

Crittenden Record-Press

VOL. 3

MARION, CRITTENDEN COUNTY, KENTUCKY, JULY 8 1909

NUMBER 6

MARION VS PRINCETON TODAY AND TO-MORROW

Marion Loses One Game to Madisonville and Wins Two From Corydon--Byfords Twirling Greatest Feature of Saturday's Game.

CHICKASHA INDIANS TO PLAY ON SEVENTEENTH

Madisonville came off victorious Wednesday by a score of 4 to 2. It was a close, interesting game, even from Marion's standpoint as the loser. Madisonville has an extremely fast team, hard hitters and a hard team to beat. They got to Kraft early, scoring two runs on the first on a couple of two baggers and a single in succession after two were out. After this inning Kraft held them to four hits, three single and another double. Madisonville scored two in the fifth on hit and two or three errors. Except for these two innings Kraft held them safe. Marion scored twice in the third when Morgan hit two men, Pentecost doubled and S. Givens, on third, made an error. A good chance to score was lost in the eighth. Goldnamer opened with a hit, but was forced to second by Guess. Lamb knocked a beautiful two bagger to left field fence, but Guess waited a moment too long to see if the ball was caught, and a perfect throw to third and then home caught him at the plate.

Madisonville made seven hits, Marion only four; otherwise Kraft out-pitched Morgan, striking out nine to Morgan's two and having much better control. Franks was hit by the pitcher three times out of four at the bat. The detailed score follows:

MARION.	AB	R	H	PO	A	E
Rochester, ss.	5	0	2	0	1	
Goldnamer, lf.	3	0	1	0	0	1
Guess, 3b.	4	0	1	3	2	
Lamb, 2b.	4	0	1	4	0	
Franks, rf.	1	1	0	1	0	0
Pentecost, lb.	4	1	1	6	0	1
Perryman, c.	3	0	0	9	1	1
Dixon, cf.	1	0	2	0	0	
Kraft, p.	4	0	0	3	1	
Total	29	2	27	67		

MADISONVILLE.	AB	R	H	PO	A	E
S. Givens, 3b.	4	0	2	4	1	
Warner, lb.	4	0	0	11	0	1
Davis, c.	3	1	1	4	3	0
Cummins, ss.	4	2	1	3	3	0
Stor, f.	4	2	0	1	0	0
Pratt, cf.	4	0	0	4	1	0
C. Jones, 2b.	4	1	0	2	2	1
Morgan, rf.	4	0	1	0	0	0
Morgan, p.	4	1	1	2	1	0
Total	35	7	4	27	14	2

Earned runs, Madisonville 2; two base hits, Davis and Cummins; stolen bases, Dixon and Moore; sacrifice hits, Dixon; first base on balls; off Morgan 2; struck out by Kraft, 9 by Morgan 2; hit by Prither, Franks 3, Perryman, Dixon and Davis; umpire, Wilson.

Corydon Game.

Corydon, with a record of ten straight games won, including one over Morganfield, proved easy for Marion in both the Friday and Saturday games. The first game, Kraft pitching for Marion, was rather one-sided. Marion made twelve hits off Frazier, and by bunching these with some errors of the Corydon players in the fifth and seventh innings, scored nine runs. Corydon made nine hits off Kraft, but these were scattered, and Kraft was good with men on bases, so that the best Corydon could do was three runs. Kraft made a nice two base hits, as well as pitching a fine game. The work of Guess at third was the feature; he had eight chances without an error, and made three hits out of four times up.

MARION, FIRST GAME.	AB	R	H	PO	A	E
Rochester, ss.	4	2	1	2	0	1
Dixon, cf.	5	0	2	0	1	0
Goldnamer, lb.	5	2	0	14	0	0
Lamb, 2b.	4	2	0	3	5	1
Franks, rf.	4	0	2	1	0	1

CORYDON.	AB	R	H	PO	A	E
King, ss.	4	1	1	4	0	3
Frazier, p.	4	2	0	0	3	1
Conley, cf.	4	0	0	0	0	0
Pentecost, c.	4	1	1	6	1	1
Sigler, 2b.	3	1	0	3	0	0
Davidson, 3b.	4	2	1	4	2	3
Eblen, lb.	4	0	0	5	0	2
C. Jones, rf.	4	0	0	1	2	0
K. Jones, lf.	4	2	0	1	0	0
Total	31	9	3	14	8	10

CORYDON.	AB	R	H	PO	A	E
King, ss.	4	1	1	4	0	3
Frazier, p.	4	2	0	0	3	1
Conley, cf.	4	0	0	0	0	0
Pentecost, c.	4	1	1	6	1	1
Sigler, 2b.	3	1	0	3	0	0
Davidson, 3b.	4	2	1	4	2	3
Eblen, lb.	4	0	0	5	0	2
C. Jones, rf.	4	0	0	1	2	0
K. Jones, lf.	4	2	0	1	0	0
Total	31	9	3	14	8	10

Earned runs, Marion 2; two base hits, Rochester, Kraft; base on balls, none; struck out by Kraft 2, by Frazier 5; double plays, Guess to Goldnamer; stolen bases, Rochester, Dixon 2, Guess, G. Lamb, Davidson, K. Jones, 2; sacrifice hits, Rochester and Perryman; hit by pitcher, Sigler; umpire, Henderson.

The second game was much better. Byford pitched a remarkable game for Marion, and Corydon never had a chance. Only four hits, one of them a scratch, were made off his delivery; he gave only one base on balls, and hit no one; in addition to this, he played a perfect fielding game accepting eight chances without an error. Talbott, the "peg-leg" pitcher for Corydon, also pitched a nice game, giving eight hits, two of which were barely entitled to be called hits. Marion played a good fielding game, making few errors, and none of them costing anything. Outside of the work of Byford, the feature was Rochester's batting, he making three hits and two runs out of four times up.

The detailed score follows:

MARION, SECOND GAME.	AB	R	H	PO	A	E
Rochester, ss.	4	3	2	3	0	
Dixon, cf.	4	1	0	0	0	0
Goldnamer, lb.	4	1	0	15	0	1
Lamb, 2b.	3	0	0	2	1	1
Franks, rf.	3	0	0	0	0	0
Guess, 3b.	3	1	0	0	5	2
Kraft, lf.	1	1	1	0	0	
Perryman, c.	2	1	0	5	1	1
Byford, p.	3	0	0	1	7	5
Total	27	8	3	27	17	5

CORYDON.	AB	R	H	PO	A	E
King, 2b.	4	0	0	2	6	1
Frazier, cf.	4	0	0	0	0	0
Conley, ss.	3	0	1	3	1	1
Pentecost Allen, c.	4	0	0	1	4	1
Davidson, 3b.	4	0	0	2	4	0
Sigler, lb.	4	2	0	16	2	3
Talbott, p.	4	1	0	0	5	0
C. Jones, rf.	3	1	0	0	0	1
K. Jones, lf.	3	0	0	0	0	0
Total	33	4	1	24	22	7

Earned runs, Marion 1; sacrifice hits, Lamb, Kraft, Perryman; base on balls off Byford 1, off Talbott 1; struck out, by Byford 4, by Talbott 1; double plays, Talbott to King to Sigler, Davidson to Sigler to Pentecost; hit by pitcher, Frank. Time 1 hour and 30 minutes. Umpire, Nunn.

Marion's Pitchers.

Paul Gossage, our star twirler, is very probably out of the game for the rest of the season. He has typhoid fever, and while in no danger, will of course be unable to pitch any more games this year. This has proven a serious blow to Marion, and we have no doubt will be good news to a number of our rivals--Morganfield for instance. Gossage has really not been in good condition since the season opened, and

"BROWN'S IN TOWN"

FUNNIEST EVER

Presented by Central Comedy Co., of Central University of Danville, Ky.

Saturday Evening July 10th, Opera House.

Listen--The College Men in Girl's Parts--Lots of Fun--Musical Specialties. DON'T MISS IT !!

25c. 35c. 50c.

Frederick I. S. Hess.

made a fine record in spite of this, and his absence from the game will be missed by both players and fans. He has made a remarkable record since he began to pitch for Marion, and his work is known all over this part of the country. However, Marion will have good pitchers--our rivals may rest assured of that. Perhaps Morganfield will not feel so well when we tell them that Cooperider will pitch regularly for Marion the rest of the season. Those who saw the Morganfield game that he pitched need no assurance of his ability, and we feel confident that he will prove a winner over other teams as well. He throws a very swift ball, has fine curves, good control, and fields his position perfectly. Besides that, he appears to be a good batter.

Byford, by his work Saturday, showed that he can be depended upon to pitch some of Marion's games. His performance was nothing short of No. 1, and with coaching and experience against heavy-hitting teams, he ought to prove a winner. He certainly showed that he has everything necessary for the making of a first class pitcher. Altogether, while the illness of Gossage is a blow to Marion, some of the teams who are basing their expectation of winning over Marion on that fact are going to be disappointed.

Coming Games.

The games so far scheduled are as follows: all at Marion. July 8th and 9th, Princeton; July 12, Harrisburg, Ill.; July 17th, Chickasha Indians, (afternoon and night); July 23, Waverly; July 30th and 31st, Morganfield; also one game this month with Rockport, Ind., date not fixed. The next games, those with Princeton, will be worth seeing. Princeton has always been a hard proposition for Marion, and has a good team this year, as usual. Marion expects to win both games, but is going to have to play gilt-edge ball to do it. Cooperider will pitch one of these games, and probably Kraft the other.

The games with the Chickasha Indians will furnish a novelty, in that one of them will be played at night, on a diamond lighted as brightly as day by means of powerful gasoline lights. The Indians claim to have won practically all their games. The team is entirely of full-blood Indians.

Circuit Court.

Circuit Court was adjourned Saturday on account of the extreme hot

weather. The absence of many witnesses on account of illness. Nearly all the jury cases were laid over to the next term of court on account of the absence of Commonwealth Attorney John L. Grayot. Judge Gordon returned to his home at Madisonville to remain until the next term of his court which is held at Smithland.

A number of commonwealth cases were laid over and others were dismissed.

Chas. Boyd, charged with disturbing a lawful assembly, was fined \$20.00 and costs.

Chas. Parker, for same offence, fined \$20.00.

Will Moneymaker, gaming, \$20.00.

Sebron Rushing, same offense, 20.00.

Charlie Bennett, carrying concealed weapon, was pardoned by Gov. Wilson.

John Wes Belt, assault, fined \$5.

Hallie Wilcox, charged with burglary was given one year in the penitentiary.

The case of George Simpkins, charged with plant bed scraping, was dismissed, the grand jury failing to indict.

Gray, charged with night riding, was dismissed.

In the damage suit of Mrs. Lillie Daughtrey vs James Herrin, the plaintiff was given judgement for \$5.00.

Swift's Premium Hams and Bacon.

Best by test, Hubbard Grocery Co.

Fishing Prohibited.

The water supply lake of this company has been stocked with black bass by the U. S. Government, and no fishing will be allowed in this lake. Parents will be held responsible for their children. Please keep them away and avoid trouble.

MARION ELECTRIC LIGHT & ICE CO.

(Incorporated.)

Night Rider Damage Suits Instituted.

Owensboro, Ky., July 7.--Tobias Goin and George Lear, residents of

of Spencer county, Ind., have filed petition in the United States court here asking for \$30,000 damages from seven

citizens of Muhlenberg county, Ky., on the grounds that they were unlawfully and wrongfully forced to leave their homes in this State and take refuge in a distant State.

Bradley Pittmann, Jesse Murphy, A. W. McCowan, Dolph Sanaford, Townie Jamison, George Anderson, George Oliver, Bud Loney, Jack Anderson, Ed Anderson, George Reynolds, colored; Davie Lewis, colored; T. J. Oglesby, McClellan Kile, Monroe Jarvis, Alex. Lee and Joe Anderson are the defendants.

The plaintiffs allege that they were assaulted and intimidated on February 15th. of this year.

GEO. W. HOWERTON

DIES WITH HEART FAILURE

Had Been in Good Health Up to Minute of Death--Highly Respected Citizen.

A. W. HEARIN DIES IN MADISONVILLE.

George W. Howerton, one of the best known citizens of the county, died on his farm a few miles east of town Friday afternoon from the effects of over heat. During the forenoon he had been at work in his corn field with his son, Will Howerton, and his son-in-law, Frank Dodge. He had been in his usual good health, ate a hearty dinner and about one or two o'clock started back to the field, when Mr. Dodge and Will Howerton came round near the lane they found Mr. Howerton lying face downward just out side of the field in the lane, unconscious. They carried him to a shade, and though he seemed to recognize them he could not speak and died before they could get him to the house.

The remains were brought here Saturday afternoon and laid to rest in the New Cemetery, a large number of his friends, both from the city and country, gathered to be present at the interment. The funeral services were conducted by Rev. Martin E. Miller and Rev. W. R. Gibbs, both of which paid beautiful tributes of respect to the life of the deceased. Mr. Howerton, while a Christian by profession and one which shown out in his walk in life, had never identified himself with any church. His profession, which was a bright one, was made at Post Oak at a meeting conducted by Rev. B. A. Cundiff, in 1877, over thirty-two years ago.

George W. Howerton was born, July 20th, 1843, on July 6th, 1864, he was married to Miss Laura Flansary, daughter of the late John Flansary. He died, July 2nd, 1909.

He leaves besides his wife, four children, William Howerton, Mrs. C. R. Newcom, Mrs. R. L. Moore and Mrs. Frank Dodge. He also leaves an adopted daughter, Minnie.

A. M. Hearin, a former resident of this city and one of its most respected citizens, died at his home in Madisonville, Ky., Saturday morning of bowel trouble.

Mr. Hearin was in business here for a large number of years and was well known for his honesty and fair dealing. For four years, during Grover Cleveland's second term, as President, he was postmaster here. After his term as postmaster expired he again entered the grocery business, in partnership with his son, Tom Hearin, and remained in that business until he was burned out by the big fire that occurred in 1905. Soon after this he moved with his family to Madisonville, where he has since made his home.

He leaves a wife and two sons, Thomas E. Hearin, of Madisonville, and Phoney Hearin, of Chicago.

THE EDUCATIONAL CAMPAIGN IN CRITTENDEN COUNTY.

Despite the hot weather and the fact that the farmers were very busy, three good meetings were held in this county last week.

Dr. Arthur Yeager, President of Georgetown College, was the speaker assigned to Caldwell and Crittenden counties. Dr. Yeager arrived in Marion on the 8 o'clock train Wednesday morning, and left for Tolu at once, accompanied by Rev. Martin E. Miller. The roads were so heavy and the weather so warm that they did not reach Tolu until nearly noon. Dr. Yeager spoke at 1:30 to a fine audience composed of fifty or sixty of the best people of that section. Rev. Miller also spoke, as did E. F. Smith and others. Great interest was manifested in the new school law and in better educational facilities in general. Dr. Yeager was obliged to cancel the date for Hebron in the afternoon on account of the condition of the roads.

Friday had been announced as rally day in Marion. Dr. Ben L. Bruner and Dr. Yeager spoke in the court room, Judge Gordon adjourning court to another building. Both men made telling speeches and were frequently cheered. The only misfortune being that there were so few present to hear.

DEMOCRATS HELD

CONVENTION JULY 3

And Nominate Candidates for County Offices--Hon. O. M. James Addressed the Convention.

GREAT AND ENTHUSIASTIC MEETING.

Pursuant to a call of Chairman Marion F. Pogue, the Crittenden County Democratic committee met at the court house in Marion Saturday afternoon, July 3, a good-sized crowd being in attendance, including all the precinct committeemen.

The meeting was harmonious and interesting and much of the old-time enthusiasm was manifested, the object of the meeting being to make nominations for the various county offices, to be filled at the next November election.

Short addresses were made by Chairman Pogue, Congressman Ollie M. James and others.

The committee decided to make no nominations for county clerk, assessor, county attorney, surveyor and coroner.

The following nominations were made:

Circuit Clerk, R. L. Flansary.

County Judge, A. F. Wolfe.

Sheriff, Gid Taylor.

Superintendent, Miss Clara Nunn.

Jailer, Will Wallace.

What Outside Towns

Think of The Strike.

Some Evansville papers are making strenuous efforts to induce the country hoosier from surrounding territory to come to Evansville and spend their money. The party who goes to the dirty town usually pays from 25c to \$1 more for each article that they buy than what they could have got it at home. Besides they have to take their life in their hands when they go there. They must dodge the wild-eyed automobile drivers, green horn street car men, car strikers, dynamite torpedos, rocks and beer bottles that fly in all directions, according to injunction testimony in their court, the other day. If there is a town in the U. S. that is a good place to stay away from at present it is Evansville--Ev. Journal, News, Bulletin, Press and Courier. Please copy--Jasper Courier.

Prime Merchandise TO GO AT AND BELOW COST

Having decided to close out my stock and quit business, I will for the next **THIRTY DAYS**, or until all are sold, offer, at the Store Room of H. Koltinsky, North Side of Square (Opera House Block) my entire stock of Dry Goods, Notions, Clothing, Ladies and Gents Furnishing Goods, Shoes, and Hats Regardless of cost.

Come early and get pick of my stock at prices never before heard of in Marion. I mean what I say.

**J. S. McMURRAY,
Marion, Kentucky.**

PROGRAMME

of the
Second Annual Womans Missionary Conference

of the
West Kentucky Conference
C. M. E. Church in America
to be held at
Marion, Ky., August 12-13
14-15, 1909.

MRS. L. B. GEORGE, President.
MRS. P. L. CONNELL, Vice-Pres.
MISS E. B. MURRAY, Sec'y.
MISS PEARL BELL, Ass't Sec.
MRS. E. T. LEWIS, Treasurer.

MISSIONARY BANQUET, AUG. 12

FIRST DAY, AUGUST 13.
Meeting called to order by president.
Devotional Exercises—Rev. B. Herron.
Song—Marion Choir.
Organization.
Enrollment of Delegates.
Appointment of Committees.
Report of Local Boards.
Assignment of Homes.

Adjournment.

FRIDAY AFTERNOON.

Prayer—Elder T. J. Moppins.
Testimonial Meeting, Thirty Minutes—
Led by Mrs. Francis Boyd, of Union-
town, Ky., and Mrs. Susie Jacobs, of
Fredonia, Ky.

Song—Choir.
Report of District Presidents.
Report of Committees.
Song—Choir.
What is Your Aim?—Hopkinsville, Ca-
diz and Fredonia Delegates.

How Can the Sunday School Help the
Missionary Cause?—Trenton and
Earlington Delegates.
Home Life—Lane Tabernacle and La-
Fayette Delegates.

Duet—Hopkinsville Delegates.
The Missionary Society—Elkton and
Morganfield Delegates.
The True Woman—Pembroke, Paducah
and Uniontown Delegates.

Papers—Revs. R. L. McCulley, P. W.
Garrett, J. W. Bell and J. M. Hill.
EVENING SESSION, 7:30.

Song—Marion Choir.
Invocation—Rev. J. W. McClure.
Quartette—Paducah Delegates.
Welcome Address—Marion Delegate.

Response—Hickman Delegate.
Lecture—Rev. W. B. West, Dallas,
Texas.
Papers—Revs. I. Jones, G. W. Land-
ers, W. P. Pipkins, L. F. Howard,
J. W. McClure and P. A. Samples.

Song.
Collection.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 14.

Invocation—Elder J. H. Britt, Madison-

ville.

Completion of Business.

Missionary Work—Hadenville and
Pleasant Green Delegates.
Christian Union—Massie Chapel, Mos-
cow and Slaughter'sville Delegates.
Missionary Progress—Allensville, and
Cerulean Delegates.

Labor for the Right—Marion and Daw-
son Delegates.
Race Pride—Madisonville and Bard-
well Delegates.
Papers—Revs. C. L. Howard, P. S.
Smith, L. R. Bayliss and W. M. San-
ders.

SATURDAY AFTERNOON.

Invocation—Rev. C. L. Howard.
Song—Choir.
How Must we Secure Religious train-
ing in the Home?—Nortonville and
Seebree Delegates.

The Missionary Box—Powderly and
Henderson Delegates.
Missionary Enterprise—Penick and
Hickman Delegates.

The Urgent need of Systematic Giving
—Little Mills and Water Valley De-
legates.
Unity and Its Benefits—Fulton and
Princeton Delegates.

Sermon each Day at 11:00 a. m.
Song—Marion Choir.
Papers—Revs. R. D. Stoner, F. D.
Taylor, Elds. Moppins, Lowery and
Britt.

SATURDAY EVENING 7:30

Devotional Exercises—Rev. G. A.
Hubbard.
Song—Choir.

Address by President.
Missionary Concert.
Admission Ten Cents.

SUNDAY SESSION.

11:00 a. m. Preaching—Dr. W. B. West
Dallas, Texas.
2:00 p. m., Sermon—Eld. J. M. Lowery
7:30 p. m. Sermon—Eld. T. J. Moppins
Special Music—Marion Choir.

All State Officers and Presiding Eld-
ers are taxed fifty cents. Each Pas-
tor, Society and Local President is tax-
ed twenty-five cents.

Please pay this tax at your District
Conference to your District President,
or send by delegate or mail to the Con-
ference President. It is to help to de-
fray expenses of the meeting.

The General Secretary of Missions,
Dr. W. B. West will be present and
will conduct a Missionary Institute and
Young People's Missionary Movement
at some hour. The Laymen's Mission-
ary Movement will also be discussed.

Each Church, S. S. League and Wom-
an's Missionary Society will be asked
to bring one or more delegates to the
Institute and also a small fee of fifty
cents for the work. Bring bible, tab-
let and pencil.

On Thursday August 12th, there will
be a banquet given in honor of the
Missionary delegates. All delegates
will please try to be present on that
date.

The Ladies of Marion will spare no
pains in trying to make the banquet a
success.
Admission 25c.

Cures Chicken Pox.

Mrs. J. T. English, Harrods Creek,
Ky., says: "Your Bourbon Poultry
Cure is fine. You can add Chicken Pox
to the list of diseases that it will cure
as my fowls show a decided improve-
ment. I had used other remedies with-
out success." Sold by Haynes & Tay-
lor, Marion, Ky. 52 2t

DO YOU OWN A

HYOMEI INHALER?

If you have a little Hyomei inhaler
(pronounced High-o-me) in your home
you have a treasure.

Into this hard rubber inhaler you can
pour a few drops of Hyomei and presto
you have the best little physician for
catarrh, coughs, colds, bronchitis, croup
and asthma, the world has ever known.
When you breathe Hyomei you bring
the healing virtues of the mountainous
forests to your home. You get the
very same healing, antiseptic air that
you would breathe if you resided in the
forests of pine and eucalyptus of in-
land Australia, where catarrh or con-
sumption was never known to exist.

If you have a Hyomei inhaler in your
home, get a bottle of Hyomei for 50c.
If you have not an inhaler, ask for a
complete outfit, which costs but \$1.00
and includes an inhaler, a bottle of
Hyomei, and simple instructions for
use.

Hyomei is sold and guaranteed by
HAYNES & TAYLOR to cure catarrh,
asthma or bronchitis, or money back.
It will relieve a cold in five minutes,
and will break it up in five hours. It
gives most gratifying relief to con-
sumption sufferers, and is sold by lead-
ing druggists everywhere. 5-7.

MI-ONA Cures Indigestion

It relieves stomach misery, sour stom-
ach, belching, and cures all stomach dis-
ease or money back. Large box of tab-
lets 50 cents. Druggists in all towns.

Recital.

Misses Gwendoline Haynes and Ma-
bel Yandell assisted by Miss Lena
Holtsclaw and M. H. S. Chorus, at
School Auditorium, July 13th, 1909.

PROGRAM.

Waltz, "A la bien aimie" Schutt.
"Barcarolle in minor" Rubinstein.

Song 1, "In the dark, in the dew." Coombe.
2, "The violet." Mildenberg.

Chorus—"A bird in the hand" Roedel.
Misses Yandell, Doss, Haynes, Coffield,
Sutherland, Pickens and Conyer.
Reading—"Her first recital."

Song 1, Absent. Metcalfe.
2, Four Leaf Clover. Coombs.
3, Night time Van de Water.

Chorus—"Springtime." Mildenberg.
Misses Yandell, Doss, Haynes, Coffield,
Sutherland, Pickens and Conyer.

Reverie Schutt.
Barcarolle. Nevin.
Polinaise in a major. Chopin.

This recital is to be given for the
benefit of the Y. M. C. A., an organi-
zation which is worthy of the support
of all Marion, and we trust they will
have a good attendance. The charges
will be reasonable, and a large attend-
ance will bespeak appreciation, of
the talent of our home girls.

FISH BITE HUNGRILY When You Use



Magnetic Fish Bait

There's no such thing as a dull day
when you go fishing if you are sup-
plied with this truly wonderful dis-
covery. If the fish are there you'll
get them, for they simply can't re-
sist it. It beats anything you have
ever imagined. It is moderate in
price—25 cents per box—and a box
will last a long time. Besides this
bait, of which we are the sole manu-
facturers, we handle

Fishermen's Complete Outfit

50c, \$1.00, 2.00 3.00 4.00 5.00
Send today for a box and for our free
booklet, "Facts about Fishing," and
illustrated catalog of fishing tackle
outfits. Address

Magnetic Fish Bait Co.

Depr. E. Republic, Missouri.

Life 100,000 Years Ago.

Scientists have found in a cave in
Switzerland bones of men, who lived
100,000 years ago, when life was in
constant danger from wild beasts.
To-day the danger, as shown by A. W.
Brown, of Alexander, Me., is largely
from deadly disease. "If it had not
been for Dr. King's New Discovery,
which cured me, I could not have
lived," he writes; "suffering as I did
from a severe lung trouble and stub-
born cough." To cure Sore Throats,
Colds, obstinate Coughs, and prevent
Pneumonia, its the best medicine on
earth. 50c and \$1.00. Guaranteed by
Haynes & Taylor and Jas. H. Orme.
Trial bottle free. 5-5t

PREMIUM



A Night Rider's Raid.

The worst night riders are calomel,
croton oil or aloes pills. They raid
your bed to rob you of rest. Not so
with Dr. King's New Life Pills. They
never distress or inconvenience, but
always cleanse the system, curing
Colds, Headache, Constipation, Mala-
ria, 25c. at J. H. Orme's and Haynes
& Taylor's. 5-5 t

OF INTEREST TO OUR READERS.

Marion, Ky., June 27th, 1909.

Record-Press, City.

Dear Sir:—Will you kindly
make note in your paper, which
no doubt will be an item of news
to very many, that the Third
regiment Kentucky state Militia
will hold its annual encampment
at Earlington, Ky., on the L. &
N. railroad, August 9th to 16th,
and the following companies will
use the I. C. enroute:

Company H. Hartford, Ky.
Company I. Leitchfield, Ky.
Company M. Calhoun, Ky.
Company K. Marion, Ky.

Special coaches will be furnish-
ed for each company. Special
coach will be on train 321 leav-
ing Marion, Ky., at 11 a. m.,
August 9th and will run through
to Hopkinsville and be handled
from there on arrival by the
L. & N. railroad to Earlington,
Ky. Special coaches will be fur-
nished for each company return-
ing. L. & N. will give us this
special coach at Hopkinsville,
Aug. 16th to be run through to
Marion on train 302 arriving at
Marion, Ky., at 3:31 p. m., Aug.
16th, 1909. Yours Truly,

W. L. VENNEN, Agent.

The Markets

LIVE STOCK.

Louisville, Ky., July 7—Cattle mar-
ket steady and fairly active.

Steers.

Good to choice export... \$ 5.50 a 5.75
Fair to good shipping... 5.00 a 5.25
Good to choice butchers... \$4.75 a 5.00
Medium to good butchers... 4.75 a 5.00
Good to choice stockers... 3.65 a 3.85
Medium to good stockers... 3.00 a 3.25
Common to medium stock-
ers... 4.00 a 4.50

Heifers.

Good to choice butchers... 4.75a 5.50
Medium to good butchers... 4.00 a 4.50
Common to medium... 3.50 a 4.00
Good to choice stockers... 3.00 a 3.50
Common to medium stock-
ers... 2.00 a 2.50

Bulls.

Good to choice butchers... 4.00 a 4.50
Medium to good butchers... 3.50 a 3.75
Fair to good bologna... 3.50 a 3.75
Common... 2.25 a 3.25

Cows.

Good to choice butchers... 4.25 a 4.75
Medium to good butchers... 3.75 a 4.25
Common to medium buth-
ers... 3.25 a 3.75
Canners and cutters... 1.50 a 3.00

Milk Cows.

Good to choice milkers... 40.00 a 50.00
Medium to good milkers... 30.00 a 35.00
Common to plain milkers... 15.00 a 25.00

Calves

Good to choice veals... 5.50a 6.60
Medium to good... 5.00 a 5.50
Common... 3.50 a 4.00

Sheep and Lambs.

Good to choice fat sheep... 4.00 a 4.50
Fair to good mixed sheep... 3.25 a 3.75
Rough and scrawls... 2.50 a 4.00
Good to extra bucks... 3.25 a 3.50
Fair to good bucks... 2.75 a 3.25
Choice yearlings... 4.25 a 4.50
Fair to good yearlings... 4.00 a 4.25
Spring lambs... 5.00 a 5.25
Hogs steady to a shade stronger. Re-
ceipts light. Heavies, \$7.25 to \$7.50;
Lights, \$6.95 to \$7.15; pigs, \$5.75, to
\$6.50. A few choice heavies, \$7.60.

There are many imitation of De-
Witt's Carbolized With Hazel Salve
—DeWitt's is the original. Be sure
you get DeWitt's Carbolized With
Hazel Salve when you ask for it. It
is good for cuts, burns and bruises,
and is especially good for piles.
Sold by all druggists. Sept 1

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 reason to regret it.
Office in Press Building, Room 5
Telephone 225

A Constipation Remedy Free

There is no action of your daily
life of greater importance than to see
that your bowels move. They should
move at least once a day naturally,
and by that is meant without any help.
If they do not move at least once a
day you can consider yourself con-
stipated and it is time you did some-
thing about it.

You will be glad to know there
is a way out of the difficulty. Lem-
uel Landerdale, an old soldier at Quincy,
Ill., Elmer McMillan, of Speed, Mo., Mr.
Monahan, of Stonehill, Miss., and many
others were as you are now. But one
Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin was curing them,
so they bought it too and it
cured them. Today they are loud in
praise of it.

What Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin did
for them it should do for you. Surely your
constipation is no worse than theirs, one
of whom had it since '61. It only remains
for you to realize that ails are of but
temporary good, and what you want is a
cathartic pills and such violent things
but do nothing that is lasting. Dr. Cal-
dwell's Syrup Pepsin is a scientific prepa-
ration, a laxative- tonic, a mild syrupy
liquid that contains ingredients that not
only cure the constipation, but tone the
intestinal muscles so that they learn
to work without help. A bottle can
be bought of any druggist for the small
size for families who have already found
and bowel troubles, in old or young.
Send your name and address to the doc-
tor and a free trial bottle will be sent you
so that you can test it before buying.

If there is anything about
your ailment that you don't
understand, or if you want
any medical advice, write
to the doctor, and he will
answer you fully. There is
no charge for this service.
The address is Dr. W. B.
Caldwell, 500 Caldwell bldg.,
Monticello, Ill.

FORSALE BY ALL DRUGGIST

CASTORIA

The Kind You Have Always Bought, and which has been
in use for over 30 years, has borne the signature of
and has been made under his personal
supervision since its infancy.
Allow no one to deceive you in this.
All Counterfeits, Imitations and "Just-as-good" are but
Experiments that trifle with and endanger the health of
Infants and Children—Experience against Experiment.

What is CASTORIA

Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Pare-
goric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is Pleasant. It
contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic
substance. Its age is its guarantee. It destroys Worms
and allays Feverishness. It cures Diarrhoea and Wind
Colic. It relieves Teething Troubles, cures Constipation
and Flatulency. It assimilates the Food, regulates the
Stomach and Bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep.
The Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

GENUINE CASTORIA ALWAYS
Bears the Signature of

Chas. H. Fletcher
The Kind You Have Always Bought
In Use For Over 30 Years.

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 37 MURRAY STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

ALL WRONG.

The Mistake is Made by Many Marion Citizens.
Don't mistake the cause of backache.
To be cured you must know the cause.
It is wrong to imagine relief is cure.

Backache is kidney ache.
You must cure the kidneys.
A Marion resident tells you how.
G. B. Johnson, 413 Gum St., Marion, Ky., says: "For five years I suffered from kidney complaint, it being brought on by hard work. Whenever I caught cold it settled on my kidneys and at such times my suffering was aggravated. The kidneys secretions were irregular in passage and I was often forced to arise during the night on this account. There was a dull pain in the small of my back and when I arose in the morning I felt lame and stiff. I tried easily, was nervous and also had dizzy spells. When Doan's Kidney Pills came to my attention, I procured a box at Haynes & Taylor's drug store and after I had finished the contents I was cured. It gives me pleasure to state that time has proven the cure to be a permanent one. You are at liberty to use this statement for the benefit of other kidney sufferers."

For sale by all dealers. Price 50 cents. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, New York, sole agents for the United States.
Remember the name—Doan's—and take no other.

TELLS THRILLING TALE OF ESCAPE FROM ISLE

CIVIL ENGINEER AND COMPANION UTILIZE AEROPLANE AS MEANS OF DELIVERANCE.

Seattle, Wash.—Frederick Standish, a civil engineer of Boston, and Adolph Von Messinger, son of a German nobleman, utilized an aeroplane used by the latter as a means of deliverance from a shipwreck in the South Pacific, according to a story told by Standish the other day. The German perished. Standish, after a thrilling flight through the air, fell into the sea and was cast up alive. He arrived in Seattle recently.

In the tramp ship Aphrodite Standish took passage for Sydney. On the forward deck was lashed the German's aeroplane. The Aphrodite sprung a leak and every one save the



"I Let Go and Fell Into the Sea."

American and German took to the lifeboats. The two passengers of the derelict kept it aloft and brought up the wreck on a small uninhabited island of the Solomon group. Standish and Von Messinger waded ashore, carried provisions, established a camp, and waited for a sailing vessel.

"But none came," Standish said. "At the end of a month none was sighted. Fearing we were outside the course of all ships, we set about devising a plan of escape. The aeroplane suggested a means. After a week's work the young German got the machine in satisfactory shape. We took aboard water, provisions, and boarded the machine. It rose like a bird and steamed above the water several hundred yards and pointed in the direction we believed Australia lay."

"Fate seemed against us. We had not been out long before a gale was blowing. We were whirled through the air at a terrific pace and it was with difficulty that we kept from being shaken out. Half an hour later we bore down on an island. I let go and fell into the sea. Five minutes later I was thrown on the beach, bruised, battered, and utterly exhausted, but thankful. I found myself near a village of native pearl fishers."

"A month later, November 14, a pearl trading schooner took me to the principal town of the Solomon group. From there I returned to Sydney, taking passage to San Francisco a week later. No more South Pacific seas for me. Messinger lost his life."

CHIMPANZEES GO ON RAMPAGE

Escaped Animal Terrorizes Crew of Big German Steamship for Two Days.

New York.—When the German steamship Tanenfels arrived here from Calcutta late the other day, Capt. Lubke told of the escape of six chimpanzees, part of a consignment of 600, from their cage, and their vicious attack on several members of the crew.

Three of the chimpanzees followed Wong Foo, the Chinese cook, into the rigging, and there one of them held him by his queue until the animal was knocked senseless with a rod. Chief Engineer Newman was chased about the deck by others of the chimpanzees and suffered a severe laceration of his arm, where he was struck by a marlin pin hurled by one of the animals.

The largest of the chimpanzees was cornered by several members of the crew in the boatwain's lockers and there he gave such a vicious fight that the men were glad to retire. The animal then dashed out and leaped into the sea. The others were only subjugated by starvation, but in the two days it required to do so they had the ship's crew terrorized.

Coated with Lather Drove to Fire. New York.—John Verrien is a natty young fireman who drives Engine No. 8, whose house is at No. 81 West One Hundred and Fifteenth street. At 5:30 o'clock Verrien started to shave. He had his face well lathered when the gong tapped a signal for One Hundred and Twenty-sixth street and Eighth avenue.

Without waiting to remove the lather Verrien made a dash for the driver's seat.

It was not until policemen had driven the wondering crowd from the engine after it drew up at the hydrant that the fireman realized that his beauty lay hidden beneath a coating of foam. There being no fire, he wiped the lather from his face and drove back.

This Time He Was Right.

Pat was a new policeman on the beat. He hadn't been over very long. So one morning when a crazy woman was executing a waltz dream on top of an ash barrel Pat tried to think of a sufficient excuse for arresting her. The day before he had arrested a man, but when he reached the station house he had forgotten the reason for the arrest. But the waltz continued on the ash barrel and a large crowd of men and boys had collected. So Pat bravely stepped up.

"Madam, I arrest ye! Yer a fraud order, yer are! Yer stopping the 'males.'"

Molasses and Sugar.

The term "molasses" is properly applied to the saccharine product which is separated from sugar in the process of manufacture. A syrup is the direct product of the evaporation of the juice of a sugar-yielding plant or tree without the removal of any of the sugar. The term molasses applies to the same process with the exception of the fact that the sugar has been removed at least partially by crystallization and some kind of mechanical separation of the crystals from the remaining liquid.

The Head on the Wall

Judith Giveth Token of Certain Victory.

BY THE "HIGHWAY AND BYWAY" PREACHER

(Copyright, 1902, by the author, W. S. Edson.)

Based on the Apocryphal Book of Judith, Chapters 14-15.

Difficulties in Book of Judith.—There are two conflicting statements as to the original language of the book. Origen speaks of it, together with Tobit, as "not existing in Hebrew even among the Apocrypha." In the Hebrew collection, while running on the other hand, says

that "Among the Hebrews the Book of Judith, being written in the Chaldean language is reckoned among the histories." There can be little doubt that the book was written in Palestine in the national dialect (Syro-Chaldean). The text exists at present in two distinct recensions, the Greek (followed by the Syriac), and the Latin. The former evidently is the truer representative of the original, and it seems certain that the Latin was derived, in the main, from the Greek by a series of successive alterations. The Latin text contains many curious errors. At present it is impossible to determine the authentic text. The existence of these various recensions of the book is a proof of its popularity and wide circulation; but the external evidence of its use is very scanty. The first reference to its contents occurs in Clem. Rom., and it is quoted with marked respect by Origen, Hilary and Lucifer. Jerome speaks of it as "reckoned among the sacred Scriptures by the Synod of Nice." It has been wrongly inserted in the catalogue at the close of the Apostolic Canons.

SERMONETTE.

"And when he (Achier) came and saw the head of Holofernes, and perceived all that the God of Israel had done, he believed in God greatly and was joined unto the house of Israel."

Oh, but you say, it was Judith who had wrought so mightily. Why speak so explicitly of God and ascribe to him all the credit?

Did you never observe that he who really works the works of God is lost in the shadows of the Almighty's presence.

While we may be conscious of the human instrument which has become the willing channel through which God has poured his power and has wrought mightily among men, still there is the larger, more blessed thought that it is God who has wrought.

The head on the wall is not the symbol of the woman's power, but rather the strength of God as manifested in the weakness and frailty of a woman.

Achier, the captain of all the forces of the Ammonites, had been summoned before Holofernes, the captain of the Assyrian forces which had come and laid siege to Bethulia, and in answer to questions of the great general he had given a history of the Jewish people and how God had worked mightily in their behalf.

This aroused the anger of Holofernes, and declaring that if the Hebrew God was such a great God, Achier should find refuge within the walls of Bethulia, but when his army swept away its walls and fell upon the people he (Achier) should be the first to suffer death. And Achier believed the power of Holofernes and waited in fear and trembling during those days while Judith carried out her plot. And when he saw the head of Holofernes he believed in the God of Israel.

The deliverance of the city was a great reward for Judith's devotion, but perhaps a greater reward was the winning of a soul from the darkness of heathenism to the knowledge of the true God, so that from that day forth Achier, the great captain of the Ammonites, chose the God of Israel as his God and joined himself unto Israel.

The victories of the servants of God are always far reaching in their influences.

THE STORY.

"CALL Achier!" The command of Ozias sounded sharp and clear on the early morning air, and the scurrying feet told of the eager effort to obey.

The little group stood within the space about the great massive gates of the city which but a short time before had swung on their hinges and admitted Judith and her maid who five days before had gone forth taking their lives in their hands that they might serve the city they loved. And that their efforts had not been in vain was evident from the ghastly trophy which one of the group held in his hand.

"Hang it upon the wall," Judith had said as she had passed on and after the first thrill of excitement had subsided and the ruler and princes of the city had regained somewhat of their composure. Ozias had bethought himself of Achier, the Ammonite chief whom Holofernes had consigned to the city to await death when the city should be taken by his soldiers, and had commanded that he be brought.

"At last the hour has come," muttered Achier, as he followed the messengers back through the streets in the direction of the city's gate. "But, I, Achier, the Ammonite chief, will at least show them how a true soldier can die."

The light was just beginning to break in the east, and in the half darkness which still lingered Achier could not distinguish the faces of the group standing near the gate nor discern the central object of interest until he was fairly in their midst, and could have reached out and touched the arm which held the something before the eyes of the assembled group.

A cry, almost a shriek, broke from Achier's lips, as he cried: "Ye gods of the Assyrians, it is the head of Holofernes," and trembling like an aspen he fell upon his face to the ground.

Here was the head of the man he had feared above all others, the mighty Assyrian general, whom he had expected had come to demand his life. A mighty revulsion of feel-

ing swept over him. "How can it be?" he exclaimed, at last.

And when Judith had been summoned and she had related in his ear all that God had wrought through her he fell at her feet and revered her, saying:

"Blessed art thou in all the tabernacle of Judah, and in all nations, which hearing thy name shall be astonished."

And as soon as the morning arose they hanged the head of Holofernes upon the wall, and every man took his weapons and they went forth by bands unto the passes of the mountain which lead into the valley below towards the camp of the Assyrians.

But when the Assyrians saw them they raised a great shout, and sent to their captains and tribunes and to every one of their rulers. So they came to Holofernes' tent and cried to Bagoas, who had charge of all his things:

"Waken now our lord; for the dogs of the Hebrews have been bold to come down against us to battle. Let us at them that they may be utterly destroyed."

Then went Bagoas and knocked at the tent door of his master, but there came no response.

"He sleepeth, deeply," he said, and knocked harder, and yet harder, for he was loath to enter thinking that Judith was with him within the tent. But at last he made bold to enter and the ghastly sight which met his eyes caused him to utter a shriek which pierced to the limits of the officers' quarters and caused a great fear to come upon the hearts of the captains who waited without. Nay, the cry had scarce begun to die away when they rushed into the tent and saw their chief lying headless upon the floor.

Like mad Bagoas tore into the tent of Judith adjoining, followed by the terror-stricken captains. It was empty.

"These slaves of Hebrews have dealt treacherously," cried Bagoas, in fear and anger. "One woman of the Hebrews hath brought shame upon the house of King Nebuchadnezzar; for behold, Holofernes lieth upon the ground without a head."

And fear fell upon them all, so that there was no man that durst abide in the sight of his neighbor, but in panic-stricken fear each soldier in the camp fled into the plain and scattered every one his own way. Then sent Ozias the ruler of Bethulia in great haste to all the cities and country round telling of all the things which had come to pass and the Hebrews in all the coasts of Israel came forth, and with one consent they slew their enemies until they were passed Damascus and the borders thereof.

And the residue that dwelt at Bethulia fell upon the camp of Asur and spoiled it of all its treasure. And the children of Israel that returned from the slaughter, had that which remained, for there was abundance for all, for the spoil was very great.

Then Joachim the high priest and the ancients of the children of Israel that dwelt in Jerusalem, came forth to Bethulia to behold the good things that God had showed to Israel and to see Judith, whose fame had spread through all the country. And when they had come to her they blessed her with one accord and said unto her:

"Thou art the exalted of Jerusalem, thou art the great glory of Israel, thou art the great glory of our nation. Thou hast done all these things by thine hand. Thou hast done much good in Israel, and God is pleased with thee. Blessed be thou of the Almighty Lord for ever more."

And all the people shouted:

MAN IN GHOST ROLE APPEARS BEFORE ENGINE

APPROACHES LOCOMOTIVE AT NIGHT, FRIGHTENS CREW, THEN VANISHES IN DARKNESS.

New Haven, Conn.—Down in the local railroad yards they are talking about a most singular occurrence that took place near the Stony Creek station early one recent morning, and if the belief in ghosts was still in evidence, the witnesses of the affair would have reason to believe they saw one for sure. A freight train bound for this city was standing just east of the Stony Creek station at two o'clock in the morning waiting for a clear track to proceed. The engine was standing in the rocky cut east of the station, when all at once the fireman, looking ahead, saw a man entirely nude approaching on the track. The en-



The Strange Man Reached the Front of the Engine.

gineer was just a little frightened, although he did not believe in ghosts, and remarked to the fireman: "My goodness, what is that man?"

The man kept right on and the wonder of the fireman and engineer increased.

"Let on the steam and we'll scare him off," shouted the fireman. By this time the strange man, who was indeed a man of flesh and bones, and not a ghost, had reached the front of the engine and took hold of it as if to shake the big motor. Then it was, in response to the call of the fireman, that the escaping steam began to hiss and the man, evidently believing he had succeeded in starting the engine, ran down by the side of the machine and escaped down the track.

The unknown was watched until he had escaped in the darkness, and then the engineers talked over the most strange occurrence.

In trying to solve the mystery it is the supposition that the visitor was some demented man who had escaped from some house in the neighborhood, and, spying the engine, had the delusion that by giving the machine a good shake he could start the train on its course. But so far as can be learned, no man was missing in the vicinity of Stony Creek on the morning in question. It is said if the man was out in the cold very long he must have contracted his death illness.

Those who heard of the occurrence recollect that it was in the same rocky railroad cut, and a spot near where the engine stood, that the body of Charles W. Way, a Stony Creek station master, was found one morning some 12 or 15 years ago. If the trainmen had been at all superstitious they must have thought they had seen Way's ghost when they saw the strange man. For the murder of Way, Peter Coffey was convicted and sent to state prison, where he died.

While the engineers are assured they saw a real live man, the affair made quite an impression upon their minds, and whenever they take a train through the Stony Creek cut they will doubtless think.

BULL FIGHT IN A STREET.

Woman's Red Waist Starts Big Animal on Rampage and Several Are Hurt.

Jersey City, N. J.—This city was wildly excited over the running amuck of a splendid black bull which became maddened at the sight of a red shirt waist and spread terror before he was finally killed by the police.

The animal was being led to a slaughter house, when he espied the red shirt waist of a young woman, and immediately decided to investigate. Breaking from his keepers he charged on the offending garment. Fortunately for the young woman, the animal's horns were short and she was merely thrown across the sidewalk and bruised.

The bull did not stop to follow up this attack, but, continuing down the street, charged through a group of school children, three of whom were injured; bowled over a pair of laborers and smashed into a fish shop, demolishing the plate glass windows and overturning the counters.

Two miles from his starting place the infuriated bull finally turned upon a red patrol wagon full of policemen sent to head him off. The policemen hurriedly scrambled out of the wagon and shot at the animal from behind convenient trees and telegraph poles. Thirty shots were fired before the bull was killed.

When fortune smiles on a man he can afford to laugh and grow fat.

SIBERIAN TIGRESS ATTACKS ITS MATE

FEROCIOUS ANIMAL FIGHT IS NARROWLY AVERTED IN CINCINNATI ZOO.

PRINCESS BREAKS PARTITION

Helpers Hear Row and Finally Subdue Belligerent Brute—Other Beasts Add to Noise of Combat.

Cincinnati.—With a roar which shook the whole carnivora building at the zoo, an enraged Siberian tigress, resolved only a few days ago, sprang at a temporary steel partition separating her from a male Indian tiger, early Wednesday morning, and before George Freeze, a keeper, who was at the further end of the building, could get to the scene, "Princess," the Siberian, was in the next cage having the preliminaries of what came near to being one of the most ferocious animal fights of recent years.

Keeper Freeze's quick arrival, and prompt use of a sharp prod and a stream of cold water, was probably the only thing which prevented both tigers from being badly bitten.

"Princess" was imported with the idea of her becoming a mate for "Pasha." The new arrival is a glorious jungle-born animal, not yet used to civilized society. She is a three-year-old, and since her arrival has spent her time in spitting and growling at those who approach her cage. Monday, in the hope that she would become acquainted with her future mate, "Princess" was transferred to an adjoining cage, or rather into one-half of the cage, which had been divided by steel bars. At the lower corner, nearest the front grating, which is solid

and immovable, was a door. The whole framework of the temporary frame of steel bars was then covered with a fine meshed but strong wire netting, for the purpose of preventing either the tiger or tigress getting their paws into the other's compartment and doing damage before the reconciliation took place. The door was lashed with small ropes. That was the mistake. All day Monday "Princess" and "Pasha" sniffed at each other



She Caught "Pasha" with Her Right Paw.

through the netting. "Princess" constantly showing her teeth and laying back her ears. There was, however, no violence, and Mr. Stephan began to believe that the matchmaking was an easier job than he had anticipated.

Tuesday afternoon and evening "Princess" began to get restless, and took umbrage at the smallest thing.

Before the fight "Princess" had been making nervous trips up and down the wire netting, when she suddenly espied the wire gate. She dug her paws into it and it moved. "Pasha" darted to his side of the door with a loud snarl, which "Princess" evidently took as a challenge, for, with a tremendous roar, which started all the other animals into howling, she flung herself at the door. It burst open with a clang and hit "Pasha" in the face. Surprised, he retreated to the far corner, while "Princess," probably as much surprised as her tribesman, stopped and crouched. It was at this instant that Freeze heard the row and ran up with an iron rod. "Princess" was just in the act of leaping. She caught "Pasha" with her right paw, landing a tremendous blow. "Pasha" gathered himself unwillingly for defense, being relatively a well-behaved animal.

By the constant interference of Freeze and his iron rod, and the arrival of others with the hose resulted in the animals backing off a few feet from each other. There they crouched and roared at each other, occasionally raising their paws for a swishing blow, precisely like the manner of domestic cats. Once "Princess" leaped, but a scraper caught her squarely in the mouth. By means of the prods, scrapers and hose the animals were kept apart in a cage which is not more than 8 by 10 feet. Freeze says he never heard such roaring as filled the carnivora for a space of ten minutes, for the leopard, lions, jaguars, hyenas and other animals added their noise to that of the combatants.

THE BEES ARE SHORT LIVED.

The Life of This Industrious Little Worker is Placed at One Month.

The life of a working bee is but a month, so at the end of winter the old bees rapidly die from old age. Various means are used to secure a force of young bees, such as spreading and equalizing brood, etc. Judicious stimulative feeding is safer and more reliable than all the rest, says a writer in Farm and Home. With a young, vigorous queen, a colony reduced to a mere handful can usually by this method be built up in an amazingly short time.

Stirring up the bees during early spring is always a heavy drain upon their energies and to avoid doing so the feeding should be done at night. If the weather be chilly the feed should be given warm. Do not attempt to feed during the day. Once stimulative feeding is begun three must be no stops till the weather becomes warm and settled and honey is coming in regularly. Erratic feeding is decidedly unprofitable.

The Cause of Limberneck.

Limberneck with chickens is caused by the birds eating decaying flesh or filth containing maggots. The maggots lodge in the throats of the birds, causing paralysis of the muscles of the neck and consequent inability to swallow food. When affected, the chicken remains inactive in one place for days at a time, without control of its neck or head. Since there is no longer power to take food or drink, it gradually dies of starvation and perhaps slow poisoning. Very few that become afflicted ever recover.

Not much can be done with a chicken suffering with limberneck. Soft bread soaked with turpentine or kerosene is said to be effective in removing the cause, if the case is taken in time.

Old Folks' Livers

need an occasional stirring up to keep them from being constipated, bilious and generally run down. At the same time, the laxative must not be so violent as to shock the system and cause sinking and sickness.

Nature's Remedy
NR-TABLETS-NR

is the ideal treatment for old folks' livers—never fails to act, yet never shocks. A tonic as well as a laxative. Best for constipation, rheumatism, biliousness—any and all troubles of liver, stomach and bowels. Take an NR tablet tonight—you'll feel better in the morning.

Get a 25c Box

For Sale By Haynes & Taylor

A BRIEF STATEMENT

We can't say very much in this small space, but the main thing is
IF YOU WANT SURE-ENOUGH BARGAINS COME TO US.

Luster Coats \$2.00 and \$3.50
Blue Serge \$2.00 to \$5.00
Outing Suits \$4.25
Blue Serge \$10. worth \$15.00
We can't name them all, but we have them at reduced prices 'just the same' and in extra pants we take the lead and you will take the pants if you will come and see them and get the price.

Close-out lots of Lawns, Silk Mulls, Batistes, Chiffon Brilliants, Violet-tissue. Some of these you can get for less than cost.

New Summer Silks, 27 inches wide in Old Rose, Jasper, Mulberry, and Wisteria, Only 29c per yard.
ASK TO SEE THEM.

Hot Weather Shirts from 50c to \$2.50 and our 50c dress shirt will compare with other lines at 75c as to see them.
Get our Prices on Trunks and Suit Cases before buying.
You don't want a straw or Panama hat at all if you look at ours and don't buy.

What Time Will The Clock STOP.

- TAYLOR & CANNAN -

Neglected Opportunity has caused a great deal of worry.

We now give you the opportunity to buy good Lowcut Shoes for less than market price. Don't neglect it. In some lots the sizes are broken, the others must go.

What time will the clock stop
Come Thursday eve at 3 o'clock.

Call for ticket on each \$1.00 purchase or paid on account

PERSONALS

TEAMS WANTED—At once at the "Miller Mines" to haul ore to the Railroad.
J. M. PERSON.

Miss Althe Wilborn spent last week with Miss Lydia Kuykendall in Princeton.

Miss Amy Wathen, of Ford's Ferry, was the guest of relatives in this city last week.

Dr. and Mrs. L. E. Gilbert, of Lisman, were the guests of relatives the first of the week.

Mrs. T. J. Nunn, of Frankfort is visiting her children in this city.

Miss Lillian Orr left Friday for her home in Berry's Ferry.

Miss Sallie Mae Watson, of Paducah, is the guest of Miss Buelah Conyer.

Mr. and Mrs. John Stephenson, of Sturgis, spent Sunday with Mrs. W. T. Carlos.

Miss Lizzie James is the guest of Mrs. E. H. James in Kuttawa this week.

FOR SALE

At a Bargain—Great Opportunity—Two Bay Horses Well Matched.

Both broken to saddle and drive, both as team or single One Delker buggy with top and side curtains, three rubber lap robes, one dust cloth two buggy whips, one riding whip, one Whitman Saddle four saddle blankets, one set heavy double harness with breeching, one set light patent leather double harness, one set single harness, one pair shafts, one pole, three riding bridles, two heavy halters, four halter hitches, one ton of oats in bale, 1000 lbs. timothy, 12 bushels of corn, rock salt, etc.
All goes to first bidder for

\$350.00.

Call to see them,

CHESTER NORTON.

FOR SALE.—One extra quality rag carpet, 26 yards, new, red striped.
S. M. Jenkins.

Dr. E. B. Hardin, of Madisonville, was in the city Friday.

Mrs. Jesse Farris, of Salem, was in the city Friday enroute home from Louisville.

Miss Virginia Flanary, who has been the guest of her grand parents, Hon. and Mrs. T. J. Nunn, of Frankfort, returned home Friday.

Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Shrode, of Hopkinsville, were the guests of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Doss, the first of the week.

A. U. Davidson left Wednesday for Muskogee, Okla., where he expects to make his future home.

Miss Maude Threlkeld, of New Salem was the guest of Misses Ella and Alma Conyer, of this city, Saturday and Sunday.

Mrs. M. W. Utley, of Eddyville, was the guest of Miss Nelle Walker.

Eugene Joiner, of Russellville, is spending the week with Gray Rochester.

Byrd Guess is now in Pittsburg, Pa., and has employment there on the electric railway. His many friends will be pleased to hear of his success.

We have the turn down or Hy-lo globes for the sick room. A great convenience. Every home should have one for comfort of the invalid.
MARION ELECTRIC LIGHT & ICE CO.
(Incorporated.)

Miss Mollie Chambers, of Morganfield, is the guest of Mrs. W. N. Rochester at her suburban home.

Mr. and Mrs. Reuben Reasor, of Sturgis, were the guests of J. K. Smith and family this week.

Press Fritts, who has been in feeble health for several months, has been confined to his room for several days.

Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Thomason and baby girl, of Piney, were here Saturday on a shopping trip.

Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Crowell were the guests of relatives at Blackford Saturday and will remain several days.

WANTED:—A few calves, ready to wean.
S. M. Jenkins.

Miss Rubena Nimmo is improving slowly after a two months' siege of typhoid fever.

H. F. Morris, the old reliable groceryman, is ill at home and his family fear he is taking slow fever.

FOR SALE.—Registered South Down Rams. I have two dozen No. 1, South Down Bucks registered stock for sale and two years old, will have ewes later.
A. DEAN,
R. F. D. No. 4, Marion, Ky.

Mrs. Belle Heugely, of Indianapolis, Ind., arrived last week for a sojourn of several days with her sister, Mrs. A. V. McFee, on Depot street. She will also visit J. E. Dean and family in the northern part of the county before returning home.

Paul Gossage, who is ill of fever, is not up yet but is much improved.

Attorney R. L. Moore went to Dixon Tuesday on legal business.

Misses Rose and Fay Lamb, of Clay, were the guests Mr. and Mrs. W. N. Rochester and daughters last week.

Mrs. Sallie Millican, of St. Louis, is visiting the family of Dave Gilliland this week.

The Recital will be at 8 p. m., July 13th, 1907. Children, 15 cts., Adults, 25 cents.

W. N. Russell is still confined to his room but is getting along nicely as well as possible under the circumstances.

Mr. and Mrs. T. C. Jameson have moved from Ola, Ark., to Booneville, Ky., where they formerly lived.

Miss Elizabeth Cook is much better and is not thought to have typhoid fever.

Miss Katie Yates, who has been quite ill with typhoid fever, is not improving as her family and friends would like to see.

Mrs. Roy Gilbert is sick with malarial fever but is thought to be better today.

Dr. F. W. Nunn purchased of Yates Bros. this week a beautiful Kahler & Campbell piano.

Mrs. Eugene Sights, of Alliance, Neb., was the guest of her brother, Dr. F. W. Nunn, and family last week.

Miss Pearl Harris, formerly of Corydon, was the guest of her sister, Mrs. F. W. Nunn this week. She will leave soon for the foreign mission field.

Mrs. G. W. Stone has returned from Missouri, where she accompanied her father, Rev. W. T. Ried, on a visit to her sisters. Rev. Reed remained for an indefinite stay.

R. F. Crofton, wife and daughter, of Henderson, visited Rev. M. E. Miller and family Sunday. They returned home Tuesday. Mr. Crofton is the banker at his home town.

The air-dome Moving Picture and Illustrated Songs, W. C. Rymer, proprietor, opens to night on the Carnahan corner in an air-dome. Those who have seen them say they are the best ever shown here.

Mr. W. C. Rymer, formerly owner of the "Wonderland Theatre" at Washington Court House, Ohio, is here with his air-dome and moving pictures. Don't fail to see them.

FOR SALE: My house in Marion is for sale cheap. See Koltinsky at Marion, or write to G. W. Noggle, No. 1 Emmitt street Evansville, Ind.

Little Miss Orene Champion, who is recovering from attack of typhoid fever, is able to be up, and if no relapse comes, she will soon be out and well.

The many friends and elsewhere, of Miss Nellie Love, will regret to know that her health is unimproved. Her parents, Rev. and Mrs. R. C. Love, still hope she may yet recuperate.

J. T. Hardin, of Wheatcroft, was here Thursday and Friday on a visit to his many friends. He also went to Hampton to spend a few days.

Jeff D. Asher, of the Marion Milling Company, was in Sturgis on business last week.

Miss Mabel Minner, of south Main street, was the guest of Mrs. Florence Mae Hurst at Sturgis last week.

Miss Vinson, of Texas, the aged aunt of Mrs. Missouri Stegar, and who has been the guest of relatives here this summer, went to Fredonia Thursday afternoon to visit kindred in that community.—Princeton Leader.

Misses Maude and Bernice Driskill, the handsome daughters of Dr. A. J. Driskill, are visiting relatives here this week. They came over last Friday. Messrs. David and Arnold Driskill, their brothers, came with them and also spending the time with friends and relatives.—Livingston Banner.

Little Misses Graham and Catherine Woods arrived Wednesday from their home in Arkansas to visit their grand parents, Mr. and Mrs. D. Woods on College street.

Virgil and Orlin Moore, sons of Hon. and Mrs. A. C. Moore, are confined at home the former threatened and the latter with a well developed case of typhoid fever.

Miss Pauline Moore, of Charleston, Mo., left for Union City, Tenn., to visit relatives after a pleasant visit of two weeks to her aunt, Mrs. E. J. Hayward.

Attorney A. L. Berry came over Saturday to visit Mr. and Mrs. W. N. Rochester. His wife and daughters, who had been Mrs. Rochester's guests for a week, returned home with him Sunday afternoon.

Mrs. Meriweather E. Bacon, of Hopkinsville, was here Sunday the guest of her parents, Judge and Mrs. James A. Moore.

Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Summerville and children, Miss Mildred and Master Eugene, of Mattoon, were here Saturday and Sunday the guests of Mrs. Summerville's parents, Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Doss, on Depot street.

Miss Nellie Olive who is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Ed Olive and of her many friends at Eddyville, will remain several days yet as she is enjoying her stay very much.

Miss Grace Taylor, the attractive young lady of Levia's, passed through the city Sunday morning enroute to Corydon, where she will be the guest of Mr. and Mrs. T. J. Davidson.

Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Boaz and son, Ellis, visited her parents in Illinois this week. They made the trip over land in their own conveyance. They have an excellent driving horse.

Mrs. Wm. Woodridge and little daughter, Effie, passed through the city Sunday enroute to Sturgis, where her sister-in-law was reported as critically ill.

Robert Wilborn, who has been working in the job office of J. C. Bourland, went to Clay Tuesday to take a position on the Webster County Times.

Miss Mary Finley who graduated with honors from the Marion Graded and High schools, took the teachers' examination, May 21st, and was awarded 94 and again June 18th, and reached 94 and was given a first class certificate. We think considering her youth that her attainments as stated above has never been surpassed in the county.

LOST:—On the Marion and Ford's Ferry road, a pair of gold rim spectacles, in case. Finder please leave them with S. M. Jenkins and receive reward.
J. C. HARDIN.

Miss Mary Joiner, of Franklin, is the guest of Miss Nannie Rochester on Morganfield street, and of other friends in the city.

Rev. James F. Price had fine services at Water Valley last Sunday, morning and evening. He goes to Tenn., this week to hold a series of missionary rallies at Oak Grove, Boiling Springs and Mt. Moriah.

Holles Franklin, of Hebron, was before the teacher's examination committee, June 18th, and reached an average of 92½ and was given a first class certificate. Pretty good for a boy, don't you think? It hasn't been many moons since Holles was in knee trousers.

Maury Nunn of Evansville, is the guest of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. R. I. Nunn.

All parties are warned to keep out of my tobacco and hay barns and stock pond in Terry Bros' corn field. This land is posted. Parties riding horses through corn fields, cutting wire fences, threshing fruit trees and leaving gates open are known to me and will positively be reported to the grand jury.—S. M. Jenkins.

A real sensation was created on Main Street Wednesday morning when Dr. G. W. Stone, H. V. Stone and Ab M. Henry were seen sprinting around the court square like three two-year-olds. The writer did not see the close of the race, but Dr. Stone claimed he was sitting down in his office and waiting for a customer before either of the others passed under the line. He says some time when he is not too busy he will teach those boys how to run.

The appearance of the Central Comedy Company at the Opera House will mark an advance in respect to the qualities of shows heretofore given in town. The comedy "Browns in Town" in a famous production and has met with unlimited success in New York and other metropolitan cities, where the same was presented by the celebrities of the stage. The company is composed solely of college men who recently graduated from Central University, Danville, Ky., and are young gentlemen of merit. Part of the young men assume the roll of females and their adoption of the skirts speaks of fun and amusing scenes which follow. The play is chuck full of laughter, and the audience in continuous uproar of laughter, in fact there is a great deal of class to their production.

In honor of Prof. Herbert Rogers' tenth birthday his grandmother, Mrs. Nannie Cochran, entertained her Sunday school class Thursday evening at the Cochran home on Salem street. Those present were Misses Mary Joiner, of Franklin; Nannie Rochester, Addie Maynard, Maude Flanary, Frances Blue, Susie Boston, Mary Coffield

and Messrs Joiner, Franklin; Gray Rochester, Douglas Clement, Robert Jenkins Raymond Olive, Roy Travis and Herman Rodgers, Evansville. The leading attraction for the entire crowd was "Thomas Jr.," who is the pet and favorite of every one. Refreshments were served, ice cream, sherbet, cake, etc. The cutting of the birthday cake revealed one thing heretofore unknown as no button or darning needle was found. There will be no old maids or bachelors in the party. Douglas Clement cut the money and Eugene Joiner the ring.

Mrs. J. S. Russell and son William have returned home after a visit to Mr. and Mrs. T. C. Stone.

MRS. HARRIS DEAD

Mrs. Julia Harris, the venerable mother of Mrs. S. T. Dupuy, died Tuesday at noon, after many weary months of suffering. Mrs. Harris has been an invalid much of her life but an uncompromising one who bore her affliction with a christian fortitude seldom equaled. Had she lived till July 8th, she would have passed into her 80th year, she having been born July 9th, 1830.

He remains were taken to Brunswick, Mo., by Mr. and Mrs. Dupuy, who left on the eight o'clock train Wednesday morning.

The interment will be Thursday morning.
Mrs. Harris's maiden name was Miss Julia Staples, a Virginian by birth, having been born at Lynchburg, Va., but removed to Mo., where her husband died in 1881. Her remains will be placed beside those of her husband.

Mrs. Harris is survived by two children, Mrs. H. R. Butler, of Ada, O., and Mrs. S. T. Dupuy, of this city, and by one sister, Mrs. Emma Rodd, of Macon City, Mo.
She was a member of the Christian church for many years and her life was an exemplary life and one any young person should emulate.

She was a body of rare culture, education and refinement and drew to herself a circle of friends who will remember always her gracious manner and sweetness of temper.

THE AIR-DOME MAN.

Mr. W. C. Rymer, of Toledo, O., comes well recommended as a good, honest, respectable and capable business man, able to give the people a good show for their money. He formerly operated a show at Lima, Washington Court House and Lancaster, Ohio, and at each place gave a good show and pleased his patrons, as shown by his credentials. Marion people should patronize the air-dome, if as good as reported and thus encourage Mr. Rymer and his family to locate and give a permanent amusement. The films he uses are of the highest class and will please even the most fastidious.

THE LAST VOYAGE OF THE DONNA ISABEL

BY RANDALL PARRISH
ILLUSTRATIONS BY DEARBORN MELVILL

CHAPTER XXIX.

In Which We Fight Death.

I remember distinctly enough the first six days of that boat voyage; it seems as if every detail was burned upon my brain with fire. I see the faces of the men constantly becoming more haggard and hopeless as they stared, dull-eyed and aimlessly, out over the endless waste of water to the dun sky. We were so tired of it; it had grown so hateful in its pitiless vacancy, its dull, dreary void. It seemed to me that with every recurring dawn those within the boat appeared older, grayer, more deeply lined; their exposed flesh caked more heavily with the salt spray; their limbs cramped from confinement and cold; their eyes lusterless and heavy with despair. They conversed with

some effort at cheerfulness at first, figuring on the speed with which we sailed, dividing up the treasure, counting the good pieces, and speculating upon their probable value. But depression followed swiftly as day merged into day, with only that same desert of tumbling waters stretching about us, that same wild sky overhead. Finally the growing voices ceased entirely, the fellows becoming moody and sullen, scarcely answering even when addressed.

If anything the women managed to bear up better than the men, but whether this was because of their dispositions, or failure to comprehend fully the desperation of our situation, I am unable to say. Yet outwardly they seemed to retain courage longer. However, their eyes told me plainly enough how heavily the hours rested upon them. I saw comparatively little of Celeste, as she chose a position near the foot of the mast, and remained there much of the time, wrapped warmly in blankets, ministered to by De Nova, who sat beside



She Still Sat at My Knee, Yielding Me New Courage.

her. But Doris remained aff with me, resting when I was off duty, but sitting wide awake, her head touching my knee whenever it was my trick at the tiller. It seems a strange thing to say, yet I believe it was the very certainty of death which kept her strong, self-reliant, almost happy. Not for one instant did she consider our final rescue as possible. She lived in her love for me, utterly insensible to the drear surroundings, and merely anxious to prolong our life together. It was a revelation to me of a woman's heart, a woman's constancy. May I never forget the clasp of her hand, the tender loveliness in her gray eyes, the words of faith and hope on her lips, as we sat thus through those long hours battling against the sea, the motionless forms of the blanketed sleepers alone evidencing other human life within the boat. It was her presence, her love, her inspiration, which stiffened me to the continued performance of a labor growing harder with each day.

It became easy to see what this meant to us all. It was neither hunger nor thirst, although I felt it safer to not all upon short rations from the beginning, but rather the awful, continuous strain of hopeless loneliness in that vast desert of ocean. The contemplation of it maddened us one moment into frenzy, and depressed us the next into profound melancholy. We could not shake it off; awake or in dreams it held us to slavery. Everywhere, everywhere the same eternal swell of the seas, the same eternity of clouded sky, the same dull, dead monotony of scene and motion, hour after hour, day after night. It drove us mad, crushing down upon the brain as though it was a real weight, merciless, agonizing. The air remained frosty, the southwest wind chilling, the spray which slapped into our faces icy cold. Our fingers stiffened with cold. Our bodies shrank from the chill; beneath the warmth of the blankets could we find comparative comfort. Hour after hour the men

lay, curled up and motionless, only crawling forth reluctantly to take their turn on watch. Our greatest effort was to keep the straining cordage free from ice, and to prevent its formation along the gunwale or at the bows, over which spray dashed in constant shower.

Good God, how those hours dragged, with the same heartless scene without, the same hopeless faces within! Most of us continued to live merely because we could not die. Indifference took the place of hope, and we performed our simple tasks automatically, almost unconsciously. Johnson, De Nova and I took our tricks at the helm, with one man always awake forward to manage the running gear, and only once during those first six days were we compelled to lower our sail or take a reef in the jib.

Then a fierce squall came tearing down upon us from out the northwest, a swift, sharp blow, heralded by a blinding snow flurry which kicked up an ugly sea, lashing us with heavier stinging spray, and coating everything with ice. For seven hours we fought in a blinding smother, every man awake, crouching beneath blankets, the women stowed away under the thwart, and De Nova and I at the tiller, the huge surges pounding against our backs, as we thus kept them from sweeping the laboring boat fore and aft, and swamping her. I never believed we could weather it, the increasing waves tossing us about like a cork, yet, as the dawn broke, we succeeded in breaching to, with canvas drag holding her, and the very moment I realized she would ride safely I fell forward dead asleep. Either Doris or one of the men covered me with blankets, my icy clothing drying on my body. But it was Doris who welcomed me back to life again, as a little glimpse of westerling sun grew barely visible through a rift in the dark clouds, with the mainsail again spread, and the longboat leaping to the foaming summits. Oh, but it was worth all suffering just to read the confession of her eyes, and to feel her bend down over me in sudden tenderness! I am not ashamed that the tears dimmed my eyes so I could scarcely see her dear face or that my voice choked so I could do no more than whisper her name. She must have understood, for her soft hands touched my cheek, and so we rested for a long time, scarcely exchanging a word between us.

It was later that same day, just at the edge of twilight, when Kelly called, "A sail!" pointing eagerly out over the port quarter. Then, some upon knees, some standing, we all saw it, a misty, white reflection, showing vague against the darkening horizon. I knew not what it really was—a gleam of canvas, a speck of cloud, or the pinnacle of an iceberg—but as we swept toward it, the night dropped down over the waters blotting the last faint vestige from view. Yet we hung on desperately, the men staring out into the black void, grumbling and cursing, until the long night wore away with no reward.

That was about the last I recall clearly; afterwards all grew indistinct, commingled, confused. It was like a dream rather than reality. I performed my work as before, the instincts of a seaman leading me rightly, and out of the mist numerous incidents arise to memory proving that I observed and thought. Never can I forget the sight of that rammed boat, tossing about on the crests of great seas, or plunging down into the black hollows; the green water pouring in cataracts over the gunwale; the constant bailing; the wet, soggy blankets; the moaning of wind through the icy cordage; the flapping of the sail; the gray masses of water curling over us; the continuous threatening; the awful expanse of ocean revealed by daylight; the black loneliness through which we swept at night. We ceased to talk, to think, even growing more and more sullen, moody, dull-eyed, cramped of limb and benumbed of brain. We sat silently staring into the void, forever beholding the images of altered minds, alien world spring to their feet, yelling out some discovery, only to sink back again, with ghastly faces buried in their hands. It was all illusion; the waves, the clouds mocking us, even our voices sounding unnatural, our faces growing unfamiliar.

Only Doris; Doris did not change—not, at least, to my eyes. Ay, she became whiter, weaker, the shadows growing darker beneath her eyes, yet she still sat at my knee, looking up into my face, yielding me new courage out of her heart of hearts. God knows I believe she saved me, saved me from going mad, saved me with the power of her love—held me sane, held me steadfast, when the very soul in me had given way. I think of those other faces now with a shudder. It seems as if all that was human had gone out of us; we were no longer men, only things. We crawled about, we growled rather than used articulate speech, bruised by the constant

buffeting of the sea, sore with the smart of salt water, chilled through



We Were No Longer Men, Only Things.

by the icy wind, we snarled like wild beasts, our eyes bloodshot, our faces haggard and unclean.

I know not how long it endured. I lost all track of day and night. I merely remember this and that out of the mist, Doris' gray eyes ever upon me, her hand clasping mine; Celeste lying motionless day after day under the blankets; De Nova rocking back and forth, striving to sing, or creeping aft to the tiller, with his body shaking as though he had a palsy; Johnson, never moving, his head sunk into his chest, his gaze out over the bows; McKnight curled up as a dog lies, sometimes cursing fiercely, only to break off and cry like a child. I remember when the boom swung about, pitching Sanchez headlong and breaking his leg; how we pulled it back into position with a sickening snap, binding it there firmly, while heads of perspiration told the Chilean's pain. I recall that other day when Dade suddenly stood up, his eyes staring dully out into the fog-bank which wrapped us about, extended his hands, smiling, and said: "Sure, I'm comin', of pa!" and stepped overboard. We grabbed for him, but he went down and never came up again. McKnight was the first to speak.

"He had his pockets full o' gold. I saw him takin' it last night."

There was a fierce storm of oaths, the faces of the men wolfish and savage as they glared down into the water; but Kelly fell on his knees and began to pray.

It almost seems to me that this was the last, though it could not have been. There were hours after that, perhaps even days and nights, when I lived without really knowing that I lived. It was a period of fancies, phantasms, dreams, weird and fantastic, haunting horrors that left all reality blank. I know that Johnson helped me at the tiller while De Nova lay prone in the bottom of the boat, sometimes talking to himself, occasionally lifting his head to peer over the side. What he said had no meaning, just a jumble of French words, and he smiled like that dead Spaniard in the cabin of the Donna Isabel. I know that Sanchez, who had bravely done all he could in spite of his broken leg, fell into the delirium of fever, screamed for hours that he was dying, and had at last to be bound fast in his blankets. I know Kelly came creeping aft with a knife in his hand, imagining he had been robbed, and I had to knock him flat with the tiller-bar, the boat falling into the trough of the sea and nearly capsizing before I could get her head about again. Doris was bending over Sanchez, who seemed to have an interval of sanity at the moment—that was the last I remember; then, I think, I pitched over against Doris when she came back to me, and everything went dark.

CHAPTER XXX.

In Which We Come to the End.

I was lying between white sheets in a rather wide berth when I came again to consciousness, a yellow glow of sunlight streaming in through an open port, and the clanking sound of machinery in my ears. I closed my eyes again, wearily, my head reeling yet from the delusions of the past. No, this was real—a steamer, rising and falling on the swell, but pushing steadily forward to the rapid revolutions of the screw. I could hear the tramping of feet on deck, even the splash of the sea without. I opened my eyes again, watching a curtain wave to the fresh air rushing in through the port, and then I turned my head on the pillow. Doris sat on a low stool gazing out through the aperture on the sea, her face partially turned away. She looked pale, careworn, her eyes heavy and sad. Suddenly she turned her glance in my direction, and sprang up with a glad cry.

"Oh, Jack, you have been lying there so long unconscious!"

I could only clasp her hands and gaze into the depths of her gray eyes. "I have proved rather a poor specimen of a man, I fear, dear," I confessed at last, ashamed of my weakness. "How long?"

"It is three days since we were brought on board, and we were a day and night in the boat after you lost consciousness."

I endeavored to think it out, to comprehend. She leaned farther over, her lips touching my cheek.

"Don't worry about it, Jack; everything is all right now. Johnson took your place at the tiller, and—and we were picked up."

"What vessel is this?"

"The El Cid, Valparaiso to Buenos Ayres—a coast-trader."

"And the others? Do they live?"

"All but Sanchez; he died the night after our rescue. Kelly is half crazed yet, but they think he will get over it. De Nova was very badly frozen, but Celeste was out on deck yesterday."

I lay there looking at her, striving valiantly to put all these horrors away, and to face the present and the future. My handclasp tightened, for I could no longer keep back the one question which trembled on my lips.

"But you, Doris, you! Do you still mean what you said yonder? Are we only saved to lose each other? Have you heard? Do you know anything of him?"

The red blood flooded the pale cheeks, the long lashes veiling the gray eyes.

"Oh, not now; don't speak of that now."

"But I must, I cannot wait in suspense," I insisted, lifting myself on the pillow. "You have heard—tell me."

"I—I have been a coward," she faltered. "I—I have not asked; I have not even told my name to those on board. I was afraid the knowledge might place all under arrest; besides—I wanted to nurse you."

I looked at her, my heart failing, my voice trembling as I spoke.

"But—but are you going to—England?"

"Yes."

"When?"

There was a long pause, in which I heard her rapid breathing.

"They—they tell me I can get passage on an English vessel, the Albatross, within a few days after we reach Buenos Ayres."

Her hand tightened on mine, and she dropped to her knees, her face buried in the coverlet.

I fought the devil in me like a man, my hands clenched, my teeth set fiercely, but it was a while before I could control my voice sufficiently to reply. She did not lift her head, and as I continued to gaze at her my heart throbbled with a love which became sacrifice.

"Doris," I managed to whisper at last, "whatever you believe to be right I will think right also. Only let me be alone for a little while—just a little while, until I can fight this out and conquer."

She lifted her head, her hand on my hair, her gray eyes looking frankly into mine.

"I—I thank you, Jack," she smiled tremblingly. The next moment I was alone.

While I was sitting up and partially dressed that evening, Marsden, my old mate, came in and told me briefly the story of our rescue.

"We were considerably to the west of our course," he said, gravely, "because we had met headwinds and a heavy sea all the way down the coast. It was just at daybreak when we sighted your boat in longitude 78 degrees west and latitude 53 degrees 17 minutes south. I've been knocking about at sea for 29 years, Mr. Stephens, but I never saw a more pitiful sight than that longboat presented when we got up alongside. The jib held, but the mainsail was in tatters and for a minute or two I didn't think there was a living soul aboard. There was a man forward lashed down with ropes, dead; a man and a woman were wrapped up in blankets and shivering against each other, their eyes closed. Close up to the stern another woman was lying with her arms about your neck and hiding her face."

"Doris, with her arms about me!" I thought. How well I knew the desperation that could lead her to the embrace she had ever refused me! Marsden went on:

"A big fellow held to the tiller as the boat froze there, but he'd dropped down until his head hung dangling as the boat rocked. There wasn't one of them took any notice of us until we were fairly alongside. Then this big sailor lifted his head and stared dazedly like he thought he saw a vision, and when I spoke to him the woman that had her arms about you staggered to her knees and began to cry. Good Lord, sir, but it made my heart ache, and I never saw so much misery in any human face before. Well, we fell to, and got you all on the El Cid, hoisted the whole outfit over the rail and, barring the dead man, I reckon you're all good for a spell of life yet."

"They told you our story?"

"Yes—most of it, anyway; and I understand all right what it was did you up so. It wasn't hunger or cold, but just the loneliness an' strain."

I looked away from him, out through the open port at the gray drifts of sea.

"That was it, Mr. Marsden," I said, my voice shaking to the memory of it. "It was the hell of the great ocean—it broke our hearts."

As the El Cid sped on her way up the Patagonian coast my strength came rapidly back, and I soon found my way on deck, where, wrapped against the chill of the wind, I passed much time talking with Doris, seeing De Nova and Kelly now and then. Celeste was often with us, her eyes roguish as ever, but her face thin and white. Once, when we chanced to be left alone together, I undertook to question the girl.

"What is the matter between you and De Nova, Celeste? Have you two fallen out?"

She tossed her head, flashing her eyes at me.

"I not know we ever fall in," she said, pouting prettily. "He ver' nice for a sailor, but w'y do I want a sailor? I want ze sea no more ever."

"Yes, but De Nova can quit the sea."

"Noñ, non!" She cried, shaking her head roguishly. "I have a very good time wif Mons. De Nova! he talk nice, he make love nice—but it is all over now."

"You mean you are going back to Europe?"

She shrugged her shoulders, her teeth gleaming.

"Out, monsieur; I go wif madam to London, to Paree; zere I have plaisir."

"But De Nova? How does he take it?"

"Pah! he get over it; I know ze sailor. See, monsieur; w'at I tell you?"

I glanced aft in the direction she pointed. Within the companion stood the debonaire mate, his little black mustaches curled jauntily upward, his teeth merrily glistening, as he smiled down upon a rosy-cheeked damsel, whom I recognized as the stewardess. My companion patted her little foot on the deck.

"Pah! did I not tell you, monsieur? I know ze sailor."

She swept away with the swift movement of a bird, and I turned my face about to perceive Marsden standing silently beside me. He drew up a deck chair, and sat down at my side. His grave face and manner led me to speak first.

"I have been wondering," I said, slowly, "whether you intend to report us as soon as you make land. No doubt you heard the story of the Sea Queen at Valparaiso, and have already guessed us to be the survivors of the crew of that yacht."

"Why, yes," stroking his beard; "we have no doubt as to that. We know little of the affair of the Sea Queen beyond what your man Kelly has told us, as we were up the north coast at the time. However, I do not think there will be anything gained by reporting your rescue immediately, for no one can care particularly about your arrest except possibly a British officer or such. The Chileans are still busy with their war, and the man who owned the yacht being dead—"

"You—you—mean Lord Darlington?"

"Yes; that is what I came here to tell you about. I have been waiting until you were strong enough to hear the story. I thought you were the one who ought to tell her." He paused doubtfully. "I understand she is Lady Darlington?"

"Yes," I answered, my voice trembling in my eagerness to comprehend fully. "But are you sure her husband is dead?"

"Regarding that fact there is no possible doubt, Mr. Stephens. We were in port at Valparaiso barely three hours, but long enough to hear a brief account of the affair. It seems Lord Darlington had a son, a Chilean naval officer. His office being on duty in the grounds of the president the night of the declaration of war, the two met again and renewed their quarrel. The officer was drunk and abusive, and his lordship drew a revolver. They were separated at that time by the guard, but an hour later the Englishman was found beside the fountain of the inner court dead from a knife-thrust in his back. His murderer disappeared instantly and most mysteriously."

"My God!" I exclaimed, dazed with the information. "It must have been Sanchez!"

"It must have been Sanchez," Marsden repeated, soberly. "He was fleeing from the crime when he ran into your party. It was his own haunting conscience that put the idea of the ghosts Kelly tells about into his head. You will tell her the story?"

"Yes," I said, not venturing to look into his face, realizing that he understood.

I sat there, it seemed for hours, endeavoring to muster up courage for my task as I watched, far in the distance, the darkening outlines of Cape Flores. At last I went slowly down the companionway into the cabin.

"But Now We Both Know."

Slowly and falteringly at first, but gaining control of my voice as I proceeded, I told her all, marking the pallor of her cheek, the horror in her eyes. For another age I sat silent, gazing across the deserted cabin out through an open port, afraid to disturb the motionless woman beside me. Finally my fingers, almost unconsciously, crept across the rail of the settee until they touched her own.

"Doris," I whispered, pleadingly, confused by her silence, "is it possible that you already knew this?"

She did not raise her bowed head but I felt the soft pressure of her hand.

"Yes, Jack, I—I knew," she acknowledged, doubtfully. "Sanchez told me in the boat when he told himself to be dying. It was then came back and took you in my arms. But I couldn't tell you—I couldn't

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tell you. I felt that if we were saved you must learn it from other lips than mine."

"But now we both know."

She lifted her eyes suddenly, eyes misty with tears, and I realized the truth forever.

THE END.

Loaning Books.

You have in your library a set of books that you very much prize. The set is incomplete because a year ago a neighbor who has since removed to another city, borrowed two volumes and did not return them. Your first mistake was in loaning the books; your next, in not reclaiming after the lapse of two or three months. I would rather loan a complete set from my library than to break it by the loan of a single volume. One may always give a friend permission to come and read such a book in the room where it belongs. When anyone borrows a book and retains it indefinitely, a note should be sent, politely begging for its return. People do not borrow your clothing, jewelry or bric-a-brac, but, strangely enough, many persons display no reluctance in asking the loan of a book. You, of course, have your own exceptions; there are dear friends to whom books are precious, who know how to care for them and with whom it is a pleasure to exchange them at discretion.—Woman's Home Companion.

More Than He Could Say.

A native-born American member of a party of four business men who often lunched together took great delight in joking the others on their foreign birth.

"It's all very well for you fellows to talk about what we need in this country," he said, "but when you come to think of it, you're really only intruders. Not one of you was born here. You're welcome to this country, of course, but you really oughtn't to forget what you owe us natives who open our doors to you."

"Maybe," said an Irishman in the party, thoughtfully. "Maybe. But there's one thing you seem to forget: I came into this country with me fare paid as me clothes on me back. Can you say the same?"—Everybody's Magazine.

An Exception.

"Thus culinary religion states that all good cooks peel their onions under water," remarked the boarder who is always reading odd items.

"That's nothing unusual," laughed the comedian boarder. "I know a cook who peels his vegetables under water."

"Ridiculous!"

"Not at all. He is cook on a submarine boat."

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of J. C. Fitch

PROGRAM

Of Crittenden Co., Union of F. E. and C. U. of A., To be Held at Marion, July Eighth and Ninth.

Shall the farmers be organized?—R. L. Barnett, Clem Nunn and A. L. Brown.

Ten reasons why the Farmers' Union is the best farmer's organization.—Rout Johnson, J. P. Pierce and others.

Should all farmers pool their farm products?—Frank Wolf, Marshal Nunn and John Moore.

Should the farmers have a stockyard in Marion?—L. C. Moore, Richard Cruce and George Foster.

Shall we have better roads in Crittenden county?—Albie Moore, F. C. Stephens, Ed Cook and others.

Should the farmers grow everything needed?—J. B. Esley, J. N. Towery, R. H. Moore and others.

Should we reclaim the lands of Crittenden county?—J. P. Pierce, John Blue, Ed Flannery and others.

Should the country boys attend Marion High School?—Marion Pogue, Chas. Thomas, Mrs. Kittle Perry and others.

Should the Farmers' Union patronize business firms, enterprises or institutions that are not friendly toward them?—John Dean, Ben Rankin, Jesse Olive and Ed Hayward.

Should we cultivate a friendly relation between the town and country people?—E. J. Travis, Huston Orme and Aaron Towery.

Is the success of the farmer the business men's success?—T. H. Cochran, Chas. Fox, Dr. I. H. Clement and others.

Sees Mother Grow Young.

"It would be hard to overstate the wonderful change in my mother since she began to use Electric Bitters," writes Mrs. W. L. Gilpatrick, of Danforth, Me. "Although past 70 she seems really to be growing young again. She suffered untold misery from dyspepsia for 20 years. At last she could neither eat, drink nor sleep. Doctors gave her up and all remedies failed till Electric Bitters worked such wonders for her health." They invigorate all vital organs, cure Liver and Kidney troubles, induce sleep, impart strength and appetite. Only 50 cents at Haynes & Taylor and Jas. H. Orme's drug stores.

UNBELIEVERS MUST BELIEVE

By REV. A. C. DIXON, D. D.,
Pastor of the Chicago Ave. (Moody's)
Church, Chicago.



The Atheistic unbeliever must believe there may be design without a designer, law without a lawgiver, cause without a cause. The Bible in calling him a fool draws his picture accurately, for he must violate the laws of his mind in order to say that there is no God. Savages in their rudest state do not say so.

They infer a great cause from the great results that they see about them. Their conceptions of God are crude and false, but they are not fools. These sons of nature allow their reason to work, and though their minds are full of superstitious fears caused by ignorance, they see a God behind the material universe as plainly as they see the sun in the heavens. It remains for the modern atheist, be he scientist or philosopher, to turn himself into an intellectual fool by predicating of dead matter only what can be predicated of intelligent mind.

The agnostic unbeliever must believe a theory against facts which have been proved by competent witnesses. His theory is that no one can know God. The facts are that Sir Isaac Newton, the mathematician, said, "I know God." Agassiz, the scientist, said, "I know God." Kepler, the astronomer, after the discovery of his great law, fell upon his knees and exclaimed: "O God, I think thy thoughts after thee." Havelock, the soldier, said, "I know God," and prayed to him daily. Gladstone, the statesman, said, "I know God." Abraham Lincoln, the liberator, said, "I know God," and spent whole nights in prayer to him. Thousands of lawyers, merchants, judges and physicians have declared that they know God. Agnosticism must believe that these competent, trustworthy witnesses are deceivers or deceived.

Agnosticism evidently believes that ignorance has a right to speak and instruct knowledge. When a man confesses that he knows nothing, and can know nothing on any subject, it becomes him to keep quiet on that subject, but agnosticism writes books and magazine articles, parading its ignorance with intellectual pride. It has established a sort of science of ignorance, and formed a blind man's club for the propagation of blindness.

Now, God has given us a text book called the Bible, in which he has revealed himself so clearly that all who will may know him. When the agnostic says, "I don't know," he simply proclaims the fact that he prefers darkness to light; he turns away from the sun that he may grope in the dark cave of his own prejudice and ignorance. If he has looked through his telescope at the stars and through his microscope at the flowers without seeing God, he has simply established the presumption that God will reveal himself in some other way. When he opens the Bible the first words he reads are: "In the beginning God." He ought now to be glad that God has revealed himself in a book, but he is not glad, for his pet theory has been destroyed.

The anti-Bible unbeliever shows a credulity that is truly marvelous. He must admit that the Bible claims to be inspired. "God said," "Thus saith the Lord," rings through its pages. He must admit also that the book was written by bad men or by good men. If good men wrote it, it is, of course, inspired, for good men would not deceive us by making a false claim, and they could hardly have been deceived. If the unbeliever asserts that bad men wrote it, then he must believe that the book which has produced the highest civilization on earth, and has developed the noblest characters in the world, was written by liars, who, at the same time, denounced themselves unmercifully for their deception.

But, says the rationalistic unbeliever, God has given to man a reason as guide. Yes, but does reason guide man aright? Look at those monstrous idols in pagan countries. Are they images of the true God to whom men without the Bible have been led by their reason? Are they not, on the other hand, reflections of the depravity of human nature into which man has sunk by the aid of his reason, which fell with his other faculties when he sinned?

The anti-Christ unbeliever who rejects the deity of Jesus must believe, if he accepts the Bible, that he claimed to be divine, for he said: "Before Abraham was I am." "He that hath seen me hath seen the Father," and "O Father, glorify thou me with the glory which I had with thee before the world was." Now, all such unbelievers admit that Jesus was a good man. They praise him for his stainless character. As an unbeliever he must believe, too, that a good man can at the same time be a hypocritical deceiver. Jesus Christ was either what he claimed to be the Divine Son of God, or he was a wicked deceiver. There is no middle ground. To believe that he was good is to believe that he was God, unless we do violence to our reason by believing the absurd proposition that a good man can make a false claim.

BURGLAR CAUGHT BY AGED WOMAN

SHE FINDS HIM RANSACKING ROOM IN HER HOME AND PITCHES INTO HIM.

GIVES HIM MANY BAD BUMPS

After Very Lively Fight Mrs. Gates of Chicago, 62 Years Old, Overpowers the Man and Sits Down Upon Him.

Chicago.—Mrs. Mathilda Gates, who is 62 years old, has to her credit the capture of an alleged burglar, whom she literally "sat upon" when she found him at work in her home at No. 111 Honore street.

When Mrs. Gates appeared in Judge Himes' court to give testimony against Joseph Murphy, 45 years old, arrested on a charge of burglary, she told the story of the capture simply and modestly, but its outlined details brought the whole courtroom to attention and gained a compliment from the judge.

Later, in her home, Mrs. Gates recounted her adventure at greater length, and went through a pantomime of the scene with a vigor that showed her to be a dangerous proposition for any burglar.

"It all happened at noon," said Mrs. Gates, who is of a hale, jovial appearance and has few gray hairs. "I was just getting ready for dinner and was in the dining-room on the basement floor. Two carpenters had been at work in front and they had left the door unlocked. All at once I heard the sound of some one moving about in the front room and I thought it was my daughter.

"I walked into the front room—this one—to find out if it was my daughter. At the threshold I drew back, for there was a poorly dressed man bending over the sideboard. He had opened the drawer in which we keep the silver. I didn't say anything. I didn't give him a second's notice. I just grabbed him by the chest, like this, and pushed him back."

Mrs. Gates illustrated the action by snatching the front of her own waist with a strong grip.

"I pushed him so hard he fell on the floor with a bump. He struck out his



Sat Right Down Upon Him.

fists and wrenched himself free from my grasp. Then he jumped to his feet. But I was not through with him yet. I stooped way down and caught hold of the bottoms of his trousers. I gave both legs a hard pull and down he went again! This time he fell against the window frame and cracked a pane. Once more I got him by the chest and pushed him over. He sprawled across the floor and his head suffered a fearful bump.

"He fought himself loose from me and got up. He reached for a rear pocket, but failed to produce a revolver, and then I was sure he didn't have any.

"The burglar next tried to run away from me, but I didn't intend to let him go. He backed out in the entry way and there, by good luck, lay a big carpet rolled up, for we are beginning our spring housecleaning. He tripped over this carpet, and as he fell I ran forward and sat right down upon him.

"I began to scream. Oh, how I screamed! The parrot all the time had been flapping around the room and calling 'Mamma! Mamma!' The bird now set to shrieking louder than ever. It seemed as if no one would ever come. At last a man living across the street came to my aid. He sat down on the burglar and I got up. I wanted to summon the police, but I didn't want to leave my neighbor alone there with that burglar.

"Pretty soon the two carpenters, who had been to lunch, came back, and I turned the burglar over to the three men. I hurried to the drugstore and telephoned to the police. When I got back they had the burglar out in the front yard and two of them were sitting on him. Then I realized that the danger was all over."

Mrs. Gates lives with a daughter by her first marriage, Miss Albertine Benson. The young woman, who was away at the time, confessed that she would be "dreadfully" afraid of a burglar.

SUMMER TOURIST FARES.

Summer tourist fares beginning May 16th, as follows:

To Cerulean, Ky., \$1.60 for the round trip; Chicago, Ill., \$15.30 for the round trip; East View, Ky., \$6.00 for the round trip; Grayson Springs, Ky., \$5.50 for the round trip, final return limit on all of the above, Oct. 31, 1909.

Hot Springs, Ark., \$19.35 for the round trip tickets on sale daily, return limit 90 days.

Dawson Springs, \$1.60 for the round trip on sale daily return limit six months from date of sale.

Asheville, N. C., on account of Dramatic Order Knights of Khorassan Biennial meeting, July 12-20, \$13.55 round trip tickets on sale, July 8, 9, 10 and 11, return limit July 26.

Call on Agent, I. C. R. R., Marion, Ky., for Summer Tourist fares effective, May 28.

W. L. VENNEN, Agent,
Marion, Ky.

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IS PAINLESS AND HARMLESS
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IN PEOPLE, HORSES AND DOGS

Cured my eyes after 20 years' suffering and blindness.

J. R. JACKSON, Paragould, Ark.

Cured my eyes after I had suffered 10 years and was often times blind.

Mrs. M. A. BAILEY, Kennett, Mo.

I have used Dr. J. R. Black's Magnetic Eye Water and find it perfectly painless.

It works like magic.

FRANK W. A. MAYNARD, Jonesboro, Ark.

Often Cures Acute Sore Eyes in One Night.

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Price, 25c.

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KENTON, MISSOURI.

"\$2,000.00"

Mr. Luther Guthrie, of Beaufort, N. C. spent money freely in employing doctors to cure his wife from continual headache. He writes:

"One bottle of Cardui did my wife more good than anything she has taken for ten years past. She had suffered with headache for ten years and I had spent \$300.00 for doctors' bills for her, but nothing did her any good."

Take CARDUI

She has taken two bottles of Cardui and it has done her two thousand dollars (\$2,000) worth of good. Just as long as it is made, I shall have Cardui in my home."

For all forms of female pain, like headache, side ache, pain in limbs, dizzy feelings, dragging down sensations, etc.—Cardui has been found to be an effectual remedy. Don't wait till you are "all run down."

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HEN ON GOLF BALL "MATCHES OUT" KITTENS

AT LEAST SHE THINKS SO, AND REAL MOTHER LOOKS ON AND SPITS FIRE.

St. Louis.—A St. Louis county spinster hen, not having had any domestic experience, though she is no spring chicken, is mothering a litter of kittens, fondly believing that she hatched them from a golf ball.

The real mother, a black-and-white cat, is indignant about it, but hasn't yet found a way to establish her right to the custody of her own offspring.

The misunderstanding came about through Tabby's innocent mistake in choosing a hen's nest as a cradle for her five little ones.

It was a fateful coincidence that the nest happened to be the same one in



Tabby Has Not Yet Mustered Up Courage to Fight.

which a golf ball had been used as a gentle hint to Biddy that something was expected of her.

The hen and the cat are owned by George W. Kriegsmann of Webster Park.

Biddy would walk up to the nest and look at the little white sphere. Only once she sat on the egg for a few minutes.

Then came Tabby, househunting. The nest to her was a "lovely flat," and she moved in with her family.

The next time Biddy peeped over the edge of the box she saw the kittens. Reasoning quickly from cause to effect, she decided that they were hers.

Since then she has cuddled the kittens under her wings most of the time. When Tabby comes near Biddy ruffles her feathers and "pecks" at her.

Tabby has not yet mustered up courage to fight. She sits on a roost above the nest and snarls. Her only chance to get near her offspring is when Biddy goes to bed with the chickens at sundown.

GIRL SEVERS FATHER'S ARM.

Heroine Resorts to Heroic Measures to Save Parent from Death in Wreck of Home.

Bowden, Ga.—For her bravery in getting the members of her family out of the ruins of their storm-wrecked home, a Carnegie hero medal is to be asked for 15-year-old Mamie Price, who lives near here.

A storm struck the Price home the other night, wrecked it, and buried all the inmates in the debris except the girl. She procured an ax, and, guided by the cries of the victims and a lantern, she began to cut them out.

Mrs. Price died as the girl cut the last timbers from about her, but she rescued her baby brother and a young sister practically unhurt. Her father had been caught by heavy timbers, and his left arm was crushed.

The girl cut away the timbers from the body of her father, but the mangled arm was still held. Price realized that the arm held only by shreds of skin and flesh.

So he told the girl to sever the strings with the ax. The child objected, but when the father insisted she brought down the ax and Price was free.

Under her father's direction, the child made a tourniquet to stop the loss of blood from the severed arm, and then went through the darkness for assistance. Doctors say Price will recover.

A handsome memorial will be given the girl by citizens of Bowden.

Woman Sentenced for Bewitching Cow

Butler, Pa.—Alleged by her accuser to be a witch, Mrs. Lappala Orber was tried on a technical charge of disorderly conduct, was convicted and sentenced to pay a fine of five dollars and serve ten days in jail. The charge was preferred by Mrs. Julia Kroner, who alleged that Mrs. Orber went into Mrs. Kroner's barn, and by the use of witchcraft, cast a spell over a cow, which has prevented it from giving milk. That something had been done to the animal was indicated by the testimony.

Penalty of Fame.

"What's the matter?"
"My daughter is writing a novel."
"Well, why are you sorrowful?"
"No good can come of it. If it fails, she'll be broken-hearted. If it succeeds, everybody will be shocked at the things she knows and says."

Dr. L. G. Taylor, --VETERINARY SURGEON-- Marion, - Kentucky. All calls answered promptly.

Sometimes you may be told that there are other things just as good as DeWitt's Kidney and Bladder Pills. That isn't so. Nothing made as good as DeWitt's Kidney and Bladder Pills for any ailments of the kidney or bladder, which always result in weak back, backache, rheumatic pains, rheumatism and urinary disorders. A trial of DeWitt's Kidney and Bladder Pills is sufficient to convince you how good they are. Send your name to E. C. DeWitt & Co., Chicago, for a free trial box. They are sold here by all druggists. Sept 1.

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

F. W. NUNN, DENTIST.

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Marion, - - Kentucky.

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

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TOOK IT LITERALLY.

Little Edmund came into the room carrying a bunch of roses. "Who gave you those roses?" asked his mother. Instead of answering aloud, he drew her aside and whispered: "Mrs. Wright gave them to me mamma. When I said, 'Thank you,' she told me not to mention it. But I thought I'd better tell you, mamma."

SOMEWHAT MIXED.

Mary, aged four, returned from Sunday school and told her mother she knew the golden rule. Her mother replied, "Do you? What is it?" Mary said, "The Lord is my Shepherd: He makes me to lie down in green pastures and roll over."

NATURE NATURALLY EX-PLAINED.

Henry, aged two, had become very much interested in watching his mother make comfortable. When the first snow came, his bed being near a window, he awoke early in the morning and called loudly to his mamma, "O mamma, the trees are all covered with battin'."

WHY I AM A CHRISTIAN

By REV. A. C. DIXON, D. D.,
Pastor of the Chicago Ave. (Moody's)
Church, Chicago.



I am a Christian because I am a theist, and I am a theist because I am a thinker. Not necessarily a profound thinker, but my thinking machine is so constructed that it will let it work it compels me to believe in a God who reigns in his world. A few weeks ago in an Arizona desert I saw the leaves of the grease-wood covered with an oily substance designed, evidently, to prevent evaporation of sap during the long drought. I saw the mesquite bush with its large, long roots evidently designed to store sap during the brief rainy season and keep in touch with the underground streams that the branches above ground might be supported during the drought. I saw the giant cactus with its storeroom for water, which is filled during the rainy season and preserved for its own use and the use of man and beast during the drought. Now the naturalist says that "Nature" does these things for a specific purpose. And as I stood among these evidences of design in the desert I asked the question: "Is Nature a thing or a thinker?" If Nature does not think, how can Nature design? And if Nature thinks, Nature is not a thing but a personality. My mental machinery is so made that thought compels me to infer a thinker and design a designer. Intelligent result compels me to infer intelligent cause.

Every man, therefore, has his god, the thinker, behind the thoughts expressed in Nature, the design behind the designer, the intelligent cause behind the intelligent result. The bushman of Africa gives to his fetiche the power to think, design and act. The Chinaman gives to his idol in human shape the same attributes. A philosopher like Herbert Spencer calls his idol "the great unknowable."

I am a Christian, again, because I am a rationalist, willing that sound reason should be my guide, and sound reason is modest and honest enough to admit that it is not infallible or even sufficient as a guide. There is no such thing as universal reason. What appears reasonable to one is utterly unreasonable to another. There are degrees of reason from the half-idiot to the philosopher.

My own reason is modest enough to admit that it is a very fallible and imperfect guide, and, believing as I do in a personal God who cares for his creatures, my reason leads me to expect that he will reveal himself through some other channel. Agnosticism, which is a sort of science of ignorance concerning God, is a strong witness in favor of a revelation of God in some direct way, for, if it be true that man cannot discover God by looking into his own inner consciousness or through the telescope and the microscope, this furnishes a strong presumption that he will reveal himself in some other way. I am thus prepared to receive the revelation of God in a book, and, though there are difficulties and mysteries which I may not fully understand, I believe that the proof in favor of the Bible's being a revelation from God is so overwhelming that a man who knows the proof cannot reject it without doing violence to his reason.

I am a Christian, again, because I am a scientist. I do not mean that I devote all my time to scientific investigations, but I believe in the scientific method of "gaining and verifying knowledge by exact observation and correct thinking." An ounce of fact is worth a ton of theory. A group of philosophers were debating the question whether a fish introduced into a bucket of water would increase its weight and one of them had proved to his own satisfaction that it would not. "Let us try it," said Benjamin Franklin. A bucket of water was brought in and weighed. Then a fish was introduced and the weight was increased by the weight of the fish. That settled it.

It is scientific to account for facts with little heed to fads and fancies. And there are two facts which must be accounted for—the Bible and Jesus Christ. The proofs in favor of the Bible as the inspired word of God and of Jesus Christ as the incarnate God are so abundant and conclusive that any one who knows the proofs and refuses to accept the Bible as inspired and Christ as divine does violence to the scientific spirit. He refuses to admit the existence of the sun while it is shining in the heavens.

I am a Christian, once more, because I am a man whose every need of mind and heart is met in Christ "the Son of Man." His ideal of human greatness attracts me. The worldly ideal is power which masters others. Christ's ideal is service. "Whoever will be chief among you let him be your servant, even as the Son of Man came not to be ministered unto, but to minister and to give his life a ransom for many." The climax of this greatness is seen on the cross as the Son of Man "suffered for our sins, the just for the unjust, that he might bring us to God," settling forever the sin question for all who will accept him as Saviour and Lord.

COLDWELL SPRINGS

Every one is busy. The farmers are busy harvesting hay. The Sunday school workers and the Union people are busy.

Dan Riley was in Marion Monday and Friday.

Allen Riley and Walter Lott were in Marion Friday.

Duron Koon made a business trip to Eddyville last week.

Lawrence Lott was in Marion Friday and rode home in a brand new buggy. Look Mr. Lott's way and smile, girls.

Edwin Ralston attended court in Marion, being a member of the petit jury.

Mrs. Lottie Ralston and little niece, Margie, visited relatives in Marion last week.

Mrs. Nellie Stephenson, who has been visiting relatives in Marion the past two weeks, returned home Tuesday.

Best She Ever Saw.

Mrs. J. D. Cox, Prop., Happy Hollow Poultry Farm, Lawrenceburg, Ky., says: "Find enclosed One Dollar for two bottles of Bourbon Poultry Cure. Send at once as I do not want to get out. It is the best remedy I ever saw." For Sale by HAYNES & TAYLOR.

CHAPEL HILL.

Miss Nellie Adams is the guest of her aunt, Mrs. Forest Oliver, of Frances, this week.

Mr. and Mrs. T. M. Hill was the guest of J. T. Bigham's family at Crayne Sunday.

H. N. Hudson, of Watertown, Tennessee, was visiting P. M. Ward and other relations in this neighborhood the last of the week.

T. J. Hoover, of near Sheridan, was the guest of W. H. Bigham and family recently. He was wanting to bail the hay crop in this neighborhood.

Tom Mathews and wife, of Francis, was visiting John Asbridge and wife on Wilson Hill Saturday and Sunday.

Mrs. Nina Williams, of Hurricane was visiting her relatives and friends here this week.

Everett Bebout, from the Ohio river bottoms, was in this section last week.

The harvesting of oats, grass and clover is now the order of the day.

Several from this neighborhood went to town Saturday to see the balloon go up. They had to content themselves with a ride on the merry-go-round.

James Canada went to town Saturday and had to buy himself a new pair of breeches.

Mrs. J. C. Minner has received word from Texas announcing that Corry is improving fast.

We are looking for a wheat threshing in this neighborhood.

Mrs. Ada Ward picked 10 gallons of blackberries last Monday. Next,

Tortured on a Horse.

"For ten years I couldn't ride a horse without being in torture from piles," writes L. S. Napier, of Rugless Ky., "when all other remedies failed, Bucklen's Arnica Salve me." Infallible for Piles, Burns, Scalds, Cuts, Boils, Fever - Sores, Eczema, Salt Rheum, Corns. 25c. Guaranteed by J. H. Orme and Haynes & Taylor. 5-5.

NEW SALEM.

It has been hot a nuff.

The corn is all laved av.

Farmers are harvesting hay.

Robert Cash, of Morehouse, Mo., spent last week with relatives and friends in this section.

Mrs. Lan Harpendine and daughter, Charline, of Marion, are guests of relatives in this section.

The corn crop is promising.

Henry Brouster is sick.

Miss Edith Beard visited relatives in Livingston county last week.

We are still at the helm.

Our public roads are getting passable.

Uncle Bob says there is nothing like old Kentucky.

We never forget a friend.

Mrs. Raymond Babb, of Salem, visited friends here Sunday.

Wasn't the fourth a daisy?

'Possum Ridge

Quite a number attended the barbecue and ice cream supper at Weston Saturday.

Tobacco looks fine.

Roe Wofford has recently been working for Seldon Ainsworth, of Illinois.

C. M. Clift went to Weston Monday.

Gale Ford has purchased a new mowing machine.

A fine baby boy came to the home of Gilliam H. Kirk a few days ago.

Rood Ford, a prominent young farmer of this vicinity, married a short time ago and will settle down near Fords Ferry.

Wallace Clift was in the Repton neighborhood Sunday.

Roy Truitt went to Marion Wednesday.

Roe Wofford was at Hebron Sunday.

There will be an ice cream supper and debate at 'Possum Ridge Saturday evening, July 17.

Sherman Ford and family visited at Jack Hughes' Sunday.

CARD OF THANKS

We extend our thanks to our neighbors and friends for their kindness to us through the sickness and death of our dear husband and father. May God's blessing rest upon you. Mrs. James and family.

GRAVEYARD NOTICE

All who are interested in the Tosh graveyard are requested to meet there on Saturday, July 24. Bring tools and dinner. J. E. Crowell.

CARD OF THANKS

We wish to express our sincere thanks to the good people of Weston for the kindness shown us during the sickness and death of my precious wife and babe. May heaven's blessing be on you, one and all. William Plew and daughter, Lillie.

HURRICANE.

Tracy Harris, of Tolu, is very sick.

Mrs. Eugene Clark visited Mrs. Pete Franklin Monday.

Curt Hardin and Misses Kate and Mary Hammond attended the speaking at Tolu Thursday.

Born to the wife of Amos Ferrell a black-haired baby boy.

Rev. Robert Johnson filled his appointment here Sunday.

Mrs. J. Stone and Gussie McGrew were in Tolu Friday.

The Hurricane campmeeting will begin August 10. Anyone wanting a camp can get one by calling on J. Stone.

Ray Truitt passed here Friday canvassing in the picture business.

Mrs. L. E. Guess, of Tolu, is visiting her parents in Marion this week.

Miss Kate Crider, of Jackson, Tenn., is visiting relatives in Tolu this week.

Joe Moore and wife visited Geo. Moore's family recently.

Frank Jacobs reports very warm weather as he is working in the hay harvest.

Mrs. Mary Whitecotton returned home Thursday.

Has Peary Reached The Pole?

A sure sign of the preservation of that sturdy racial trait that glories in conquest over obstacles, even when the reward is not a material one, is shown in the universal interest in America over the hope that Explorer Peary is reaching the north pole.

Last February Peary cut loose from his last solid mooring and began a dash by sledge toward the the inscrutable region that has these long years baffled efforts of the most intrepid men of all nations.

It is calculated that his venture should by this time have been crowned either with success or failure, and it only remains now to record the one or the other.

When he left civilization Peary had worked out his calculations with scrupulous care, and announced that with a liberal allowance for delays and unexpected happenings he should again be in touch with civilization by the first of September.

Of course it is possible that he will never return from his heroic quest.

He is exploring territory where no human foot has trod, and much of his progress must be guess work and dangerous guess work at that.

Should this melancholy development prove the sequel to his attempts, he would not be the first man to die in a similar enterprise. The numerous pathways toward the pole are lined with the graves of men of all tongues and nations, and if it were possible to accurately estimate the sums spent in such endeavors, the total would reach formidable proportions.

Americans, without regard to station or occupation will watch the news from the far north from this time forward with feverish interest.

The distinction of solving the problem of the centuries would be one in keeping with the courage and the initiative that have come to be synonymous with the name of this country.

Married in Washington.

Miss May Jacobs, who went to the county seat Saturday shopping succeeded in purchasing a man in the person of Hubert Sandow. Mr. and Mrs. Sandow will reside on his ranch near here where he is erecting a new house. On Monday evening Mr. and Mrs. Sandow's friends to the number of fifty or thereabouts accompanied by guns, cowbells and end other numerous noisy articles called on them to pay their respects to the newly married couple. -Toppenish Review.

Miss May was born and raised in Crittenden county and went to Washington with her father's family in September 1904. She is the second daughter of Silas D. Jacobs. Her friends here as well as there rejoice with her in her good choice for life.

June Rainfall.

E. F. Armstrong, who keeps a daily record of rainfall and weather conditions, gives the following information:

The total rainfall for June, 1909, was 2.77. Rain fell on 14 days, it being well distributed through the month, commencing on the first day and ending on the last day. In 1908 2.65 inches of rain fell. Rain fell on 8 days. The last half of 1908 was very dry. -Shawneetown News Gleaner

Killed at Clay

Sturgis, Ky., July 1.—News was received here this morning of an accident at the new shaft of the West Kentucky Coal Company, at Clay, in which Will Moore was crushed to death and Lee Reed badly injured, perhaps fatally.

It is said that the accident was caused by a rock dropping from the hoisting cage.

Moore's remains will be taken to Rock Springs for interment, and Lee Reed will be taken to an Evansville hospital for treatment.

Very Commonplace.

The Hyden Thousandsticks, published at the county seat of Leslie county, prints the following item

in its correspondence from Big Fork: D. T. Lewis shot at Juda Joseph while she was passing by his house to-day."

Marriage Licenses

Dee Hardin to Miss Kittie Lee Franklin.

Alex H. White to Miss Catherine Bebout.

H. C. Wolfe to Miss Catherine Carter.

Aubrey Woodward to Miss Mabel Williams.

Lit Hubbard to Mrs. Allen Lamb.

E. M. Robertson to Lizzie Simpson.

Deeds Recorded

Bettie Davis and others to E. L. Nunn, undivided interest in land, \$54.

Simon McCain to J. H. Ainsworth, 2 1/2 acres, \$140.

Nancy E. Kemp to C. W. Grady, lot in Weston, \$12.50.

John M. Frits to county of Crittenden, small strip of land, \$30.

R. H. Woods to Trustees of M. E. Church South, lot in Marion, \$500.

W. B. Curry to Harry Stone, land for \$150.

Harry Stone to C. W. Grady, land for \$18.

W. H. Burton to Lizzie Truitt, 55 acres, \$310.

G. W. Carnahan to George H. Foster, undivided interest in land, \$25.

K. E. Cannan to A. S. Cannan, lot in Marion, \$150.

Mrs. Melvinia Monroe, to M. C. Monroe, 10 acres, \$100.

C. E. Weldon to A. G. Thomason, 5 lots in Marion, \$50.

A. G. Thomason to C. E. Weldon, exchange.

J. P. Pierce to J. W. Flynn, 22 acres, 906.

Berna Flynn to J. P. Pierce, undivided interest in land, 639.

C. E. Weldon to A. S. Cannan, 2 lots in Marion, \$107.

A NEWSPAPERS RIGHTS.

An interesting question relative to the right of a newspaper in print court proceedings was disposed of in Kansas City last week by Judge Seehorn, a Circuit Judge of that city.

It appears that several days ago in Judge Seehorn's court, just as the court was about to proceed in a damage suit against the city railway company, a motion was made to discharge the jury panel on the ground that someone in sympathy with the defendant was trying to prejudice the jury. Judge Seehorn made an investigation, which sustained the allegation. The jury panel was discharged, and a woman, who was charged with trying to influence the prospective jurors, was tried and sentenced to jail for contempt of court.

A reporter for the Kansas City Star came into the court room shortly thereafter, and in order to get all the facts talked briefly with Judge Seehorn. The latter corroborated the information the reporter already had, but requested him not to publish the facts until the case had been tried with another jury panel. The Star, however, printed the same day an accurate account of the proceedings.

The attorney for the railway thereupon applied for and secured a writ against certain employees of the Star to show cause why they should not be punished for contempt. The attorney for the Star came into court and avowed that that paper had an absolute right to publish any and all court proceedings as it thought wise, despite requests or commands of court officials. He also stated, however, that the reporter in question had failed to make known the court's request in this particular matter, and if it had been made known the Star would have held up the publication as an act of courtesy to the court, although not because of any feeling that the request of the court was in any way binding.

After hearing the explanation Judge Seehorn at once dismissed the contempt rules, stating that he was satisfied that no contempt was intended, and that even if he had made

his request in the form of a court order he doubted whether it would have been binding.

The question here involved is more important than it might seem at first glance, says the Louisville Post. Undoubtedly the Star reporter erred in not informing his superiors of the court's requests, which, by the way, was not unreasonable. But the Evening Post believed that it is absurd to argue that any court official has the power to direct any newspaper not to publish anything relative to a regular court proceeding. The Kansas City Judge was trying to secure a fair trial in this case, and the matter he desired suppressed related to nothing he feared to be known.

Nevertheless, it is a fact, that there have been and there are courts the officials which would like very much to be able to suppress news of what was going on, and the power of censorship, if extended to the bench, would be highly dangerous.

In the long run, court officials, like all other public officer, must stand by the record. The judges and the court officials do not own the courts in which they officiate. They are simply the servants of the public, and when the proceedings in the courts are of a nature not to satisfy the public, the officials have no ground for complaint when the records of the courts are made known to the public.

Excitement Over Oil Strike

Near Louisa, Kentucky.

Louisa, Ky., July 5.—Much excitement prevails here over an oil strike just made about three miles south of this place. Enough is positively known about the well to justify the statement that it is a paying producer. The oil was found in the famous Berea grit, from which the greatest production in West Virginia is now coming.

The well just brought in is in line with the West Virginia belt, and only fifteen miles ahead of the development there. The well belongs to A. C. Smith a pennsylvanian, who some here several months ago and procured a number of leases in this locality. The depth at which the oil is found is 1,750 feet.

Oil men from West Virginia, Pennsylvania and Ohio are flocking in hear and there is a great race on for leases.

Three new wells will be started within the next two weeks.

DETERMINATION.

Of what avail are great resolves and high ambitions, if he who makes them does not possess the determination of will which is so necessary to carry them to a successful end. Good resolutions are good, and the ambitious man should be commended for his worthy aspiration, but the corner stone upon which these qualities must rest is determination.

A man may resolve to succeed, his ambition may be high and broad, but unless he is aided by that constant

Destroys Hair Germs

Recent discoveries have shown that falling hair is caused by germs at the roots of the hair. Therefore, to stop falling hair, you must first completely destroy these germs. Ayer's Hair Vigor, new improved formula, will certainly do this. Then leave the rest to nature.

Does not change the color of the hair.

Recent discoveries have also proved that dandruff is caused by germs on the scalp. Therefore, to cure dandruff, the first thing to do is to completely destroy these dandruff germs. Here, the same Ayer's Hair Vigor will give the same splendid results.

quering quality—determination—he will never attain success.

Resolution and ambition without determination are as foundations built upon shifting sands.

The element of determination in a man's character is a most valuable business asset, and when combined with resolution and ambition forms an irresistible force capable of surmounting all obstacles in the path which leads to success.

IF WE UNDERSTOOD.

By J. Kawcett.

Could we pierce the misty curtain,
Surrounding other people's lives,
Could we see the heart and spirit,
And know what cause the action gives,

We would often find it purer
Than at first we judged we should,
And we'd love each other better
If we only understood.

If we judge the deeds by motives,
See all the good and bad within,
We should often love the sinner
While we oft condemn the sin,
To keep each of us from being good,
I'm sure we'd love each other better
If we only understood.

If we knew the cares and trials,
The many efforts all in vain,
The many bitter disappoints,
Understood the loss and gain,
We would not be so hasty
To censure one because we could,
I know we'd love each other better
If we only understood.

Oh, we judge another harshly
Knowing not the hidden force,
Not at the mouth of action
The streams less turbid at its source,
We cannot see amid the veil
And the golden grains of good;
Oh, we'd love each other better
If we only understood.

A Kind Heart.

"Could you give me," inquired the poor woman, "a cast-off dress of your little girl's for my little girl, or a pair of your little boy's shoes for my little boy?"

"I have no little girl," replied the rich woman kindly, "nor any little boy. But I can give you an old sheath skirt and some puffs." —Puck.

Eat What

You want of the food you need
Kodol will digest it.

You need a sufficient amount of good wholesome food and more than this you need to fully digest it.

Else you can't gain strength, nor can you strengthen your stomach if it is weak.

You must eat in order to live and maintain strength.

You must not diet, because the body requires that you eat a sufficient amount of food regularly.

But this food must be digested, and it must be digested thoroughly.

When the stomach can't do it, you must take something that will help the stomach.

The proper way to do is to eat what you want, and let Kodol digest the food.

Nothing else can do this. When the stomach is weak it needs help; you must help it by giving it rest, and Kodol will do that.

Our Guarantee

Go to your druggist today, and purchase a dollar bottle, and if you can honestly say, that you did not receive any benefits from it, after using the entire bottle, the druggist will refund your money to you without question or delay.

We will pay the druggist the price of the bottle purchased by you.

This offer applies to the large bottle only and to but one in a family.

We could not afford to make such an offer, unless we positively knew what Kodol will do for you.

It would bankrupt us.

The dollar bottle contains 2 1/2 times as much as the fifty cent bottle.

Kodol is made at the laboratories of E. C. DeWitt & Co., Chicago.

For Sale by all Druggists