

# Crittenden Record-Press

No. 17

Marion, Crittenden County Kentucky, Thursday Morning, Nov. 15 1917

Vol. XXXV

## Lack Of Home Government And Its Result.

The most prominent defect in this "good old country" of ours, today, is not the lack of a good national government, nor of good state government, but the lack of good home government.

Without good home government and management we can have no good state or national government. In the face of this great fact, it is strange that the parents of today will heedlessly and thoughtlessly let their precious boys and girls steer their own course, to almost if not certain ruin.

This day and time however, the public condemns any ne as an old fogey, and a back-number, who attempts to conduct his own home and to bring up his children in the proper way. Nevertheless the "good book" says, "man is prone to sin;" and the public, as one great man, is merely sinning when it condemns strict, christian family government.

It is indeed appalling when we look about us and see the awful effects of inefficient or rather of insufficient, home government.

We see our boys start out at the age of eleven or twelve with their horse and buggy and a plentiful supply of "of the devil's all," on their downward journey unrestrained and untaught in ways of the world, with only their own frail sense of right and wrong, to guide them through the awful pitfalls and dangers that constantly come in their way. This is indeed a sad sight.

Our girls also are equally affected by this inexcusable lack of home government. Girls are considered out of date, if at the age of twelve or thirteen they are without what the feminine sex choose to call a "beau." Because of this lack of home government, our fair daughters are wont to go where they please with whom they will, at any time, without the much needed protection of father or mother, or even of brother.

Under the above circumstances it is not at all surprising that our boys grow up roudies, drunkards and jailbirds, and our daughters frequenters of the dance hall and theater, instead of the church.

Fathers and mothers of America, whose fault is it if your boy becomes a thief and your daughter's character is stained? Who, in that great day that is to be, will answer for their mispent and miserable life. Oh! it shall be you! you! you! You who had a duty and failed to perform it. You whose eye was possibly so centered on the idolatrous worship of the almighty dollar, that you failed to care for and instruct the rarest gift God ever bestowed on mortal man, a little child.

Oh! may the day not be far distant when all parents will awake to a sense of their bound-on duty, and begin anew to bring up their children, to fear God, and keep his commandments.

When this great day arrives our jailers and sheriffs will soon be without a trade, our reform schools shall be abolished, our asylums practically eliminated.

It being Gods will I hope I may live to see such a day.

A subscriber.

### The Greater Need.

"I am very busy," said the inventor, "devising a range finder which—" "Good Lord, man," said the suburbanite, "what a waste of time. What the world needs is not a range finder but a cook finder that will stay when found by the ranges already located."

## An Era Of Prosperity

At the close of the world war, now in progress in Europe, the live stock business of the United States will face its greatest era of prosperity. The reason for this is evident, for before agricultural activities can be renewed on the devastated farms of war-ridden Europe, those farms must be restored with horses and all kinds of breeding stock which the ravages of the war have so materially reduced in number.

Where will Europe go to supply this demand for horses, cattle, swine and sheep? Who can supply these units so necessary for agriculture? America, and America only. And, to meet this demand for breeding stock, it behooves the American live stock farmer to begin at once his preparations to have his stock in shape to stand inspection of foreign buyers who will scour this country when Europe lays aside the sword to take hold of the plow handles once more.

During the first week of December there will be held at Chicago, Ill., the largest exhibition of horses, cattle, swine, and sheep in this country, and possibly the largest in the whole world. It is the International Live Stock Exposition, where more than 4,500 pure bred and fat animals, foremost representatives of all the well known breeds of horses, cattle, swine, and sheep, will be viewed by the judges in competition for a fortune in prizes.

Even if you are not a breeder of live stock, the International is well worth visiting. It affords an opportunity to get away from home, see some of the world outside, and become acquainted with your distant neighbors. See what the other fellow is doing to make this a better world, and incidentally pick up some pointers on animal breeding, which are bound to be circulating where so many experts are gathered. Take your wife, daughters and sons along. Make it a vacation trip for the whole family, for you will find entertainment for all at this show. Reduced railroad fare will be in effect from all points to Chicago.

### Land And Store For Sale.

At Enor, Caldwell County, Ky., a small farm about 25 acres 4 rooms and hall and 3 porch residence, 2 store houses, good barn, 2 poultry houses, 1 acre poultry fenced, orchard, never fail spring, well 50 feet bored, all sowed except 6 acres, some timber, fairly well fenced, also small stock goods invoicing about \$1500.00, one good horse and buggy, 1 coming 3 year old filly well broken, 1 weanling horse colt, 1 cow and calf, located 9 miles south of Marion, on R. F. D. No. 5, 6 miles east of Fredonia, Ky., on R. F. D. No. 1, Critter Route 1 also passes near making 3 R. F. D. Routes available.

Jas. F. Canada, P. O. Fredonia R. F. D. No. 1.

Walter Griffith and wife of Marion Ill., are visiting relatives in the county. They recently sold their new home on the Griffith bluff to Mr. and Mrs. Geo. W. Canditt who will move to it soon. Mr. Griffith is the youngest son of T. E. Griffith; and Mrs. Griffith is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Moore and is one of the county's handsomest young matrons.

Mrs. Charles Browning of Rosiclare spent the week end with Mrs. Ada Cavender.

## IN SOCIETY

A very delightful and brilliant entertainment was given at the residence of Arthur Nurn Saturday night and those who were present certainly did experience a splendid and most magnificent time. A number of charming and attractive young ladies were present and a still larger number of young gentlemen were on hand who were thankful for the privilege of enjoying the society and companionship of such good looking and fascinating members of the fair sex. Your correspondent cannot remember any other party in his whole life which he ever enjoyed so well as the one which he attended Saturday night.

The early part of the entertainment was spent in playing the good old fashioned game of blind fold. This pastime will always appeal to the playful instincts of a large number of healthy and red blooded young people and those who were present Saturday night played the good old game in a most skillful and proficient manner. The young ladies all participated in the game and some of them exhibited an elusiveness and a speed which was quite astonishing and which greatly baffled the blind folded individual who was trying to catch them.

When the young folks had become tired of blind fold they changed the program and a number of less strenuous games were then played, such games as fruit basket, laugh and go foot and a number of others, none the less interesting. The games were all replete with a number of humorous and funny incidents which kept the crowd completely convulsed with laughter and which tended to make the occasion much more interesting and attractive than it would otherwise have been. When the entertainment was finally brought to a close and the young folks dispersed to their homes, they were filled with the satisfaction of having enjoyed a well spent evening.

Written by one who was present.

### Notice To Broom-corn Raisers

Bring me your corn and I will tie your brooms so they will stay. A new broom for any broom that gets loose on the handle. J. Henry Hughes, R. F. D. No. 1.

Anthony Murphy sold his little farm of 50 acres out on the Cave-in-Rock road for \$2,600.00 last week to a party from Lyon county, whose name we did not learn.

## MARRIAGES

### Blakely-Farris.

The Rev. R. G. Bowers was the officiant at the wedding of Miss Mary Blakely and Frank G. Farris, yesterday. The bride is a resident of Hampton, Ky., while the groom is a farmer and lives at Salem. Mr. Farris is a brother to N. R. Farris, of the Old Kentucky Manufacturing company, of this city. — Paducah Sun.

### Fire at Crayne.

Frank Dorrah's house at Crayne, Ky., burned Friday afternoon at 3 o'clock. It caught from a flue and was past saving when discovered. The family saved most of their clothing and household and kitchen furniture but had a large stock of canned goods and other winter supplies up stairs which were destroyed.

The house was insured for \$500.00 and the contents for \$100.00 which only partially covered the loss. The house was a substantial old land mark and was built before the war and was occupied for many years by the late John Hawkins during the time when he was a mail contractor. Mrs. M. M. Wilson of this city spent her girlhood there and was married in that house about a half century ago.

### Moonsliners.

The name "moonsliners" was given to the illicit distillers in the mountains of North Carolina, Tennessee, Kentucky and West Virginia, from the fact that they do most of their work at night, on account of the danger attending it during the daytime.

### You Can't Keep The Crittenden County Boys Down.

James F. Canada, born and reared three miles east of Marion a nephew of Mrs. Sarah Elder and akin to the Vaughan's in this and Webster Counties was elected Judge of Caldwell County on Tuesday Nov. 6th.

### Doesn't Look Human.

It is none of our business, but if we ever do see a man who looks like the things in the clothing advertisements we are going to stick a pin in him and see if he is human.

### For Sale For Cash.

One hundred acres of land, 2 miles of Fredonia, 1-2 in timber balance tilable, under fence, and well watered.

Joe A. Guess, 11-15-3-tp.

Walker Cook of Hebron passed through the city Monday enroute to Elkhart to attend the "Vanderbilt Training School."

### Governor Lowden's Views.

Gov. Frank O. Lowden, in a recent interview, threw an interesting light on his private interests when he said he once owned a shorthorn bull that had won blue ribbons throughout the United States, and that he regarded the raising of this animal as one of the achievements of life.

When further interviewed about it he said: "The breeding and feeding of good live stock is my hobby. I am, therefore, deeply interested in the improvement of the farm animals of the United States. It costs no more to raise good live stock, which will give better returns when marketed, than it does to raise a 'scrub,' and the scrub must go. Live stock production is not keeping pace with the increase of population in the United States, and henceforth intensive use of productive capacity must be relied upon to supply the increased needs of this increase of population."

"Some of my most satisfying holidays have been my visits to the International Live Stock Exposition, held the first week in December, at Chicago. I have been an exhibitor several years at this show and naturally I look back with pardonable pride to my winnings there."

"Seventeen years ago this exposition was born of a great necessity and it is today the leading exponent of the movement for the improvement of the domestic farm animals in the United States, and its splendid work of raising the standards in the breeding of better cattle, hogs, sheep and horses is everywhere evident. It teaches great object lessons which no one interested in live stock and agriculture can afford to miss, and is deserving of the hearty support and patronage of the American agriculturist."

### Letter From Omer Franklin.

Somewhere in France, October, 22nd, 1917.

Mr. Richard Wilbur, Marion, Ky.

My dear uncle:—

Just a few lines to surprise you. I am feeling fine today and hope you are even feeling better. If you were over here I am sure we could find some wine or champagne.

At the present time we are getting ready to swat the hard-headed Dutchmen sometime in the near future. I find but one fault with this country and that is they do not handle American tobaccos. But you must not take this for a hint and send me a box of cigars, for if you do I will consider them as a Christmas present. I will bring you some real champagne when I come back, if I ever come back.

If you don't know how to address your letters to me ask aunt Mattie. I guess I will close for this time, hoping to be with you soon. I am your fighting kinsman, Omar W. Franklin

Editorial note:—The writer of above is a son of the late Sherman Franklin and his wife who was Miss Lura Clark, a daughter of the late J. Riley Clark. Omer's grandmother, Mrs. Nancy Clark, lives here.

### Letter From Wilbur Boston

Somewhere in France, Oct., 23rd, 1917.

Dear Mr. Jenkins:—

How are you by this time? O. K. I hope. Mr. Jenkins I wish you would see what is the matter at home. I have written at least four or five letters a month since leaving the States, which was over 2 months ago. I think perhaps someone is sick but you know it takes from six weeks to longer to get a letter from home.

I can't tell you anything of interest about this place on account of censorship. I am enjoying life as well as could be expected under the circumstances. Of course every thing seems strange to us fellows.

Today was Liberty Loan day for the expeditionary forces, and we had a holiday. I spent most of the afternoon scrubbing clothes for you know we are laundrymen from A to Z.

The heavy Artillery of our brigade is in the lead of E. forces in subscriptions to the Liberty Loan. The three regiments subscribed over \$600,000.00. Pretty good eh? I bought two bonds myself.

I am going to Radio School every day and like it fine. We get plenty of magazines to read although they are a month or so old they surely are appreciated. Thanks to our good friends in America who forward them to us. I guess most of the home lads are in uniform by this time.

How and where is Robert? I would like to see some of the boys and girls too. Give everybody my regards and tell them they need not write for I can't read. If you see Mr. Boston shining his badge and swinging his club, you tell him to snap out of it and write to me or suffer the consequence. Don't forget my address. Radio Wilbur C. Boston, 6th Regiment, C. A. C. Headquarters & Supply Co. Coast Artillery Brigade, American Expeditionary Forces.

Travis, the Photographer, has the nobbiest photo mounts that the market affords. Call and see them.



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### WEEKS TO CHRISTMAS

Too Early to Make Holiday Purchases? Nonsense! Get Busy at Once!

### Weather Forecast.

Forecast for the week beginning Sunday Nov. 11, 1917. For Ohio Valley and Tennessee. Little rain Sunday, except fair in Tennessee. Fair Monday, rain Tuesday or Wednesday, fair thereafter. Moderate temperatures but some cooler second half of week.

Drives Out Malaria, Builds Up System. The Old Standard general strengthening tonic, GROVE'S TARTARIC CHILL TONIC, drives out malaria, cures the blood, and builds up the system. A true tonic. For adults and children. 50c.


## BOND SALE

The Trustees of Marion Graded School District will on Monday, November 19th, 1917 at 1 o'clock, P. M., offer for sale at the Court House door in Marion, Crittenden County, Ky., to the highest and best bidder, five bonds of said District of the denomination of \$500.00 each, bearing four per cent interest payable semi annually, payable twenty years from date, subject to payment after five years at the option of the Board. Said bonds being issued under authority of election held on July 1, 1916.

C. J. Pierce, Treasurer.



# MAXWELL



**\$745**  
F. O. B. DETROIT

There are visions—now and then—in business and industry.

The Maxwell motor car is a wonderful vision that has been made real.

The first purpose of the Maxwell builders was in the beginning, and is now, to produce a car which would be, in the highest sense, efficient, durable, economical, comfortable and standard in equipment.

Many years experience in production on a vast scale has taught the Maxwell manufacturers two things.

One is that such a car as they have always made their aim—a car in which efficiency, durability, economy, comfort, beauty and standard equipment are all present—cannot be built for less than \$745 with materials at their present prices.

The other lesson is that, for more than \$745, they could not give you anything more than the Maxwell now has—except greater size or luxuries, pure and simple.

In other words they are convinced—and they have convinced us—that they have found the great MIDDLE LINE where you get dollar for dollar in ABSOLUTE VALUE.

**T. H. Cochran & Co**  
Marion, Ky.

## TEN THOUSAND STENOGRAPHERS

Wanted by The Government.

Special to the Record-Press:  
Nashville, Tenn., Nov. 6th, 1917—Hon. John A. McHenry, President of the Civil Service Commission, Washington, D. C., recently wrote to Draughon's College, Nashville, urging that College to help the United States Government to secure more stenographers, both men and women, the Government now being in need of ten thousand stenographers and many bookkeepers, at salaries ranging from one thousand dollars to twelve hundred dollars a year to begin on.

In his letter, Mr. McHenry urges young men and young women who are not trained for Government office positions to begin now to take the necessary training, as the prospect is that the demand will continue indefinitely. Draughon's Nashville College is now receiving from business men more

than one hundred calls a month for bookkeepers and stenographers.

To show its patriotism, Draughon's Nashville College is offering special terms to all who desire to prepare, at college or by mail, for these good positions. Adv.

## SWEET CLOVER SEED.

Large white variety, 12½ cents per pound. H. N. Lamb, 1042mp Tribune, Ky.

## Novel Water Heater.

One of the numerous new electric heaters has the form of a nickel tube seven inches long, with the usual cord and plug connecting to a lamp socket. The resistance coil in the tube becomes intensely hot very quickly, and it is claimed that shaving water in which the tube is immersed will be heated in less than a minute. In a little longer time small quantities of water or other liquids can be raised to boiling.

## C. A. Adams

MARION

Sells the Champion Cream Saver

## THE NEW DE LAVAL

USE the same good judgment in selecting a cream separator that you would in making any other investment. Before you buy a separator, there are certain things that you ought to know about it.

Will it skim clean under all conditions?  
Will it deliver cream of uniform thickness?  
Does it run easily and require little or no attention?  
Is it simple, so that it will not continually be getting out of order?  
Is it easy to clean?  
Is it built to last?  
Most important of all,

**What do people who are using it say?**



The man who is using a machine is the man who can tell you the truth about it. We'll be glad to give you the names of a number of De Laval users right around this town—some of them men who formerly used separators of other makes. See these men and ask them why they changed, and what they think of the De Laval. It will be worth your while to do so.

The NEW De Laval has every good feature of the other separators and many more. It gives you the new self-cleaning action which gives greater capacity and skimming efficiency, the built-in speed which insures operation at the proper speed, and the improved automatic filling system.

We'll be glad to let you try out a NEW De Laval on your own farm before buying.

## SENATOR BARKHEAD CARRIES "BIG STICK"

Washington. — Senator Barkhead of Alabama started his colleagues by stalking into the chamber just before the recent adjournment with the aid of a hickory stick six feet long. The senator is no lightweight and he towers over the average man, but a prop so entirely out of all accepted proportions caused comment.

Senator Knox's curiosity was such that he demanded an explanation.

"It's the steadiest bit of wood ever cut in Virginia," said the owner.

"Quite a good deal of it," observed the Pennsylvania senator.

"Do you know that it is that steady bit of wood, and one of the best bits of wood ever cut in the state?"

"Not on your life," responded the Alabama senator.

"I am going to reject the hint," said the Alabama senator.

"I am going to take it down home if you fellows ever get through wind-jamming here and adjourn."

It will be just the thing for me to use when I go practice around my place.

## GET LEATHER FROM SHARKS

Series of Tests by Government Shows That Product Is Durable and Satisfactory.

New London, Conn.—A contract for 1,000 shark hides, 300 to be completed in ten days and 700 in twenty days after the first consignment, has been awarded by the government to J. W. Fordham, a blacksmith, of this vicinity.

There are to be three varieties of hide, eleven, ten and nine inches in length. A chain and swivel are to be attached to each hide.

It is reported from a Washington correspondent that the government is about to prospect in a new leather field, that of shark skins. In a series of tests a durable and satisfactory leather has been evolved from the skins of these fish. It is believed there is no reason why an industry may not be profitably started.

## WORKS FOR NATIONAL UNITY



Theodore N. Vail, who is head of the League for National Unity, organized recently with the approval of President Wilson, is preparing an intensive campaign for the unification of public opinion in the war. Mr. Vail is president of the American Telegraph and Telephone company.

## NICK CARTER IS IN ECLIPSE

Boy Readers Want Airmen or Submarine Captains for Heroes Instead of Old Thrillers.

Denver, Colo.—A survey of book stalls in Denver—the very center of romantic "wild and woolly"—shows that the knicker has put the western brand of romance out of business. As one dealer explained it "with the war sentiment sweeping the land, young America has tired of Dendywood Dick, Old Broad Brim, King Brady and Nick Carter, and demands a hero patterned after the dashing aviation captain or the submarine commander."

Gains 200 Pounds as Soldier.

Syracuse, N. Y.—There is nothing the matter with United States army "chuck."

Sergeant Inhoff, quartermaster's corps, stationed at the Syracuse expansion camp, retired after living on Uncle Sam's "chuck" for twenty-seven years.

Inhoff weighed 125 when he enlisted and 325 when he retired, and, as he is said to be the largest soldier in the world, credit cannot be withheld.

## Draft Leaves Only Aliens.

Watertown, W. Va.—The selective draft will leave only foreigners in this steel mill town. Of the 950 registrants here it has been found that 700 are aliens who are exempt from military service. Practically every foreigner in America will be taken in the first draft.

## PLAN TO STOP WASTE IN EGGS

Poultry and Egg Shippers to Cooperate With the Food Administration.

## HOPE TO SAVE \$50,000,000

Shippers Who Purchase Eggs to Pay Only for Those Fit for Human Consumption—Prompt Chilling of Eggs Is Advocated.

Washington. — New methods and equipment to save the \$50,000,000 worth of eggs wasted every year in this country and make the poultry industry an effective ally in the cause of food conservation were discussed recently at a conference of representative poultry and egg shippers with the food administration.

The conference was addressed by the food administration, G. H. Powell and E. Henry of his staff, and Dr. Mary Pennington of the United States food research laboratory, Philadelphia, and W. E. Fricke of the food administration provided.

The waste in eggs in 1914, according to the department of agriculture year book, cost the country \$50,000,000. This year it will be fully as large; for although the supply has gone down, prices have increased materially. Wasteful methods in handling poultry were also exceedingly expensive. The food administration made practical suggestions to remedy conditions, all of which received the approval of the conference.

## Pay Only for Good Ones.

It was recommended that shippers who purchase eggs pay for only those fit for human consumption. The custom has been to buy eggs by the case, without culling before purchase. Culling later was almost always sure to show that a large percentage of the eggs were bad. To get his money back, the shipper then had to throw away the bad eggs and raise his price, which was felt all along the line to the consumer.

Chilling of eggs to 60 degrees Fahrenheit, or below, as soon after purchase as possible, was advocated. Most eggs are fertile, and the life germ will deteriorate fast if not chilled. Even in infertile eggs the bacterial growth develops very soon. Wholesalers were urged to equip their plants with the latest cooling machinery.

All second-grade eggs, heated, shrunk or cracked, should be marketed as often and as near the source as possible. These are usually designated or frozen, and are used by confectioners and bakers.

Before shipping, all eggs should be carefully rehandled and those badly "chucked"—that is, with shells cracked—should be removed. Packing in standard cases is recommended, to prevent breakage. Eggs should be gathered by farmers daily and marketed at least twice a week.

## Cause of Many Scandals.

The practice of selling poultry with feed, sand or gravel in their crops, which is paid for by weight with the bird, is discouraged. This crafty device has caused many scandals in the industry, and several municipal investigations, notably one in New York. Dressed poultry should be sold with the crop entirely empty. All birds should be kept in sanitary coops and yards, and as soon as dressed should be chilled to 40 degrees, or lower, to prevent bacterial growth.

The conference passed resolutions of support for the whole food administration program, including federal license for dealers.

## \$200,000 for Housemaid.

Alton, Ill.—Miss Carrie Pointsnot of Alton is named the sole heiress to the large estate of Miss Matilda Lowery of Grand Rapids, Mich., who died in Philadelphia recently. The fortune, estimate at \$200,000, was left to Miss Pointsnot after Miss Lowery met her on a cold November day while she was doing housework for a family living in St. Louis.

## WOMEN REPLACE MEN IN MACHINE SHOPS

Ogden, Utah.—The women who have been called into the draft army or have volunteered for service with Uncle Sam's Liberty army, made their first appearance here when the Southern Pacific railroad employed about a dozen of the fair sex for work in the local repair shops.

The women will get their first experience in "sorting" scrap piles, separating the cast-iron shoes from the malleable, and removing the steel and wrought iron. Nuts, bolts, screws and other small pieces will be handled by the women, and if they display sufficient strength and ability in this line it is planned to put them to work cleaning cars and other heavier work about the yards and round-houses.

The "women in overalls" will receive the same compensation as that given the men who have been doing the same work.

## L. F. WATERS

Veterinarian

Phone 289

Office at Sisco's Livery Stable  
Prepare now and immunize your herd against black-leg and hemorrhagic septicemia in cattle; White Scours in calves; Navel ill in colts; Cholera in hogs; Also see me about White diarrhea in young chicks; Bowel ailments and blackhead in turkeys  
**How to Know, Prevent and Cure Quickly**

## GREAT MASS OF PROOF

Reports of 50,000 Cases of Kidney Trouble, Some of Them Marlon Cases.

Each of some 6,000 newspapers of the United States is publishing from week to week, names of people in its particular neighborhood who have used and recommended Doan's Kidney Pills for kidney trouble, weak kidneys, bladder trouble and urinary disorders. This mass of proof includes over 50,000 recommendations. Marlon is no exception. Here is one of the Marlon cases.

T. C. Guern, Penn., of Perry, E. Belleville, St. Louis, says: "I have found Doan's Kidney Pills a splendid remedy for kidney weakness. For a long time, I have been subject to backaches and at times, my back is stiff and sore. The kidney secretions pass too frequently and I do not get much sleep at night. Doan's Kidney Pills, which I get at Haynes & Taylor's drug store, never fail to give me relief and I wouldn't be without them. I think they are a fine medicine for old people."

Price 60 cents at all druggists. Doan's simply ask for a kidney remedy—get Doan's Kidney Pills—the same that Mr. Guern had. Foster-McMillan Co., Mpls., Minn., N. Y.

## A Christmas Suggestion.

When you make a present of The Youth's Companion you are giving not merely the means of wholesome pleasure and fascinating information every week. The Companion is all that, but it is something more. Hundreds of letters to The Companion speak of the influence of the paper in binding home ties. The mothers and fathers and the boys and girls in Companion families are very close knit in their affections. They have a common interest in the same duties and recreations, and they all regard The Companion as one of themselves. It is a personality and a character unique among publications, and you cannot introduce a more inspiring influence into any home circle.

It is not a publication merely—it's a friend. The Companion alone is \$2.00, but the publishers make an Extraordinary Double Christmas Present Offer—The Youth's Companion and McCall's Magazine together for \$2.25.

This two-at-one-price offer includes: 1 The Youth's Companion—52 issues in 1918.

2 All remaining 1917 issues of The Companion free.

3 The Companion Home Calendar for 1918.

4 McCall's Magazine—12 fashion numbers in 1918.

All for only \$2.25. THE YOUTH'S COMPANION, Commonwealth Ave., Boston, Mass. New Subscriptions Received at this office.

THE PARTING HOUR.

There's something in 'the parting hour' Will chill the warmest heart— Yet kindred, comrades, lovers, friends, Are fated all to part; But this I've seen—and many a pang Has pressed it on my mind— The one who goes is happier That those he leaves behind.

No matter what the journey be— Adventureous, dangerous, far To the wild Zep, or black frontier, To solitude, or war— Still something cheers the heart that dares.

In all of human kind; And they who go are happier

John Moore has rented Blake Terry's farm for the coming year.

Miss Eula Jacobs and Claude Mitchell; Miss Utha Moore and Leslie Hughes; Miss Nannie Hughes and Elbert Thomas; Miss Myrtle Thomas and Frank Belt went to Sheridan Sunday.

Guy and Kirby Thomas visited the latter's parents near Heath school house Sunday.

Sunday School at 2:30 p. m., and prayer meeting each Wednesday night, here.

That those they leave behind. The bride goes to the bridegroom's home With doubting and with tear, But does not hope her rainbow spread Across her cloudy fairs? Alas! the mother who remains, What comfort can she find But this—the gone is happier Than the one she leaves behind.

Have you a trusty comrade dear— An old and valued friend? Be sure your term of sweet converse A length will have an end And when you part—as part you will— Oh, take it not unkind, If he who goes is happier far Than you he leaves behind.

Get with it so, and so it is; The pilgrims on their way, Though weak and worn, more cheerful are Than all the rest who stay. And when, at last, poor man, subdued, Lies down to death resigned, May he not still be happier far Than those he leaves behind?

—Edward Pollock.

GLLENDALE (delayed from last week)

M. F. Enoch and wife spent Sunday visiting Jim Franklin and wife near Milford.

There is no school at this place this week, as Mr. James is singing for the Piney Creek meeting.

Mrs. J. P. Hatcher and daughter, Christine Winterspoon, and Arlie Webb, visited relatives in the Forest Grove and Dean neighborhoods last week.

Several from this section attended the burial of Mr. Bismear, of Hurricane, at Deer Creek, last Sunday.

Miss Ollie Thomas recently spent a week with her aunt, Mrs. Lee Enoch, at Rosiclar, Illinois.

Miss Addie Franks has returned from Paducah where she visited her niece, Mrs. C. E. Welton.

Henry Wiggins has returned from the East to spend the winter with his mother, Mrs. Dora Clark Wiggins.

The friends of J. S. Mercer received the following announcement last week:

"Mr. Jones S. Mercer, Mrs. Pearl Hines Phillips, married, Saturday, October the twentieth, nineteen hundred and seventeen, Henrietta, Texas, at home after October twenty-nine'h, Electra, Texas."

Guy and Kirby Thomas visited the latter's parents near Heath school house Sunday.

Sunday School at 2:30 p. m., and prayer meeting each Wednesday night, here.

## Hughes Chill Tonic

Palatable

Better than Calomel and Quinine Contains no arsenic The Old Reliable

Excellent General Tonic

As well as a remedy for chills and fevers, malarial fevers, swamp fevers and bilious fevers. Just what you need at this season.

Mild Laxative, Nervous Sedative, Splendid Tonic

Try it. Don't take any substitute

Druggists 50c and \$1.00 a bottle

Prepared by

Robinson-Pettit Company,

Incorporated,

Louisville, Ky.



**Coin in an Apple.**  
Albany, Ore.—When the Rev. O. Schuster, pastor of the Evangelical church here, started to eat an apple presented to him at a surprise party here one evening recently, he found it contained a sufficient quantity of gold coins to pay the expenses of himself and family on a trip to the minister's old home in Ohio. He had been planning to visit his mother and the congregation, learning of this, decided to pay his expenses.



# CRITTENDEN RECORD-PRESS

Marion, Ky., Nov. 15 1917

S. M. JENKINS.  
Editor and Publisher

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## Advertising Rates.

50c per inch S. C. Foreign Advertising  
25c per inch S. C. Home Advertising  
Repeated ads one-half rate.

Metal bases for Plates and Electro  
Locals or Readers

6c per line in this size type.

10c per line in this size type

15c per line in this size type.

Obituaries 5c per line  
Cards of Thanks 5c per line  
Resolutions of respect 5c a line

Cash  
With  
Copy

The Princeton Leader of Thursday said:

"Judge C. S. Nunn, Democratic nominee for State Senator lost Caldwell and Crittenden counties to W. J. Deboe, his Republican opponent, but carried Webster county, which gave him a good majority in the district, and he will be our next State Senator."

Old Webster remaining true to her colors saved the day for Judge Nunn because Caldwell flickered, giving Deboe a majority of 163 and Crittenden gave Deboe a majority of 313. However, Webster gave Nunn a majority of 776. For an off year Judge Nunn made a remarkable race and his friends are very jubilant over his election.

## Barb Wire Cuts and Wounds

Are trouble-ome to cure. Get a bottle of Farris' Healing Remedy—costs 50 cents—make it at home. Heals rapidly. A sore never matters where this remedy is used. We sell it on the money back plan.—J. H. Orme, Marion, Ky.

## CHAPEL HILL

R. V. Prek, of Arkansas, delivered a fine lecture last Monday night at this place.

Mr. and Mrs. B. F. Walker, of Marion, were guests of Berley Walker and family Sunday.

Norville Bigham and wife were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Scott Paris Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. H. S. Hill were guests of Mr. and Mrs. James A. Hill Sunday.

B. F. Walker and Lawrence Crider, of Marion, attended the last day of the meeting.

## Carelessness Results in Failure.

That is why we say "Feed B. A. Thomas' Hog Powder according to directions." DO NOT FEED IT SLOPPY, but mix it with ground feed and moisten with just enough water to make a crumbly mass. Then each hog gets a beneficial dose. See full directions on package. Your money back if you are not satisfied.

Sold by J. H. Orme, Marion, Ky.

## A Soldier's Dream.

When the shining sun has hid his face  
Behind the dark pine trees;  
And the moon and starlight softly falls  
On the woodland, gulf and sea;  
When the low hum of the city  
Dies in silence, rest and sleep,  
Then in dreams I see our heroes  
At the front far over the deep.

In dreams I hear the cannon's thunder,  
And see the glistering bayonets dart,  
While some mother's soldier boy  
Lies dead and bleeding at the heart.  
O'er the trench I see Old Glory  
Waving and the battle gloom,  
And the Germans fast retreating  
To their land of death and gloom.

I can hear the captains calling,  
Both Americans and the French,  
To their boys who are fighting  
Beside each other in the trench.  
And alas, the shattered buildings  
Falling at the bursting shell;  
While the poison gas is floating,  
Making war in France a hell—H.

And again I see the captain  
As against the deck he leans,  
With his Lieutenants, and field glasses,  
Spying out the submarines.  
Then I hear our cannon firing  
That echoes o'er the briny waves  
And I see U-boats go downward  
To their lonely seabed graves.

And at last I see the Kaiser  
Who has caused the world alarm,  
Begging America, France and England  
For his land now under arm  
"No mercy, sir," I hear them tell him  
No mercy, sir, for brutes like you,  
Not until we whip your nation  
And you salute the "Red, White and Blue."

This is a picture I made up one night  
While sitting on my cot.  
All the boys of Crittenden county  
Are getting along fine.

Yours truly,  
HUSTON ARMSTRONG,  
Hattiesburg, Miss.

C. S. NUNN  
Attorney at Law  
MARION, KENTUCKY  
Post Office Building.

## LEVIAS

I'm sure you'll be glad to hear  
What I'm equally glad to tell,  
That almost everyone on this line,  
Are busy, happy and well.

Rev. Grant Hughes preached at Union Saturday and Sunday for Rev. T. C. Carter.

Bertha Eaton, of Tribune spent several days last week with her aunt, Mrs. P. J. Gilles, and other relatives.

Misses Sallie Sullenger, Lemah Franklin and Marjorie Burklow were recent guests of Mrs. Mayo Taylor of the New Salem vicinity.

Mary Watson spent the week-end with her grandmother, Mrs. Mary J. Franklin.

Dona Snyder, of Tolu, is visiting relatives here this week.

Mrs. Maggie Burklow and two daughters, Imogene and Virginia, were guests of Mrs. Parthena Gilles Thursday.

Jim Minner and family, of Cedar Grove church motored over to this place and were the guests of her mother, Mrs. L. L. Price, last week.

Mrs. Liston Patmore spent Wednesday with her aunt, Mrs. Alice Hughes, of near the Franklin mines.

J. H. Price and wife, accompanied by Mrs. P. J. Gilles, spent Sunday with Zeta Clark.

Fate Settles and Jasper Franklin were in Tolu Saturday.

Mrs. Mildred Settles spent Thursday of last week with her parents Mr. and Mrs. Lynn, of near Siloam.

Florence Price was a recent guest of her uncle, P. M. McGrew, and cousin, Addie Rodfus, near Joy. Her mother, Mrs. A. F. Babb, of Carrsville, was there to meet her, which caused her visit to be a very pleasant one.

## A Soldier's Strength

Every enlisted man would stand up stronger during the first year's service if he could have the benefits of

## SCOTT'S EMULSION

because it fortifies the lungs and throat, creates strength to avoid grippe and pneumonia and makes rich blood to avert rheumatic tendencies.

Send a bottle of SCOTT'S to a relative or friend in the service.

The Norwegian cod liver oil in Scott's Emulsion is now refined in our own American laboratories which makes it pure and palatable.  
Scott & Bowne, Bloomfield, N. J.

## MIDWAY

The protracted meeting is in progress at Piney Fork. Bro. Roucher and Barbee are preaching some fine sermons.

Mrs. Martha Thompson is going to live with her daughter, Mrs. Lizzie Wilson, this winter.

Miss Lila Moore, of Flat Rock, visited her sister, Mrs. Tiller Sigler, Saturday night.

Miss Leah Hill had a misfortune last Thursday night coming home from church. The buggy turned over and she was hurt.

Sion Hunt and wife visited Sherman Paris' Saturday night.

Mr. and Mrs. Charley George, of Princeton, visited our school Friday. Come again Miss Etta.

Miss Virgil Matthews, of Frances, visited her sister, Rilla Paris, the latter part of last week.

Kirby, Willie and Sherman Paris all attended church at Piney Fork Saturday night.

Tiller Sigler is thinking of moving to Mrs. Martha Thompson's farm this year.

## WESTON

Misses Ruby Gahagan and Jerrie, of Marion, have returned home a few weeks on account of the smallpox closing the Marion school.

Misses Flossie Roleman and Verna King were in Weston Saturday.

J. W. Bennett and daughter, Miss Vera, were in Blackford Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Howard Eskew are very low with typhoid fever.

Mrs. C. W. Grady and son spent a few days the past week with her mother, Mrs. G. D. Hughes.

Mrs. Ida Duncan was in Weston Saturday trading.

Mr. and Mrs. John Walker were in our town Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Grady and son, Mr. and Mrs. G. D. Hughes and C. L. Cain left Monday for Clearwater, Fla., where they will spend the winter.

The writer joins in with their many friends, wishing them a pleasant trip and God's blessings.

Mr. and Mrs. Boyd Terrill and daughter, Shilile Lois, spent Sunday the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Will Wyan.

—Little Pansy.

## Women!

Here is a message to suffering women, from Mrs. W. T. Price, of Public, Ky.: "I suffered with painful, she writes, 'I got down with a weakness in my back and limbs... I felt helpless and discouraged... I had about given up hopes of ever being well again, when a friend insisted I

Take

## CARDUI

The Woman's Tonic

I began Cardui. In a short while I saw a marked difference... I grew stronger right along, and it cured me. I am stronger than I have been in years. If you suffer, you can appreciate what it means to be strong and well. Thousands of women give Cardui the credit for their good health. It should help you. Try Cardui. At all druggists. E-73

## SALEM

Born Nov. 11th, to Mr. and Mrs. Tom Carter, a girl. The mother and babe are getting along nicely.

Born Nov. 11th, to Mr. and Mrs. Homer Maddox, a fine boy. Mother and babe getting along nicely.

D. L. Barnes and family visited relatives in Gum Spring section Sunday.

Mrs. Lucile Taylor, of Chicago, is at the bedside of her mother here. Mrs. Linley is not improving as her friends had hoped.

Mrs. Lelia Moore returned to her home last week. Her health is much better after several weeks' treatment in Pope sanitarium at Louisville.

Cecil LaRue, of Levas, was the guest of R. A. LaRue and family Sunday and attended church services.

Cecil Ellis and family visited Marion Sunday.

Frank Farris and bride visited R. B. Baskley and family near Hampton Sunday.

Mrs. Robt. Mahan is visiting her daughter, Mrs. Jacobs, in Carrsville.

Wright McDaniels is in Evansville buying goods for his company this week.

Tom Barnes has treated himself and family to a new Ford car.

Mrs. Charley Savage and son, of Dawson, are visiting her parents and friends here.

Mrs. H. D. Woodridge and children have gone to Farwell, N. M., for the benefit of the health of the children.

L. M. Gray has sold his farm here and has rented a farm near Morganfield for next year.

Dave Cochran and wife visited relatives in Marion last week.

W. B. Butler made a business trip to Marion, Ill., last week.

C. H. Wilson, of Smithland, was here Monday in the interest of the Y. M. C. A., for the army and navy. The claims of this work will be presented next Sunday in the Union church by Hon. H. F. Green, and the local pastors here. Everybody come and do your bit for the soldiers.

## BELL'S MINES

Meandees Roe Adamson and Jesse Sheely and little son, Boucher, spent

Sunday the guests of Mrs. Bud Shields, of Union.

The birthday party given at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Sheeley last Saturday night in honor of their daughter, Miss Rosa's 18th anniversary, was enjoyed by all who were present.

Marion Wilson, of Union, attended the party at Mr. Sheeley's Saturday night.

The pie supper at Dempsey Wednesday night, was a grand success. The children rendered a short program which was grand. Mrs. Charles Dempsey entertained the audience with her new Edison phonograph.

Anderson Henry, of Repton, spent Saturday night the guest of James B. Newcom, of this place.

Mrs. Richard Pierson and children, of Illinois, are visiting her mother, Mrs. H. H. Collins.

Audrey Rutherford is on the sick list. Miss Clara Hina contemplates joining the Red Cross nurses.

Jesse Farmer happened a painful accident by getting one of his wrists thrown out of place, while working in a coal mine in Illinois. He is now visiting his mother, Mrs. Roe Adamson, of this place.

Mr. and Mrs. Harley Hina were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Dempsey one day last week.—Patriot.

## DYCUSBURG

Lucian Voster and family spent Saturday and Sunday in the guests of his mother, Mrs. Virginia Voster.

Miss Edmonia Bennett spent the week-end in the country the guests of Mrs. Minnie Brasher.

Mrs. Jesse Cassidy, of near Salem, was the guest of Mrs. Wade Sunday.

Miss Ola Charles spent the week in the guest of her aunt, Mrs. Joe Hill.

Mrs. Bud Waddington was in Smithland Monday.

Robert Wells, of Smithland was in town Saturday and Sunday.

Dr. F. M. Radcliff, of Tiline, was in town Saturday on business.

Miss Tyline Charles spent a pleasant day Sunday in the country the guest of Mrs. G. L. Lott.

The Red Cross society gave a pie supper Saturday night. A large crowd and every one reported a good time. They made \$12.10 for which will be used in making clothes for "our" soldiers.

Miss Rhea Cooksey, of Kuttawa, spent Saturday and Sunday in town the guest of her father and mother, Mr. and Mrs. P. K. Cooksey.

Roy Henry, who has been very low with typhoid fever, is some better.

J. A. Graves was in Kuttawa Saturday on business.

W. E. Charles will leave Friday for Caloun, Ky., to assist Bro. Wimberly in a meeting.

Miss Lma Griffith spent Saturday night in town the guest of Miss Laleine Ferguson.

Mrs. Minnie Brasher was in town Sunday.

Isaac Bragdon and family spent Sunday in Lyon county.

## MUSTANG

For Sprains, Lameness,  
Sore, Cuts, Rheumatism  
Penetrates and Heals.  
Stops Pain At Once  
For Man and Beast  
25c, 50c, \$1. At All Dealers.

## LINIMENT

## SEVEN SPRINGS

Let all the members of Seven Springs church that can possibly attend, be with us at our next regular service on Saturday, as there business of importance is needed to be transacted.

Misses Dexera, of near Tiline, were the guests of Moat Duvall and family last week.

Sam Guess, of Lyon county, was in this vicinity Monday.

We hope the good people of Evansville will be successful in securing their new home of worship.

Harry McKinney was in Lyon county last week on business.

Moat Duvall and family visited his brother, Arch, near Salem the fourth Sunday.

Raymond Patton was in Kuttawa Monday.

Everybody and their brother went to the election Tuesday.

Jim Patton, of Caldwell Springs, visited his mother, Mrs. Sarah Patton, at this place Monday.

Henry Guess and sister, Miss Lucy, visited Walter Green and family near Fredonia Saturday night and Sunday.

Dewey Loveless, formerly of Salem, but now of near Hodge Mines, visited

## Will Eaton last week.

Mrs. Jamie Duvall and two sons Calvin and Frank, spent the day with Mrs. Pollie Patton Tuesday.

M. L., and Omer Patton were in Marion Thursday.

The people in general have been abundantly blessed this year with fine crops of almost every kind, and we should feel very thankful to the Giver of every good and perfect gift for such a rich harvest, and not to forget to lay by on the first day of the week something in store for the benefit of the advancement of our Lord's kingdom in every part of the earth that His name might be glorified.

## BLACKFORD

This the month of November and during this November month many and various things may transpire.

The election in various parts of the State has already passed off very quietly, so far as we know, and the people are very well satisfied with the results.

The national Thanksgiving day will come on the 29th instant and whether the people, as a rule, will heed it very ceremoniously or not, is yet to be observed.

On the 7th inst., at the home of Hughes E. York, a baby girl first saw light. The charming little damsel has been named Carrie Lela and is a driving nice y. Also the mother, Mrs. York, is doing splendidly.

James Edwards Crowell, who was a comrade of Lemuel H. James in the Federal army during the Civil war, a brother-in-law of Rev. James F. Price and also an uncle of Robert F. Wheel, died at his home near Ranton, Saturday, Nov. 10th. Mr. Crowell—commonly called Uncle Ned—was seventy-six years old and had been in failing health for a number of months. Owing to the request of his sons, Alvin and John, he was visited, during his last illness which was a form of gastralgia, by Drs. Newcom and Reynolds.

We noticed in last week's Record-Press a very lengthy article which was written by Lonnie Clift in which he very earnestly eulogizes Crittenden county. Admitting the fact that while we are not personally acquainted with the writer of said article, but being a native of Crittenden county we feel somewhat elated, and from the life and vim of the expressions contained in the communication, we are confident that writer (nevertheless he may be a country boy) is not a cigarette "sucker" nor one who imbues strong drink. Let us hear from you again, friend Clift, we are really pleased to read what you write.

We also observed in the same issue of the Press a letter from our childhood friend, Mrs. Ella Stanley, dated at Goodlett, Texas. The most encouraging paragraph in her letter was relative to Oklahoma City—"everybody seemed to be in hurry and no hater to be seen." This calls to mind another expression which is very appropriate in connection with friend Ella's statement—"an idle brain is the devil's workshop." This is sufficient evidence to demonstrate that the paramount pre-requisite to accomplish anything worth while are "pluck" and "perseverance."

Since our last epistle from this place quite a number have come, gone, been, etc., in the way of visiting and a few who we have a faint recollection of are: Larkin K. White and John L. Reynolds have been to Camp Zachary Taylor, Louisville, Ky.; A. T. Brown and wife to Evansville, Ind.; J. M. Metcalfe and wife to Marion; Mrs. T. Pickens to Dawson; Mrs. H. T. Reynolds to Sturgis; J. P. Perry to Piney; W. M. Crowell and Levi Johnson to Wheatcroft; C. B. Anderson and J. L. Reynolds to Dixon; and A. H. Leitchfield and J. M. Greer have been a squirrel hunting. Such as the above would be the outline of our visiting in the part of the world and it would require a book consisting of 177 pages to contain one-third part of it. So deliver us from recording the visiting list.

"If every person Were just like me; What kind of a world Would this world be?"

—Observer.

Whenever You Need a General Tonic Take Grove's.

The Old Standard Grove's Tasteless Tonic is equally valuable as a General Tonic because it contains the well known tonic properties of QUININE and IRON. It acts on the Liver, Drives out Malaria, Enriches the Blood and Builds up the Whole System. 60 cents.

## How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Medicine. Hall's Catarrh Medicine has been taken by catarrh sufferers for the past thirty-five years, and has become known as the most reliable remedy for Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Medicine acts thru the Blood on the Mucous surfaces, expelling the Poison from the Blood and healing the diseased portions.

After you have taken Hall's Catarrh Medicine for a short time you will see a great improvement in your general health. Start taking Hall's Catarrh Medicine at once and get rid of catarrh. Send for testimonials free.

P. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, Ohio. Sold by all Druggists, etc.

## Rules For Old Age.

When I am old, I will observe the following items (perhaps):

I will not try to act nor dress nor talk so as to make people think I am younger than I am.

I will not pretend to be young, nor be angry when called old, nor ashamed of my age.

I will not complain of being old. I will not continually remind people of my old age to secure their sympathy, or to hear them say I am not so old after all, or do not seem so.

I will not form the habit of indulging in reminiscences. I will be particularly careful not to repeat the same anecdotes over and over.

I will not complain of the present and claim the past was much better.

If I am deaf, weak-eyed, lame or otherwise afflicted I will not advertise my infirmities, but avoid obtruding them upon the notice of others as much as possible.

I will not talk of myself, my works, or my achievements, even of my mistakes, any more than is necessary.

I will speak cheerfully or keep still.

I will never indulge in cynicism, never sneer at youth, and I will try always to appreciate what younger folks do.

I will be a little bored as I can, and never say I am bored, nor, if possible, act as if I were bored.

I will not give any advice unless it is asked, and not often then.

I will not be irritable.

I will not be a nuisance nor an incumbrance, so far as in me lies.

I will not be offended by neglect, but I will remember the words of the sage: "Those who come to see me do me honor; those who do not come to see me do me a favor."

I will be as little disagreeable as possible, and will never use my natural disagreeableness as a means of getting my way.

I will cultivate the friendship and companionship of young children, who alone understand old age.

I will learn to love to be alone. As Ibsen says: "The freest soul is the soul that is alone."

I shall try to show the world that old age is spiritual opportunity and not physical calamity.

Forced to become a bystander, I shall try to be a helpful and cheerful one.

I shall try to sweeten like the pear Dr. Holmes describes that mellow and becomes full flavored before it drops from the stem, and shall try not to sour and dry and rot.

I shall conceive my life's triumph to be to grow triumphantly, victoriously old.

In a word, I shall try to adjust myself to old age, as to all other facts of life.—Dr. Frank Crane, in Farm Life.

## CORN WANTED.

We are in the market for snapped and shucked corn, at market price. See us before you sell.

Marion Milling Co.

Incorporated.

Jake Farris Sr., and his son Frank Nesbit Farris and wife of Salem passed through the city Friday enroute home from Evansville where they had been on a business and pleasure trip.



# PERSONALS

E. L. Harpending, Notary Public

Mr. and Mrs. Orson Howlett and her mother Mrs. Jimmie Rankin have moved from Gaylord Mich., to Battle Creek, Mich., to reside.

Mrs. Roy Waddell of Salem was the guest last week of her brother, Ernest Butler on Salem street.

James Gill and wife will leave soon for Denison Texas to make their home with their son Harry Gill. They having sold their farm in the Memphis Mines section.

FOR RENT—One office in the Press building, also desk room in another office.—S. M. Jenkins

Rev. Sidney McNeely of Marion, will fill the pulpit of Rev. T. C. Newman at the Cumberland Presbyterian church Sunday morning.

Providence Enterprise.

Rev. Wallace Clift, the new pastor of the Presbyterian church and his family are here and installed in the parsonage recently purchased for them on West Main street. Mrs. Clift and their three children have been visiting relatives in Lexington and Nicholasville, while Mr. Clift was engaged in a revival meeting in Texas, where they have been located for several years. Mr. Clift's last charge was at Portland, Texas. He will preach at Lisman next Sunday.

Providence Enterprise.

The declamatory contest in division No. 3 will take place at Baker church Friday night Nov. 23rd at 7 o'clock.

Have your Auto Tubes and Casings repaired the factory way.—At the Ford Garage.

Rev. R. Robinson assisted by Rev. Trotter closed a very successful meeting at Shady Grove Friday night. Rev. Robinson has continued with his churches not being accepted yet as a chaplain in the U. S. army. He filed his appointment at White Plains and Unity the 2nd, and White Plains called him to the work again next year.

LOST—On November, 6th, a black leather pocket book, containing \$25.00, one \$10.00 bill and three \$5.00 bills. Finder please notify Everett Teer and receive reward. Pocketbook was lost between Frances and Clement Hill.—Everett Teer Mexico, Ky.

LOST—In Marion Monday, or on way to my home, a pair of double lens, gold frame glasses, in black leather case. Please return to me or to Press office and be rewarded.

J. R. Moore, Repton, Ky.

See Geo. J. Travis, Marion, Ky., for everything photographic. All work finished in sepia brown, black and white, and until Dec. 20th, I will give free on all cabinet sized work or larger, a nice calendar with your own photo on it. All home groups and family re-unions will be promptly met, except on Sunday.

R. Ed Moore, of Madisonville son of Judge and Mrs. James A. Moore of this city, was elected councilman in his adopted city last election day, Tuesday Nov. 6th. He is already a leading hardware dealer and bank director, all of which goes to prove the merit of the "man from Crittenden county."

Don't buy new casings to be through the winter. Have your old ones repaired at the Ford Garage.

Go to George W. Stone for your glasses in rims or rimless, any kind you want. His low prices will surprise you. Office hours 8 to 12 and 1 to 5 on Mondays and Saturdays. Other week days in the afternoon only. Office lower floor of Press Bldg.

J. T. Burklow and family will move to the Wilson Hill next week. He has worked 14 years for W. H. LaRue near Union.

Frank Riley, wife and son Henry will move to southeast Mo., next week. They have three married children living in Mo., and will leave three in this state when they leave.

Foster L. Threlkeld of Tolu who is spending the winter in Morganfield was here this week visiting his old home and friends.

Floyd Fenwick son of the late Ben Fenwick of Henderson volunteered in the U. S. army and has now gone to the front. He was born here and his mother was Miss Artha Jenkins who is remembered here by many warm friends, and who was a niece of Mrs. Geo. C. Gray.

We are now prepared to do repair work on Auto Tubes and Casings. Our vulcanizing equipment is the same as used in many factories, and is as complete as any repair shop in any State. Kindly give us a trial and be convinced. See J. W. Guess, at the Ford Garage.

Mr. and Mrs. Al Woods and son of Welford Kansas who came in to spend a day or so with relatives here last week, returned home Tuesday. It was their first visit here in 17 years. Mr. Woods is a son of Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Woods of this city. Mrs. Woods was before her marriage Miss Etta Dowell youngest daughter of the late Judge R. A. Dowell who was sheriff and county judge here in the eighties and who died recently in leaving a great fortune to each of his children.

Mrs. A. V. McFee and son Ed left Tuesday for Clearwater Fla. to spend the winter.

Frank Charles came in to spend the week end. He reports business A. 1. on the road.

Marvin Charles of Paducah spent the week end with his brother Frank Charles and wife.

Mr. Willie Gray and wife formerly of Providence were here Friday to look over the hotel situation with a view of locating here. We understand they are fine hotel people and will come here if some capitalist will build a new and modern hotel.

The Hon. E. L. Nunn has sold his farm near Rodney to Holt & Co., of Union county for \$3,000.00. The place is one of the best improved farms in the county and comprises 225 acres of fine land, situated on the Marion and Morganfield road between Rodney and Bells Mines. We congratulate the buyers on getting such a bargain. Mr. Nunn we here will locate in Marion.

The Declamatory Contest of Division 4 will be held at Sugar Grove church Saturday night Nov., 17th.

The Meyers land near Mexico on the old Centerville and Salem road was sold at the Court House door last Monday. 130 acres the road from the residence first sold for \$2600.00; 30 acres and all improvements then sold for \$650.00. The place was then offered as a whole and was quickly run up to \$4200.00 and was bought by T. A. Yandell for cash in hand.

It is logical that pouring drugs into the stomach will not cure catarrh in the head. Hyomei, medicated air reaches the seat of the disease. Guaranteed by Haynes & Taylor.

Rev. James F. Price is in a meeting at Levi, Owsley Co., Ky. He is having a large attendance and good interest. The outlook is encouraging for a successful meeting. Five services were held last Sunday, including Sunday school and Christian Endeavor. It is just a school house, but a church will doubtless be organized at the close of the meeting.

Mrs. Ada S. Cavender and her aunt Mrs. W. D. Craig who was her guest, went to Evansville shopping and were guests over night of Mrs. Alice Brown.

Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Craig of Harishorne, Oklahoma who were guests of their niece Mrs. A. S. Cavender, have returned home in the far west.

White shucked corn is selling at the Marion Mill at \$1.10 where good and dry, 70 lbs. to the bu. Shucked corn with shuck on at \$1.00, 75 lbs., to the bushel.

## SALE OF OPTICAL GOODS

Special Until December 10th.

Until above date we will give a real bargain in eye glasses, spectacles and in fact everything in the optical line.

\$10.00 glasses for	\$7.50
7.50 " "	5.50
5.00 " "	3.75
3.00 " "	2.20

A reduction of 25 per cent on anything you purchase.

We invite your inspection of office and equipments. We have the latest instruments for measuring curvatures, dynamic and static muscle tests, also instruments for seeing interior of eye to determine whether there are growths, scars, cots, torn or dead spots or any other conditions that may exist.

Come in and let us demonstrate our work.

We are home people, and save you the time and expenses of going to the city.

Our motto is best quality, good service and reasonable prices. Dr. J. R. Gilchrist

Ned Crowell of Tradewater died Friday morning at 1 o'clock in his 76th year. He was buried Sunday at the Clark graveyard, Rev. John King officiating. He was a deacon in Cave Spring C. P. church for many years. His wife died 12 years ago. Four children survive him, two daughters, Mrs. Robt. Brantly of Hatchekoon, Arkansas and Mrs. Ozie Orr of this county. Also two sons Alvin Crowell and John Frank Crowell both of this county.

## FOR SALE.

A few Ringlet Barred Rock Cockerels.

Geo. T. Belt. Phone 345 121.

## Marion Boy Elected

Albert L. Elder was elected Policeman of Fredonia Tuesday over the incumbent, Oscar Scarberry. There were no candidates for town trustees.

Princeton Leader.

## What is LAX-FOS

LAX-FOS IS AN IMPROVED CASCARA A Digestive Liquid Laxative, Cathartic and Liver Tonic. Contains Cascara Bark, Blue Flag Root, Rhubarb Root, Black Root, May Apple Root, Senna Leaves and Pepsin. Combines strength with palatable aromatic taste. Does not gripe. 50c

## CRITTENDEN COURT DOCKET

For The November Term, 1917.

Commonwealth Docket.

First Day.

Commonwealth of Ky. vs Kin

Joice.

Same vs same.

Same vs same.

Same vs same.

Same vs same.

Same vs same.

Same vs same.

Same vs Tom Saucer.

Same vs Walter Smith.

Same vs Lawrence Curnel.

Same vs Bird Watson.

Same vs same.

Same vs same.

Same vs Berry Breashears.

Same vs same.

Same vs same.

Same vs Clarence Walker & etc.

Same vs Freddie Wright.

Same vs Jess Roberts.

Same vs same.

Same vs Eugene Decker.

Same vs Edgar Fralick.

Same vs Al Daughtery.

Same vs Lawrence Lott.

Same vs Robinson Crone.

Same vs same.

Same vs J. E. Turley.

Same vs same.

Same vs same.

Same vs Harry Binkley.

Same vs Herbert Burklow.

Same vs Molly Hill.

Same vs Tom Carlton.

Same vs Elmer McDaniel.

Same vs Burnie Bradford.

Same vs Ed Baird.

Same vs Robert Dial.

Same vs Ellis Blackwell.

Same vs Tom Meyers.

Same vs Phin Miles.

Same vs same.

Same vs Earl Farmer.

Same vs J. A. White.

Same vs E. W. Winstead.

Same vs same.

Same vs Beckham McNeely and

Walter Fritts.

Same vs Corbet Towery and Ben

Yandell.

Same vs Ed Baird and Benny

Bradford.

Same vs Roy Jamison and Elmer

Damron.

Same vs Russell Mayhan.

Same vs Ike E. Belt.

Same vs John Tinsley.

COMMONWEALTH DOCKET.

Second Day.

Same vs Ira Hughes.

Same vs Ezra McDowell.

Same vs Eddy Melton and Jesse

Leet.

Same vs Albert Bone.

Same vs Almon Teer.

Same vs same.

Same vs same.

Same vs same.

Same vs same.

Same vs same.

Same vs same.

Same vs same.

Same vs Ben Boswell.

Same vs same.

Same vs Ben Yandell and etc.

Same vs Geo. Graves (col).

Same vs G. Terry.

Same vs Pet Watson.

Same vs Willie Leech.

Same vs Corbet Tabor.

Same vs Roy Barley.

Same vs Geo. Watson.

Same vs Jesse Leet.

Same vs Halley Wilcox.

Same vs Bob Adamson.

Same vs Bill Boaz.

Same vs same.

Same vs Hughey McCaslin.

Same vs Bill Moss, Jr.

Same vs Tom Britton.

Same vs Allie Crider.

Same vs Oakley Hughes.

Same vs Joe Cardwell.

Same vs Noah Green and Oscar

Green.

COMMON LAW

REFERENCE DOCKET.

Third Day.

Carrie Frances Bennett and etc.

vs Henry Owen and etc.

E. I. Large vs Ben Belt.

COMMON LAW

APPEARANCE DOCKET.

Third Day.

Geo. H. Foster vs A. W. Lane.

Ernest Hearrell, Admr. etc. vs

## The Battle Hymn of The Republic.

(By JULIA WARD HOWE.)

Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord;

He is trampling out the vintage where the grapes of wrath are stored;

He hath loosed the fateful lightning of His terrible, swift sword;

His truth is marching on.

I have read a fiery gospel, writ in burnished rows of steel;

"As you deal with my contempters, so with you my grace shall deal;

Let the hero, born of woman, crush the serpent with his heel,

Since God is marching on."

He hath sounded forth the trumpet that shall never call retreat;

He is sifting out the hearts of men before His judgment seat;

Oh, be swift, my soul, to answer Him! be jubilant, my feet!

Our God is marching on.

In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born across the sea.

With a glory in His bosom that transfigures you and me;

As He died to make men holy, let us die to make men free.

While God is marching on.

I. C. R. R. Co. etc.

Jewell Powell and etc. vs Roy

Lamb

H. H. Floyd vs M. T. Koker.

Mary J. Turley and etc. vs W.

T. Corley.

COMMON LAW

APPEARANCE DOCKET.

Fourth Day.

L. E. Huffman vs Gabe W. Abell.

C. J. Pierce vs W. A. Blackburn

and etc.

T. H. Cochran & Co. vs Lewis

Horning.

Murray G. McDowell vs Mollie

J. Cardwell and etc.

A. Koltinsky vs D. A. Wicker.

May Brantley and etc. vs D.

Crowell.

REFERENCE EQ.

UNITY DOCKET.

W. B. Stembridge, Admr. vs

Mrs. Vina Stembridge.

Julia Baupre vs Thos. Nevins.

Florence Harpending vs John L.

Harpending.

Ada McNeely vs J. O. McNeely.

Dora F. Travis vs Ruth and

Perry Travis.

Mrs. Nona Lamb vs Christine

Lamb.

Rosie Meeks vs John V. Meeks.

Eliza Jane Hill vs Jas. A. Fow-

ler, Ex.

Percy Jones and etc. vs Ex

parte.

D. S. F. Crider vs Iva Thomason.

John James vs Mabel James.

L. G. Gipson, Admr. etc vs Alice

Gipson and etc.

I. F. Wheeler etc. vs Ex parte.

Essie Myers vs Tom Myers.

J. G. Rochester vs Harriet Sau-

cer.

Edna Moss vs W. F. Moss.

D. Frank Clark vs Nannie M.

Clark, etc.

Ollie I. Hughes vs Ed Mott and

etc.

APPEARANCE EQ.

UNITY DOCKET.

Malinda Cole vs U. K. & B. H.

Cole.

Lizzie Lewis vs Oscar Lewis.

J. H. Sells vs J. H. Moore etc.

Lathy McDowell vs Rosa Mc-

Dowell.

Willie Ethridge vs Mettie Eth-

ridge.

Cecil Baker vs L. Etie Baker.

Mary Lou Harris vs Tracy Harris.

Cora Hardin vs Marshall Hardin.

U. G. Hughes, Admr. vs Mrs.</



## WHILE AT WAR

Women of Ky. Suffer at Home.

LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY.—"I can never thank Dr. Pierce enough for what his medicines has done for me. When my third child came I had nursing sore month and was so weak I could hardly walk. My baby also suffered. I got medicine from our family physician but it did me no good. I grew worse instead of better, so I bought in despair I began taking Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, and before I had taken half a bottle I felt like a different woman and when I had finished taking one bottle I was almost well. I believe I would be in my grave had it not been for this medicine."—Mrs. EMMA PEAK, R. R. A. Box 314.

LONGSTREET, KY.—"A few years ago my health failed. I suffered with ulceration, inflammation, heart trouble, hysteria, nervousness and sleeplessness. No tongue can tell how I suffered. I consulted two physicians, but neither seemed to do any good. Finally I quit the doctors and sent to Indiana for some medicine, but it also failed to give relief. Then a neighbor advised me to try Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription and his Golden Medical Discovery, which I did, and soon was able to do my housework. I have forgotten exactly how many bottles I used, but I gained twenty-five pounds. The 'Prescription' is the best remedy in the world for women."—Mrs. ELIZA BROWN.

"Favorite Prescription," the ever-famous remedy for ailing women, and "Golden Medical Discovery," the greatest general tonic, are both put up in liquid and tablet form, and are to be found in nearly all drug stores. They have enjoyed an immense sale for nearly 50 years, which proves their merits as well as the statements made by users. If not obtainable at your dealer's send 10 cents to Dr. Pierce, Invalids' Hotel, Buffalo, N. Y., and he will mail trial package of either tablets.

### Never Satisfied.

The captain of the ship Hardtack was on one occasion greatly exasperated by the complaints of the men in the fore-cabin of the quality of the meat supplied to them. "Shure, an I won't deny that it shouts," he said as one of the malcontents brought a particularly offensive morsel for his inspection. "But you boys are always grumbling and bawling. If you got bakel angel for dinner you'd growl about the stuffin'."

## Well "Armed."



When company comes there is no time to waste—no chances to be taken—no mother says that there is always a can of

### CALUMET BAKING POWDER

on hand. Cakes, pies, doughnuts, muffins and all good things to eat must be dressed up in their best taste and looks.

Then, too, her reputation as a cook can't be upheld—and she "stakes" it on Calumet every time. She knows it will not disappoint her.

Order a can and have the "Calumet" brand of baking powder.

Calumet contains only such ingredients as have been approved officially by the U. S. Food Authorities.

You save when you buy it. You save when you use it.

HIGHEST QUALITY

### King Of The Khyber Rifles.

(Continued From last week.)

#### CHAPTER XV.

As they disappeared after a scramble through the mouth of the same tunnel they had entered by, a roar went up behind them like the birth of earthquakes. Looking back over his shoulder, King saw Yasmini come back into the hole's mouth, to stand framed in it and bow acknowledgment. For the space of five minutes she stood in the great hole, smiling and watching the crowd below. Then she went, and the guards began to loose random volleys

at the roof and brought down hundredweights of splintered stalactite. Within a minute there were a hundred men busy sweeping up the splinters. In another minute twenty Zakka Khels had begun a sword dance, yelling like demons. A hundred joined them. In three minutes more the whole arena was a dancing whirlpool, and the river's voice was drowned in shouting and the stamping of naked feet on stone.

"Come!" urged Ismail, and led the way.

King's last impression was of earth's womb on fire and of hellions brewing wrath. The stalactites and the hurrying river multiplied the dancing lights into a million, and the great roof hurled the din down again to make confusion with the new din coming up.

Ismail went like a rat down a run, and it became so dark that King had to follow by ear. He imagined they were running back toward the ledge under the waterfall; yet, when Ismail called a halt at last, panting, groped behind a great rock for a lamp and lit the wick with a common safety match, they were in a cave he had never seen before.

"Where are we?" King asked. "Where none dare seek us. Art thou afraid?" asked Ismail, holding the lamp to King's face.

"Kuch dar ushin hai!" he answered. "There is no such thing as fear!"

Suddenly the Afridi blew the lamp out, and then the darkness became solid. Thought itself left off less than a yard away.

"Ismail!" he whispered. But Ismail did not answer him.

He faced about, leaning against the rock, with the flat of both hands pressed tight against it for the sake of its company; and almost at once he saw a little bright red light glowing in the distance. It might have been below him; it was perfectly impossible to judge, for the darkness was not measurable.

"Flowers turn to the light!" droned Ismail's voice above sententiously, and turning, he thought he could see red eyes peering over the rock. He jumped, and made a grab for the flowing beard that surely must be below them, but he missed.

"Little fish swim to the light!" droned Ismail. "Moths fly to the light! Who is a man that he should know less than they?"

He turned again and stared at the light. Dimly, very vaguely he could make out that a causeway led downward from almost where he stood. He was convinced that should he try to climb back Ismail would merely reach out a hand and shove him down again, and there was no sense in being put to that indignity. He decided to go forward, for there was even less sense in standing still. So he stooped to feel the floor with his hand before deciding to go forward. There was no mistaking the finish given by the tread of countless feet. He was on a highway, and there are not often pitfalls where so many feet have been.

For all that he went forward as a certain Azag once did, and it was many minutes before he could see a certain glowing blood-red in the light behind two lamps, at the top of a flight of ten stone steps. When he went quite close he saw carpet down the middle of the steps, so ancient that the stone showed through in places; all the pattern, supposing it ever had any, was worn or faded away. Carpet and steps glowed red too. His own face, and the hands he held in front of him were red-hot-poker color. Yet outside the little ellipse of light the darkness looked like a thing to lean against, and the silence was so intense that he could hear the arteries singing by his ears.

He saw the curtains move slightly, apparently in a little puff of wind that made the lamps waver. Then he walked up the steps and at the top he stooped to examine the lamps.

They were bronze, cast, polished and graven. All round the circumference of each bowl were figures in half-relief, representing a woman dancing. She was the woman of the knife-bill, and of the lamps in the arena! But no two figures of the dance were alike. It was the same woman dancing, but the artist had chosen twenty different poses with which to immortalize his skill, and hers. Both lamps burned sweet oil with a wick, and each had a chimney of horn, not at all unlike a modern lamp chimney. The horn was stained red.

As he set the second lamp down he became aware of a subtle, interesting smell, and memory took him back at once to Yasmini's room in the Chandai Chowk in Delhi where he had smelled it first. It was the peculiar scent he had been told was Yasmini's own—a blend of scents, like a chord of music, in which musk did not predominate.

He took three strides and touched the curtains, discovering now for the first time that there were two of them, divided down the middle. They were of leather, and though they looked old as the "Hills" themselves, the leather was supple as good cloth.

"Kurram Khan hai!" he announced. But the echo was the only answer. There was no sound beyond the curtains. With his heart in his mouth he parted them with both hands, startled by the sharp jangle of metal rings on a rod.

So he stood, with arms outstretched, staring—staring—staring—with eyes skilled swiftly to take in details, but with a brain that tried to explain—formed a hundred wild suggestions—and then rested. He was face-to-face with the unexplainable—the riddle of Khinjan caves.

The leather curtains slipped through his fingers and closed behind him with the clink of rings on a rod. But he was beyond being startled. He was not really sure he was in the world.

He was not certain whether it was the twentieth century, or 55 B. C., or earlier yet; or whether time had ceased.

The place where he was did not look like a cave, but a palace chamber, for the rock walls had been trimmed square and polished smooth; then they had been painted pure white, except for a wide blue frieze, with a line of gold leaf drawn underneath it. And on the frieze, done in gold-leaf too, was the Grecian lady of the lamps, always dancing. There were fifty or sixty figures of her, no two alike.

A dozen lamps were burning, set in niches cut in the walls at measured intervals. They were exactly like the two outside, except that their horn chimneys were stained yellow instead of red, suffusing everything in a golden glow.

Opposite him was a curtain, rather like that through which he had entered. Near to the curtain was a bed, whose great wooden posts were cracked with age. In spite of its age it was covered with fine new linen.



On It, Above the Linen, a Man and a Woman Lay Hand in Hand.

Richly embroidered, not very ancient Indian draperies hung down from the floor on either side. On it, above the linen, a man and a woman lay hand in hand, and the woman was exactly like Yasmini, even to her clothing and her naked feet, that it was not possible for a man to be self-possessed.

They both seemed asleep. It was minutes before he satisfied himself that the man's breast did not rise and fall under the bronze Roman armor and that the woman's jeweled gauzy stuff was still. Imagination played such tricks with him that in the stillness he imagined he heard breathing.

After he was sure they were both dead, he went nearer, but it was a minute yet before he knew the woman was not yet. At first a little thought possessed him that she had killed herself.

The only thing to show who he had been were the letters S. P. Q. R. on a great plumed helmet, on a little table by the bed. But she was the woman of the lamp-bowls and the frieze. A life-size stone statue in a corner was so like her, and like Yasmini too, that it was difficult to decide which of the two it represented.

She had lived when he did, for her fingers were locked in his. And he had lived two thousand years ago, because his armor was about as old as that, and for proof that he had died in it part of his breast had turned to powder inside the breastplate. The rest of his body was whole and perfectly preserved.

Stern, handsome in a high-benched Roman way, gray in the temples, firm-lipped, he lay like an emperor in harness. But the pride and resolution on his face were outdone by the serenity of hers. Very surely these two had been lovers.

Both of them looked young and healthy—the woman younger than thirty—twenty-five at a guess—and the man perhaps forty, perhaps forty-five. Every stitch of the man's clothing had decayed, so that his armor rested on the naked skin, except for a dented leather kilt about his middle. The leather was as old as the curtains at the entrance, and as well preserved, but the woman's silken clothing was as new as the bedding. Yet, they both died about the same time, or how could their fingers have been interlocked? And some of the jewelry on the woman's clothes was very ancient as well as priceless.

He looked closer at the fingers for signs of force and suddenly caught his breath. Under the woman's flimsy sleeve was a wrought gold bracelet, smaller than that one he himself had worn in Delhi and up the Khyber. He raised the loose sleeve to look more closely at it, and the movement laid bare another bracelet, on the man's right wrist. Size for size, this was the same as the one that had been stolen from himself.

Memory prompted him. He felt its outer edge with a finger nail. There was the little nick that he had made in the soft gold when he struck it against the cell bars in the jail at the Mir Khan palace! He touched the gold. It was warm. He repeated the test on the woman's wrists. His was warm, too. Both bracelets had been worn by a living being within an hour.

He muttered and frowned in thought, then suddenly jumped backward, his feet on either side of the bed he had been on his bronze rod. "Are n't they deers?" a voice said in English behind him. "Aren't they sweet?"

Yasmini stood not two arms' lengths away, lovelier than the dead woman because of the merry life in her, young and warm, aglow, but looking like the dead woman and the woman of the frieze—the woman of the lamp-bowls—the statue—came to life, speaking to him in English more sweetly than if it had been her mother tongue. The English abused their language. Yasmini censored it and made it do its work twice over.

Being dressed as a native, he saluted low. Knowing him for what he was, she gave him the semna-stained tips of her warm fingers to kiss, and he thought she trembled when he touched them. But a second later she had snatched them away and was treating him to a rally.

"Man of pills and blisters!" she said, "tell me how those bodies are preserved! Spill knowledge from that learned skull of thine!"

He did not answer. He never shone in conversation at any time, having made as many friends as enemies by saying nothing until the spirit moves him. But she did not know that yet.

"If I knew for certain why those two did not turn to worms," she went on, "almost I would choose to die now, while I am beautiful! What would they say, think you, King sahib, if they found us two dead beside those two? Speak, man, speak! Has Khinjan struck you dumb?"

But he did not speak. He was staring at her arm, where two whitish marks on the skin betrayed that bracelets had been.

"Oh, those! They are theirs. I would not rob the dead, or the gods would turn on me. I robbed you, instead, while you slept. The King sahib, while you slept!"

But her steel did not strike on flint. It was her eyes that flashed. He would have done better to have seemed ashamed, for then he might have fooled her, at least for a while. But having judged himself, he did not care a fig for her judgment of him. She realized that instantly and having found a tool that would not work, discarded it for a better one. She grew confidential.

"I borrow them," she explained, "but I put them back. I take them for so many days, and when the day comes—the gods like us to be exact! You were near death when I took the bracelet last night. The time was up. I would have stabbed you if you had tried to prevent me!"

Now he spoke at last and gave her a first glimpse of an angle of his mind she had not suspected.

"Princess," he said. He used the word with the deference some men can combine with effrontery, so that very tenderness his barbs. "You might have had that thing back if you had sent a messenger for it at any time. A word by a servant would have been enough."

"You could never have reached Khinjan then!" she retorted. Her eyes flashed again, but his did not waver.

"Princess," he said, "why speak of what you don't know?"

He thought she would strike like a snake, but she smiled at him instead. And when Yasmini has smiled on a man he has never been just the same man afterward. He knows more, for one thing. He has had a lesson in one of the finer arts.

"I will speak of what I do know," she said. "No, there is no need. Look! Look!"

She pointed at the bed—at the man on the bed—fingers locked in those of a woman who looked so like herself.

He looked, knowing well there was something to be understood, that stared him in the face. But for the life of him he could not determine question or answer.

"What is in your bosom?" she asked him.

He put his hand to his shirt. "I put it out!" she said, as a teacher drills a child.

He drew out the gold-billed knife with the bronze blade, with which a man had meant to murder him. He let it lie on the palm of his hand and looked from it to her and back again. The hint might have been a portrait of her modeled from the life.

"Here is another like it," she said, stepping to the bedside. She drew back the woman's dress at the bosom and showed a knife exactly like that in King's hand. "One lay on her bosom and one on his when I found them!" she said. "Now, think again!"

He did think, of thirty thousand possibilities, and of one impossible idea that stood up prominent among them all and insisted on seeming the only likely one.

"I saw the knife in your bosom last night," she said, "and laughed so that I nearly wakened you."

"Why didn't you take it with the bracelet?" King asked her, holding it out. "Take it now. I don't want it."

She accepted it and laid it on the man's bronze armor. Then, however, she resumed it and played with it.

"Look again!" she said. "Think and look again!"

He looked, and he knew now. But he still preferred that she should tell him, and his lips shut tight.

"Can you guess why I changed my mind about you—wise man?"

She tried to look into his eyes, but he frowned straight in front of him, his native costume and Kangar turban did not make him seem any less a man. His frown, that was beginning to need shaving, was as grim and as satisfying as the dead Roman's. She stroked his left hand with soft fingers.

"I need to think I knew how to dance!" she laughed. "For ten years I have taken those pictures of her for my model and have striven to learn that she knew. I have surpassed her! I used to think I knew how to amuse myself with men's dreams—until I found this! Then I dreamed on my own account! My dream was true, my mirror! You have come! Our hour has come!"

She tugged at his hand. He was dark, soul and earnest, if outwardly he could prove it.

"Come!" she said. "Is this my trinity?"

She led him by the hand, for it would have needed brute force to pry her fingers loose. She drew aside the leather curtain that hung on a bronze rod near the bed, led him through it, and let it clasp to again behind them.

Now they were in the dark together, and it was not comprehended in her scheme of things to let circumstance be fallow. She pressed his hand, and sighed, and then hurried, whispering tender words he could scarcely catch. When they burst together through a curtain at the other end of a passage in the rock, his skin was red under the tan and for the first time her eyes refused to meet his.

"Why did they choose that cave to sleep in?" she asked him. "Is not this a better one? Who laid them there?"

He stared about. They were in a great room far more splendid than the first. There was a great fountain in the center splashing in the midst of flowers. They were cut flowers. The "Hills" must have been scoured for them within a day.

There were great cushioned couches all about and two thrones made of ivory and gold. Between two couches was a table, laden with golden plates and a golden jug, on pure white linen. There were two goblets of beaten gold and knives with golden handles and bronze blades. The whole room seemed to be drenched in the scent of Nainai favored, and there was the same frieze running round all four walls, with the woman depicted on it dancing.

"Come, we shall eat!" she said, leading him by the hand to a couch. She took the one facing him, and they lay like two Romans of the empire with the table in between.

She struck a golden gong then, and a native woman came in, who stared at King as if she had seen him before and did not like him. Yasmini nodded to the servant, who clapped her hands. At once came a stream of Milmen, robed in white, who carried sherbet in bottles cooled in snow and dishes fragrant with hot food. He recognized his own prisoners from the Mir Khan Palace jail, and nodded to them as they set the things down under the maid's direction. When they had finished eating Yasmini drove the maid away with a sharp word; he brought an ivory footstool and set it about a yard away from her waxen toes. And she, watching him with burning eyes, wound tresses of her hair around the golden dagger handle, making her jewels glitter with each movement.

"The gods of India, who are the only real gods, what do they think of it all! They have been good to the English, but they have had no thanks. They will stand aside now and watch a greater jihad than the world has ever seen! I loved them, and they love me—as you shall love me, too! If they did not love both of us, we would not both be here! We must obey them!"

None of the East's amazing ways of courtship are ever tedious. Love springs into being on an instant and lives a thousand years inside an hour. She left no doubt as to her meaning. She and King were to love, as the East knows love, and then the world might have just what they two did not care to take from it.

His only possible course as yet was the defensive, and there is no defense like silence. He was still.

"The sinner," she went on, "the silly sinner fears that perhaps Turkey may enter the war. Perhaps a jihad may be proclaimed. So much for fear! I know! I have known for a very long time! And I have not let fear trouble me at all!"

Her eyes were on his steadily, and she read no fear in his, either, for none was there. In hers he saw ambition—triumph—already—excitement—the gambler's love of all the biggest risks. Behind them burned genius and the devilry that would stop at nothing. As the general had told him in Peshawar, she would dare open hedges and ride the devil down the Khyber for the fun of it.

"Listen, while I tell you all from the beginning! The sinner sent me to discover what may be this 'Heart of the Hills' men talk about. I found these caves—and this! I told the sinner a little about the caves, and nothing at all about the sleepers. But even at that they only believed the third of what I said. And I—back in Delhi I bought books. When I had read enough I came back here to think. I knew enough now to be sure that the sleeper is a Roman and the 'Heart of the Hills' a Grecian maid. She is like me. That is why I know she drove him to make an empire, choosing for a beginning these 'Hills' where Rome had never penetrated. I have seen it all in dreams. And because I was all alone, I saw that I would need skill and much patience. So I began to learn."

"Times I would go to Delhi and dance there a little, and a little in other places—once indeed before a viceroys, and once for the king of England. And all the while I kept looking for the man—the man who should be like the sleeper, even as I am like her whom he loved! There was none like the sleeper until you came. And when the world war broke—for it is a world war, a world war, I tell you—I thought at last that I must manage all alone. And then you came!"

"But there were many I tried—many—especially after I abandoned her thought that the man must resemble the sleeper. There was a prince of Germany who came to India on a hunting trip. You remember?"

King pricked his ears and allowed himself to grin, for in common with many hundred other men who had been lieutenants at the time, he would have given an ear and an eye to know the truth of that affair. This

CHAPTER XVI.

"Athelstan!"

She pronounced his given name as if she loved the word, standing straight again and looking into his eyes. There were high lights in hers that out-gleamed the diamonds on her dress.

"Your gods and mine have done this, Athelstan. When the gods combine they lay plans well indeed!"

"I only know one God," he answered simply, as a man speaks of the deep things in his heart.

"I know of many! They love me! They shall love you, too! Many are better than one! You shall learn to know my gods, for we are to be partners, you and I!"

She took his hand again, her eyes burning with excitement and mysticism and ambition like a fever. She seemed to take more than physical possession of him.

"What brought them here? Tell me that!" she demanded, pointing to the bed. "You think he brought her? I tell you she was the spur that drove him! Is it a wonder that men called her the 'Heart of the Hills'? I found them ten years ago and clothed her and put new linen on their bed, for the old was all rags and dust. There have always been hundreds—and sometimes thousands—who knew the secret of Khinjan caves, but this has been a secret within a secret. Someone, who knew the secret before I saw those bracelets through and fitted hinges and clasps. The men you saw in the Cavern of Earth's Drink have no doubt I am the 'Heart of the Hills' come to life! They shall know that as I am within a little while!"

She held his hand a little tighter and pressed closer to him, laughing softly. He stood as if made of iron, and that only made her laugh the more.

"Tales of the 'Heart of the Hills' have puzzled the raj, haven't they, these many years? They sent me to find the source of them. Me! They chose well! There are not many like me! I have found this one dead woman who was like me. And in ten years, until you came, I have found no man like him!"

She tried to look into his eyes, but he frowned straight in front of him, his native costume and Kangar turban did not make him seem any less a man. His frown, that was beginning to need shaving, was as grim and as satisfying as the dead Roman's. She stroked his left hand with soft fingers.

"I need to think I knew how to dance!" she laughed. "For ten years I have taken those pictures of her for my model and have striven to learn that she knew. I have surpassed her! I used to think I knew how to amuse myself with men's dreams—until I found this! Then I dreamed on my own account! My dream was true, my mirror! You have come! Our hour has come!"

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"Come!" she said. "Is this my trinity?"

She led him by the hand, for it would have needed brute force to pry her fingers loose. She drew aside the leather curtain that hung on a bronze rod near the bed, led him through it, and let it clasp to again behind them.

Now they were in the dark together, and it was not comprehended in her scheme of things to let circumstance be fallow. She pressed his hand, and sighed, and then hurried, whispering tender words he could scarcely catch. When they burst together through a curtain at the other end of a passage in the rock, his skin was red under the tan and for the first time her eyes refused to meet his.

"Why did they choose that cave to sleep in?" she asked him. "Is not this a better one? Who laid them there?"

He stared about. They were in a great room far more splendid than the first. There was a great fountain in the center splashing in the midst of flowers. They were cut flowers. The "Hills" must have been scoured for them within a day.

There were great cushioned couches all about and two thrones made of ivory and gold. Between two couches was a table, laden with golden plates and a golden jug, on pure white linen. There were two goblets of beaten gold and knives with golden handles and bronze blades. The whole room seemed to be drenched in the scent of Nainai favored, and there was the same frieze running round all four walls, with the woman depicted on it dancing.

"Come, we shall eat!" she said, leading him by the hand to a couch. She took the one facing him, and they lay like two Romans of the empire with the table in between.

She struck a golden gong then, and a native woman came in, who stared at King as if she had seen him before and did not like him. Yasmini nodded to the servant, who clapped her hands. At once came a stream of Milmen, robed in white, who carried sherbet in bottles cooled in snow and dishes fragrant with hot food. He recognized his own prisoners from the Mir Khan Palace jail, and nodded to them as they set the things down under the maid's direction. When they had finished eating Yasmini drove the maid away with a sharp word; he brought an ivory footstool and set it about a yard away from her waxen toes. And she, watching him with burning eyes, wound tresses of her hair around the golden dagger handle, making her jewels glitter with each movement.

"The gods of India, who are the only real gods, what do they think of it all! They have been good to the English, but they have had no thanks. They will stand aside now and watch a greater jihad than the world has ever seen! I loved them, and they love me—as you shall love me, too! If they did not love both of us, we would not both be here! We must obey them!"

None of the East's amazing ways of courtship are ever tedious. Love springs into being on an instant and lives a thousand years inside an hour. She left no doubt as to her meaning. She and King were to love, as the East knows love, and then the world might have just what they two did not care to take from it.

His only possible course as yet was the defensive, and there is no defense like silence. He was still.

"The sinner," she went on, "the silly sinner fears that perhaps Turkey may enter the war. Perhaps a jihad may be proclaimed. So much for fear! I know! I have known for a very long time! And I have not let fear trouble me at all!"

Her eyes were on his steadily, and she read no fear in his, either, for none was there. In hers he saw ambition—triumph—already—excitement—the gambler's love of all the biggest risks. Behind them burned genius and the devilry that would stop at nothing. As the general had told him in Peshawar, she would dare open hedges and ride the devil down the Khyber for the fun of it.

"Listen, while I tell you all from the beginning! The sinner sent me to discover what may be this 'Heart of the Hills' men talk about. I found these caves—and this! I told the sinner a little about the caves, and nothing at all about the sleepers. But even at that they only believed the third of what I said. And I—back in Delhi I bought books. When I had read enough I came back here to think. I knew enough now to be sure that the sleeper is a Roman and the 'Heart of the Hills' a Grecian maid. She is like me. That is why I know she drove him to make an empire, choosing for a beginning these 'Hills' where Rome had never penetrated. I have seen it all in dreams. And because I was all alone, I saw that I would need skill and much patience. So I began to learn."

"Times I would go to Delhi and dance there a little, and a little in other places—once indeed before a viceroys, and once for the king of England. And all the while I kept looking for the man—the man who should be like the sleeper, even as I am like her whom he loved! There was none like the sleeper until you came. And when the world war broke—for it is a world war, a world war, I tell you—I thought at last that I must manage all alone. And then you came!"

"But there were many I tried—many—especially after I abandoned her thought that the man must resemble the sleeper. There was a prince of Germany who came to India on a hunting trip. You remember?"

King pricked his ears and allowed himself to grin, for in common with many hundred other men who had been lieutenants at the time, he would have given an ear and an eye to know the truth of that affair. This



grin transferred his whole appearance, until Yasmini beamed on him.

"In listening, princess," he reminded her.

"—he came—the prince of Germany. I offered him India first, then Asia, then the world—even as I now offer them to you. The sarkar sent him to see me dance, and he stayed to hear me talk. When I saw at last that he has the head and heart of a hyena I spat in his face and threw food at him."

"He complained to the sarkar against me, so I told the sarkar some—not much, indeed, but enough—of the things he and his officers had told me. And the sarkar said at once that there was both cholera and bubonic plague, and he must go home! His officers laughed behind his back. Ever since that time there have always been Germans in communication with me, and I have not once been in the dark about Germany's plans—although they have always thought I was in the dark."

"I went on looking for my man. There came that old Bull-with-a-beard, Muhammad Anin. He thinks he is the last, having more strength to hope and more will to will strongly than any man I ever met, except a German. I have even been sure sometimes that Muhammad Anin is a German; yet now I am not sure."

"Then all the men I met and watched I have learned all they knew! And I have never neglected to tell the sarkar sufficient of what men have told me, to keep the sarkar pleased with me! It was fortunate that I knew of a German plot that I could spoil at the last minute. A million dynamite bombs was a big haul for the sarkar! My offer to go to Khinjan and keep the 'Hills' quiet was accepted that same day."

"But what are a million dynamite bombs? Dynamite bombs have been coming into Khinjan month by month these three years! Bombs and rifles and cartridges! Muhammad Anin's men, whom he trusts because he must, hid it all in a cave I showed them, that they think, and he thinks, has only one entrance to it. Muhammad Anin sealed it, and he has the key. But I have the ammunition!"

"There is another way out of that cave, although there is none now, for I have blocked it. My men, whom I trust because I know them, carried everything out by the back way, and I have it all. We, my warrior, when Muhammad Anin gets the word from Germany and gives the sign, and the 'Hills' roar after, and the whole East roars in the name of the Jihad—we will put ourselves at the head of that Jihad, and the East and the world is ours!"

King smiled at her.

"The East isn't very well armed,"

he objected. "More numbers—"

"Numbers?" She laughed at him.

"The West has the West by the throat! It is tearing itself! They will drag in America! There will be no armed nation with its hands free—and while those wolves fight, other wolves shall come and steal the meat! The old gods, who built these caves in the

"The Old Gods Who Built These Caves in the 'Hills' Are Laughing! They Are Getting Ready! Thou and I—"

"Hills" are laughing! They are getting ready! Thou and I—"

As she coupled him and herself together in one plan she read the changed expression of his face—the very quickly passing cloud that even the best-trained man cannot control.

"I know!" she asserted, sitting upright and coming out of her dream to face facts as their master. She looked more lovely now than ever, she looked twice as dangerous. "You are thinking of your brother—of his head! That I am a murderer who can never be your friend! Is that not so?"

He did not answer, but his eyes may have betrayed something, for she looked as if he had struck her.

"Oh, I have needed you so much, these many years! And now that you have come you want to hate me because you think I killed your brother! Listen!"

Without my leave, Muhammad Anin sent five hundred men on a foray toward the Khyber. Bull-with-a-beard needed an Englishman's head, for proof for a spy of his who could not enter Khinjan caves. They trapped your brother outside All Masjid fifty of his men. They took his head after a long fight, leaving more than a hundred of their own in payment.

"Bull-with-a-beard was pleased. But he was careless, and I sent my men to steal the head from his men. I needed evidence for you. And I swear to you—I swear to you by my gods who have brought us two together—that I first knew it was your brother's head when you held it up in the Cavern of Earth's Drink! Then I knew it could not be anybody else's head!"

"Why did me throw it to them, then?" she asked her, and he was aware of her scorn before the words had left his lips.

She heaved back again and looked at him through lowered eyes, as if she must study him all anew. She seemed to find it hard to believe that he really thought so in the commonplace.

"What is a head to me, or to you—a head with no life in it—carried—compared to what shall be? Would you have known it was his head if you had thrown it to them when I ordered you?"

He understood. Some of her blood was Russian, some Indian. She stood up, and of course he stood up, too. So, she on the footstool of the throne, her eyes and his were on a level. She laid hands on his shoulders and looked into his eyes until he could see his own twin portraits in hers, that were glowing sunset pools. Heart of the Hills? The heart of all the East seemed to burn in her, rebellious!

"Are you believing me?" she asked him.

He nodded, for no man could have helped believing her. As she knew the truth, she was telling it to him, as surely as she was doing her skillful best to mesmerize him. But the secret service is made up of men trained against that.

"Come!" she said, and stepping down she took his arm.

She led him past the thrones to other leather curtains in a wall, and through these into long hewn passages from cavern to cavern, until even the Rock of Gibraltar seemed like a doll's house in comparison. She showed him a cave containing great forces, where the bronze had been worked, with charcoal still piled up against the wall at one end. There were copper and tin ingots in there of a shape he had never seen.

"I know where they came from," she told him. "I made it my business to know all the 'Hills'. I know things the hillmen's great-great-grandfathers forgot! I know old workings that would make a modern nation rich! We shall have money when we need it, never fear! We shall conquer India while the English backs are turned and the best troops are overseas."

Then she called him her warrior and her well-beloved and took him down a long passage, holding his hand all the way, to show him slots cut in the floor for the use of archers.

"You entered Khinjan caves by a tunnel under this floor, well-beloved. There is no other entrance!"

By this time "well-beloved" was her name for him, although there was no air of finality about it. It was as if she paved the way for use of Athelstan and that was a sacred name. It was amazing how she conveyed that impression without using words.

"The Sleeper cut these slots for his archers. Then he had another thought and set these cauldrons in place, to boil oil to pour down. Could any army force a way through by the route by which you entered?"

"No," he said, marveling at the ton-weight copper cauldrons, one to each hole.

"And I have more than a thousand Mauser rifles here, and more than a million rounds of ammunition!"

She showed him a cave in which boxes were stacked in high, square piles.

"Dynamite bombs!" she boasted.

"How many boxes? I forget! Too many to count! Women brought them all the way from the sea, for even Muhammad Anin could not make Afridi riflemen carry loads. I have wondered what Bull-with-a-beard will say when he misses his precious dynamite!"

"You're enough in there to blow the mountain up!" King advised her.

"If somebody fired a pistol in here, the least would be the collapse of this floor into the tunnel below with a hundred thousand tons of rock on top of it. There is no other way out!"

"Earth's Drink!" she said, and he made a grimace that set her to laughing.

But she looked at him darkly after that and he got the impression that the thought was not new to her, and that she did not thank him for the advice. He began to wonder whether there was anything she had not thought of—any loophole she had left him for escape—any issue she had not foreseen.

She showed him where eleven hundred Mauser rifles stood in racks in another cave, with boxes of ammunition piled beside them—each rifle and cartridge worth its weight in silver coin—a very rajah's ransom!

"The Germans are generous in some things—only in some things—very mean in others!" she told him. "They sent no medical stores, and no blankets."

Past caves where provisions of every imaginable kind were stored, sufficient for an army, she led him to where her guards slept together with the thirty special men whom King had brought with him up the Khyber.

"I have five hundred others whom I dare trust to come in here," she said, "but they shall stay outside until I want them. A mystery is a good thing! It is good for them to wonder what I keep here! It is good to keep this sanctuary! It makes me powerful!"

Pressing very close to him, she showed him down another dark tunnel until he and she stood together in the

jaws of the round hole above the river, looking down into the Cavern of Earth's Drink.

Nobody looked up at them. The thousands were too busy working up a frenzy for the great Jihad that was to come.

Stacks of wood had been piled up, six-man high in the middle, and then fired. The heat came upward like a furnace blast, and the smoke was a great red cloud among the stalactites, round and round that holocaust the thousands did their sword-dance, yelling at the devils yelled at Khinjan's birth. They needed no wine to craze them. They were drunk with fanaticism, frenzy, lust!

Yasmini shouted in his ear; for the din, mingling with the river's voice,

"What does it mean?" she asked him.

"Slow of resolution!"

She clapped her hands.

"Another sign!" she laughed. "The gods love me! There always is a sign when I need one! Slow of resolution, art thou? I will speed thy resolution, well-beloved! You were quick to change from King of the Khyber Rifle regiment to Kurram Khan. Change now into my warrior—my dear lord—my King again!"

She rose, with arms outstretched to him. All her dancer's art, her untamed poetry, her witchery, were expressed in a movement. Her eyes melted as they met his. And since he stood up, too, for manner's sake, they were eye to eye again—almost lip to lip. Her sweet breath was in his nostrils.

In another moment she was in his arms, clinging to him, kissing him. And if any man has felt on his lips the kiss of all the scented glamour of the East, let him tell what King's sensations were. Let Caesar, who was kissed by Cleopatra, come to life and talk of it!

King's arm is strong, and he did not stand like an idol. His head might swim, but she, too, tasted the delirium of human passion loosed and given for a mad, swift minute. If his heart swelled to bursting, so must hers have done.

"I have needed you!" she whispered.

"I have been all alone! I have needed you!"

Then her lips sought his again, and neither spoke.

Neither knew how long it was before she began to understand that he, not she, was winning. The human answer to her appeal was full. He gave her all she asked of admiration, kiss for kiss. And then—her arms did not cling so tightly, although his strong right arm was like a stanchion. Because he knew that he, not she, was winning, he poked her up in his arms and kissed her as if she were a child. And then, because he knew he had won, he set her on her feet on the footstool of the throne, and even pitied her.

She felt the pity. As she tossed the hair back over her shoulder—her eyes gloved with another meaning—dangerous—like a tiger's glance.

"You pity me?" You think because I love you, you can feed my love on a plate to the Indian government? You think my love is a weapon to use against me? Your love for me may wait for a better time? You are not so wise as I thought you, Athelstan!"

But he knew he had won. His heart was singing down inside him as it had not sung since he left India behind. But he stood quite humbly before her, for had he not kissed her? He knew he had won. Yet if anyone had asked him how he knew that he had won, he never could have told.

"If you were to go back to India except as its conqueror, they would strip the buttons from your uniform and tear your medals off and shoot you in the back against a wall! My signature is known in India and I am known. What I write will be believed. Rewa Gunga shall take a letter. He shall take two—four—witnesses. He shall see them on their way and shall give them the letter when they reach the Khyber and shall send them into India with it. Have no fear. Bull-with-a-beard shall not intercept them, as I have intercepted his men. When Rewa Gunga shall return and tell me he saw my letter on its way down the Khyber, then we shall talk again—you and I! Come!"

She took his arm, as if her threats had been caresses. Triumph shone from her eyes. She tossed her brave chin and laughed at him, only encouraged to greater daring by his attitude, and by the time they reached the ebony table and she had taken the pen and dipped it in the ink, she was chuckling to herself as if the one good joke had grown into a hundred.

She wrote in Urdu, with an easy, flowing hand, and in two minutes she had thrown sand on the letter and had given it to King to read. It was not like a woman's letter. It did not waste a word.

Your Captain King has been too much trouble. He has taken money from the Germans. He adopted native dress. He called himself Kurram Khan. He slew his own brother at night in the Khyber. These men will say that he carried the head to Khinjan, and their word is true, for I, Yasmini, saw. He used the head for a passport, to obtain admittance. He proclaimed a Jihad! He urged invasion of India! He held up his brother's head before five thousand men and boasted of the murder. The next you shall hear of your Captain King of the Khyber Rifles, he will be leading a Jihad into India. You would have better trusted me.

He read it and passed it back to her.

"They will not disbelieve me," she said, triumphant as the very devil over a braver's soul all but. "They will be sure you are mad, and they will believe the witnesses!"

"Rewa Gunga shall start with this today," she said, with more amusement than malice. After that she was still for a moment, watching his eyes, at a loss to understand his carelessness. He seemed strangely unaltered. His folded arms were not defiant, but neither were they yielding.

"I love you, Athelstan!" she said.

"Do you love me?"

"I think you are very beautiful, princess!"

"Beautiful? I know I am beautiful. But is that all?"

"Clever!" he added.

She began to drum with the golden dagger on the table, and to look dangerous, which is not to infer by any means that she looked less lovely.

"Do you love me?" she asked.

"Forgive me, princess, that you forget. I was born east of Mecca, but my heart was born in the West. We are a race of men who are often wrong, but our love is more often wrong, too."

"What does it mean?" she asked him.

"Slow of resolution!"

She clapped her hands.

"Another sign!" she laughed. "The gods love me! There always is a sign when I need one! Slow of resolution, art thou? I will speed thy resolution, well-beloved! You were quick to change from King of the Khyber Rifle regiment to Kurram Khan. Change now into my warrior—my dear lord—my King again!"

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King's arm is strong, and he did not stand like an idol. His head might swim, but she, too, tasted the delirium of human passion loosed and given for a mad, swift minute. If his heart swelled to bursting, so must hers have done.

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She felt the pity. As she tossed the hair back over her shoulder—her eyes gloved with another meaning—dangerous—like a tiger's glance.

"You pity me?" You think because I love you, you can feed my love on a plate to the Indian government? You think my love is a weapon to use against me? Your love for me may wait for a better time? You are not so wise as I thought you, Athelstan!"

But he knew he had won. His heart was singing down inside him as it had not sung since he left India behind. But he stood quite humbly before her, for had he not kissed her? He knew he had won. Yet if anyone had asked him how he knew that he had won, he never could have told.

"If you were to go back to India except as its conqueror, they would strip the buttons from your uniform and tear your medals off and shoot you in the back against a wall! My signature is known in India and I am known. What I write will be believed. Rewa Gunga shall take a letter. He shall take two—four—witnesses. He shall see them on their way and shall give them the letter when they reach the Khyber and shall send them into India with it. Have no fear. Bull-with-a-beard shall not intercept them, as I have intercepted his men. When Rewa Gunga shall return and tell me he saw my letter on its way down the Khyber, then we shall talk again—you and I! Come!"

She took his arm, as if her threats had been caresses. Triumph shone from her eyes. She tossed her brave chin and laughed at him, only encouraged to greater daring by his attitude, and by the time they reached the ebony table and she had taken the pen and dipped it in the ink, she was chuckling to herself as if the one good joke had grown into a hundred.

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In another moment she was in his arms, clinging to him, kissing him. And if any man has felt on his lips the kiss of all the scented glamour of the East, let him tell what King's sensations were. Let Caesar, who was kissed by Cleopatra, come to life and talk of it!

King's arm is strong, and he did not stand like an idol. His head might swim, but she, too, tasted the delirium of human passion loosed and given for a mad, swift minute. If his heart swelled to bursting, so must hers have done.

"I have needed you!" she whispered.

"I have been all alone! I have needed you!"

Then her lips sought his again, and neither spoke.

Neither knew how long it was before she began to understand that he, not she, was winning. The human answer to her appeal was full. He gave her all she asked of admiration, kiss for kiss. And then—her arms did not cling so tightly, although his strong right arm was like a stanchion. Because he knew that he, not she, was winning, he poked her up in his arms and kissed her as if she were a child. And then, because he knew he had won, he set her on her feet on the footstool of the throne, and even pitied her.

She felt the pity. As she tossed the hair back over her shoulder—her eyes gloved with another meaning—dangerous—like a tiger's glance.

"You pity me?" You think because I love you, you can feed my love on a plate to the Indian government? You think my love is a weapon to use against me? Your love for me may wait for a better time? You are not so wise as I thought you, Athelstan!"

But he knew he had won. His heart was singing down inside him as it had not sung since he left India behind. But he stood quite humbly before her, for had he not kissed her? He knew he had won. Yet if anyone had asked him how he knew that he had won, he never could have told.

"If you were to go back to India except as its conqueror, they would strip the buttons from your uniform and tear your medals off and shoot you in the back against a wall! My signature is known in India and I am known. What I write will be believed. Rewa Gunga shall take a letter. He shall take two—four—witnesses. He shall see them on their way and shall give them the letter when they reach the Khyber and shall send them into India with it. Have no fear. Bull-with-a-beard shall not intercept them, as I have intercepted his men. When Rewa Gunga shall return and tell me he saw my letter on its way down the Khyber, then we shall talk again—you and I! Come!"

She took his arm, as if her threats had been caresses. Triumph shone from her eyes. She tossed her brave chin and laughed at him, only encouraged to greater daring by his attitude, and by the time they reached the ebony table and she had taken the pen and dipped it in the ink, she was chuckling to herself as if the one good joke had grown into a hundred.

She wrote in Urdu, with an easy, flowing hand, and in two minutes she had thrown sand on the letter and had given it to King to read. It was not like a woman's letter. It did not waste a word.

Your Captain King has been too much trouble. He has taken money from the Germans. He adopted native dress. He called himself Kurram Khan. He slew his own brother at night in the Khyber. These men will say that he carried the head to Khinjan, and their word is true, for I, Yasmini, saw. He used the head for a passport, to obtain admittance. He proclaimed a Jihad! He urged invasion of India! He held up his brother's head before five thousand men and boasted of the murder. The next you shall hear of your Captain King of the Khyber Rifles, he will be leading a Jihad into India. You would have better trusted me.

He read it and passed it back to her.

"They will not disbelieve me," she said, triumphant as the very devil over a braver's soul all but. "They will be sure you are mad, and they will believe the witnesses!"

"Rewa Gunga shall start with this today," she said, with more amusement than malice. After that she was still for a moment, watching his eyes, at a loss to understand his carelessness. He seemed strangely unaltered. His folded arms were not defiant, but neither were they yielding.

"I love you, Athelstan!" she said.



# This Is That Wonderful Medicine

We told you we had gone after and secured the exclusive sale for in this section.

This picture shows the exact size of the bottle containing Vin Hepatica, the Universal System Purifier, which we told you last week we had secured the exclusive agency for, here a medicine we stand back of because it is a real medicine prepared in one of the finest medical laboratories in the United States, with all the care and skill of a physician's prescription. We know what it is, know what it is made of. It is a combination of eight medicines extracted from the medicinal roots, herbs and berries of the woods and fields, whose healing and curative properties have been employed for centuries by the medical profession for kidney, liver, and stomach troubles, nervousness, sleeplessness, loss of appetite and run down condition.

## What Others Say

Miss Ora Stewart, of 23 Irving Apts., Nashville, Tenn., says: "Vin Hepatica has done wonders for me and I want to recommend it to everyone suffering as I did from loss of sleep and appetite, tired out feeling, sluggishness of liver, etc."

Mr. Claude M. Marshall, farmer, Davidson Co., Tenn., just out of Nashville, says: "If anyone ever was in a bad fix, I was, until I took Vin Hepatica. Work on the farm is very hard and the hours are long and while I had plenty to eat, the more I ate the worse I got. I would soon run out of breath. Vin Hepatica has enabled me to do my work with ease and pleasure and I can now eat anything I want."

George W. Kline, railroad conductor of Chester, Pa., writes: "For a long time I was a very sick man. I had gastritis, nervous indigestion, was constipated, had no appetite, could not sleep, felt dead tired all the time. Vin Hepatica benefited me from the very first dose. Now I feel better than I have felt for years."

Mrs. Wm. French, Marcus, Hook, Pa., says: "For years I suffered severe stomach trouble until I was so weak and run down I could hardly do my household work. Had to rest in bed most of the time; could scarcely eat. Even the odor of cooking would upset my stomach. Vin Hepatica relieved me of all my troubles and I am bright, cheerful and very grateful for what it has done for me."

Rev. G. R. Harris, Route 11, West Nashville, 60 years a minister of the gospel and four years Confederate Veteran, states: "I had gone down in my entire system; had stiffening and soreness of the joints, hardly able to work at all. I took Vin Hepatica and am now doing a good day's work for a man of my age. I can heartily recommend Vin Hepatica as a wonderful medicine and Universal System Purifier. It has brought me back to health again."

L. F. Sweeney, well known West Nashville traveling man, writes, "Vin Hepatica cured me of indigestion, swimming in the head, bloating, etc. I am now as fit as a fiddler, sleep as soundly as a baby and can eat anything."

G. M. Spencer, well known contractor and painter, of 618 Commerce St., Nashville, says: "I had sluggish feeling all the time; was languid. Sometimes my back seemed like it would break in two. What Vin Hepatica has done for me is nothing short of marvelous. There is health in every drop."

Mrs. Alma Norman, 25th and West End Ave., Nashville, said that she was on the verge of nervous prostration and the slightest noise would scare her almost out of her wits. She says effect of Vin Hepatica her case is almost magical. "I am completely recovered, Thank goodness for the day Vin Hepatica was brought to my attention."

Come in and let us tell you more about this truly wonderful medicine. It may be just the thing you need for your trouble.

## A Letter From Colo.

Woodmen, Colo.,  
Nov. 14, 1917.

Crittenden Record Press,  
Dear Editor—

Having spent some seven months at the Woodmen Sanatorium, I think it expedient at this time to write you concerning my welfare, in order that my friends in Crittenden, as well as adjoining counties might know how I am faring out here.

I arrived at this institution on April 10th., and was placed in the Receiving Hospital where I remained 21 days, for the purpose of observation by the medical staff, and on May 1st., was moved out into the colony. The weather was very severe at this time and shortly after being moved out in the colony we experienced a snow of several inches, which caused me to take my bed again and remain in the way, as we call it, for another ten

days. Since that time I have improved right along, and up to the present time am feeling bully, now taking walking exercise to the extent of over four hours each day.

Colorado is noted for its many Sanatoriums, and has spent hundreds of thousands of dollars in building up institutions in this country, where those having lost their health may come and be healed, but it is a foregone conclusion among everyone in this state that the Woodmen Sanatorium stands as the leader of them all. Up to the present time something like 3500 patients have been admitted to the Sanatorium, of which over three thousand have been dismissed and more than two thousand are now living and following useful occupations. Fourteen of the ex-patients are now wearing the khaki, and say they are going to get the Kaiser's goat. The boys now in this institution are

planning a Christmas remembrance for these ex-patients who are loyal to their country.

So you may have some idea as to the magnitude of this place and the problem of feeding and caring for the patients and employees, I give you the following approximate figures on the food used monthly. Meats 10,000 lbs., milk 5,000 gallons, butter 1400 lbs., bread 4,000 one and one half pound loaves, besides pastries, cakes, etc.

Last Sunday afternoon Dr. Rutledge, the superintendent, gave six of us patients a rare treat, by ordering out his private steamer and driver, and taking us on a sight seeing trip through the Garden of the Gods, Glen Erie Castle, Manitou, Colorado City, and Colorado Springs. This was a most wonderful trip and took us through some of the most wonderful scenery in the entire United States. The trip covered some thirty five miles, over some of the best roads I ever saw, and it didn't cost us a cent, being given by the big hearted head of the Sanatorium Dr. Rutledge.

I am feeling fine and will soon be dismissed from the Sanatorium, but as this country seems to agree with me I think it best that I remain out in the west for the present at least. I consider myself fortunate in belonging to the great Modern Woodmen Society, whose Sanatorium has been the means of restoring many men to their families and health.

If you think the above worthy of space in your columns, I would appreciate it very much.

With best regards and thanking you very kindly, I am,  
Yours very truly,

J. J. Ray,  
Former address,  
Carsville, Ky.

## Card From W. F. Paris

I feel very grateful to the voters of Livingston and Crittenden counties for their support in the re-election and electing me to represent them in the next meeting of the Legislature. I promise them I will endeavor to do everything for the best interests and welfare of my constituency. Truly yours, W. F. Paris

## Winter Tourist Tickets

To the South, Southeast and Southwest via ILLINOIS CENTRAL R. at greatly reduced fares.

Good returning up to and including June 1st., 1918. Illinois Central is the most direct line to Memphis, New Orleans, and the South and Southwest and affords the most convenient schedules.

Call on ticket agents I. C. R. R. for tickets and further information or write.

G. W. Schelke,  
TPA,  
Evansville, Ind.

On account of a mild epidemic of small pox which so far has not been serious, except one case the board of health deemed it proper last week to issue the following health notice.

On account of the fear of an epidemic of small pox it is ordered by the Board of Health that all schools in the City of Marion, Ky., be closed and that no religious or other public meetings be held in said city until such time as the Board of Health may see fit to rescind this order. It is also ordered that all children must be kept at home and not be allowed on the streets, and that all persons having sick children must report same to their physician immediately.

It is also ordered that all citizens of the city that have not been vaccinated must do so at once.

It is also ordered that all members of the families where there is small pox must not leave the premises only after proper disinfection and upon the authority of the Health Officer.

All citizens of Marion are requested to cooperate with the Board of Health and help to stamp out the disease.

BOARD OF HEALTH.

## Marion Butcher Rejoices Over Wife's Recovery

"My wife suffered for five years and practically lived on toast and hot water. Doctors said she would have to be operated on for gall stones. A lady advised her to try Mayr's Wonderful Remedy and after taking four bottles over two years ago, she has been entirely well ever since. It is a simple harmless preparation that removes the catarrhal mucus from the intestinal tract, and allays the inflammation which causes practically all stomach, liver and intestinal ailments, including appendicitis. One dose will convince or money refunded.—Haynes & Taylor.

You can get more nice Xmas presents in a dozen photos for less money than anything you can buy. See Travis.

Rev. A. W. Bennett, who is conducting a series of revival meetings at Gladstone, has called Rev. Willis M. Brown, of Sikeson, Mo., to assist him. Rev. Brown was here yesterday en route to Gladstone and he will probably hold other meetings before he returns home.

Mr. Geo. P. Roberts will leave next week to visit his family who are sojourning at present at the Majestic Hotel Hot-springs Arkansas.

Hon. E. L. Nunn of Rodney purchased of Dr. F. W. Nunn his town house and 7 acres of orchard and pasture, on West Depot street for \$1,800.00. A most desirable neighborhood to live in.

If you have a son, brother or sweetheart in the U. S. training camp, send him your picture for a Xmas present. He will appreciate it more than anything you could send. I have the appropriate mounts. Travis.

## Letter From St Louis, Mo.

St. Louis, Mo., Nov. 10, 1917.  
Mr. T. H. Cochran,  
Marion, Ky.

Dear Sir:—

I live in the Marion paper, my home county; that Crittenden is expected to raise \$1,500.00 for Y. M. C. A. work. Crittenden County is my home and I want to be one of that number.

I am always ready to help where morals and religion are taught. You will find \$1.00 enclosed for that work.

I am now in St. Louis and have been for eleven months, but expect to be at home soon.

Yours truly, J. P. Morgan

## Depressing Thought.

Whenever anything we have been thinking of buying is really marked down in price, the announcement is accompanied by the depressing information that this sale is strictly cash. —Ohio State Journal.

## COLONEL HOUSE, WILSON'S FRIEND NOT A MYSTERY

Unofficial Counsellor of the President Is a Modest But Well Posted Man.

## STUDENT OF WORLD AFFAIRS

Now Gathering Data on Economic and Other Problems Which Must Be Solved at the Peace Table—Has Qualifications That Go to Make a Sound Diplomat.

AUTHOR'S NOTE—Men have made a mystery of the life and the doings of Col. Edward M. House, the friend and adviser of Woodrow Wilson. If there has been mystery, it is none of the Colonel's making. I venture the hope that whatever may have seemed to be hidden is disclosed in this article, the material for which was obtained in the only way in which such material can be obtained, by direct personal contact, inquiry and study.

By EDWARD B. CLARK.

(Copyright, 1917, Western Newspaper Union.) Washington—Who is Col. Edward Mandell House who is to gather war data for the United States government for service on a future day of peace? This is a question that is being asked by a very large proportion of the people of the United States and in fact of all the allied nations.

Colonel House does not wear the record of his deeds on his sleeve. It is probable that if this unofficial counsellor to the president of the United States were to be elected to congress the autobiography which he would prepare for the congressional directory would read like this:

Edward Mandell House, Democrat of Austin, Texas; born 1858; elected to the congress, November.

In this brief, ultra-modest, if you will, way would this Texan be prompted to write an autobiography, justified doubtless from the viewpoint of other men in being extended into many chapters.

Who is Col. Edward Mandell House, who, until the day when the final order "Cease Firing" comes, is to study in behalf of the government of the United States the economic, the geographic, the democratic and the humanitarian problems which the American counsellors at the peace table must seek to solve after a manner which the people of a great democracy can approve?

Consulted by President.

In the Washington dispatches something like this is read several times a year: "Colonel House has been in the city for twenty-four hours as the guest of the president. He will leave for New York tomorrow morning."

Beyond this the reader gets nothing from the dispatches except the word that the president and his visitor discussed Mexican matters, or European matters, or it may be, but in this latter case rarely, political matters.

The public has known little more about Colonel House than that he is a man frequently consulted by Woodrow Wilson and a man in whose judgment on political, economic and legislative matters the president puts confidence. There is a sort of a glamour about men and things which are mysterious. It would seem that because of the attraction which mystery has for the people, as shown if you will in their gluttonous reading of detective stories and the like, that writers of the news of the day in part have chosen to treat the goings and comings of the colonel and his conferences with men of affairs as if they were a deliberate attempt to hedge them in and hide them from public knowledge.

It is just as possible to get at the truth in the case of Colonel House as it is in the case of any other man whose doings are of public interest. It is modesty not mystery which has been the basic difficulty.

Colonel House will not tell you that he is a modest man, as I know from personal contact with him. To claim modesty for one's self is to be immodest. He does go from his present abode in New York city to Washington occasionally or frequently as the requests may come, to give what he can of "the counsel of his views" to the president of the United States. Why should he any more than any other man send a trumpeting herald ahead or a band of cymbal clashers?

He goes to the White House, stays his while and leaves, and because no great noises fill the streets at approach or departure, exclusiveness, seclusiveness and secrecy have been the order of the day's words concerning each visit.

Gives No Word of Work.

It perhaps is not too much to say that if the full record of the results of the conferences which House of Texas has had with Wilson of the United States is to be read it must be sought in some of the accomplished deeds of the present administration. That Woodrow Wilson has been moved to certain courses or strengthened in his purpose to pursue them, by the counsel of Edward M. House is not to be doubted. The impossible task would be to get from the latter a definite word concerning the public work in which his counsel has played a part.

Those who have built up a wall of mystery about the man who is studying matters against the day of peace apparently have not wished to pull

# NOTICE

## CAYCE'S MEAT MARKET

Has on sale fresh meats of all kinds, orders filled promptly. Your trade solicited.

Phone No. 299.