

The Crittenden Record.

VOLUME 2.

MARION, CRITTENDEN COUNTY, KY., SEPTEMBER 8, 1905

NUMBER 9

REBUILDING OF MARION

Within Six Months From the Fire

ORDER WILL BE RESTORED

Chaos That Followed the Fire Will Soon Give Way to the New Town.

NEW STORE BUILDING

Bennett Walker is building a residence in the Blackburn-Weldon subdivision near the Driskill property. It will contain four rooms and a hall and will be a very pretty residence.

When the James & James new office building, the second floor of which will be occupied by the Home Telephone Co., is completed, work will begin on the hardware store to be occupied by Cochran & Pickens, and the Jenkins office building.

Ground was broken this week for the two brick business houses which J. A. Stegar is preparing to build on his lots adjoining the Cochran & Pickens new hardware store. This is a good location for business houses and the town is glad to know Mr. Stegar has decided to put them up.

Contractor J. S. Braswell is going right ahead with the work on the fine frame residence building of Dr. A. J. Driskill, in Blackburn-Weldon subdivision to the city. The building is already under roof and the weather boarding and lathes are being put on. It will be a very handsome residence when finished.

The work is going right ahead with the Yandell & Orme hotel building. Messrs. Yandell & Orme are having a ten-foot concrete pavement put down in front of this building. The rooms that are to be occupied by Metz & Sedberry for a barber shop, E. W. Billart for saloon and Bourland & Haynes' insurance office are almost completed and the occupants will possibly move in before next week.

Contractor Stone is putting excellent finishing work in the new brick residence of County Clerk C. E. Weldon. The concrete floors in the basement have been laid and Mr. Stone is preparing the hard wood for the inside finishing work. The painting that Mr. Holmes is doing on this building, deserves especial notice. We also understand that Mr. Holmes will do inside painting on the residence of Dr. Driskill.

Mr. McGraw has been pushing the work on the new post office building and it will soon be ready for occupancy. It is to be hoped that the post office people will be able to move in at the end of this week or the first of next. The plumbing for the steam heating plant is being done as the work progresses, by John O'Donnell, of Evansville. In many respects, the new post office building is more conveniently arranged than before the fire, but as before, it has the awning frames, which have a tendency to mar its beauty. With this building, as well as with several other new buildings, the wooden framing frames are an objectionable feature, and will result in greater fire hazard, heavier insurance rates and an obstruction to what would otherwise be an attractive store front.

Contractors Boston & Paris are about through with the Yandell, Gugenheim store. The counters and shelving which will soon be installed, are being put in by Forbes' Manufacturing Co., of Hopkinsville, Ky. This is a very neat job. Mr. Gugenheim has not yet returned from Eastern markets where he has gone to purchase goods for the new store, but will soon return and in ten days at least, he will begin filling the new building with a full line of the nicest goods on the market.

With the last of the week the concrete walls of THE RECORD building will be to the tops of the second story windows. For the first floor which will be concrete, the cinders are being packed. The molding of the concrete girder at the top of the front columns especially incited a great deal of curiosity and many were anxious for the wooden mold box to be removed in order that they might see how concrete girder would look, which was made in space with the expectation of carrying the heavy wall above. It is not very unlikely that within the next three weeks THE RECORD force can begin to move to their new and permanent quarters.

Marriage License.

Della Croft and Rossie C. Burris, J. W. Smith and Jessie Hubbard, Simpson M. Weldon and Via Givens, Marlin King and Man G. Lamb, Jasper S. Bird and Bessie Brantley.

REMINISCENCES

BY SILAS GÜESS.

Mr. Editor:

You have known me for a number of years, and are fully aware of the fact that I have an excellent habit of remaining silent when I have nothing to say. But, on this occasion, not having enough of sunshine, I shall unbutton my vest that you may see the lining and console with me in my present ailment. How really we may dim the sunshine of yesterday, by mustering again, so far as in us lies, the clouds of today—clouds that break in sorrow and wrath or discharge showers of annoyance and chagrin—I don't know.

I have found in my short journeyings on this mundane sphere that a chain is of small use unless there is a hook to it. Without this it cannot easily be held or draw. The Puritans are dead, but not so the witches; they still live and have bewitched my two absent friends, Thos. Rowland and Silas Jacobs, both now of the great and glorious state, Washington. I say they are or were bewitched for committing that masterly piece of heterography, which is that form of mental weakness by which one thing is meant and another written. What worries me now is, neither one of them has attempted to correct the obvious errors perpetrated by them in their last letters to THE RECORD. Now, Mr. Editor, if either, or better still, both would write you once more, and utter the "truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth," it would be a relief, not only to me, but to innumerable of their anxious friends.

Friend Roland and I attended the same school at Walnut Grove when little boys, during which time we were great chums and cronies. At that time he was not only much admired for his personal beauty, but for honesty, sobriety and truthfulness, and a bully fellow all round. But, alas! flowers will fade, old ducks will die and malaria fogs will evaporate. So goes the world. Selah! Roland—Selah!

Now, for Silas, dear, sweet charming Silas! Silas—a sugar mill personified. He was the beau-ideal of Crayneville where he taught Sunday school to the satisfaction and gratification of the scholars and their interesting parents. The "talks" he distributed to the little tots, were intense, sweet and tender. His diction superb. And, Silas was a singer, too, from away back. How anxiously and eagerly those little waifs watched and waited the time when he would favor them with his and their favorite spiritual song which immediately preceded the dismissal of the gang.

Sing? Caesar Augustus! Often, oh how often have I been entranced—even in my dreams—by the sweet and charming strains he was able to bring forth from his immaculate, untarnished throat. One thought, when listening to him, of devout things that are vouchsafed to common mortals.

Every cord of the human heart was set vibrating under his magic spell. All the emotions to which the human brain are susceptible are called into play—faith, hope and charity. Love, gentleness and sweetness will dominate the soul of the most austere, while the strains of his angelic voice fall upon the ear, and I can't believe that such influences are only transitory. Follow him through a fifteen minute's entertainment and you will have your eyes moistened many a time, many a time smile and feel exuberant. Many a time your throat will choke up and unconsciously you will lift your eyes toward heaven and a feeling of a kind of sacred calm will possess you. Many

THE OHIO RIVER BAPTIST ASSOCIATION

An Interesting Session, Which Closed Last Friday, Is Reported.

This body closed last Friday with Blooming Grove church, Livingston county, with one of the most interesting sessions in its history. All of the churches—thirty-six in number—were represented by letters and messengers, except three.

The reports on the work of the churches showed a very gratifying progress along all lines during the year. Visiting brethren from this state and Illinois added greatly to the interest of the meeting by their counsel, enthusiasm and presence.

Resolutions were passed and emphasized, condemning Sabbath desecration by Sunday excursions and base ball playing, and urging our representatives to enact laws that will debar them from the state.

Resolutions were also passed refusing our support to candidates for the legislature who will not pledge themselves to vote for the passage of the county unit local option law.

The body was royally entertained by Blooming Grove church and community. The next meeting of the body will be with Piney Creek church, Crittenden county, Wednesday after the third Sunday in August, 1906.

The following brethren preached to good congregations during the sessions of the body: Elds. J. S. Henry and E. B. Blackburn, Marion; H. B. Taylor, Murray; T. B. Rouse, Bandana; R. P. Chenault, Williamson, Ill.; H. E. Cleaton, Louisville; H. H. Hibbs, Williamsburg; J. N. Robinson, of Blandville; M. E. Miller, Fredonia. Z. Ferrell, Smithland.

a time he has been requested to contribute his wonderful genius to the success of entertainments for religious and charitable objects, and almost every one who knows him at all, knows the harmony of the perfect melody that attunes his whole being and can truly say that though his friends may nevermore see God's sunshine, they can see sunshine in the soul of Silas. Hail to you, matchless Silas!

Ah, Mr. Editor, well do I remember that song. 'Twas his favorite. 'Twas so heart rending and soul enveloping that the words, punctuations, rising and falling inflections have been indelibly imprinted upon the blankest leaf of Memory's tablet.

He called it—
THE DEVIL'S SMOKER.
Nick, the Devil, gave a smoker
In the hottest room of Hades,
To a few select old cronies—
Worldly rounded—jolly blades.

There was brimstone for the burning
And a lot of sulphur, too;
So the guests of Nick, the Devil,
Set about to make things blue.

There were repartee and sallies;
There were toasts in rousing rhyme,
And the friends of Nick, the Devil,
Had a scorching hot old time.

Deadbeat—he was there—the rascal—
Who won't pay his honest debts;
Hypocrite, who prays on Sunday,
But throughout the week, forgets.

Ananias—he was present
With the biggest lie e'er told;
Nick, the Devil, loves him dearly;
He's the choice lamb of the fold.

Sneakthief—he was of the party—
He of fingers deft and light;
And when he was near the others,
Kept their pockets buttoned tight.

Old Deceit was in the circle,
Dishing out his fawning pap,
Handing round his stock trade jollies
With a back or shoulder slap.

Stingy sat off in a corner
On a sizzling red hot stone—
Hiding from the rest and fearing
He'd be held up for a loan.

Drunkard leered upon his fellow,
With red nose and bleary eye,
Singing Sunday lyric snatches,
Thirsting for a drop of rye.

Oh, the hot time at that smoker!
Ne'er a guest will e'er forget,
For, unless I'm off my trolly,
Everyone is smoking yet.

Got Off Cheap.

He may well think, he has got off cheap, who, after having contracted constipation or indigestion, is still able to perfectly restore his health. Nothing will do this but Dr. King's New Life Pills. A quick, pleasant, and certain cure for headache, constipation, etc. 25c at Haynes & Taylor's drug store.

NEW ROAD WILL BE BUILT SOON

Will Be Built in Southern Illinois—Office at Golconda.

Articles of incorporation for the Shawneetown and Western railroad company have been filed with the secretary of state, the principal office of the company to be located at Golconda, Ill. The road is to be constructed from Shawneetown, Gallatin county Ill., through the counties of Hardin, Saline, Pope, Johnson, Massac to a point on the Ohio river in Massac. The capital stock is \$50,000. The incorporators and first board of directors are composed of the following persons: John Gilbert, H. B. Pierce, J. L. Murphy, Wm. H. Moore, Golconda Ill.; Chas. E. Turner, New York City.

Highway to the Silent City of the Dead.

It is a spirit born in every noble man and woman to love and cherish the memory of loved ones who have closed their eyes to things that are mortal, and whose souls have been wafted away on th wings of love to God, who giveth all good gifts.

The new cemetery is a lonely spot; it is the city of the dead where its mounds have been watered by the tears of the bereaved; where flowers have been made to bloom over our loved ones; where all that is mortal of our dead is confined in the narrow limits of the tomb; then why should it not be our pride to make it a place beautiful?

Some months ago, before the awful conflagration that melted our town into ashes, one of our worthy citizens who is ever alert to do a public service, took the initiative to build a roadway to the new cemetery, and he called into this voluntary service the good women of this city to devise ways whereby this road might be built—this "highway to the silent city of the dead."

A committee was appointed and it was arranged to have a public dinner, the proceeds to go to the "cemetery road fund." The dinner was served, which netted about \$90, and it was arranged to have another dinner in the early part of April, but alas! The fiery tongue licked the principal business district from the face of the earth and the plans were spoiled, but this band of noble women, led by the indomitable W. D. Baird, determined to carry their undertaking to success. They continued to hold their meetings and mature their plans, and finally it was decided to appoint a committee of two to solicit funds. They looked about them and selected for this work two of God's noblest creatures—Misses Kitty Moore and Fannie Gray. They at once took up the work assigned to them and collected about \$70 for the "cemetery road fund." The committee also decided to give another dinner, and Mr. J. H. Orme tendered them the use of his large store room in which to serve the dinner, and August 14th was set apart as the most suitable day. Quite a large crowd partook of this feast prepared by our good women, and this dinner netted about \$65, making a total of about \$220, and the road is now complete, and every citizen is proud of the work accomplished and we should all feel grateful to the persons who have given their time and money to this good cause.

There are many whose names should be mentioned in this matter, but space is too limited to mention all who deserve public recognition.

From an Old Resident.
Mr. J. E. Chittenden,
Marion, Ky.

Dear Sir: Please find enclosed \$1 the amount due for one year's subscription to THE RECORD. I like your very much. It is giving tone to the party there which no other paper ever did.

I often think of Crittenden and the good old days gone by, and think this winter I will come out and spend about ten days in visiting old friends. I will close with best wishes for THE RECORD and its many readers. R. S. PARIS, Deputy Sheriff Mississippi Co., Mo.

Dancing School.
Mr. and Mrs. Jack Gibson, who have been conducting a dancing school at this place for the past two weeks, feel very highly pleased with the progress their pupils have made during that time.

Notwithstanding the large number who have joined, they have given especial attention to each and every pupil, and all feel thoroughly satisfied with the instructions they have received.

Dr. R. L. Moore is, and has been for years, my special personal friend, but political opponent. Several times we have served together as officers of elections held in Bell's Mines precinct, and while we were opposite in politics, we were warm personal friends, and I am free to say that I am well pleased with the selection of Dr. Bob as candidate for the state senate, and will do all that my old hands can to help in securing his election.

As for Mr. Clark, I am not personally acquainted with him, but hope to be in the near future. G. P. WILSON.

C. C. GRASSHAM TO RUN FOR CONGRESS

Clean Man Runs for Commonwealth's Attorney on Coalition Ticket.

Charles C. Grassham, a prominent attorney and politician of Paducah, has announced to his friends that he will become a candidate for congress to represent the first district as the successor of Hon. Ollie M. James, present congressman from this district.

Mr. Grassham in making the announcement, said he would not make the race next year unless Congressman James becomes a candidate for the nomination of governor, and in that event he would certainly be a candidate.

Mr. Grassham will oppose Congressman James at the election two years hence and said that he may later reconsider and become a candidate against Congressman James at the election next year, but has not fully made up his mind as to that.

He is an attorney and recently moved to Paducah from Smithland. He has served the First district as elector for the party in 1904.

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Mining Notes:

A. Foster Crider, of the United States Geological Survey, visited here the first of the week. At present, he is directing the work, making an investigation of the underground water influences in some of the southern states.

Business is booming in the Illinois district. It is reported that another big deal last week was made. Mrs. Riggs sold 20 acres of mineral property to some Harrisburg, Ill. parties for \$10,000. The property sold adjoins the Collins property which was sold recently to John A. Miller and associates, of Evansville, Ind., by L. W. Cruce for \$15,000. Mr. Miller, who is operating the property, is getting out some very fine lead and carbonate of zinc ore. The Evansville Lead and Zinc Mining Company, organized to operate the Collins property, contemplates putting up a mill and Mr. Cline, secretary of this company, is in Joplin, Mo. to see about its purchase. In the sale of the Rose property, mention of which was made some time ago, the price paid is reported to be \$7000.

J. E. Wright, the mining expert of Louisville, announces that he is open for any engagements in this district, having, on September 1, severed his connection with the state geological survey.

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MERRY WAS THE THROG

At Woods and Orme's Opening Yesterday

IN THEIR NEW DRUG STORE

Fountain, Counters and Other Fixtures Unbroken Beauty From Entrance to Rear.

LEVI COOK' CORNER VERY ATTRACTIVE

No occasion of greater festivity or more thorough enjoyment has been attended this season than the opening yesterday of the beautiful new drug store of Woods & Orme on Main street in front of the New Marion hotel. It is one of the handsomest and best equipped drug stores in Kentucky.

The wall fixtures were all furnished by Meyer Bros. Drug Company, of St. Louis. The pilasters on the fixtures are three inches deep and the ornaments alone at the top of these fixtures cost Messrs. Woods & Orme about \$50.

The show cases are of plate glass with bevel edge surmounted by an eight inch marble base. The handsome set of mirrors adorn the walls from floor to ceiling. Perhaps the prettiest of these mirrors is the one which adorns the back of the prescription case. It is six feet square surrounded by ornamental glass trimmings which make quite a pretty combination with the wire glass windows in the rear at the top of the balcony.

The ceiling is of metal with enamel finish from which myriads of electric lights have the entire length of the store adding beauty and radiance to the scene.

The floor is of tiling set in the newest pattern and the fixtures are of clear quarter sawed oak.

But by far the most beautiful addition to the store is the handsome \$2000 fountain on the right as you enter. It is of mahogany with marble and onyx fixtures and counters.

Messrs. Woods & Orme are now ready to serve cream and all kinds of cold drinks which will be served until cold weather. These were served to all visitors yesterday free of charge. Every lady who visited the store was presented with a twenty-five cent package wrapped in aluminum paper the firm name stamped in gold letters on each sachet of powder. The souvenir counter was presided over by Miss Gustava Haynes, who by her pleasing manner made all welcome.

Levi Cook, the jeweler, has also moved to his new quarters in Woods & Orme's drug store. He has an exceptionally pretty line of jewelry and his stock certainly adds beauty to the already splendidly furnished quarter.

His selection of fixtures harmonizes with the Woods & Orme fixtures and were also made by Meyer Bros. Drug Company.

The gaiety of the scene was added to by the most exquisite music furnished by the Smithland band. The scene of splendor and merry-making continued until the wee sma' hours and was thoroughly enjoyed by each and every one.

Lawn Fete.

Last Tuesday evening Mr. and Mrs. W. N. Rochester gave a lawn fete in honor of Roscoe's seventeenth birthday. The yard was beautifully illuminated and games were indulged in to their heart's content. The decorations in the dining hall were beautifully arranged. Conundrums were indulged in and prizes were awarded those that were successful. A pleasant evening was spent and the guests departed wishing Roscoe many more just such anniversaries.

For Sale or Exchange.

The business and contents of a 23-room hotel, with bar and fixtures. Hotel doing a good business in Henderson, with four years' lease yet to run. Owner will sell or exchange for timber lands. Address HOTEL, Care RECORD, Marion, Ky.

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 attached. A man tries to enter our camp in the woods.

IV.—Uncle Eb repulses the intruder. We stay in an old cabin and are warned during the night to leave by its mysterious owner.

V.—I meet Jed Peary, a country poet who takes a liking to me. I am almost frozen to death and am saved by Uncle Eb.

VII.—Hope and I try to save our old dog from the butcher's hands, but are compelled by circumstances to leave him to starve.

IX.—The mysterious "night man," a nocturnal prowler of the countryside, is bugaboo to the children. Story of Nehemiah Brower, who killed another boy by accident, ran away and was reported drowned near Van Deiman's land. I escort Hope to a "school" lyceum.

X.—I win distinction at school. Hope's musical ability develops. Her voice is praised by young Mr. Livingstone, a visitor from the city. I disclose my love for Hope to Jed Peary, who advises me to study.

XI.—And XII.—Gerald Brower, my young foster brother, dies. Hope and I go away to the Hillsborough academy.

XIII.—My Academy work is praised. Mr. Livingstone sends Christmas gifts from the city to Hope and her mother.

XIV.—Hope and I confess our mutual love, which is not to be spoken of until we are older.

XV.—Hope and I go to a country dance.

XVI.—David Brower sells his farm and goes to live in the village for his children's sake. Hope goes to New York to live with Mrs. Fuller, a friend and study music. I go to college. Uncle Eb makes us each a gift of money.

XVII.—I visit Hope in New York. Her city life seems to have estranged her from me. I am graduated at college.

XVIII.—Uncle Eb and I visit the Fullers. David Brower gives me a letter of recommendation to Horace Greeley, who is an old friend of my foster father.

XIX.—Mr. Greeley assigns me a subject to write upon for the Tribune. At a dinner at the Fullers' I meet John Trumbull, a mysterious man, who has saved Hope from a street accident. Uncle Eb and Trumbull are very intimate.

XX.—Hope wins success at a church concert. She is going to England with Mrs. Fuller. The latter interrupts a talk between Hope and I. Uncle Eb tells me not to give up the idea of winning Hope.

CHAPTER XIX.

CAME down Broadway that afternoon aboard a big white omnibus that drifted slowly in a tide of many vehicles. Those days there were a goodly show of trees on either side of that thoroughfare—elms, with here and there a willow, a sumach or a mountain ash. The walks were thronged with handsome people—dandies with high hats and flaunting neckties and swinging canes; beautiful women, each covering a broad circumference of the pavement, with a cone of crinoline that swayed over dainty feet. From Grace church down it was much of the same thing we see now, with a more ragged sky line. Many of the great buildings, of white and red sandstone, had then appeared, but the street was largely in the possession of small shops—oyster houses, bookstores and the like.

Not until I neared the sacred temple of the Tribune did I feel a proper sense of my own littleness. There was the fountain of all that wisdom which had been read aloud and heard with reverence in our household since a time I could but dimly remember. There sat the prophet who had given us so much—his genial views of life and government, his hopes, his fears, his mighty wrath at the prospering of cruelty and injustice.

"I would like to see Mr. Horace Greeley," I said rather timidly at the counter.

"Walk right up those stairs and turn to the left," said a clerk as he opened a gate for me.

Ascending, I met a big man coming down hurriedly and with heavy steps. We stood dodging each other a moment with that unfortunate co-ordination of purpose men sometimes encounter when passing each other. Suddenly the big man stopped in the middle of the stairway and held both of his hands above his head.

"In God's name, young man," said he, "take your choice!"

He spoke in a high, squeaky voice that cut me with the sharpness of its irritation. I went on past him and entered an open door near the top of the stairway.

"Is Mr. Horace Greeley in?" I inquired of a young man who sat reading papers.

"Back soon," said he without looking

up. "Takes a while. In a little while I heard the same heavy feet ascending the stairway two steps at a time. Then the man I had met came hurriedly into the room.

"This is Mr. Greeley," said the young man who was reading.

The great editor turned and looked at me through gold rimmed spectacles. I gave him my letter out of a trembling hand. He removed it from the envelope and held it close to his big, kindly, smooth shaven face. There was a fringe of silky, silver hair, streaked with yellow, about the lower part of his head from temple to temple. It also encircled his throat from under his collar. His cheeks were full and fair as a lady's, with rosy spots in them, and a few freckles about his nose. He laughed as he finished reading the letter.

"Are you Dave Brower's boy?" he asked in a drawing falsetto, looking at me out of gray eyes and smiling with good humor.

"By adoption," I answered. "He was an almighty good rascal," he said deliberately as he looked again at the letter.

"What do you want to do?" he asked abruptly.

"Want to work on the Tribune," I answered.

"Good Lord!" he said. "I can't hire everybody."

I tried to think of some argument, but what with looking at the great man before me and answering his questions and maintaining a decent show of dignity I had enough to do.

"Do you read the Tribune?" he asked.

"Read it ever since I can remember."

"What do you think of the administration?"

"Lot of dough faces," I answered, smiling, as I saw he recognized his own phrase. He sat a moment tapping the desk with his penholder.

"There's so many liars here in New York," he said, "there ought to be room for an honest man. How are the crops?"

"Fair," I answered. "Big crop of boys every year."

"And now you're trying to find a market," he remarked.

"Want to have you try them," I answered.

"Well," said he very seriously, turning to his desk, that came up to his chin as he sat beside it, "go and write me an article about rats."

"Would you advise?" I started to say, when he interrupted me.

"The man that gives advice is a bigger fool than the man that takes it," he declared impatiently. "Go and do your best."

Before he had given me this injunction he had dipped his pen and begun to write hurriedly. If I had known him longer I should have known that while he had been talking to me that tireless mind of his had summoned him to its service. I went out in high spirits and sat down a moment on one of the benches in the little park near by to think it all over. He was going to measure my judgment, my skill as a writer, my resources. "Rats," I said to myself thoughtfully. I had read much about them. They infested the ships, they overran the wharfs, they traversed the sewers. An inspiration came to me. I started for the water front, asking my way every block or two. Near the East river I met a policeman—a big, husky, good hearted Irishman.

"Can you tell me," I said, "who can give me information about rats?"

"Rats?" he repeated. "What d'ye want t' know about them?"

"Everything," I said. "They've just given me a job on the New York Tribune," I added proudly.

He smiled good naturedly. He had looked through me at a glance.

"Just say 'Tribune,'" he said. "Ye don't have t' say 'New York Tribune' here. Come along w' me."

He took me to a dozen or more of the dock masters.

"Give 'im a lift, my hearty," he said to the first of them. "He's a green hand."

I have never forgotten the kindness of that Irishman, whom I came to know well in good time. Remembering that day and others, I always greeted him with a hearty "God bless the Irish!" every time I passed him, and he would answer, "Amen, an' save yer riveence."

He did not leave me until I was on my way home loaded with fact and fable and good dialect with a savor of the sea in it.

Hope and Uncle Eb were sitting together in his room when I returned.

"Guess I've got a job," I said, trying to be very cool about it.

"A job?" said Hope eagerly as she rose. "Where?"

"With Mr. Horace Greeley," I answered, my voice betraying my excitement.

"Jerusalem!" said Uncle Eb. "Is it possible?"

"That's grand!" said Hope. "Tell us about it."

Then I told them of my interview with the great editor and of what I had done since.

"Ye done wonderful!" said Uncle Eb, and Hope showed quite as much pleasure to her own sweet way.

glimning to write at once, but Hope said it was time to be getting ready for dinner.

When we came down at half after 8 we were presented to our host and the guests of the evening—handsome men and women in full dress—and young Mr. Livingstone was among them. I felt rather cheap in my frock coat, although I had thought it grand enough for anybody on the day of my graduation. Dinner announced, the gentlemen rose and offered escort to the ladies, and Hope and Mrs. Fuller relieved our embarrassment by conducting us to our seats—women are so deft in those little difficulties.

The dinner was not more formal than that of every evening in the Fuller home—for its master was a rich man of some refinement of taste—and not at all comparable to the splendid hospitality one may see every day at the table of a modern millionaire. But it did seem very wonderful to us, then, with its fine mannered servants, its flowers, its abundant silver. Hope had written much to her mother of the details of deportment at John Fuller's table, and Elizabeth had delicately imparted to us the things we ought to know. We behaved well. I have since been told, although we got credit for poorer appetites than we possessed. Uncle Eb took no chances and refused everything that had a look of mystery and a suggestion of peril, dropping a droll remark betimes that sent a ripple of amusement around the table.

John Trumbull sat opposite me, and even then I felt a curious interest in him—a big, full bearded man, quite six feet tall, his skin and eyes dark, his hair iron gray, his voice deep like David's. I could not get over the impression that I had seen him before—a feeling I have had often facing men I could never possibly have met. No word came out of his firm mouth unless he were addressed, and then all in hearing listened to the little he had to say. It was never more than some very simple remark. In his face and form and voice there was abundant heraldry of rugged power and oxlike vitality.

I have seen a bronze head of Daniel Webster, which, with a full beard and an ample covering of gray hair, would have given one a fairly perfect idea of the look of John Trumbull. Imagine it on a tall and powerful body, and let it speak with a voice that has in it the deep and musical vibration one may hear in the booming of an ox, and you shall see as perfectly as my feeble words can help you to do this remarkable man who must hereafter play before you his part—compared to which mine is the prattle of a child—in this drama of God's truth.

"You have not heard," said Mrs. Fuller, addressing me, "how Mr. Trumbull saved Hope's life."

"Saved her life?" I exclaimed.

"Saved her life," she repeated.

"There isn't a doubt of it. We never sent word of it for fear it would give you all needless worry. It was a day of last winter—fell crossing Broadway, a dangerous place. He pulled her aside just in time. The horse's feet were raised above her. She would have been crushed in a moment. He lifted her in his arms and carried her to the sidewalk not a bit the worse for it."

"Seems as if it were fate," said Hope. "I had seen him so often and wondered who he was. I recall a night when I had to come home alone from rehearsal. I was horribly afraid. I remember passing him under a street lamp. If he had spoken to me then I should have dropped with fear, and he would have had to carry me home that time."

"It's an odd thing a girl like you should ever have to walk home alone," said Mr. Fuller. "Doesn't speak well for our friend Livingstone, or Burnham there, or Dobbs."

"Mrs. Fuller doesn't give us half a chance," said Livingstone. "She guards her day and night. It's like the monks and the holy grail."

"Hope is independent of the young men," said Mrs. Fuller as we rose from the table. "If I cannot go with her myself in the carriage I always send a maid or a man servant to walk home with her. But Mr. Fuller and I were out of town that night, and the young men missed their great opportunity."

"Had a differ'n't way o' sparkin' years ago," said Uncle Eb. "Didn't hev t' please anybody but the girl then. If ye liked a girl ye went an' sot up with her an' gin her a smack an' tol' her right out plain an' square what ye wanted. An' that settled it one way or another."

Next morning, with the door half open, an' never paid no 'tention. Recollec' one col' night when I was sparkin' the mother boistered out o' bed, 'Lucy, hev ye got anything 'round ye?' an' she holered back, 'Yis, mother.' An' she held, too, but 'twasn't nothin' but my arm."

They laughed merrily over the quaint reminiscence of my old friend and the quaint way he had of telling it. The rude dialect of the backwoodsman might have seemed oddly out of place there but for the quiet, unassuming manner and the fine old face of Uncle Eb, in which the duldest eye might see the soul of a gentleman.

"What became of Lucy?" Mr. Fuller inquired, laughingly. "You never married her?"

"Lucy died," he answered soberly. "Rhet was long, long ago."

Then he went away with John Trumbull to the smoking room, where I found them talking earnestly in a corner when it was time to go to the church with Hope.

CHAPTER XX.

HOPE and Uncle Eb and I went away in a coach with Mrs. Fuller. There was a great

The Crittenden Record

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ADVERTISING
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ered, with sweeping arcades, an interior more vast than any I had ever entered. Hope was gowned in white silk, a crescent of diamonds in her hair, a birthday gift from Mrs. Fuller.

First Henry Cooper came on with his violin—a great master as I now remember him. Then Hope ascended to the platform, her dainty kid slippers showing under her gown, and the odious Livingstone escorting her. I was never so madly in love or so insanely jealous. I must confess it, for I am trying to tell the whole truth of myself—I was a fool. And it is the greater folly that one says ever "I was" and never "I am" in that plea. I could even see it myself then and there, but I was so great a fool I smiled and spoke fairly to the young man, although I could have wrung his neck with rage. There was a little stir and a passing whisper in the crowd as she stood waiting for the prelude. Then she sang the ballad of "Auld Robin Grey," not better than I had heard her sing it before, but so charmingly there were murmurs of delight going far and wide in the audience when she had finished. Then she sang the fine melody of "Angels Ever Bright and Fair" and an old ballad.

Great baskets of roses were handed to her as she came down from the platform, and my confusion was multiplied by their number, for I had not thought to bring any myself.

I turned to Uncle Eb, who now and then had furtively wiped his eyes.

"My stars!" he whispered. "Ain't it see-markable grand! Never heard n'er nothin' like that in all my born days. An' t' think it's my little Hope!"

He could go no further. His handkerchief was in his hand, while he took refuge in silence.

Going home the flowers were heaped upon our laps, and I, with Hope beside me, felt some restoration of comfort.

"Did you see Trumbull?" Mrs. Fuller asked. "He sat back of us and did seem to enjoy it so much—your singing. He was almost cheerful."

"Tell me about Mr. Trumbull," I said. "He is interesting."

"Speci'lar," said Mrs. Fuller. "A strange man, successful, silent, unmarried and, I think, in love. Has

an old ballad."

"He is interesting."

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an old ballad."

since then. Operates in the stock market."

A supper was waiting for us at home, and we sat a long time at the table. I was burning for a talk with Hope. But how was I to manage it? We rose with the others and went and sat down together in a corner of the great parlor.

"I've heard how well you did last year," she said, "and how nice you were to the girls. A friend wrote me all about it. How attentive you were to that little Miss Brown?"

"But decently polite," I answered. "One has to have somebody or—be a monk."

"One has to have somebody," she said quickly as she picked at the flower on her bosom and looked down at it soberly. "That is true, one has to have somebody, and you know I haven't had any lack of company myself. By the way, I have news to tell you."

She spoke slowly and in a low voice with a touch of sadness in it. I felt the color mounting to my face.

"News?" I repeated. "What news, Hope?"

"I am going away to England," she said, "with Mrs. Fuller if—if mother will let me. I wish you would write and ask her to let me go."

I was unprepared. What to say I knew not; what it meant I could vaguely imagine. There was a moment of awkward silence.

"Of course I will ask her if you wish to go," I said. "When do you say?"

"They haven't fixed the day yet."

She sat looking down at her fan, a beautiful, filmy thing between braces of ivory. Her knees were crossed, one dainty foot showing under ruffles of lace. I looked at her a moment, dumb with admiration.

"What a big man you have grown to be, Will!" she said presently. "I am almost afraid of you now."

She was still looking down at the fan, and that little foot was moving nervously. Now was my time. I began framing an answer. I felt a wild impulse to throw my strong arms about her and draw her close to me and feel the pink velvet of her fair face upon mine. If I had only done it! But what of the strangeness and grandeur of that big room, the voices of the others who were sitting in the library near by, the mystery of the spreading crinoline that was pressing upon my knees, I had not half the courage of a lover.

"My friend writes me that you are in love," she said, opening her fan and moving it slowly as she looked up at me.

"She is right, I must confess it," I said. "I am madly, hopelessly in love. It is time you knew it, Hope, and I want your counsel."

She rose quickly and turned her face away.

"Do not tell me, do not speak of it again, I forbid you," she answered coldly.

Then she stood silent. I rose to take her hand and ask her to tell me why, a pretty ransacking in my heart. Soft footsteps and the swish of a gown were approaching. Before I could speak Mrs. Fuller had come through the doorway.

"Come, Hope," she said, "I cannot let you sit up late. You are worn out, my dear."

Then Hope bade us both good night and went away to her room. If I had known as much about women then as now I should have had it out, with short delay, to some understanding between us. But in that subject one loves and learns. And one thing I have

learned is this—that jealousy throws illusions on every word and look and act. I went to my room and set down for a bit of reckoning. Hope ceased to love me, I felt sure, and he was I to win her back?

After all my castle building what was I come to?

I heard my door open presently, and then I lifted my head. Uncle Eb came near me in his stocking feet and his sleeves.

"In trouble?" he whispered.

"In trouble," I said.

"Bout Hope?"

"It's about Hope."

"Don't be hasty. Hope'll never get back on you," he whispered.

"She doesn't love me," I said impatiently. "She doesn't care the snap of her finger for me."

"Don't believe it," he answered calmly. "Not a single word of it. The woman—she's tryin' t' keep her ax from ye—but twon't make no difference. Not a bit."

"I must try to win her back—some way—somehow," I whispered.

"Gin ye the miffen?" he asked.

"That's about it," I answered, going possibly too far in the depth of my feeling.

"Whew-w!" he softly whistled. "Waal, it takes two miffens t' make a pair. Ye'll hev t' ask her agin'."

"Yes, I cannot give her up," I said decisively. "I must try to win her back. It isn't fair. I have no claim upon her. But I must do it."

"Consarn it! Women like t' be chased," he said. "It's their nature. What do they fix up so fer—d'ye see an' silks an' satins—if 'tain't set out a-chasin' 'er 'em? You'd order enjoy it. Stick t' her—jes' like a puppy t' a root. That's my advice."

"Hope has got too far ahead of me," I said. "She can marry a rich man if she wishes to, and I don't see why she shouldn't. What am I anyhow but a poor devil just out of college and everything to win? It makes me miserable to think here in this great house how small I am."

"There's things goin' t' happen," Uncle Eb whispered. "I can't tell ye what er when, but they're goin' t' happen, an' they're goin' t' change everything."

We sat thinking awhile then. I knew what he meant, that I was to conquer the world somehow, and the idea seemed to me so absurd I could hardly help laughing at melancholy as I felt.

"Now, you go t' bed," he said, rising and gently touching my head with his hand. "There's things goin' t' happen, boy, take my word fer it."

I got in bed late that night, but there was no sleep for me. In the still hours I lay quietly, planning my future, for now I must make myself worth having and as soon as possible.

Some will say my determination was worthy of a better love; but, bless you, I have my own way of doing things, and it has not been always so unsuccessful.

CHAPTER XXI.

HOPE was not at breakfast with us.

"The child is worn out," said Mrs. Fuller. "I shall keep her in bed a day or two."

"Couldn't I see her a moment?" I inquired.

"Dear, no!" said she. "The poor thing is in bed with a headache."

If Hope had been ill at home I should have felt free to go and sit by her as I had done more than once. It seemed a little severe to be shut away



Great baskets of roses were handed to her.

beautiful room, they say, on Gramercy park. Lives alone with an old servant. We got to know him through the accident. Mr. Fuller and he have done

much for each other.

And one thing I have

learned is this—that jealousy throws

illusions on every word and look and

EBEN HOLDEN

Continued from page 1

her now, but Mrs. Fuller's man-
agement, however, was not to be
overruled. She had assumed a sort of
ownership over Hope that was evi-
dently not to be questioned. "I
have ceased to love me and to write to
me as of old. A troop of mysteries
came clear to me that morning
through many gifts and favors she
sent me my sweetheart in a sort of
package and would make a marriage
of her own choosing if possible.

"Is there anything you would like
particularly for your breakfast?" Mrs.
Fuller inquired.

"Hain't no way pertic'lar," said Uncle
Eb. "I gen'rally eat buckwheat
pancakes an' maple sugar with a good
strong cup o' tea."

Mrs. Fuller left the room a moment.
"Dunno but I'll go out t' the barn a
moment an' take a look at the horses,"
he said when she came back.

"The stable is a mile away," she re-
plied, smiling.

"Gran' good team ye driv us out
with 'em night," he said. "Hed a
chance t' look 'em over a little there an'
the door. The off boss is puffed some
forward, but if ye'r husband 'll put on
a cold bandage ev'ry night 'll make
them leg smoother'n a hound's tooth."

She thanked him and invited us to
look in at the conservatory.

"Where's yer husband?" Uncle Eb
inquired.

"He's not up yet," said she. "I fear
he did not sleep well."

"Now, Mrs. Fuller," said Uncle Eb,
as we sat waiting, "if there's anything
I can do t' help jes' 'em know what
'tis."

She said there was nothing. Pres-
ently Uncle Eb sneezed so powerfully
that it rattled the crystals on the chan-
delier and rang in the brass medal-
lions.

The first and second butlers came
running in with a frightened look.
There was also a startled movement
from somebody above stairs.

"I do sneeze powerful sometimes,"
said Uncle Eb from under his red
bandanna. "'S enough t' scare any-
body."

They brought in our breakfast then
—a great array of tempting dishes.

"Eat hev four pancakes an' a tiled
egg," said Uncle Eb as he slipped his
tea. "Gran' tea," he added; "strong
enough t' float a silver dollar too."

"Mrs. Fuller," I said, rising, when
we had finished, "I thank you for your
hospitality, but as I shall have to work
nights probably I must find lodgings
near the office."

"You must come and see us again,"
she answered cordially. "On Saturday
I shall take Hope away for a bit of
rest, to Saratoga probably, and from
there I shall take her to Hillsborough
myself for a day or two."

"Thought she was goin' home with
me," said Uncle Eb.

"Oh, dear, no!" said Mrs. Fuller.
"She cannot go now. The girl is ill,
and it's such a long journey."

The postman came then with a letter
for Uncle Eb.

It was from David Brower. He
would have to be gone a week or so
burying cattle and thought Uncle Eb
had better come home as soon as con-
venient.

"They're lonesome," he said thought-
fully after going over the letter again.
"Tain't no wonder—they're gittin'
old!"

Uncle Eb was older than either of
them, but he had not thought of that.
"Let's see," 's about 8 o'clock," said he
presently. "I've got t' go an' 'ten' to
some business o' my own. I'll be back
here some time 'day. Mis' Fuller, an'
I'll be t' see that girl. You mustn't
never try t' keep me 'way from her.
She's sot on my knee too many year
fer that—altogether too many."

We arranged to meet there at 4. Then
a servant brought us our hats. I heard
Hope calling as we passed the stair-
way.

"Won't you come up a minute, Uncle
Eb? I want to see you very much."

Then Uncle Eb hurried upstairs, and
I came away.

I read the advertisements of board
and lodging—a perplexing task for one
so ignorant of the town. After many
calls I found a place to my liking on
Monkey hill, near Printing House
square. Monkey hill was the east end
of William street and not in the least
fashionable. There were some neat
and cleanly looking houses on it of
wood and brick and brownstone in-
habited by small tradesmen, a few
shops, a big stable and the chalet sit-
ting on a broad, flat roof that covered
a portion of the stable yard. The yard
itself was the summit of Monkey hill.
It lay between two brick buildings,
and up the hill from the walk one look-
ed into the gloomy cavern of the sta-
ble, and under the low roof on one
side there were dump carts and old
coaches in varying stages of infirmity.

There was an old iron shop that
stood flush with the sidewalk, flank-
ing the stable yard. A lantern and a
mammoth key were suspended above
the door, and hanging upon the side of
the shop was a wooden stair ascend-
ing to the chalet. The latter had a
sheathing of weather worn clapboards.
It stood on the rear end of the brick
building, communicating with the
front rooms above the shop. A little
stair of five steps ascended from the
landing to its red door that overlooked
an ample yard of roofing, adorned with
potted plants. The main room of the
chalet where we ate our meals and
talked of an evening had the look of
a ship's cabin. There were stationary
seats along the wall covered with
leathern cushions. There were port
and starboard lanterns and a big one
of polished brass that overhung the
table. A ship's clock that had a noise
and cheerful tick was set in the wall.
A narrow passage led to the room in
front, and the latter had slanting

sides. A big window of little panes
in its farther end let in the light of
William street.

Here I found a home for myself—
humble, but quaint and cleanly. A
thrifty German who, having long fol-
lowed the sea, had married and thrown
out his anchor for good and all now
dwelt in the chalet with his wife and
two boarders, both newspaper men.
The old shopkeeper in front, once a
sailor himself, had put the place in
shipshape and leasid it to them.

My host bore the name of Oppen-
der and was widely known as "All Right"
Oppen from his habit of cheery ap-
proval. Everything and everybody
were "all right" to him so far as I
could observe. To be sure, he took
exceptions on occasions, but even then
the affair ended with his inevitable
verdict of "all right." Every sugges-



Uncle Eb sneezed.

tion I made as to terms of payment
and arrangement of furniture was
promptly stamped with this seal of
approval.

I was comfortably settled and hard
at work on my article by noon. At 4
I went to meet Uncle Eb. Hope was
still sick in bed, and we came away
in a frame of mind that could hardly
have been more miserable. I tried to
induce him to stay a night with me in
my new quarters.

"I musn't," he said cheerfully.
"Tore long I'm comin' down ag'in,
but I can't fool round no longer now.
I'll jes' go an' git my new clothes an'
put fer the steamboat. Want ye t'
go an' see Hope tomorrow. She's com-
in' up with Mis' Fuller next week. I'm
goin' t' find out what's the matter up
her then. Sumthin' wrong somewhere.
Dunno what 'tis. She's all upset."

"Poor girl! It had been almost as
heavy a trial to her as to me—cutting
me off as she had done. Remem-
berances of my tender devotion to her
in all the years between then and
childhood must have made her sore
with pity. I had already determined
what I should do, and after Uncle Eb
had gone that evening I wrote her a
long letter and asked her if I might
not still have some hope of her loving
me. I begged her to let me know
when I might come and talk with her
alone. With what eloquence I could
bring to bear I told her how my love
had grown and laid hold of my life.

I finished my article that night and
in the morning took it to Mr. Greeley.
He was at his desk writing and at the
same time giving orders in a querulous
tone to some workman who sat beside
him. He did not look up as he spoke.
He wrote rapidly, his nose down so
close to the straggling, wet lines that
I felt a fear of its touching them. I
stood by, waiting my opportunity. A
came nervously out of another room.

"Mr. Greeley," he said, halting at the
elbow of the great editor.

"Yes, what is it?" the editor deman-
ded nervously, his hand wobbling over
the white page as rapidly as before,
his eyes upon his work.

"Another man garroted this morning
on South street."

"Better write a paragraph," he said,
his voice snapping with impatience as
he brushed the full page aside and be-
gan sowing his thoughts on another.
"Warn our readers. Tell 'em to wear
brass collars with spikes in 'em till we
get a new mayor."

The man went away laughing.

Mr. Greeley threw down his pen,
gathered his copy and handed it to the
workman who sat beside him.

"Proof ready at 5!" he shouted as
the man was going out of the room.

"Hello, Brower!" he said, bending to
his work again. "Thought you'd blown
out the gas somewhere!"

"Waiting until you reject this arti-
cle," I said.

He sent a boy for Mr. Ottarson, the
city editor. Meanwhile he had begun
to drive his pen across the broad sheets
with tremendous energy. Somehow it
reminded me of a man plowing black
furrows behind a fast walking team in
a snow flurry. His mind was "strad-
dle the furrow" when Mr. Ottarson
came in. There was a moment of si-
lence, in which the latter stood scan-
ning a page of the Herald he had
brought with him.

"Ottarson," said Mr. Greeley, never
slackening the pace of his busy hand as
he held my manuscript in the other,
"read this. Tell me what you think of
it. If good, give him a show."

"The staff is full, Mr. Greeley," said
the man of the city desk. His words
cut me with disappointment.

The editor of the Tribune halted his
hand an instant, read the last lines,
scratching a word and underscoring
another.

"Don't care," he shrilled as he went
on writing. "Used to slide down hill
with his father. If he's got brains
we'll pay him \$8 a week."

The city editor beckoned to me, and
I followed him into another room.

"If you will leave your address," he
said, "I will let you hear from me
when we have read the article."

I began to discount my future that
very day, ordering a full dress suit of
the best tailor, hat and shoes to match
and a complement of neckwear that
would have done credit to Beau Brum-
mel. It gave me a start when I saw
the bill would empty my pocket of
more than half its cash. But I had a
stiff pace to follow and every reason to
look my best.

Climatic Cures.

The influence of climatic condition
in the cure of consumption is very much
overdrawn. The poor patient, and the
rich patient, too, can do much better
at home by proper attention to food
digestion, and a regular use of German
Syrup. Free expectoration in the
morning is made certain by German
Syrup, so is a good night's rest and the
absence of that weakened cough and
debilitating night sweat. Restless
nights and the exhaustion due to cough-
ing, the greatest danger and dread of
the consumptive, can be prevented or
topped by taking German Syrup liber-
ally and regularly. Should you be able
to go to a warmer clime, you will find
that of the thousands of consumptives
there, the few who are benefited and
regain strength are those who use
German Syrup. Trial bottles, 25c;
regular size, 75c. For sale by Woods
& Orme, No. 10, —alternate.

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 dis-
agreeable summer disease.

Haynes & Taylor wish us to announce
that when Hyomei is used as a preven-
tive, 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 Hy-
omei 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.

Lost.

Strayed away on or about the 15th
of April, one red steer calf weighing
about 600 pounds at the time and one
heifer calf weighing about 400 or 500
pounds at the time. Have not been
seen or heard from since. Will pay
reward for their return or for infor-
mation as to their whereabouts.

J. W. GIVENS, Marion, Ky.

Estrayed.

On or about the second Tuesday in
April, a red heifer and a red steer, no
marks, strayed from my farm near
Marion. Any information will be
appreciated.

J. W. GIVENS.

Tennessee Central Railroad

Is the Shortest
and most Direct
Line to Nashville,
Knoxville and Bristol, N. C., Rich-
mond, Va., Washington, D. C., New
York and all other Eastern Seaports
and Interior Eastern Cities, including
the Virginias and Carolinas.

A First Class Double Daily Passenger
service with through sleeping cars on
night trains.

The Tennessee Central R. R. is a
new line running through a new and
rich country and offers the best oppor-
tunities in the South for the Home-
seeker, the Farmer and the Stockraiser
and the manufacturer. For further
information address

T. A. ROUSSEAU,
Chief Clerk Traffic Dept.
Nashville, Tenn.

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 mar-
ket. Prompt delivery to all parts of
the city. Special prices in quantities.

J. W. GIVENS.

Sick Headache

When your head aches, there
is a storm in the nervous sys-
tem, centering in the brain.

This irritation produces pain
in the head, and the turbulent
nerve current sent to the stom-
ach causes nausea, vomiting.

This is sick headache, and
is dangerous, as frequent and
prolonged attacks weaken the
brain, resulting in loss of
memory, inflammation, epi-
lepsy, fits, dizziness, etc.

Allay this stormy, irritated,
aching condition by taking
Dr. Miles' Anti-Pain Pills.

They stop the pain by sooth-
ing, strengthening and reliev-
ing the tension upon the nerves
—not by paralyzing them, as
do most headache remedies.

Dr. Miles' Anti-Pain Pills do
not contain opium, morphine,
chloral, cocaine or similar drugs.

"Sick headache is hereditary in my
family. My father suffered a great
deal, and for many years I have had
spells that were so severe that I was
unable to attend to my business affairs
for a day or so at a time. During a
very severe attack of headache, I took
Dr. Miles' Anti-Pain Pills and they
relieved me almost immediately. Since
then I take them when I feel the spell
coming on and it stops it at once."

JOHN J. McERLAIN,
Pres. S. B. Eng. Co., South Bend, Ind.

Dr. Miles' Anti-Pain Pills are sold by
your druggist, who will guarantee that
the first package will benefit. If it
fails he will return your money.
25 doses, 25 cents. Never sold in bulk.

Miles Medical Co., Elkhart, Ind.

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 infor-
mation about rates, etc.

L. O. SCHAEFER, T. P. A.
Cotton Belt Route, Cincinnati.

TENT FOR SALE!

10x20

G. E. Shively, Marion, Ky.

Guess & Husky GENERAL BLACKSMITHS

Horseshoeing
Wood Working
Miners' and Prospectors'
Tools sharpened

Let Us Shoe Your Horse,
We do high-class work in every
line belonging to the Blacksmith
trade. All work dispatched in a
prompt and efficient manner.

GUESS & HUSKY

Low Settlers' Rates

To Points in the West and
Southwest.

Via the Cotton Belt Route!

On first and third Tuesdays of each
month round trip tickets will be sold to
points in Arkansas, Louisiana, Texas
and other Western territory at rate of
one fare plus \$2. Stopovers allowed on
the going trip; 21 days in which to
return.

Cotton Belt Route Trains leave Mem-
phis morning and evening, making
connection with all lines, and carry
sleepers, chair cars and parlor cafe cars.

Write in for literature describing the
country, for maps, time table and
information about rates, etc.

L. O. SCHAEFER, T. P. A.
Cotton Belt Route, Cincinnati, O.

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 & SEEDBERRY.

S. R. ADAMS

IRA T. PIERCE

Adams & Pierce

MACHINISTS

Mining Machinery and Steam Fitting Goods

OF ALL KINDS

Repair work of all kinds given prompt attention. Well
pumps, steam pumps, pump fittings and all kinds of repairs
handled at reasonable prices and satisfaction guaranteed.

MARION, KENTUCKY.

Capital \$15,000

Deposits \$40,000

Surplus and Undivided Profits \$1,200

We Pay Interest on Time Deposits!

HAVE YOU
AN ACCOUNT
WITH US?

IF NOT, WHY NOT? We have passed
through the experimental stage and we are
here to stay. We want your business and
we offer to you every inducement consistent
with sound banking. Call and see us. We
are in a position to especially serve the farmers and earnestly solicit
them to call and give us a trial account.

Farmers and Merchants Bank

TOLU, KENTUCKY.

Cold Storage

I have Fruits of all kinds in Cold Storage
also Butter, Eggs and such Groceries as are
perishable in warm weather.

Bananas, Apples, Lemons, Oranges, Etc.
Fresh and Cool at Sutherland's, and the
price is always the lowest. I want to live,
but I let live.

I Sell Ice that is not cloudy and
dirty, but clean and clear.

John Sutherland

Telephone 200.

EVERY
DAY

From

SEPTEMBER 15 to OCTOBER 31

LOW RATES

TO

Montana, Idaho, Washington,
Oregon and British Columbia

VIA THE

GREAT NORTHERN RY.

"The Comfortable Way"

Excellent opportunities to make a home of your
own or to engage in any line of business.

NOTE THE FOLLOWING LOW RATES:

TO	From St. Paul, Minneapolis and Duluth	From Chicago
Hinsdale, Mont.	\$18.00	\$28.00
Have, Great Falls, Butte, Anaconda, Helena, Kalispell, Whitefish and intermediate points	20.00	30.00
Jennings, Mont., Wenatchee, Wash., Fernie, B. C., Kootenai points, Spokane and inter- mediate points	22.50	30.50
Seattle, Everett and Puget Sound points	25.00	33.00

LIBERAL STOPOVER PRIVILEGES.

CUT THIS OUT AND MAIL TO US.
FREE We will send you absolutely free illustrated descriptive
bulletin of Minnesota, North Dakota, Montana or
Washington. (Name the one you want.) Gives you complete in-
formation about the opportunities and resources of these states.
For further information address Passenger Traffic Department
Great Northern Railway, St. Paul, Minn.

MAX BASS
Gen'l Immigration Agent,
220 S. Clark St., Chicago.

M. J. COSTELLO
Gen'l Industrial Agent,
St. Paul, Minn.

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 Con-
gress of March 3, 1879.

FRIDAY, SEPT. 8, 1905.

REPUBLICAN TICKET.

FOR STATE SENATOR
ROBERT L. MOORE
FOR STATE REPRESENTATIVE
M. B. CLARK
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. SULLENGER
FOR CORONER
CHARLES WALKER
FOR SCHOOL SUPERINTENDENT
JOHN B. PARIS

OUR MOTTO: For the Good
of the Community.

OUR POLICY: Reliable, Con-
servative, Efficient.

You like THE RECORD !!

Your friends would prob-
ably also enjoy its bright,
crisp news articles, inter-
esting serials, valuable ad-
vertising offers and other
features.

Something for every mem-
ber of the family is always
furnished each week.

Your neighbor may be-
come interested by just a
word from you. Your effort
will be appreciated by him
as well as ourselves.

There are a great many
names that ought to be ad-
ded to our subscription list,
and we believe our friends
will assist in getting them
there if we request it.

We do request each of our
subscribers to try and add
one name to our list. The
contribution would be small,
but in the aggregate would
greatly lessen the burden
imposed upon us by the re-
cent fire.

No appeal for help has
ever been made, nor is it
now intended as a direct
request for assistance, but
we want more subscribers
and we want our friends to
help us get them.

The improvements which
we have added, or will add
in the future, will more
than compensate those who
aid us for their effort in our
behalf.

Get your neighbor to adopt
the reading habit by secur-
ing his subscription to THE
RECORD.

A Democrat that would like to see
THE RECORD quit business, is circulating
a report to the effect that it will
not be published any longer. This is a
natural statement for one to make who
would drop dead if he was accused of
telling the truth. THE RECORD will
live longer than this party would like
for it to live.

HOW SAD!

They have nominated a "mule"
ticket for county offices in Livingston
county. It consists of the "has-been
Democrats," "would-be Republicans,"
"know nothings," "get nothings," "sore-
heads," "copperheads" and "empty-
heads." Gentle reader, are you sur-
prised when we tell you that not a
mother's son of them will be elected?
Murray Ledger.

Deputy Warden Jesse Olive, of the
Eddyville penitentiary, has been mak-
ing frequent visits to this city and is
reputed as having said that the Demo-
cratic leaders of this county would see
to it that the party whip would bring
the Livingston county better element
Democracy into line. For a personal
reason Mr. Olive is very much inter-
ested in the Democratic vote that will
be polled this fall in Crittenden and
Livingston counties as well as the vote
of the Fourth senatorial district.

Of course we have cause to construe
this party whip statement literally for
the entire political field, as the editor
of the organ here refused to let us have

THE RECORD press work done on its
machine this week. This to us is prima
facie evidence, leading politicians hav-
ing funds invested in the Press, to say
nothing of the fact that our bill for
last week was eleven dollars and twenty-
five cents, and, by the way, it may
be interesting to our readers to know
that while we have been building a
home for THE RECORD and getting a
place ready to install our own plant,
that we have been compelled to pay
the Press one-half cent per copy for
every paper printed in its office. For
the next three or four weeks, until our
building is ready, we will do our press
work at some near by office on the
railroad, but we will soon be in our
own quarters and ready to show up to
our readers a few pointers in partisan
Democratic politics. In the meantime,
dear readers, let us watch the progress
of the whip in Livingston county.
Already, members of the ring down
there, are going about and saying to
the Independent Democrats of precinct
A, that their neighbors of precinct B
have fallen back in line and surely pre-
cinct A will not be so foolish as to stay
out. Then they go to B and tell B not
to be foolish and stubborn, as A is in line.
That is a scheme, but let us watch
the application of the whip.

Printers Not So Bad.

A printing office, says a writer, is
usually considered a rather tough place
and the newspaper worker a mighty
bad man. Statistics, however, do not
bear out the idea. Of 3,890 in the
Texas penitentiary, there is not a
printer or newspaper man, while there
are ministers, lawyers, music teachers,
doctors, bankers, cooks, photographers,
barbers and members of other profes-
sions and calls. The printer gets a bad
name because the nature of his busi-
ness teaches him to detect shame,
while he is scorned by hypocrites.
Exchange.

After Fair Warning.

Senator Deboe, of Kentucky, tells an
interesting story concerning a school
teacher in his state who was also a
preacher. He loved horses and dogs
and he was the owner of a trotter with
a good record for speed. One Friday
afternoon before dismissing the school
he addressed the school thus:

"Now, boys, I suppose you know that
there will be some horse racing to-
morrow. Now, don't go to the races.
The race track is no place for boys.
But, boys, if you do go to the races
don't do any betting. It is not right
to wager money on horses. But, boys,
if you do go and if you do bet, mind
what I tell you—bet on Deacon Aber-
nathy's mare. This is a straight tip."
And the mare won, too. She was
the old preacher schoolteacher's
thoroughbred under another name.—
Kansas City Star.

Climbing Mountains.

Is a fascinating and invigorating
pastime. It develops not the body
only, but the mind. The Alpine Peaks
of Switzerland have their counterpart
in our own country, in the Sierras, the
Cascades, and part of the Rockies.

The greatest glacial peak of the
United States is Mt. Rainier in Wash-
ington, nearly 14,500 feet. This mag-
nificent mountain has 15 or more giant
glaciers creeping down its sides and
discharging their glacial detritus into
the Columbia river or Puget sound.

A climb to the summit of this peak
is a feat worthy of any mountaineer.
For 25 cents A. M. Cleland, General
Passenger Agent of the Northern Pa-
cific Railway, St. Paul, Minn., will
send to any address an illustrated book-
let called "Climbing Mt. Rainier" de-
scribing a climb over the glaciers to the
top of the mountain.

Kentucky Patents.

Granted this week. Reported by C.
A. Snow & Co., Patent Attorneys, Wash-
ington D. C. Eugene A. Bagby, Win-
chester, Ash bucket. Harry E. Schnei-
der, Newport, Elevator lock and stop.
For copy of any above patents send ten
cents in postage stamps with date of
this paper to C. A. Snow & Co., Patent
Attorneys, Washington D. C.

A New Atlas

of the Northwestern, Western and
Middle Western States with maps of
the island possessions, Japan, China,
United States, and the world, has just
been issued by the Northern Pacific
Railway jointly with the Burlington
Route and the Great Northern Railway.
It treats of boundaries, history, popu-
lation, statistics, school population,
state institutions, families, farms man-
ufactures, railway mileage, postoffices,
minerals, and state governments of
each commonwealth traversed by the
railroads mentioned. A mine of valu-
able information for \$1. A. M. Cleland,
General Passenger Agent, Northern
Pacific Railway, St. Paul Minn.

For Sale.

One nice building lot on north side of
East Depot Street, also five acres of
land east of Marion in the Marion dis-
trict. Good apple and peach orchard
seven years old. A bargain. Call on
or address J. S. BRASWELL, Box 16,
Marion, Ky.

Educational Column

W. HUGH WATSON, Editor.

FELLOW TEACHERS: This
column is open for the dis-
cussion of educational sub-
jects. You, being a factor
in education in Crittenden
county, or any other county,
are most cordially invited
to contribute to its columns.
Every teacher is invited to
send an article, and I assure
you of a hearing. In order
to insure your getting in,
send your article to me at
Carrsville.

The fame-hungry never get filled.

—00—

"Peggin' away" attains heights
slowly but sure.

—00—

Thoroughness kills the glory of
repeatedly "going through" the
book.

—00—

"Fortune's favorites" is not a title
of honor, but that which meritorious
endeavor bestows upon the worthy.

—00—

The disposition of the odds and ends
in the daily routine often makes a
Waterloo or Rubicon in the teacher's
life—about examination time.

—00—

That life too full of labor to take
time to do a noble deed, is an ignoble
failure viewed from whatever stand
point.

—00—

The only way to profit by mistakes is
to learn not to repeat them. The same
mistake twice shows a careless life.

—00—

The rankest weed growing in the
mind's garden is procrastination. 'Tis
a sin under whose ban the best of us
come.

—00—

The big boy and the girl of sweet
sixteen are not the only people who use
bad grammar. There are others and
oftentimes the teacher is among the
"others."

—00—

Be yours the full life, fellow teach-
ers. Full of kind deeds, kind words,
noble thoughts. The "strenuous life"
has a charm but there is some misgiv-
ing about it—it's the place that kills.
The very word, "strenuous," suggests
dash, hurry, in the glare and gaze of
the limelight. A full life is suggestive
of completeness. Remember, too, that
no life is complete without work.
There is not so much danger in over-
work as overworry—there's the test.
Work is a good medicine for the worry
disease. Be yours the full life.

—00—

In this issue Miss Mamie Yates dis-
cusses "Mind Training" in a chaste,
vigorous style. Every teacher should
read it:

MIND TRAINING.

"Lulled in the countless chambers of the brain
Our thoughts are linked by many a hidden chain."

Mind training is the all important
topic in the educational world today.
We, as an enlightened class of people
realize this statement to be true, for
what is more admirable, grander or
more sublime than a highly educated
mind and a pure, spotless soul.

Our Heavenly Father created man in
His own likeness, endowed him with a
mental capacity that is marvelous even
in its conception, and as He, in His
great benevolence has bestowed this
wondrous gift upon us, we should
endeavor in every way possible to edu-
cate, enlighten and train the mind that
it will ever be a shining emblem to glo-
rify God.

The mind of man is that which marks
his divinity, which unites him so close-
ly to the divine Master so that he will
not live solely to enjoy the idleness
and luxuries the terrestrial world may
very profusely lavish upon him but that
he will search after something more
lofty and elevating in its nature and
seek for the everlasting pleasures of a
celestial home.

We can well say that what the sun is
to the solar system, the mind is to the
social system.

This luminous body bedecked in his
dignity imparts heat to the rich mother
earth and with the aid of the lustrous
light which very forcibly beams forth,
it incites both the plant and animal
kingdom to thrive and flourish.

So it is with the mind all lighted and
arrayed in its intellectual glory, for it
is indeed the torch which illumines the
world and without this brilliant illumi-
nation this grand universe which is now
flushed with intellectual glory would be
in utter darkness. It would be a place
of desolation, destruction and strata-
gem. Ah! I would say that it would
be a place of misery and wretchedness
even for the dumb brute.

Think for a moment! Can you con-
ceive how great this member is? It is
the majestic power that rules the Unit-
ed States, our own fair land of milk
and honey. It rules the western contin-
ent; it rules the eastern continent; it
rules the northern hemisphere and it

rules the southern hemisphere.

We might say the balance wheel of
the world is composed of five great
parts—thought, reason, intellect, judg-
ment and will.

Do we not sometimes like to be alone
during the peaceful quietude of the
silent midnight hours with nothing to
disturb us save the gentle moaning of
the wind and then let our thoughts be
deeply concentrated on some important
subject? The deep thought then ap-
plied, will be the means to some great
end.

Take for example our only poem,
"The Raven," by Poe, written by our
only poet, so the English people say.
What is more beautiful?

Also, we see the power of thought
very effectively presented in Bryant's
"Thanatopsis." How beautiful the
golden link is described that connects
us with our eternal resting place. It
treats of death and brings man and his
Creator near together. His one last
thought is worth more than half the
other poets of the world have written.

In the ancient age Rome was mis-
tress of the world and all other nations
would readily bow in respect and re-
verence, thus recognizing her great
superiority. Was not this mostly due
to the grand and glorious old Caesar
who said: "I came, I saw, I con-
quered?" Do not these words portray
his skilled intelligence and strong force
of character? And though ages roll
away, this matchless influence will
last.

We might consider some of the great
improvements of the country which
have been constructed by man. The
intellectual light had to reflect quite a
while sometimes before the difficult
problem could be fully analyzed.

It might enter the mind as a compre-
hensive obscure thing, but by concen-
trated effort, earnest and reflective
thought, it will come out broken into
its component parts—all mysteries
solved. How great this mind! How
beautiful a well trained mind!

Take for instance the wonderful im-
provement in the way of the vast
amount of railroads which connect the
shores of the placid Pacific with the
coast of the turbid Atlantic and the dis-
tant North with the beautiful Sunny
South. These lines are interwoven all
through our country thus aiding us
greatly.

There are many other improvements
of equal importance of which I might
speak, but this will suffice to show us
the immensity, the nobleness, the pow-
er of this member called "mind."

Teachers, do we as individuals real-
ize the great responsibility devolving
on us when we assume the position of
training minds?

We should first be well prepared our-
selves, not only in possessing knowl-
edge but imparting it to others, for "it
were better for us that a mill-stone be
hung about our necks," than that we
should send a blight upon the trusting
mind of childhood.

Surely no teacher will have the
effrontery to enter the school room,
the cradle of our republic's future, the
pride of the parent's life, the home of
God's tender young plants, without
asking himself the questions: "Am I in
the proper spirit? Are my motives
good, pure and uplifting? Am I a wor-
thy agent in God's hands to instruct
these hungering minds?"

Let us not try to improve on the
method of the great teacher who said:
"Not by might nor by power, but by
my spirit." Truly, neither might nor
power will bring a teacher a true real-
ization of the fact that it is a "delight-
ful task to rear the tender thought."

But give us the spirit that reveals to
the child in that divine way that we
are his friends, that we are interested
in him both here and hereafter, that
we are doing all in our power to pro-
mote his happiness, to help him secure
the richest blessings here and be fully
prepared for the life to come.

This true teaching spirit give us,
which hides the cares of life behind a
smiling face and genial disposition.
How such a spirit warms the yielding
child into plastic material that may be
wrought into a being worthy of the
name. Not by might, for surely 'twas
a result of physical torture that
prompted the statement, "I pray Thee
that this cup may pass from me" but
"by my spirit" which enabled Him to
say "Father, forgive them, for they
know not what they do."

Such a spirit like the soul must be
born and developed and let us hope that
if we have little of the spirit which
would raise mortals to the skies, that
we have, as yet, none of that which
would drag angels down.

And as we assume the school duties
this year, let us remember that we are
passing this way but once and it
requires our most earnest effort and
thought to display our best work.
Remember, too, that each day we are
setting the crown of life with priceless
jewels or worthless stones, to promote
happiness or cause sorrow, realizing
that intelligence is skill-character, is
power, and as a man thinketh, so
is he.

May we take the little ones by the
hand and lead them into the straight
and narrow way of wisdom, virtue,
usefulness and happiness. But, above
all, may we as teachers, follow in the
footsteps of the Great Teacher and try
to attain the highest excellence in all
things hoping to receive the best of all
rewards, an approving conscience and

an approving God, which is greater
than all earthly compensation.

Brudder Gardner on Marriage.

"I should like to spoke a few words
to Brudder Siddy or Skinner," observed
the president, as the dust began to set-
tle in Paradise hall.

Brudder Skinner, who is a young
man of twenty-three, with a mild eye
and a lilac necktie, advanced to the
front and the president continued:

"Brudder Skinner, de news has just
reached my ears dat you am about to
git married. I trus' dat de repote am
true, because I believe it am de dooty of
every young man who kin suppo'te a
wife to take one."

"It am true, sah."

"Den let me compliment you wid one
han' an' spoke a few remarks to you
wid de odder. Gittin' mar'd has its
werry serious side. Fur instance, am
de gal gwine to marry you becase she
loves you or to spite her folks becase
dey kept her away from de skati'n
rink? Am you gwine to marry de gal
fur love or becase her fadder hab some
wealth which you think he'll shell out
for yur benefit? Love am a pow'ful
emoshun, Brudder Skinner, but love
widout pork an' taters to keep it goin'
am like de froth on top of soda water.
Don't mistake yo' emoshun. If you
am sartin dat you love, go ahead. If
it am 'lollypop', hire out as a deck-
hand on a steamboat for a week an' it
will go away. I have node cupples ez
seemed to be dyin' of love. Der silly
ackshuns made 'em de laffin stock of a
hull nayburhud. Dey seemed to dote
an' dote, but it didn't last. After a
couple of y'ars de husban' war home
grumbler an' tyrant an, de wife a
'gadabout' an' a scold. What dey
s'posed was love, was only 'lollypop'.
Don't marry a gal hopin' dat her fadder
will sot you up in de barber bizness.
Most fadder-in-laws not only wants all
dey has got, but am willin' to struggle
for a little mo'. Doan' sot down an'
figger that fo' taters, a loaf of bread,
half a pound meat, an' a quart of ap-
ple sass am goin' to run you fur a
week. You will want all de salary you
can earn, an' you had better look
aroun' an' find somebody who will lend
you a dollar, now and then. Don't
flatter yourself dat all you hab to do
am to hug in de house an' kiss ober de
gate. You'll be hungry fur co'n beef
an' baked beans; your clothes will wear
out; you flour and butter will waste
away, an' a bill fur two months rent
will send a chill up yer back. De man
or de 'oman who 'spects dat orange
blossoms will grow on one side an' ten-
dollar bills on de odder, am gwine to
wake up some day an' fin' de rats
leavin' de place in disgust. Think of
these things Brudder Skinner. You
kin git a wife in about five minutes,
but it takes five years to git shed of
one of 'em. Expe' about one day's
sun fur a week of cloudy weather.
Reckon on house-rent comin' due de
first of every month; an' de grocer an'
butcher keepin' an' 'out' fur you each
Saturday night. It will amaze you
de woodpile decedes, an' how de flour
gits outen de bar'l so soon. Don' walk
into matrimony like a lobster into
box, but figger on whether de bait am
wurth de risks. If you conclude to
marry you kin depen' on dis club
'tendin' de obsequies in a body, bingin'
along a bounteous supply of ham sand-
wiches.

Commissioner's Sale.

CRITTENDEN CIRCUIT COURT.

J. W. Lamb, admr. of
Sarah E. Miller, pl'ff.,
against
Wm. Grant Miller, deft. Equity.

By virtue of a judgment and order of
sale of the Crittenden Circuit Court,
rendered at the June term thereof, 1905,
in the above cause, I shall proceed to
offer for sale at the court house door
in Marion to the highest bidder, at pub-
lic auction on Monday, the 14th of
September, 1905, upon a credit of six
months, the following described prop-
erty, to wit:

A certain tract of land lying and
being in the county of Crittenden and
state of Kentucky and in part of what
is known as the Andy Love farm.
Beginning at the southeast corner of
the Love graveyard near the Marion
road, running thence with east line of
the grave yard and line of W. E.
Thomas, in a northerly course to Thom-
as' corner, thence in an easterly course
with Thomas line and a line of T. E.
Griffith to Griffith's corner, thence with
another of said Griffith's lines to a
store and stump in the Marion and
Tolu road, thence in a westerly course
to the beginning, supposed to contain
12 acres. It being the same land con-
veyed to Miss Sarah Miller by J. H.
Davis and wife on the 5th day of Janu-
ary, 1903, or sufficient thereof to pro-
duce the sums of money so ordered to
be made. For the purchase price the
purchasers, with approved security or
securities, must execute bond bearing
legal interest from the day of sale
until paid, and having the force and
effect of judgment. Bidders will be
expected to comply promptly with
these terms.

J. G. ROCHESTER, Com.

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.

HYOMEI WAS USED

WITH PERFECT SUCCESS

As a Remedy For Hay Fever

Trying Other Treatments.

Before the discovery of Hyomei
only advice a physician could give
hay fever patients was to go away
from home, but now anyone who
is subject to this disease can, if Hyomei
is used, stay at home without fear of
the annual attack of sneezing, wat-
ery eyes and other discomforts.

J. F. Forbes, a well known Western
railroad man, whose home is at
Cook, Nebraska, writes: "I have never
had any relief from any remedy but
hay fever, even temporarily, until I
discovered the merits of Hyomei. I
always recommend it when occasion
requires."

There is no offensive or dangerous
stomach dosing when Hyomei is used.
This reliable remedy for the cure of all
diseases of the respiratory organs is
breathed through a neat pocket inhaler
that comes with every outfit, so that
the air taken into the throat and lungs
is like that of the White Mountains or
other health resorts, where hay fever
is unknown.

The fact that Haynes & Taylor agree
to refund the money to any hay fever
sufferer who uses Hyomei without suc-
cess, should inspire confidence in its
power to effect a cure. A complete
outfit costs only \$1.00 and extra bottles
but 50 cents.

Extremely Low Rates

announced via

Southern Railway.

Extremely low rates are announced
via the Southern Railway from Louis-
ville for the following special occasions:
\$29.25 Denver, Colorado Springs and
Pueblo, Col., and return, August 11, 12
and 13, account Fraternal Order of
Eagles.

\$21.00 Denver, Colorado Springs and
Pueblo, Col., and return, August 29
September 2 inclusive, account National
Encampment Grand Army of the Re-
public.

\$6.65 Chattanooga, Tenn., and return
Sept. 16, 17 and 18, account Regiments
Reunion, Anniversary Battle of Chick-
amauga.

\$61.50 Portland, Ore., and return
daily up to and including Sept. 30, ac-
count Lewis and Clark Centennial
Exposition.

\$72.50 Portland, Ore., and return per-
ing or returning via San Francisco or
Los Angeles, frequent dates during
June, July, August and September,
account Lewis and Clark Centennial
Exposition.

\$69.50 San Francisco or Los Angeles,
Cal., and return Aug. 6 to 14 inclusive.

\$72.50 San Francisco, Los Angeles or
San Diego, Cal., and return, frequent
dates during June, July, August and
September.

Cheap homeseekers tickets (round
trip) to Mannas, Nebraska, Indian Ter-
ritory, Oklahoma, Texas, North Caro-
lina, South Carolina, Georgia, Florida
and many other points, July 4th and
10th, August 1 and 15, September 1
and 19. Correspondingly low rates
from other southern railway stations.
For additional information, folders,
schedules, etc., address
A. R. COOK, C. P. & T. A., 254 Fourth
Ave., Louisville.

C. H. HUNGERFORD, 254 Fourth Ave.,
Louisville, Ky.

G. F. ALLEN, A. G. P. A., St.
Louis, Mo.

W. H. TAYLOR, G. P. A., Washing-
ton, D. C.

DIRECT to the LEWIS & CLARK EXPOSITION

VIA THE

UNION PACIFIC

200 miles along the beautiful
Columbia river, and a
chance to visit

YELLOWSTONE PARK

En Route.

Tickets good to

RETURN THROUGH CALIFORNIA.

Inquire

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

Estrayed.

On or about the second Tuesday in
April, a red heifer and a red steer, n
marks, strayed from my farm near
Marion. Any information will be
appreciated.
J. W. GIVENS.

—THINK ABOUT THIS!—

The time is almost here when you will need Shoes and Clothing for the Fall and Winter. We are in a position to supply your wants with the Best Line of Clothing for Men and Boys that is handled in the county, and you who have dealt with us know that our prices are lower, quality considered, than you find elsewhere.

Our line of shoes is unsurpassed. The W. L. DOUGLAS SHOES for men and boys, and the DUTTENHOFFER SHOES for women are known the world over for their durability, excellent styles and easy wear.

"Lion Brand" Shirts and Collars. They Look Well, Fit Well, Wear Well.

NO TROUBLE
to
SHOW GOODS

and A Pleasure to Please.

Taylor & Cannan

LITTLE RECORDS.

Richard J. Morris, Dentist.

The Brownies—

Watermelons on ice at Sutherland's.

School books and school supplies.

WOODS & ORME.

Try the Wheatcroft coal—

SOUTHERLAND.

L. H. James went to Evansville Tuesday.

Rev. W. T. Oakley went to Blackford Tuesday.

The best bargain in buggies at Hina-Babb Company's.

W. P. Perry, of Blackford, was in town Wednesday.

We keep watermelons in cold storage all the time.

SOUTHERLAND.

Zed A. Bennett, of Smithland, was in town Saturday.

A \$50 dollar buggy for \$45 at Hina-Babb Company's.

Thos. W. Champion was in Blackford Monday on legal business.

Mr. and Mrs. J. M. McChesney visited in Salem this week.

R. J. Morris, dentist. Temporary office, Carnahan building.

Call on Woods & Orme for school books and school supplies.

Dr. R. L. Moore and Carl Henderson went to Dixon Tuesday.

The Louisville Herald, weekly and THE RECORD, one year, \$1.25.

Miss Franky Shepherd, of Tolu, is the guest of Miss Neal Cossitt this week.

Mrs. M. E. Fohs left Tuesday for Evansville where she will visit for a few days.

Have your stationery, bills and circulars printed at the RECORD office.

Barber shop! At back end of hall in Pierce building on Salem street.

METZ & SEDBERRY.

J. B. Champion and wife were in Tolu Sunday and attended camp meeting at Hurricane.

Ed Paris, who has a position with Lowenthal & Co., Evansville, visited relatives here Sunday.

Second Saturday in each month is horse swapping day in Tolu. Good grounds. Everyone invited to come.

The Murphy melons on ice in cold storage at any time.

JNO. SUTHERLAND.

The Baownies are coming to Marion in a drove and they are going to call on many of our local merchants.

House in East Marion for rent. Call on or write to

J. B. PARIS, Marion, Ky.

Mr. and Mrs. G. B. Crawford, of Tolu, were guests of their daughter, Mrs. J. B. Champion, the first of the week.

If we please you, tell others. If we fail to please you, tell us.

METZ & SEDBERRY.

Mrs. Judge Towery, of near Piney, was the guest of her daughter, Mrs. Thos. Champion, the first of the week.

Second Saturday in each month is horse swapping day in Tolu. Good grounds. Everyone is invited to attend.

Misses Ester and Katie Barnett the popular daughters of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Barnett of Tolu left Wednesday for Evansville where they will attend school.

Our readers shall have a full account of the experience of the Brownie band while in the city. There is no mistake but that you will find pleasure in read-

ing the history of the Brownie visit to Marion. They are coming soon.

Richard J. Morris, Dentist.

Call on Woods & Orme for school books and school supplies.

Miss Effie Chittenden, of Hampton, Livingston county, was in this city Monday.

Calling cards, invitations and announcements printed on short notice at THE RECORD office.

Get a smooth fresh shave and hair cut at our shop and feel cool.

METZ & SEDBERRY.

Mrs. Jack Gibson, who has been confined to her room for several days, is able to be out again.

Have your calling cards printed at the RECORD office. Newest and latest styles of type faces.

Hina-Babb Company's is the place to buy your buggies and surries cheap. A good surry for \$52.50.

Rev. T. A. Conway is still engaged in the meeting at the Crooked Creek church. He is having large crowds and reports great success.

McConnell & Stone have gone to Louisville and Cincinnati to purchase their fall and winter goods.

Miss Pauline Fohs returned Wednesday from Evansville where she has been visiting for the last few days.

We have a full supply of school supplies at our drug store.

WOODS & ORME.

Don't fail to give your order to Jno. Sutherland for the celebrated Wheatcroft coal, the best on the market.

Second Saturday in each month is horse swapping day in Tolu. Good grounds. Everyone invited to come.

Try a gallon of my home grown sorghum. My word for it, you will not regret it.

J. FRANK CONGER.

Ab Turley and wife and little daughter, Lena, left Tuesday for Kansas where they will make it their future home.

I handle the celebrated Wheatcroft coal, the best on the market.

JOHN SUTHERLAND.

Second Saturday in each month is horse swapping day at Tolu. Good grounds. Everyone is invited to come.

Miss Clara Crawford of Tolu left Monday for Hopkinsville where she will enter Bethel Female College for the winter.

Herbert H. Chittenden, of Lockyears, Evansville, was in the city the first of the week.

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.

Dr. J. Anthony Davidson returned Monday to his office after a week's stay with his nephew, Thurman Davidson, who was ill with fever.

Mrs. W. D. Pollard and daughter, Miss Hazel, returned from Elkton Saturday where they visited relatives. Miss Lucile remained in Elkton.

Denman & Love will be in the millinery business again this year in the old stand on Salem street. Their trimmer, Miss McNeely, has returned from St. Louis where she studied the fall fashions.

Saturday Lon T. Johnson, who for the last few years has been the I. C. depot agent at this place, removed to Morganfield where he has a position with the same road, that came to him as a much deserved promotion. No one who has lived in our city has more friends than Mr. Johnson. The agent's position at Marion is a very trying one and the amount of work to be done is double that usually handled

by agents at similar points. Mr. Johnson handled the work in a never tiring and affable manner and won for himself the esteem and confidence of the business public in general.

Educational Association.

The Crittenden county teachers will meet at Baker school house, September 30, 1905. Every teacher in the county is expected to be there. And those in the section of the county where the association is to be, are urged to use every available means to make this the best association in the history of the county. The meeting will be opened at 10:30 o'clock with music and devotional exercises, after which the election of the officers will follow. The following program will be interspersed with music and recitations:

PROGRAM.

The object of the association—Supt. J. B. Paris.

How to make a progressive school: The teacher's part—Hon. M. F. Pogue and Miss Mabel Minner.

The school board's part—C. R. Newcom and E. L. Nunn.

The community's part—Lynn Phillips and Mrs. Wm. Drury.

The pupils part—Ida Duvall and A. A. Fritts.

Some faults to be shunned by the teacher—Miss Nannie Campbell and Irbie Terry.

Music in the public schools—E. J. Travis.

Reading maketh a full school—Miss Kitty Moore.

Seeing things in autumn—Mrs. Joe Walker.

Natural advantages of the country pupil over the city pupil—Guy Griffith and Miss Edna Roberts.

Educate your boy to be a good farmer—Prof. V. G. Kee.

Teacher, save this program and take it with you.

The following persons are requested to act as the committeemen on entertainment: Mrs. H. L. Sullivan, Mrs. Eva Hughes, Miss Edith Davis and C. E. Thomas and E. L. Nunn.

All friends of education are earnestly requested to attend this meeting. Please remember that the time set to meet is the time and so try to be there at the first of the meeting.

Every one will have plenty of time to get there by 10:30.

M. F. POGUE,
R. M. ALLEN,
MARGARET MOORE,
Committee.

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 us 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 sole by Haynes & Taylor under a guarantee to refund the money if it does not give satisfaction.

SEVENTEEN DOLLARS

AND A BILL BOOK

Lost and Finder May Have all but One Dollar.

On Sunday, August 20, there was lost in the smoking car of the I. C. road, somewhere between Hodgenville and Dekoven, an alligator-skin, small, folding bill book. There were twelve or fifteen dollars currency and two silver dollars therein. The finder can have the purse and all the money if they return one of the silver dollars which was a trade dollar of 1870 and was a locket which opened secretly and had a woman's picture therein. If the finder will return this to Conductors W. T. Colmesnil or J. W. Chance, of the I. C. road, no questions will be asked and a reward will be paid for same. Yours very truly,

W. H. NETHERLAND, vice president 3rd National Bank,

Louisville, Ky.

Deeds Recorded.

J. B. Hubbard and wife to Thomas H. Cochran, one-half interest in land known as old Shaw homestead, \$750.

Mary M. Terry to Mrs. D. T. Brantley, 105 acres on Crooked Creek in Crittenden county \$500.

J. H. Davis and wife to Sarah E. Miller, 12 acres being a part of the Andy Love farm, in Crittenden county, \$150.

W. A. Blackburn and wife to C. E. Weldon one lot in Blackburn-Weldon addition to Marion, \$275.

J. H. Orme and wife to H. A. Cameron, a small piece of ground adjoining the east end of Mrs. H. A. Cameron's lot, \$30.

V. C. Crayne and wife to R. S. Maxwell and Mrs. Emma D. Woolridge, 123 acres on Piney Creek, in Crittenden county, \$350.

Jas. W. Conger and wife to R. S. Maxwell and Emma Woolridge, 33 acres in Crittenden county, \$300.

S. M. Weldon to C. E. Weldon, 4 int. in 3004 acres on Hurricane Creek in Crittenden county, \$1500.

C. E. Weldon and wife to S. M. Weldon, one lot in the Blackburn-Weldon addition, \$375.

E. A. Critz and wife to C. L. Burks, of Dycusburg, 130 acres near Sulphur Springs, \$25.

Kit Shepherd and wife to Calvin D. Shepherd 59 acres on Hurricane.

A. M. Turley and wife to J. L. James, 112 acres, \$700.

R. E. Flanary and wife and T. H. Cochran and wife to Jas. T. Hicklin, lot in Marion, \$700.

W. C. Crayne and wife to J. F. and S. H. Paris, 104 acres \$384.66.

J. H. Mayes and wife to J. L. Latham, exchange of land.

T. J. and J. L. Clifton, executors of J. H. Clifton, to J. P. Brissay, 1004 on Clay Lick creek, \$1300.

S. H. Cassidy & Co. to Mrs. N. J. Brown, 150 acres on Clay Lick creek, \$1200.

J. L. Rankin's 4 interest in roller mill, in Tolu.

Mrs. B. P. Tucker to Mrs. Maud Belt, one lot in Marion.

James & James are now occupying their new offices on Bank street.

TENT FOR SALE!

10x20

G. E. Shively, Marion, Ky.

The Old Hickory Distillery

Now in Operation.

Making the pure old fashioned sour mash whisky. When you want first class, pure whisky, at a cheap price, call at the distillery quart house and get your jugs and bottles filled with OLD HICKORY.

Quart, 50
Half Gallon, 1.00
Gallon, 2.00

As pure and clear as the morning dew drop

Fred Hippel, Jr., Owner. T. H. Lowery, Manager

When Looking for Something in the General Merchandise Line Call on

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.

Fairbank's Scales

THE MINERS STANDARD!

Gas and Gasoline Engines

Portable, Stationary, Marine. Hoisting Engines, Air Compressors, Combined Engines and Pumps, Water and Electric Lighting Plants, Steam Pumps and Boilers.

Fairbanks, Morse & Co.

LOUISVILLE, KY.

R. F. DORR, ...

Funeral Director and Licensed Embalmer.

Carries a Complete Line of Coffins, Caskets, Cases, Robes, Shrouds, Etc.

Furniture Repairing and Upholstering Neatly and Promptly Executed. All Kinds of Room Moulding and Picture Frames.

Good Goods. :: Prices Right.

Marion, Kentucky.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

LESSON XI, THIRD QUARTER, INTERNATIONAL SERIES, SEPT. 10.

Text of the Lesson, Ezek. xlviii, 1-12. Memory Verses, 3-5—Golden Text, Rev. xxi, 17—Commentary Prepared by Rev. D. M. Stearns.

[Copyright, 1905, by American Press Association.]

We have in this lesson the record of a river of living water issuing forth from the temple of Jerusalem and flowing eastward to the Dead sea, bringing life and health everywhere. On either side of the river are seen trees of unfading foliage, fruit bearing, the fruit being for meat and the leaf for medicine, or, as in the margin, for bruises and sores. Referring to the same time to which Ezekiel refers, the Spirit says in Joel iii, 17, 18, "So shall ye know that I am the Lord your God, dwelling in Zion, my holy mountain, * * * and a fountain shall come forth of the house of the Lord and shall water the valley of Shittim." Again in Zech. xiv, 8, He says: "And it shall be in that day that living waters shall go out from Jerusalem, half of them toward the eastern sea and half of them toward the hinder sea. In summer and in winter shall it be." In verse 9 of our lesson we read of "rivers" and in the margin "two rivers," doubtless the same as those of Zechariah.

Our lesson is in a portion of Scripture which tells of the future glory of Jerusalem, with its literal temple restored, the name of the city from that day being Jehovah-shammah (the Lord is there). The context in Zechariah tells of a change in the configuration of the earth in and about Jerusalem, and there is no reason why we should not expect a literal fulfillment of every prophecy concerning the land and the people, but every reason why we should expect it, for the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it.

Now, while the principle "literal, if possible," stands for all Scripture, we must remember that as in the story of Abraham and Ishmael and Isaac these things had also another meaning, so here we must seek the lesson for our hearts which will work out in us more of the life of Christ, for to that end all our study of the Scripture must tend. God, who commanded the light to shine out of darkness in a literal event, not only hath shone in our hearts (if we have truly received Christ), but will increasingly shine there as we meekly receive His word in our hearts (II Cor. iv, 6; Ps. cxix, 130). A literal rock in the wilderness gave forth literal water with which literal men and women quenched their literal thirst (Ex. xvii, 6), but the other meaning is seen in I Cor. x, 4, where we read, "That rock was Christ."

In Jer. li, 13, the Lord speaks of Himself as the fountain of living waters and complains that His people had forsaken Him for water from their own broken cisterns. In John iv, 13, 14, the same Lord told the woman of Samaria of water that did not satisfy, and also of water that would satisfy and become in the believer a well of water springing up unto everlasting life. The line of truth suggested by "water" in the first seven chapters of John's gospel is most refreshing and inspiring, but the complete story takes us back to Gen. i, 6-8, and on to Rev. xxi, and the cry is ever sounding forth: "Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters;" "Whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely;" "If any man thirst let him come unto me and drink" (Isa. lv, 1; Rev. xxi, 17; John vi, 37).

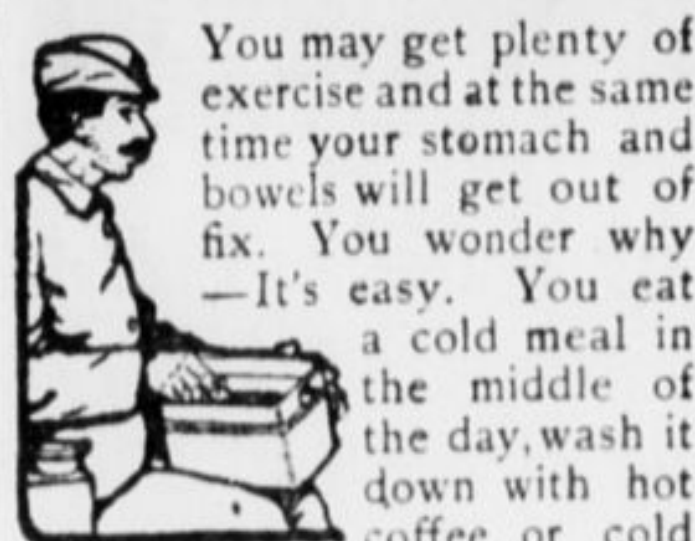
The four times measured river of our lesson may suggest to some the river that went out of Eden and was parted into four, or the fourfold story in the gospels of Him who is the fountain of living waters. But it certainly suggests the ever increasing revelation of God in His wonderful word and the breadth and length and depth and height of His love, which a little child can grasp in some measure, but which is also too deep for even the most spiritual to understand.

Our range of vision must take in not only the present blessings of the gospel while the church is being gathered out, but the greater blessing to all nations when "Israel shall blossom and bud and fill the face of the earth with fruit;" when "the earth shall be full of the knowledge of the Lord, as the waters cover the sea;" when "the nations of them which are saved shall walk in the light of the new Jerusalem and they shall bring the glory and honor of the nations into it" (Isa. xlviii, 6; xl, 9; Rev. xxi, 24, 26).

Who shall see and share all this? Whosoever chooses now to take the water of life freely. But how can they take it who have never heard of it? There is our responsibility as stewards of the grace of God. Let him that heareth say come! What are you doing about it? If we really know what it is to drink of the pure river of the water of life, clear as crystal, proceeding out of the throne of God and of the Lamb (Rev. xxi, 1) we cannot but want to have others drink also. And if we do not most earnestly desire that others may know and drink it is a question whether we ourselves have tasted.

There are many worshippers who do not worship in spirit and in truth because they have only a form of godliness without the power thereof (II Tim. iii, 5; Isa. xxix, 13; xxxiii, 31, 32). Some of them make much of turning to the east when they worship, possibly not knowing that facing the east meant turning the back to the temple. See verse 1 of our lesson and Ezek. viii, 16. In the first verse of the lesson there are two very suggestive phrases—"the door of the house" and "the altar"—each of which points to Him who is the only sacrifice for sin and the only entrance into the presence of God.

Cold Grub



You may get plenty of exercise and at the same time your stomach and bowels will get out of fix. You wonder why—It's easy. You eat a cold meal in the middle of the day, wash it down with hot coffee or cold beer, finishing off with a lot of indigestible pastry and go back to work. If you will take a dose of

Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin

every night, it will unload your stomach and bowels and you will soon be able to eat anything without suffering.

W. E. Oswalt of Ottumwa, Ia., writes under date of April 1, 1901: "I will take this means to inform you of the benefits I have received from using your Syrup Pepsin. I have been troubled for three years with my stomach. In fact could hardly keep down anything I could eat, and had spent between \$100 and \$200 with doctors, without getting relief. One day I saw Syrup Pepsin advertised and as I had tried everything else, I gave Syrup Pepsin a trial, and after the first dose, I could eat without nauseous feeling. I have recommended Syrup Pepsin to a number of persons who used it with entire satisfaction. I will add that a friend stated he would have been willing six months ago to part with a 400 acre farm for the relief he has obtained."

Your Money Back If It Don't Benefit You
PEPSIN SYRUP CO., Monticello, Ill.

Sold by Woods & Orme and Taylor & Haynes.

Notice to Sunday Schools.

Will the district presidents of the various Sunday school districts please arrange to hold their conventions as soon as possible—by the first of October anyhow. Please let me hear from you at your earliest opportunity. Who will be the first to report? Yours for the cause,
R. M. FRANKS
County President.

Public Is Aroused.

The public is aroused to a knowledge of the curative merits of that great medicinal tonic, Electric Bitters, for sick stomach, liver and kidneys. Mary H. Walters, of 546 St. Clair Ave., Columbia, O., writes: "For several months I was given up to die. I had fever and ague, my nerves were wrecked; I could not sleep and my stomach was so weak from useless doctors' drugs that I could not eat. Soon after beginning to take Electric Bitters, I obtained relief and in a short time I was entirely cured." Guaranteed a Haynes & Taylor's drug store; price 50c.

Horses for Sale.

Sorrel mare, twelve years old, gentle and splendid family horse, safe for woman and children to handle. Also a bay horse, sixteen hands high, eleven years old, no blemish and a good buggy horse. Will work anywhere. One or both can be bought cheap for cash. For further information call on or address
W. B. ENOCH, Marion, Ky.

A Touching Story

is the saving from death of the baby girl of Geo. A. Eyer, Cumberland, Md. He writes: "At the age of 11 months our little girl was in declining health with serious Throat Trouble and two physicians gave her up. We were almost in despair when we resolved to try Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs and Colds. The first bottle gave relief; after taking four bottles she was cured and is now in perfect health." Never fails to relieve and cure a cough or cold. At Haynes & Taylor's drug store; 50c and \$1.00 guaranteed. Trial bottle free.

PATENTS

PROSECUTED AND DEFENDED. Send model, drawing or picture, and we will tell you if it is new, and if so, we will secure for you a patent in all countries. Business direct with Washington saves time, money and often the patent.

Patent and Infringement Practice Exclusively. Write or come to us at
555 Ninth Street, opp. United States Patent Office, WASHINGTON, D. C.

GA-SNOW & CO.

KILL THE COUGH AND CURE THE LUNGS

WITH Dr. King's New Discovery FOR CONSUMPTION COUGHS AND COLDS. Price 50c & \$1.00 Free Trial.

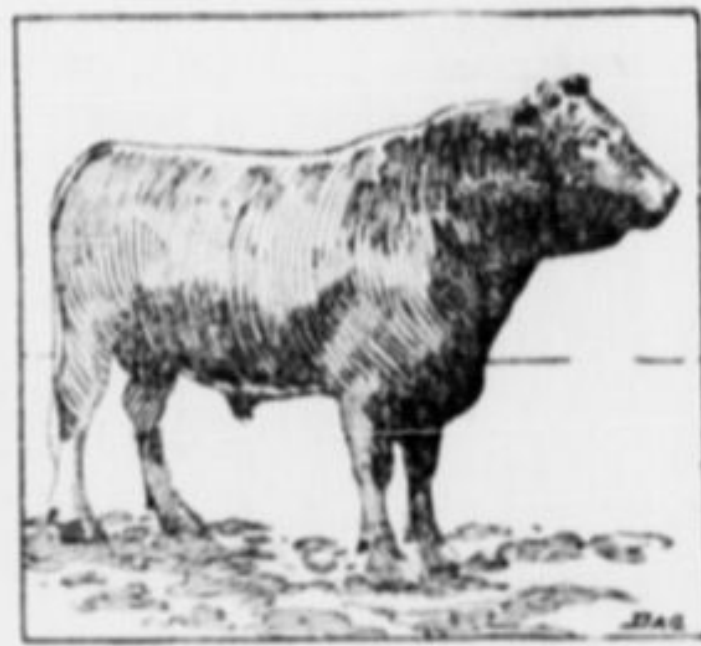
Swiftest and Quickest Cure for all THROAT AND LUNG TROUBLES, or MONEY BACK.

History of the Polled Durham

The Polled Durham breed of cattle represents one of the achievements of American breeders and quite a notable one, says Farm and Live Stock Journal.

As to the history of the breed, the Polled Durham is really a Shorthorn without horns. The Improved Shorthorn was bred from the old Durham cattle, famous in England several hundred years ago, and at one time embraced two families, Longhorns and Shorthorns. The latter became the most popular, and the Longhorns gradually dropped out of sight. The Shorthorn's popularity resulted in its importation to this country nearly a hundred years ago. From the Shorthorn comes the Polled, or hornless, Durham. The family originated from a hornless southern heifer and a mulley cow of unknown breeding. These animals were bred to Shorthorn bulls, and where the progeny were hornless they were kept for breeding purposes. At first only a small percentage were hornless, and interbreeding of these gradually increased the percentage until all the pure bloods are polled.

In this interbreeding of animals selected because they were polled there was naturally a loss of some valuable points as compared with the best



POLLED DURHAM BULL.

Shorthorns, something that always happens where a special characteristic is bred for. Once the hornless character of the breed was fully established, however, breeders of Polled Durhams began to improve them by selection and in this way brought them back to the standard of the family from which they were bred. It will be seen that the bull in the illustration is an animal of good proportions, and we found that he had excellent landing qualities and large size. His weight was about 2,300 pounds. He was first in his class at the last international live stock show. The breeders of Polled Durhams regard them as good types of dual purpose cattle, good beef makers as well as dairy animals.

Sheep Enrich Orchards.

The greatest value of sheep in an orchard is found probably in their being used as a means of fertilizing orchards that are bearing. If put in the same somewhat early in the spring and fed a suitable supplementary food with the grass which the orchard may furnish it will be found that the sheep will thus convey fertility to the land, and they will do so in a marked degree if fed on right kinds of food. Such food may consist very largely of wheat bran, which is in itself a valuable fertilizer. It may be wise, to encourage the sheep to eat it freely, to add a little grain in the form of oats. A little oil cake will also improve the food. The droppings thus left in the orchard will tend very much to its enrichment. The outcome will be that where this system is persevered in during considerable portions of the season the orchard will thus be provided with a liberal application of fertility. This statement of course is based on the supposition that there is some proper relation between the number of sheep grazed and the area of the orchard.—American Cultivator.

Points on Grooming.

The process of grooming requires great practice and experience in order to remove all the deep seated dirt and loose scales. Cleaning the legs is also an important point in grooming. In dry weather simple brushing out is sufficient, followed by hand rubbing. In wet or wintry weather, when there is mud, washing of the legs is generally resorted to. This practice, as it is commonly performed, should be condemned. It is not so much the actual washing that should be objected to as the fact that the legs are almost invariably left damp. This is a prolific source of inflammation, sometimes running on to destruction of a portion of the skin, as in cutaneous quittor, erythema, etc. The mud commonly gets the blame, but experience shows it is not the mud, but the washing, aggravated by bad weather, which produces these evils. If the legs must be washed, they should be rubbed until they are not only thoroughly dry, but warm. After this they should be bandaged.

Goats Succeeding Sheep.

According to the New York Mail the goat is succeeding the sheep in the eastern states. On this question it says: "Sheep are now merely ornamental in the eastern states, and scarcely that, as they are ordinarily treated. The ubiquitous dog has made the sheep impossible in well settled districts in this country. Even Vermont, once the home of choice sheep, shows it is not the mud, but the washing, aggravated by bad weather, which produces these evils. If the legs must be washed, they should be rubbed until they are not only thoroughly dry, but warm. After this they should be bandaged."

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

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

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" " " " and " 6.80
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" " Herald, daily except Sunday 2.50
" " " " and " 4.00
Courier Journal daily except Sunday 6.40
" " " " and " 8.20
Inter Ocean daily except Sunday 4.20
" " " " and " 6.00
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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
Breeder's Gazette \$2.00
Practical Farmer 1.75
McCall's Magazine 1.30
Tom Watson's Magazine 1.70
Johnston Mining Magazine 2.70

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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

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Millionaire's Poor Stomach.

The worn-out stomach of the over-fed millionaire is often paraded in the public prints as a horrible example of the evils attendant on the possession of great wealth. But millionaires are not the only ones who are afflicted with bad stomachs. The proportion is far greater among the toilers. Dyspepsia and indigestion are rampant among these people, and they suffer far worse tortures than the millionaire unless they avail themselves of a standard medicine like Green's August Flower, which has been a favorite household remedy for all stomach troubles for over thirty-five years. August Flower rouses the torpid liver, thus creating appetite and insuring perfect digestion. It tones and vitalizes the entire system and makes life worth living, no matter what your station. Trial bottles, 25c; regular size, 75c. For sale by Woods & Orme. No. 2—alternate

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HOPE YATES'

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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.

FASHION LETTER.

Running Robe Gown Is a Great Trouble Saver.

DAINTY CORSET COVER.

Crushed Belt—Hand Embroidered Stockings Are the Fad of the Moment—Sweaters Made of Delicate Angora Wool.

Robe gown saves a lot of trouble and is also quite stunning. The English embroidery these days is marked way down now at the very best shops. The fancies in handkerchiefs constantly changing. The latest



GREEN SILK DRESS.

Christian fancy is for hand embroidered decorations matching the color of the gown they are to be worn with. Only white is permissible at night, but the colored monochlor for day wear is very smart.

A new and attractive way to mark the handkerchief is with a full blown power-rose, poppy, pansy or daisy—worked in the center of this design is the name, the petals of the flower apparently unfolding it.

The frock pictured is of the bright new shade of green silk called gooseberry. The skirt is in three plaited sections, the two upper ones inset with large motifs of Persian embroidery. This embroidery trims the short jacket about the collar, fronts and sleeves.

LITTLE THINGS OF DRESS.

One of the simplest and prettiest corset covers is made in round baby shape simply gathered at the waist and around the shoulders. The front of the waist is made of all over embroidery in small clover or other figures. The back is plain, and so is the material, which basques sufficiently below the waist to protect the corset from the skirt bands which might soil them. Valenciennes lace furnishes the cover around neck and sleeves.

Beware of the "latest things in fall styles." The best dressed women never wear them, for they know that what every one else is going to have will soon become commonplace and go out of fashion as quickly as it comes in.

The new Paquin belt, a perfectly plain crushed affair, is very much



GREEN POPLIN BLOUSE.

wider in the back than in front. It is made of suede and comes in all the soft, pretty shades.

Among the recently imported novelties in belts is a leather one quite narrow in the back with a deep pointed girdle effect in front, having a row of tiny leather covered buttons down the center. On either side of the front is a small pocket suitable for carrying coins and tiny trinkets. The belt is fastened by means of a plain brass buckle half way between the front and back, with a corresponding slide on the opposite side.

The blouse in the picture is of green poplin. It is severely cut, with absolutely no fullness except at the waist

line. The fronts are finished with stitched bands, and the dart seams that extend to the shoulders are inserted with plaid silk, and the material cut out in scallops and trimmed with buttons furnishes a dainty setting. The dickey and tie are of the same silk.

STOCKINGS AND TIES.

Hand embroidered stockings are the fad of the moment. Black silk hose are embroidered in dots or with small leaves and red silk roses worked in the same silk.



ANGORA WOOL SWEATER.

rows. This design is particularly effective when worn with red or black leather pumps. Violets or forget-me-nots are attractive on a black or white background.

There is an invention for fastening shoe ties very popular with women nowadays. It is made from a piece of German silver wire having two protecting arms that lock the laces and bows into position on a crosspiece that turns up at either end. The two arms slightly bent at the ends form two spiral springs at the top of the holder before they are twisted into the bottom crosspiece.

Boleros promise to be as much worn on fall gowns as they have been during the summer. Attractive little jackets of this description made of Persian embroidery smarten up a wool frock at small cost.

The fall display of sweaters is unusually attractive. Light colored models are seen as well as blue and lavender and all the less perishable shades of red, gray, green, brown, dark blue and even black. They show novel effects in trimming—leather yokes and strappings and contrasting collar and cuffs.

Delightfully soft and light are the sweaters made of Angora fleece or wool. They will not crumple the most delicate waist and are especially nice to slip on under coats in the winter.

The sweater in the cut is made of white Angora wool. It is knitted in blouse effect in a pretty fancy stitch and fits the figure perfectly. The collar and cuffs are of a lovely shade of light blue.

COATS AND GOWNS.

Coats for girls are long and loose or of the short reffer variety. They are made of linen, white flannel and serge. When a woolen fabric is used it is generally trimmed with linen cuffs and collars either plain or worked in broderie anglaise.

Two piece outing gowns are very much in evidence. Some of these



NET EVENING GOWN.

frocks have short coats to match, but as a general rule they are worn with long cloaks, especially for yachting.

Many drossy sleeves are trimmed from shoulder to elbow with a flight of tiny flat bows. Older women are wearing black velvet ones, but the girls affect all the smart new shades.

The latest fad in stockings is to have them match the gown and worn, unless the dress is white, with black shoes.

Rose colored lightweight cloth is used a great deal for tailor made gowns and looks well in conjunction with fine lingerie blouses and the new dull gold belts which are so supple and becoming to slight figures.

A spray of forget-me-nots in enamel makes a pretty collar pin and can be bought for \$1.50.

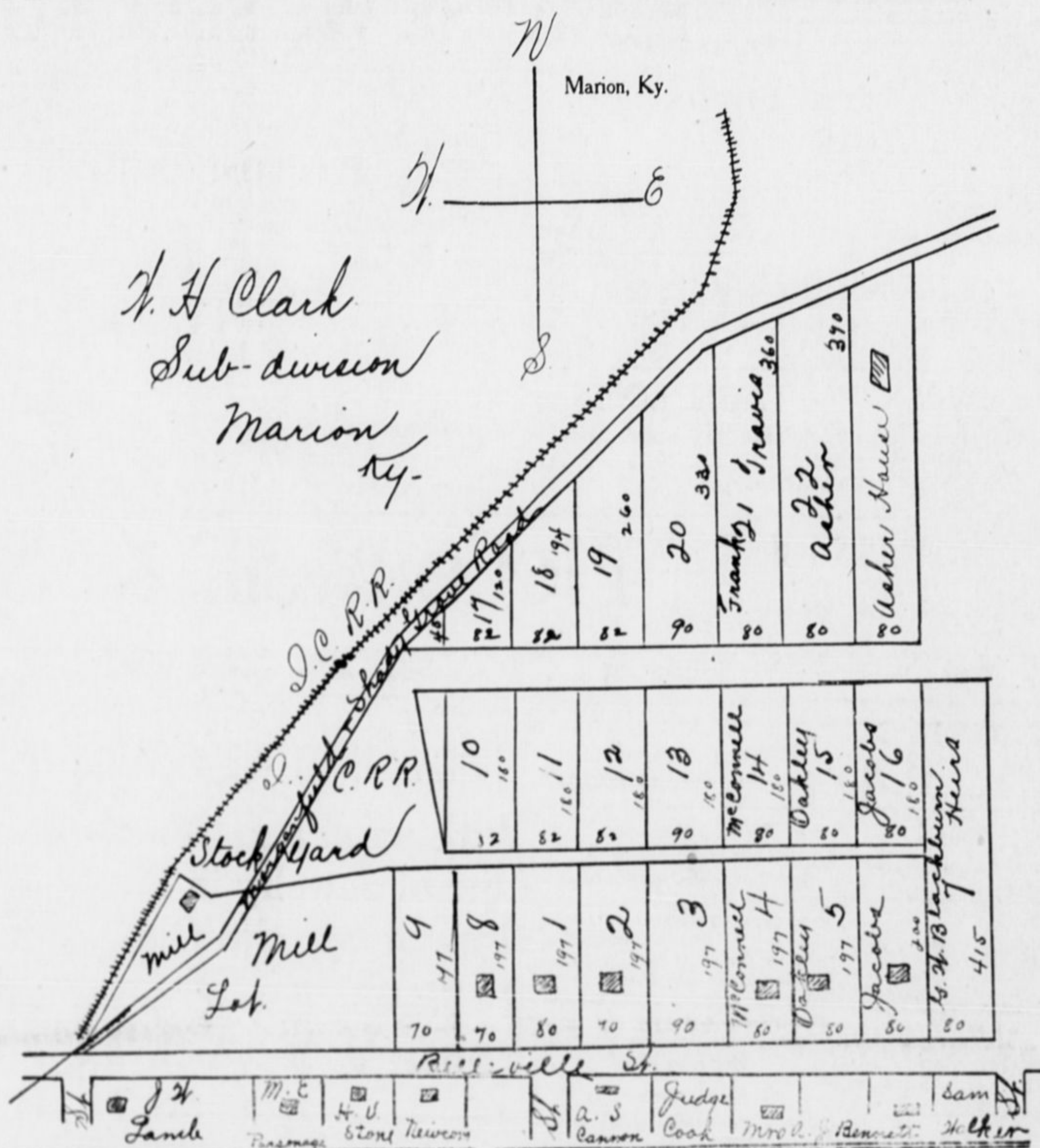
The dainty dress seen in the cut is of white net trimmed with ropes and drops of green chiffon in the shape of roses. The girdle is of green; also the threading of ribbon about the décolleté neck. JUDIC CHOLLET.

City Lots and Residences.

Have you seen the desirable building lots in Clark's Addition to the city of Marion, Ky., and the residences therein that are now being offered for sale by W. H. Clark?

If you have not it will certainly be to your interest to do so before purchasing real estate elsewhere.

These lots and residences are in East Marion and within corporate limits of the city of Marion. They are of easy access, well located and command a splendid view of the city. They front on the principal streets and are in the coming residence portion of the city. Just the place for a residence.



No part of Marion has grown so rapidly or so well as East Marion and you could certainly do no better than invest your money in the lots and residences shown in the above plat. These lots are especially adapted to building purposes and are the most desirable part of Marion. They will be sold at a reasonable price, and terms of sale will be arranged to suit purchaser.

If you desire to purchase a residence or lot in Clark's addition to the city of Marion, you will call on or write to

Office Phone, 106
Residence Phone, 26

W. H. CLARK.

State Makes the Title.

A golden opportunity presents itself to the Homeseeker in the sale of Minnesota State lands, which will take place during October and November of this year. Approximately 260,000 acres will be sold under the state laws of Minnesota and the terms on which the land is sold are such as to permit a man of small means to secure for himself a home of his own. The lands will be sold at public auction to the highest bidder. But 15 per cent of the purchase price needs to be paid at the time of sale. The balance may run for forty years at 4 per cent annual interest if desired. Bear in mind that the settler is dealing with the State of Minnesota and that the title to all State land is perfect, which makes this an uncommon offer. The lands owned by the State of Minnesota are distributed particularly in the northern part of the State, some in rich wheat fields of the western portion of the State, and in the main, will grow anything that is indigenous to the soil, and this section is admittedly the most perfect dairying country in the United States. Hon. S. G. Iverson, the State Auditor and Land Commissioner, has charge of these sales and the locations of the lands as well as specific terms of sale will be gladly furnished by him.

For Sale or Exchange.

Some valuable farm, coal and timber lands in Arkansas, Texas, Oklahoma, Indian Territory, South Carolina, Mississippi and Missouri. If you have property to exchange for lands in any of these sections, address
TEXAS LAND COMPANY,
Care of THE RECORD, Marion, Ky.

Southern Arkansas Lands

Timbered, rolling, perfect drainage, no swamps, good water. Grow corn, cotton, small grains, cow peas and believed to be the coming clover and alfalfa country—porous clay soil and clay sub-soil—cheapest lands in Southwest. Splendid stock county—10 months range.

Write for Southern Arkansas booklet and Homeseekers' rates August 15, September 5 and 19, October 3 and 17. E. W. LaBeaume, G. P. and T. A., Cotton Belt Route, St. Louis, Mo.

St. Francis Valley Lands

Of Southeast Missouri and Northeast Arkansas, river bottom made soil, rich as cream; for corn, wheat, oats, clover, timothy, alfalfa, fruits and vegetables. Yield big crops, no failures. Open winters. Lands now cheap but advancing. Investigate this fall. Homeseekers' rates Aug. 15, Sept. 5 and 19, Oct. 3 and 17. Write for St. Francis Valley booklet. E. W. LaBeaume, G. P. and T. A., Cotton Belt Route, St. Louis, Mo.

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of reading farmers in your neighborhood, together with this advertisement and 25 one-cent stamps—or a silver quarter securely wrapped—and we'll enroll you for a four months trial trip subscription. Or five of you may club together, sending a dollar bill and 25 good names and addresses, and get five trial trip subscriptions. Learn how to clip the Trust's wings. Address TOM WATSON'S MAGAZINE, No. 121 West 42d street, Room 349 New York, N. Y.

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Neatly and Promptly Executed. All
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Frames.

Good Goods. :: Prices Right.
Marion, Kentucky.

Six Million Acres.

The state of Texas will place on sale September 1, 1905, six million acres of state lands scattered throughout the state at from \$1 to \$3 per acre, one-fortieth cash down, forty years' time on balance, 3 per cent. interest.

Write for particulars, also about cheap rates to the Southwest August 15, September 5 and 19, October 3 and 17.

E. W. LaBeaume, G. P. and T. A., Cotton belt Route, St. Louis, Mo.

Notice.

All parties holding claims against the estate of T. A. McAmis deceased, are hereby notified to present same properly proven within 90 days from date hereof to the undersigned Administrator at Tolu Ky., and those owing his estate must prepare to meet their indebtedness at once. I also have a lot of store room fixtures including counters, show cases, etc., for sale the property of said decedent. This Aug. 22, 1905.

KIT SHEPHERD, Admr.

THE CASH STORE

We are back at the old stand. In a new house, which is full of Good Values. We can save you money on anything you want to buy in Dry Goods, Furnishings, Notions, Hats, Shoes, and Clothing

BECAUSE WE SELL FOR CASH

DRESS GOODS

All the best calico, per yard..... 4 1-2c
The best Apron Gingham per yard..... 5c
Good Cotton Sheeting, per yard..... 5c
Cotton Batting, per roll..... 5c
Hope Bleached Domestic, per yard..... 7 1-2c

HAMBURG LACES

A big lot of Hamburgs, 5 and 6 yards in a piece, to sell cheap for cash.

TOWELS AND TABLE LINENS

Our Towels and Table Damask can't be equaled. See our Towels, 20x36, per pair..... 15c
See our Bleached Table Cloth 58 inches wide, per yard..... 23c

TO CLOSE OUT!

One lot of 50c and 75c silk to close out at 25c per yard.
One lot woolen dress goods to close out at half price.
Come in and price our lace curtains. They go cheap for cash.

CLOTHING! CLOTHING!

For men and boys. Now, if you want to buy a suit of clothes or a pair of pants you can't afford to pass our door for we have no competition when it comes to price.

SHOES!

Buy the best—the Brown, and they will cost you less money than you will find elsewhere. Remember, WE MAKE THE PRICE FOR WE SELL FOR CASH.

YOURS FOR
BARGAINS,

McConnell & Stone,

MARION,
KENTUCKY.

LOCAL NEWS

The Continued Story of Current Events

Rosebud.

We enjoyed a fine rain last week.
Miss Indy Lynn is very low with typhoid.
Miss Ella Taber is able to be out again after a severe illness.
Miss Annie Ainsworth attended the camp meeting last Sunday.
Wes Harris has moved a saw mill on the old Tom Wright farm.
J. W. Ainsworth expects to start to Colorado soon to visit his niece.
Mrs. India Bettis is on the sick list this week. She is eighty-four years old.
I. W. Ainsworth and wife went to Marion Sunday to visit their son Julian, and family.

Chapel Hill.

John Martin, of Eddyville, was in our section this week.
Chas. Clement is better at present. He has had a bad spell of typhoid fever.
Ferd McMurtry, of Sturgis, has been waiting on Chas. Clement the past week.
Rev. A. J. Thompson, of Kuttawa, was visiting here a few days ago.
Siles McMurtry, of Repton, was in this section last week to see his folks.
Mrs. Lucy Ciscoe, of View, is visiting her brother, W. W. Stovall, this week.
Albert Crider was through here, Tuesday, taking pictures.

Rodney.

Lacey Nunn is our new road overseer.
Will Hicklin, of Marion, was here recently.
Master Percy Sullivan, of Sturgis, visited here Sunday.
Ham Vinson, of the Cave Springs vicinity was here Saturday.
J. L. Sullivan and wife, of Mattoon, visited here Sunday evening.
G. D. Summerville, of Mattoon, attended the Linder sale Saturday.
The lucky man is the fellow who raised a crop of tobacco this year.
Pierce McChesney is teaching a very successful singing school at Baker.
Miss Elva Roberts visited her parents at Rosebud Saturday and Sunday.
Mr. and Mrs. H. L. Sullivan attended the Hurricane camp meeting recently.
Dave Sullivan, of Graingertown, visited his brother, H. L. Sullivan, here recently.
Mrs. John E. Roberts and Miss Elva Hatley, of Rosebud, visited our school Friday afternoon.
Charles E. Grady returned to Mississippi a few days ago, where he has

charge of the graded school in the thriving little city of Mendenhall.

Rev. E. W. Kemp, who was raised in the vicinity of Shady Grove, has been preaching in various parts of Alabama this year. At present he is at Elba, Ala., but he writes back to friends that he contemplates traveling a bit this winter and aims to make a tour of Cuba and Central America.

Her and Him

Love in Outline.

'Twas in a breach-of-promise the letters all were read,
And here is what the opening words of her epistle said:
"Dear Mr. Smith" "Dear friend,"
"Dear John," "My cherished Four-Leafed Clover,"
"My Ownest Jack," "Dear friend,"
"Dear Sir," then "Sir"—and all was over.

Who's Afraid?

The wise physicians tell us there is danger in a kiss;
That dire distress may reach us through that avenue of bliss.
They say that with the honey men are all so prone to sip
The deadliest bacteria may pass from lip to lip.
The osculatory greetings that awaken happy thrills
May bring us months of sickness and lots of doctor's bills
But when a fellow gets a chance to kiss a pretty maid
He's apt to say: "Oh, hang the quacks! Plague take them! Who's afraid?"

A Weakling.

It's a fact every man would be glad to dispute
But there seems no good way to defeat it,
Adam hadn't the courage to gather the fruit,
But seemed perfectly willing to eat it.

Sentimental Geography.

"How far is it around the world?"
In girlish innocence asked she;
"Ah, let us measure it my dear"
Her lover made reply, "and see."
Then when he put his strong right arm Around her waist so small and trim,
He found it wasn't very far,
For she was all the world to him.

Are You Engaged?

Engaged people should remember, that, after marriage, many quarrels can be avoided, by keeping their digestions in good condition with Electric Bitters. S. A. Brown, of Bennettsville S. C., says: "For years my wife suffered intensely from dyspepsia, complicated with a torpid liver, until she lost her strength and vigor, and became a mere wreck of her former self. Then she tried Electric Bitters, which helped her at once, and finally made her entirely well. She is now strong and healthy." Haynes & Taylor druggists, sell and guarantee them, at 50c a bottle.

Moved to New Quarters

With a full and Complete
Line of Jewelry in the New
Drug Store. No Old Goods.

LEVI COOK

Tactical Teddy on Top.

BY RUSTIE.

Our surprisingly electrical and much admired president of these United States of North America, Theodore Roosevelt, having received the eulogies and congratulations of most of the distinguished men, and all of the crowned heads of the world, for his masterly manipulations in the settlement of the aggravating, unpleasant feelings between Russia and Japan, and for having brought the peace negotiations to a successful conclusion, owing to his tactical and electric personal energetic efforts. It seems becoming that patriotic old Crittenden should and does gratefully recognize the great part our Theodore played in the Portsmouth peace conference. Being impossible for the immortal trio to appear in person, Rustie, a staunch believer in spiritual communion, will, with uncovered head, enter the arena and extend his ungloved hand to the ever-to-be-remembered illustrious "triplets"—the President, the Czar of Russia, and the Mikado of Japan. Therefore, Rustie takes intense pleasure in introducing to the inhabitants of Crittenden and its environs—the whole universe—the spiritual of that illustrious trio as follows:
First, the spirit of the President.
Second, the spirit of the Czar of Russia.
Third, the spirit of the immaculate Mikado of Japan. Each of whom will advise you, spiritually.

The President:

LIFE'S BEST.
Far back amid the days of long ago
I dreamed of power, and again of fame;
I would write large upon Fame's scroll my name;
For strength to rule, I would all else forego;
The world had needs, and I would fain bestow
My all upon it; all my soul and life
For love of the world's work and its acclaim
I plunged breast deep into its toil, its weal,
Now from life's great height I calmly gaze
On what was done and what left undone
And count the best returns that life has made.
I hold them—the delight of quiet days,
The rapture of a peace well won,
The love of friends, constant in sun or shade.

The Czar:

Good-by Japan, a glad good-by to you!
Untwine your arms from me, they seem so dead,
So cold and damp. They make me faint with dread.
I shudder now as if some reptile threw
Its coil around me. Little cheer I drew
From your companionship. I would have said:
"I would we had not met!" but, as you fled
You dropped within my hand a seed in lieu
Of greater things. It was to me a tiny thing,
But Roosevelt whispered: "Tis the seed of hope
From which flowers of gratefulness shall spring."
Good-by Japan, you're not a myth. We grope
Through troubled paths. The blame on Fate we fling—
Ourselves must bear, ourselves with self must cope.

The Mikado:

RUSSIA'S DOUBLE PLAY.

The envious Russia, being at a feast,
Finding she could not have her way, "At least,"
Said she, "some mischief I may slily do
Among these feasters that will bring them to."
Forthwith an orange in their midst she tossed,
Then left the banquet which she had tossed.
Much strife there was—the orange thrown about—
The banqueters became a noisy rout.
But, soon commotion ceased, and, peace restored,
Once more they pledged each other at the board.
But Russia ran among the crowd to hoist
"Those nasty Japs in there stole all my fruit!"
So Russia made her "double play," no doubt,
Yet she, herself, the greedy thing, was out.
Being personally responsible for his own ghost, Rustie, will now introduce you to his little side show.

RANDOM SNAP SHOTS.

Now the greatest of this "trio"—
"Rustie" differs not a bit—
North and south of the Ohio
All say that Roosevelt's "It."
The crowned heads on the other side,
Deprived of sundry snaps,
All say that Teddy did outside
The "Ruseyuns" and the Japs.
Beware! The "doctrine of Monroe!"
Keep off! He's awful quick!
When he says "It's so and so,"
Just watch that handy stick.
If you're itching for a strenuous fuss
Don't rare and pitch and brag,
For Theodore and we and us
Will follow that old flag.
Does he look sad or very sorry?
Not by a jug full—yet
He's wide awake and knows his quarry—
And he'll take his trick—you bet!
So crown'd heads, notice! Every man!
We claim the open doors!
We'll gather, shelds—all we can—
Then, what we leave—in years.
And now, Mr. Editor, since Theodore has both feet planted on the top ring of the world's ladder, and as he and the Mikado were in cahoots in the international mix with Teddy on top, it follows as a matter of course, that, when Teddy says up it's up, and when Teddy says down, it's down. Therefore, I propose and insist upon the appointment of our gentlemanly, affable and courtly fellow-citizen, Dr. Robert Love Moore, a suitable candidate for the responsible and highly exalted position of Khedive of Korea. Oh, my! wouldn't that be delightful? So nice! In our cozy little "society" sociables, to talk about Dr. Bob Moore, our Dr. Bob! Doc! Moore! Khedive of Korea! Hoopee! Yum, yum! Sweet, awful sweet, Khedive of Korea!

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.

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