town youths usually on the hill.

Most of the girls confined themselves to the short, easy slope at the side, unless in charge of a strong, capable escort.

"It is dangerous, just with those boys, Betty," remonstrated her friend, Alice Hoover.

"And it is unladylike for a girl to go floundering down with a gang of fellows," commented Addie Stark, superciliously.

"You don't dare to, that's all," Betty retorted.

"I'm not the only one. Bert said—"

Bert's appearance cut short the speech, and, laughing shrilly, Betty ran away to the boys and coaxed them over to a still steeper spot, where only the more skillful and daring ventured. Her blood was boiling! So Bert had been criticizing her to Addie! It seemed the boldest treachery. As for Addie—the little cat!—she was envious because she had not the courage to undertake the long descent. She looked awfully over at Bert, taking tame little flights, with Addie clinging to him shrieking in exaggerated fear. Betty knew how he loved the rush of the long hill, with the jounce at the end that sent them flying across the bottom. They had taken it together many times. Now it was unladylike of her, was it—and she with her own brother?

Her indignation grew, and with it her recklessness. Little by little she drew the boys toward the post that bore a danger sign, which marked the limit of the coasting ground. Beyond the post the hill was fine, but at the foot the railroad swung up against it as it curved to cross the river, and it was not easy to see a train till it was close at hand. It was plainly no place for coasting, though a few ventured at times, the spice of danger adding zest to the sport.

Betty had always wanted to swoop down and fly across the track, perhaps catching sight of an oncoming train. It had been thrilling! But she had no intention of undertaking it now, though the mood to go as near it as possible, Ned!" some one called, "getting too close there! Better back."

"Isn't a bit of danger," Betty they flashed by.

"Come over here," then Betty and the

boys had climbed the hill and were preparing to descend again.

"You're so close now a little bump would throw you on the track. Don't you see that, Betty?" Alice interposed anxiously.

"Oh, Betty wants to show off!" Addie sneered, and unfortunately at the same instant Bert commanded:

"Ned, you boys bring your sleds over here at once! You're foolhardy!"

With scarlet cheeks and flashing eyes Betty snatched a sled and ran to a point directly over the railroad and prepared for a downward flight alone. Command her, would he? Of course he meant her! She'd show him! There was an uproar of warning shouts from the young men and shrieks from the girls, but Betty was too angry to heed. As she started another sled shot down diagonally and midway the hill ran into hers, throwing them both into the deeper snow, where they rolled over and over and brought up at last in a tangle on the brink of a plunge just as a train swept along below.

White and shaking at the narrow escape, Betty took herself off the head of her rescuer, sobbing:

"Oh, Bert, Bert! Have I killed you?" At the instant of collision she had seen who it was attempting to stay her foolish flight at the risk of his life. She had been too angry and excited to understand that a train was coming—but she had been silly—so silly!"

She covered her face as Bert sat saying as he brushed the snow from his eyes:

"It's got to be soon, sweetheart, so I can take proper care of my wife!"

"But you called me unladylike to Addie, and this would be!"

"It's a mistake. When Addie called you unladylike I said you were just a good, sweet, wholesome girl and no flimsy lady," he explained, adding calmly: "They think we are about killed, we are so long stirring. They'll be on us in a minute, but we sit here till we understand there's no going back on what you said. You've spoken to me, you know."

"Yes," she admitted faintly.

"And you'll fulfill your word soon? They're most here!"

"Yes," she said again, blushing hotly.

And he swung her to her feet as the crowd surged about them.

American After Dinner Wit.

"After Dinner Oratory in America" appears to be one of the subjects for ever interesting to the British reader. The manner of it would seem to pique him a little and shock him at the same time. In the Nineteenth Century Daniel Crilly gives some account of the origin of the peculiar American habit of treating serious matters humorously after dinner and contrasts a banquet in New York with, say, a Mansion House dinner in London. He quotes Lowell's ingredients of after dinner oratory. "They are," said Lowell, "the joke, the quotation and the platitude, and the successful platitude, in my judgment, requires a very high order of genius." As an example of American wit Mr. Crilly gives the following:

"I chanced to be in Chicago (said this gentleman at a dinner board to a company of fellow New Englanders) two or three days after the great fire of 1871. As I walked among the smoking ruins if I saw a man with a cheerful air I knew that he was a resident of Chicago. If I saw a man with a long face I knew that he represented a Hartford Insurance company. Really the cheerful resignation with which the Chicago people endured the losses of New England did honor to human nature."

Prisoners of a Great City.

A husband and his wife, respectable looking and well dressed, recently moved into a detached house in the Bronx. They were very quiet and did not mingle with their neighbors, but seemed to enjoy their surroundings, particularly the garden, in which they began work at once.

Of course the neighbors were curious, but all early efforts to find out who the couple were or where they came from proved of no avail. Finally one of the neighbors, meeting the man one day, asked him outright how long he had lived in New York and what his business was.

"Our past is a secret," said the man, "and we are trying to live it down. My wife and I have just completed a long term in prison, and we are now quietly enjoying life."

"Well," said the neighbor, "I am astounded at what you tell me. But I for one do not want to continue to punish those who have paid the penalty of errors in life. What prison were you confined in, may I ask?"

A merry twinkle came into the eyes of the man as he said: "It was a Harlem flat. We were confined there three years!"—New York Press.

Dealing With Bored.

An amusing incident is related of the efforts of certain devotees of cards at a club in New York to rid themselves of unwelcome suggestions as to their style of play vouchsafed by bored who persisted in standing about and looking over the heads of the players.

One evening one of the players, perhaps the most skillful of any of the members of the club, could endure the nuisance no longer. Rising, he politely asked one of the bored to play the hand for him until his return. The bored took the cards, and the player left the room. Soon afterward the second player followed the example of the first. The two substitutes played for awhile without observing the lapse of time. Finally one of them called an attendant and asked:

"Where are the gentlemen who were playing here awhile ago?"

The attendant grinned. "They're in the next room, sir, playing cards."

—New York Tribune.

## PROGRAMME OF THE

# COUNTY S. S. CONVENTION

To be held at Piney Fork July 18, 1905

9:30 a. m. Devotional Service, Rev. W. T. Oakley  
Minutes of last Convention  
9:50 Address: The importance of the Sunday School, Rev. A. J. Thomson  
10:00 Conference: How to have a good Sunday School, T. C. Gebauer  
(The State worker will preside during the whole of this Conference)

1. Leader's Introductory Remarks (15 min.)  
2. The Parent's Part, T. M. Hill (10 min.)  
3. The Pastor's Part, Rev. John King (10 min.)  
4. The Superintendents' Part, J. B. McNeely (10 min.)  
5. The Teacher's Part, Miss Stella Hill (10 min.)  
6. The Pupil's Part, Miss Maggie Walker (10 min.)  
7. Discussion.

11:55 Appointment of Committees  
12:00 Noon Intermission

1:15 p. m. Song, Prayer and Praise Service, W. J. Hill  
1:30 Address: The Child and the Book, Rev. J. F. Price

1:50 Reports of County and District Officers  
2:10 Offering Preceded by brief explanation of the State Worker, T. C. Gebauer.

2:40 Address: Soul Winning of the Sunday School, Rev. J. R. McAfee

3:00 Round Table Sunday School Management and Teaching, T. C. Gebauer.

R. M. FRANKS, County President.

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## LOCAL NEWS

### The Continued Story of Current Events

#### Carrsville.

Miss Beulah Baker spent several days in Golconda last week visiting friends.

Mrs. Ella Wright and W. Hugh Watson and wife attended the closing exercises of Oak Grove school last Friday night.

We have another doctor, Will Kiebler, who got home last week. He was appointed examiner for the New England Mutual Life Insurance Company the day after his arrival, and examined three applicants. He and Dr. O. R. Kidd are partners. Dr. Kidd's practice is increasing, and his past success shows that he knows what he is doing.

John Linebaugh is running the engine for G. N. McGrew & Co.

Miss Gertrude Kettler, of Paducah, is visiting Miss Nellie Warren.

Rev. Price, of Providence, filled his regular appointment here Sunday.

A grand social at Mr. Drummond's Saturday night was highly appreciated by the young folks.

Miss Etta Drummond, who has been visiting relatives in Tennessee, returned home last week.

J. T. Faulkner went out to his home near Good Hope last Thursday.

Prof. W. F. Brewer went to Fredonia last week, where he secured the school. The Fredonia trustees have made a wise choice and the patrons are to be congratulated on securing such an efficient teacher. Prof. Brewer is a self made young man, and our best wishes go with them. Society will be enhanced by his charming and accomplished wife.

John Kiebler was in town Saturday.

Fred Boyd went to the Bayou neighborhood last week.

Rev. J. O. Smithson, E. S. Earles, Frank Hamby and John Drummond went to Fairview Monday to begin carpenter work. They all get good wages. Prof. R. F. Babb shows his "get up and git" by working at Fairview. Foster has never been accused of laziness.

#### Irma.

Mr. Geo. Conyer was here last week horse trading.

Miss Catherine Tackwell was the guest of Miss Pearl Sullenger Sunday.

Ske Skelton was here last week buying produce.

The Lagardo show gave a performance here Wednesday night.

Mr. Luther Hardesty passed through here Monday enroute to Marion.

A fine new girl arrived at Lacy Hardin's last week.

Miss May Hardesty, of Cave-in-Rock, who has been visiting her sister, Mrs. Lee Funkhouser, left Saturday for home.

Miss Maud Dossit attended the show here last week.

Misses Necie and Ocie Sullenger attended the ice cream supper at the home of their sister, Mrs. Jennie Morris, Saturday night.

Miss Annie Ainsworth was here Saturday.

Several from here spent the Fourth of July at Crittenden Springs.

Mr. Alfred Hardin is very ill.

The Lola band came over last Wednesday night and played us some excellent music.

Mrs. Jim Ingram, of Tolu, visited the family of Lacy Highfill Sunday.

Mr. Anthony Thomas was in our midst Sunday.

#### Starr.

There has been quite an excitement about mad dogs in this community for the past week, but we hope it will prove to be more excitement than reality. There have been seventeen or eighteen dogs killed in our little town since the supposed mad dogs passed through.

A seven pound boy was born to Mrs. Jim Wilson on July 5th.

It was thought Monday morning that Uncle Buck Corley had a mad cow, but we learn this morning that the report was a mistake.

The Sunday School Convention will be held here Tuesday, July 18th. Everybody is invited to come with full baskets. We anticipate a good time.

#### Going to Sea by Rail

Reads like a fairy tale but is an accomplished fact. One of the most interesting and difficult feats of Railroad engineering was the building of a bridge known as the Lucin Cut-Off across the waters of Great Salt Lake. This is one of the sights for passengers on their trip to California over the Union Pacific. Be sure your ticket reads over this line. Inquire of J. H. Lothrop, C. A. 903 Olive st., St. Louis, Mo.

#### Fredonia and Kelsey.

T. C. Seaman and S. T. Moore, of Princeton, were in town Monday.

A child of Elbert Pilant died Friday night.

A little orphan girl Mrs. Charles Dobbins had taken to raise, died Saturday morning and the little boy she has is not expected to live.

W. F. Ackridge and wife, of Marion, were here Saturday and Sunday.

There were two street preachers in town several days last week.

H. C. Goodwin was in town Monday.

Tan Blucher Oxfords \$1.25 to \$3.00; all sizes. SAM HOWERTON.

Miss Elizabeth Crafton, of Henderson, who has been visiting her sister, Mrs. Martin E. Miller, returned home Wednesday.

Rev. Martin E. Miller preached to a large congregation at Sullivan last Thursday night.

If your neighbor has bought any clothing from any other dealer compare it with clothes that come from here and see who gets the most serviceable goods for the least money.

SAM HOWERTON.

R. F. Brewer, of Carrsville, has contracted for the school here. He comes highly recommended and holds a state certificate.

Would be pleased to have yours ads and subscription for any paper.

W. C. GLENN.

Several from town attended the ice cream supper at Buckner Young's last Wednesday.

Considerable sickness in this community.

Early tomatoes are rotting on account of the continued rainy weather.

The Baptist and C. P. churches have the best pastors they have ever had.

Pacific Challis 3 1/2¢ per yard; standard points 4 1/2¢ per yard; 38-inch all-wool serges 45¢; 38-inch all-wool Henriettas 45¢. SAM HOWERTON.

J. B. Ray and wife, of Marion, were in town a few days since.

James Adamson, of Crider, was in town Monday.

James Harper, of Good Spring was in town Monday.

Johnson Stevens, of Flat Rock, was in town Monday.

#### Iron Hill.

Corn is nearly all laid by. It has been well cultivated and prospects are better than they have been in years.

There has been but very little hay harvested on account of wet weather.

Rufus Farmer, Press Cummings, J. H. Walker, G. N. Fox, W. I. Stewart and J. T. Stewart all attended county court Monday.

Will Wallace and family visited Fred Brown and family, at Piney, Saturday.

Charlie Cook, of Mattoon, visited relatives in this community Saturday and Sunday.

C. C. Walker and family visited the family of D. J. Hubbard, at Marion, Saturday and Sunday.

#### Rodney.

Reason & Omer, of Sturgis, were here Monday in search of hogs.

Miss Sarah Nunn is visiting at E. L. Nunn's.

E. L. Nunn and daughter, Miss Nell were in Marion, Thursday.

C. M. Clift shipped a lot of hogs to Evansville last week via the river.

The marriage of Miss Hattie Truitt to Claude Nesbitt took place at Henderson several days ago. They have been sweethearts since childhood. Nesbitt has been a soldier in the U. S. army for the past three years. They will reside in St. Louis.

The most important economic problem before our county today is that of good roads, and the correspondent voices the sentiment of this community when he thanks the RECORD for the stand it has taken on this question.

C. E. Thomas will teach the Baker school.

John E. Roberts, whose marriage was reported last week, has located at Quin, Mo., where he has charge of a restaurant.

Jeffrey Travis will teach the Bells Mines school.

#### Weston.

R. N. Grady and son, Lester, were in Marion Monday.

Aunt Eliza Hughes gave an ice cream supper last Saturday night.

Everybody is invited to attend the ice cream supper near Weston on the 22nd of July.

Miss Margaret Rankin went to Iron Hill Friday.

## REV. H. K. BERRY DIES AT SULPHUR SPRINGS

### Was Formerly Pastor of Tenth Street Christian Church at Paducah.

News of the death of Rev. H. K. Berry, a former resident of this city, reached the city this morning in a telegram from Sulphur Springs, Ky., to Mr. Ed Wheeler, a brother-in-law of the deceased.

Rev. Berry died Monday of stomach trouble, and on account of being isolated, news was slow reaching the city. Rev. Berry was 35 years of age and was born in Corydon, Ky. He studied in early life for the pulpit and came to Paducah two years ago, occupying the pulpit of the Tenth Street Christian church.

In December, a year ago, he was married to Miss Alice McCarty, a well known and popular young lady of the South Side, and following the marriage, Rev. Berry took his bride to Augusta, Ky. A few months ago he was taken ill of stomach trouble and went to Sulphur Springs, near his birthplace, but did not seem to improve. His condition became so serious that his relatives were called to his bedside several days ago.

The deceased leaves a wife, father, mother, five brothers and two sisters. The remains have been taken to Corydon, Ky., for interment. The funeral will be conducted today and on account of the lateness of the announcement of Rev. Berry's death a number of relatives in Paducah were unable to attend. Paducah Sun.

Elder Berry is well known in this county and Livingston, having done several years pastoral work at Liberty Grove, Salem and Hampton, and his many friends here are sorry to learn of his death.

#### Bend Her Double.

"I knew no one, for four weeks, when I was sick with typhoid and kidney trouble," writes Mrs. Annie Hunter, of Pittsburg, Pa., "and when I got better, although I had one of the best doctors I could get, I was bent double, and had to rest my hands on my knees when I walked. From this terrible affliction I was rescued by Electric Bitters, which restored my health and strength, and now I can walk as straight as ever. They are simply wonderful." Guaranteed to cure stomach, liver and kidney disorders; at Haynes & Taylor's drug store; price 50c.

#### Condition of Crops.

The recent heavy rains have damaged the wheat in this section and in some instances it has sprouted in the shock. Cultivated fields have washed considerably and the farmers have been greatly delayed in harvesting the hay crop, some of which has been ruined on the ground just after cutting. But on the other hand the growing crops have been greatly benefited, and farmers who had not finished plowing corn when the showers began falling several days ago will now have no need to plow any further as the crop is too far advanced. With a few days of clear weather the vegetation that is gaining in the tobacco fields will be arrested by the plow and hoe.

#### Sedberry-Grimes.

Mr. Eugene B. Sedberry and Miss Nellie Grimes, two popular young society people of Smithland were married at the M. E. parsonage last Wednesday night, Rev. W. C. Haynes officiating. Mr. Sedberry is the popular and efficient tonsorial artist of Smithland, and his bride is one of our most beautiful and talented young ladies. Livingston Democrat.

Mr. Sedberry ran a chair for Woodbridge & Metz before his brother, Jno. B. Sedberry purchased Mr. Woodbridge's interest in the shop.

## PUBLIC SALE!

We will on

### Tuesday, July 18th

At the farm of the late William S. Kemp, one mile West of Shady Grove, on the Marion road, offer for sale the following described property:

Two good mules, 1 mare, 2 cows and calves, 30 head sheep, 25 head of hogs, 30 head sheep, lot of geese, 2 mowing machines, 1 hay rake, disc harrow, wagon, plows, gearing, farming implements of all kinds, lot of old and new hay, lot of old corn, 4 acres of growing tobacco, household and kitchen furniture; also the farm will be offered for sale.

Terms of sale: All sums of \$5.00 and under cash in hand, over \$5 on credit of eight months bearing 5 per cent. interest from date of sale. Note with approved security required before property is removed.

R. H. & G. D. KEMP, Admsrs.

#### The Diamond Cure.

The latest news from Paris, is, that they have discovered a diamond cure for consumption. If you fear consumption or pneumonia, it will, however, be best for you to take that great remedy mentioned by W. T. McGee, of Vanleer, Tenn. "I had a cough, for fourteen years. Nothing helped me, until I took Dr. King's New Discovery for consumption, coughs and colds, which gave instant relief, and effected a permanent cure." Unequalled quick cure, for throat and lung troubles. At Haynes & Taylor's drug store; price 50c and \$1, guaranteed. Trial bottle free.

#### Plane Made of Georgia Dogwood.

W. I. Stewart, of Iron Hill, was in town Wednesday. He has in his possession a family relic that he prizes very highly. It is a hand jack plane and was made of dogwood and by his grandfather, Wm. Stewart, deceased, more than 100 years ago before he removed to Kentucky from Georgia. Mr. Stewart says the plane is in good condition and he believes it will last another 100 years.

#### Deeds.

C. W. Allen to W. B. Wilborn, 164 acres on Piney Creek, \$900.

C. S. Nunn to G. W. Eaton, two lots in O'Bryan addition, \$150.

Samuel R. Gass to L. L. Hughes, 200 acres on Claylick creek, \$1,225.

Walter A. Blackburn and C. E. Weldon to W. S. Wilborn, house and lot in Blackburn-Weldon addition, \$1,000.

Caleb Stone to Geo. H. Foster, 24 acres on Crooked Creek, \$900.

G. W. Stone to Geo. H. Foster, 18 acres on Salem road, \$350.

W. A. Blackburn and C. E. Weldon to W. Bennett Walker, lot in Blackburn-Weldon addition, \$250.

J. W. Blue, Jr., to C. J. Pierce, lot in R. C. Walker's addition, \$185.

H. L. Culley to E. F. Robertson, 88 acres near Belles Mines, \$2,000.

E. M. Lindle to Ben F. Perkins, 170 acres on Tradewater, \$4,000.

W. E. McNeely to J. M. McChesney, lot in town, \$350.

S. R. Grimes to T. P. Cook, 30 acres on Claylick creek, \$750.

J. C. B. McMeican to Harry Watkins, land on Mill creek, \$1,250.

J. P. Brissett to E. M. Dalton, house and lot in Dycusburg, \$500.

#### Forced to Starve.

B. F. Leek, of Concord, Ky., says: "For 20 years I suffered agonies, with a sore on my upper lip, so painful, sometimes, that I could not eat. After vainly trying everything else, I cured it, with Bucklen's Arnica Salve." It's great for burns, cuts and wounds. At Haynes & Taylor's drug store. Only 25c.

#### Blackford.

Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Hanna, accompanied by Miss Styles, their niece, left last week to visit the Mammoth Cave and also Mr. Hanna's parents near Slaughter'sville.

Blackford went dry Saturday by ten majority.

Dr. Ben Wallace has returned from the Louisville Medical Institute a full-fledged M. D.

Crowell-Nunn Co. carry a complete and up to date line of furniture. It will pay you to see them before buying.

Farmers report the corn crop good in spite of the heavy rains.

Raley Head died Wednesday about 10 o'clock a. m., of typhoid fever. Everything possible was done to save him, but the grim monster, death, had too firm a hold on him. He leaves a wife and three children to mourn their loss.

Two large loads of stock were shipped from here Saturday.

Crowell-Nunn Co. have a few hundred bale ties left which they will sell at a bargain.

W. D. Crowell made a business trip to Marion Monday.

W. C. Hamilton made a trip to his farm near Rodney Tuesday.

J. B. Blackwell, of Clay, is staying in the bank this week.

#### A Surprise Party.

A pleasant surprise party may be given to your stomach and liver, by taking a medicine which will relieve their pain and discomfort, viz: Dr. King's New Life Pills. They are a most wonderful remedy, affording sure relief and cure, for headache, dizziness, and constipation. 25c at Haynes & Taylor's drug store.

WILL THE COUGH AND CURE THE LUNGS WITH Dr. King's New Discovery FOR CONSUMPTION, COUGHS AND COLDS. Price 50c & \$1.00. Free Trial. Surest and Quickest Cure for all THROAT and LUNG TROUBLES, or MONEY BACK.

## Programme of Crittenden County Teachers' Institute

To be held at Marion, Kentucky, beginning July 17th. John B. Paris, Co. Supt. Charles Evans, Instructor.

#### MONDAY MORNING.

10:00 Opening exercises. Election of officers. Remarks by superintendent and instructor.

#### MONDAY AFTERNOON.

1:30 Roll call. Music. The common school course. The course classified. As to powers of mind awakened. Acquisitional studies, M. F. Pogue. Assimilation studies, J. M. F. Pogue. Expressional studies, J. M. F. Pogue. As to results. Informational, Disciplinary, Conduct, Cultural. Prof. U. G. Kee. Shall the pupils' tastes be considered. Clara Carter. The teachers attitude toward the curriculum. T. F. Newcomb.

3:10 Recess. Music. 3:20 Round table discussion. Miss Maggie Moore, leader. 4:00 Miscellaneous business. Adjournment.

#### TUESDAY MORNING.

8:30 Opening exercises. Bible. Prayer. Song. 9:00 Educational principles. The royal trichotomy. 10:00 Recess. Music. 11:00 Methods. Geography. Basic principles. Fanny Gray. Early lessons in nature. P. M. Ward. Home geography. R. M. Allen. Elementary book. Jennie Clement. Advanced work. J. R. Samuels. Summary. Instructor. 11:50 Adjournment.

#### TUESDAY AFTERNOON.

1:30 Roll call. Quotations. 1:40 School room appetizers. Literature in the public schools. Nellie Boston. Distinction between reading and literature. Margaret Moore. Time and place for this. A plea for school libraries, pictures, etc. C. E. Thomas. 3:20 Recess. Recitation. 3:30 Two sorts of teachers beautifully illustrated. Instructor. 4:00 Adjournment.

#### WEDNESDAY MORNING.

8:30 Opening exercises. 9:00 Educational principles—the worth of memory and to get and keep one. Instructor. 10:00 Recess. 10:20 Methods. Reading. First lessons. Mrs. Joe Walker. Word mastery. Nannie Campbell. Creating new words. J. P. Glass. Sentence reading. Orman Vick. Higher grades. Reading motive. L. E. Hard. What should be read. Ethel Hard. Too much reading. Ada Hill. The sure test of teacher and taught. J. B. McNeely. Summary. 12:00 Adjournment.

#### WEDNESDAY AFTERNOON.

1:30 Quotations. Roll call. 1:40 Psychology. How much psychology should a teacher know. C. R. Newcomb. The presentative faculties, studies and age. Sadie Rankin. The representative faculties, studies and age. Emma Terry. The volitional faculties, studies and age. R. C. Moore. Child study. What basic lines can be used by us? Kitty Moore. Literature that makes it concrete. Mary E. Moore. 3:10 Recess. Music. Reading. 3:20 Round table discussion. Mrs. Joseph Walker, leader. 4:00 Adjournment.

#### THURSDAY MORNING.

8:30 Opening exercises. 9:00 Educational principles, the pedagogy of Christ. Instructor. 10:00 Recess. Music. Recitation. 10:15 Methods. History. The Subject, The principles, The teacher of history, W. D. Wicker and Bessie Trisler. Language. The spot at which we shoot. Corda Smart. The language rubbish pile. Lena Woods. What motive should impel? Corda Wheeler. This points the way to what methods? Lena Terry. 11:50 Adjournment.

#### THURSDAY AFTERNOON.

1:30 Roll call. Music. 1:40 Discipline. Conditions of good discipline. Corbett Stephenson. Qualifications of a good disciplinarian. You. Will. Development of the will. Miss Harris. Importance of will. Mamie Henry. Habit, importance, etc. Orman Vick. 3:10 Recess. Music. 3:25 Round table. Chas. Thomas, leader.

#### FRIDAY MORNING.

8:30 Opening exercises. 8:45 Educational principles, the pedagogy of Christ. Instructor. 9:50 Recess. Music. Reading. 10:15 Methods. The lesson. Its assignment. W. K. Powell. Its preparation. Mattie Perry. Recitation. Purpose. J. L. Paris. Forms. Edna Roberts. Principles. J. E. Pilant. The teacher's position. Mary Towery. The drill. The end in view, mistakes made, laws, illustration all deduced by the instructor. Institute be ready. 12:00 Adjournment.

#### FRIDAY AFTERNOON.

1:30 Roll call. Music. 1:45 School management. Ethics and aesthetics. Good manners in school. M. F. Pogue. Pleasing voices. Vernon Fox. Conversational power. A. A. Fritts. Personal neatness. Annie Cannan. Taste in dress. Harve Babb. Tact. A. E. Brown. Good morals. R. L. Bibb. Force. 3:10 Recess. Music. 3:15 Miscellaneous business. Adjournment. Note:—The law and a good conscience make it a matter of imperative duty for every teacher to attend full time. Find your topic and be ready. Try to be prepared for your work.