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\$14,000,000

Will be Paid to Burley Tobacco Society for 80-000,000 Pounds of the Weed.

GREATEST TOBACCO DEAL EVER MADE

Sale includes '06 and Part '07--Prices Received Were 20 1-2c and 17c.

GROWERS GET \$300,000 IN OUTAGE FEES

Interesting Status of the Independent Manufacturers and the "Middle Men."

Pointed Paragraphs About the Biggest Deal in History of Tobacco Trade.

DEAL EPITOMIZED

Buyer--American Tobacco Co.
Seller--Burley Society.
Place--Louisville.

Time--Thursday afternoon.

Crops Sold--All of 1906 and part of 1907.

Prices--20½ cents and 17 cents.
Aggregate Amount--\$14,000,000
District Affected--Central Kentucky.

Louisville, Ky., Nov. 19.—The big deal between the American Tobacco Company and the Burley Tobacco Society, for the 1906 and part of the 1907 crops of tobacco, which has been hanging fire for several weeks, closed here late today.

The price agreed on in the transaction, which is the largest of its kind ever put through, is an average of 20½ cents for the 1906 crops and 17 cents per pound for the 1907 product.

The deal involved nearly 80,000,000 pounds of tobacco held in pool by the Burley Tobacco Society and the outlay will be something like fourteen million dollars on the part of the American Tobacco Company, practically all of this money being placed in circulation in Central Kentucky at once.

The tobacco sold includes the larger part of the Burley Growers' Association, which was formed several

years ago, and which pooled its crops in 1906 and 1907. There was no crop raised by members of the association in 1908, though a number of independents raised large crops in Central Kentucky under guard.

According to many who are in a position to know the sale of the pooled crop marks the end of night riding in Central and Eastern Kentucky for the present at least, for it is believed with these crops out of the way all growers will raise tobacco next year.

The sale has nothing to do with crops in the dark district or western portion of Kentucky and Northern Tennessee.

The conference between the tobacco company and the growers organization representatives was resumed today in the Louisville Hotel at two o'clock in the afternoon. The so-called trust was represented by R. K. Smith, H. K. Walker, John Middleton and Attorney A. J. Carroll, while the members of the Executive Committee of the Burley Society who were present included Messrs. Brown, of Henry county; Shanklin, of Mason; Williams, of Woodford; McMillin, of Greenup; Thomas, of Scott; and Stacey, Carroll.

Dr. C. F. Creelhus, of Greenup county, who while in the General Assembly introduced and pushed through the measure legalizing the tobacco pool, was also present to advise with the growers.

As the members of the Burley Society executive board went into conference, one of them said: "We are going to sell that tobacco."

\$300,000 OUTAGE FEES.

It develops that the chief contention before the conference of the tobacco growers and the American Company last night was as to whether the American Tobacco Company should pay \$3 "outage fees" on every hoghead of tobacco purchased by the company. One of the iron-clad articles in the organization of the Burley Tobacco Society is the one requiring any purchaser of pooled tobacco to pay to the society \$3 in outage for every hoghead of tobacco bought.

The American Company did not care to pay this and fought it to the last ditch. LeBus and the growers stood pat, and the company finally yielded. It will pay \$3 for every hoghead in addition to the money to be paid for the tobacco, and this will approximate \$300,000. This money, so it is said, goes to pay warehouse charges and maintaining the society.—Louisville Times.

President Clarence LeBus has called a meeting of the Executive Board of the Burley Tobacco Society to be held at Winchester last Tuesday. He also addressed telegrams and sent registered letters to all independent tobacco manufacturers advising them to be on hand promptly at 9 o'clock if they wanted to buy any tobacco.

The independents are a blue lot. They are wondering where they are going to "get off." N. W. Dillon, of Detroit, Mich., the largest independent manufacturer in the country, rushed up to President LeBus and seizing him by the coat said: "LeBus, tell me, can we get any tobacco?"

"Of course, you can," he replied. "We have saved it for you." But

the independents are uneasy. In the first place they are worried relative to the amount left in the pool and in the second place they are alarmed over the prices that may govern. However, it is said, the growers will sell to the independents at the same price they sold to the American Company. They say they do not know whether the tobacco remaining in the 1906 and 1907 pools and the "shotgun crop" of 1908 will be enough to supply their wants. Some estimate all of the burley tobacco remaining at 25,000,000 pounds, but inasmuch as the 1908 is outside the pool the independents will have to bid for it on the breaks against the American Tobacco Company.

The independents declare that the American Company wanted all the tobacco in the pool and wanted to swallow the whole amount at one gulp. Some are not so sure yet but that only a few crumbs are left.

However it is safe to say that whatever is left will be sold at Winchester Tuesday and whatever prices the growers want will be realized. This will bring the total receipts up to about \$15,000,000 or \$16,000,000 if not more.

The warehouses here and in Cincinnati claim not to be affected, but it is not believed that the deal meant any good for any of the middle men in the tobacco trade.

R. K. Smith, or "Bob" Smith, is President J. B. Duke's chief lieutenant. He is said to receive a salary of \$25,000 a year, and is also reported to hold thousands of shares of the company's stock and ranks as a topnotcher along with Standard Oil. He is affable, polite, courteous, silent, hard-headed, and just as wise as Duke or Rockefeller. Even the growers like Mr. Smith.

Clarence LeBus, president of the Growers, is a farmer and a capitalist of Cynthia. His chief assets are a good business head and a backbone that surpasses in size any one that has developed in Kentucky in some years. Out of 730 of two years he spent 650 days away from home, and has lost thirty-odd pounds in weight. His friends say he has never received a cent of salary for his services, but it is said that a movement is already on foot to reimburse him handsomely. LeBus has been harshly attacked, but the attacks on him never stopped him from fighting. He is said to have told J. B. Duke that he would make him buy the tobacco.

LeBus declares the growers' organization has been so strengthened by the deal that it is an organization that has come to stay for all time.

The reason given that all lawlessness will stop is that all the growers who remained out of the pool will now get in, and there will be no divisions such as those that promoted night riding and barn burning.

The charge is made that many of the growers will not benefit at all, as moneyed men in the organization have bought up the warehouse certificates and will get all the profits. It is said, for instance, that practically all the tobacco in the Bracken

county pool has been bought up by a few men. This, however, is not known, but is merely a report.

The tobacco that sold yesterday for 17 cents and 20½ cents a pound sold formerly at six, seven, eight, nine and ten cents a pound.

The American Tobacco Company pays cash for all the tobacco it buys. By closing the deal the American Tobacco Company gave official recognition to the organization of tobacco growers, which, however, its officials claim, it never denied. The American people claim they were always ready and willing to deal with the growers.

The bulk of the \$12,000,000 will go into thirty-odd counties in Kentucky.

The contract between the company and the growers is already on its way to New York to be approved by President J. B. Duke.—Louisville Times.

BIG SALE OF DARK TOBACCO TO IMPERIAL.

Clarksville, Tenn., Nov. 9.—Reliable information has been received here that a contract has been made by the Dark Tobacco Growers' Association with the Imperial tobacco buyers, by which the latter are to take ten or twelve million pounds of tobacco from the association. It is learned further that this tobacco is to be placed in hogheads, about 1,200 pounds to the hoghead, and delivered to the warehouses from whence in turn it will be delivered to the factories. This deal means much to Clarksville as it will lead to the establishment of several stemmeries that will employ a large number of workers. The deal has been pending for several weeks.

It is expected that the market will open as soon as seasonable weather permits. The farmers through this method will be able to prize their tobacco at home and thereby save themselves that portion of the expense that accrues from the employment of experience prizers.

TROUBLES OF JUDGE BOOE ARE TALK AT FRANKFORT.

Frankfort, Ky., Nov. 22.—Nothing was talked about in Frankfort today except the shortage of Judge Charles E. Booe, who is claim clerk in the Auditor's office, and everybody expresses the greatest sympathy for the man who is in trouble. Judge Booe's friends have come to his assistance, and Republicans, as well as Democrats have been to see him today to offer their assistance. If it was only a question of paying the shortage and if that was the only charge against the accused man it is believed that enough money could be raised to pay the indebtedness.

However, there is a forged charge against Judge Booe and it is feared that this cannot be wiped out without a trial. Judge Booe is in much better spirits today than he has been at any time since he was accused and he has regained his natural color and normal spirits. He feels deeply the

disgrace and his friends are staying with him closely. It relieved him that he did not have to go to jail and could give bond last night.

Full and careful investigation of the books and checks in the Auditor's office and the Treasurer's office will be taken up tomorrow morning by M. H. Thatcher, State Inspector and Examiner. Mr. Thatcher was in Louisville today, but will return here tomorrow and will begin his work at once. Every check will be examined and the investigation will go back to the time when Gus Coulter was Auditor, or ever since Judge Booe has been in the Auditor's office. Mr. Thatcher will go into everything connected with office, but it is not believed that any other person will be connected with the shortage.

HUGH LYON ASKS PRESIDENT EWING QUESTIONS.

Eddyville, Ky., Nov. 22.—Hugh Lyon, a member of the executive committee of the Lyon County Dark Tobacco Growers' Protective Association, has sent a salty reply to the recent response of President Ewing, of the same organization, in relation to the action taken by the Lyon county tobacco growers at meetings held at Kuttawa, and Lamaseo on November 7th.

There is said to be great dissatisfaction existing among the farmers of Lyon county, who claim that financial stringency among them has been brought about by the policy pursued by the officials of the Dark Tobacco Growers' Association. The answer of Mr. Lyon is very caustic and it is said to have the indorsement of the growers of Lyon county, who allege that they have not been given a square deal by the managers of the association. The reply is as follows: "To the Hon. F. G. Ewing—Dear sir: Was the Planters' Protective Association organized to promote the welfare of the tobacco grower or to promote the welfare of its officials?"

"Aren't the members of the association entitled to a report of the business and transactions of the association?"

"Will you hand each tobacco grower \$100 and accept his receipt?"

"Do you think the association will live long under present methods and conditions?"

"Do you not know that the voice of the tobacco growers and the voice of all other workmen must be respected?"

"You state in your article in the Tobacco Planter of Nov. 12 that other counties have sold out. Then why is it impracticable for Lyon or any other county to sell out?"

"Do you want us to drive our merchants to the wall, cramp our banking institutions, starve ourselves say our prayers and die, just to gratify our desire to overthrow the American Tobacco Trust?"

"Don't you know that we will have more respect for you if you will have the same for us?"

"Will you and the association obligate yourselves to us for as much as you want us to obligate ourselves to you?"

"Will you and the association grant us our petition, asked for Nov. 7th, are will you not?"

"My actions are not prompted by any desire whatever to see the association crumble and fall, nor by any suggestions from any tobacco buying or handling societies, nor by any aspirations for position or office, but as an honest, law-abiding citizen. My actions are prompted by a desire to see the principles and methods of the association improved to such an extent that the tobacco growers will receive a square deal. Let us adopt methods to meet the conditions and try to effect a co-operation and consolidation of other tobacco handling societies, whereby forming one of the grandest unions that will ever be recorded in the annals of history; and let us not use methods that will grind down the people who labor and make this organization, while the officials of the organization roll in luxury and wealth, for we will not stand for it. "Awaiting an early reply I am, respectfully yours.

HUGH LYON.

"Member of Executive Committee of Lyon County Association."

CIRCUIT COURT

H. A. Slayden Released--Cases Against Alleged Night Riders Continued.

GRAND JURY DISMISSED.

Tuesday afternoon soon after the grand jury filed into the court room and handed in their indictments, the court ordered Jailer Travis to release Henry A. Slayden, who was arrested some weeks ago and bound over to await the action of the grand jury, charged with complicity in the murder of James Sullenger. The grand jury failed to indict him and we are informed that they could not connect him in any way with the crime. Mr. Slayden was seen after his release and says he feels relieved of a great burden and is the happiest man in the county. His vindication is thorough and if there was any proof against him 'twas not presented to the grand jury we are told. Mr. Slayden and his wife also his son, Edward and his wife are now residents of Marion and he says they will reside here permanently.

The grand jury adjourned Tuesday afternoon and were dismissed by Judge Gordon. We are informed that there were only about a dozen bills returned. The H. A. Slayden case was the most important one which came before the body and no bill was found.

Marion presented quite a business like air last Thursday evening and Friday morning when the defendants in the cases of the commonwealth vs. Herbert Coleman and others, also commonwealth vs. Buddy Glass and others charged with complicity in the Dyessburg and View raids in this county last February, all arrived from their homes in Caldwell, Lyon and Trigg counties, and presented themselves for trial. As there were about one hundred of them and almost as many of their friends, bondsmen, sweethearts wives and attorneys the capacity of all the hotels and boarding houses were taxed to their fullest capacity. When the cases were called, the commonwealth attorneys were not ready in about eighty

(Continued on fifth page.)



On NOV. 23, 24 and 25 we will hold a Special Onyx Enamelware Sale. The Roast Pans will be marked at 40c each until the stock is exhausted. All other articles in the line will be sold at a strong cut. A RARE OPPORTUNITY TO GET \$1.00 VALUES FOR 40 CENTS.
OLIVE & WALKER, Marion, Ky.

SOME ANSWERS FOR TEDDY'S COMMISSION.

[From the Co-operator.]

"Teddy's commission" of country life seems to be active just now. Here are some of the 13 questions flung at me for reply and here are the red-hot answers I fling back, which will have about as much effect on the commission as water on a duck's back to wet its oily feathers. Perhaps my brother union men may be interested enough to read them. Here are the questions and answers:

Are the farm homes in your neighborhood as good as they should be under existing conditions? Perhaps so, "under existing conditions."

"Why?" Because such conditions should not be allowed to exist under a free government.

"What suggestions have you to make?" Repeal all laws, state and national, that permit corporations or strong and shrewd individuals to take advantage of the weak and simple. Then enact laws that will restore the government to its original intent and purpose, viz: to protect the weak against the strong.

"Are the schools in your neighborhood training boys and girls satisfactorily for life on the farm?" No.

"Why?" Because the same curriculum is being taught that was devised nearly 1,000 years ago under William the Conqueror to make out of the disinherited younger sons of the English nobility, who considered it a disgrace to work on the farm with villians, by which name the tillers of the soil were known.

"What suggestions have you to make?" Change the curriculums of the public schools and colleges so that agriculture will have an equal showing and be considered as honorable as Latin and Greek. Then our sons will be educated for and not off, the farm. The same cause has the same effect in all ages, and as this education was designed to keep the younger pauper sons from the farm, anciently, it has the same effect today to make our sons have a distaste for the farm and seek a small clerkship or enter a professional life.

"Do the farmers in your neighborhood get returns they reasonably should for their products?" No. "Why?" Because the law of supply and demand is thwarted and the farmers' profits are diverted into the pockets of these gamblers' emissaries and hirelings.

"What suggestions have you to make?" Enact stringent laws to punish millionaire gamblers and put them on a par with the less heinous chance game of the negro "crap shooter."

"Do the farmers in your neighborhood receive from the railroads, trolley lines, etc., the service they reasonably should have?" No.

"Why?" Because the railroads discriminate against certain farm

products in the interest of trusts and monopolies.

"What suggestions have you to make?" Pass and enforce such laws that will cause railroads to carry all product on equal footing. It is not right that the cotton farmer should pay over \$40 more per car to carry cotton seed a certain distance than he pays on a car of oats when the seed is worth less than \$250 per car and oats worth \$800 per car.

Are the farmers and their wives in your neighborhood satisfactorily organized to promote their mutual buying and selling interests? No.

"Why?" Because of the pressure and influence brought to bear to keep the farmers divided by those whose interests it is to prevent such organization.

"What suggestions have you to make?" The farmers themselves must manage to overcome this by agitation and education.

"Are the renters of farms in your neighborhood making a satisfactory living?" They are in the same category and only more burdens to bear than the farm owners.

"Is the supply of farm labor in your neighborhood satisfactory?" It is good and intelligent labor so far as it goes. But very scarce and demands high wages.

"Are the conditions surrounding hired labor on the farms in your neighborhood satisfactory to the hired man?" I see no cause of complaint.

This question pertains to banking, credit and insurance facilities, which are ample.

This asks about sanitary conditions on the farms, which are good.

"Do the farmers and their wives and families in your neighborhood get together for mutual improvement, entertainment and social intercourse as much as they should?" No. "Why?" Too hard at work trying to make an honest living after being robbed of a fair profit on their products by the exchange gamblers and their emissaries.

"What suggestions have you to make?" The same as made under question III. If this done fair prices would then obtain under the law of supply and demand, and the farmers and their families would have leisure time for the above.

"What, in your opinion, is the most important single thing to be done for the general betterment of country life?" Annihilate gambling through the exchanges in farm products by stringent national laws. This will help others besides the farmers. For if all species of gambling is stopped millions of worse than non-productive capital that is now held in cities for this purpose would seek legitimate fields of manufacture and development and thus give employment to millions of the now unemployed.

Yours truly,
H. A. HALBERT,
Coleman, Texas.

An Octopus Discovered Down South.

The smart editor of Leslie's Weekly, a New York magazine, thinks he has found work for the trust busters in breaking up the Farmers' Union. Funny nobody ever thought about it but this brilliant editor, but now that he has sounded the tocsin, or tom-tom, or whatever his war alarm may be called, the country will await with eagerness the first onslaught of state and national "torres-general" to break up this monster trust before tread goes any higher, or cotton shirts climb out of reach of the "poor workingman."

Under the head of "An Octopus Down South" this bright paper says: "The trust-busters should get busy. A press dispatch from Fort Worth, Texas, announces that the Farmers' Union national committee has sent out circulars to all its Texas members, urging them to hold cotton for 12½ cents a pound, which is believed to be the minimum price agreed upon at the national convention of cotton growers. What a chance this is to denounce the cotton growers' trust! What an opportunity to show that this movement to artificially hold up the price of cotton means an increased price of every spool of thread that

the poor sewing woman uses, a higher cost for every cotton shirt the poor workingman puts upon his back, an advance in the cost of the cotton sheets upon the beds of poverty, etc., etc! These same cotton growers of Texas, who have organized their trust to advance prices, are supporting the demands of the trust-busters in Texas to compel the railroads to reduce their rates to a ruinous level and to drive industrial enterprises out of Texas, because they are charged with being combinationists! Consistency has not had many towns named after her in Texas!"

In its belabored effort to appear humorous, and, at the same time, cast a slur at the South and the Farmers' Union, Leslie's Weekly has made itself appear both ridiculous and disgusting to thoughtful people. "What a chance," it says, "to denounce the cotton-growers' trust." What a chance we reply does the Weekly editor offer the fool killer! The idea of it being a violation of the anti-trust law to advise the farmers that their cotton is worth 12½ cents or any other price and to hold for it! How solicitous about the cost of thread to the "poor sewing woman!" If the cotton-growers' trust were to get 12½ cents for their cotton this would be about one-twentieth of the amount the manufacturer receives for spinning it into thread for the "poor sewing woman" or shirts for the "poor workingman." The Weekly's anxiety to protect the "poor sewing woman" has not led it to discover that over half the cost of every spool of thread she buys is robber tariff and represents money unlawfully taken from her by the government and given to the manufacturer. It has not thought of turning its batteries on the thread trust and congress and having this 3 cents taken off the price. No, it is after the cotton-growers' trust with all its might and will see to it that the farmers do not add one-sixteenth of one cent to the spool of thread, nor one-sixth of a cent to the shirt!

We said a bit ago, what a chance the editor of Leslie's offered the fool killer. Well, that depends. If consistency is only a virtue of fools, that editor is in no immediate danger.—National Co-operator.



Proof is inexhaustible that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound carries women safely through the Change of Life.

Read the letter Mrs. E. Hanson, 304 E. Long St., Columbus, Ohio, writes to Mrs. Pinkham:

"I was passing through the Change of Life, and suffered from nervousness, headaches, and other annoying symptoms. My doctor told me that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound was good for me, and since taking it I feel so much better, and I can again do my own work. I never forget to tell my friends what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound did for me during this trying period."

FACTS FOR SICK WOMEN.

For thirty years Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from roots and herbs, has been the standard remedy for female ills, and has positively cured thousands of women who have been troubled with displacements, inflammation, ulceration, fibroid tumors, irregularities, periodic pains, backache, that bearing-down feeling, flatulency, indigestion, dizziness or nervous prostration. Why don't you try it?

Mrs. Pinkham invites all sick women to write her for advice. She has guided thousands to health. Address, Lynn, Mass.

F. W. NUNN,
DENTIST.
Suite 3, Beehive Block

Marion, - - Kentucky.

All work guaranteed. If any work proves unsatisfactory, please call at my office at once.

The Pumpkin

By JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER

AH—on Thanksgiving Day, when from East and from West,
From North and from South come the pilgrim and guest,
When the gray-haired New Englander sees round his board
The old broken links of affection restored,
When the care-wearied man seeks his mother once more,
And the worn matron smiles where the girl smiled before,
What moistens the lip and what brightens the eye?
What calls back the past, like the rich Pumpkin pie?



Sing unto the Lord with thanksgiving. —Psalm 147.

THANKSGIVING is one of our highest and holiest duties. There are in the Scriptures more commands and calls to praise than to prayer. Yet few duties are more frequently neglected than this. There are many people who are always coming to God with requests but who do not come to him with thanksgiving after their requests have been granted. Ten lepers once cried to Jesus for cleansing, as he was passing them at a distance. He graciously heard them and granted their plea. When they had been healed, one of the ten returned to thank the healer, but the other nine came not again with any word of recognition of the great favor they had received. So it is continually—many are blessed and helped, but few show gratitude. Our Lord felt keenly the ingratitude of the lepers who returned not. "Where are the nine?" was his pained question. God pours out his gifts and blessings every day upon his children, and whenever no voice of thanksgiving is heard in return he misses it. If one bird of the forest is silent in the glad spring day, he misses its song. If one human heart falls to utter its praise amid life's countless blessings, he is disappointed.

Many there are who think that if certain definite days are set apart for praise it is enough. For example, they will be grateful for a whole day once in a year, touching then every chord of praise in their being, thinking that this is the way God wants them to show their gratitude. But the annual Thanksgiving day is not intended to gather into itself the thanksgiving for a whole year; rather it is intended to give the keynote for all the year's life. Life's true concert pitch is praise. If we find that we are below the right pitch, we should take advantage of the particular thanksgiving seasons to get keyed up. When the strings of life begin to grow discordant thanksgiving will put us in tune.

The ideal life is one of gladness. Unthankfulness and fretfulness are discords in the song. We have no right to live gloomily or sadly. Go where we may, we hear the music of joy, unless our ears have become tone-deaf. The world is full of beauty and full of music. Yet it is strange how many people seem neither to see the loveliness nor hear the music. It was well if many of us would train ourselves to see the glory and goodness of God, as revealed in nature. It will be sad to leave this world, after staying in it three-score or four-score years without having seen any of the ten thousand beauties with which God had adorned it. "Consider the lilies," said Jesus. Every sweet flower has a message of joy to him who can read the writing. One who loves God's flowers and birds and trees and mountains and rivers and seas, and has learned to heed the voices which everywhere whisper their secrets to him who understands, can never be sad or lonely. The power to hear what nature's voices have to say is in our hearts, not merely in our ears. We must have the beauty in our souls before we can see beauty anywhere. Hence there are many who are really blind to the loveliness which God has strewn everywhere, with most lavish hand, in his works. So we must have the music in our hearts before we can hear the music which sings everywhere for him who has ears to hear. If we have thanksgiving within us, we will have no trouble in finding gladness wherever we go. It is a sad and cheerless heart that makes the world seem dreary in certain people; if only they will let joy enter to dwell within,

a new world would be created for them. If we allow our heart to cherish unlovingness, bitterness, evil thoughts or feelings, we cannot hear the music of love which breathes everywhere, pouring out from the heart of God. But if we keep our heart gentle, patient, lowly, and kind, on our ears will fall, wherever we go, sweet strains of divine music straight from heaven.

A great man has said that the habit of cheerfulness is worth a fortune a year. This is true not only in a financial way. It is true of one's own enjoyment of life and also of the worth of one's life to others. A glad heart gets immeasurably more out of life than one that is gloomy. Every day brings its benedictions. If it is raining, rain is a blessing. If trouble comes, God draws nearer than before, for "As your days so shall your strength be." Then, in the trouble, benedictions are folded up. If there is sorrow, comfort is revealed in the sorrow, a bright light in the cloud. If the day brings difficulties, hardships, heavy burdens, sharp struggles, life's best things come in just this kind of experience and not in the easy ways. The thanksgiving heart finds treasure and good everywhere.

Then a glad life makes a life of gladness wherever it goes. It leaves an unbroken lane of sunshine behind it. Everybody is better as well as happier for meeting one whose Christian life radiates gladness and cheer. We can do nothing better either for ourselves or for the world in which we live than to learn the lesson of praise and of thanksgiving. "Let us learn to sing unto the Lord with thanksgiving." There are troubles in every life, but there are a thousand good things for one trial. Sometimes we have disappointments but even these are really God's appointments, as some day we shall find out. If people are unkind to us, we must go on loving just as before, our hearts full of unconquerable kindness, and it will finally win. The most deep-seated tendency to sadness can be overcome and replaced by happy cheerfulness. The gospel of Christ comes to us and tells us that we must be born again, born from above, born of God, and our very nature will be recreated. Then divine grace assures us that it is not impossible even for the most unholy life to be transformed into holiness. The being that is saturated with sin may be whiter than snow. There is no nature, therefore, however unhappy it may be because of its original quality or its early training, which cannot through divine help learn the lesson of happiness and thanksgiving. The secret of Christian joy is the peace of Christ in the heart. Then one is not dependent upon circumstances or conditions. St. Paul said he had learned in whatsoever state he was therein to be content. We know well that his circumstances were not always congenial nor easy, but he sang songs in his prison with as cheerful a heart as when he was enjoying the hospitality of a loving friend. There might be hardships, sufferings, and want; but in himself he had the peace of Christ; and this sustained him. St. Paul's secret of contentment is the Christian's true secret of a happy life.

The People's Thanksgiving.

Even as we join in thankfulness to the fountain of all good and perfect things, we echo the aspirations of those less fortunate throughout the world who are turning their eyes toward the sunlight and the morning of freedom and the responsibilities which freedom brings. It is our Thanksgiving that we have led the way in the path illuminated by the sun of liberty.

The Lament of the Foolish Hen

HE times are good—they are I vow.
Such wealth of corn as we have now
I never saw; there comes Aunt Jane
To toss us out our meal of grain.
A few months back I was so thin,
But now I have a double chin.
And feel as though I was tight laced
When I put on my corset waist.

Aunt Jane comes out at early morn
With her blue apron full of corn,
And with a friendly, chuckling sound
She thrusts it on the frosty ground.
The crops are gathered in; the days
Are soft with Indian summer haze,
And Jack, the chore boy, feeds the stock
While chips fly at the chopping block.

The city may have its delights,
But these delightful days and nights
Upon the farm are full for me
Of the serene content.
Since back there in September they
Have added to our fare each day
Until, to fullness thus inspired,
There's nothing left to be desired.

A word about Aunt Jane, that serves
To pay the tribute she deserves.
Since first I broke my shell to see
The world she has been good to me.
When foolishly in youth I strayed
In the wet grass, she often stayed
Long after dark to bring me in,
And dry my wet, goose-pimpled skin.

I always had a roosting place
Secure from danger by the grace
Of her, and many days and nights
She treated me for parasites.
Her care of me, somehow, has stirred
The thought I am no common bird.
And some day I will take, I know,
A fission at a poultry show.

When I go strutting over the yard,
Aunt Jane peers through her glasses hard
And I can see and not half try
The admiration in her eye.
And Jack, the choreboy, when he slips
From born to pump, will smack his lips
To see me wad so fat—he knows
How Aunt Jane loves me, I suppose.

Old Gobbler there, so lank and lean,
Is full of jealous musings mean.
He barely eats and is so thin
His bones are sticking through his skin.



"I Do Not Care to Talk with Him."
He tried to whisper something once
To me, the scrawny, half-starved dunce,
But I passed on with figure trim,
I do not care to talk with him.

Aunt Jane one morning cooped us in
The yard, the stout ones and the thin.
We are so tame, and she has made
Us love her so we're not afraid.
And then she caught us, one by one,
And patted us, and ate 'twice done,
She felt my body, my plump side,
Till I could scarce contain my pride.

Old Gobbler sat neglected quite,
So thin he was a sorry sight.
And she passed him by nor did stop
To stroke his side or feel his crop.
Again he sought to speak with me,
Again I scorned him haughtily,
And he brushed something from his eye,
A tear, I think, as I passed by.

Last night I had a horrid dream,
I thought I heard Old Gobbler scream:
"Don't eat! Don't eat!" until the weeds
Waked me and all the other birds.
Old Gobbler sat there like a sphinx
And watched me as a hungry lynx.
It must have been a dream, and then
I closed my eyes in sleep again.

'Tis morning now, here comes Aunt Jane,
Her apron full of corn again;
But what grim person that with her
So like an executioner?
He bears a glittering ax and bright,
In truth, a most revolting sight,
But passes by—Ah, no, the fright
Near took away my appetite.

Now stoops Aunt Jane to bid me beg
For corn. She grabs me by the leg!
"Ho, Jack!" she cries. "Come, hurry!
Run!"
I've got the very fattest one!
He comes across the yard and takes
Me to the chopping block and shakes
His gleaming ax—Old Gobbler, near,
Goes "kyouck!" and wipes another tear.

How cold and treacherous is fate!
I see it all, but 'tis too late.
Old Gobbler's whisper was to warn
Me of the fate of too much corn.
He loved me! Hear his mournful
"Kyouck!"
I close my eyes upon the block.
Forsake me, Gobbler! Stayed I thin
I had escaped this gallows.
—W. Foley, in Philadelphia Ledger.

THE BEST THE MARKET AFFORDS

UP-TO-DATENESS!

**A House Full of the Most Desirable Goods
The Right Kind! Right Price!**

CLOAKS! Ladies and Misses

See Them Good Things. \$8.50 Ladies Coat for \$6.00--\$7.50 Ladies Coat for \$5.50--\$5.50 Ladies Coat \$4.50--\$4.00 Ladies Coat for \$3.00. Children and Misses in the same proportion.

**The Newest
and Best
In the
Hat Line**

**All Kinds of
Underwear
And
Hosiery**

YOUR CLOTHES! Are Here
It is the Right Clothing at Right Price
WE SHOW YOU
You can wear the Best



Clothes
Cost When you buy ours, And then they don't
You as much money. You get Satisfaction
Style and Fit.

FOR SALE

Shoes for Fall and Winter

THE GOOD KIND that have the
Style and Wear.



Buy our shoes and you will get
Your Money's Worth.
Winter Shoes For Men
Women and Children
FOR LESS MONEY.

Ladies Fine Shoes
Childrens Fine Shoes
Mens Fine Shoes
Boys Fine Shoes

WALKOVER

SHOES For MEN

We Cater to Bargain Hunters

YANDELL-GUGENHEIM COMPANY

Chrysanthemums now in season, carnations and roses always on hand. Prices right. Telephone J. B. Settle, druggist or write John Rackebbrandt, Florist Princeton, Kentucky. Give us a flower order and then decide for yourself whether we deserve another.

Washington, Nov. 18.—A woman has some rights and they include the searching of her husband's pockets, according to a decision of Judge Mullaney, of the District of Columbia police court. "It shows the interest a woman has in you," the court held. "It shows that she loves you. A woman who does not go through the pockets of her husband does not love him. You have been married long enough to know a woman has some rights, Ridgway." The defendant, George Ridgway, was arrested yesterday on his wife's complaint that he threatened to knock her head off and he objected to his wife's taking liberties with his pockets while he slept. Ridgway was put under bond to keep the peace.

Mr. Seonce has decided to plant more of the corn next year and will endeavor to improve it. He believes there is more to it than freakishness. The ears produced this year's field as much corn as those provided with a cob, while the kernels were large and solid. The ears were well filled, kernels even growing among the silk. The freak ears were placed upon exhibition at a country fair at Sidell last week and attracted much attention among the people. They are greatly interested in the experiment. As a result

Paducah, Ky., Nov. 19.—Twenty-five young men and women, pupils of the Murray High School, were suspended from school for violation of the blue laws, and a pretty school ma'am, who chaperoned them on a 'possum hunt, is out of a position. There is a rule in force which prohibits social recreations more than once a month during the school year, young men callers even being prohibited for that period. The party, however, slipped out one night, under the protection of the pretty schoolma'am, and when the story leaked out the horrified trustees held a special session and made examples of the peccolitrants, who celebrated the next night by entertaining their friends at a 'possum supper, that

Lexington, Ky., Nov. 20.—It was announced here that Mrs. Russell Sage, of New York, had given \$25,000 toward the establishment of a college for colored youths in Ken-

He was a perfect gentleman and very popular. His marriage to this beautiful California girl calls forth the very best wishes from his many friends here including the News Democrat, for a long life, fraught with happiness and prosperity. May the Golden Gate State, so diversified in rich productions yield to them "forty, sixty and an hundred fold" of its vast riches.—Sturgis News Democrat.

L. G. TAYLOR, D. V S.

I am prepared to render the best professional services in all diseases of stock.

Calls answered any time, day or night.

Telephone: 321

MARION, KY.

LOOKOUT!

We mean for you to **LOOKOUT** for your own interest, and you can best do this by looking through our immense stock of **CLOTHING, CLOALS** and **SHOES** and getting our prices.

If you are on the
LOOKOUT
for real bargains in Suits for Men, Suits for Boys, Overcoats for Men, Overcoats for Boys, or Extra Pants for Men or Boys, we are in position to
SAVE YOU MONEY
and will do so if you will only give us the opportunity.

SAVE MONEY
by looking at our line of
LADIES CLOAKS
All are this season's styles, and we intend to close them out in the next thirty days. Now if you need anything in the cloak line, you will **LOOKOUT** for your own interest, you will look at ours and get our prices.

LOOKOUT FOR HATS
NEW SHADES **NEW SHAPES.**
You can rest assured that you can find the up-to-date hats at all times here.
New line of
TIES
Compare our 25c and 35c ties with others at 50c and the only difference you can see is the PRICE.
Druggets and Rugs, Curtains and window Shades.
Silks and Woolen Scarfs. Do't fail to look at them.

If it is shoes that you are on the
LOOKOUT
for, we have them, Best in Quality—Best in Style—Best for Comfort—Best for the Price—and—Best of all --If you buy from us once, you will buy again. So look at our shoes.

Quality Store TAYLOR & CANNAN



F. W. Nunn, dentist, Press Building
Mrs. J. L. Clifton went to Nashville last week.

C. W. Haynes is in Pittsburg on a business trip.

RABBITS WANTED.—J. B. GRISBOM PRODUCE COMPANY, Marion, Ky.

W. L. Vera and family were in Hopkinsville last week.

James Thomas has been suffering from rheumatism the past few days.

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

Mrs. Mary Jenkin, of Eddyville, is the guest of relatives in this city.

FOR RENT.—A Five room house on orth Court street. Apply to Miss Martha Henry.

Dennie Hubbard, of Shady Grove, was the guest of relatives and friends in the city this week.

H. B. Bennett and wife were the guests at the New Marion Hotel several days last week.

NO HUNTERS allowed on my farm. Trespassers will be liable to a fine. H. H. GUESS.

Al Dean went to Crider Saturday to visit his relatives the Adamsons. He returned home Monday morning.

Miss Ina Price left Friday afternoon for Nashville, Tenn., where she will be the guest of Mrs. Mary Travis and daughter, May.

Mrs. Rose Mayes, of the Caldwell Springs section, was in the city last week, the guest of her brother, J. F. Flannery, and wife.

IT HAS RAINED. and we have a big stock of **WAGON COVERS.** OUR PRICES ARE RIGHT. OLIVE & WALKER.

Miss Nelle Walker went to Elizabethtown, Ill., last week to attend the funeral and burial of her brother-in-law, Henry Ledbetter.

TWO and THREE V. C. STEEL ROOFING for sale by OLIVE & WALKER. Don't fail to get their PRICES before you buy.

Mrs. G. La Rankin and children have taken rooms at Mrs. Noggle's residence for the winter.

The Marion Graded School raised quite a handsome sum last week for the "children's orphan's home." The schools were each asked to bring a contribution which they did and it netted the snug sum of \$20.33 which gratified the advocates of this worthy enterprise very much.

SQUARE DEAL FENCE sold by WALKER & OLIVE, the best FARM FENCE MADE, OUR PRICES ARE RIGHT.

F. W. Nunn, dentist, Press Building
John Sutherland has a class in vocal music at Freedom church, two miles northwest of town. He will also teach a class at Oak Grove.

Come in and **PAY YOUR ACCOUNT** or note, and for every **DOLLAR PAID** you will get a chance to draw the wagon. OLIVE & WALKER.

Dr. Walter Travis, the county health officer, has been very ill for the past week with typhoid fever and has been under the care of a trained nurse.

Josiah Conger and wife, of Lexington, Penn., arrived Friday to visit her sister, Mrs. Green, and Mrs. Beard in this county. They will be here and in the county for a couple of weeks.

Mrs. W. A. Blackburn and sister, Miss Maude Hurley, accompanied by Mrs. Gus Taylor, went to Salem Sunday afternoon to visit relatives and friends.

Wm. Fowler and Joe Guess went on a fishing excursion to a lake near the Ohio river last week. They made a good haul and returned laden with a goodly number of fine fish.

During Nov. and Dec. I will make you one-half dozen Cabinet Photographs for \$1.50, square or oval. Gallery on Wheeler lot. 26.3tp T. D. KINGSTON.

Rev. Martin Miller left Tuesday afternoon for New Bethel to preach a few sermons to his old charge. He is expected home to-morrow and will fill his pulpit here, Sunday morning and evening.

Willis M. Brown, of Iowa, who lived here at one time, will conduct a meeting at Blackford beginning next Saturday. His son, Anderson, is assisting him, and the two are doing much good where they go.

Will Elder, banner turkey raiser of this section, sold his entire crop at 12 1/2 cents per pound for Thanksgiving. He has fine birds and has a regular list of customers to supply for Thanksgiving each year.

Don't forget to get our prices on the **PRINCESS STEEL RANGE STOVES** if you are wanting a RANGE. The Princess Range is made from the best quality of BESSEMER cold-rolled range steel throughout. OUR PRICES ARE RIGHT. OLIVE & WALKER.

Mrs. N. M. Love, of Galveston, Texas, is the guest of her brother, B. M. Vinson, at his home in the edge of Caldwell county near Fredonia. She is the mother of Quincy B. Love, of Cleburne, Texas, well known in this and Livingston counties.

Rev. Martin E. Miller was called last week to Dion, Ky., to perform the marriage rites of Martin L. Blackwell to Miss Ora V. Baker, and week before that, to New Bethel to unite in marriage Mr. McElroy to Miss Turley, a prominent Fredonia Valley couple.

Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Grme went to Nashville Tuesday to spend Thanks-giving.

Buster Kemp, son of R. H. Kemp, was taken seriously ill last week with typhoid fever. He is reported better now and out of danger.

Smith Hurst, of Clarksdale, Miss., who has been visiting old friends and relatives in this county where he formerly lived, left Tuesday for his home. Mr. Hurst lives in the Yazoo Valley section and is engaged in the timber business.

WANTED.—Hustler in each county as agent for good line of lubricating goods and paints. Liberal commission to reliable men.

THE CLINTON OIL CO., Cleveland, O.

Senator N. W. Utley, of Eddyville, was here Wednesday en route to Marion on legal business. He is one of the attorneys for the many defendants accused of night riding to be tried in the Crittenden Circuit Court. The cases are to be called to-day.—Priceton Leader.

J. L. Stewart has moved to his studio on Salem street, over Gilbert's grocery store. He will give, until Dec. 10, one 11x14 Enlarged Picture of each subject ordering a dozen of our cabinet-size photographs at \$3.00 a doz., the regular price of the photographs alone.

While our boys are winning oratorical honors in the schools they attend, we must not overlook the grades our girls are getting at their respective schools. A visitor returned from Lexington says "Marion girls are accomplishing much at Sayre Institution." Miss Mabel Yandell leads her class in English Literature, Miss Jessie Croft stands first in her class in French and Miss Annie Dean won special honors in astronomy, all of which proves that they are applying themselves and will hold up the reputation this city has of supplying the best students the college have.

On the evening of Nov. 12th, at Hillside, Mr. K. K. Kevil and Miss Rose Dias were wedded by Rev. Dr. E. W. Vandeventer. F. T. Armistead, of Tonopah, was best man, and Mrs. Jessie Miller, of Bishop, was bridesmaid. No guests other than relatives were present. The event was followed by a reception to a number of friends. Mr. Kevil is a civil engineer in the service of the Nevada-California Power Company, in which employ he has been for the last two years. The bride is a daughter of A. J. Dias, manager of the property of the Hillside Water Co. The young people will make their home at Plant 2 of the power company, near Bishop.

Epworth League.
Devotional meeting Nov. 29.
Subject: "Preparation for the day

of his coming."
Leader—Miss Fannie Blue.
Scripture Lesson, Rom. 13: 11-13, Matt. 31: 23-32.
Opening Song.
Responsive Psalm 96.
Prayer.
Scng.
Seespture Lesson and References.
Song.
Leader's address.
Illustrations,—by Ira Sutherland.
Voluntary Remarks.
Song.
Announcements.
Benediction.



The above celebrated Tenn. wagon will be given away on Jan. 1st, 1909, by OLIVE & WALKER. You will be given a chance with each ONE DOLLAR CASH PURCHASE at this store on Main street in front of the Court House.

Crosland Murphy Hurt.
Sunday night as Crosland Murphy, son of Anthony Murphy, was returning home from church in a buggy, his horse became frightened throwing the young man from the vehicle. In falling his head struck a stone and his jaw was broken in two pieces. He also received cuts and bruises on other parts of his body and his escape from death was miraculous.
He was thrown from the buggy at the Sandy Adams corner, on North Main street, where he was picked up and taken to the residence of Lan Harpending.
D. Driskill attended the wounded man and he is getting along reasonably well but is still unable to be removed to his home.

Prayed for Rain.
At all the churches in this city last Sunday evening special prayer was offered for rain. The long-continued drought has made stock water very scarce as well as drinking water. Monday a light rain fell and Monday night a down-pour supplied the needed water.

Rev. J. F. Price in Revival Meetings.
The first Sunday in November, Rev. J. F. Price began a meeting at Corinth, Logan county, eight miles south-east of Russellville. This is a splendid section of country and just as fine a people that live in it. The church enjoyed a great revival. There were eleven professions of faith and about the same number of additions to the church. The meeting continued nearly two weeks. They paid

Bro. Price well for his services and called him to assist in the meeting next year.

Bro. Price is now at Adolphus, in Allen county, in a great meeting. There have been eighteen professions of faith and the interest is deepening. Adolphus has been rather a tough place, but the moral renovation is remarkable.

Strange to say, there is not a church organization in the town. Possibly one will be organized. The meeting has been held in the school house.

CIRCUIT COURT.

(continued from first page.)

odd cases, and ready in three cases. The defendants these three cases filed affidavits and were granted continuances until the March term.

Sanford Hall, the state's chief witness, arrived under guard of two soldiers.

Henry Bennett arrived and was also guarded by a soldier also his wife and her sister were under the protection of a soldier while here.

THIRD DAY, Nov. 18th.
same vs Wm Plew, ecd w, continued.
same vs Wm Plew, mule stealing, continued.
same vs W R Jacobs, unlawfully and willfully burning a stable, continued until 9th day.

FOURTH DAY, Nov. 19th.
same vs W R Jacobs unlawfully and willfully burning a dwelling house, continued until 9th day.
same vs Elgin Towery and Harry DeHaven, disturbing religious worship, continued.
same vs Earnest Slayden, willful murder, continued.
same vs Charley Cook, willfully neglecting to support minor child under 14 years of age, continued.
same vs Rudy Lucas and others, disturbing religious worship dismissed.
same vs Jim Duncan, firing deadly weapon on public highway, continued.
same vs Curtis O'Neal and others, disturbing a lawful assemblage of people, settled.
same vs Sam Huff, unlawfully but not with felonious intent detaching and injuring property, continued.

FIFTH DAY, Nov. 20th.
same vs Herbert Coleman and others, banding together and going forth to injure and destroy property, continued.
same vs Buddy Glass and others, banding together for the purpose of intimidating and injuring, continued.
ORDINARY DOCKET.
SEVENTH DAY, Nov. 23rd.
Adv Robinson vs I C railroad Co, continued.
Griffin & Wells vs O H Scott, et al dismissed.
Hasting Industrial Co, vs W N Harp et al, continued.
J G Rochester vs C E Lamb, con-

tinued.
Marietta Dixon vs Hardy Belt, continued.

S M Jenkins vs C R Keiner, etc, continued until 9th day.

H S Newcom vs Turner, Day, Woolworth Handle Co, continued.

H W Pierce vs Sam McDaniel, etc, continued.

S D Asher vs I C railroad Co, dismissed.

Statement from Cemetery Committee.

Marion, Ky., Oct. 30th, 1908.

The following is a statement of the money received and expended on the improvement of public road from the city limits of Marion, Ky., to the entrance of the New Cemetery, near the city of Marion, Ky.

Amount raised by private subscription \$216.25
Amount subscribed by Crittenden county, \$200.00

Making a total of \$416.25
Amount paid out as follows:

Discount on county order	\$ 2.00
John Byford, labor on road	4.00
Will Glore, " "	1.88
Marion Transfer Co, team	1.50
J. A. Hurley, team	4.65
Foster & Hicklin, team	44.70
Henry Moore, team	15.00
Andrew Byford, labor on road	6.10
Coleman Byford, " "	6.25
Joe Barnes, " "	9.00
John Weldon, " "	5.00
Lawrence Shelby, " "	7.50
Dave Bryant, " "	1.25
M. H. Welden, " "	20.32
Olive & Walker, clevises, etc.,	1.75
Jerry Daughtrey, tile hauling,	.75
Eskew Bros., repairing scrap-	
ers,	4.65
H. Koltinsky, post,	1.00
R. B. Cook, grading road,	6.00
M. H. Weldon, 21 loads of	
chunk rock,	10.50
Alford Wright, 71 yards of	
rock,	95.85
Robert Lanham, 15 yards of	
rock,	20.25
Chas. Horning, 10 yards of	
rock,	13.50
John Nesbitt, 38 yards of	
rock,	51.30
Tom McKewin, 25 yards of	
rock,	33.75
R. W. McEwing, 34 yards of	
rock,	47.25
	\$416.25

H. V. STONE,
JNO. A. MOORE,
W. A. BLACKBURN. } Committee.

Revival Meeting at Blackford.

Everybody is making preparations for the great meeting which begins here Nov. 28th, and to continue ten days or longer, with Willis M. Brown and son, the noted evangelists and divine healers, as managers. They have visited thirty-four states preaching the full gospel of justification by faith, sanctification by faith and Divine healing by faith, as laid down in God's word. See James 5: 13-17. Everybody cordially invited to attend.



CUT PRICES ON CLOTHING

We expect to show more new things for the Spring Season than have been put on the market for several seasons past. A new lot of **WINTER SHOES for WOMEN and CHILDREN** of good all leather stock at the same price as others ask for paper soles and counters. A full stock of underwear and etc. All kinds of **SILK DRESS GOODS and TRIMMINGS**. I hope to see you soon, as I am sure will

SAM HOWERTON, Fredonia, Kentucky.

Office with Blue & Nunn.

THANKSGIVING RECOLLECTIONS

By GERARD CHAPMAN

When the winds of bleak November
Down the chimney moan and sigh,
Stirring into life each ember
Till the flames roar fierce and high,
Then my thoughts revert to boyhood,
When Thanksgiving day drew nigh.

In the flames I see the farmhouse,
And the woodland brown and sere
Where the sportsman's rifle echoed
As that day of days drew near.
Scenes which ever shall be cherished
In the burning logs appear.

I can see the deep old cellar
Where the apple bins piled high,
Overshadowed heaps of pumpkins
Golden as the sunset sky,
And the casks of new fall cider
Stood along the wall close by.

As the old-time scenes are fading
While the fire slowly dies,
Visions of a groaning table
Are presented to my eyes,
And I almost scent the fragrance
Of the mince and pumpkin pies.

"HARVEST HOME" THEY CALLED IT

Old English Thanksgiving, of Which Ours Is an Offspring,
Began Thousands of Years Ago.



The people were to gather boughs of cedars and willows of the brooks. It may be from this custom that the present day decoration of churches with greens and vegetables arose.

Herodotus mentions this autumn custom of thanksgiving, and Homer writes that "cakes and lumps of dough thrown at the head of the sacrificial victim formed a part of the Greek offerings to Apollo, the sun god, at the feast of the ingathering." In ancient times Apollo received the honors of the harvest festival, but the rustics sacrificed to Vacuna, the goddess. Images of Vacuna were made of straw, wheat, barley and rye, and were carried about with singing and cheering. Even now in England images made of straw crowned with flowers are occasionally carried about and called Ceres—the goddess of agriculture. Apollo was formerly worshiped in Britain, and the May-pole is a pretty relic of those days. They decorated it with garlands to welcome the northward coming of Apollo—the sun—at whose appearance the flowers and fruit began to grow.

Various customs, all containing the same idea, have prevailed in different countries. In Scotland, when the reapers have finished their work, a small package of corn, called the "Corn Lady," is hung up in the house. The ancient Egyptians offered sacrifices and made offerings of corn and wine to Leith, the mother of the sun. Wheat, according to both sacred and secular history, was the most important grain grown in Egypt, and the mode of harvesting it is interesting. Instead of the usual method the reapers cut the straw just below the ear of corn. It was carried in bags to the threshing floor, where it was trodden out by oxen. Sometimes the wheat was reaped in the usual way and bound in sheaves, but oxen were

always employed to separate the wheat from the straw.

What is known as "the shouting of the churn," comes down from the time when Apollo was worshiped in England. The churn or kern means a ring or circle formed by several persons holding hands. The word churn also signifies a chaplet worn around the head or carried suspended on a pole in procession. So "the shouting of the churn" means the merriment that always accompanied wearing a chaplet or dancing in a circle.

Another old custom is the "kemping" of England, in Scotland called "a meel." Meel is sometimes spelled meele, which is better, as a meele, or row, often resulted from contending for leadership in dispatching the last day's work in the field. Each reaper left a handful of the harvest uncut, and the bonniest lass was allowed to gather these handfuls and to make out of them a "corn baby." This was brought home in triumph, set up in the feast, and preserved for the remainder of the year. The lass was called the harvest queen. Sometimes instead of being made into a doll the products of the field would be formed into a mare, and the reapers would amuse the guests by trying to cut down the mare with their sickles. The man who succeeded in the undertaking would declare what should be done with the mare.

Thanksgiving Toast.

Thanksgiving day! The Fates benign
Have given us in joy to dine.
To Womanhood I raise this glass—
Let every lover toast his lass
In newest wit and oldest wine!
God bless our sweethearts, yours and mine!

In loneliness why longer pine?
Be wed ere next shall overpass
Thanksgiving day!

Now pledge me this, good fellows nine,
When round our board the love lights shine,
We'll send one backward thought, alas!
To Bachelors' Unhappy class!
And drink one toast to "Auld Lang Syne."
Thanksgiving day!

—Ernest Neal Lyons, in Sunday Magazine.

Thankfulness as a Necessity.

"In everything give thanks" is not only a righteous demand which God makes upon us, but, like all his other commands, it sets before us a necessity of our own nature. For, until we learn to give thanks in everything we cannot be properly thankful for anything. We cannot have full confidence in God and cannot love him in such a way as to enjoy fellowship with him.

Labor and Love.

Thanksgiving and thanksgiving to be genuine must embody the Nazarene's life, labor and love. The natural man needs to be educated into selfless living, self-sacrificing, doing good to others first, being loyally altruistic; then, and not till then, shall the world be brought to thankfulness and blessedness.

The SACRIFICE

By HARRY IRVING GREEFE



GROGAN was down and out. This was a literal truth, as well as a figurative one, for he was down upon his haunchs behind a warehouse on the river front, and he was out at the elbows and knees and other places. Presently he arose and looked sullenly about as he remembered that it was Thanksgiving morning; that he had eaten nothing for 24 hours, and that hunger was gnawing at his stomach like a rat. Then he began to plot.

Grogan was a pretty hard citizen, but as yet he had done nothing really criminal. In the last few days, however, he had exhausted all his resources save one to get some money, and now he had decided upon the final expedient. He determined to hold somebody up. He picked up a short iron rod from the alley, shoved it up his sleeve and slouched in between the tall buildings.

Now it so happened that into the other end of the alley at the same time came Joe White, his hands in his pockets and whistling as he came. Joe had not eaten for 24 hours, either, and he was fully as hungry as Grogan, but he had prospects for a great meal at midday and was biding his time in content. He had struck a wonderful streak of luck that morning, for in his wanderings he had found a decent restaurant where the proprietor had promised him all that he could eat at noon, if he would clean the rubbish out of the alley back of the restaurant. So Joe had gone to work heartily, and had finished the task before nine o'clock, but the dinner was not served until noon, and he was waiting contentedly in the knowledge that in another hour he would be at his feast. He had come into the alley that he might stand in front of a ventilator that sucked the warm air out of a basement into the cold alley outside, and thus it came to pass that he and Grogan met at the warm blast.

Joe was not well dressed, but his clothes were whole, and to Grogan's eye he looked a person who might well enough have a few dollars in his pockets, so the would-be highwayman stepped close beside him and drew the iron bar. "Give me your coin, party," he growled. "And if you get gay I'll slag you."

Joe recoiled slightly and looked into the ugly face before him, then raised his hands. "Search me," he said. "You will not find a cent, but I hope you will not hit me with that thing just because I am a disappointment." His voice was not at all angry or afraid, and with a grunt the robber went through him thoroughly. He found nothing of value and turned away.

"No use of hittin' you, I suppose, kid," he said. "Just stand where you are until I make my getaway around that corner. Mebby I'll have better luck next time."

"Are you going to hold up somebody else?" asked Joe, in a friendly tone. Grogan laughed back harshly at him.

"It's a case of steal or starve, so what else can a man do, young feller?" he demanded.

Joe had been thinking rapidly for the last minute, and he was inclined to believe that the man before him was not a hopeless case. And as the other's bitter words came back to him an old teaching of his mother flashed



"Give Me your Coin, Party!"

through his mind, and he hesitated for a moment as he repeated it. "It is more blessed to give than to receive," she had told him, and he had promised her he would not forget it after he had gone out into the world. And with those thoughts came a sudden determination that he would keep his boyhood promise. "Hold on," he called to the retreating Grogan. The highwayman paused.

"Is it honest, then, that is driving you to this crime in which you may kill a man?" he asked. The other growled.

"If you think I'm riskin' a rope and my neck for fun, you've got another guess. If I had a square meal,

mebby it would brace me up until I could land on a job." Joe approached the outcast and land a hand on his shoulder.

"Come with me, and I'll get you a meal," he said, simply, as Grogan stared at him incredulously. But the face of the boy was frank and honest, and with nothing to lose and much to gain, the highwayman shoved the iron into his pocket.

"If you are on the square, friend, it's all right, and I'll be on the level, too. But if you make a move to have me pinched, I'll lay you out," he threatened. Joe nodded his head understandingly, and side by side they walked away.

They reached the restaurant where the boy had the meal coming and entered. "I'll not take that dinner I earned," Joe said to the proprietor, "but my friend here will eat it for me."



"You're All Right, Young Feller!"

I don't suppose it makes any difference to you if somebody else eats in my place."

"No," said the proprietor, indifferently, as he motioned Grogan to a seat in an obscure corner of the little place, where a waiter handed him a bill-of-fare. Joe stepped outside, and through the window watched Grogan as he ate like a famished wolf, and when the feeder could eat no more, saw him pick up his hat, and walking erect and like a new man, pass out onto the street. On the sidewalk they met, and Grogan held out his hand, slipping the other the iron rod as he did so.

"You're all right, young feller, and I won't forget it," he said, earnestly. "No more strong arm work for me. It's a job or starve for me from now on. And you can bet I mean it. Good-by."

He turned into the crowd and Joe watched him disappear. Somehow his hunger was not troubling him much now and his heart was beating lightly, for in his ears was ringing the voice of one who had taught him on her knees in the long ago, and the voice was saying:

"I have shewed you all things, how that so laboring ye ought to support the weak, and to remember the words of the Lord Jesus, how he said 'It is more blessed to give than to receive.'"

(Copyright 1908, by Wright A. Patterson.)

NEITHER TURKEY NOR QUAIL.
Nevertheless This Thanksgiving Dinner Was a Remarkable One.

"I reckon that my epicurean tendencies are as well developed as those of most men," said an old newspaper man to a group which was discussing things gastronomic, "and I have quite a taste for the elegant in the edible line, so to speak. But of all the meals I ever partook of the one that stands pre-eminent in my experience was my Thanksgiving dinner in 1888. Some time previously I had started from Memphis with an artist on a commission to a Memphis paper to write up the educational institutions of Mississippi, and during Thanksgiving week was at Columbus, in Lowndes county. I was invited by a friend to go quail shooting Thanksgiving day, and gladly accepted. By daybreak we were on our way to the sparsely settled country down the Tombigbee river in a light wagon that not only carried us and our dogs and a dinky boy driver, but a basket filled with eatables and drinkables.

"We followed the dogs, which were duly diligent, but not a covey did we find. Reaching the rendezvous made with that chuckle-headed dinky, we didn't find him or wagon, either. My friend had killed a rabbit a short time previously, and we were discussing the propriety of building a fire and barbecuing the bunny, when we noticed smoke curling out of a hollow near by. Investigation discovered that it came from a negro cabin, and when we reached it a big, fat, obsequious, smiling mammy, with a bandanna around her head, stood in the doorway. Well, she cooked that rabbit for us and made us some ash-cake and fried us some big hominy, left over from breakfast and made us a cup of coffee. Talk about your Thanksgiving dinners, I have eaten my share, but that meal stands out preeminently in my memory as the finest ever."

TOM WEES' THANKSGIVING

By ROSA GRAHAM



(9 o'clock.)
Up from his perch on grandpa's knee,
Looked Tommy Wee, that merry elf,
The while he murmured to himself:
"He'll go to church and pray—and pray,
He'll have a jolly time, his way,
To-day."

(12 o'clock.)
Up to the turkey crisp and brown,
Up to the mince-pies, smiling down
Looked Tommy, murmuring to himself:
"He's gone to church to pray—and pray,
I'll have a jolly time, my way,
To-day."

(4 o'clock.)
Up in his little trundle-bed,
Up, covered close from foot to head,
Lay Tommy, murmuring to himself:
"Oh, what is turkey? what is pie?
If only I don't die—don't die,
Next time Thanksgiving comes this way,
I'll go to church and pray—and pray
All day!"

1865-1908



THE celebration of Thanksgiving day 40 years ago, in 1865, was the first after the close of the civil war.

There are some things about this country to-day with which even a good-natured person can find fault. But a cursory contrast of the condition of the country as it was then and as it is now shows vast general improvement.

To begin with, Thanksgiving day, 1865, found the country as yet practically unaddressed to the problem of getting over the frightful struggle that had rent and torn and well-nigh disrupted it. Not only were the wounds of sectional ill-feeling still open and unhealed, but most of the industries of one great section were still practically prostrated.

The readjustment of the country's business, difficult always after a great war, but doubly so after the civil war, because of the enormous inflation to which the currency had been subjected, was yet to be undertaken.

Most important agencies in the new and stronger union which has come to the United States since 1865 have been furnished by the tremendously improved means of communication and transportation. Most folk accept it to-day as a matter of course. To the younger generation it seems like an institution that has always existed, without which, no matter how much fault may be found with its rates, the business of the country could not well go on. But while there were about 50,000 miles of railroad in 1865, there are more than four times that many to-day, or about 215,000, more than seven miles for every 100 square miles of territory.

Then, as the old heads remember very well, there was no steel highway linking the coast of the Atlantic with the coast of the Pacific. Then there were three ways by which one wishing to travel from New York or Boston or Washington, to San Francisco or Portland, could do so: Overland by a combination of rail to the Mississippi, and stage coach and horseback westward from the river, a journey requiring many days; by steamer or sailing ship around the Horn, a voyage of months; or by steamer to the Isthmus of Panama (they called it Darien, then) across on the Panama railroad, and thence by steamer again to San Francisco.

It cost a hundred dollars to travel from New York to San Francisco, at the lowest rate, and the journey took a month or more. The land route was no better, and the sea route was no better.

Since 1865 the general material development of the country has been such as to transcend all ordinary human understanding.

Vast new mining fields have been opened, whole areas of coal deposits many of them entirely unsuspected have been found and developed since 1865. The enormously valuable deposits of copper in Montana have all been discovered and developed since 1865. Michigan's, though known before then have also been mainly developed in side of 40 years. So have the great iron deposits of Michigan, the zinc deposits of Missouri and countless beds of mineral wealth of all sorts in the south and in the almost boundless trans-Mississippi regions.

Secretary Seward knew that there was almost fabulous treasure under the surface of what was called Russian America when he bought it from the czar's government, but the gold and silver and other mineral wealth of Alaska has practically all been found and developed within the last ten years. In 40 years the addition from mineral sources alone to the wealth of the country has amounted to billions on the back of billions.

Petroleum was discovered before 1865, and the development of territory which yielded it was begun 40 years ago, but by far the greater part of that development has been accomplished since then.

Along with all these things the area of cultivated land has been increased so that the wheat and corn and cotton and other crops of the present are enormously vaster than they were in 1865. Manufactures of all sorts have increased enormously also the total for 1865 being worth rather more than two billions of dollars; this year the total value of our manufactures will not be far from fifteen billions of dollars, roughly estimating the figures from the census of 1900.

Stimulated by the extension and development of the railroads, and in turn stimulating their development, intimately interlocked and interdependent with the growth of mining, agriculture and manufacturing, there has been an unbelievable growth of cities and towns.

And, as Uncle Sam, after a right good dinner of turkey and pumpkin pie and other standard Yankee viands, contemplates the tremendous advance his settlements have made he may also dwell in thought upon the fact that the total of the country's population has grown from about 33,500,000 in 1865, to more than 80,000,000 in 1908.

Now these material good things are all well worth being grateful for; no other people on the green earth have so many reasons of the sort for thankfulness as the Americans.

This is Just a **HINT** of the Good things to be Seen in Our Store--**POCKETS** to trade with us. --But it is **DOLLARS** in Your



STUDEBAKER WAGONS.

Always in the lead, in STYLE, QUALITY, FINISH, DURABILITY, MATERIAL, WORKMANSHIP, and all that goes to make a wagon complete and perfect. The STUDEBAKER has stood the TEST for more than fifty years, and is better today than ever before. The point with owners of Studebaker wagons, is, not how much will the wagon carry, BUT, how much will the team pull. If you are in the market for a wagon? Don't fail to see the STUDEBAKER before you buy. Don't take our word for its MERITS but ask YOUR NEIGHBOR. He has one.

A few Genuine Delker Buggies at a Bargain Come while they last.

STOVES! STOVES!!

A Cold Wave will soon be here, we want to prepare you for this, by selling you a

Coles Hot Blast Stove

or some other good stove. We have all sizes and all kinds, and PRICES to suit all people. We also carry a full line of COOK STOVES, ranging in price from \$7.00 dollars up to \$60.00.

Remember that our guarantee is behind every Stove, we sell you, if they are not right we make them right.

We are headquarters for Lime, Cement, Roofing of all kinds, Grates and everything in the Heavy Hardware Line.

Come see us when in Town.

FENCE! Fence!!

We have just received a Car Load of the Famous American Field Fence and can furnish you in any heights you may desire. There isn't a better Fence on the Market today, than the American Field Fence.

STRONG, DURABLE

and easily erected, every rod built of LIVE WIRES adjusted to heat and cold, also Smooth and Even Surfaces. Let us supply you with what you need.

We carry Drain Tile in stock, from 4 to 6 inches in Size, if you need anything in this line call and see us.

HARNESS--SADDLES.

We carry a complete line of Harness, Saddles and Strap Work. We have Texas Saddles from \$8.00 up to \$25.00. Other saddles at Prices to please every purse. We offer you the largest stock of leather goods in this end of the state to select from. We guarantee our goods to be equal to the BEST and our prices to be as LOW as any one, who handles a first class line of Leather Goods.

We are showing the prettiest Line of Winter Lap Robes ever brought to Marion. Genuine Chase Robes, ranging in price from \$1.60 up to \$15.00. Come and see us when in town.

Main Street.

T. H. Cochran & Company.

Marion Ky.

Though war skies show no rift,
And every breeze be from,
Both praise and prayer let us uplift.
That there is peace, that there is light,
And such a generous store
From shore to shore!

And let our clear acclaim
More than lip-service be,
While rivers and while mountains frame
With us Thanksgiving to His name,
Swelling the jubilee
From sea to sea!

—Clinton Scollard, in The Sunday Magazine.

Their First Thanksgiving

By CARLOS BAYARD.

"AN nothing be done?" asked Caroline anxiously.
Vance Greenway shook his head.
"Not yet, dear," he explained. "I have considered the matter carefully and I think it will be best to wait."
"It won't make any difference in our marriage?" she pleaded.
"We can get married to-morrow," he declared. "I want to go to town and get to work on my own hook."
"There is nothing to prevent," assented the girl. "It is not as though I had a lot of relatives to consult."
"Then let's be married and get out of the way. It will make such a lot of talk," pleaded Vance.
He found when he left the girl that he had not exaggerated. Already the news that David Greenway had disowned his son had spread through the village, and the circumstantial reports

of the row which had terminated in the dismissal had gained a wealth of detail in its rapid travel.

David Greenway was the richest man in Greenville, and Vance had already made rapid advancement in the local bank; an advancement not altogether unconnected with his father's influence as the largest stockholder.

He had resigned his position that morning, and the following day, after a quiet wedding ceremony in the parsonage of the church, he and Carol set out for the city where Vance would start anew.

It was not an easy matter to find a position, even with the recommendation which the cashier of the home bank had given him, but in time Vance found a place, and they settled down to make a home in a tiny flat whose five rooms were scarcely larger than the dining room of the Greenway mansion.

The months sped by all too fast, and even when Vance had earned a raise in salary, and had been advanced to a more responsible position, she would not move.

"We'll save the rest," she declared. "It does seem so cozy here, dear. It's our first home. We shall have much to be thankful for next week."

"That's so," agreed Vance. "By the way, I've got an invitation to Thanksgiving dinner, so don't lay in a turkey."

Carol's face fell. She had been planning to make their first Thanksgiving a notable one, but she tried to smile her satisfaction at Vance's announcement.

Vance would make no explanation other than to say that the invitation came from an old friend, and the evening before the holiday he came home early and helped her pack her prettiest things in a suit case.

Not even when they arrived at the station did he enlighten her as to their destination, but the next morning, as the train neared the old home and she began to catch glimpses of familiar scenes through the frost-

ed air, the tears came gathering to her eyes.

As they encountered the curious glances of old acquaintances, she was glad that she had let Vance persuade her to purchase a set of furs. She wanted to look her best for his sake, but she did not realize the attractive figure she made as the sharp breeze brought fresh color to her cheeks and lent an added sparkle to the brown eyes.

Vance, sitting beside her, clasped his hands over hers.

"We shall have much to be thankful for this first Thanksgiving," he said tenderly. "But most of all I am thankful that you are my wife, dear." She smiled her answer, too close to tears to speak, but as they turned in at a driveway she found her voice.

"There is some mistake," she cried. "Surely you are not going to your father's."

"Surely we are," he said with a happy laugh. "Do you suppose that any other Thanksgiving dinner would tempt me from our own home?"

"But—you have made up?" she asked.

"We never really quarreled," he explained. "I was dissatisfied at the bank. I wanted to be sure of myself; to know that on my own effort I could make my way. Father and I planned the dramatic scene for the benefit of the public. I did not tell you, for I wanted him to see that it was for myself and not my money that you cared. I was to have a trial for six months. The probation ended last week."

"And you are coming back home to live?" she asked. Vance nodded.

"There is my father waiting to welcome us to our new home," he said. "The honeymoon ends with our Thanksgiving, and dad has a new daughter—the best that ever was—to make him thankful, too."

HAS GONE TO FACE A GREATER JUDGE

Alleged Hangman of Reelfoot Lake Atrocities Dies in Jail.

Nashville, Tenn., Nov. 18.—Tom Wilson, charged in Frank Ferriner's confession with being the hangman of Captain Quentin Rankin at Walnut Log, Reelfoot Lake, died at the city hospital here to night. Congestive chills caused his death. Wilson was one of the nine alleged night riders in jail here who are seeking release by habeas corpus. He was in court yesterday apparently well and was stricken that night in his cell. He died without making a statement. Gov. Patterson has directed that the body be prepared for burial and in the event of Wilson's can not meet funeral expenses, the state will defray them. Wilson was an Obion county farmer and leaves a widow and five children.

MORELAND.

Some of our boys are shucking corn in the Ohio bottom.

L. W. Stallions has moved with his family near Sikeston, Mo., where he will reside in the future.

Thomas and George Williams and

others have returned from Missouri. Welcome home again, old neighbors.

E. E. Bebout and wife are rejoicing over a fine boy at their house.

Arvel Ratcliffe, who is overseeing for the Eclipse Mining Company, has moved from the Crittenden Springs to P. C. Moore's.

The Commodore Mines have again resumed business.

Mrs. Nannie Hall and two of Charley Murphy's little girls are among our sick.

Our school is progressing nicely with Miss Emma Terry at the helm.

S. J. Humphrey has received a new stock of groceries, which he is selling cheap for cash and will pay the best prices for poultry, eggs and butter.

Little Ercil, the infant son of Charley and Fannie Murphey, was called from earth Wednesday, Nov. 11, and his remains were laid to rest in the family burying ground on the Wm. Murphy farm.

We loved him, yes, we loved him, But the angels loved him more; And so they sweetly called him To yonder shining shore.

THANKSGIVING.

By W. H. Bigham.

THANKSGIVING DAY draws nigh once more. Let us all sincerely rejoice. Let us welcome its oncoming. Let us pause a little while on life's weary road to pray and sing and give thanks.

The old year is well-nigh gone. The old story of life has been told once more—a story of gladness and of sorrow; of hopes, disappointments and tired hands and heavy hearts; of gain and of loss; of success and of failure; of victory and of defeat, but in all and through all God has blessed us. God knows the wants of the world and he is a great Provider.

It is wonderful to think that God foreordains whatsoever comes to pass. So praise him in songs of gladness, whose love hath showered life with mercy and lovingkindness. Kneel before him and praise him for the way he hath led his people on. Adore him for the gift of Christ as our Savior, and for that he made it possible for all to be transformed from the image of sin to the image of his Son.

CHAPEL HILL.

William Fowler, of Marion, was out to see his son Jim Fowler and family Sunday.

H. O. Hill is building an addition to his residence and will soon have it completed. W. W. Ward is doing the carpenter work.

Dave Yandell is going right along with his dwelling and expects to occupy it by Christmas. Charlie

Elder is pushing it.

Mrs. Mary Moore is visiting this week in Levis.

Al Adams and wife were guests of H. O. Hill and family Saturday and Sunday.

Joe Parr and wife, of Fredonia, were the guests of R. F. Walker's family and other relatives Saturday and Sunday.

Fire in Lee Hughes' Field was discovered Sunday and quite a stir with the People of Chapel Hill. It was coming toward Jim Fowler's residence and Every one was Scared. The neighbors all gathered in and put it out, but not before it had done some damage. Several Panels of Fence was Burned. How it got out no one knows. It burned over several Acres of land. It was a narrow Escape, as the wind was Blowing & it was very Hard to Put it out.

FREDONIA.

A little son of Charlie Stone died Friday of eroup and was buried Saturday at the New Bethel cemetery. Rev. J. A. Bennett conducted the funeral services. He was a bright little fellow and the bereaved parents have sympathy of the entire community.

There was a baptising Sunday at the creek near Frank Loyd's.

Mrs. Verna Deering and children, of Princeton, Ind., are visiting relatives in town.

Eugene Young, of Princeton, was in town Monday.

Our trade on flour is rapidly increasing; we have the price and a high-grade flour.—Bennett & Son.

Grant Buzz was in Princeton Sunday.

News was received here Friday of the death of Mrs. Lena Turner at her home at Barlow, Ky. She was a daughter of the late Sam Young.

Clay Reed and wife, of Indiana, are visiting his parents here.

Mrs. Kittle Martin, of Caldwell Springs, died Sunday, after a short illness of pneumonia. She was 80 years old and leaves a host of friends and relatives to mourn her loss. The remains were buried at Caldwell Springs cemetery Monday. The funeral services were conducted by Rev. J. A. Bennett.

A protracted meeting is in progress at the Presbyterian church.

W. H. Dyens, of Kuttawa, was here last week making sales of some of his town lots.

Wanted, eggs and produce. Bennett & Son.

KILL THE COUGH AND CURE THE LUNGS

WITH **Dr. King's New Discovery** FOR COUGHS, COLDS AND ALL THROAT AND LUNG TROUBLES. GUARANTEED SATISFACTORY OR MONEY REFUNDED.

ROYAL Baking Powder

Absolutely PURE

Insures delicious, healthful food for every home, every day. The only baking powder made from Royal Cream of Tartar—made from grapes.

Safeguards your food against alum and phosphate of lime and mineral acids which are used in cheap baking powders.

R. F. DORR

Furniture Dealer And Undertaker

The Cheapest House in the County, to Buy FURNITURE, CASKETS, COFFINS, BURIAL ROBES AND EVERYTHING IN THE FURNITURE LINE. Give him a call before purchasing Elsewhere.

LICENSED EMBALMER.

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