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## OUR WONDERFUL MINERAL DEPOSITS

Interesting Report by Albert Phenix Published in the Manufacturers' Record of Nov. 22nd, 1906, on the Lead, Zinc and Fluorspar of this District.

No other part of the United States has a more unique history in the way of mineral development than this section hereabouts, and in none of these development undertakings is there a more interesting character. Nevertheless, I presume I am safe in saying that the preponderating majority of the people in this world know no more of conditions in this section than I did when an invitation came to me to come over here and see what is being done in the way of fluorspar, zinc and lead development. I had seen fluorspar specimens at the magnificent State exhibit made by Kentucky at the Louisiana Purchase Exposition in St. Louis, and had vague ideas of the lead and zinc deposits Kentucky was said to contain. But when Marion was mentioned the name conveyed to me so little of intelligence as to what I would find down here that the results of my investigations are altogether in the nature of revelations to me.

I find in fluorspar this section is producing practically everything that comes from American fluorspar mines today, and is seemingly destined to largely supply not only the entire American demand for this product, but to ultimately ship its output to foreign ports as well. Also that there are geological and mineralogical reasons for believing that this district will become a great and permanent producer of lead and zinc, rivaling the famous Missouri lead and zinc sections, while there are likewise expectations that there will be an important revival in iron ore production here, as well as a development in the mining of barytes and other minerals, including cobalt, a substance so important in electrical work that Edison has declared he can tremendously reduce the cost of electric automobiles by its use. Cobalt is a new find here, but it is said to have been found in promising quantities, and it is hoped that by further prospecting it may develop into a commercial proposition. Barytes is found here in several counties in quantities sufficient to justify mining operations, and some of it runs as high as 99 1/2 per cent. pure.

It is in other minerals, however, that the section bases its claim to consideration, especially fluorspar and zinc, and while the present iron production is of minor importance, too, is counted on too add to the development and wealth of the section, and is iron which gives to the district its most unique historical aspect. For iron has been mined here for three-quarters of a century, and one of the mines was owned and operated by Andrew Jackson, and is known to this day as the Jackson mine. In this district also, on the Cumberland river, in Crittenden county, was the site of the Kelly furnace, where the first Bessemer steel ever made in the world was produced; for it is a matter of record that some years before Bessemer announced in England the process of making steel, to which his name is irrevocably fixed, William Kelly had discovered the same process over here and had entirely perfected the process of manufacture on identically the same lines for which Bessemer has received such universal credit. There were dozens of furnaces in this

district before the war operated by charcoal fuel and by slave labor, and in Lyon county there are still two or three charcoal furnaces in operation to this day.

There is a lack of railroad transportation here, however, and in competition with modern methods the iron mines of this district have little show in recent years. There are, however, fine bodies of hematite ores in Crittenden, Lyon and Livingston counties, and while exact definite data are yet to be compiled, it is the belief here that a very important iron-ore field may yet be demonstrated to exist in this section. With lime, fluorspar and coal in the immediate vicinity, with the inevitable construction of railroads to open up the whole district, and with three great navigable streams skirting the district—the Ohio, Cumberland and Tennessee rivers—it is declared that a more favorable location for iron-making can hardly be found.

The only notable effort that has been made to develop the iron industry here on a big scale was a futile undertaking made some 15 years ago by Thomas W. Lawson and Boston associates. The fine town of Grand Rivers was laid out at point where the Tennessee and Cumberland rivers come within a mile and a-half of each other. Plans for a great industrial center at Grand Rivers were made, a blast furnace was built and houses were constructed, among them a business house for Lawson made of the iron ore of the district. Numerous reasons are given for the failure of this project. The fact that although the town was on a branch of the Illinois Central Railroad, it was 25 miles away from iron ore, which had to be hauled in wagons, is considered as an entirely sufficient explanation of the failure, to go no further, although another might be suggested in the discovery made quite generally in the South following the town boom era of 15 years ago that even an altogether successful blast furnace is a wholly inadequate foundation on which to build a big industrial center.

Although this mineral district, composed, on this side of the Ohio river, of the counties of Crittenden, Caldwell, Livingston and Lyon, is at the present time under development as to fluorspar, lead and zinc to an extent and on a scientific basis not before reached, it is the belief that merely a beginning has been made, and that the next succeeding years will see a degree of development of vastly greater importance. In the light of what is expected of the district by those interested, it may be commented that nothing in the way of the marvelous has been achieved up to the present time. But it is explained that the district is platted over with mistakes, and it is declared that if a man comes in here with money and experience or with a disposition to seek or avail himself of expert advice as to conditions, geologically and mechanically, there is not a more inviting field anywhere. Some failures have been made here in the fluorspar, lead and zinc lines by parties who had little money and less experience, and who proceeded on the theory that profitable operations could be conducted from the "grass roots." On the other hand, there

have been numerous comfortable fortunes realized out of operations here; a number of companies are now operating very profitably; but there have been no companies organized on the scale of the two operating just over the Ohio river in Hardin county, Illinois, where at Rosiclare John R. McLean, the Washington and Cincinnati newspaper man, and at Fairview John Mulholland, New York and Kansas City banker, are extensively engaged in fluorspar, and lead and zinc mining.

Geologically this is a unique field, and unlike any other. In a recent report made by E. O. Ulrich and W. S. Targier Smith, under the direction of the United States Geological Survey, it is declared that this district differs from others chiefly in the presence of basic igneous dikes, in the abundance of fluorite and its almost constant association with lead and zinc ores, and in the mode of the occurrence of the ores, which are found principally in true fissure veins that have resulted from fracture and subsequent faulting. Local authorities point out that the ore bodies are along fault planes and true fissure veins, and that in one of the numerous intrusive igneous dikes ore is carried as contact on each side of the dike. The displacement along the fault planes in fissures is known to exceed 1500 feet, which gives certain, 3000 ft. as the depth of the ore deposits, with every geological reason for supposing that they go even beyond that to depths where mining would be impractical. The country rocks penetrated by these fault planes and fissures are the Ste. Genevieve, St. Louis and Spargen Hill limestones, which are the same that carry the lead and zinc ores of Southwest Missouri. It is argued that at any increased depth there should be no less ore than at present. The deepest mines on either side of the Ohio river are those of the Fairview and Rosiclare properties, and as they are down no more than 385 feet, it is evident that merely the surface has been scratched so far.

With these conditions, it is declared that the district needs only capital in sufficient quantities and efforts intelligently made to secure results.

(Continued on Eighth Page.)



### THE DEKOVEN COAL & MINING COMPANY.

OPERATIONS THERE TO BE ON A MORE EXTENSIVE SCALE—\$50,000 SPENT IN IMPROVEMENTS.

The activity in this, the greatest coal field in the world, shows that the demand for coal is increasing more rapidly than coal is being mined.

On every hand there is a cry for coal and a coal famine is the prediction being made by almost every one.

It is not a question with operators now as to whether the demand for coal will equal the supply or not, but whether or not enough coal can be gotten out to meet the demand.

The plant of the DeKoven Coal & Mining Company at Dekoven is one of the largest in this section now, yet it is to be enlarged and improved so that operations may be carried on, on a more extensive scale than ever. The company will begin at once and spend not less than \$50,000 in enlarging and improving the plant.

Mr. S. A. Scott, of Pittsburg; Mr. C. H. Bohmer, of Louisville, and Manager, S. P. Sturgis, of Dekoven, were in Morganfield Tuesday consulting with carpenters about the work and completing their plans.

The Dekoven Coal & Mining Company owns an exceedingly valuable tract of coal land, containing thousands of acres, and no matter how large the scale on which they operate this and other generations will have passed away before it is exhausted.

Mr. Percy Noggle, of this city is associated with the above firm and has been since he attained manhood. His father G. W. Noggle has been there also for many years with the same company. He is one of their most trusted and valuable employees.

#### Judge Nunn Ill.

On account of ill health, Judge Thomas Nunn, of the Kentucky court of appeals, has gone to Red Boiling Springs, Tenn., for a course of treatment. While the Judge is at the Springs Attorney Alf Hendrick, of Paducah, his private secretary, will remain at home with his parents. The Judge expects to be at the Springs for two or three months.—Paducah News-Democrat.

### AN AGED CITIZEN OF SALEM DIES.

Richard Shelby Dies at a Ripe Old Age Thursday Evening.

Richard Shelby, son of Isaac Shelby, deceased and a lineal descendant of Kentucky's first governor, died Thursday morning at 6 o'clock on his farm near Salem. Mr. Shelby was sick only a few days of pneumonia.

He was born March 9th 1834 near where he died, hence was in his 76th year. He married Miss Elvira Rebecca Frayser July 7th 1852 and she and seven children survive him. They being Dr. T. R. Shelby, of Princeton, Ky., S. L. Shelby, Mrs. W. B. Crichtow, Misses Ella, Fannie, Willie and Birdie Shelby, all of Salem vicinity.

The funeral service was held by Elder Eldred, of the Princeton, Ky., Christian church, Mr. Shelby being a member of that denomination since 1872. Mr. Shelby was a brother of Mrs. Emma Hayward of this city who is now the last member of her fathers family surviving.

#### Death of Mr. Parrett Hinman.

Parrett Hinman, the night operator at the I. G. Depot who had been ill with pneumonia for only one week died Sunday night at 7:25. His condition was critical from the first and his family physician, Dr. Hayden of Evansville, so informed the family when he came here to see him. His parents, sisters and brother and an uncle were all hastily summoned here and remained till the end came. The remains were carried to Evansville Monday accompanied by many members of O. R. T. to which he belonged. The interment took place Tuesday at 3 o'clock.

The death of this fine young man is especially distressing, as he was only twenty-one years of age and in the prime of his young manhood. He was sober, and industrious and holding a position of trust and responsibility. The family have our sympathy in their deep affliction.

### MEET HONORABLE DEFEAT FRIDAY NIGHT

Marion High School Debaters Were Defeated by The Debaters at Morganfield

PUBLIC OPINION WAS THAT MARION WON—ANOTHER MEET SOON

### INTERVIEW WITH PROF. KEE

On Friday afternoon Nov. 23, Prof. Kee and Miss Maggie Moore, of Marion Graded Schools, and a number of students accompanied the debaters, to Morganfield, who were chosen to represent the Marion school in joint debate with Morganfield school. Prof. Kee on being interviewed reports the following:

Our party consisting of about seventeen students and teachers, on arriving at Morganfield was met at the station by several hundred enthusiastic school people, wearing their colors, with yells and hearty greetings. Upon inquiry of Prof. Burton to know who was not yet provided with entertainment, it was found that about all of our people had gotten lost in the crowd nor could their whereabouts accurately be determined until they put in their appearance at the Grand Opera House. Judging from their contentment they had all had suppers and from their smiles it could be easily seen that each team had caught a Morganfield belle and that several beaux had found Marion belles. The speakers had accompanied their teacher to the hotel and as theirs was to be a more serious task they were wearing more serious aspects until they were introduced to the Morganfield representatives and had had it explained to them how that the Morganfield speakers were going to make extemporaneous speeches and that the notes they had written were not at all to be used as is sometimes done by those who are in the habit of forgetting their speeches.

A well selected music program had been arranged to come between the speeches and at the beginning and the end of debate. After reading of the question and introductory remarks by Prof. Burton, Mr. Paul Schmidt took his position before the audience of about 600 people and after defining the question began trying to persuade them and the judges that the U. S. is following in the footsteps of ancient Rome. Mr. Gray Rochester followed fast with a masterful effort and judging from the enthusiastic cheers of the audience he had quite convinced them of the superiority of the Anglo Saxon race, representing them as a people who in history have not followed any nation. Miss Verlie Coffman next took the floor on behalf of the affirmative and in a nine minutes speech did what she could to reinforce her colleague Mr. Schmidt.

Miss Fenwick Wathen was now ready with a fifteen minute speech and seemed to cover every point that the affirmative had introduced. She pointed out the characteristic differences that have always existed between the government of the U. S., and that of Rome and convinced all present of her intimate knowledge of current events and modern politics.

Mr. Thomas Waller now took the stand for Morganfield and did full credit to his side of the argument. Mr. Waller was by far the strongest speaker that the affirmative had.

But Miss Annie Dean was determined that the negative should not suffer for a worthy advocate and in a sixteen minute of well prepared lucid

(Continued on Fifth Page)





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## NO SKIN GAME NOR FAKE SCHEME!

### None but the Best For the least Money

Suits \$2.75 to \$15.00, any and all Sizes and Kinds

Yours truly, (and its no LIE)

## Sam Howerton,

### KELSEY, KENTUCKY



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Never Gets Out Of SHAPE



**ETTLINGER CLOTHES**

**This is the store that clothes a whole family when You have a limited amount of money to spend.**

None of them will have to go without anything if you work and spend your money here.

### STAND LOYAL AND TRUE TO OLD TIME DEMOCRACY

W. F. Cowper Urges The Democrats of Crittenden and Livingston counties To Support

ROBERT S. PARIS FOR REPRESENTATIVE

To my friends who stood by me so nobly, in my struggle for the honor of the nomination for Representative. I can only say, nature cannot be so lenient with time to me as to enable me to ever repay you for your generous support. Words fail me to express to you my gratitude. May your future be strewn with roses of bliss, prosperity and happiness.

To those who voted against me, I have no condemnation; nothing but words of praise and commendation for your judgment in voting just as every patriot should vote, for the man of your choice. May your choice be blessed with rich fruits for the good of the whole people, without regard to any creed or political faith. To all alike who participated in the recent primary, and to all other democrats and friends of good government in both counties let me appeal to you to stand as loyal and true to the principles of old time democracy as I have ever stood, and all my people; if you do, success will again crown the brow of my successful opponent, Mr. Robert S. Paris, than whom, no better democrat lives. Stand by him loyal and true, for next year is time of real trouble.

There are no sore spots on me; for I come from a family of democrats whose blood is pure and is not corrupted or tainted with anything except pure democracy; there have never, nor never will be any sulking or soreness by any of my family or friends. I pledge the united and solid support of every friend of mine to Mr. Robert S. Paris, my worthy opponent and our next representative.

With best wishes, I beg to remain,  
Your most humble servant,  
W. F. COWPER.

#### Appeal for the Children.

A touching appeal is being sent out by the Kentucky Children's Home Society of Louisville, for a generous Thanksgiving remembrance. This is a long established custom of the society which usually meets with a generous response. This year, however, on account of the recent political campaign and other counter-causes, the society finds itself sorely in need of funds. The expense of accomplishing the rapid-expanding work and of fulfilling its full duty to the great mass of destitute children of the state, is being greater, and unless the public come to the aid of the institution the work will be greatly hampered this year. Destitute children are coming to the

care of the society at the rate of more than 100 a month, and the expense is necessarily great. The society is being asked on every hand to take charge of the orphans and abandoned children from every county in Kentucky, and its policy is not to turn a deaf ear to those entreaties. To continue this work it is necessary to call upon the public for a generous response to this Thanksgiving appeal.

Please address checks or currency to  
**KENTUCKY CHILDREN'S HOME SOCIETY,**

2116 VON BORRIES AVE.  
LOUISVILLE, KY.

#### NEW ELDERADO

THIS DISTRICT IS SO CHRISTENED BY WELL-KNOWN MINER.

A prominent mineral man, largely interested in mines recently, visited this district. He writes the Press as follows:

The mineral outlook for the New Eldorado to my mind, is very bright, and will continue to grow more so from year to year as developments progress—so far only the surface has been scratched. When the miners reached a depth of five hundred feet and over, your district will far famed. Give out the "mining news" I find that the Klondike on the Cumberland which was burned out last December had been rebuilt better than ever and that the output for August and September was about thirty tons per day—of first grade grinderv spar, and should this continue three-hundred work days in the year it would equal nearly half the output of the entire western Kentucky district for 1905 as shown in State Geologist Norwood's report published in the Press last week. The company now operating this wonderful mine, "The Cumberland River Mining Co." of Pittsburgh, are strong and progressive and mean "business"—keep your eye on the old Klondike which may probably be known under the new name as the St. John mine.

#### PINEY CREEK MEETING.

The meeting began the first Sunday in November and continued two weeks and the church was much revived. There were seven additions to the church by baptism. Many Christians that were living in a lukewarm state came out boldly for Christ and this cause.

The good seed that were sown during this series of meetings will spring up the glory of God. Bro. Thomas Woodall, the organist, was present and assisted in the singing. The pastor Rev. J. W. Vaughn did the preaching, and he was blessed and made happy by seeing so much good result, from his consecrated labor. To God be all the glory. J. R. M.

#### MATRIMONIAL ADVERTISEMET.

"A poor devil seeks a rich angel.

### THE KENTUCKY SYNOD.

Largest Attendance and Most Enthusiastic Session Held in its History.

Kentucky Synod of the Cumberland Presbyterian Church met according to adjournment with Hopkinsville congregation, in the city of Hopkinsville, Ky., Tuesday, Oct. 30, 1906, 7:30 p. m. The sermon was preached by Rev. M. M. Smith, the retiring Moderator, and the constituting prayer and offered by Rev. J. T. Barbee. The office of Stated Clerk and Treasurer was declared vacant, the Rev. T. N. Williams having gone off with the Presbyterian Church U. S. A. Eld. E. B. McUne was made Clerk pro tem. Synod then adjourned until 8:30 Wednesday morning to complete its organization. After reading the minutes of the evening before, the clerk proceeded to call the roll. One hundred and thirty-six delegates responded. Rev. J. T. Barbee, of Owensboro, Presbytery, was unanimously made Moderator, and Elder E. B. McUne Stated Clerk and Treasurer. Among the visiting brethren were: Rev. J. L. Huggins, of Union City, Tenn.; Rev. Thos. Ashburn, Evansville, Ind.; Rev. W. H. McLesky, of Fulton, Ky.; Judge Joe H. Fussell of Columbia, Tenn.; Judge W. B. Young, of Clarksville, Tenn.; and Hon. R. L. Baskette, of Nashville, Tenn. All these brethren made inspiring talks, and made us glad on account of their optimistic views. Much work was done, and more spiritual power manifested than for many years. It was said that this meeting of Synod was three times as large as any preceding meeting of this body, and that, too, with another body in session, one square away, styling itself Kentucky Synod "A" of the Presbyterian Church U. S. A. If it can carry that name for one year, or until the meeting at Owensboro, Ky., Oct. 1907, I suppose it will survive and shed its candid appendage and put on full grown airs. The synod appointed a member from each Presbytery in its bounties to fill the vacancies caused by the retiring of old members of the Board of Synodical Church Extension. The Board was reorganized with Rev. B. H. Henderson, President; Rev. J. A. Bozarth, Vice President and J. L. Price, Secretary and Treasurer. The other members of the Board are Rev. J. T. Barbee, of Owensboro Presbytery, Rev. D. W. Folks, of Mayfield Presbytery, and Dr. J. F. Hendricks, of Logan Presbytery. One hundred and twenty-seven dollars in cash was raised for Home Missions to be used in defraying Synodical expenses and such other work as may be directed by Synod. Pledges were taken for general Legal Fund, to be held by the Secretary and Treasurer of the Board of Synodical Church Extension, to the amount of five hundred and thirty-one dollars (\$531). The ladies met and reorganized their State work



THE above picture of the man and fish is the trademark of Scott's Emulsion, and is the synonym for strength and purity. It is sold in almost all the civilized countries of the globe. If the cod fish became extinct it would be a world-wide calamity, because the oil that comes from its liver surpasses all other fats in nourishing and life-giving properties. Thirty years ago the proprietors of Scott's Emulsion found a way of preparing cod liver oil so that everyone can take it and get the full value of the oil without the objectionable taste. Scott's Emulsion is the best thing in the world for weak, backward children, thin, delicate people, and all conditions of wasting and lost strength.

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Bottle and \$1.00. All druggists.

by electing a full list of officers, taking the places of the old officers, as most or all of them were under the influence of the seceders.

This was, by all means, the largest and most enthusiastic Synod ever held in the State of Kentucky. Thursday morning, at the conclusion of the devotional services, there was a pentecostal outpouring of divine grace that will never be forgotten by those present. Many other things were said and done that deserves notice, but space will not permit.

Synod adjourned Thursday, Nov. 1st, 1906, at 4 p. m., to meet at Bowling Green, Ky.; Tuesday after the 4th Sunday in Oct. 1907, 7:30 p. m. REV. J. L. PRICE, Providence Ky.

### No Need Hunting for Santa Claus!

He has his stock of Toys, Dolls, China, Glassware, Notions, in fact everything for young or old at

**Fohs' 5c and 10c Store**

THE PRESS, \$1.00 per year.

### 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.



A Kensington undertaker displays this sign: "When all Doctors fail, come to me." A man in Marion has said: "When your tooth won't stop aching, go to Dr. Stilwell."

**DR. F. S. STILWELL**  
DENTIST

OFFICE OVER MARION BANK.  
MARION, KENTUCKY.  
Residence Phone 179. Office Phone 91.

"It Didn't Hurt a Bit."

J. H. O'NEAL, President  
JOHN WES LARUE, Vice-President

R. I. NUNN, Sec-Treas  
ALBERT MCCONNELL, Gen. Mgr

### Marion Milling Co.

Takes the lead when it comes to first-class Flour and dont you forget it. See!



**YOU MUST TRY OUR**  
"ELK" Best Patent  
"Crown" Straight Grade

**WHY IMPORT OUR PRODUCT?**

Where is there another mill in Western Kentucky that only makes so per cent. of their wheat into Flour?

**SIGHT US!**

We cannot be downed in price or quality, and then we know how to treat you; we show our customers every courtesy.

Yours for more trade,

**The Marion Milling Company.**

#### New Law Firm.

C. C. Grassham, W. A. Berry and L. D. Therkeld have formed a partnership for the practice of law in Livingston county, Kentucky, under the firm name of, GRASSHAM, BERRY & THERKELD. Offices at Smithland, Ky., in charge of L. D. Therkeld from December 1, 1906. Paducah offices in charge of C. C. Grassham & W. A. Berry.

#### INFORMATION WANTED.

Information is wanted of a little red shanty boat, with a woman and little boy on it (sometimes a man

with them) which passed down the Ohio river during the summer of 1904. Address James Lowry, Ford's Ferry, Ky., who will reward you for your trouble.

**Mrs. A. S. Cavender,**  
SELECT STOCK OF  
**DRY GOODS AND NOTIONS**  
FURNISHINGS, ETC.

Get a Chance on the Range for Every Dollar you Spend : : : Main St., MARION, KY.



# HEARTS and MASKS

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BARRY NICHOLS

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

This time we reached the stone steps without interference. I gave the candle to the girl, cautiously put a shoulder against one of the doors, and gave a gentle heave. It was not locked. Through the thin crack I looked out upon the bright world of moonshine and crystal. Instantly I permitted the door to settle into its accustomed place. I readily understood the burglar's reasons. Seated upon a box, less than a dozen feet away and blissfully smoking one of the club's cigars, sat a burly policeman. So they had arrived upon the scene!

"What is it?" asked the girl, as I motioned her to retreat.

"The worst has come; the police!"—dramatically.

"Gracious heavens, this is frightful! We shall never get out now. Oh dear! Why did I ever come? It will be in the papers, with horrid pictures. We ought not to have left the ball room. Our very actions will tell heavily against us. Awful!"

Now, don't you worry. They will not take any notice of you, once they set eyes upon me. Homo sum! They are looking for me. There's only one superfluous ten of hearts. I have it."

But I shall be found with you, and the stupid police will swear I am an accomplice. She wrung her hands.

But no jewels will be found upon us. I argued halfheartedly.

They will say we have already disposed of them."

But the real burglar—"

They will say that he came into the cellar at our bidding."

This girl was terribly reasonable and direct.

Hang it! I know Teddy Hamilton, the M. F. H. He'll go my bail, and yours, too, for that matter. Come, let's not give up. There must be some other way out."

I wish I might believe it. Why did I come?—a bit of a wall stealing into the anger in her voice.

This is Tom Fool's Night, and no mistake. I assented ruefully.

But I am a bigger fool than you are. I had an alibi, and a good one."

An alibi? Why on earth, then, did you follow me? What is your alibi?"

Never mind now. We should still be in this miserable cellar—briefly.

What a night! I am so ashamed! I shall be horribly compromised."

I'll take the brunt of it all. I'm sorry, but, for the love of Heaven, don't cry, or I shall lose what little nerve I have left."

I am not crying!" she denied emphatically. "My inclination is to shriek with laughter. I'm hysterical. And who wouldn't be, with police officers and cells staring one in the face? Let us be going. That policeman outside will presently hear us whispering if we stand here much longer."

There was wisdom in this. So, once again I took the candle, and we marched back. There wasn't a single pest left in my whole system, and it didn't look as if there was ever going to be another supply. We took the other side of the furnace, and at each came to a flight of wooden stairs, leading somewhere into the club. It was our last chance, or we should be obliged to stay all night in some bin; for it would not be long before they searched the cellars. If this flight led into the kitchen, we were saved, for I could bluff the servants. We paused. Presently we ascended, side by side, with light but firm steps. We reached the landing in front of the door without mishap. From somewhere came a puff of air which blew out the candle. I struck

had time to move, he grabbed me by the arm and yanked me—into the ball room! The girl and I had made a complete circuit of the cellars, and had stumbled into the ball room again by the flight opposite to that by which we left it. Cheerful prospect, wasn't it? The adventure had ceased to have any drizzle side to it.

"Aha!" cried the base minion of the law. "Here you are, then! Hello, everybody! Hello!" he bawled.

Caught! Here we were, the Blue Domino and myself, the Grey Capuchin, both of us in a fine fix. This discovery and ejection I could have stood with fortitude and equanimity; but there was bad business afoot. There wasn't any doubt in my mind what was going to happen. As the girl said, there would be flaring headlines and horrid pictures. We were like to be the newspaper sensation of the day.

Arrested and lodged in jail! What would my rich, doting old uncle say to that, who had threatened to disinherit me for lesser things! I felt terribly sorry for the girl, but it was now utterly impossible to help her, for I couldn't help myself.

And behold! The mysterious stranger I had met in the curio-shop, the fellow who had virtually haunted me for six hours, the fellow who had masqueraded as Caesar, suddenly loomed up before me, still wearing his sardonic smile. At his side were two more policemen. He had thrown aside his toga and was in evening dress. His keen glance rested on me.

"Here he is, Mr. Haggerty!" cried the policeman cheerfully, swinging me around.

A detective! And Heaven help me, he believed me to be the thief! Oh, for Aladdin's lamp!

## CHAPTER VI.

I stood with folded arms, awaiting his approach. Nonchalance is always respected by the police. I must have presented a likely picture, however—my face blackened with coal dust, cobwebs stringing down over my eyes, my Capuchin gown soiled and rent. The girl quietly took her place beside me.

"So you took a chance at the cellars, eh?" inquired the detective urbanely. "Well, you look it. Will you go with us quietly, or shall we have to use force?"

"In the first place, what do you and your police want of me?" I returned coolly.

He exhibited his star of authority. "I am Haggerty of the Central Office. I want you for several things."

Several things? I stared at him stupidly. Several things? Then it came to me, with a jar like an earthquake. The story in the newspaper returned to my vision. Oh, this was too much, altogether too much! He took me to be the fashionable thief for whom half the New York police force were hunting. My sight swam for a moment in a blur.

"What is it you think I have done?" I demanded.

"You have, or have had, several thousand dollars' worth of gems on your person tonight."

I shrugged. The accusation was so impossible that my confidence returned.

"Mr. Haggerty, you are making a stupid mistake. You are losing time. Besides, I am not the man for whom you are hunting. My name is Richard Comstock."

"One name or another, it does not matter."

"Plenty of gals," murmured one of the minions of the law, whom I afterward learned was the chief of the village police.

The card by which you gained admittance here," founded the great Haggerty, tramping in.

I surrendered it. A crowd had by this time collected curiously about us. I could see the musketeers on the stage peering over the plants.

"The chief you are looking for has gone," said I. "He escaped by the coal window." By this statement my feet sank deeper still.

"What did I tell you?" cried Haggerty, turning to his men. "They had an accomplice hidden in the cellars."

I beg to inform you that you are making a mistake that will presently cost you dear,—thinking of the political pull my uncle had in New York. I am the nephew of Daniel Witherpoon."

"Worse and worse!" said the chief of police.

"We shall discuss the mistake later and at length. Of course you can easily explain how you came to impose upon these people,"—ironically. "Hah! the game is up. When you dropped that card in Friard's and said you were going to a masquerade, I knew your game in a minute, and laid eyes upon you for the first time since I began the chase. I've been after you for weeks. Your society dodge has worked out, and I'll lead you behind the bars for some time to come, my gay boy. Come,"—roughly.

"I request Mr. Hamilton to be called. He will prove to you that you are greatly mistaken." Everything looked pretty black, I can tell you.

"You will see whom you please, but only after you are safely landed in the lockup. Now, Madame,"—turning

swiftly upon the Blue Domino, "what is your part in this fine business?"

"It certainly has no part in yours,"—leily.

Haggerty smiled. "My skin is very thick. Do you know this fellow?"

She shook her head. He stood undecided for a space.

"Let me see your card."

"I decline to produce it,"—haughtily. Haggerty seemed staggered for a moment. "I am sorry to annoy you, but you must be identified at once."

"And why?"—proudly. "Was it forbidden to go into the club cellars for such harmless things as apples?"

"Apples?" I looked at her admiringly.

"Apples?" repeated Haggerty. "Couldn't you have sent a servant for them?"

She did not reply.

"You were with this clever gentleman in the cellars. You may or may not be acquainted with him. I do not wish to do anything hasty in regard to yourself, but your position is rather equivocal. Produce your card and be identified—if you really can."

"I refuse!"

"Then I shall ask you to accompany us to the room up stairs till the police patrol arrives."

"I will go,"—quietly.

"Nonsense!" I objected. "On my word of honor, I do not know this lady. Our presence in the cellar was perfectly harmless. There is no valid reason for detaining her. It is an outrage!"

"I am not going to stand here arguing with you," said Haggerty. "Let the lady produce her card, let her disclose her identity. That is simple enough."

"I have already given you my determination on that subject," replied the girl. "I can very well explain my presence here, but I absolutely decline to explain it to the police."

I didn't understand her at all. She had said that she possessed an alibi. Why didn't she produce it?

So the two of us left the gorgeous ball room. Every one moved aside for us, and quickly, too, as if we had had the plague. I looked in vain for Hamilton. He was a friend in need. We were taken into the steward's office and the door was shut and locked.

The band in the ball room went galloping through a two-step, and the gaiety was in full swing again. The thief had been rounded up! How the deuce was it going to end?

"I can not tell you how sorry I am to have mixed you up in this," I said to the girl.

"You are in no manner to blame. Think of what might have happened had you blown up the post-office!"

She certainly was the least embarrassed of the two of us. I addressed my next remark to the great Haggerty.

"Did you find a suitable pistol in Friard's?"

"A man in my business," said Haggerty mildly, "is often found in such places. There are various things to be recovered in pawnshops. The gentleman of this club sent me the original ten of hearts, my presence being necessary at such big entertainments. And when I saw that card of yours, I was so happy that I nearly put you on your guard. Lord, how long I've been looking for you! I give you credit for being a clever rascal. You have fooled us all nicely. Not a soul among us knew your name, nor what you looked like. And but for that card, you might still be at large. Until the lady submits to the simple process of identification, I shall be compelled to look upon her as a treat her as an accomplice. She has refused the offer I have made her, and she can not blame me if I am suspicious, when to be suspicious is a part of my business." He was reasonable enough in regard to the girl.

He turned to the chief of the village police, who was sitting at the desk ordinarily used by the club steward.

"No reports, if it is a girl."

"Yes, sir. We'll see that no reporter gets wind of the capture." The telephone bell rang. One of the police answered it.

"For you, Mr. Haggerty," he said. Haggerty sprang to the telephone and placed the receiver to his ear.

"What?" we heard him exclaim. "You have got the other fellow? A horse and carriage at once!"

"Take mine," said the chief excitedly. "What is it?"

My subordinate at the railway station has just landed the fellow with the jewels. Mighty quick work. I must hustle in to town at once. There'll be plenty of time to attend to those persons. Bring them to town the moment the patrol arrives. The gems are the most important things just now."

"Yes, sir. You can rely upon us, Mr. Haggerty. Billy, go down with Mr. Haggerty and show him my rig."

"Good!" said Haggerty. "It's been a fine night's work, my lady, a fine night's work. I'll see that all get some credit. Permit no one to approach the prisoners without proper authority."

"Your orders shall be obeyed to the letter," said the chief importantly. He already saw his name figuring in the New York papers as having assisted in the capture of a great thief.

I cursed under my breath. If it hadn't been for the girl, I am ashamed to confess, I should have cursed out loud. She sat rigid and motionless. It must have been a cruel ordeal for her. But what was puzzling me was the fact that she made not the slightest effort to spring her alibi. If I had had one! Where was Hamilton? I scarcely inclined to the idea of sleeping in jail in a dress-suit.

Haggerty departed. A silence settled gloomily down on us. Quarter of an hour passed. The grim-visaged police watched us vigilantly, half an

hour, three-quarters, an hour. Far away we heard the whistle of an outgoing train. Would I had been on it! From time to time we heard faint music. At length there was a noise outside the door, and a moment later Hamilton and two others came in.

When he saw me, he stopped, his eyes bulging and his mouth agape.

"Dicky Comstock!" he cried helplessly. "What the devil does this mean?"—turning to the police.

"Do you know this fellow, Mr. Hamilton?" asked the chief.

"Know him? Of course I know him," answered Teddy; "and I'll stake my last dollar on his honesty."

(Thanks, Teddy!) I began to breathe.

"But—" began the chief, seized with sudden misgivings.

"It is impossible, I tell you," interrupted Hamilton. "I know this gentleman. He is incapable of the theft. There is some frightful mistake. How the dickens did you get here, Dicky?"

And briefly I told him my story, my ass's ears growing lach by inch as I went along. Hamilton didn't know whether to swear or to laugh; finally he laughed.

"If you wanted to come, why didn't you write me for an invitation?"

"I shouldn't have come to your old hall, had I been invited. It was just the idea of the lark."

"We shall have to hold him, nevertheless," said the chief. "Till everything is cleared up. The girl—"

Hamilton looked at the Blue Domino.

"Madame, will you do me the honor to raise your mask?"

She did so; and I saw Hamilton draw in his breath. Her beauty was certainly of an exquisite pattern. He frowned anxiously.

"I never saw this young woman before," he admitted slowly.

"Ha!" cried the chief, glad to find some one culpable.

"Did you receive your invitation through the proper channels?" asked Hamilton.

"I came here to-night,"—coldly, "on the invitation of Mrs. Hyphen-Bonds, who sailed for Europe Wednesday."

Here was an alibi that was an alibi! I was all at sea. Hamilton bowed; the chief coughed worriedly behind his hand. The girl had told me she was an impostor like myself, that her ten of hearts was as dark-stained as my own. I could not make head or tail to it. Mrs. Hyphen-Bonds? She was a law in the land, especially in Blankshire, the larger part of which she owned. What did it all mean? And what was her idea in posing as an impostor?

The door opened again.

"The patrol has come," said the officer who entered.

"Let it wait," growled the chief. "Haggerty has evidently got us all balled up. I don't believe his fashionable thief has materialized at all; just a common crook. Well, he's got him, at any rate, and the gems."

"You have, of course, the general invitation?" said Hamilton.

"Here it is,"—and she passed the engraved card to him.

"I beg a thousand pardons!" said Hamilton humbly. "Everything seems to have gone wrong."

"Will you guarantee this man?" asked the chief of Hamilton, nodding toward me.

"I have said so, Mr. Comstock, very well known to me. He is a retired army officer, and to my knowledge a man with an income sufficient to put him far beyond want."

"What is your name?" asked the chief of the girl, scowling. It was quite evident he couldn't understand her actions any better than I.

"Alice Hawthorne," with an oblique glance at me.

I had been right!

"What is your occupation? I am obliged to ask these questions, Miss."

"I am a miniature painter,"—briefly. Hamilton came forward. "Alice Hawthorne? Pardon me, but are you the artist who recently completed the miniature of the Emperor of Germany, the Princess of Hesse, and Mrs. Hyphen-Bonds?"

"I am. I believe there is no further reason for detaining me."

"Emperor of Germany?" echoed the now bewildered chief. "Why didn't you tell all this to Mr. Haggerty?"

"I had my reasons."

Once again the door opened. A burly man in a dark business-suit entered. His face was ruddy and his little grey eyes sparkled with suppressed ire. He reminded me of Vantrun, the only difference being that Vantrun was French while this man was distinctly Irish. His massive shoulders betrayed tremendous strength. He was vastly angry about something. He went to the chief's desk and rested his hands upon it.

"You are a nice specimen for a chief of police, you are!" he began.

"And who the devil are you?" bawled the chief, his cholier rising.

"I'll tell you who I am presently. We all eyed him in wonder. What was going to happen now?

"Which of you gentlemen is Mr. Hamilton?" asked the new-comer gruffly.

Hamilton signified that he was the gentleman by that name.

"Some ladies at your ball have been robbed of their diamonds. I understand?"

"About ten thousands dollars' worth."

"Look here, sir," cried the chief, standing up and bawling his fist. "I want you to explain yourself, and mighty quick. You can't come into my presence in this manner."

"Hah! You have just permitted the cleverest rascal in the state to slip through your butter-fingers. I am Haggerty."

The chief of police sat down suddenly.

He does not go out for him. And now I've got to start all over again, and he in New York, a bigger cat-a-cumb than Rome ever boasted of. He's not a common thief; nobody knows who he is or what his habits are. But I have seen his face; I'll never forget him."

The chief tore his hair, while his subordinates shuffled their feet uneasily. Then they all started in to explain their theories. But the detective silenced them with a wave of his huge hand.

"I don't want to hear any explanations. Let these persons go," he commanded, with a jerk of his head in our direction. "You can all return to town but one officer. I may need a single man," Haggerty added thoughtfully.

"What are you going to do?" asked the chief.

"Never you mind. I have an idea; it may be a good one. If it is, I'll telephone you all about it when the time comes."

## CHAPTER VII.

The consummate daring of it! Why the rascal ought to have been in command of an army. On the Board of Strategy he would have been incomparable!

There followed a tableau that I shall not soon forget. We all stared at the real Haggerty much after the fashion of Medusa's victims. Presently the tension relaxed, and we all sighed. I sighed because the thought of jail for the night in a dress-suit dwindled in perspective; the girl sighed for the same reason and one or two other things; the chief of the village police and his officers sighed because darkness had suddenly swooped down on them; and Hamilton sighed because there were no gems. Haggerty was the one among us who didn't sigh. He scowled blackly.

This big athlete looked like a detective, and the abrupt authority of his tones convinced me that he was. Haggerty was celebrated in the annals of police affairs; he had handled all sorts of criminals, from titled impostors down to petty thieves. He was not a man to trifle with, mentally or physically, and for this reason we were all shaking in our boots. He owned to a keen but brutal wit; to him there was no such thing as sex among criminals, and he had the tenacity of purpose that has given the bulldog considerable note in the pit. But it was quite plain that for once he had met his match.

"I don't see how you can blame me," mumbled the chief. "None of us was familiar with your looks, and he showed us his star of authority, and went to work in a business-like way—By George! and he has run away with my horse and carriage!"—starting from his chair.

"Never mind the horse. You'll find it safe at the railway station," snarled Haggerty. "Now, then, tell me everything that has happened, from beginning to end."

And the chief recounted the adventure briefly. Haggerty looked coldly at me and shrugged his broad shoulders. As for the girl, he never gave her so much as a single glance. He knew a gentlewoman without looking at her twice.

"Humph! Isn't he a clever one, though?" cried Haggerty, in a burst of admiration. "Clever is no name for it. I'd give a year of my life to come face to face with him. It would be an interesting encounter. Hunted him for weeks, and today laid eyes on him for the first time. Had my clumsy paws on him this very afternoon. He seemed so willing to be locked up that I grew careless. Biff! and he and his accomplice, an erstwhile valet, had me trussed like a chicken and bundled in a cloth express. Took my star, my guns, playing-card, and invitation. It was near eleven o'clock when I rounded the housekeeper. I telegraphed two hours ago."

"Telegraphed?" exclaimed the chief, raising himself out of a melancholy dream. (There would be no mention of him in the morning's papers.)

"Yes, telegraphed. The despatch lay unopened on your office-desk. You're a good watchdog—for a hen-coop!" growled Haggerty. "Ten thousand in gems to-night, and by this time he is safe in New York. You are all a pack of blockheads."

"Used the telephone, did he? Told you to hold these innocent persons till he went somewhere to land the accomplice, eh? The whistle of the train meant nothing to you. Well, that whistle ought to have told you that there might be a mistake. A good officer never quits his prisoners, if there is an accomplice in toils elsewhere, he makes them bring him in."

"What?" We heard him exclaim, be cold chicken and ham and but coffee."

"Lovely!"

"And we shall dine with the gods. And now it is all over and done, it was funny, wasn't it?"

"Terribly funny"—with a shade of irony. "It would have been funnier still if the real Haggerty hadn't turned up. The patrol had arrived."

"But it didn't happen. I shall never forget this night,"—romantically.

"I should be inordinately glad to forget it completely,"—decidedly.

"Where's your romance?" I asked. "I'd rather have it served to me between book-covers. As I grow older my love of repose increases."

"Do you know," I began boldly. "It seems that I have known you all my life."

"Indeed!"

"Yes. Why, I might really have known you all my life, and still not have known you as well as I do this very minute,—and less than a dozen hours between this and our first meeting. You are as brave as a paladin, wise as a serpent, cool, witty—and beautiful!"

"Shall I ask the driver to let me out?" Then she laughed, a rollicking joyous laugh.

"What is so funny?"

"I was thinking of that coal-bin."

"Well, I didn't permit a lonely potato to frighten me," I retorted.

"No, you were brave enough—among the potatoes."

"You are beautiful!"

"I am hungry."

"You are the most beautiful girl—"

"I want something to eat."

"—I ever saw! Do you think it possible for a man to fall in love at first sight?"

"Oh, nothing is impossible on Tom Fool's night. Positive, fool; comparative, fooler; superlative, fooliest. You are marching on with your degrees, Mr. Comstock."

"You might call me Dicky," I said in an aggrieved tone.

He stepped over to the telephone and called up central. He spoke so low that none of us overheard what he said; but he hung up the receiver, a satisfied smile on his face.

The girl and I were free to go whither we listed, and we listed to return at once to New York. Hamilton, however, begged us to remain, to dance and eat, as a compensation for what we had gone through; but Miss Hawthorne resolutely shook her head; and as there was nothing in the world that would have induced me to stay without her, I shook my head, too. It seemed to me I had known this girl all my life, so closely does misfortune link one life to another. I had seen her for the first time less than eight hours before; and yet I was confident that as many years, under ordinary circumstances, would not have taught me her real worth.

"Mrs. Hyphen-Bonds will never forgive me," said Hamilton dimly, "if she hears that I've been the cause, indirectly and innocently, of turning you away."

"Mrs. Hyphen-Bonds need never know," replied the girl, smiling inscrutably. "In fact, it would be perfectly satisfactory and agreeable to me if she never heard of it."

"I will call a carriage," said the defeated M. F. H. "I shall never forgive you Dicky."

"Yes, you will, Teddy. A loving-cup, the next time we meet at the club, will mellow everything."

Quarter of an hour later Miss Hawthorne and I, wrapped in buffalo-ropes, our feet snugly stowed away in straw, slid away, to the jangle and quarrel of sleighbells, toward Moriarty's Hollywood Inn. The moon shone; not a cloud darkened her serene and lovely countenance. The pearly whiteness of the world would have aroused the poetry in the most sordid soul; and far, far away to the east the black, tossing line of the sea was visible.

"What a beautiful night!" I volunteered.

"The beginning of the end?"

"The beginning of the end? What does that mean?"

"Why, when you first spoke to me, it was about the weather."

"Oh, but this isn't going to be the end; this is the true beginning of all things."

"I wish I could see it in that light; but we can not see beauty in anything when hunger lies back of the eyes. I haven't had anything to eat, save that single apple, for hours and hours. I was so excited at Mouquin's that I ate almost nothing."

"You are hungry? Well, we'll fix that when we get to Moriarty's. I'll find a way to waking him up, in case he's asleep, which I doubt. There will

be cold chicken and ham and but coffee."

"Lovely!"

"And we shall dine with the gods. And now it is all over and done, it was funny, wasn't it?"

"Terribly funny"—with a shade of irony. "It would have been funnier still if the real Haggerty hadn't turned up. The patrol had arrived."

"But it didn't happen. I shall never forget this night,"—romantically.



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## The Crittenden Press

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THURSDAY, NOV. 29, 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.

Bishop John J. Tigert, who died in Tulsa Indian Territory, whether he had gone to preside over the "Indian Mission Conference" was well known here. He held a special service here two years ago at the Methodist church and was the guest on that visit of C. S. Nunn. On a previous visit at the time of the meeting of the conference in this city he was entertained at the home of W. Blue. He preached at several times here at the different churches and was considered one of the ablest ministers in the conference.

### Married at the Crittenden Hotel.

Mr. John W. Holman and Miss Annie Culley, a handsome couple, of the east end of the county were married in the parlors of the hotel Crittenden last Thursday at high noon. John Culley and Miss Lena Holman accompanied them and at the same time another couple equally as attractive as the other, were also married. They were Mr. Hugh Witherston, of Wheatcroft Mrs. Rosa A. Day, of Providence, Rev. T. A. C. way tied the knot and the three happy couples, returned to their respective homes.

### A Small Fire.

Wednesday night about midnight the photograph gallery on the corner of Main and Belleville streets owned by Kingston & Crider caught fire in an unaccountable way and the roof and contents were destroyed. The loss which amounted probably to \$200 was insured for \$100. The firm received a loss from a gasoline explosion and their friends will regret to hear of this new misfortune.

### Gone West to Spend The Winter.

Dr. and Mrs. T. H. Cossitt left Saturday night at 11 o'clock for Chicago where they took the Santa Fe limited trans continental train for El Paso, Texas, where they have gone to spend the winter with their sons Frank and Pate who resides there. Dr. Cossitt and his estimable wife are highly esteemed here. He has resided here for nearly forty years, having come here soon after the war from Madisonville. He was born at Princeton three-fourth of a century ago. Merchandised at Salem several years and removed to New Hampshire and from there to Madisonville and then to Marion. Mrs. Cossitt was born and raised here and has lived here practically all her life. They have raised an excellent family and as their daughters are all married they have taken this trip to get the benefit of the climate and to be with their sons, which will be a great pleasure to them especially during the winter, as the climate there is delightful.

### Gill House Arrivals.

Some of those who registered at the Gill House on the 26th inst. were: W. H. Leslie, Ashland, Ohio, Mr. and Mrs. Rector and children, Hampton; H. C. McCord, Hampton; Miss R. J. Bowling, Crofton; C. E. Koon, Crofton; Wm. L. Kany, Evansville; W. B. Haywood, Hanson, T. L. Phillips, Dycusburg; J. P. Brisse, Dycusburg; P. K. Cooksey, Dycusburg; J. C. Griffin, Dycusburg; T. C. Campbell, Dycusburg; W. L. Bennett, Dycusburg; John Hodge, Frances; H. D. Leech, Blackford; Miss Allie Vaughn, Blackford.

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### NEW SALEM.

Born—To the wife of Allen Kirk, Nov. 22nd, a son.

W. C. Tyner is visiting his children in Arkansas.

This part of Crittenden county was visited last week by some of the heaviest rains in twenty years.

Mrs. Ella Templeman, of Princeton, Ky., was the guest of her relatives the Harpendings last week.

Miss Bulah Austin is visiting her grand parents at Pinkneyville.

Do right, live an honest life and the devil will take to the bushes.

Mrs. Tier, of Christian county, is visiting her daughter, Mrs. Ladd, of this section.

A few good crops of tobacco remain unsold in this section.

Some of our people have gone to the river to assist the river men in getting their corn out ahead of the high water.

Your correspondent has occasion to mix with all classes of our people and we want to say right here that we are no spring chicken, by that we mean we have seen a few of the years go by in our time, and we say with out fear of consideration that no man in the past forty years ever saw better times for all classes of the people, especially the good people of old Crittenden. Seven-tenths of our citizens owe no man a dollar, on one-half have a neat little bank account, with plenty in their purses for the coming winter, good schools, churches where every one may worship the Master. According to the dictates of his consciousness, who can say that times are not good, we admit that there some who through sickness and death the clouds of adversity seem to gather thickly around them, but we are thankful that they are few and we know that when ever an appeal is made by the low needy ones, there is no people on Gods earth who respond more quickly to the cry of distressed than the good citizens of old Crittenden county.

### HEBRON, KY.

Mr. John Vaughn and family returned from Missouri last week. John says he likes Missouri but likes Kentucky better.

Mr. Raymond Babb was in this vicinity last week on business.

Paris Bros., Bayless, Lou and Andy, killed thirty hogs last Thursday.

Joseph Hopson and John Vaughn, went to Marion last Wednesday and returned Thursday.

Henry Truitt, of Opossum Ridge, passed through these parts last week.

Jas. Daughtry returned from Missouri last week to gather his corn.

Mrs. Marion Smart is on the sick list this week.

The Ohio river is hurrying the farmers in the bottoms to get their corn out. Some of them took advantage of the Sabbath.

Edward P. Smith, the Tolu Banker and telephone man was in our section last Friday looking over the proposed telephone route.

Mr. Ed Love, of Murphysboro, Ill., is in this section looking after his corn crop.

The surveyors were in our midst last week surveying for mineral.

Miss Nannie Campbell, our teacher, made a flying visit to her home in Livingston county last Sunday. She was accompanied by Ora Clark, Henri Easley, Addie Alves, Ruth Cook, Harvey Clark and Ray Daughtry.

Remember the prayer meeting at this place every Sunday evening at 3 o'clock.

John M. Phillips, of Colon neighborhood has been confined to his bed for several days with something like pneumonia.

Thanksgiving exercises at our school house Thursday evening, and a spelling match at night between our school and the Colon school.

Henry Phillips is the boss trapper on Hurricane creek.

Redford Yates and family of Sheridan visited friends in this section last Sunday.

Wm. Barley has built a new house and has moved into it for the purpose of selling goods near Sam Flannery's.

### LILY DALE.

Everybody in this section is busy stripping tobacco.

Mr. Joel Thore is preparing to move to Marion.

W. P. Loyd has sold to the Paducah Coopers Company, \$1000 worth of timber.

We expected some of our folks to step off Thursday night and get the set of furniture, but this is not much of a marrying section.

Lorn Stallions has a new buggy, he is going to haul somebody around.

The school is getting along right well for a tobacco season spell, about half of the pupils stripped tobacco last week.

Mr. G. Jacobs visited W. P. Loyd one day last week.

The teacher had an examination in school the 16th and 17th. The pupils all made fine grades. Victor Young made the highest average, 97%. The other grades will be published next week.

Last Sunday was regular meeting day at Crayneville. A large crowd was out.

Three of our boys expect to go to school at Marion in the spring and complete the common school branches. We wish them success as they are splendid boys.

Everybody is enjoying good health.

Brother Henry Holoman is reported very low.

Uncle Bill Loyd is beginning to show his age. The other day as he was coming home from church he ran over a hog.

Mr. and Mrs. George Tucker visited the latter's brother, Mr. George Stallions, Saturday and Sunday.

Herman Thomas, Elmer and Guy Hodge visited Uncle George Stallions Saturday and Sunday.

The little girl of Mr. George Tab-

or and wife, fell dead from heart failure we presume. Some of the children had called at night to see Mr. Tabor's children. They had been spelling when the ones which had called left the home. Mrs. Tabor gave the children a bath as usual we presume after the bath, Dorcas Tabor who was nine years old, fell unconscious and remained so until her death which occurred at 8 o'clock Nov. 25th.

Dorcas was a loving little girl ever ready to do bidding of her parents. She leaves a father, mother, two brothers and four sisters.

### Approaching Marriage.

Mrs. Harriet Ann Donakey requests the honor of your presence at the marriage of her daughter Lena Maria to Mr. William Dinwiddie Baird Thursday evening, December the sixth nineteen hundred and six at seven o'clock Cumberland Presbyterian church Marion, Kentucky.

The above card announcing the approaching nuptials of Miss Donakey to W. D. Baird have been received in the city to friends of the couple.

Miss Donakey is the youngest daughter of the late Dr. Donakey and has resided here with her mother for some time, admired and beloved by a host of friends. The groom is a general favorite and well-known throughout the state. He is a Hendersonian by birth but has resided here for several years. He is indeed fortunate in winning the hand and heart of so winsome a creature as Miss Donakey for his life partner.

## BETTER SEND YOUR FAMILY WASHING MONDAY

### A Prominent Housewife

Remarked that Linen Sent to Us was Returned

## Spotlessly White

SHIRT  
WAISTS  
Laundered  
Without  
Fading

Family  
WASHINGS  
5  
Cents per Pound  
All flat Work Ironed

Pressing  
and  
Cleaning Clothes  
a  
Specialty

### Wilson's Steam Laundry

PERFECT WORK

South Main Street

Phone 99.

Our Wagons Go Everywhere in Marion.



# GET BUSY NOW!

If you want to save Money. An ounce of NOW is worth a ton of TO-MORROW

If You want to purchase from the best line of

## Clothing

Ever shown in Marion, whether in Suits for Men and Boys, Extra Pants, Overcoats or Cravenettes,

We will Save you Money on each Purchase



We Believe You want to save money when buying

## CLOAKS AND JACKETS

Or any kind of

## DRESSES GOODS

And if this is the case it will pay you to see our line and get

## Our Prices!

Carpets  
Druggists  
Rugs  
And  
Mattings

Underwear  
And  
Hosiery  
Direct  
From  
The  
Mills

With no Trouble

## "Afoot"

There is no Trouble

## "Ahead"

Then try our Line of

## Footwear

W. L. Douglas

For Men and

Duttenhoffer

For Ladies

You won't regret it but will Buy them Again!

NO TROUBLE TO SHOW GOODS  
AND A PLEASURE TO PLEASE

# TAYLOR & CANNAN

MASONIC  
TEMPLE



F. W. Nunn, dentist, Press Building.

Leonard Lowery, of Salem, was in the city Thursday.

John and Ellen Ashbridge, of Jackson, were here Friday.

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

The firms which get the business are those that advertise in the PRESS.

Mrs. R. Haynes was in Evansville on a shopping expedition last week.

Rush Stephenson and wife and two children went to Fredonia Saturday at noon.

Rufus Robinson has built a neat cottage on his lot in North Marion, and will occupy it soon.

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

Mrs. J. M. Walker, of Iron Hill, passed through the city Saturday en route to Farmersville to visit her children.

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

F. W. Nunn, dentist, Press Building. S. T. Dupuy is confined at his home with erysipelas.

Stewart's pictures are all good, he retouches his work.

Mrs. Love has some pretty pattern hats. Now is the time to buy.

Mrs. Percy Noggle has been quite ill at her home on south main street, with tonsillitis, but is reported better.

Miss Nannie Dean has pneumonia, Dr. Trisler is attending her, she has been very sick but is reported better.

Call on J. L. Stewart and see the fine photos he will make you for Xmas.

If you want something nice for Christmas, go and have Stewart make your pictures.

Stewart will make you a picture of yourself on cloth which you can wash and iron, and it won't fade out.

Patience is a plant that grows not in all gardens. Dr. Frederick S. Stilwell over Marion Bank.

Remember the concert December 10th for the benefit of the sixth grade in the public school.

Senator N. W. Utley, of Eddyville, was here on legal business Monday.

Dr. W. T. Daughtery has rented the Glenn house, and will move to it as soon as J. I. Clement's family vacates.

There are no vacant houses not rented in Marion, and a great demand for houses from people who desire to move here.

Mr. and Mrs. J. I. Clement have rented the Frank Summerville house on Bellville street, and will occupy it December first.

Charlie Donaky will move to Marion with his family as soon as he can make arrangements for a home to suit him.

"He mouths a sentence as cures mouth a bone." Get your teeth fixed by Dr. Frederick Stilwell Dentist over Marion Bank.

Mrs. Emma Hayward and Miss Cora Graves, of Dyersburg, attended the funeral of Richard Shelby at Salem, returning here Saturday evening.

"Men deal with life as children with their play, who first misuse them, cast their toys away." Dr. Frederick S. Stilwell the Dentist, asks you to consider this.

Rev. W. R. Gibbs and Rev. R. C. Love, will preach on temperance at Shady Grove Monday night Dec. 3, 1906, at Hoods school house Tuesday night December 4th, at Enon Wednesday night Dec. 5th.

F. W. Nunn, dentist, Press Building. Call on Stewart early and get your picture made on cloth to make sofa pillows, sachet bags and fancy work for Christmas.

Mrs. Lee Orme who has been the guest of her sister here for several weeks past, will leave in a few days for a trip in the south with her husband.

Fannie Blue the little daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Blue, has scarletina and has been confined to her bed for several days, but is now convalescent.

Rev. Benjamin Andres, R. D. Drescher and Dr. C. K. Crawford, of Louisville, who is the guest of Rev. Andres, have gone on a hunting trip in the colonies.

Go to Dr. Geo. W. Stoeck and have your eyes tested and glasses fitted, he will see that you see or glasses changed without additional cost.

Albert Travis, wife and little daughter Duilec, attended the funeral Sunday of J. N. Little at the Crowell graveyard.

W. J. Nunn, of Blackford, was in the city Monday. He is one of the substantial merchants, of Webster Co., and his store at the "ford" would do credit to Marion.

FOR SALE—My farm three miles north of Marion on the Ford's ferry road, 90 acres. Twenty acres in timber, 70 acres tillable, 7 acres in grass, orchard, residence three rooms in fair repair, new stables, barn, under good fence, spring, pond, wells, and plenty of stock water. P. C. GILBERT.

Lacey Nunn and sister, Miss Addie Nunn were in the city last Thursday. Miss Nellie Shaw, of Texas, returned home with them and is now their guest.

F. W. Moore, of Repton, was in the city last week. He had just returned from Poteau, Indian Territory where he attended the opening sale of town lots in that city.

Henry Chandler, of Iron Hill, section was in the city last week. He came after his wife and boy who were the guests of Joe Stewart and wife on College street for several days last week.

"Nor love thy life, nor hate: but what thou livest live well: how long or short, permit to heaven." Your teeth are what you live with. Dr. F. S. Stilwell Dentist over Marion Bank.

The tax supervisors this year have been named by Judge Blackburn. They are Charles Fox, of View, G. P. Wilson, Weston, John T. Pickens, Marion, Geo. T. Belt, Sheridan, W. T. Terry, Mounds.

The thanksgiving sermon will be delivered at the Presbyterian church union services to-day by Rev. Virgil Elgin, of the Methodist church. The service will begin at 10 o'clock sharp, and will close at 11 o'clock.

Joseph Clinton, of Wallis, Texas, who was the guest of his sister Mrs. J. M. Walker last week at Iron Hill has gone to Farmersville to visit his nephew Dr. Walker, and his niece Miss Maggie Walker.

Misses Laura Adamson and Ruth Dodds, of Crider, Ky., who have been the guests of Miss Mabel Guess for the past ten days, left Tuesday at noon for their homes.

### Estray Notice

Taken up as strays by F. W. Moore 1 roan muley heifer, 2 years old, 1 yellow muley heifer—1½ years old. Owner can have same by pay all charges and for this notice. F. W. MOORE

### FREDONIA AND KELSEY.

T. F. Wyatt and Dr. Todd spent Sunday at St. Vincent.

Miss May Jackson returned home Friday from a visit to relatives at Princeton.

The protracted meeting is still in progress at New Bethel, Rev. Boyce Taylor is assisting the Pastor Rev. Miller.

James Tolley, the Marion timberman, was here Monday.

W. D. Wyatt and Johnson Easley were in Marion Sunday evening.

Rev. Overby was moving the first of the week to his new appointments in Tennessee.

Mrs. Ira Bennett and Mrs. E. G. Buge were guests of relatives in Marion Sunday.

Miss Ida H'll, who has been assisting C. B. Loyd in his millinery department returned to her home in Marion Sunday.

Elbert Hillyard left last week for Florida where he will spend the winter.

Rev. Hummel preached at the Methodist church here Sunday evening at 2:30.

Oliver & Conyer shipped two car loads of stock farm here Saturday.

No hunting or fishing on my farm. Trespassers will be prosecuted. Second notice. JOHN COCHRAN.

### Farm for Sale.

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

### Marion Meets Defeat

[Continued From First Page.] argument she made a great impression on the minds of the audience. It was the general consensus of opinion of all who expressed themselves that as a separate speech hers was the very best of the evening. After several minutes deliberation the judges returned a verdict for the affirmative, with a majority report for the negative. Many who had heard the speeches expressed themselves as differing from the decision

of the judges, but in view of the fact that the meet had been held at Morganfield's suggestion, in view of their most courteous treatment, and especially in view of the fact that they had promised to meet us in the near future in Marion we most graciously bowed to the decision of the judges.

In the benefits in added interest to literary society work that these meets will foster, will far outweigh the question of who wins or is defeated. We shall look forward with eager anticipation to the time when we shall again have another so pleasant and profitable an evening. The Marion High school expects to challenge several other schools in the near future. Prof. Kee is very proud of the showing his people made at Morganfield.

J. N. Little, of the Piney section, died last Saturday of typhoid fever and was buried Sunday morning at the Crowell graveyard.

Mrs. Ed Murphy and baby who have been here on a visit to her parents Mr. and Mrs. Frances Daniels left for her home Tuesday afternoon.

Mr. Jas. L. Rankin has purchased the interest of his partner Mr. R. E. Pickens in the grocery stock of Rankin & Pickens and will continue in business in the same stand. Mr. Pickens will continue in as salesman with Mr. Rankin and the each desire a continuance of the liberal patronage which their friends have given them in the past.

**Dr. King's New Life Pills**  
The best in the world.

TO POLICY HOLDERS  
OF THE  
**German Insurance Co**  
OF FREEPORT

Upon presentation at this office we will endorse all policies of the German of Freeport and give a guarantee that the contract will be fulfilled as expressed in the policy. This guarantee will be made good by the

**Royal Insurance Co**  
OF LIVERPOOL

Examine all your policies and if any are found to be written in the German of Freeport forward here at once.

**Geo. M. Crider & Co.**  
MARION, KY.

...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 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**

A. M. Hillyard. Shoeing 80c. We guarantee all work and solicit your business.

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

**EVERYTHING GOOD IN INSURANCE!**

Fire  
Tornado  
Steam Boiler  
Plate Glass  
Life  
Health  
Accident

The Best Companies  
The Lowest Rates  
The Strongest Agency

**Bourland & Haynes**

Opposite Postoffice.

Telephone 32



## Nelle Walker,

Stenographer and  
Notary Public . . .

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

## Metz & Sedberry.

Leading Barbers

Hot Baths, Sharp Razors, Clean  
Towels, Good Workmen.  
Electric Massage

In The Hotel Crittenden Block,  
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.

EVANSVILLE. INDIANA.

JOE B. CHAMPION T. W. CHAMPION

## Champion & Champion,

Lawyers,

MARION, KENTUCKY.

Will practice in all the courts of  
the Commonwealth. Special atten-  
tion given to collections. Office in  
Press Building, second floor, Room 6

## CANCER CURED

No knife, no pain, book free. Address  
Cancer Sanitarium, Harrisburg, Ill.

## F. W. NUNN DENTIST

Office Suite 3 and 4 Press Building  
MARION, KENTUCKY.

## W. H. CLARK,

Attorney-at-Law.

Special attention given to collections.

Will practice in all the courts of the  
State and in the United States court.  
Office in Press Building, Room 7.  
Phone 106. MARION, KY.

## J. B. KEVIL,

Lawyer

Abstracting a Specialty  
Office in Press Building, Room 5

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

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.  
313 W. Main St. Louisville, Ky.

### Lest We

Babies are restless, can't sleep at night,  
won't eat, cry 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 &  
Druggists.

## The Chickenless Chicken Farm

A Thanksgiving Story

By F. A. MITCHEL.

(Copyright, 1906, by F. A. Mitchell.)



"I'm glad to hear  
it. John is a very  
good young man."

"But they will  
need help. You  
must do something  
for them."

"What can I  
do? The farm  
produces just  
enough for us to live on."

"You might mortgage it for a small  
amount, just enough to buy a small  
place. The Allison farm of six acres is  
for sale at a very low price. John  
wants to go into chicken raising, and  
the property would just do. There is a  
cottage on it and a few old outhouses."

"But if I mortgage our farm who's to  
pay interest and provide a sinking fund  
for the principal?"

"John will do that."

"How?"

"By the profits on chicken raising."

"Suppose there are no profits?"

"Oh, pa, don't be stingy. We have  
but one daughter. You wouldn't grudge  
her a few thousand dollars out of all  
the money this farm's worth, would  
you?"

"My dear, we began on nothing and  
have had a hard struggle to get into  
our present comfortable fix. Let these  
young people begin as we did."

"And have as hard a time?"

"Better have a hard time when they  
are young than when they are old. No,  
I will not mortgage my farm even for  
Mandy, whom I love as well as you  
love her. That's settled."

Mrs. Bickford knew by a long experi-  
ence that when her husband said  
"That's settled" it was settled. She  
went away with a sigh and told the  
youngsters that she had failed. Both  
mother and daughter voted Mr. Bick-  
ford a hard hearted man. John Wil-  
liams said nothing. He had good pluck,  
but little or no experience. He went to  
a bank and arranged for a mortgage  
for \$3,000 on the Allison farm, then  
bought it for \$3,400. He had saved  
\$200 and trusted to luck to raise the  
other \$200 with which to complete the  
payment. Mrs. Bickford had saved  
\$100 out of pin money and prevailed on  
her husband to give \$100 in lieu of a  
wedding present, though she did not  
tell him what use was to be made of  
it. John and Mandy were married and  
took possession of their farm. Mr.  
Bickford was left to find out their  
ownership of the place by their going  
into it. They did not deign to mention  
the matter to him. This was the work  
of the mother and daughter. John had  
nothing to do with it.

John worked for the neighboring  
farmers, intending to save money out  
of his wages to stock his farm with  
chickens, but the crops happened to be  
poor that season, and he got nothing  
over a bare living. The next season  
was better, but the baby came, and the  
coming of a baby always involves extra  
expense. At the end of two years John  
had not stocked his chicken farm and  
had got behind with his interest.

Mrs. Bickford would have appealed  
to her husband, but from the time  
Mandy was married the farmer be-  
came more economical than ever, and  
she dared not mention the matter.  
Besides, she and Mandy had shown  
their resentment that he had not mort-  
gaged his farm to give the young couple  
a start, and this was another reason  
why he was not applied to. How-

ever, Mrs. Bickford at this juncture  
condescended to inform him of the  
fact that the young couple were in  
trouble.

The chicken farm, on which as yet  
there were no chickens, was advertised  
for sale under foreclosure of mortgage.  
Then Mrs. Bickford and her daughter,  
knowing that the older husband and  
father was cognizant of the fact, yet  
offered no help, barely spoke to him.  
The farmer had a hard time of it.  
His wife, too proud to grumble because

he would not come forward with as-  
sistance, chose every other subject she  
could think of to show her spleen.  
Mandy seldom came to the house when  
her father was there, and if she met  
him failed to display any affection for  
him. John alone treated him with  
consideration. John learned rapidly by  
experience and told his wife, as he ex-  
pressed it in his homely way, that he



"I'VE CHOSEN THANKSGIVING DAY TO END  
A FAMILY FEUD."

had "bit off a bigger end than he could  
chew." He kept his nerve, however,  
which, considering his youth, was no  
more than he should have done.

Then came a season in which the  
crops on the Bickford farm were  
larger than they had ever been be-  
fore. It happened that there was a  
foreign war, and the price of grain  
was advanced enormously. When the  
year's profit was cleared up the farmer  
found himself in possession of two  
average years' income instead of one.  
The sale of John's chicken farm was  
coming on, and Mrs. Bickford hoped  
that, considering her husband's good for-  
tune, he would pay off the mortgage.  
He did not, and the property was sold.

"Wife," said Farmer Bickford one  
day in November, "what you going to  
do about Thanksgiving?"

"Nothing. Nobody but you has any-  
thing to be thankful for."

"Well," said the farmer, unsmiling,  
"John and Mandy have had a hard  
time of it this year. I'm not so mean  
as to grudge 'em a dinner and a good  
one. I expect they need it. Invite 'em  
here for Thanksgiving and get up the  
best dinner money will buy."

"Suppose they won't come?"

"They'll miss the dinner."

Mrs. Bickford and her daughter felt  
that they could not willingly sit down  
to a Thanksgiving dinner with so  
stingy a husband and father. John  
urged them to accept, and when he  
found their resolution fixed not to do  
so declared that he would dine with  
his father-in-law without them. Mrs.  
Bickford prepared the dinner and then  
went over to her daughter, who was  
still on the chicken farm, the two in-  
tending to have a dinner by themselves.

"Tell him," said Mrs. Bickford to  
John, "that as all our daughter can af-  
ford is tea and toast I shall share it  
with her."

John set off to his father-in-law's.

He had not been there long before he  
returned to his house and protested  
earnestly that his mother-in-law and  
his wife were acting unwisely and un-  
naturally.

John was head of his family, and his  
wife supercilious and consented to go  
with him. As Mrs. Bickford did not  
care to remain away alone both went  
to the Bickford farm and all sat down  
to table.

"I've chosen Thanksgiving day," said  
the farmer, "to end a family feud.  
John's exploit has ended just where I  
believed it would and has been a fail-  
ure. Nevertheless from the time he  
was married I resolved to save what  
money he would sink, for I knew he  
would need it in the end. I got to-  
gether half the amount needed to pay  
cash for the farm before this last crop  
was marketed, and now I have the  
whole. I intended to buy the farm for  
you, Mandy; but, seeing your husband  
learns faster than you, I've bought it  
for him."

He threw on the table a deed to the  
chicken farm made out to John Wil-  
liams.

"Why, I thought Lawyer Groat bought  
the chicken farm," exclaimed Mrs.  
Bickford.

"So he did for me."

Mandy sprang into her father's arms.  
"It wasn't John's fault that he fail-  
ed," the farmer went on. "It was the  
fault of his inexperience. I admired  
his pluck, but determined to let him  
benefit by the experience. The hur-  
vesting of this last crop has been too  
much for an old man like me, and I'm  
going to turn over the details of its  
management to him. But, as I believe  
no house is big enough for two fam-  
ilies, you children are to remain at the  
chicken farm, using it for a home and  
nothing more. Does that suit you,  
John?"

John grasped the farmer's hand,  
while Mandy clung to his neck. Mrs.  
Bickford scarcely found room to give  
her husband a kiss. Then, after a hor-  
rid condition was attained, they be-  
gan to discuss the best dinner that  
money could buy.

Visitors in that region are puzzled at  
the name "Chicken Farm," given to one  
of the prettiest places there, since it is  
nothing like a farm, and there are no  
chickens on it. Occasionally an in-  
quirer gets the story of how it gained  
its singular name.

### Notice of Local Option Election.

To the voters of Crittenden county:

Public notice is hereby given that

on Friday Dec. 7, 1906, a local option

election will be held in our coun-  
ty. On that day the people of this

county shall say by their votes

whether the saloons shall remain here

and continue its evil work, or whether

it shall be driven from us. That

drunkenness is a great evil and curse

is not questioned, and that the saloon

constitutes to this evil cannot be

doubted by the most casual observer.

The saloon is against the home, the

school, the church, and the moral

and religious welfare of the people.

Shall we keep it with us to do such

work and commit such evil? The

good people of Crittenden county

must say on December 7th. We be-  
lieve the great majority of our peo-  
ple are against the saloon and the

liquor traffic, therefore let them come  
out on the above mentioned day, and

record their votes against them.

About 84 of the 119 counties of our  
fair state, besides districts in other

counties, are under local option. Not  
less the 13 having gone "dry" in the

last three months—let good old Crit-  
tenden add another to the honored list.

But recently, our neighbor, Union

county, gave more than one thou-  
sand majority for the local option law.

Let us go and do likewise.

VIRGIL ELGIN,

J. H. BUTLER,

E. B. BLACKBURN

W. T. OAKLEY

BENJAMIN ANDRES

M. H. WELDON,

Dr. T. A. FRAZER,

J. F. CONGER,

Ex-Committee.

Editor Crittenden Press.

Dear Sir—

I have been requested by the anti-  
saloon campaign committee to furnish

you a few items for publication in this

week's issue of the Press. And

so here they are.

Let the public read, consider, and

act as they shall wish they had done

when they come to stand before God  
in judgment.

Let everybody know that the anti-  
saloon League is not a political or-  
ganization; neither is the local option  
election to be held in our city and  
county on the 7th of December next,  
in the interest of our political party.

## You Look Yellow

The trouble is, your liver's  
sick. One of its products,  
"bile," is overflowing into  
your blood.

You can't digest your food,  
your appetite is poor, you  
suffer dreadfully from head-  
ache, stomach ache, dizzi-  
ness, malaria, constipation,  
etc. What you need is not a  
dose of salts, cathartic water  
or pills—but a liver tonic

## Thedford's Black-Draught

This great medicine acts gently on  
the sick liver. It purifies the blood,  
renews the appetite, feeds the nerves,  
clears the brain and cures consti-  
pation.

It is a true medicine for sick liver  
and indigestion, and regulates all the  
digestive functions. Try it.

At all dealers in medicines in  
25c packages.

but purely and wholly in the interest  
of our homes, good morals and good  
government. This being the case  
then, let all good citizens and espe-  
cially every father, who has sons and  
who loves his home and his country  
go to the polls on election day and  
cast his vote on the right side of  
this great question.

It is said that about 90 per cent.

of all the crimes and murders com-  
mitted in our country today is trace-  
able to the saloon. And then if we

add to this all the pauperism, suffer-  
ing and woe, caused by the terrible  
business. What argument then can

be offered for the saloon? If none,  
then, why not declare it a public  
nuisance and get rid of it as we do

other things of the same sort. This  
we hope the good citizens of this  
county will do on the seventh day of  
December next.

Some good people seem to think  
that if local option carries at the  
forthcoming election in December

next—that it will kill our town. Now

this is the same old scare-crow which

the liquor men always hoist, on such

occasions as this, with the view of

intimidating the more timid and fear-  
ful, but what are the real facts in this

case? We shall not attempt to give  
these ourselves but simply refer our

readers to such towns as Mayfield,  
Fulton, Clinton, Smithland, Black-  
ford, Murray and many others too

numerous to mention, all of which  
have been without saloons for years

and would not have them back again  
for the world. If local option is cal-  
culated to kill a town, it is exceed-  
ingly strange that the above named

towns, have not been killed long ago.

Our temperance orators and advo-  
cates tell us that every man should  
vote as he prays. This will do for

those who pray, but what about those  
who never pray at all, how shall they  
vote? To this we answer, let them  
vote for God and right.

Another thing in discussing this  
local option question, some men talk  
as if money was the only thing to be  
considered. If there is anything to  
be made by it, why they are in for it,  
but if on the other hand there is a  
prospect of losing a few dollars by  
it they are opposed to it. Why not  
brother, what is the loss of a few dol-  
lars, when the question of the protec-  
tion of our homes and the salvation  
of our boys and girls are at stake.

Respectfully,

J. H. BUTLER.

### MARY'S LAMB.

Mary had a little lamb, its fleece

was white as snow. It strayed away

one day, where lambs should never  
go. And Mary sat her quickly down

and tears streamed from her eyes  
she never found the lamb because she

did not advertise. And Mary had a  
brother, John who kept a village

store, he sat him down and smoked  
his pipe and watched the open door.

And as the people passed along and  
did not stop to buy, John still sat

and smoked his pipe and blinked his  
sleepy eye. And so the sheriff closed

him out, but still he lingered near  
and Mary came to drop a sympathetic

tear. "How is it, sister, can you  
tell why other merchants here, sell

all their goods so rapidly and thrive  
from year to year?" Remembering

her own bad luck, the little maid re-  
plies: "These other fellows get their

John, because they advertise."—Ex

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CRITTENDEN PRESS, in advance, we will  
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Then it's time to act! No time to study, to read, to experiment! You want to save your hair, and save it quickly, too! So make up your mind this very minute that if your hair ever comes out you will use Ayer's Hair Vigor. It makes the scalp healthy. The hair stays in. It cannot do anything else. It's nature's way.

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Made by J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.  
Also manufactured at  
**AYER'S**  
PILLS  
CHERRY PECTORAL.

### THE EDITOR'S LUCK.

Those who ask in jest, "Why editors are wealthy?" should read this editorial protest from the Mead Globe.

"A child is born in the neighborhood the attending physician gets \$10. The editor gives the loud mouthed youngster and the happy parents a send-off and gets \$0. When it is christened the minister gets \$10, the editor gets \$0. It grows up and marries. The editor publishes another long winded article and tells a hundred lies about the beautiful and accomplished bride, the minister gets \$10 and a piece of cake, and the editor gets \$0.00. In course of time it dies. The doctor gets from \$50 to \$100, the editor publishes a notice of the death of an obituary two columns long, lodge and society resolutions, a lot of poetry, and a free card of thanks, and gets \$0.00. No wonder so many editors get rich."

## Thanksgiving Dinner On an Airship

By AUGUSTUS W. FERRIN.

[Copyright, 1906, by Augustus W. Ferrin.]  
"BACK in the fall of 1950," said the skipper of the airship Albatross as he sat puffing his pipe on the roof of the Aerial Navigation company's fifty story building on Broadway, "we were engaged in the arctic-antarctic carrying trade. There being temporarily nothing doing in our line, we had put into Colon to see ex-President Roosevelt, stern and strenuous in spite of his eighty odd years, upon the Panama canal. I was standing on the Colon pier watching the 30,000 ton battleship Uncle Sam enter the canal, marking the consummation of the most gigantic engineering enterprise in all history," as the ex-president said in his speech, when a boy in the uniform of the World's Wireless Telegraph company handed me a green envelope labeled "Rush." It was a message from our agent at Peary, where the wireless company had an instrument atop the north pole capable of transmitting without relay any message to a receiving instrument on top of the south pole. The message read:

"The ice has all melted. It is hotter here than the hinges of hell and the mosquitoes are biting something fierce. This ought to be good market for immediate consignment of summer supplies, but haste is imperative."

"Well, when there is money to be made you don't find your Uncle Henry

over the city some time before midnight, stopping for an hour over a roof garden, where they had the best show I ever see. There was one girl in pink ti-well, as I was saying, we had good weather and favorable winds, and about daylight we sighted the citadel of Quebec. There our trouble began. Our carburetor was acting cranky, and ten of our thirty six cylinders went out of commission all at once, and we had to stop the engine for repairs. We drifted to the northwest and hung there in the air all day, monkeying with the machinery and cursing our luck. The first mate pipes up:

"Skipper, do you realize what day this is?"

"No," says I. "What is it?"

"It's Thanksgiving day," says he.

"Puncture my gas bag, matey, if you ain't right," says I, taking a hasty look at my pocket calendar. "What are we going to do about it?"

"I don't know," says he. "We ain't got nothing but hard tack and canned stuff aboard. Of course the canned stuff's all right, now that the whole regular army is on duty at the packing houses, but canned turkey don't seem Thanksgiving-like. Besides, we ain't got any canned turkey, come to think of it—only canned peas and punkin'."

"Well, I tell you, sir, I was stumped. I never in all my life went over a Thanksgiving without turkey, not even that trip when we was captured by the Chinese air junk. Of course the turkey them air pirates give us was really golden pheasant, but we called it turkey, and it tasted all right. And I knew if the crew ever got on to the fact that it was Thanksgiving and we didn't have anything but hard tack and canned peas and punkin' to give em there would be the worst mutiny since the one on the Pampat Azova, when the czar tried to make his sailors eat lions. I kept all hands hard at work, so they wouldn't get time to think about the almanac, and we was moseying along slow, me figuring on whether some other skipper would have the pole market for panamas oversold before we got there, when suddenly the mate pipes up again, "Skipper, I've got an idee."

"Spit it out," says I, but he never answers, but grabs his spyglass and begins rubbering at something way off our port bow. Then he runs below and comes up with one of them durn automobile "honk-honks" in his hand. We got that "honk-honk" in a funny

way. We was flying low one day, watching two big machines racing along a country road, when all at once one of em blows up and the hura lands right in our car. Well, the mate jumps over the port rail and begins "honk honking" like he was dippy. All at once I hear another "honk-honk" way off, then nearer, then more "honks" than all the automobiles in four states could make. And what do you think it was? Wild geese. Terns and gulls flying toward us in a long "V," dragging their hatter over the pole moon, as the poet says, only there wasn't any moon, it being broad daylight. I call all hands to the main deck, and we man the rail. Closer and closer come the geese until I begin to get worried that they're going to hit our balloon and puncture us. Just as they get up to us I grab the feller that's leading the "V" and boiler. Everybody grabs a goose and off they fly, leaving a bird in every man's hand, which was worth two in the ozone, as the saying is.

"We was drifting northwest all this time, and by the time we had skinned and dressed the geese we was right over some hot springs up in British Columbia. Every man got out a line and tied it around a goose's neck and dropped him into the water. When the geese was cooked we drew 'em up again, and, by the overlying Santos Dumont, that boiled goose was the tenderest, most succulent meat I ever tasted. What with the canned punkin pie, the peas and some wild celery we fished up with our anchor, that Thanksgiving dinner was bang up. Everybody turned in that night full of boiled goose and happier than a Rhode Island clam at high tide. Next morning we got the engine fixed, and two days later we was at the pole. We didn't have any trouble disposing of the panama hats and mosquito netting at fancy prices, for it was hotter than ever in Peary, and inside of two weeks we was back in New York with a cargo of relics of arctic expeditions, which we sold to the Metropolitan museum for enough to give every one of us six months' land leave."

"I GRAB THE FELLER THAT'S LEADING THE 'V' AND BOILER."

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"We made New York in twenty-four hours, having good weather and favorable winds all the way and passed

loading around any 'gigantic engineering enterprise,' so without waiting for the unveiling of the colossal statue of Secretary Taft we loaded to the parachute with panama hats and mosquito netting and spread sail for the pole.

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## RENOUNCES SOCIETY AND THEN TURNS PALACE INTO A CONVENT.

Springfield, Mo., Nov. 18.—Having decided that her life was a disappointment, Mrs. Allice O'Day, wealthy widow of a former President of 'Prisco railway system, has turned her elegant country mansion into a convent and proposes to spend the remainder of her life as a guest of the twenty-four black robed nuns who now own the \$250,000 estate.

Mrs. O'Day who has twice been married, says that no man shall ever enter her life again. She says she expects to find peace of mind in the solemn round of religious duties in which she takes part to some extent. Having divorced, she cannot become a nun, but is allowed to reside with them as the foundress of a colony.

Her gift is indeed a princely one. The magnificent residence which not many months ago echoed with gayety of balls and euehres, is in the midst of a two-hundred-acre park. It was called "Elfindale," suggesting the haunt of mischievous sprites. Now it is "St. de Chantel Monastery of the Visitation." A Japanese tea house on an island in a small lake has been replaced by a chapel to the Secret Heart. A leafy woodland bower, formerly known as "Lover's Nook" has been utilized for a shrine to the Lady of Lourdes. The more fancy furnishing of the building have been removed, and grated windows and bare floors greet the eye of the visitor. The nuns conduct a school for girls, and the building is to be used exclusively for this after Mrs. O'Day builds them a new convent, which she has promised to do.

Mrs. O'Day was Mrs. Allice Williams, of St. Louis, when she married the railroad magnate. Six years ago she had a violent quarrel with him, following which she secured a divorce and a heavy alimony settlement. He has been dead for four or five years. She began to give up society about that time and became interested in religious matters. Although long an Episcopalian, she became a convert to the Roman Catholic church, and the large gift to that church followed.

### Trusims Of Timias.

It isn't always the best shot who bags the most game.

If it's raining, nine out of every ten persons you meet will tell you so. A true barometer of a man's character is the fondness he has for flowers. If cheapness is the sole consideration, some men are worth less than a penny.

The corner loafer who speaks ill of women who pass has little regard for those at his home.

It's even money when you need your umbrella it is at the other end of the route. The same way with friends.

The woman who gossips should climb over the fence into the back yard of the neighbor she talks about. If you owe the other fellow he will take pains to meet you on the same side of the street. Reverse positions. Love conquers where all else fails. Backed by the influence of a good woman, a man can accomplish wonders.

## A Live Wire

Every nerve is a live wire connecting some part of the body with the brain. They are so numerous that if you penetrate the skin with the point of a needle you will touch a nerve and receive a shock—pain it is called. Aches and pains come from a pressure, strain or injury to a nerve; the more prominent the nerve the greater the pain. When the pain comes from a large nerve it is called Neuralgia.

whether it be the facial nerves, or the heart, stomach, sciatic or other prominent nerve branch. To stop pain then, you must relieve the strain or pressure upon the nerves. Dr. Miles' Anti-Pain Pills do this.

"I suffered intense pain, caused by neuralgia. I doctored and used various medicines without getting relief until I began taking Dr. Miles' Anti-Pain Pills. They did me more good than all the medicines I ever used. They never failed to cure my headaches, and their use never leaves any bad after-effects."

MRS. WM. BECKMAN,  
307 W. 4th St., Erie, Pa.  
Dr. Miles' Anti-Pain Pills are sold by your druggist, who will guarantee that the first package will benefit. If it fails, he will return your money. 25 doses, 25 cents. Never sold in bulk. Miles Medical Co., Elkhart, Ind.

## 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.

It's almost a certainty that the man who spits on the floor of a street car will have trouble at home for spitting on the stove.

Nothing great was ever achieved without a big bunch of enthusiasm as an accompaniment. You can manufacture it yourself.

Most men will stand a patting on the back and there are few women who don't like to see their names in the personal column.

A dirty collar doesn't always indicate a careless man but polished shoes denotes a good trait in anyone and it costs but five cents.

The strongest branch of your industry should be Faith. As a source of defense it is essential. Live by it and you're sure to win.

The corner stone of many a life structure has been jarred out of position by the fostering of a doubt. Doubt has been the undoing of many. When you succeed, how many applaud you. If you meet with the reverses few are they who will recognize you. Those who do are of the right stuff.

The standard, though high it may be set, can be reached by honesty of purpose and a faith in what you undertake, but the combination must be welded together.

You live but once; and life is short; the days are passing; none will return and they carry a part of your life with them then why lose the precious things that may be yours by a weak yielding to circumstances. Dismiss doubt—trust in the ultimate attainment of that you desire. Through faith in yourself you can bend circumstances and people to your will.

## Will T. Hicklin

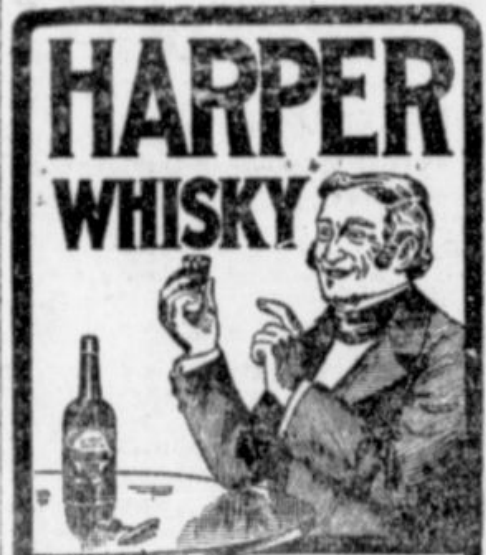
Successor to

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.

## OMESEEKERS round-trip rates TO THE SOUTH

at 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  
JNO. A. SCOTT, A. G. P. A., Memphis

A. H. Aanson, P. T. M., Chicago  
S. G. Hatch, G. P. A., Chicago

Farm and Fireside, twice a month one year free with each subscriber of the Press. We have sent a sample copy to each subscriber.

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

## Always Remember the Full Name Laxative Bromo Quinine Cures a Cold in One Day, Grip in Two.

E. W. 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.

SENT FREE Booklet entitled "Dr. Daughon's Eye Opener." It will convince you that Daughon's Colleges can, by their PERIODIC and COPYRIGHTED methods, teach you more Bookkeeping in THREE months than others can in SIX.

## DRAUGHON'S PRACTICAL BUSINESS Colleges

\$300,000.00 capital; 28 Colleges in 16 States; 17 years' success. POSITIONS secured or money refunded. LEARN Law, Bookkeeping, Short-hand, Penmanship, Drawing, Catalog and "Eye Opener," call, phone, or write Jno. F. Daughon, President, either place. Satisfaction GUARANTEED. Write for prices.

Evansville, Paducah, Nashville, St. Louis, Memphis, Little Rock, Atlanta, Dallas, San Antonio, etc.

## WANTED!

## HEADING BOLTS AND STANDING TIMBER

### White and Red Oak!

Sound Green Timber, free from knots, windshakes, checks, worm holes and other defections. Must be barked and well quartered. Also buy Standing Oak Timber for Heading Bolts, where there are available facilities for getting it out. For Prices call on

JAS. TOLLEY, Agt.

Marion, Kentucky.

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

## A Complete Stock of

Dry Goods, Notions, Hats, Caps, Boots, Shoes, Hardware, Tinware and Groceries. Prices consistent with Quality.

I Buy and Sell all kinds of Produce.

Give me a call.

Chas. Larue,

The Leading Merchant,

Levias, Ky.

## Parlor Barber Shop,

Walter McConnell,

Proprietor

Clean Towels and Good Workmen.

First-Class Hot or Cold Baths

Press Building.

MARION, KENTUCKY.

### Human Blood Marks.

A tale of horror was told by marks of human



## Lead, Zinc, Fluorspar Deposits

[Continued from First Page.]

there being no question of the existence of ore or of the quantities of it. In a letter from C. F. Z. Caracristi, published in the Manufacturer's Record of March 22, 1906, the statement was made that the fluorspar now being shipped from England to this country comes from the mill tailings of abandoned lead mines, none of them now being worked, and that in two years these old accumulations will become exhausted. At the present time England is shipping this fluorspar as ballast; it is admitted duty free, and is being sold under cost of production. With the exhaustion of the English sources of supply there will be an increased demand for American fluorspar. About 70,000 tons are used for smelting purposes in this country now, and the use is constantly increasing. It is the finest flux known for metals and refractory ores, and is used by the big steelmakers of America. It eliminates largely sulphur and phosphorus, makes the tensile strength greater and enables lower grades of iron to be used, and is of vast advantage in blast furnaces, open-hearth steel furnaces, cupolas, crucibles and brass foundries. The finer qualities are ground and used in chemistry for enameling, glassmaking, copper refining, etc.

Local authorities state that published statistics as to the production of fluorspar in this district are too high. Instead of 26,000 tons for 1905, it is declared that 23,000 tons would be nearer the exact figures. It is also claimed that the shipment from the Illinois mines was materially less than published figures show, so that less than 50,000 tons was about the quantity mined and shipped from the Kentucky-Illinois field last year. To meet all present requirements, therefore, there would have to be about a 50 per cent. increase in production, for outside of the Illinois and Kentucky fields there are declared to be no other deposits in the world that may be relied on for such extensive and economical development as these. There is some fluorspar in Germany, but so little that its exportation is prohibited, and right now German consumers of fluorspar are writing to Kentucky companies for prices for immediate delivery in thousand-ton lots. As the known deposits on the Illinois side of the river are in the hands of the companies now operating there, it devolves on the Kentucky field to furnish the greatly increased demand that will soon be made for American fluorspar. It is the expectation locally that the district will arise to the occasion. If this is done there will be a good deal of outside capital put into operation here.

It would seem that the outlook and the possible profits are sufficient to induce such investments, especially since improved processes have added new possibilities in the way of profits. Heretofore it has been impossible to separate fluorspar and zinc, because they are of the same specific gravity. While fluorspar is helpful in all other smelting operations, it is harmful to zinc, and such ores have been thrown out. By the discovery of a new process now in successful operation here, fluorspar and zinc are separated completely, and as zinc occurs in almost all fluorspar mines, there will be a greatly-increased production. Present operations are being carried on by the Sanders Ore Separating Co., with daily capacity of 25 tons. The Messrs. Sanders, of New York, believing that the field offered advantages for operations here, established the works. In addition to this process, others are being experimented with by various mine operators here, and it is considered altogether probable that other discoveries will be made, greatly to the advantage of the entire district.

Lead has been known to exist in this field since 1812, and in 1835 operations were carried on in this line by Andrew Jackson and others. Mining in a small way was continued down to the war, but no fluorspar was shipped until 1873. Lack of transportation facilities retarded the mining operations, and even now there is so great a lack of adequate transportation that developments in

## PROGRAM.

FOR THE

## MUSICALE

To be Given at the Marion High School Auditorium  
Monday Evening, December 10.

Miss Ida Cole Soprano  
Miss Ada Zellar Pianist  
Miss Nina Dale Park Cellist

1. Sonate, cello and piano Edward Grieg  
allegro agitato
2. Vocal—Angel's Serenade, with cello obligato Braga
3. Piano a. Prelude Chopin  
b. Valse, E minor
4. Cello a. Calm as the Night Bohm  
b. Elegie Mossonet  
c. Sherzo Van Goens
5. Vocal, Flower Songs a. Violets  
b. Morning Glory Song  
c. The Pine  
d. Forget-me-Not  
e. The Seed's Song Woodman
6. Piano a. Romanza, F sharp Schumann  
b. Polish song Liszt
7. Cello, Cantabile Cui
8. Vocal a. Sylvia Schubert  
b. Springtide (with cello obligato) Becker

that line are urgently in demand. It is declared that an electric trolley line 25 miles in length would open the whole district and become one of the best paying propositions in the country. It costs now an average of \$1 per ton to transport ore by wagon to the railroad or river. If half this price were charged by the trolley line it would yield a handsome revenue, as the production of the district would be greatly increased, and it would be in position to supply the entire demand of the country for fluorspar, shipping by barge to Pittsburgh and other large cities reached via the Ohio and Cumberland rivers. In addition there would be a large local business secured from a territory not supplied with railroad transportation, and there would be an increased population with an accompanying still further increase in local business. It is declared that the line could be easily built: that the location is an ideal one for the trolley line, and that investigations will demonstrate the proposition to be a particularly attractive one from any standpoint.

There have been periodical seasons of activity in these fields, and a considerable amount of money, mostly in small sums, has been put into the district at various times by people from a number of outside places. One of the oldest operations is at the Columbia mine. The present Columbia Mining Co. is owned by Paducah, Louisville and Chicago people and has no local capital in it. This company's holdings are along the Columbia fault, where developments have been made for a distance of nearly two miles. This is a lead and zinc field, where the zinc is not mixed with the fluorspar. The field is practically owned and controlled by the Columbia Company and Messrs. Blue & Nunn the latter of this city. While the Columbia Company has probably made the largest shipments from this district, yet Messrs. Blue & Nunn have made combined shipments aggregating from 10,000 to 13,000 tons. A phenomenal production was made by them at the Old Jim mines, where they took out of an open trench carbonates needing no concentration of the amount above named.

The zinc ores here run much higher in metallic zinc than those of Joplin. The average with the Joplin ores is 3 1/2 to 4 per cent. Here the average is 15 to 20, and in some rich samples of carbonates as high as 30 per cent. or more is shown. The crystallization is finer than the Joplin ore, however, and a fatal error has been made in one instance, at least in putting in a mill of the Joplin style. More ore was lost in the tailings than was saved in the concentrates, and the mill will have to be remodeled for finer grinding.

The Kentucky Fluorspar Co., of which four Marion men own a controlling interest, and in which there is Chicago capital invested, have

been in continuous operation 10 years, and may be ranked as the pioneers among those at present engaged in fluorspar business here. They handle, grind and ship most of the fluorspar in the Kentucky district. In addition to buying the fluorspar from other producers, they are large miners themselves. In graded fluorspar there is a very material increase in output. The Kentucky Company ground and shipped 2500 tons in 1902, while in 1905 the amount was 5300 tons. This district has no competition in ground fluorspar, and its product is shipped all over the country and to Mexico and Canada. The Kentucky Company has been limiting its production to the finer grades. From its Memphis mine the ore averages 99 per cent. calcium fluorite. As the "highest" English average is 88 per cent., the foreign is adapted simply to fluxing.

This district as a whole has been handicapped by lack of money or the proper expenditure of it. A great deal of the work—and there are hundreds of openings in the district—is of a very primitive kind. Here and there machinery is being put in, and some of the properties are being excellently equipped for extensive development. The Kentucky Fluorspar Co., which owns numerous properties besides the mill at Marion, is confining its efforts to the development of four mines only at this time. One of these, the Memphis is already equipped with hoisting machinery, compressor, air plant and such modern machinery, with the result that it is producing 60 tons of ore daily at less expense than 10 tons were formerly produced under the old hand methods so common in this field. Equipment is on the ground for largely increasing the output.

At the long-operated Yandell mine where gravel fluorspar is found comparable with the gravel iron-ore deposits of the peninsular district, there is also an equipment of steam hoist and other modern machinery. It has been proved by numerous shafts that the character of this deposit extends some distance from the present operating shaft, so that the supply of this fluxing spar can be increased almost indefinitely to meet the growing demands.

At the Hodge mines the Kentucky Company is sinking three shafts on three separate veins. Here the fluorspar is strongly disseminated with lead and makes every attractive proposition. The company is proposing the installation of a central power plant to work the various openings that have been made.

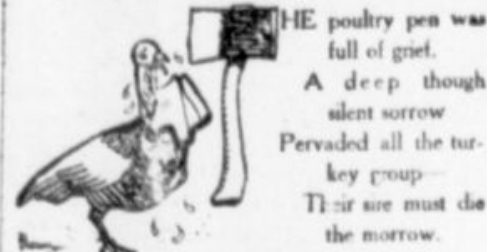
The Tabb mines will be the last of the four properties the Kentucky Company will get to, but when developed they are expected to prove very satisfactory producers of fluorspar, lead and zinc. Up to a year ago all the production from these mines was simply through surface openings.

Along the Tabb fault is the Ta-

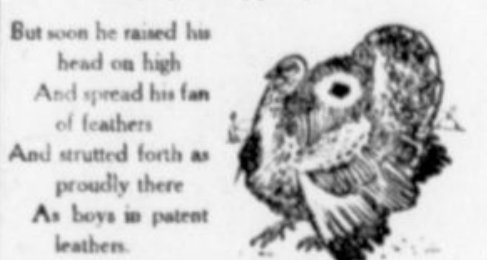
## The Lament of a Doomed Turkey

By P. J. TANSEY.

[Copyright, 1906, by P. J. Tansey.]



He paced the coop in thoughtful mood. Nor stooped for bug or barley. His mien forlorn in poultrydom. The sympathizing parley.



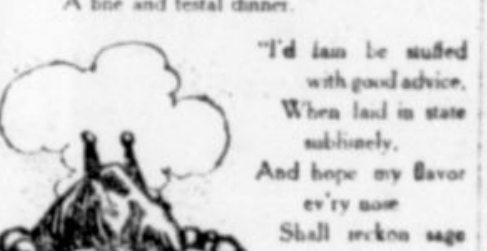
But soon he raised his head on high And spread his fan of feathers And strutted forth as proudly there As boys in patent leathers.



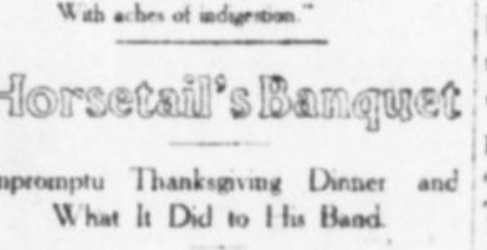
Then, having made a fine parade In stately ostentation, He called his offspring up to hear His dying exhortation:



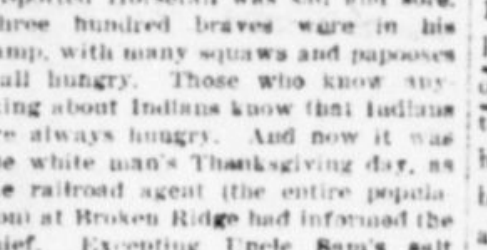
"My children, see the wage of greed— A prospect very murky. I'd be insurance risk today Were I not gobbling turkey."



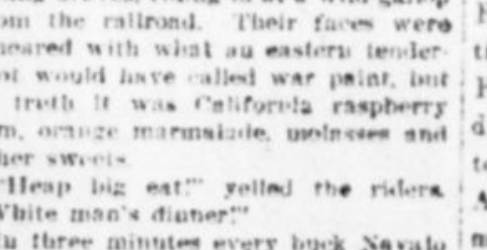
"I robbed the gander of his grub; I cheated orphan chickens; I call up many a distant deed That now my gizzard sickens."



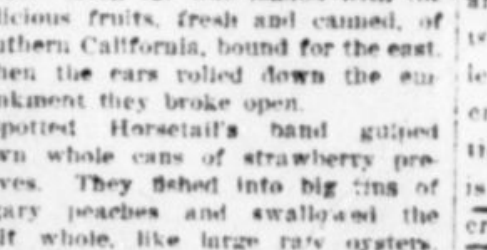
"I grew in wealth of light and dark Through rich and sinful living. And that is why I'm sentenced now To perish for Thanksgiving."



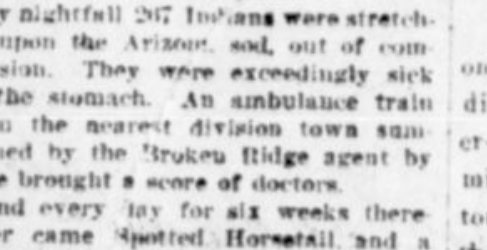
"Oh, let my fate a warning be! Ne'er pine at growing thinner. Don't gosh too much, or soon you'll grace A fine and festive dinner."



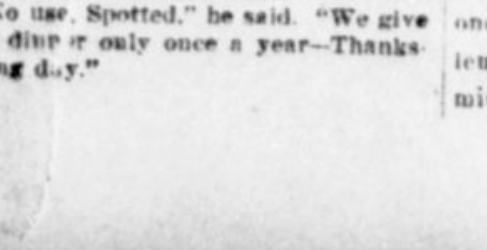
"I'd like to be stuffed with good advice. When laid in state sublimely. And hope my flavor every nose Shall reckon sage and divinely."



"Farewell, sweet children; pray that all Who dare my views to question Shall groan on Friday all day long With aches of indigestion."



"Farewell, sweet children; pray that all Who dare my views to question Shall groan on Friday all day long With aches of indigestion."



"Farewell, sweet children; pray that all Who dare my views to question Shall groan on Friday all day long With aches of indigestion."

## HAYNES & TAYLOR, Druggists

PURITY, NEATNESS, DISPATCH, OUR MOTTO  
Fine Line of Holiday Goods.

## HOTEL FOR SALE!

10 Rooms, Newly Furnished, Centrally Located, a \$2.00 House, Good Town and Alright. Reason for selling—Am going west. Will sell for Cash or on 3 or 5 years time. A BARGAIN. Call on or address

D. W. Stone, TOLU, KY.



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.

bor property, a well-developed mine that has already produced thousands of tons of fluorspar and lead. The mine has been developed 214 feet, and levels have been driven through a solid vein of lead and spar 300 feet in length, showing an ore body of from 4 to 16 feet wide, with well-defined walls. A steam plant is about to be installed here. Adjoining the Tabor is the Ashbridge mine, which from the discovery shaft has produced about 10,000 tons of gravel fluorspar in a distance of 264 feet. This shaft is now down 200 feet. At the east end of the property two new shafts have been put down, and at 80 feet a six-foot vein of ore was struck, which has been drifted on for 100 more feet. Adjoining is the Pogue mine, now opened to a depth of 195 feet, which has produced thousands of tons of ore. A new 80-horse power steam plant has recently been installed here. Between this and the Yandell a number of openings have just been made, all of which are in spar.

The Marion Zinc Co. is an organization of outside capital, mostly of Fort Wayne, Ind. The president of the company is Mr. C. S. Knight of Fort Wayne, who has been in the district giving his personal attention to the work for the past five years. At the Riley mine, a spar and lead mine, now down a depth of 200 feet in a straight shaft, there is a fine equipment of steam hoist, drills, etc., and a regular Joplin mill for the separation of the spar and lead. Work is being done at 35, 70 and 172-foot levels, and at 172 feet they are cross-cutting. There is a production of 20 tons daily, and the work is going ahead. In driving the 172 cross-cut a fine vein of steam coal four feet thick was struck. This company is arranging to put in a grinding mill to make ground spar for the market.

At Lola there is the Mann mine, one of the principal zinc mines of the district, which is under private ownership. Carbonate of zinc is being mined here, of which there are 600 tons piled up on the dump ready for the market. A nine-foot face of this valuable ore is exposed at the present workings.

Over in Livingston county, about one and one half miles south of Salem, is the Eastern Star group of mines, owned by the Eagle Fluor-

spar Co. of Wheeling, W. Va. Here a shaft has been sunk to a depth of 180 feet, and at this depth the vein, between perfectly well-defined walls, was 20 feet, measured by tape line. The ore is lead, zinc and fluorspar. The company has been working for three or four years on the problem of separating the zinc and fluorspar, but with what result is not yet ascertained.

The Albany Mining & Investment Co., composed of Muncie (Ind.) people, have erected at the Nancy Hanks mines, near Salem, a Joplin type of mill for the separation of lead and fluorspar. They have also added a small fluorspar grinding plant. They are down about 220 feet, are in very valuable ore, and are one of the divided payers of the district.

Between the Evening Star and Nancy Hanks properties is the Morning Star mine, owned by the American Lead, Zinc & Fluorspar Co., an organization of Cleveland capitalists. Two discovery shafts have been sunk, cutting the vein in each. The company also ran in a tunnel, exposing a vein of fluorspar and lead measuring 20 feet in width.

In addition to these properties there have been opened the Hudson mines, the Butler, the Guilli, Babb, Klondike, Benard, Pierce and Hodge, in all of which development work has been done sufficient to prove that the vein are continuous.

In addition to this mineral wealth of such variety, there is near Salem what is called the Stoenes fire-clay deposit. Not only is there a practically inexhaustible quantity of it, but so superior a quality of fire-clay has it proved to be that it stands a handicap of \$2 per ton for hauling by wagon from Salem to Marion. Over 13,000 tons of the clay have thus been moved and shipped by rail to the Western Tube Works at Kewanee, Ill.

With adequate transportation facilities, which can hardly be much longer in coming in, it would seem that there is a combination of conditions here which ought to prove very attractive to men with the means and the knowledge necessary to bring about a really notable development of the vastly valuable resources of this neck of Western Kentucky.

ALBERT PHENIX.

The Press and weekly Courier Journal one year for \$1.50.



# The Crittenden Press.

Marion, Ky., Thursday, Nov. 29, 1906

## Wonder Works of the Metropolis



FATHER KNICKERBOCKER GIVES ALADDIN'S LAMP A RUB

Hold the wonders that the twentieth century man is working in the metropolis of the New World!

Chief among them is the wonder of transportation. Certainly it is the chief from the "human interest" and the dramatic points of view.

Six tunnels under the Hudson river! Two, a pair, will give one of the country's greatest railroads direct entrance to the heart of Manhattan Island. The others, in pairs, will connect with the trolley systems of Jersey City, Newark, Hoboken, and a score or more of Jersey suburban towns, thus permitting thousands of commuters to get into New York without having recourse to the ferries that now crowd the North river to the danger limit.

And eight tunnels under the East river! Two will permit one to travel underground from the upper tip of Manhattan Island to the residential sections of Brooklyn. These tunnels form an extension of the subway, a wonder that now a commonplace to the tens of thousands of New Yorkers who crowd it and anathematize it morning and evening every working day of the year. Four of these East river tunnels will be the great railroad out of New York into the New England district by

means of a connecting bridge from Long Island to the city's islands in the Sound, and thence to the mainland. And the remaining two will be the Manhattan inlet of the united trolley systems of the eastern end of Long Island.

Six tunnels under the island itself; two to connect with the North and East river tunnels of the railroad! Two to connect with the North river trolley tunnels and carry the passengers from the western water front to the uptown shopping district of Thirty-third street. And from this pair of tunnels another pair will transfer passengers to a shopping district a mile further down town and somewhat to the east, and also connect with the present subway system.

A quarter of a billion dollars is the enormous sum that the city expects to spend in consummating its share of the wonder of transportation. This includes the fifty million dollars spent for the subway and the thirty millions for the East river and Brooklyn extensions. Be-

All these tunnels are actually under way. Two are completed, four more are nearly complete, and four nearly half bored.

Then the tunnels are to come in the near future—forty-five odd miles of them under Manhattan and Brooklyn, giving speedy access to every part of these boroughs and the Borough of the Bronx, just to the north of Manhattan Island and forming the only part of the greater city which is on mainland.

These, like the subway, will be built under municipal direction, and after a term of years will revert unconditionally, equipment and all, to the city. Plans for them are now ready, and before many months it is expected that the work of building the first of these interborough tunnels, which will probably be operated in conjunction with the subway, will be well under way.

Within the next ten years the tunnels under the island of Manhattan will form a veritable gridiron of electric train passage ways. And there will be at least two layers of tunnels in places. For example, at Thirty-fourth street and Fourth avenue, the railroad tunnels will run below the subway, and some of the rapid transit crosstown tunnels are being planned to be bored many feet beneath the subway and the projected tunnels that will have the same general direction, that is, run lengthwise of the island.

A quarter of a billion dollars is the enormous sum that the city expects to spend in consummating its share of the wonder of transportation. This includes the fifty million dollars spent for the subway and the thirty millions for the East river and Brooklyn extensions. Be-

tween thirty and forty million dollars will be spent in completing the North river and Manhattan Island trolley tunnels and in building the two skyscraper terminals essential to the system, one on the edge of the financial district, the other in the Thirty-third street shopping center.

Twenty million dollars has already been spent by the railroad in question. Forty millions more is expected to see the improvement through to the last detail. In these millions is included the cost of the great terminal station to be built in the heart of the city. It will be one of the largest terminals in the world; for its site thirty city blocks were cleared of the hotels, retail stores, manufacturing, flats, apartment houses, private houses. Thousands of persons were forced to find homes and places of business elsewhere in the city. The trolley tunnels under the East river will call for fifteen millions.

But this is not all of the wonder of transportation.

In order to bring its terminal facilities not only up to date, but, if possible, put them years ahead of the city, the railroad that now enjoys a monopoly of direct entrance into Manhattan is busy spending fifty millions on a mammoth station and for electrification of its lines within a fifty miles radius of the metropolis.

The concourse of this station will be the largest business room in the world. Its dimensions will be seven times those of the present lobby; it will be 470 feet long, 160 feet in width, and 150 feet from floor to peak of the great domed roof. Restaurant and toilet accommodations are to be increased five hundred fold, the ticket lobby seven fold, the cab stand capacity twelve fold. There will be two track levels, one for expresses, the other for suburban traffic, and hence two waiting-rooms, one above the other. The suburban level will be the lower.

Of course the new station yard will be two-decked. There will be sixty-five acres of tracks on the two levels, as against twenty-three acres in the present yards. Everything is being done on a scale that would have astounded the kings of transportation no more than a decade ago, to say nothing of the chaps who thought they were doing big things a quarter of a century ago.

Twenty-five millions for the station, and a like sum will be spent for the station yard and electrification of the tracks for a distance of fifty miles out of New York. That is a wonder in itself, and the new station will be the first railroad station in the world not to know the coal locomotive, unless the railroad that is coming into Manhattan under the Hudson river gets its new improvements done first. Each railroad

expects to be doing business in the last year of the present century. And some time next year will be shot under the East river the rapid transit tunnel, total sections of Brooklyn. A journey of about an hour, whereas two are now required for the trip.

There is still another wonder of transportation. Within the next eight years the famed Brooklyn bridge sisters spanning the East river, distances to the north of the Williamsburg, and to the bridge building the Brooklyn, has so now. The suspension of the approaches for the approach. A like sum is to be spent on the Manhattan bridge, only a few blocks from the Brooklyn bridge; and by the way, will be a type, an island giving central piers, will take less.

Thus, to complete the transportation in New York of four hundred and seventy million will be spent. And in the cost of freight yards records for size and electrification of the Long Island, and the city has spent to Manhattan and Staten ferry service in the cost of these and the total a billion dollars.

Wonderful—all wonder greatest wonder in the wonder of transportation be found who will day doggedly, will push the inch by inch to the time knowing that the slime but a few feet, a matter of inches above to rush in on them at here are the men by the who bored the great Sinner the Alps, men who under Asia and Africa "sand hogs" of the universe steeled alike against the treacherous rivers, dents that frequently permanent injury to them the bigger share the wonder of transportation, them engineers, masters, kings of finance, to carry out the plans, nels under river and everywhere.

Behold, too, the wonder scraper!

The highest office world is now the Park, boasting of thirty-three is now under way on ing, which will tower above the Park Row old church is being to way for the last see life insurance comparison, according to be a story or two close

Continued on



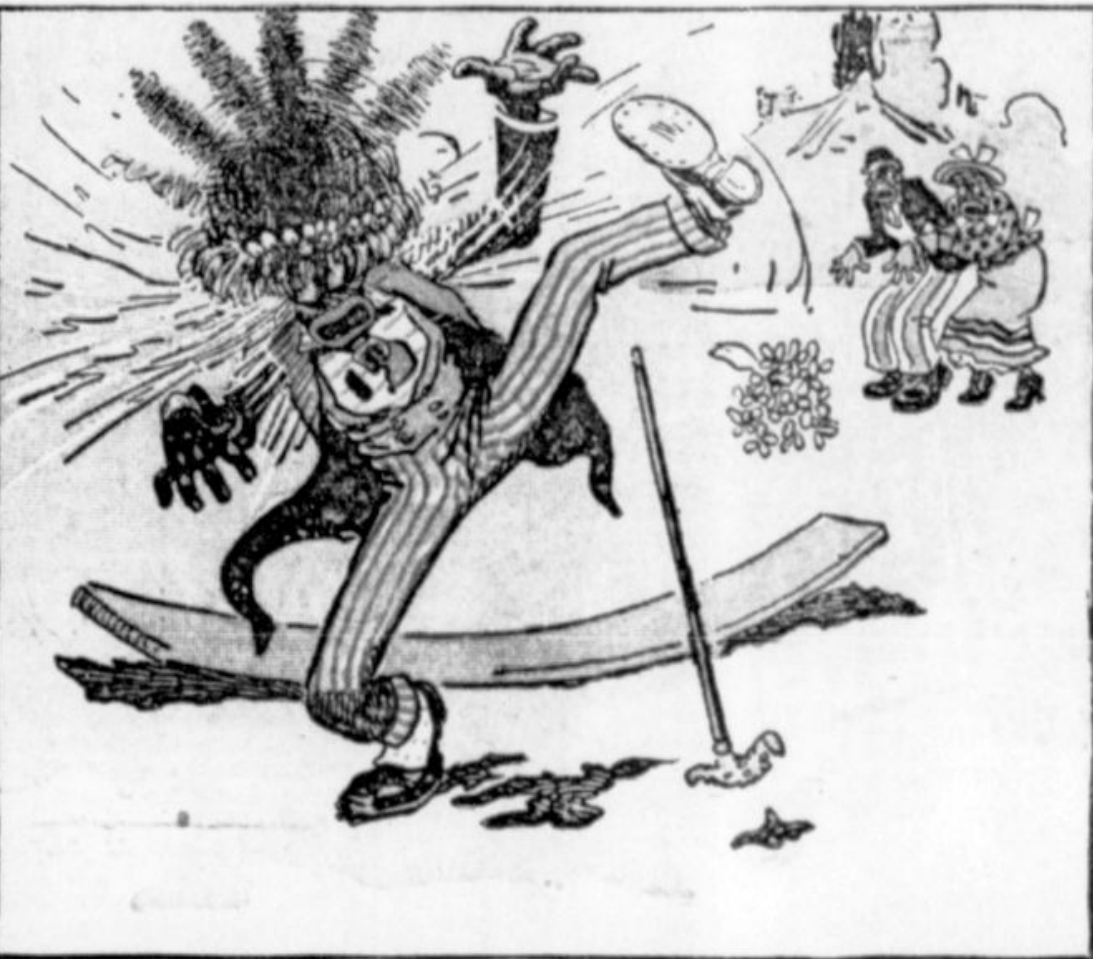








# THE HOODOO COON AND THE BLACK CAT



## THE DOINGS OF DOROTHY

