

The Crittenden Press.

VOL. 28.

MARION, CRITTENDEN COUNTY, KENTUCKY, NOVEMBER 15, 1906.

NUMBER 25.

Our Large Stock is Moving Rapidly!



GOODS COME in and more GO out! Of necessity we cannot advertise every item. The few items which we do mention simply point to others just as worthy. Read this advertisement; read it carefully, come to the store and let us demonstrate that we can give you not only the Best Goods for the money, but the most acceptable service.

Do the People Know a Good Thing When They See it?

Judging by the vast amount of clothing we've been selling this Fall we think they do

We Have Bargains

SUITS, OVERCOATS AND ODD PANTS

For Men and Boys

The Best on Earth For Less Money

See Our

Dress Goods
Waist Goods
Ladies Underwear
Childrens "
Ladies Top Skirts
Ladies Jackets
Childrens "
Ladies Hosiery
Childrens "
Ladies Gloves
Childrens Gloves

Don't Fail to Call and See Them

The Largest Stock at the Lowest Cash Price

Shoes that Wear!

Stylish Shoes that wear well at the same price you'd pay for the old style quick-to-wear-out kind.

Buy the Best!

The Brown

UNDERWEAR

For Men and Boys

HATS AND CAPS
For Men and Boys

We Have a Full Stock of

Brown Domestic
Bleach Domestic
Quilting
Cotton Batting
Bed Ticking
Calicoes, Ginghams
Cotton Shirting
Table Oil Cloth
Table Damask, Towels
Outing Cloths, Suitings
Flannels, Jeans
Cotton Flannels

They All Go Cheap FOR CASH!

YOURS FOR BARGAINS

McConnell & Stone

"THE CASH STORE"
Marion, Kentucky

COURT DOCKET FOR NOVEMBER TERM.

COMMONWEALTH, EQUITY AND EQUITY APPEARANCE.

Present no Cases of Especial Interest and Not Above the Average in Number.

COURT WILL BEGIN MONDAY

COMMONWEALTH DOCKET.

MONDAY, 1ST DAY, NOV. 19TH.

Commonwealth vs Oscar Allsbrook

Forfeited Recognizance.

Same vs Jim Burklow, forfeited

recognizance.

Same vs A. H. Crawford, forfeited

recognizance.

Same vs Lewis Armstrong, forfeited

and bail.

TUESDAY, 2ND DAY, NOV. 20TH.

Commonwealth vs Wm. Maynard,

burning house used as office.

Same vs G. W. York, false swear-

ing.

Same vs Lewis Armstrong false

swearing.

Same vs Willis Clark, C.C.D.W.

Same vs Carolina Plumber, keep-

ing a bawdy house.

Same vs Marion Rino, assault and

battery.

Same vs Ed Young, fraudulently

converting money of another to his

own use without consent.

Same vs Bird Cline, seduction.

Same vs Jim Hogan, (col.), ma-

liciously shooting and wounding with

intent to kill.

Same vs R. A. Heath, malicious

shooting and wounding another with

intent to kill.

Same vs Ezekiel Terry, detaining

a woman against her will with intent

to have carnal knowledge of her

Same vs Will Kirk, maliciously

beating another with intent to kill.

Same vs Fred Kemp, horse steal-

Same vs Abe Klyman, selling

liquor to a minor.

Same vs Fred Hughes et al, dis-

turbing religious worship.

Same vs Jack Chittenden, breach

of peace.

Same vs Fred Lemon, selling liquor

without a license.

Same vs Same, same.

Same vs Paducah Cooperage Co.,

failing to file.

Same vs Same, same.

Same vs Fred Lemon, an appeal

from magistrate's court.

Same vs Fred Lemon on appeal

from Quarterly court.

Same vs same, same.

Same vs John Riggs and Henry

Riggs, hog stealing.

Same vs Henry Hamby, disturbing

religious worship.

Same vs Albert Litefield, etc.,

gaming.

Same vs Harvey Gass, carrying con-

cealed deadly weapon.

Same vs Brown McWhirter, cut-

ting another in sudden heat and pas-

sion.

Same vs same, breach of the peace

Same vs Claude White, trespass.

Same vs same, carrying concealed

a deadly weapon.

Same vs Virginia-Carolina Chemi-

cal Co., doing business without filing

statement, etc.

Same vs Fred Lemon, on appeal from

Quarterly court.

WEDNESDAY, NOV. 21-

Comth. vs Eli Akers, rape.

Same vs Ciek Henry, feloniously

breaking into store house, etc.

Same vs Theodore R. Troendle,

converting property of another, etc.

Same vs same, same.

Same vs Earl Farmer, flourishing

a deadly weapon.

Same vs same, same.

Same vs Fred Hippie, furnishing

liquor to a minor.

Same vs Continental Fertilizer Co.,

carrying on business without filing

statement.

FRIDAY, NOV. 23.

Comth. vs Charley Ramsey, pro-

curing liquor for a minor.

Same vs same, furnishing liquor to

a minor.

Same vs Joe Harrington, furnish-

ing liquor to a minor.

FACTORIES BURNED AND DYNAMITED.

KUTTAWA AND FREDONIA SUFFER FROM INCENDIARISM.

Dynamite is Used at Kuttawa and Fire Destroys Rice Factory at Fredonia.

NO TOBACCO WAS HOUSED.

Kuttawa, Ky., Nov. 14.—The big tobacco factory, run for the past two years by Robert B. Bradshaw, of Henderson, as agent for the American Snuff company, was dynamited Sunday night and is a total wreck. There is no clue to the perpetrators, but there is little doubt that it was the work of a lawless element among the disgruntled farmers of the dark belt, who for some time past have been openly threatening mischief. It was generally understood that the factory was to be run this season by Mr. John Hodge, of Henderson, but no one here has confirmed the rumor. The factory is of considerable size and has undergone much improvement recently.

Fredonia, Ky., Nov. 14.—About midnight Sunday the large tobacco factory of Rice & Co. was discovered to be on fire and in spite of heroic efforts was soon a total loss. The factory is one of the largest in the West and has been run by Mr. Ed Rice as an independent concern. There is little doubt that the fire was incendiary in its origin and the greatest indignation is expressed at the deed. Preparations for the season's work were nearly completed and much tobacco and snuff thought to have been received. The cause was not partial.

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W. H. Morse Dead.

W. H. Morse, a respected citizen and member of the Masonic fraternity, died Nov. 8, 1906, at midnight at his home in this city of paralysis. He was born in February 1842, hence was in his 64th year. He is survived by his second wife and two children, Thomas, of this city, and Mrs. Mary Blakely, of Illinois. He was buried with Masonic honors at the new cemetery Friday afternoon.

Sam Leneave sold Monday to Layne & Leavel a pair of large black work mules for \$400.00. This about the limit, it seems to us; who has ever beat this record in Crittenden county?

FISH GOES OUT.

Harahan Elected President of the Illinois Central Railroad.

Advice received by The Times are to the effect that J. T. Harahan, vice president of the Illinois Central railroad has been elected president of the Illinois Central system to succeed Stuyvesant Fish. The directorate met in Wall street, New York and little time was lost in retiring Mr. Fish from the head of the great railroad. However, he will continue as member of the board of directors.

The influence of E. H. Harriman, who is at the head of the Union Pacific and Southern Pacific railroads,

had a great deal to do with the elevation of Mr. Harahan to the greatest position within the gift of any railroad in America. Mr. Fish resisted his own displacement on the theory that when the Panama canal is completed the Illinois Central railroad, with its facilities for handling freight in connection with that great water route, will yield an untold income to the holders of stock in the Illinois Central railroad.

Mr. Harriman's dream of a great transcontinental system is realized by the election of Mr. Harahan as president of the Illinois Central. In Kentucky, where Mr. Harahan is known and throughout the country where he is equally popular, the news of the crowning success of his career will be learned with sincere gratification.—Louisville Times.

YOU SHOULD KNOW ALUM'S WORST WORK

Some Mothers, unconscious of the injurious effects of Alum, are daily giving it to their Children by the use of so-called Cheap Baking Powder.

What Mother would do so if she only knew?

Alum's Worst Work is its early harmful influence on the child's digestive organs. Positively Never, should Children of tender years be required to eat it in their food.

Secure your Children against Alum in their food.

AVOID ALUM

Say plainly—

ROYAL BAKING POWDER

ROYAL is made from Pure Refined Grape Cream of Tartar—Aids Digestion.



A MATCHLESS EULOGY

Beautiful Tribute to Sam Jones by Bishop Gal-
loway at the Funeral.

I am here not to eulogize the distinguished dead, but to lay a flower upon the grave of a personal friend and pay grateful tribute to the memory of the most remarkable man. I have come to weep with those that weep. A great state has lost its best known citizen, a great church its most popular and powerful preacher, the nation its most noted evangelist and the cause of public morality one of its mightiest and most fearless champions. In the strength of his years when his sun was at its zenith, before his powers had begun to fail, his voice to lose its charm, this great man in Israel has been summoned to his rich reward.

What strange paradoxes were wrapped up in that masterful man and his brilliant career! He was a genius without eccentricity, a great personality, without peculiarities, unique without being erratic, a wonderful orator without the graces of oratory, a marvelous preacher with little concern for the rules of momosities, and a philosopher without the aid of a pale guide and a student's lamp.

He had all the gifts without the cultivation, of a great philosopher. What he lacked in learning was made up in keen penetration and clear discernment of a student of human nature. If limited in his familiarity with history, he knew the forces that make history and determine destiny.

Had his knowledge of books equalled his acquaintance with men—had he known the history of the heart as well as he knew its great motives and subtle passions—he might have commanded a much larger place in the story of his times.

He had many rare qualities and attractive virtues, but one great gift—the gift of commanding utterance. And upon that his fame will rest and his influence abide. His pre-eminence was as a preacher. God anointed him to be a prophet in Israel, and clothed him with a power seen but a few times in a generation. He was not called to wield a pen, but to be a voice crying in the wilderness. He might have succeeded at the bar, but his throne was the pulpit, and his mission the redemption of his fellow-men.

And what a master of assemblies he was! Measured by the multiplied thousands that crowded again and again to hear him, and by the dead consciences he awakened, and the penitential tears he started, and the high purposes he inspired, and the reforms he instituted and the converted souls he led to his Lord, he must go down in history as one of the most conspicuous figures of the last half century.

Were I called upon to state in a few words the qualities that give greatness to this master of assemblies and enable him to sway with the wand of a magician the vast thousands that crowded to his ministry, I should say they were his philosophical insight into the secret springs of motive, his power of lucid and luminous statement, his rare, genial humor, the breadth and wealth of his genuine love for humanity, and the marvelous qualities of his wonderful voice—all under the domination and inspiration of the Holy Spirit.

He said more quotable things than

any man of his generation. There are few homes in which some saying of his is not repeated. He had a genius for proverb making.

"I believe that one secret of his strong power as a preacher was the fact that all his appeals were directly to the human conscience. His theory was that the conscience was on the same level, whether in a philosopher or a child—whether in a scholar or an illiterate. And the message needed to arouse the one could not fail to awaken the other. Therefore, like St. Paul, he felt himself a debtor to the Greek and the barbarian, to the wise and the unwise.

He demonstrated the fact that the day of the preacher and public speaker has not passed. The living voice is as potential today as ever in the world's history. The printed page may inform the mind, but the living messenger is necessary to kindle passion and urge men to action. The preaching function of the priesthood can never lose its authority. As in the olden times, when Isaiah's voice was heard in Israel, and Paul preached on Mars Hill, the divinely called man with a message will ever be the mightiest force in his generation.

His life of almost unexampled activity was dominated by one high and holy purpose—to do good to his fellow men and faithfully serve his generation by the will of God. From that purpose he was never deflected, and from God's service his heart never felt the slightest alienation. To that high aim every ambition was subordinated, and every energy put in commission.

Believing that Providence had clearly indicated his field of largest usefulness, to be unconfined by the narrow limits of a local pastorate, he retired from the regular itinerant ministry, and made the nation his parish. Whatever the judgment of others as to the wisdom of that course he never doubted that God had ordered it and his blessings would approve it. In every state in the union his voice was heard by eager thousands, preaching with the same fearless fidelity and Christly sympathy as to the humble friends and neighbors on his first Georgia circuit.

Without attempting any recital of the facts of a brilliant history I shall merely mention a few features of a noble character.

First of all, because above all and best of all, our honored brother was remarkable for the strength and solidity of his moral character. There was granite in its foundations and every living stone was polished after the similitude of a palace. Flaws there may have been, but no fissures—discolorations, but no suggestion of disintegration. The storms of life sometimes strained but never moved it. The rains descended, the floods came and the winds blew, but when the sky had cleared he stood unshaken and as majestic as a mighty mountain. However much men may have criticized his utterances or questioned the wisdom of his policies no one ever doubted the integrity and purity of his character. Had there been in it any serious weakness some curious or critical or envious eye would have quickly discovered it and loudly proclaimed it, but throughout his brilliant career, every hour in the fierce public glare,

his mission and methods as a reformer inviting and encountering stubborn hostility, he fought and wrought and finally died without the faintest shadow on his beautiful character. There were notches on his trusty blade but not a blur on his noble name.

"He genuinely loved his fellow men and never lost hope for humanity. He believed in a gospel that can redeem a world, and like his Lord he went out to seek and save the lost. And the poor prodigal never got so low or wandered so far as to be beyond the reach of his hopeful message and helpful sympathy. And that made the world love him so. There is nothing more divinely attractive than the radiance of hope and nothing more cheerless and forbidding than the notes of discouragement and despair. Tell a poor, blasted, blistered soul there is no hope for him and his wailings will turn to pleadings and his despair into the tones of prevailing prayer. It was this ever re-iterated gospel for the worst sinner that helped to attract the thousands to his ministry.

"The bells of St. Michael's in Charleston, S. C., that have chimed the hours of morning and evening prayer since colonial times, have a strange history. They have crossed the Atlantic five times. During the civil war they were shipped to Columbia for safekeeping. But on a certain famous march to the sea they were burned and broken into fragments by the hand of a vandal. Every sacred piece was gathered up and shipped back to the foundry in which they were originally cast. There they were made anew and brought home to the tower of St. Michael's without the loss of a note or the lowering of a single sound.

"Thus this good man believed God could do with every sinful, broken human life. Gather up scarred and scattered fragments, make them anew in his image and put feathery music into the redeemed soul.

"His moral courage was nothing less than sublime. What he conceived to be the path of duty he would pursue though a lion crouched in the shadow of every tree. No threat of man, or fear of all the legions of darkness could stay his course or hush his imperial voice. And yet there was nothing of rashness and he never spoke without premeditation. His was not harsh but a gentle nature. He had a strong, soft hand. The tones of his voice were authoritative, but the undertones were gentleness and love. Though he sometimes showed the sternness of a Hebrew prophet he really had the tenderness and sweet persuasiveness of an apostle. Who but this master of the human heart could unite such startling and overwhelming plainness of speech with lyric tenderness and irresistible persuasiveness? With a sternness that was at times as awful as Sinai he united a pathos that made every eye a fountain of tears.

"If he sometimes used the muck rake it was not simply to expose the rottenness of society and the wickedness of the world but that the healing light of the truth might shine upon and cure it. He uncovered sin that it might be destroyed. He rent the robe of hypocrisy that its ghastly deformity might cease to deceive. But for every penitent he had a mantle of charity, and for every home coming prodigal a joyous welcome.

"He was free from the weaknesses and vices of narrow natures. His great soul was too generous for jealousy and too broad for bigotry. Envy found no hiding place in his brotherly and sunny heart. He coveted no man's position or possessions and envied no human being his fame or his fortune. It never occurred to him that any rival stood in the way of his attainments or achievements. No Mordecai sat in the gateway of his noble soul. He rejoiced that the world is wide, with inviting field for every honest workman; that there is a chapel for every heroic brow and a throne for every really royal soul. While deeply appreciative of his large place in the nation's esteem—paradoxically proud of his wonderful and long sustained popularity—he generously rejoiced in the honors and success of every worthy

Every Two Minutes

Physicians tell us that all the blood in a healthy human body passes through the heart once in every two minutes. If this action becomes irregular the whole body suffers. Poor health follows poor blood; Scott's Emulsion makes the blood pure. One reason why

SCOTT'S EMULSION

is such a great aid is because it passes so quickly into the blood. It is partly digested before it enters the stomach; a double advantage in this. Less work for the stomach; quicker and more direct benefits. To get the greatest amount of good with the least possible effort is the desire of everyone in poor health. Scott's Emulsion does just that. A change for the better takes place even before you expect it.



We will send you a sample free. Be sure that this picture is on the wrapper of every bottle of Emulsion you buy. SCOTT & BOWNE Chemists 409 Pearl St., N. Y. 50 cents and \$1.00 All druggists

man. I never heard him speak a disparaging word of any mortal who had high aims and serious purpose. His generous hand would have withered had he attempted to pluck a star from another's crown. Such magnanimity is one of the final tests of true greatness.

"But time fails me to speak more at length of my glorified friend. We faint would have kept him longer but the Lord knows best. His is a life that cannot go out, it will go on.

"The end came, not exactly as he had hoped but as beautifully and triumphantly as any heart could wish. It was just after a great revival in which, as on many notable occasions, God had wonderfully honored his ministry. With tears of a penitent still gladdening his eyes, the tired preacher was told that it was time to rest. Between a revival and an expected family reunion the angels met him and carried him to the house of many mansions. In that heavenly home may there be no vacant chair!"

Is The Moon Inhabited.

Science has proven that the moon has an atmosphere which makes life in some form possible on that satellite; but not for human beings, who have a hard enough time on the earth of ours; especially those who don't know that Electric Bitters cure Headache, Biliousness, Malaria, Chills, Fever, Jaundice, Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Torpid Liver, Kidney complaints, General Debility and Female weakness. Unequalled as a general Tonic and Appetizer for weak persons, and especially for the aged. It induces sound sleep. Fully guaranteed by Wood & Orme Druggists. Price only 50c.

The Synod at Hopkinsville,

The synod of Kentucky of the Presbyterian church, U. S. A. met in Hopkinsville, Ky., October 30. The day preceding the synod was spent in a conference on evangelism. Able addresses were made by Drs. Calhoun, Cochran, Lee, Darby, Corbett and others. Methods and plans suggestive and helpful in bringing us in touch with the great evangelistic wave spreading over our country, were presented. While methods and plans might be found helpful it was urged that the greatest factor in revival work was the baptism and power of the Holy spirit. The synod was well represented. It was one of the largest and most enthusiastic synods that has been held for years. It was perfectly harmonious in all its deliberations, not a negative vote being cast in all its transactions. A number of visiting brethren were present and contributed to the interest of the deliberations.

Closing Out at Cost!

Having decided to close out my stock of General Merchandise at this place at COST and less I will sell you

GOODS FOR CASH

Cheaper than they were ever sold in Crayneville.

Anyone looking for a Good Stand for business can get a bargain from me by buying the whole stock.

All who owe me on account or by note, will please call and settle same at once as I need the money to pay my bills. Yours,

J. F. CANADA,
Crayneville, Ky.

JUDGE DOWELL MOVES.

Former Crittenden Judge Moves From Kansas to Texas.

Facts is informed that Judge R. A. Dowell, Wellford, Kansas, will arrive in Falfurrias the latter part of his month with his family to reside here. Early last spring Judge Dowell came to town with a party of prospectors on a pleasure trip. He bought an 80 acre farm and some good lots as speculation. In the early summer he came again to look over the land and expressed himself as much pleased with his purchases and with the prosperity evidenced on all sides. He spoke of settling at Falfurrias and now is coming to put the determination into effect. Judge Dowell is a man of means, brains and business acumen. He was a pioneer in central Kansas and stuck to that section during the trying period of its depression. He is of the kind of men Falfurrias needs to fully develop its boundless resources; and Falfurrians are prepared to give him a hearty welcome.—Falfurrias Facts, Falfurrias, Starr county, Texas.

Napoleon Bonaparte

"Showed," at the battle of Austerlitz, he was the greatest leader in the world. Ballard's Snow Liniment has shown the public it is the best Liniment in the world. A quick cure for Rheumatism, Sprains, Burns, Cuts, etc. A. C. Pitts, Redwood, La. says: "I used Ballard's Snow Liniment in my family and find it unequalled for sore throat, headache, corns, in fact for anything that can be reached by a liniment." Sold by Woods & Orme.

Married at Crittenden Springs.

John L. Harpending, of near Salem, and Miss Florence Franks, the accomplished daughter of Mrs. Martha Franks, of Levas, were married Wednesday evening, Nov. 7, 1906, at 6 o'clock at the Crittenden Springs Hotel, Rev. W. R. Gibbs officiating. Among those present were F. M. Davidson and wife, H. O. Radcliffe and wife and a few other friends. For the present they will board at the Crittenden Springs. Later on they contemplate moving west. The young people are both well known and are quite popular. Mr. Harpending is in the mining business.

Devil's Island Torture

Is no worse than the terrible case of Piles that afflicted me 10 years. Then I was advised to apply Buckler's Anker Salve, and less than a box permanently cured me. writes L. S. Napier, of Douglas, Ky. Heals all wounds Burns and Sores like magic. 25c at Woods & Orme Druggists.

C. H. COFFIELD DEAD.

After Stroke of Paralysis Suffered Five Days and Expired.

Last Thursday morning, at the Dunn Hotel in Birdsville, Mr. C. H. Coffield, mail carrier from Birdsville to Hampton, died from the effects of a stroke of paralysis after four days suffering. On Sunday night, before he came to Birdsville preparatory to starting out on his regular trip Monday and about four o'clock in the morning, Mr. Dunn heard a slight noise in Mr. Coffield's room, but did not think there was anything wrong. Time came for him to get up and when Mr. Dunn went to wake him he found him unconscious and helpless. He lingered till Thursday morning and expired.

He has always been an honored and respected citizen and has lived most of his fifty-five years in this county. He leaves a wife and five children and other relatives and friends to mourn his loss. The children are Mrs. J. H. Nelson, of Hampton; W. O. Coffield, of Haron, S. B.; H. C. Coffield and Miss Varnie, of the family at Hampton, and Miss Annie Coffield, of Dellrose, Tex. All the family were at the funeral, which occurred at the Bluff church cemetery on Friday, except W. O. Coffield and Miss Annie.—Livingston Banner.

C. H. Coffield formerly ran a boarding house in this city and is well known here. He was a brother-in-law of Jesse Olive, of this city.

A Most Worthy Article.

When an article has been on the market for years and sells from every year, it is safe to call this medicine a worthy one. Such is Ballard's Horehound Syrup. It positively cures coughs and all pulmonary diseases. One of the best known medicines in Mobile, Ala., says: "For five years my family has not been troubled with the winter coughs we now find in Ballard's Horehound Syrup. I know of no other children from many coughs." Sold by Woods & Orme Druggists.

Meeting at Good Hope.

Rev. T. A. Conway, pastor of the Baptist church here, preached two excellent sermons here Sunday. He left Monday morning for Good Hope, where he will be engaged in a protracted meeting, assisting the regular pastor.—Livingston Banner.

DR. KING'S NEW DISCOVERY
Will Surely Stop That Cough.



DR. F. S. STILLWELL

Successor to R. J. Morris

DENTIST

Plate Work a Specialty

Office over Marion Bank,

"It Didn't Hurt a Bit" MARION - - - KENTUCKY

HEARTS and MASKS

BY HAROLD MACGRATH
AUTHOR OF THE MAN ON THE BOX, ETC.

to pose as an artist's model. The classic oils, nowadays, call only for exquisite creations in gowns and hats; mythology was exhausted by the old masters. Rome, Paris, London; possibly a bohemian existence in these cities accounted for her ease in striking up a conversation, harmless enough, with a total stranger. In Paris and Rome it was all very well; but it is a risky thing to do in unromantic New York and London. However, her uncle had been with her; a veritable fortress, had I overstepped the bounds of politeness.

The smoke wavered and rolled about me. I took out the ten of hearts and studied it musingly. After all, should I go? Would it be wise? I confess I saw goblins' heads peering from the spots, and old Poe stories returned to me. Pahaw! It was only a frolic, no serious harm could possibly come of it. I would certainly go, now I had gone thus far. What fool idea the girl was bent on I hadn't the least idea; but I easily recognized the folly upon which I was about to set sail. Helgh-bo! What was a lonely young bachelor to do? At the most, they could only ask me to vacate the premises, should I be so unfortunate as to be discovered. In that event, Teddy Hamilton would come to my assistance. . . . She was really beautiful! And then I awoke to the alarming fact that the girl in Mouquin's was interesting me more than I liked to confess.

Presently, through the haze of smoke, I saw a patch of white paper on the rug in front of the pier glass. I arose and picked it up.

NAME	Hawthorne
COSTUME	Blue Domino
TIME	5:30 P. M.
RETURNED	
ADDRESS	West 5th Street
FRIEND'S	

I stared at the bit of pasteboard, fascinated. How the deuce had this got into my apartments? A Blue Domino? Ha! I had it! Old Friard had accidentally done up the ticket with my mask. A Blue Domino; evidently I wasn't the only person who was going to a masquerade. Without doubt this fair dominoelle was about to join the festivities of some shop-girl's masquerade, where money and pedigree are inconsequent things, and where everybody is either a "lody" or a "gent." Persons who went to my kind of masquerade did not rent their costumes; they laid out extravagant sums to the fashionable modiste and tailor, and had them made to order. A Blue Domino! hump!

It was too late to take the ticket back to Friard's; so I determined to mail it to him in the morning. It was now high time for me to be off. I got into my coat and took down my opera hat. Outside the storm was still active; but the snow had a promising softness, and there were patches of stars to be seen here and there in the sky. By midnight there would be a full moon. I got to Jersey City without mishap; and when I took my seat in the smoker, I found I had ten minutes to spare. I bought a newspaper and settled down to read the day's news. It was fully half an hour between Jersey City and Blankshire; in that time I could begin and finish the paper.

There never was a newspaper those days that hadn't a war map in some one of its columns; and when I had digested the latest phases of the war in the far east, I quite naturally turned to the sporting page to learn what was going on among the other professional fighters. (Have I mentioned to you the fact that I was all through the Spanish war, the mix-up in China, and that I had resigned my commission to accept the post of traveling salesman for a famous motor car company? If I have not, pardon me. You will now readily accept my recklessness of spirit as a matter of course.) I turned over another page; from this I learned that the fair sex was going back to puff-sleeves again. Many an old sleeve was going to be turned upside down.

Fudge! The train was rattling through the yards. Another page crackled. Ha! Here was that unknown gentleman-thief again, up to his old tricks. It is remarkable how difficult it is to catch a thief who has good looks and shrewd brains. I had already written him down as a quail-swell. For months the police had been finding clues, but they had never laid eyes on the rascal. The famous Hazzerty of the New York detective force—a man whom not a dozen New York policemen knew by sight and no criminals save those behind bars, earthly and eternal—was now giving his whole attention to the affair. Some lady dressed lady at a ball would suddenly find she had lost some valuable gem; and that would be the end of the affair, for none ever recovered her gems.

The gentleman-thief was still at large, and had gathered to his account a comfortable fortune; that is, if he were not already rich and simply

a kleptomaniac. No doubt he owned one of his racing cars, and was clear of the delinquent lists at his clubs. I dismissed all thought of him, threw aside the paper, and mentally figured out my commissions on sales during the past month. It was a handsome figure, large enough for two. This pastime, too, soon failed to interest me. I gazed out of the window and watched the dark shapes as they sped past.

I saw the girl's face from time to time. What a fool I had been not to ask her name! She could easily have refused, and yet as easily have granted the request. At any rate, I had permitted the chance to slip out of my reach, which was exceedingly careless on my part. Perhaps they—she and her uncle—frequently dined at Mouquin's; I determined to haunt the place and learn. It would be easy enough to address her the next time we met. Besides, she would be curious to know all about the ten of hearts and the desperate adventure upon which I told her I was about to embark. Many a fine friendship has grown out of smaller things.

Next, turning from the window, I fell to examining my fellow passengers. In the hope of seeing some one I knew. Conversation on trains makes short journeys. . . . I sat stiffly in my seat. Diagonally across the aisle sat the very chap I had met in the curiosity-shop. He was quietly reading a popular magazine, and occasionally a smile lightened his sardonic mouth. Funny that I should run across him twice in the same evening! Men who are contemplating suicide never smile in that fashion. He was smoking a small, well-colored meerschaum pipe with evident relish. Somehow, when a man clenches his teeth upon the mouthpiece of a respectable pipe, it seems impossible to associate that man with crime. But the fact that I had seen him selecting a pistol in a pawnshop rather neutralized the good opinion I was willing to form. I have already expressed my views upon the subject. The sight of him rather worried me, though I could not reason why. Whither was he bound? Had he finally taken one of Friard's pistols? For a moment I was on the point of speaking to him, if only to hear him tell more lies about the ten of hearts, but I wisely put aside the temptation. Besides, it might be possible that he would not be glad to see me. I always avoid the chance acquaintance, unless, of course, the said chance acquaintance is met under favorable circumstances—like the girl in Mouquin's, for instance. After all, it was only an incident; and but for his picking up that card, I never should have remembered him.

Behind him sat a fellow with a countenance as red and round and complacent as an English butler's, red hair and small twinkling eyes. Once he leaned over and spoke to my chance acquaintance, who, without turning his head, thrust a match over his shoulder. The man with the face of a butler lighted the most villainous pipe I ever beheld. I wondered if they knew each other. But, closely as I watched, I saw no sign from either. I turned my collar up and snuggled down. There was no need of his seeing me.

Then my thought reverted to the ten of hearts again. My ten of hearts! The wrinkle of a chill ran up and down my spine! My ten of hearts!

Hastily I took out the card and examined the back of it. It was an uncommonly handsome back, representing Diana, the moon, and the midnight sky. A horrible supposition came to me, supposing they looked at the back as well as at the face of the card? And again, supposing I was miles away from the requisite color and design? I was staggered. Here was a pretty fix! I had never even dreamed of such a contingency. Hang it! I now wished I had stuck to my original plan, and gone to the theater. Decidedly I was in for it; there was no backing down at this late hour, unless I took the return train for Jersey City; and I possessed too much stubbornness to surrender to any such weakness. Either I should pass the door committee, or I shouldn't; of one thing I was certain.

"Blankshire!" bawled the trainman; then the train slowed down and finally came to a stop.

No turning back for me now. I picked up by suit case and got out. On the platform I saw the curiosity-shop fellow again. Tramping on ahead, the smell from his villainous pipe assailing my nostrils, was the man who had asked for a match. The former stood undecided for a moment, and during this space of time he caught sight of me. He became erect, gave me a sudden sardonic laugh, and swiftly disappeared into the darkness. All this was unconsciously disquieting; in vain I stared into the blackness that had swallowed him. What could he be doing here at Blankshire? I didn't like his laugh at all; there was at once a menace and a challenge in it. "Any baggage, ah?" asked one of the station hands.

"No." But I asked him to direct me to a hotel. He did so.

scudding like dark ships, and at times there were flashes of radiant moonshine.

The fashionable hotel was full. So I plodded through the drifts to the unfashionable hotel. Here I found accommodation. I dressed, sometimes laughing, sometimes whistling, sometimes standing motionless in doubt. Bah! It was only a lark. . . . I thought of the girl in Mouquin's; how much better it would have been to spend the evening with her, exchanging badinage, and looking into each other's eyes! Pahaw! I covered my face with the gray mask and descended to the street.

The trolley ran within two miles of the Hunt club. The car was crowded with masqueraders, and for the first time since I started out I felt comfortable. Everybody laughed and talked, though nobody knew who his neighbor was. I sat in a corner, silent and motionless as a sphinx. Once a pair of blue slippers attracted my eye, and again the flash of a lovely arm. At the end of the trolley line was a carryall which was to convey us to the club. We got into the conveyance, noisily and good-humoredly. The exclamations of the women were amusing.

"Good gracious!"

"Isn't it fun!"

"Lovely!" And all that. It must have been a novelty for some of these to act naturally for once. Nothing lasts so long as the natural instinct for play; and we always find ourselves coming back to it.

Standing some hundred yards back from the road was the famous Holly-wood Inn, run by the genial Moriarty. Sometimes the members of the Hunt club put up there for the night when there was to be a run the following morning. It was open all the year round.

We made the club at exactly 10:30. Fortune went with me, doubtless it was the crowd going in that saved me from close scrutiny. My spirits rose as I espied Teddy Hamilton at the door. He was on the committee, and was in plain evening clothes. It was good to see a familiar face. I shouldered toward him and passed out my ten dollars.

"Hello, Teddy, my son!" I cried out jovially.

"Hello!"—grinning. Teddy thought it was some one he knew; well, so it was. "What's your card?" he cried, as I pressed by him.

"The ten of hearts."

"The ten of hearts," repeated Teddy to a man who was keeping tally on a big cardboard.

This sight did not reassure me. If they were keeping tally of all the cards presented at the door, they would soon find out that there were too many tens of hearts, too many by one! Well, at any rate, I had for the time being escaped detection; now for the fun! It would be sport-royal while it lasted.

What a tale to give out at the club of a Sunday night! I chuckled on the way to the ball room. I had dispensed with going up to the dressing-room. My robe was a genuine one, heavy and warm; so I had no overcoat to check.

"Grave monk, your blessing!"

Turning, I beheld an exquisite Columbine.

"Pax vobiscum!" I replied, solemnly.

"Pax . . . What does that mean?"

"It means, do not believe all you see in the newspapers."

Columbine laughed gaily. "I did not know that you were a Latin scholar; and, besides, you gave me to understand you were coming as a Jesuit, Billy."

Billy? Here was one who thought she knew me. I hastened to disillusion her.

"My dear Columbine, you do not know me, not the least bit. My name is not Billy, it is Dicky."

"Oh, you cannot fool me," she returned. "I heard you call out to Teddy Hamilton that your card was the ten of hearts; and you wrote me, saying that would be your card."

Complications already, and I hadn't put my foot inside the ball room!

"I am sorry," I said, "but you have made a mistake. Your Jesuit probably told you his card would be the nine, not the ten."

"I will wager—"

"Hush! This is a charity dance; no one makes wagers at such affairs."

"But—Why, my goodness! there's my Jesuit now!" And to my intense relief she dashed away.

I carefully observed the Jesuit, and made up my mind to keep an eye upon him. If he really possessed the ten of hearts, the man who kept tally on the cardboard was doing some tall thinking about this time. I glided away, into the gorgeous ball room.

What a vision greeted my eye! The decorations were in red and yellow, and it seemed as though perpetual autumnal sunset lay over everything. At the far end of the room was a small stage hidden behind palms and giant ferns. The band was just striking up "A Summer Night in Munich," and a wonderful kaleidoscope revolved around me. I saw Cavaliers and Roundheads, Puritans and Beelzebubs, Musketeers, fools, cowboys, Indians kings and princes; queens and empresses, fairies and Quaker maids, white and black and red and green dominoes. Tom Fool's night, indeed!

Presently I saw the noble Duke of Venice combing my way. From his partly carriage I reasoned that if he stood very well up in the gold book of New York. He stopped at my side and struck an attitude.

"Pax vobiscum!" said I, bowing.

"He's at the Inquisition Chamber, directly the clock strikes the midnight hour," he said, mysteriously.

"I shall be there to deliver the supreme interrogation," I replied.

"It is well." He drifted away like a stately ship.

Delightful foolery! I saw the Jesuit, and moved toward him.

"Disciple of Loyola, hast thou the ten of hearts?"

"My hearts number nine, for I have lost one to the gay Columbine."

"I breathe! Thou art not he whom I seek." We separated. I was mortally glad that Columbine had made a mistake.

The women always seek the monk at a masquerade; they want absolute for the follies they are about to commit. A demure Quakeress touched my sleeve in passing.

"Tell me, grave monk, why did you seek the monastery?"

"My wife fell in love with me,"—gloomily.

"Then you have a skeleton in the clothes-press?"

"Do I look like a man who owned such a thing as a clothes-press, much less so fashionable a thing as a family skeleton?"

"Then what do you here?"

"I am mingling with fools as a penance."

A fool caught me by the sleeve and battered me gaily over the head with a bladder.

"Marry come up, why am I a fool?"

"It is the fashion," was my answer. This was like to gain me the reputation of being a wit. I must walk carefully, or these thoughtless ones would begin to suspect there was an impostor among them.

"Ah!" There was mine ancient friend Julius. "Hail, Caesar!"

He stopped.

"Shall I beware of the Ides of March?" I asked, jovially.

"Nay, my good Cassius; rather beware of the ten of hearts," said Caesar, in hollow tones, and was gone.

The ten of hearts again! Hang the card! And then with a sigh of relief I recollected that in all probability he, like Columbine, had heard me call out the card to Hamilton.



"You Do Not Know Me."

Still, the popularity of the card was very disquieting. I wished it had been seven or five; there's luck in odd numbers. . . . A Blue Domino! My heart leaped, and I thought of the little ticket in my waistcoat pocket. A Blue Domino! If, by chance, there should be a connection between her and the ticket!

She was sitting all alone in a corner near by, partly screened by a pot of orange trees. I crossed over and sat down by her side. This might prove an adventure worth while.

"What a beautiful night it is!" I said.

She turned, and I caught sight of a wisp of golden hair.

"That is very original," said she. "Who in the world would have thought of passing comments on the weather at a masque! Prior to this moment the men have been calling me all sorts of sentimental names."

"Oh, I am coming to that. I am even going to make love to you."

She folded her hands—rather resignedly, I thought—and the rollicking comedy began.

CHAPTER III.

When they give you a mask at a ball they also give you the key to all manner of folly and impudence. Even stupid people become witty, and the witty become correspondingly daring. For all I knew, the Blue Domino at my side might be Jones' wife, or Brown's or Smith's, or even Green's; but so long as I was not certain, it mattered not in what direction my whimsical fancy took me. (It is true that ordinarily Jones and Brown and Smith and Green do not receive invitations to attend masquerades at fashionable hunt clubs; but somehow they seem to worry along without these equivocal honors, and prosper. Still, there are persons in the swim named Jones and Smythe and Browne and Greene. Pardon this parenthesis!)

As I recollected the manner in which I had self-invited the pleasure of my company to this carnival at the Plankshire Hunt Club, I smiled behind my mask. Nerves! I ought to have been a professor of clinics instead of an automobile agent. But the whole affair appealed to me so strongly I could not resist it. I was drawn into the tangle by the very fascination of the scheme. I was an interloper, but nobody knew it. The ten of hearts in my pocket did not match the backs of those cards regularly issued. But what of that? Everyone was ignorant of the fact. I was safe inside; and all that was roman-

tic in my system was aroused. There are always some guests who cannot avail themselves of their invitations; and upon this vague chance I had staked my play. Besides, I was determined to disappear before the hour of unmasking. I wasn't going to take any unnecessary risks. I was, then, fairly secure under my Capuchin's robe.

Out of my mind slipped the previous adventures of the evening. I forgot, temporarily, the beautiful unknown at Mouquin's. I forgot the sardonic-lipped stranger I had met in Friard's. I forgot that I had accidentally slipped into my package, and which announced that some one had rented a blue domino.

And here was a Blue Domino at my side, just simply dying to have me talk to her!

"I am madly in love with you," I began. "I have followed you often; I have seen you in your box at the opera; I have seen you whirl up Fifth avenue in your fine barouche; and here at last I meet you!" I clasped my hands passionately.

"My beautiful barouche! My box at the opera!" the girl mimicked. "What a cheerful Ananias you are!"

"Thou art the most enchanting creature in all the universe. Thou art even a turquoise, a patch of radiant summer sky, eyes of sapphire, lips—"

"Archaic, very archaic," she interrupted.

"Disillusioned in ten seconds!" I cried, dismally. "How could you?"

She laughed.

"Have you no romance? Can you not see the fitness of things? If you have not a box at the opera, you ought at least to make believe you have. History walks about us, and you call the old style archaic! That hurts!"

"Methinks, Sir Monk—" "There! That's more like it. By my halldom, that's the style!"

"Odds bodkin, you don't tell me!" There was a second ripple of laughter from behind the mask. It was rare music.

"I could fall in love with you!" "There once was a Frenchman who said that as nothing is impossible, let us believe in the absurd. I might be old enough to be your grandmother,"—lightly.

"Perish the thought!" "Perish it, indeed!"

"The mask is the thing!" I cried, enthusiastically. "You can make love to another man's wife—"

"Or your own, and nobody is the wiser,"—cynically.

"We are getting on."

"Yes, we are getting on, both in years and in folly. What are you doing in a monk's robe? Where is your motley, gay fool?"

"I have laid it aside for the night. On such occasions as this, fools dress as wise men, and wise men as fools; everybody goes about in disguise."

"How would you go about to pick out the fools?"—curiously.

"Beginning with myself—" "Thy name is also Candor!"

"Look at yonder Cavalier. He wabbles like a ship in distress, in the wild effort to keep his feet untangled from his rapier. I'll wager he's a wealthy plumber on week-days. Observe Anne of Austria! What arms! I'll lay odds that her great-grandmother took in washing. There's Romeo, now, with a pair of legs like an old apple tree. The freedom of criticism is mine to-night! Did you ever see such ridiculous ideas of costume? For my part, the robe and the domino for me. All lines are destroyed; nothing is recognizable. My, my! There's Harlequin, too, walking on parentheses."

The Blue Domino laughed again.

"You talk as if you had no friends here,"—shrewdly.

"But which is my friend and which is the man to whom I owe money?"

"What! Is your tailor here, then?" "Heaven forbid! Strange, isn't it, when a fellow starts in to pay up his bills, that the tailor and the undertaker have to wait till the last?"

"The subject is outside my understanding."

"But you have dressmakers." "I seldom pay dressmakers."

"Ah! Then you belong to the most exclusive set!"

"Or perhaps I make my own dresses—" "Sh! Not so loud. Suppose some one should overhear you?"

"It was a slip of the tongue. And yet, you should be lenient to all."

"Kind heart! Ah, I wonder what all those interrogation points mean—the black domino there?"

"Possibly she represents Scandal."

"Scandal, then, is symbolized by the interrogation point?"

"Yes. Whoever heard of scandal coming to a full stop, that is to say, a period?"

"I learn something every minute. A hundred years ago you would have been a cousin to Mile. de Necker."

"Or Mme. de Stael."

"Oh, if you are married—" "I shall have ceased to interest you?"

"On the contrary. Only marriage would account for the bitterness of your tone. What does the Blue Domino represent?"

"The needle of the compass." She stretched a sleeve out toward me and I observed for the first time the miniature compasses woven in the cloth. Surely, one does not rent a costume like this.

"I understand now why you attracted me. Whither will you guide me?"—sentimentally.

"Through dark channels and stormy seas, over tropic waters, 'into the haven under the hill.'"

"Oh, if you go to quoting Tennyson, it's all up with me. Are you married?"

"One can easily see that at any rate you are not."

"Explain." "Your voice lacks the proper and requisite anxiety. It is always the married woman who enjoys the mask with thoroughness. She knows her husband will be watching her; and jealousy is a good sign." "You are a philosopher. Certainly you must be married."

"Well, one does become philosophical—after marriage."

"But are you married?" "I do not say so?"

"Would you like to be?"



"Look at Yon Cavalier, He Wabbles Like a Ship in Distress."

"I have my share of feminine curiosity. But I wonder,—ruminatively, 'why they do not give masquerades oftener.'"

"That is easily explained. Most of us live masquerading day by day and there might be too much of a good thing."

"That is a bit of philosophy that goes well with your robe. Indeed, what better mask is there than the human countenance?"

"If we become serious, we shall put folly out of joint," said I, rising. "And besides, we shall miss the best part of this dance."

She did not hesitate an instant, I led her to the floor, and we joined the dancers. She was as light as a feather, a leaf, the down of the thistle; mysterious as the Cumæan Sibyl; and I wondered who she might be. The hand that lay on my sleeve was as white as milk, and the flbert-shaped horn of the finger-tips was the tint of rose leaves. Was she connected with the ticket in my pocket? I tried to look into her eyes, but in vain; nothing could I see but that wisp of golden hair which occasionally brushed my chin as with a surreptitious caress. If only I dared remain till the unmasking! I pressed her hand. There was an answering pressure, but its tenderness was destroyed by the low laughter that accompanied it.

"Don't be silly," she whispered. "How can I help it?"

"True; I forgot you were a fool in disguise."

"What has Romance done to you that you should turn on her with the stuffed club, Practicality?"

"She has never paid any particular attention to me; perhaps that is the reason."

As we neared the corner I saw the Honorable Julius again. He stretched forth his death's-head mask.

"Beware the ten of hearts!" he croaked.

Hang his impudence! The Blue Domino turned her head with a jerk; and instantly I felt a shiver run through her body. For a moment she lost step. I was filled with wonder. In what manner could the ten of hearts disturb her? I made up my mind to seek out the noble Roman and learn just how much he knew about that disquieting card.

The music ceased.

"Now, run away with your benedictions," said the Blue Domino breathlessly.

"Shall I see you again?" eagerly.

"If you seek diligently." She paused for a moment, like a bird about to take flight. "Positive, fool; comparative, fooler; superlative, fooliest!"

And I was left standing a-wag: What the deuce did she mean by that?

After all, there might be any number of blue dominoes in the land; and it seemed scarcely credible that a guest at the Hunt Club would go to a customer's for an outfit. (I had gone to a customer's, but my case was altogether different. I was an impostor.) I hunted up Imperial Rex. It was not long ere we came face to face, or to speak correctly, mask to mask.

"What do you know about the ten of hearts?" I began with directness.

"I am a shade; all things are known to me."

"You may be a lamp-shade, for all I care. What do you know about the ten of hearts?"

"Beware of it,"—hollowly. From under his toga he produced a ten of hearts!

My knees wobbled, and there was a sense of looseness about my collar. The fellow knew I was an impostor. Why didn't he denounce me?

"Is the back of your card anything like this one?"—ironically. "I dare say it isn't. But have your good time, grave monk; doubtless you are willing that the fiddlers shall be paid." And wrapping his toga about him majestically, he stalked away, leaving me staring dumfoundedly after his receding form.

Discovered!

The deuce! I had been attired like the Romeo, I certainly should have taken to my heels; but a fellow can't run in a Capuchin's gown, and re-

(To Be Continued)

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THURSDAY, NOV. 15, 1906

"If a man can build a better house or a better mouse trap than his competitor the world will make a beaten path to his house though he set up in the wilderness."—EMERSON.

Hines for Campaign Chairman.

To the shrewd political sagacity of Judge Henry B. Hines, Judge Hager and Governor Beckham owe more for their success in the recent primary than to any one source. It is known by all parties that Judge Hines was the chief adviser of these gentlemen and now that the smoke has cleared away, the true democracy of Kentucky should take off its hat to this stalwart partisan and true southern gentleman.

Had Mr. Hines not withdrawn from the Auditor's race, there would have been no doubt of his election. But in the interest of party harmony and a desire to sweep away every obstacle that might interfere with his choice in the race for governor and United States senator, he gracefully stepped aside and put his own personal ambition behind him. It takes a strong man and a loyal friend to do a thing of this kind.

Party nominees of the democratic state ticket are already suggesting his name as the proper one for chairman of the campaign committee that will lead the fight for Kentucky's democracy next year. If he can be induced to accept this position of trust and honor it is believed that he will have no opposition.—Fulton Daily Leader.

Resolutions of Respect.

Salem lodge No. 81 F. & A. M. Salem, Ky.

Whereas, it has pleased almighty God, the supreme ruler of the universe to call from our midst our beloved brother, William A. Hayden, October 15, 1906. He was born in Trigg county, October 19, 1826 and was at the time of his death and for several years prior thereto, a member of the Christian church. He was initiated in Salem lodge July 18, 1861. Passed August 23, 1861 and raised to the sublime degree of a Master Mason, September 13, 1861. He was a member of his lodge in good standing for more than forty-five years.

Resolved, 1st. By his death Salem lodge No. 81 has lost a faithful brother, true to the grand principles of Masonry, his wife a loving husband, his children a kind father and the community a good and true citizen.

Second. The family has our heartfelt sympathy in their sad bereavement. That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the family of the departed brother and a copy spread upon the record book and a copy sent to the Livingston Banner and Crittenden Press for publication.

G. H. Rappolee,
J. H. Stevens, } Com.
Roy L. Threlkeld,
E. Lan Harpending

Third Post-Graduate Season.

The large circle of friends of Dr. Marcus Ravdin, of Evansville, will be glad to hear of his being in the east for several months where he has been doing research work in the Manhattan Eye & Ear Infirmary in New York, at Pennsylvania University in Philadelphia, at John Hopkins University in Baltimore and at present at Harvard University. This is Dr. Ravdin's third season of post graduate work.

Farm for Sale.

Farm near Hardin, Ky. for sale. Good land, good buildings and cheap. Write to Collins Walter, Morganfield, Ky.

The County Fair.

The local talent entertainment, "county fair" to be given at the Marion opera house on the evening of Thursday Nov. 22, bids fair to attract an unusually large crowd to that popular play house and will be one of the finest and most interesting shows ever given here. It will be a real county fair with pumpkins, potatoes and cabbage on display.

Dr. Paris tells us that he was at Shawneetown in 1880 or 26 years ago at the second meeting ever held by the southern Illinois medical society and upon which about twenty-five physicians were attendant. Quite a contrast to the session of last week at which some seventy-five present and much interest manifested by everyone attendant over the live program presented.—Hardin Era.

HOG WALLOW ITEMS.

One rainy day a man left his umbrella in a barber shop. In an hour he returned and found it.

Fit Smith's cistern is gradually sinking deeper into the earth and is slowly disappearing from view.

Atlas Peck stood under a weeping willow tree on Musket Ridge Tuesday until he got wringing wet.

To be Mosely has took down his

lightning rods, as lightning bugs season is drawing to a close.

Sap Spalden is deeply interested in the arrival of Autumn and is assisting nature by knocking the leaves off the trees.

No, when it's cloudy here below, we have no idea what becomes of the sunshine that accumulates above the clouds.

Jefferson Potlocks beat Luke Matthews in a blind horse trade the other day, and when his conscience got to hurting he eased it by inviting Luke to come to church next Sunday.

Columbus Allsop has come back from Bounding Billows after a week's attempt to win the hand of a large widow woman with three children and a cow. He was successful in getting the cow and has roached his hair and greased his wagon and will now make another attempt. Later—we stop the press to announce that he now coming over the hill with the widow.

Caleb Stone Enroute Home.

Caleb Stone, the venerable father of Councilman Geo. W. Stone, is enroute to Kentucky from California and will arrive at Kuttawa, barring accidents and delays tomorrow. He will stop there for a few days only to visit his brother the Hon. W. J. Stone, and will then return here. Few men of his age even undertake such a trip as he has taken, from Marion to Seattle and Portland Oregon thence to Pomona California and thence home, in all a distance equal to one-fourth the circumference of the globe.

Strayed.

Two red steers left my farm last May; crop off right and crop and half off left ear. One a deep red about 700 or over, the pale red one some larger, both a little stag-headed. Left at the same time but may have separated. Will pay reasonable for their return or information as to their whereabouts.

J. S. NEWCOM, Weston, Ky.

Don't forget the county fair at the opera house Thursday, November 22.

Buy Conant's Mill.

E. H. James and A. Dewey have purchased of M. T. Boughter, the Kuttawa roller mill. This is one of the best and oldest mill sites in this section and was known as Conant's Mill before Kuttawa was planned or laid out. The Conant boys came to this state from Boston, Mass., soon after the war and located at Eddyville. The mill, which has been kept to a high standard, was built at the head of the big bend in the Cumberland river and controlled then as now as fine an agricultural section as there is to be found anywhere. One of the Conant Bros. returned to Boston in the seventies. The other remained, gained a fortune and retired from the milling business to go into the banking business. He is still one of the prominent citizens of Kuttawa.

Marion is loath to give up two such estimable families as Al Dewey's and Edgar James' and congratulates our enterprising little sister city in capturing them. Mr. Dewey has been identified with the milling business in Marion off and on for many years and much of the success of the Marion mills was attributable to him. He is a miller with few equals and has linked his fortune with a thoroughly capable business man. They will make a strong team.

A Business Change.

J. Selden Ainsworth has purchased the interest of Julian Ainsworth in the Marion Coal & Transfer company. He will probably admit Mr. Chas. Donakey, of Sheridan, as a partner soon.

Don't forget the county fair at the opera house Thursday, November 22.

Public Sale.

I will on Saturday, 17th day of November at the residence of J. W. Cook, deceased, offer for sale to the best bidder the following property: 1 horse, 3 tons of hay, 1 lot of corn, 1 binder, 1 wheat drill and farming tools of all kinds. All sums over \$5.00 on credit of 12 months. Under that amount cash in hand.

J. F. COOK, Adm'r.

Don't forget the county fair at the opera house, Thursday, November 22.

Puzzle Picture



Will Coal "Go up" or "Come down," and how much?

Answer: Our Prices are always right, Our coal is always right—because we handle the very best on the market. "Call us up" and get a load. You'll never have occasion to "Call us down." Yours for coal satisfaction.

Sutherland Coal & Transfer Co.

Phone No. 200.

Marion, Kentucky.

HEADQUARTERS FOR HIGH QUALITY LOW PRICES

MEN AND BOYS!

We want to save you Money on your ready-to-wear Suits, Overcoats, Raincoats, Cravettes, Extra Pants

Examine Them----

You need not buy unless the goods and prices suit you!

We Take Pleasure in Showing Them!



Sterling
Semi Tailored Clothes

Ladies Misses And Childrens High Quality Low Price Cloaks And Furs

Dress Goods In Silks Woolens And Mohairs

Novelties in Belts Hand Bags Combs And Neckwear

"LION BRAND" Shirts And Collars Are Best by Test

Look and Compare

The Quality and Price of our line with those of other before buying your

SHOES

For Fall and Winter

Hats and Caps! THE NEW STYLES

Hosiery AND Underwear

DIRECT FROM FACTORY

NO TROUBLE TO SHOW GOODS AND A PLEASURE TO PLEASE

TAYLOR & CANNAN

Frank Dodge Claude Lamb Salesmen



F. W. Nunn, dentist, Press Building.
The Rev. J. F. Price preached at Leman Saturday and Sunday.

Buster says Fohs toys are just what he wants.

No hunting allowed on my farms. B. L. Sullenger.

Thanksgiving services will be held at Seminary Springs school house Thursday.

No hunting or fishing on my premises. Trespassers are warned to keep off. J. S. STEVENS.

The new primitive Baptist church at Pleasant Hill two miles east of Marion was dedicated Sunday.

Wanted, room with heat in private family. Address C. S. Knight, postoffice box 128.

Mrs. E. H. Doss and children are occupying the cottage of G. C. Gray in East Marion on Depot street.

Smooth shave and clean towel on each man at Metz & Sedberry's.

No hunting or fishing allowed on my farm. B. I. ALLEN.

Mrs. A. H. Cardin, of View, was in the city Tuesday to attend the called meeting of the "As You Like It" club.

Wish George would send me one of the 1001 post cards Fohs has.

Rev. S. E. Ragland, of Nortonville, preached Sunday morning at the Methodist church for Rev. Virgil Kigin, who was absent.

No hunting allowed on my farm. B. F. Walker.

Paul Conway, the four year old son of Rev. T. A. Conway has been quite ill and was threatened with typhoid fever but is much improved now.

Mrs. Love has reduced the price on all of her hats. Call and see her at once if you want a stylish hat cheap.

Our farm is posted. No hunting. Presley Ford, W. R. Cruce.

WANTED—White shucked corn. Will pay the highest market price. MARION MILLING CO.

F. W. Nunn, dentist, Press Building.
Mrs. Love has some pretty pattern hats. Now is the time to buy.

For sale, a roan mare 10 years old, \$75.00. SCOTT PARIS.

Mrs. Love is selling her ready to wear hats at one half their value.

Don't forget the county fair at the opera house Thursday, November 22.

Miss Edna Cole, of Fredonia, was the guest last week of Miss Leafa Wilborn.

"Least said is soonest mended." Least decayed is quickest fixed. Dr. Fred S. Stilwell, dentist, over Marion Bank.

Mrs. Carrie Thomas left last week for Howell, Ky., to visit his sister, Mrs. B. A. Whitlock.

For sale, four full blooded setter pups. Watson Rice, Marion, Ky.

Just what I need at Fohs, pencils, tablets, rulers, mittens, anything—Johnny Go-to-school.

Miss Winnie Wilcox, of Paucub, was the guest of her sister, Mrs. Nina Howerton, this week, returning home Tuesday at noon.

Jack Sprucey and his wife have sent word from Webster county that the will certainly attend the county fair.

McConnell's parlor barber shop, gives first-class baths, hot or cold.

R. F. Deboe and son, Willie Bob, spent Sunday and Monday in Evansville at the bed side of his wife who is St. Mary's hospital.—Uniontown Telegram.

Trespassers are hereby warned that no hunting is allowed on my premises. J. J. Braswell.

If my gate, which was removed on Halloween night by certain boys, (who are known,) is returned immediately, nothing further will be done about it. J. W. BLUE.

Parson Briggs will be out to look after his flock and keep them from temptation at the county fair, Thursday, Nov. 22d.

LOST—Watch and chain, Sunday somewhere in Marion. Hunting case gold, Elgin movement, gold fob. Will pay for its return. GRAY ROCHESTER.

Mrs. John J. Millett, of Uniontown, returned Monday from Louisville, where she has been for some time with her daughter, Miss Mary, who remains in that city.—Morganfield Sun.

F. W. Nunn, dentist, Press Building.
D. C. Roberts visited his son, Geo. P. Roberts on Walker street this week.

Yes John, I must have some of that fancy china and glassware at Fohs.

"Love overlooks many faults," but good looking teeth will increase admiration. Dr. F. S. Stilwell, over Marion Bank.

Harold, the five year old son of Jas. L. Rankin, the popular north side grocer, is fast recovering from a serious spell of fever.

Miss Pearl Dunn, of Kansas, was the guest last week of her cousin, Mrs. J. L. Shrode. She is now visiting the family of J. R. Summersville at Mattoon.

J. P. Pierce and son, on their farm north of town, have a little field of seven acres on which 595 bushels of corn were raised this year, an average of 85 bushels to the acre. The land they bought a few years ago from R. W. Wilson and it was not considered valuable then. Who in the county had a field to average as well?

Wilson's Steam Laundry MARION, KY.

Is a permanent fixture in Marion and is the best equipped Laundry between Evansville and Hopkinsville and turns out the very best of work. We add new machinery to our plant nearly every month and invite the people to call and see one of the best equipped Laundries in Western Kentucky. We are especially prepared to wash

Quilts, Counterpanes Blankets and Comforts

Or any of your winter bedding that you have stored away during the summer. We will do this work for you at an exceedingly low price. We can wash your Lace Curtains better than any woman can by hand.

Mens Clothes Cleaned and Pressed Correctly

We don't rub the spots in the goods with gasoline, but wash the garment and make it as good as new.

Give us a trial and we will convince you.

Call at Mrs. Love's and see her novelties in combs, neckwear and belts. Don't forget the hats have been reduced.

No hunting on our farms. A. J. Hartzell, Isa Bradburn, J. G. Lemmon, W. N. Cullen, Harvey Smith, J. N. Boston.

There will be services at the C. P. church next Sunday at the usual hours. Subject for the morning service: "The Revival we Need".

David A. Dunn, the Smithland banker, was married Sunday, Nov. 14 to Miss Laura Champion at Dr. Duley's residence in Smithland. Rev. T. A. Conway officiated.

Mrs. Jas. B. Ray, of Fredonia, was in the city last week visiting her many friends, all of whom regret the decision of her husband to remove from Marion with his family.

"Live not to eat but eat to live." Have your teeth put in a good condition. Dr. F. S. Stilwell, dentist, over Marion Bank.

The automobile race and explosion will be a startling scenic effect in the play "An Aristocratic Tramp". Will be at the Marion opera house Friday evening, November 16.

Among the additions to the church at Mounds last week were Miss Letitia and Marion Conditt, Miss Ruth Terry. The meeting closed Wednesday evening of last week.

"Let the cobbler stick to his last." Let the teeth stay through life by care and attention. Frederick Stilwell, dentist, over Marion Bank.

Jas. L. Rankin left Wednesday during the snow storm for Ford's Ferry. He had some business there and didn't propose for a little thing like a snow storm to stop him.

Nunn & Tucker offer a plush parlor suit to any couple in Crittenden county willing to have the knot tied at the great county fair Thursday, Nov. 22 at the opera house.

Wednesday morning early risers were greeted with a furious snow storm. It was falling rapidly and continued throughout the day. Late in the afternoon in level places where undisturbed the snow had attained a depth of several inches.

Ira B. Clark reports that the synod of the C. P. church, which met at Hopkinsville, Ky., was the largest, most spiritual and harmonious meeting he ever attended, not a negative vote being cast and ministers and elders reported good revivals in all parts of the state.

J. W. Blue and H. K. Woods gave the young folks of their neighborhood a hay ride and 'possum hunt last Friday night. Among the mighty nimrods besides the hosts were Wilson Wood, Robert Jenkins, Fannie Blue, Madeleine Jenkins, Mildred Trisler, Linda Jenkins, Lemah James, Virginia Blue.

W. R. Lanham, of the Crittenden Springs section, and his son-in-law, W. B. James have bought the J. G. Gilbert shop and will run a blacksmith shop and wagon shop and do all kinds of plow and farm machinery repairing. They will do first class work and ask the patronage of the public.

Lee Yeakey is going to establish a small factory and through the ensuing winter season manufacture a dozen or two small gasoline pleasure boats if quick sales can be had for that many. Everybody most wants a gasoline skiff these days but Mr. Yeakey will put up a fine model hull almost as cheap.—Hardin Era.

Our colored pictorial magazine section next issue will contain a great illustrated frontispiece "Wonder Works of the Metropolis," giving some minute details of the underground railways of New York city. The article is well written and will be appreciated by all readers interested in colossal enterprises. For the children, "The Hoodoo Con and the Black Cat," and the "Doings of Dorothy" will on the fourth page. Chapter XIII of the continued story, "In the Shadow of Shame" by Fitzgerald Mallory will appear following a synopsis of the preceding chapters.

Don't forget the vaudeville acts in "An Aristocratic Tramp." Seven in number and they are all good ones. The attraction is booked for the Marion opera house Friday evening, November 16.

Services at the Baptist church were largely attended both morning and evening. In the morning the pastor spoke upon "Fading as a Leaf". Text Isa. 64:6. At night upon "Christ's Call to Young Men" Luke 7:14. Next Sunday Mr. Butler will preach again to young men. The public cordially invited.

Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Hearin are shipping their household goods to Madisonville this week. We regret to lose these good people but are glad indeed to note that Geo. H. Foster and his estimable family will take possession at once of the Hearin residence, he having bought it last week. Mr. Foster and his family will be valuable additions to Marion.

Rev. Benjamin Andres left Monday at noon for Louisville, where he on Wednesday was married to Miss Jessie Cooper Ellis. He will arrive here next Monday with his bride and a reception will be tendered them at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Wilson on lower Main street. Over one hundred invitations have been issued and the occasion is looked forward to with the most pleasant anticipations by the many friends of the groom here. Mr. Andres has gained the confidence and affection of our people in a marked degree during his short residence here.

Lost, strayed or stolen. one black pig. If found telephone Susie Boston.

EVERYTHING GOOD IN INSURANCE!

Fire Tornado Life
Stuam Boiler Health
Plate Glass Accident

The Best Companies
The Lowest Rates
The Strongest Agency

Bourland & Haynes

Opposite Postoffice.

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Stenographer and
Notary Public . . .

Office with Blue & Nunn in Postoffice
Building, Marion, Ky.

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Agent for the Farm
Department of the

Continental Fire Insurance Co.

For Crittenden, Livingston
and Lyon counties.

All persons having insurable prop-
erty should protect it from the rav-
ages of fire, lightning and tornadoes
when they can do so at such a low
price. Write or phone 225, Marion,
Ky.

Dr. M. Ravdin,

Practice Limited to Diseases
and Defects of the

Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat,

Suits 16 and 17, Arcade
Building. Glasses Fitted.

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Will practice in all the courts of
the Commonwealth. Special atten-
tion given to collections. Office in
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No knife, no pain, book free. Address
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State and in the United States court.
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Lawyer

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MARION KENTUCKY.

Kevil & Co.

HAVE ESTABLISHED A

Fire Insurance Agency in
MARION, KENTUCKY

If you have property in the town of
Marion, let them insure it. You
shall have no reasons to regret it.
Office in Press Building, Room 5
Telephone 225.



**TELEPHONES
AND
Switchboards**

Also
Large Stock of Electric
Light, Street Railway
and Telephone Supplies
Constantly on Hand.

Don't fail to send for latest Cata-
logue No. 7.

Jas. Clark Jr. & Co.
314 W. Main St. Louisville, Ky.

Lest We

Infant-Baby is restless, can't sleep at night,
won't eat, cries spasmodically. A bottle of
White's Cream Vermifuge never fails to cure.
Every mother should give her baby White's
Cream Vermifuge. So many times when the
baby is pale and fretful, the mother does not
know what to do. A bottle of this medicine
would bring color to his cheeks and laughter to
his eyes. Give it a trial. Sold by Woods &
Crisp Druggists.

SUNDAY SCHOOL TEACHERS' TRAINING CLASS

LESSON XLIX.

DAILY MANNA.

There is no Sunday school lesson in this week's readings.

Sunday, November 18.—The women come to embalm him. Mt. 28:1;
Mk. 16:1-3; Lk. 24:1-6; Ju. 20:1-11.
Monday, Nov. 19.—Mary Magdalene sees the stone taken away and
returns to tell the disciples. Mk. 16:4-8; Lk. 24:2-7; Ju. 20:11, 12.
Tuesday, Nov. 20.—The angel appears to the other women and they
depart. Mt. 28:5-8; Mk. 16:5-8; Lk. 24:3-8.
Wednesday, Nov. 21.—Peter and John come to see and return. Lk.
24:12, 24; Ju. 20:13-17.
Thursday, Nov. 22.—Mary Magdalene sees first the two angels in the
tomb, afterwards she sees Christ. Mk. 16:9; Ju. 20:11-11.
Friday, Nov. 23.—Christ appears to the other women. Mt. 28:9, 10.
Saturday, Nov. 24.—Report of the guard; the guard bribed. Mt. 28
11-15.

HELPS TO STUDY.

Early in the morning, on the first day of the week, these women are
on their way to complete the embalming of Christ's body. At clear dawn
Mary Magdalene arrives at the tomb first. She sees the stone rolled away.
She takes no time to investigate but returns at once to tell the apostles of
this fact. She returns by another street than the one from which the other
women are coming and misses them. The other women, while Magdalene
has returned to tell some of the disciples, come to the sepulchre. An
angel appears to them and tells them not to fear, that he knows they seek
Jesus, that he is not here but risen. He then invited them to come and
see the vacant tomb and then go and tell the disciples. Peter and John
came and made their investigation and returned to the city. Doubtless
soon after they left Mary Magdalene returned to the tomb. She stooped
down and looked in and saw two angels, one at the head and one at the feet
of where the body of Jesus lay. They asked her why she wept; she told
them that some one had taken her Lord and she knew not where they have
laid him. She then raised up and as she turned saw Jesus. Then oc-
curred the conversation between him and her. Immediately afterward he
appeared to the other women as they were making their way back to the
city. After the resurrection there were some remarkable features about
Christ's body. He seemed to have the power of transporting himself from
one place to another immediately. He could enter houses when the doors
were all closed and vanish out of their sight as a perfectly spiritual being.
These no doubt are the characteristics of the spiritual body which he seemed
to possess after his resurrection.

In the meantime the guard went and reported the resurrection of
Christ. The Jewish rulers saw that this would never do, therefore they
bribed the guard to say that the disciples came and stole him while they
slept. This is one of the most unreasonable reports that ever was pub-
lished on a Roman guard.

METHODS IN TEACHING.

Illustration—Illustrate means "to light up". Whatever will illumi-
nate or "light up" the lesson is an illustration. There are four uses of
illustration. 1. They attract attention. A light brought in a dark room,
or a star shining in the sky, at once draws to it every eye. So the illus-
trations of the lessons win attention to its teachings. The ear is quicken-
ed to interest by a story; the eye is arrested by the picture or the chalk
mark. Nothing awakens and retains the interest more than the illustration
whether heard or seen. 2. They quicken the apprehension. In a dark
room we may be informed concerning the place and form of every object.
But how all our ideas are changed at the instant when a light is intro-
duced, enabling us to see its contents. 3. They aid the memory. The
meteor which you saw flashing in the sky at night is remembered long
after the one about which you read has been forgotten. You remember a
sermon, not so much by its text or its thoughts, but by its illustrations.
4. They awaken the conscience. How many have been aroused to con-
viction of sin by the parable of the prodigal son; and what is that but an il-
lustration? Mr. Moody's stories have sent the truth home as deeply as
his exhortations.

There are four classes of illustration. 1. Those which depend upon
the sight and derive their interest from the pupil's delight in seeing.
Such are maps, pictures, diagrams, etc., and when drawn in the presence
of the scholars, though ever so rudely sketched, they have an increased in-
terest and power. 2. Those which depend upon the imagination. In
childhood this faculty is especially strong, for to them all the world is new
and strange. To this class of illustrations belong "word pictures," imagi-
nary scenes, etc., as presentations of the thought in the lesson.

3. Those which depend upon comparison. To see resemblance in
things different, or the correspondence between the outward and the spiri-
tual is as old as the parable of the sower and the miracle of the loaves.

4. Those which depend upon knowledge. Children are eager to
know. History, science, art, and indeed every department of knowledge
will furnish illustrations of spiritual truth.

Use illustrations only in the line of the teaching. Never use an illus-
tration or tell a story for the sake of the illustration or story, but always
to impress a truth. Never let the illustration be the more prominent part,
but give prominence to the truth you are teaching and let the illustration
throw light on that truth. Encourage the pupils to find incidents, illus-
trations, etc., that will clarify and enliven the lessons taught.



**BUY THE
NEW
SEWING
MACHINE**

NUNN & TUCKER

HOMESEEKERS round-trip rates TO THE SOUTH

A greatly reduced rates on the first
and third Tuesday of each month,
from points on the line of the

Illinois Central R. R.

in the North. Your home Ticket
Agent will give you full particulars
as to rates, conditions and train time.

FULL PARTICULARS concerning Home-
seekers' Excursion Rates can be had of agents of
the Illinois Central and connecting lines or by
addressing either of the undersigned.
F. W. HARLOW, D. P. A., Louisville,
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**ELECTRIC
BITTERS** THE BEST FOR
BILIOUSNESS
AND HEADACHE.

How's Your Liver?

It will pay you to take good care of
your liver, because, if you do, your
liver will take good care of you.

Sick liver puts you all out of sorts,
makes you pale, dizzy, sick at the
stomach, gives you stomach ache,
headache, malaria, etc. Well liver
keeps you well, by purifying your
blood and digesting your food.

There is only one safe, certain and
reliable liver medicine, and that is

Thedford's Black-Draught

For over 60 years this wonderful
vegetable remedy has been the stand-
by in thousands of homes, and is today
the favorite liver medicine in the world.

It acts gently on the liver and kid-
neys, and does not irritate the bowels.

It cures constipation, relieves con-
gestion, and purifies the system from
an overflow of bile, thereby keeping
the body in perfect health.

Price 25c at all druggists and
dealers. Test it.

Mining Machinery For Sale!

I have one Ingersoll-Sargent Baby
Drill with complete outfit, including
oil, column bar and clamp.

One 12 h. p. locomotive boiler,
cheap at \$50. One Worthington
steam pump, 2 in. suction, 1 1/2
discharge. One Tool house wagon that
you can move from one place to an-
other, a complete blacksmith outfit,
including tools, 140 lb. anvil, one
portable forge, one bench vice, 400
ft. of pipe, size, 3/4 in. to 1 1/2 in.; 250
feet of 3/4 inch wire cable.

I also have one Altman Taylor
Traction engine, 12 h. p. in good
condition. If you are in need of an
engine of this size, I am in position
to give you a bargain.

All the above machinery is in
first-class condition and is now lo-
cated at Gracey, Ky. For prices and
information address C. J. HAURY,
Marion, Ky.

To Cure A Cold in One Day.

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine
Tablets. Druggists refund money if
it fails to cure. E. W. Grove's sig-
nature is on each box. 25c.

For Sale.

The residence of the late R. Y.
Thomas in Rochester's addition to
the city of Marion, two lots of three
or four acres, six room house, well
on each lot. Stable and all neces-
sary out buildings. Write or call on
Mrs. W. N. Rochester.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve The Best Salve In The World.

A Guaranteed Cure For Piles

Itching, Blind, Bleeding. Pro-
ducing Piles. Druggists are author-
ized to refund money if Pazo Oint-
ment fails to cure in 6 to 14 days.
price 50c.

Dog Goes Five Hundred Miles Home.

Fremont, Ia., Nov. 6.—With
nothing to guide it but its natural
brute instinct, a Scotch collie dog,
belonging to a man in Des Moines,
Ia., journeyed 500 miles by itself
from Valentine, Nebraska, where it
had been sold, back home again. It
reached Iowa capital town, run down,
shaggy and footsore, but the same
old dog and rejoiced to see his old
master. The Des Moines man will
offer the Valentine man his price for
the dog and keep him.

Local Time Table I. C. Railroad

NORTH BOUND			
Leave Marion 7:02 am	Arrive Evansville 9:45 am	Leave Marion 12:00 pm	Arrive Evansville 1:45 pm
Leave Marion 12:00 pm	Arrive Evansville 1:45 pm	Leave Marion 1:45 pm	Arrive Evansville 3:30 pm
Leave Marion 1:45 pm	Arrive Evansville 3:30 pm	Leave Marion 3:30 pm	Arrive Chicago 5:00 am
SOUTH BOUND			
Leave Marion 1:45 am	Arrive Princeton 3:00 am	Leave Marion 11:20 am	Arrive Princeton 12:40 pm
Leave Marion 11:20 am	Arrive Princeton 12:40 pm	Leave Marion 1:45 pm	Arrive Princeton 3:00 pm
Leave Marion 1:45 pm	Arrive Princeton 3:00 pm	Leave Marion 3:30 pm	Arrive Princeton 5:00 pm
Leave Marion 3:30 pm	Arrive Princeton 5:00 pm	Leave Marion 5:00 pm	Arrive Princeton 6:30 pm

THE FRENCH HUSBAND.

Always, as a Rule, Anxious to Do the
Agreeable Thing.

The French husband has a faculty
that amounts almost to a genius for
bestowing the delicate attentions
which cost little except the exercise
of a medium of tact and thoughtfulness,
but which carry joy to every
true woman's heart. He not only
thinks to take home to her often (in
the absence of the means to make a
larger offering) a ten cent bunch of
violets, pink or roses from the flower
market or the itinerant flower vender's
barrow on his route, but he presents
them gallantly with the compliment
and the caress the occasion calls for,
and this makes them confer a pleasure
out of all proportion to their intrinsic
worth.

He remembers her birthday or fete
day with a potted plant, a bit of game,
a box of bonbons, a cake from the pas-
try cook's or a bottle of good wine.
He is marvelously fertile in expedients
for making the time pass quickly and
agreeably for her. He has a thousand
amusing and successful devices for
helping her to renew her youth. He
projects unique and joyous Sunday
and holiday excursions. He improvises
dainty little banquets. He is a past
master especially in the art of conjur-
ing up amiable mysteries and prepar-
ing charming little surprises. And in
all these trivial enterprises he vindicates
the old French theory that true
civility consists in taking a certain
amount of pains to so order our words
and our manners that others "be con-
tent with us and with themselves."

The American husband is particularly
sollicitous to do the proper thing;
the French husband to do the agree-
able thing.—Independent.

WATER IN TURKEY.

Must Meet Many Conditions To Be a
Perfect Beverage.

"Turks are extremely particular,"
writes a traveler, "in regard to the
quality of the water they drink and
are willing to be at much trouble and
expense to obtain water of the kind
they prefer. To be a perfect beverage
water must issue from a rock, fall from
a height, be of medium temperature,
flow rapidly and copiously, taste sweet,
spring in high and lonely ground and
run from south to north or from east
to west. The excellence of any water
is accordingly determined by the num-
ber of these conditions it fulfills. It is
remarkable how much pleasure Turks
find in visiting a famous spring in the
country, to spend the whole day beside
it under the shade of trees, doing little
else than drink carafe after carafe of
the water as the elixir of life. Resorts
of this description abound on the shores
and in the valleys of the upper Bos-
porus under such names as the Water
of Life, the Silver Water, the Water
Under the Chestnut Tree, the Water
Beside the Hazels. The spectacle of
the great gatherings there on Fridays,
arrayed in bridal colors, seated tier
above tier on the terraced platforms
built against the green slope of the
hill, the women above, the men be-
low, all in the deep shade of the
branches meeting overhead, forms a
picture beyond a painter's power to re-
produce.—Chicago News.

Hot Drinks For Thirst.

It is a mistake to suppose that cold
drinks are necessary to relieve thirst.
Very cold drinks, as a rule, increase
the feverish condition of the mouth
and stomach and so create thirst. Ex-
perience shows it to be a fact that hot
drinks relieve the thirst and cool off
the body when it is in an abnormally
heated condition better than ice cold
drinks. It is far better and safer to
avoid the use of drinks below 60 de-
grees. In fact, a higher temperature is
to be preferred, and those who are
much troubled with thirst will do well
to try the advantages to be derived
from hot drinks instead of cold fluids,
to which they have been accustomed.
Hot drinks also have the advantage
of aiding digestion instead of causing
debility of the stomach and bowels.

The Harshness of Orators.

American political orators are often
charged with being unduly harsh to
the other side. The following extract
from a speech of the late Earl of
Shaftesbury, published in his memoirs,
shows that if our stump speakers ex-
hibit harshness they come honestly by
it. The noble earl thus described and
propounded: "When Gladstone runs
down a steep place, his immense ma-
jority, like the pigs in Scripture, but
hoping for a better issue, will go with
him, roaring in grunts of exultation."
—Boston Transcript.

Noah's Advantage.

Mrs. Noah was complaining that her
clothes looked as if they had come out
of the ark.
"On the contrary," returned her
spouse, "they have just come across
the water."

Herewith he congratulated himself
on the cheapness of imported goods.—
New York Sun.

As the Boy Saw It.

An Englishman tells the story of a
boy who saw an exceedingly bowlegged
man standing in front of a hot fire.
Finally he could restrain himself no
longer and said, "Hey, mister, you'd
better get away from there; you're
warmin'!"

Polliteness.

The greatest thing in the world is
polliteness. And no schooling is nec-
essary to be agreeable. Simply have
a little consideration for others and be
quiet and modest.—Atchison Globe.

There is no virtue in the Sunday that
makes children say, "I wish it was
Monday."

An Animal Story For Little Folks

MR. JAMES CHIMPAN-
ZEE'S PICTURE

"Have you heard the news?" asked
Joe Baboon of Jim Chimpanzee.
"No; what is it?" inquired Jim.
"Why, a photographer has come to
town."
"And what is a photographer?" asked
Jim.
"A man who takes pictures."
"Will he take my picture?" inquired
Jim.
"Of course he will," answered Joe.
"But what on earth do you want your
picture taken for?"
"To send to my sweetheart," said
Jim, blushing to the end of his tail.



HE LOOKED PLEASANT.

"Gracious!" exclaimed Joe. "You
will frighten the poor girl out of her
wits."

But Jim wanted the picture, and the
very next day he went down to the
photographer's place.

"Now, sit real still and look pleas-
ant," said the photographer.

Jim sat as still as he could and look-
ed as pleasant as he ever did in his
life. The photographer touched the but-
ton, and the picture was made.

The first mail carried one of the pic-
tures to Jim's girl.

"She will be pleased with that, I
know," declared Jim. "My, I do look
handsome in that picture!"

Well, in a few days Mr. Chimpanzee
got a letter from his sweetheart, and
this is the letter:

Mr. James Chimpanzee, 711 Zulu Jungle,
Zombia Land.
Dear Sir—I never knew what a perfect
fright you were until I got your photo-
graph. It will be impossible for me to
marry you. Papa says please keep away
from the house. Sincerely,
CATHERINE ORANG-OUTANG.

—Detroit Journal.

An Animal Story For Little Folks

The Innocent Elephant

Jumbo was so innocent, so glib and
unassuming that if you told him
his tail was on in front he would get
mixed and be tempted to believe it.
He was also absentminded.

"Why," said the monkey, "the other
day I told him that he was a fire en-
gine and that his trunk was the hose,
and he never knew the difference and
squirited water all over the place till
the keeper came and pounded him."

"Let's have some fun with him now,"
suggested the parrot.

"By the way," said Jumbo absently,
"who is that peculiar looking fellow
with the straw sticking out of his chin,
by the post there?"

"Why, that's a 'Hey, Rubie,'" said
the parrot.

"A hay Rubie?" asked Jumbo.

"Yes, a 'Hey, Rubie.' If you'd been
in the circus longer you'd have known
what a 'Hey, Rubie,' is."

"Is it good to eat?" queried the in-
nocent one.

"Most assuredly," said the monkey.



AROUND THE TENT HE TROD.

"He ought to be good," thought Jum-
bo, "if he's hay."

He looked longingly at the jay with
the grassy whiskers.

"When no one is looking I will eat
him," he said.

By and by the chance came. Jumbo
stole up close to the farmer, who was
looking intently at the lady bareback
rider. Reaching out his long trunk
he wound it about the "Hey, Rubie,"
threw back his big head, opened his
little mouth and dropped the aston-
ished "Rubie" into it.

But, oh, how different it seemed from
the hay he had been used to! It tickled
and struggled; it hurt his jaws; it
choked him. He felt as the whole
must when he had Jonah inside. He
must get rid of it at once.

Around the tent he trod, looking for
a way out, while the foot of his great
dinner dangled from his lips, and the
people scrambled to get out of the way.
After a deal of striving he broke
through the tent and managed to send
his unwilling meal out on the grass
sod.

He never heard the end of his mis-
take. All of which shows that there
are different meanings to the same
word.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

A Doctor's Medicine

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral is not a simple cough syrup. It is a strong medicine, a doctor's medicine. It cures hard cases, severe and desperate cases, chronic cases of asthma, pleurisy, bronchitis, consumption. Ask your doctor about this.

"I have used a great deal of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral for coughs and hard colds on my chest. It has always done me great good. It is certainly a most wonderful cough medicine."—MICHAEL J. FITZGERALD, Newford, N. H.

Made by J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Also manufactured by
SARGENT & WELCH, PHILADELPHIA.
HAIR VIGOR.

You will hasten recovery by taking one of Ayer's Pills at bedtime.

FIRST STATE BANK

Makes Deal for the Livingston County Bank's Business.

Last Thursday, November 1, a deal was made by the directors and officers of the First State Bank, organized some months ago, whereby that institution bought the stock, business and building of the Livingston county Bank. The papers were signed and acknowledged by both banks' officers on November 2. The Livingston County Bank will continue business until the first day of January when it will cease to exist in name also and the First State Bank will take up the business and carry it on in that name. The new bank is capitalized at \$20,000 while the old bank had only \$15,000 capital stock, which was closed out at \$1.40 on the dollar. Through the energy and good business tact of C. Lowery as cashier and D. A. Dunn as president the Livingston County Bank has been a recognized success. J. Fort Abell, assistant cashier, deserves special mention also, as he has been a faithful and beneficial servant.

The building which has been planned for the First State Bank will not be erected, as that institution has a home in the building now occupied by the old bank.—Livingston Banner.

Have you tried the new Cream Crisp breakfast food. A ten cent package and better than many of the fifteen cent sellers. Morris & Yates.

In Line for the Nominees.

The Henderson Gleaner, which was strongly opposed to Beckham is in line straight. It says editorially last Thursday.

The primary is over and, while it may be slightly changed by the official count, it seems that Gov. Beckham has been nominated for senator by a small majority and that Auditor Hager has been nominated for governor by a safe majority.

While the Gleaner would have been pleased to see McCreary endorsed and General Hays selected for the nominee for governor, yet it bows to the will of the majority of the party and will give the successful candidates for these offices and for all the other offices earnest and loyal support.

The Gleaner has frequently said and honestly believes that no calamity could befall the state of Kentucky so great as that the republican organization in Kentucky should again be placed in charge of state affairs.

In the campaign which has just closed the Gleaner expressed its honest views as to what was best for the party to do—it had no axes to grind and no selfish end in view. The results show that nearly one-half of the democrats of the state entertained similar views, but now that a majority, however small, has said that Beckham and Hager are to be the standard bearers of the party, every democrat in the state should cheerfully yield his views and abide by the decision. The Gleaner has no sore spots. It has no grudges against anybody. It has no whim to utter. With it the fight is over among ourselves and is now on against the common enemy, the republican party.

A Queer Fact About Vision.

In the eye itself certain things may go on which give us wrong sensations, which, although not truly illusions, are very much like them. Thus, when we suddenly strike our heads or faces against something in the dark we see "stars," or bright sparks, which we know are not real lights, though they are quite as bright and sparkling as if they were. When we close one eye and look straight ahead at some word or letter in the middle of this page, for example, we seem to see not only the thing we are looking at, but every thing else immediately about it and for a long way on each side. But the truth is there is a large round spot somewhere near the point at which we are looking in which we see nothing. Curiously enough, the existence of this blind spot was not discovered by accident, and nobody every suspected it until Mariotte reasoned from the construction of the eyeball that it must exist and proceeded to find it.

Man Against Horse.

A man (Shrub) has run ten miles in 50 minutes 40 seconds; another man (Hutchens) has run 300 yards in 30 seconds; another man (George) has run a mile in 4 minutes 12½ seconds. Of all running records this last appears most unapproachable, and it seems likely to stand for a very long time. Men like Shrub, Bacon and "Deerfoot," who have covered very close on twelve miles in the hour, could certainly hold their own with most carriage horses over a good road. If the gait chosen were walking instead of running, the quadruped would be badly worsted.—Grand Magazine.

Not Quite a Tempest.

A young gentleman with an unusual voice insisted upon singing at a social gathering. "What does he call that?" inquired a disgusted guest. "The Tempest," I think," answered another. "Don't be alarmed," said an old sea captain present. "That's no tempest. It is only a squall and will soon be over."

Sarcasm.

Greene—Whom are your children said to take after, Mr. Ennepek? Ennepek (with a mental reservation)—The younger, with a sweet smile and angelic temper, takes after his mother. The elder, that cross eyed young viper, takes after me, I'm informed.—London Fun.

A Trick.

Knicker—Which side of the house does the baby resemble? Bocker—The outside. Don't you see how red he is?—Harper's Bazar.

A Lucky Postmistress

In Mrs. Alexander, of Cary Me., who has found Dr. King's New Life Pills to be the best remedy she ever tried for keeping the stomach, liver and bowels in perfect order. You'll agree with her if you try these painless purifiers that infuse new life. Guaranteed by Woods & Orme, Druggists. Price 25c.

Wanted—a Doctor.

O'Hara, Ky., Nov. 7, 1906.—Editor Press, Dear Sir: Please say in The Press that this place offers an opportunity for a good doctor and interested parties can come or write me for particulars. Very truly,
M. C. O'HARA.

O'Hara is in Caldwell county and is commonly called Cedar Bluff. It is on the I. C. railroad and has the great stone crushing plant there for ballast for the entire Illinois Central railroad. It has several hundred population now and is growing rapidly. It would seem that this is a good location for a doctor.

It Takes Nerve

Everything depends upon your nerves. It is nerve force that causes the brain to direct the motion of your body; it is nerve force that causes your heart to pulsate, and send the blood through your veins; it is nerve force that causes your stomach to digest food, your kidneys to filter the blood, and the liver to secrete bile.

In fact, nerve force is the power that runs your body, so if you feel worn-out, irritable, nervous, cannot sleep, or eat well, have pain or misery anywhere, your nerves are weak, and your system run-down. To restore this vitality take Dr. Miles' Nerve which will strengthen and build up the nerves. You cannot be healthy without strong nerves. For eighteen years Dr. Miles' Nerve and Anti-Pain Pills have been my close companions. Early in married life, while raising children, my nerves became all worn-out—could not sleep, had no appetite, indigestion very bad, and had such awful dizzy spells. Then I began using Dr. Miles' Nerve, and at once I began to improve, and soon found myself in perfect health.

MRS. S. L. YOUNG,
324 Pittsburg St., New Castle, Pa.
Dr. Miles' Nerve is sold by your druggist, who will guarantee that the first bottle will benefit. If it fails, he will refund your money.
Miles Medical Co., Elkhart, Ind.

NIGHT ROBES.

They Were Once Very Gorgeous and Worn in the Daytime.

In the middle ages night robes, as a general thing, were unknown luxuries. Under the Tudors royalty and nobility had them made of silk or velvet, and, as the old books say, "hence no washing was necessary."

A night robe of black satin bound with black taffeta and edged with velvet of the same color was daintily fashioned for Anne Boleyn.

More luxurious still was one owned by Queen Bess. It was of black velvet, fur lined, and greatly offset by flowing borders of silk lace. And in 1568 her majesty gave orders that George Brodighman should deliver "threescore and six best sable skyones, to furnish us a night gown." Four years later her highness orders the delivery of "twelve yards of purple velvet, fringed on the back syde, with white and russet silke," for a night gown for herself and also orders the delivery of fourteen yards of murrey damask for the "makinge of a night gowne" for some one else.

Night gowns for ladies of a later period were called "nyght vails." In Queen Anne's time it was the fashion to wear them over the customary dress in the streets in the daytime, when out on a pleasure walk. And, as was fitting, ladies who indulged in night-caps had them also made of silk or velvet, with "much pretty garnishing of lace and glittering cords," and the fair ones made presentation of costly caps to each other as tokens of respect or affection.

MARINE TURTLES.

How They Are Stripped of Their Shells While Alive.

The shells shipped from the Colon district are taken from turtles caught on the Lagarto and San Blas coasts of the Caribbean sea during the months of May, June, July and August, when they approach the shore to deposit eggs, which are laid on the sandy beaches above high water mark at night. Holes are dug about one and a half feet deep and the eggs deposited therein. Generally about three layings are made during a period of nine weeks. The eggs are lightly covered with sand and left to be hatched out by the heat of the sun. The turtles are caught either while on shore or in the water by means of nets.

As a rule, they are killed immediately after being caught, cleaned and the shell frames washed with sand. But on the San Blas coast the Indians do not kill them, but at once proceed to remove the shell by subjecting the turtles to great heat, afterward throwing the turtles back into the sea. By the application of heat the successive plates of shell come off very easily.

Turtles caught in these waters vary in size from one to four and a half feet long, with a maximum weight of 150 pounds, and the average weight of shell obtained from each is from six to seven pounds. The commercial value of tortoise shell depends upon the thickness and size of the plates rather than upon the brilliancy of the colors.

They Waited Well.

A large audience once gathered in Baltimore to hear Professor Sylvester read a unique original poem of 400 lines, all rhyming with the name Rosalind. He had appended to the poem a large number of explanatory footnotes, which he said he would read first. When at last he had done so he looked up at the clock and was horrified to find that he had kept the audience an hour and a half before beginning to read the poem they had come to hear. The astonishment on his face was answered by a burst of good humored laughter from the audience, and then, after begging all his hearers to feel at perfect liberty to leave if they had engagements, he read the Rosalind poem.

No Mistake.

The editor was apologizing over the telephone for an annoying typographical error in his paper.

"In our account of the meeting at which you were chairman last night, colonel," he said, "we tried to say, 'Following is a detailed report of the proceedings,' but it appeared in print, as perhaps you have noticed, 'Following is a detailed report,' and so forth. Mistakes of that kind, you know, will."

"It may have been an accident," interrupted the man at the other end of the wire, "but it wasn't a mistake. You sidetracked most of the report."—Chicago Tribune.

Antismoking Edicts.

Strenuous efforts have been made in times past to stamp out smoking. Among the rules of an English school in 1629 it was laid down that "a master must be a man of grave behavior, neither papist nor Puritan, no haunter of alehouses and no puffer of tobacco." In Turkey, where the pipe is now omnipresent, former sultans made smoking a crime and offenders were punished by having their pipes thrust into their noses, while in Russia a royal edict ordered the noses of the smokers to be cut off.

The Real Glutton.

Benevolent Old Lady (to little boy in street)—Why—why, little boy, how did you ever get such a black eye? Small Boy—Me and Sammy Jones was fighting for an apple in school, an' he smashed me. Benevolent Old Lady—Dear, dear, and which glutton got the apple? Small Boy—Teacher, ma'am.

Talent's Triumph.

"What's the difference between talent and genius?"
"Talent makes money oftener than genius does."—Detroit Free Press.

Grove's Tasteless Chill Tonic

has stood the test 25 years. Average Annual Sales over One and a Half Million bottles. Does this record of merit appeal to you? No Cure, No Pay. 50c. Enclosed with every bottle is a Ten Cent package of Grove's Black Root Liver Pills.

"An Aristocratic Tramp."

"An Aristocratic Tramp," Kilroy and Britton's new metropolitan comedy drama success to be seen at the Marion opera house on Friday, Nov. 16, promises to prove one of the very best theatrical offerings of the local season. The production is complete in every respect, the scenic equipment and acting company far surpasses anything ever offered local theatre patrons. One of the features, an automobile race ending in an apparently terrific and death dealing explosion, is said to be by far the most sensational effect yet produced by stage mechanism. While the play contains plenty of pathos and enough broad comedy for a laugh every minute. There are also seven big specialties introduced which serve to make "An Aristocratic Tramp" what every one wants to see, the best show of the season.

Human Blood Marks.

A tale of horror was told by marks of human blood in the home of J. W. Williams, a well known merchant of Mac Ky. He writes: "Twenty years ago I had severe hemorrhages of the lungs, and was near death when I began taking Dr. King's New Discovery. It completely cured me and I have remained well ever since." It cures Hemorrhages, Chronic Coughs, Scattered Colds and Bronchitis, and is the only known cure for weak lungs. Every bottle guaranteed by Woods & Orme Druggists, 50c and \$1.00. Trial bottle free.

Judge Blue May Serve.

Judge J. F. Gordon will not be present at the December term of court, as he is engaged in a special term of court at Madisonville. Judge J. W. Blue, of Marion, will probably serve as a petition from the members of the bar and officers of court has been sent to Governor Beckham asking his appointment.—Livingston Banner.

Has Stood the Test 25 Years.

The old original Grove's Tasteless Chill Tonic. You know what you are taking. It is iron and quinine in a tasteless form. No cure No pay. 50c.

PARKER'S HAIR BALM
Gleams and beautifies the hair. Promotes its growth. Never Fails to Restore Gray Hair. It is the only safe and reliable hair dressing. Cleans scalp, dandruff, and itching. 25c and 50c at Druggists.

Top Notch Reached.

Watson W. Rice, who lives two miles south of Marion, sold last week to J. O. Dixon one Oscar Dare filly five months old, for \$100. Who can beat it?

Julius Caesar

was a man of nerve—but sickness left its mark and he became aged before his time. Sickness is often caused by a torpid liver. Herbine will regulate your liver and give you health. Mrs. Carrie Austin, Holton, Kansas, writes: "I consider Herbine the best medicine I ever heard of. I am never without it." Sold by Woods & Orme.

Will T. Hicklin

Successor to

Ordway Bros. & Guess

Livery, Sale and Feed Stable

North Main St. Marion, Ky.

The patronage of the Public is solicited



A Delightful Beverage

A Safe Stimulant

A Good Medicine

For sale by

Eberle, Hardin & Co.

Marion, Ky.

Always Remember the Full Name Laxative Bromo Quinine

Cures a Cold in One Day, Grip in Two.

E. H. Grove on Box. 25c.

The Old Hickory Distilling Co.

MOVED UP TOWN.—On account of the city council refusing to grant us new quart license at the distillery, we were compelled to buy out a place up town or let our friends and patrons go without Old Hickory which is known to be the best, purest and cheapest in Marion. Nobody else in town has our Old Hickory. Call and see us. We have a full line of Whiskey, Wines, Beer and Cigars. Prices on Old Hickory same as at the quart house.

Billart Stand, Opposite Post Office.

Old Hickory Distilling Company.

By T. H. LOWERY, Manager.

Attend
LOCKYER'S BUSINESS COLLEGE
EVANSVILLE, INDIANA
"A SCHOOL WITH A REPUTATION"
LARGE ATTENDANCE
NINE TEACHERS
FIFTY TYPEWRITERS
LESSONS BY MAIL
SEND FOR NEW CATALOG



With a Perfection Oil Heater you can heat a cold bed-room, make a sick-room more comfortable, warm a chilly hallway, heat water quickly, and do many things better than can be done with any other stove no matter what fuel it burns. The superiority of the

PERFECTION Oil Heater

(Equipped with Smokeless Device)

lies in the fact that it generates intense heat without smoke or smell. The oil found and the wick carrier are made of brass throughout, which insures durability. Gives great heat at small cost. Point has oil indicator and handle. Heater is light and portable. Absolutely safe and simple—wick cannot be turned too high or too low. Operated as easily as a lamp. All parts easily cleaned. Two finishes—nickel and Japan. Every heater warranted. If not at your dealer's write nearest agency for descriptive circular.

The Rayo Lamp

can be used in any room and is the best all-around house lamp made. Gives a clear, steady light. Is the safest lamp you can buy. Brass throughout and nickel plated. Equipped with the latest improved burner. Handsome—simple—satisfactory. Every lamp warranted. Write to nearest agency if you cannot get it from your dealer.

STANDARD OIL COMPANY, Incorporated.

Sloan's Liniment

For Cough, Cold, Croup, Sore Throat, Stiff Neck, Rheumatism and Neuralgia

At all Dealers
Price 25c 50c & \$1.00

Sent Free
Sloan's Book on Horses, Cattle, Hogs & Poultry

Address Dr. Earl S. Sloan
615 Albany St. Boston, Mass.



SENT FREE Booklet entitled "Draughon's Eye Opener." It will convince you that Draughon's Colleges can, by their SUPERIOR and COPYRIGHTED methods, teach

you more Bookkeeping in THREE months than others can in six, and that Draughon's teach the BEST systems of shorthand.

DRAUGHON'S PRACTICAL Colleges
\$990,000.00 capital; 26 Colleges in 16 States; 17 years' success.

POSITIONS secured or money refunded. LEARN Law, Bookkeeping, Short-Hand, Penmanship, Draughting, Arithmetic, Bus. English, Etc. BY MAIL. Satisfaction GUARANTEED. Write for prices.

Fall Business is Good!



This \$18.50 Suit for \$15.

We expect to do More Business, give Better Goods at Less Prices than any other Store

.. We Have Them in the House ..
For Less Money and will Sell them for Less Profit

This is a Cash Store!

Don't expect to buy without money, we don't do business that way—We don't ask others to do that way.
The Biggest Assortment of everything to wear is what we have to sell.

Men's Suits \$2.75 to \$35.00
Men's Over Coats, \$2 to \$35.00
Knee Suits, \$1 to \$5.00

All the up-to-date Last in Men and Women's Shoes from \$1.50 to \$5.00
From the Factory, not Eastern made.

Domestic lower than any of them
The highest grade Millinery

FOLLOW THE CROWD TO

SAM HOWERTON,
KELSEY - - - - KENTUCKY



This Black \$20.00 Overcoat for \$15.00

DYCUSBURG.

Married at Metropolis, Ill., Nov. 6, Miss Mamie Graves and Mr. Claud White. The bride is the second daughter of Dr. and Mrs. J. M. Graves, of Dycusburg, and Mr. White resides in Texas. There are many friends who extend congratulations to the happy young people.

Miss Ira Griffin who is attending school at St. Vincent paid her parents a visit last week and returned to school Sunday. She will visit Dycusburg again during Christmas holidays, accompanied by Miss Rhea Cooksey.

Judge J. P. Brissey is our newly elected administrator of justice and John D. Gregory, marshal. The new judge has all the qualifications to commend him to the people as an excellent official.

Ed Bond and family, of Paducah, are guests of Mr. and Mrs. J. I. Hill.

Some of the farmers in Crittenden county are burning lime for fertilizing purposes. Mr. John Tabor, of Mexico, is burning a kiln for the benefit of his farm.

Mrs. Jasie McReynolds and children are at home after a visit of several weeks to Muhlenburg, county.

Mr. and Mrs. Z. C. Graham passed through Dycusburg last week en route to Paducah. They spent Friday night at the home of Mr. Fred Ramage the bride's father and were to be entertained at a supper Saturday evening given in Smithland by Mrs. Thos. Davis, sister of the groom in honor of his bride.

Another barge of tomato cans went down the river last week bound for Mound City.

...NEW... BLACKSMITH FIRM.

We have purchased the Jas. Gilbert Blacksmith shop and have opened for business under the firm name of

James & Lanham

We will add new and up-to-date tools and machinery and in addition to doing a general line of blacksmithing, will be prepared to repair Boilers, Engines, Pumps and other work not heretofore done in Marion. We have an Expert Horse Shoer in charge of that department. We guarantee all work and accept your business.

W. B. JAMES
W. R. LANHAM
MARION, KENTUCKY

Robt. Perrin and Miss Hamby of this vicinity were married last week.

Charlie Mayes is quite sick at the family home near Caldwell Springs.

Ab Henry, of Marion, was in Dycusburg last week.

Joe Ferguson while running his horse through Bennettsville Saturday evening had the misfortune to have his horse break its right fore leg.

Some of our young people are attending a protracted meeting in progress at Caldwell Springs. The meeting is conducted by Rev. Miller of Kelsey and is of considerable interest.

Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Brissey gave a very delightful musical to their young friends Friday evening in honor of their guest, Dr. Simons, of Louisville. Those present were: Misses Lucie Gregory, Lilly Graves, Mamie Steele, Ada Dycus, Mamie Richards and Messrs. Claud, Edgdie, and Roy Gregory, W. E. Dycus, Shelly Decker, and Dr. Simons.

BELLVILLE BEND.

The Halloween party at Mr. Oscar Lucas last Wednesday night was well attended and all report a most enjoyable time.

Several from here attended church at Green Grove Saturday night.

Misses Nannie and Margaret Wood visited in the Yarbo vicinity Sunday.

Farmers are busy gathering corn. A most bountiful yield will be realized.

Coleman Woody visited in these parts Saturday and Sunday.

Mr. George Lamb and family visited the family of Mr. Oscar Lucas Sunday.

GLENDALE.

Weather fine in this vicinity.

Corn gathering is the order of the day.

The Glendale mines are turning out a fine lot of spar.

There is strong talk of the Comadore mines starting up work again soon.

We learn that there is a crew of hands who will start to work in the mine on the Ed Flannery farm.

Mr. Time Stations, of the Crayneville vicinity, is visiting friends and relatives here this week.

Our school is progressing nicely with R. L. Moore at the helm.

Charlie Morphy returned last week from over between his friends where he made a purchase of good fine shoes.

We are glad to report Mrs. J. E. Hall who has been very sick as improving.

Mr. J. A. Thomas has moved on the L. C. Terry farm.

We are glad to report that Mr. S. J. Humphrey, our new groceryman has put in a fine stock of family groceries on the road near George Moore's.

We are sorry to learn that Brother Bogges, our pastor is quite sick at this writing.

Rev. W. D. Humphrey has taken charge of the Mount Sterling circuit in Brown county Illinois. His family will join him soon.

The snow birds are quite numerous lookout for a cold snap.

Esq. P. C. Moore and wife visited their son Mr. Joe Moore near Hurricane camp ground last Sunday.

Success to the Press and its many readers.

EAST MARION.

J. S. Braswell has gone to Kelsey to build a fine barn.

Miss Henry Woodall is visiting her sister, Mrs. Dave Gaas.

Uncle Ned Canan attended Pleasant Hill church Sunday.

Mrs. Lem Clark is on the sick list.

Mr. Chas. Dillard and wife, of Ill., spent the day with Paul Walker and wife last week.

Mr. William Filmore Turley is moving in the Cury Woodsides place.

Mrs. Mina Cruce is visiting her father-in-law, G. W. Cruce, at Crayneville.

COURT DOCKET.

Continued from First Page.

Same vs Lawrence Tackwell, carrying concealed a deadly weapon.

Same vs J. R. Green, trespass.

Same vs Shade Holder, breach of peace.

Same vs same, carrying concealed a deadly weapon.

Same vs Ira Sullivan, selling liquor to a minor.

Same vs Ira Sullivan, selling liquor without a license.

Same vs Charles Cook, cutting another in sudden heat.

Same vs Fred Gaines, carrying concealed a deadly weapon.

Same vs Illinois Central R R Co., failing to sound whistle, etc.

Same vs same, same

Same vs same, same

Same vs Central Telephone Co., creating a common nuisance.

Same vs Bob Pogue, breach of peace.

Same vs E. K. Pool peddling without license.

Same vs same, same.

Same vs National Fertilizer Co., failing to file statement.

Same vs Fred Gaines, breach of peace.

Same vs Clyde Woody, on appeal.

Same vs same, same

Same vs same, same

EQUITY DOCKET.

NOVEMBER TERM, 1906.

Henry M. Daniels vs John Daniels.

M. F. Pogue, Assignee, etc., vs W. Pogue, etc.

J. W. Bettis vs H. A. Hodge.

W. C. Rice vs Lizzie Harris.

Josephine Duncan vs W. F. Duncan.

Annie L. Orme vs Prince Pickens.

J. M. Swansy vs Robt. Belt, etc.

Mary J. Black, admx., vs Alice Towery, etc.

C. J. Pierce vs L. F. McCage.

Harry Watkins vs C. H. Orme.

J. W. Blas, Jr vs E. T. Robinson.

D. C. Roberts vs J. P. Reed, etc.

D. B. Kevil, etc vs W. H. Clark.

Carrie Threlkeld, admx., vs Foster Threlkeld, etc.

Geo M. Travis, etc., vs T. V. Hill.

J. A. Graves vs W. T. Graves, etc.

Emaline Turk vs W. A. Parfitt, etc.

Mrs. E. H. Porter vs J. C. Funkhouser, etc.

J. N. Todd vs J. H. McDowell.

M. F. Pogue, etc., vs Henry Adams.

Mrs. Sophia Sexton vs Daniel Sexton.

Thomas J. Jones vs Malissa Jones.

W. T. Mitchell vs K. B. Mitchell.

M. G. Jacobs vs R. H. Enoch.

S. S. Brown vs Ed E. Squiers.
Eva Carberley vs Joseph Carberley.
C. Byford vs Alice Byford.
Alto Moss vs Will Moss.
J. L. Turley vs J. C. Alexander.
Alice Myers Beavers vs Tom Myers, etc.

Annie E. Lemon vs Macy Lemon, etc.
Wm W. Plumblee vs Sophia Plumblee.
Boston & Paris vs J. E. Chittenden, etc.

L. H. James, etc., vs J. F. Moore, etc.
Massillon Engine & Thresher Co., vs Jas. Wittenberry, etc.

C. S. Nunn vs Frank Posey, etc.
C. S. Nunn, adr., vs Ruth Guess, etc.
James Lane vs Leola Lane.

James T. Skinner, etc., vs Farmers and Merchants Bank, etc.
R. W. Wilson vs Mary Fowler, etc.

Dixie Buchanan vs W. H. Buchanan.
Frank Jackson vs Louisa Waddell, etc.

Sallie Sharp vs Jessie Sharp.
T. M. George vs Al Kirk, et al.
L. F. White vs D. M. Boyd.

Marion Shoemaker vs Fleming Akers.
Geo R. Simpson vs A. J. Grant.
Bigham Masonic Lodge vs Mrs. Electa M. Frisbee.

ORDINARY DOCKET.

NOVEMBER TERM, MONDAY SEVENTH DAY NOVEMBER, 26, 1906.

R. R. Pickings vs. Western Union Telegraph Co.

J. E. Stevenson, administrator vs. W. H. Locket.

M. C. O'Harro vs. W. C. O'Bryan.

Ada Robinson vs. Illinois Central railroad company.

J. G. Rochester, administrator vs. B. E. Vinson & Company.

Same vs. Same, same.

Wm. S. Birchfield, vs. The Royal Fraternal Union.

R. H. Kemp, etc., administrator, vs. W. S. Kemp, Jr.

Same vs. same, same.

Willis E. Jolly & Co., vs. J. W. Morgan.

Sullivan Machine Co., vs. Adams & Pierce.

Marion Coal of Kentucky vs. Theodore R. Troendle.

Hasting Industrial Co., vs. W. H. Harp, etc.

John Tinsley, vs. Marion Mineral company.

Annie E. Rhodes, vs. J. A. Graves, etc.

Annie E. Rhodes, vs. S. H. Cassidy, etc.

H. H. King, vs. Nannie J. Michall.

Theodore R. Troendle, vs. Coal & Coke Co.

Jacob Mitchell, vs. D. C. Roberts.

J. R. Green, vs. Arthur Nunn.

Mayer Bros. & Co., vs. T. H. Melvynolds.

J. V. Hayden, vs. J. R. McKenney, etc.

C. Harris, vs. I. C. R. R., Co.

T. R. Troendle, vs. Marion Coal Co., of Kentucky.

TUESDAY, 8th DAY NOVEMBER 27, 1906.

J. W. Givens, vs. D. F. Murphy.

M. F. Pogue, vs. Bankers Union of the World.

Thompson Wilson & Co., vs. T. H. McReynolds.

J. L. Ladd, vs. Robert Boyd, etc.

John G. Martin, vs. I. C. R. R. Co.

Newton Jones, vs. I. C. R. R. Co.

Alf Doom, vs. M. A. Cassidy, etc.

Merrit Manufacturing Co., vs. Mrs. Plur.

Jesse Sharp, vs. Mrs. E. H. Porter.

H. B. Hoover, vs. Lee Line Steamers.

Eskew Bros, vs. J. W. Wilson.

T. A. Frazer, vs. G. W. Horning.

Judge Hoover, vs. J. H. Bettis, etc. executors.

Green & Sons, vs. W. B. Binkley.
A. H. McNeely, etc, vs. I. C. R. R. company.

Nannie Newbill, vs. Herbert Price.
H. F. Easley, vs. W. D. Tudor.

Eliza Clement, vs. W. E. Boas.
Harry Bennett, vs. R. M. Peak.

Griffin & Wells, vs. O. H. Scott, etc.
Walter A. Wood Host Machine Co, vs. Jas. Wittenbisog, etc.

Wm. Towler, vs. J. E. Travis.
T. H. Robinson, vs. A. F. Franklin.

J. O. Dixon, vs. Wm. Johnson.
Jessie Davis, etc, vs. Will Johnson.

Farmers Bank, vs. Richard Mills.
I. N. McCormick, vs. I. C. R. R. Co.

Ira C. Hartzell, vs. Andrew J. Hartzell.
W. D. Crowell, administrator vs. John F. Crowell, etc.

W. D. Crowell administrator vs. I. P. Orr, etc.
W. O. Crowell administrator vs. J. E. Crowell.

EQUITY APPEARANCES.
Wm. Wheeler, vs. Lily Wheeler.

J. P. Pierce, vs. Joseph Hurst.
W. B. Wilborn, vs. The United States Fidelity and Guaranty Company of Baltimore, Md.

A. H. Reed, vs. Marion Zine Company.
R. L. Moore, vs. T. H. Cossitt, etc.

W. B. Yandell, vs. Mary Hill, etc.
J. V. Hayden, vs. J. C. Kinsolving, etc.

A. R. Hughes, vs. Newton Jones.
Lucy Flannery, vs. Dock Flannery.

I. J. Hill, vs. Emma Hill.
M. E. Croft, vs. J. A. Rogers, etc.

J. C. B. McMicaw, vs. H. S. Gilbert.
J. W. Blew, Jr, vs. Jas. P. Simpkins.

S. Kahus Sons, vs. A. A. Deboe, etc.
Cochran & Baker, vs. John S. Woodall, etc.

Henry Watson, vs. J. J. Croft, etc.
J. A. Wheeler, etc, vs. J. H. Bittis, etc.

Burt Craynd, etc vs. Linnie Dorroh, etc.

W. H. Clark, vs. W. H. Mann.
W. D. Crowell, administrator, vs. Orr, etc.

CRAYNEVILLE.

Gathering of the order of the day.

Mr. Holoman and Mrs. Canada are still on the sick list.

Dr. Cook left Tuesday for a tour in the west.

W. H. Bigham was in Crayneville Thursday buying tobacco.

There is a chicken pox scare in our school.

Mr. Parker, of Salem, visited a number of friends in Crayneville, last week.

Mr. George Crider will leave with his family for Texas in a few days.

W. R. Brown's family visited friends at Piney Creek Saturday and Sunday and attended church there.

Should Meet Hearty Reception.

Kilroy & Britton's new play in which they will be seen at the Marion opera house Friday, November 16, styled "An Aristocratic Tramp" is from the pen of Lem Barker, author of "For Home and Honor," "A Quaker Wedding," "The Sinking City" and a dozen other new popular successes. "An Aristocratic Tramp" is far above the average tramp show in every respect and contains more features in one single act than all other so-called tramp shows in four. The scenic effects are gorgeously correct while the cast is made up of the very best dramatic talent New York affords. There are seven big specialty features in addition to the regular company, making the entire production second to nothing of this class traveling and their reception here should be a hearty one to say the least.

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The Leading Merchant, Levas, Ky.

The Crittenden Press

Marion, Ky., Thursday, Nov. 15, 1906

Making Boys Good



Examination for Physical Defects

ever been irritated almost beyond human endurance by a bothersome eye? Then you can well understand the full significance of these words of Dr. Butcher:

"It is an everyday occurrence with us to have children who manifest great mental dullness made normally bright by the correction of a simple refractive error in the eyes. Sometimes I have known a child to become normal and apparently lose its vicious tendencies two days after it has commenced wearing glasses. We have many extraordinary cases of eye trouble. They are not dangerous in themselves, but in the nervous and mental effect on the patient; it is difficult to emphasize their importance too much."

"Sometimes a defect is to be remedied by a prescribed diet; again, certain sorts of work will likely eradicate it; or, if it is incurable, the purpose is to prevent its development to the point where the child will become a criminal. Subject for an insane asylum, utterly impossible, of course, surgery to perform operation on brain itself for overcoming as that of congenital weakness. This is one of the defects after in time, can be preventing developing dangerously by operation and environment."

So far, in Philadelphia, number of transformations brought about by "cutting" eyes have been a slip of the knife; three years by the removal of ad and other parts of the body by eradicating ailments. The oculist has played a part as the

(Continued on P. 2)

"He was an involuntary criminal," says Mr. Marsh; "the pressure on his brain made him so. Now that has been removed, his brain acts normally, and he is good, because he has all the good tendencies of the physically normal child, there being no ailment present to warp these innate tendencies."

Every child that now comes under the care of Mr. Marsh's society is first subjected to a searching examination in order that its physical condition in every part of the body may be ascertained. This examination is made by two physicians connected with the city's Board of Health. After it has been completed the child passes into the hands of Dr. Alfred Gordon, an expert in nervous diseases, for the mental examination; this is as thorough as the physical. In addition to these examinations every effort is made to become familiar with the child's family history as far back as its grandparents on both sides. This is not always easy to learn. Some parents refuse to give the slightest bit of information. Others are too ignorant to make intelligent answer to the questions asked. Still others have deserted their offspring and cannot be located. A history of this sort frequently helps the examining physicians and surgeons to arrive at the proper decision regarding the child's

treatment. Take the case of Spurgeon Welty. Until Mr. Marsh learned of his fall from the hay loft there was no clue as to why he was so atrociously bad.

The various examinations are conducted along lines laid down by Dr. S. Weir Mitchell, the country's most famous nerve specialist; Dr. Francis X. Dercum, who ranks close to Dr. Mitchell, and nine other well known specialists. The blanks used in the various examinations were prepared largely by Dr. Mitchell himself; this is especially true of the blanks used in the mental examination, dealing, as it does, with the nervous condition of the subject.

A fraction less than thirty per cent of the children examined have been found to be normal, and of the more than seventy per cent discovered to be suffering from one or more physical ailments the

vast majority have been bad, or, as the sociologists put it, "of the immoral or the criminal type." About five per cent were suffering from adenoid growth. "An adenoid is a fungoid growth, generally accompanied by a hypertrophied tonsil, forming at the back of the nose and forcing the child to breathe through its mouth. By reflex action, they have an irritating effect on the brain." These are the words of Dr. A. C. Butcher, one of the Board of Health's surgeons working with the cruelty society. To remove an adenoid growth is a matter of simple surgery, and it is a matter of record that every child so operated on by the society has changed for the better, physically, mentally and morally in a surprisingly short time.

More often than otherwise the physical defect to be removed by the knife—

"to be cut out," as a boy would say—is of a very minor character in itself; yet it produces such a degree of nervousness, and hence mental irritability, as to make the little sufferer wholly irresponsible—an involuntary member of the immoral or the criminal type. Improvement in a patient's conduct almost invariably sets in within a few days following the giving of the long needed surgical attention.

Some ailments that tend to make a child bad are overcome altogether without the use of the knife. Have you

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A TRIAL TRIP

By CHARLES NEWTON HOOD.
(Copyright.)

They had resolved to be married in the early fall, and it was now only late spring.

The question had been definitely settled in middle spring, for it was in early spring that young Herrmann's fancy had turned lightly to the predestined thought of the season, and Mabel, the only daughter of Daniel Gotrox, had promised that after a certain date in early autumn she would sign little letters expressing thanks for fruit dishes, silver chests, cut glass, furniture, etc., "Mabel Gotrox-Herrmann."

So, you see, it was not to be a long engagement. Young Herrmann had said that he did not believe in them. Old Gotrox had remarked that if Mabel had set her mind on marrying the young fellow, that settled it. She was a good deal like her old man when she had her mind made up, and the sooner they got spliced the sooner the bother would be over. Mrs. Gotrox had sighed as she considered getting up a trousseau in summer time, and Mabel herself had said that it made no difference whatever to her. Long engagement or short engagement, it was all the same. She was not fickle.

And so the day was set. And, although the date was still more than three months off, Mabel and Edward, as they sat cozily in the arbor under the sunset, were discussing their wedding journey.

They suggested the northwest and the northeast, and the due north, but none of these directions seemed quite the correct and satisfactory.

"After all," said young Herrmann, "Europe is the proper thing."

"But I should be so afraid," she said, drawing instinctively nearer to him, and the twilight coming on apace, saw his strong right arm beginning thus early its work of protection.

"Not afraid with me?" he queried.

"No," she replied, "perhaps not—with you—but then," she continued, "I have never been on the ocean."

"Nor have I," he interrupted.

"Suppose," she began, hesitatingly, "suppose we should be—when the sea is rough, you know, and the waves are high and the steamers roll and pitches it would be so horrid! One looks so wretchedly, you know. They do say you don't care, then, even for your dearest friends or their opinions."

"I think," remarked Edward, "that possibly I might prove a good sailor."

"How lovely the trip would be if we both were!" cried Mabel, enthusiastically. "It would be divine."

"Oh, we must certainly take the European trip," he said.

"Yes," she continued, thoughtfully, "but if I should be sick and you should not."

"Why, I would take the greatest care of you, darling, and—"

"Oh! But how I would look, and they say one wants to die and don't care what happens, or anything; and you would always remember me as I looked then, and you never could think of me quite the same, and—"

"Oh, dearest, you don't appreciate even yet, how much I love you—as if such a little thing as seasickness could make any difference to me. But, suppose I should be sick and you should not—oh, horrors!"

"But, then, sweetheart," rejoined Miss Mabel, "I would take such lovely care of you, and—"

"Oh, yes, you know; but just think of a great, big, strong fellow like me being sicker than a horse for days, and my wife secretly exulting over me—"

"Why, Edward!"

"Yes, and wondering how she could ever have fallen in love with a man who could look like that, and flitting desperately with other fellows who have their sea legs on."

"Oh, but you know I wouldn't—and I didn't even hint of such a thing about you, if you were—oh—sea-leggy and I were not. I'd care for you and watch over you."

"I hope so. I hope we both know what we would do," remarked Edward, solemnly, "but perhaps it would be the safest to have our vows in the marriage service altered to read, 'for richer, for poorer, in sickness and in health, to love and to cherish,' etc."

"Nonsense! They will be enough left- erty to take with the service. We'll call it settled, then, though we won't tell a soul, and we'll pass our honeymoon in England and France and Spain and Italy."

But as Edward wandered homeward, and Mabel sought her pillow, they each thought deeply, solemnly and uneasily on the subject of their conversation.

"By Jove! It would be ghastly," ejaculated Edward, for the benefit of his reflection in the mirror. "I wish that I knew how the wild sea waves would use me. If I could only have a little preliminary rock on the bosom of the deep, just for a trial—and a sudden inspiration came to him with the thought, and he pondered much. "Why not?" he thought. The ocean greyhounds made the trip across the pond in a fortnight or less. What a marvelous pair of sea-legs might be developed in that time! It might not be quite fair to Mabel, but of course she mustn't know; it was a silly thing to do, anyway, and she would only laugh at him. The next day he went into the office of his senior partner and talked long and confidentially with him.

"The firm," he told Mabel, a few evenings later, "the cruel firm, had insisted on his taking an important trip, and he might be gone two or three weeks."

"In which direction?" she asked, curiously.

"Oh—east," he replied, hesitatingly.

"Yes," he replied truthfully; "main," and he added, immoderately, "raging."

"And the fact is, beside," he continued, becoming bolder as he discovered how comparatively easy is the exact truth, "I shall be knocking around so much that I may not find time to be able to write to you, and my whereabouts will be so uncertain that I don't believe you can get letters to me. I shall be very lonely."

And Mabel, who was, and is still, a most sensible and loyal little woman, ac-

cepted the situation and made no demur, did not, in fact, make so many objections as it seemed to the young man she really should have made; but he thanked her stars that all was going well, and almost before light one morning, with his cap buffed down over his face and his coat collar turned up, "John D. Smith," as his name read on the passenger list, hurried up the gangplank of the Oceanic and concealed himself in his stateroom. He did not dare come up when the steamer sailed for fear of being recognized, and a little later on, when he would have gone on deck, there were reasons why he could not.

For four awful days John D. Smith remained in his cabin. It was not because he was afraid of being recognized—he would not have cared if fourteen Pinkerton detectives had stood by his berthside shooting his true name in chorus. He did not care whether the Oceanic was to England or to the bottom. In fact, he sometimes thought of the bottom longingly, as being the nearest land. Mabel was a memory of the long, long ago. In his lucid intervals, when he could think connectedly at all, he cursed himself and his idiotic inspiration in language which was picturesque, but useless under the circumstances; but the fourth day he felt just a trifle better. The steward guided his triffing steps on deck and tucked him up in his stateroom chair in a protected spot. Edward was mildly interested to find that he could actually look at the bill- ews for several moments at a time and not feel very much worse. He wondered if he looked as badly as the big fat man in the steamer chair on his right. He could not know, poor fellow, how much worse he looked. Then there was the poor young lady in the chair at his left, who did not move—did not even raise her head. He felt sorry for the young lady in the steamer chair on his left; not poignantly or enthusiastically sorry, but vaguely sorry. She was closely wrapped, and the head of her cloak was pulled over her head. Her face was turned away.

He felt mildly curious when he did not happen to be thinking of the bill- ews or of the fat man in the steamer chair on his right, as to her face. He sometimes almost wished that she would turn her face toward him. He did not wish this violently or acutely. Sometimes he wondered if he wished it at all.

It did not matter. Nothing mattered. By and by he turned from gazing at the waves, and the young woman's wan face was turned toward his.

It was entirely without emotion that he said, "Mabel."

And she said, "Edward!"

People who have been so near death return to the enthusiasms of ordinary life slowly.

They looked at each other listlessly for quite a long time.

"Papa—said—must—take—flying trip to England." (Long pause.) "Coaxed—him—let—me—come—too. Get sea-legs on."

"Me-too," responded young Herrmann, irrelevantly. "Where's papa?"

"Stateroom—yet. Says—now changed—mind. Stay—other—side—some time."

"Me, too," responded young Herrmann, almost spiritedly.

And, gazing listlessly into each other's eyes, after a time they dropped off to sleep.

In the Dairy

Don't cover milk in crocks tightly until the animal heat has passed off.

Milk should be separated while it is still warm to get the best results.

Wash out the churn with boiling hot water before starting operations.

Don't use a bad smelling or discolored strainer cloth, even if it does look clean.

Well ripened cream is never bitter or distasteful, but just mildly and pleasantly sour.

It is an exceedingly good plan to whitewash the whole interior of the cow barn occasionally. Besides lightening things up, whitewash is a good purifier.

Steady, slow churning brings the butter in the shortest time. Don't let the small boy assistant go by fits and jerks or there will be a much longer time for him to turn the handle.

The bowl in which butter is worked, and the paddle as well, should be thoroughly soaked with boiling water before the butter is worked. There will be no trouble with the butter sticking.

Stirring, pouring the milk from one vessel to another and general aeration will generally rid milk of a considerable amount of the odors that come from the cow's eating such things as turnips, rape and wild onions.

If milk is kept in the cellar, be sure that all roots, such as potatoes, have been removed. Things should be thoroughly scrubbed. No odor should remain. If this is not done a batch of mouldy cream will be the result.

All bacteria that get into the milk come from the surroundings of the cow stable and the place where the milk is kept. Milk as it comes from the cow is practically free from all germs. Absolute cleanliness is the whole secret of good milk.

If your butter has a bitter or other disagreeable taste, look well to the surroundings. Then take soap and water and give everything a good scrubbing. There ought to be plenty of sunlight and fresh air in places where milk is kept.

In washing milk utensils, first rinse them off with cool water. Then use hot water and plenty of scrubbing material. A little sal soda and borax added will greatly aid in removing the grease and coating which is likely to remain. The vessels should finally be rinsed in boiling hot water. Last of all, the vessels should be placed in the sun and exposed for several hours.

Don't expect the cattle to pick up a living on grass alone until the pasture becomes fit. Cows turned out too soon rapidly shrink in flesh and do not do well. As a result they have to draw on their own bodies to keep up the usual flow of milk. Keep plenty of hay and some grain in the mangers until the cows refuse it, which will mean that they are getting enough feed outside.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children Teething produces natural quiet sleep. See bottle.

MAKING BOYS GOOD

(Continued from First Page)

theless, the cures of badness made through him have not appealed so dramatically to the public as has the work of the surgeons.

Secretary Marsh became convinced that much criminality and immorality could be stamped out in its incipency by giving children normal minds and bodies when, as a tramp for sociological study, he lived in the Whitechapel and other notorious districts of London. There he found in nearly every case of depravity which came under his personal observation that the subject was defective or abnormal physically in one or more parts of the body. As Mr. Marsh says, "the question then naturally arose, is not this physical abnormality a cause, or at least one of the causes, of the criminality of these unfortunate people, and would not its removal, through medical means, be the best way to create a healthful mental and moral condition?"

When he became Secretary of the Pennsylvania Society to Protect Children from Cruelty Mr. Marsh began setting about to put his theory into practice. That was two years ago. Not taking into account sporadic cases, such as Spurgeon Welty's, Mr. Marsh's society has been assiduously working along the line of its secretary's interesting theory since July of this year. A very short

time, you will grant, in which to prove, apparently, so startling a theory as that the bad can be cut out of children; yet Dr. S. Weir Mitchell, Dr. Francis X. Dercum, and other eminent surgeons and physicians of Philadelphia are more than half inclined to the belief that the theory has been proved to be sound medical doctrine.

Of course it is no new thing to effect cures of warped mentality by means of the surgeon's knife. One of the popular plays of last year's theatrical season had, as one of the characters, a young man, who, as a boy, had received an injury at the base of the skull. His viciousness dated from this accident. After an operation is performed he becomes an exemplary young man.

But here is where the new twist comes in: Mr. Marsh and his society have been the first to apply systematically, for the avowed purpose of nipping incipient criminality, what has been done only sporadically for a number of years, and without any thought of applying the treatment generally. So, when, instead of trying to spank it out of them, it becomes the universal custom to have the badness cut out of boys and girls, the honor for this revolution in child-handling should be given, in all justice, to Benjamin C. Marsh and the Pennsylvania Society to Protect Children from Cruelty.

FADS AND FANCIES.

By MINNA SCHAFF CRAWFORD.

The choice of a fall costume will this year be an easy task. Materials are so attractive and styles so becoming that one can hardly go astray in the matter of fashion. As for the colors, gray, which attained such popularity in the summer, seems destined to continue as the smart color. Those who find it unbecoming are touching it up with fancy vests or with velvet collars and cuffs in deep red or blue or green. The deep tones of red in the shades of wine color, known as burgundy and prune, are ultra-fashionable. The new browns are delightfully artistic, and the new velvets in hunter's green and wood brown are exclusive.

Chevrons and Panamas belong to the practical side of the dress question. These materials give such enduring wear that no power of fashion will ever succeed in putting them aside, and as both are now made in novel cutting effects with stripes, checks, plaids and clever mixed designs, their vogue promises to continue indefinitely.

Draped, cashmeres, lustrous finish broadcloths, and the famous old-time empress or prunella cloths are all to be much worn this season.

Sets of removable collars and cuffs of heavy lace, preferably Irish guimpe, are as much favored this season as last, although the popular three-quarter sleeve has made the cuff assume a broader and more flaring shape. Needless to say, the addition of such a collar and cuffs suffices to transform an otherwise plain costume into a very elaborate-looking one. The removable lace guimpe is another clever device for changing the appearance of an ordinary dress.

The dressy costume here pictured was developed in an extremely dark shade of prune-colored cashmere, trimmed with a still deeper shade of prune velvet and baby Irish lace. A very graceful effect is produced by the arrangement of the trimming bands on the waist and the jaunty little waistcoat of embroidered velvet. The waist is made over a fitted lining and closes at one side of front. The Pattern No. 2140 is cut in sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. Price 15 cents.

The skirt is in six gores with applied box-plaited sections at each seam and in the center of each gore. It is one of the simplest yet most effective new models of the year and bound to be extremely popular. The Pattern No. 2041 is cut in sizes 22, 24, 26, 28, 30, 32 and 34 inches waist measure. Price 15 cents.

Girls' jacket suit of fine red chevron serge, trimmed with black soutach braid and black tailor stitching. The jacket is pleasingly shaped by seams over the shoulders and with side sections which end over plaited intersections. Nothing more dressy or more easily put together has been designed in a long time. The skirt is a five-gored model with a double inverted plait at center front, at back, and at each hip. The costume, Pattern No. 2133, is cut in sizes 8, 10 and 12 years. Price 15 cents.

The most pronounced fad at the present is the extraordinary affection the American girl has developed for the fine flannel blouse. The give shape to the shoulders and throw a becoming fullness across the bust. The sleeves are made full length and the custom is to have turnover collar, cuffs and flowing tie of dotted silk foulard, giving a dressy touch that takes away the severe plain effect. The design pictured above illustrates Pattern No. 2099, which is cut in sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. Price 15 cents.

To obtain these patterns promptly, state number and size of pattern plainly, and enclose 15 cents for each pattern desired. Be sure to give the correct size. Address all communications to FASHION CORRESPONDENT, 6032 Metropolitan Bldg., New York City.

Guimpe dresses afford such possibilities in the way of pretty neck effects for little girls, and are altogether so useful and becoming that mothers would be sorry to see them go out of fashion. The one here illustrated was made of pale blue dotted challie, with guimpe and sleeves of finely tucked Persian lawn. It can be made of cashmere,

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Earth Hard as Nickel Steel

Prof. T. J. J. See, the well known astronomer of the United States navy, has just concluded a series of investigations on the hardness of the earth and some of the stars, which disprove some of our present theories as to the nature of our terrestrial interior.

For a long time we have believed the inside of the earth to be liquid and gaseous. Lord Kelvin and Prof. Geo. Darwin made some investigations on the problem, which Prof. See has now carried out more fully. It is the belief of the latter that the rigidity of the earth's crust is about equal to that of granite, and that toward the center the rigidity increases rapidly, so that the average for the whole earth is about that of nickel steel.

Prof. See reaches his results by a study of the tides and of gravitation. He has proved his claim by mathematics. His new method can be applied also to the other planets. It turns out that the rigidity of Venus is greater than that of platinum, and, most likely, about identical with that of wrought iron. The rigidity of Mars is about equal to that of gold, while the rigidity of Mercury, the moon and the other satellites, is about equal to that of glass.

The average rigidity of the great planets, Jupiter, Saturn, Uranus and Neptune, lies between eighteen times and three times that of nickel steel. The great rigidity of these bodies is due to the pressure acting throughout such large masses.

In the case of the sun the result is still more extreme. The average rigidity of all the sun's layers is more than 2,000 times that of nickel steel.

Having shown by laborious calculation that these bodies are so rigid, Prof. See has gone one step further, and inquired what effect this rigidity will have on the currents often supposed to circulate within these masses. Pressure directly increases the fluid friction of moving currents and tends to bring them to rest.

Many geologists have held that liquid currents exist in the earth; and astronomers have been accustomed to assume that fluid currents in the sun descend almost to its center. Prof. See denies the possibility of currents in the earth, and declares that currents in the sun and the great planets must all be quite shallow, and cannot descend to any great depth, because the pressure and rigidity are too great.

In the case of the earth he says we cannot well conceive of currents in matter more rigid than granite, and in the case of the sun a rigidity of twenty-two times that of nickel steel, only one-tenth of the way to the center, makes circulation of currents below that depth likewise inconceivable.

It Does Not Rain But It Pours.

Each man around the store had told his tale of the "hardest rain he ever saw fall from the sky." Tom Linkins was an easy winner with his of the great harvest rain in '91.

"It began with big drops kinder scatterin'-like," he said. "Then it got to a shower, and I just thought I'd crawl under the canvas on the reaper till it was over—know'd the team would stand. But, sir, when the lightning took to hittin' right at that binder I concluded to get out from there. I had a gallon-out for the mule shed. When I was about half way there the thing began to get heavy. I looked down, and if the blamed thing wasn't full of water I'm a—"

The lank individual who had been leaning against a barrel broke in: "Well, now, I reckon that must 'a' been the day I am thinkin' about. What made me know it was rainin' some was seein' a flock o' wild ducks go over. Gents, them ducks had folded their wings and was just naturally paddlin'."

For the space of two minutes not a sound was heard save the purring of the cat asleep on the counter; then, silently, with bowed heads, the crowd dispersed.

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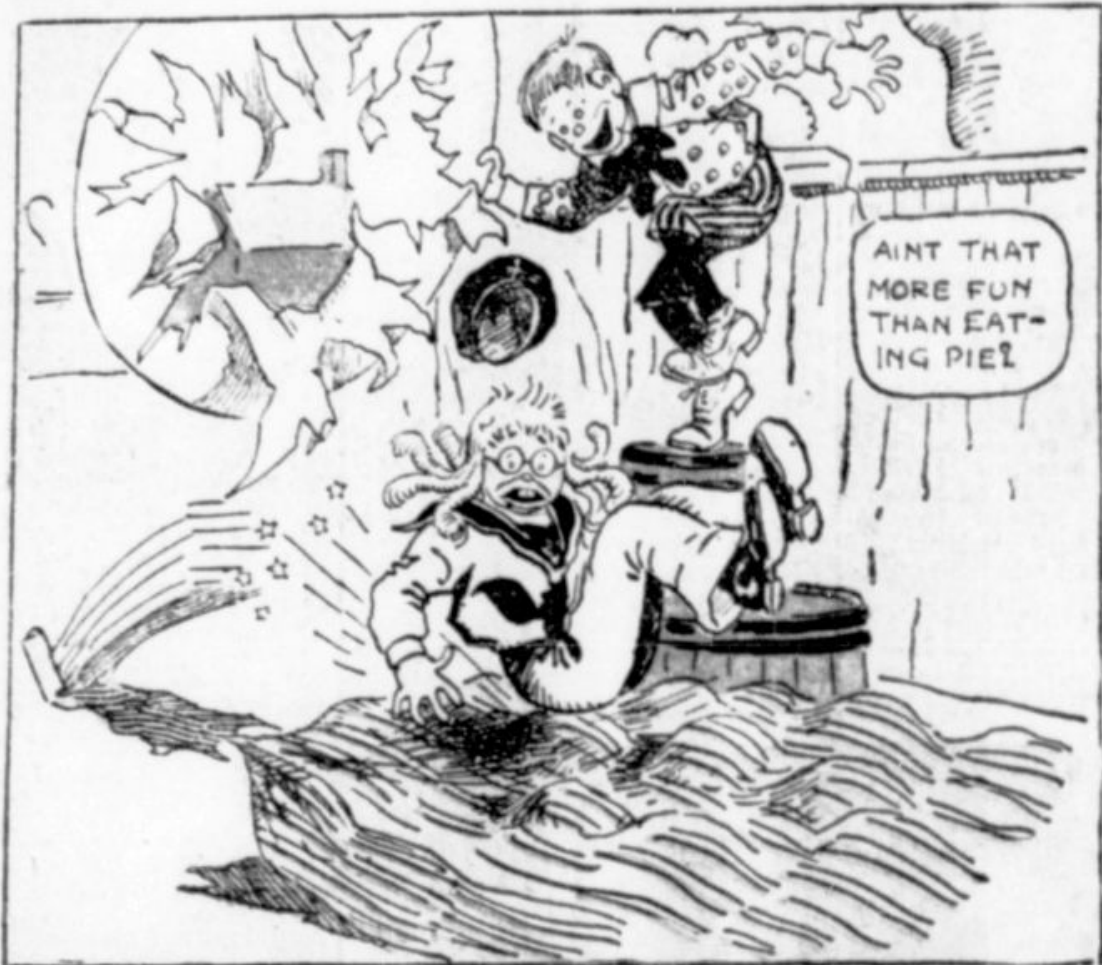
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