

The Crittenden Press

Volume 43

Marion, Crittenden County, Kentucky, Friday, Nov. 26, 1920

Number 29

BODY OF LUTHER HORNING ARRIVES FROM FRANCE.

The body of Luther Horning arrived in Marion Friday morning, November 19 from France by way of Hoboken N. J. The remains were accompanied from Louisville by Hoover C. Huff, a soldier boy. The body was encased in a handsome copper-lined casket draped with a large American flag.

Funeral services were held Friday afternoon at the Love cemetery conducted by Rev. O. M. Capshaw, pastor of the Tolu Methodist Church. A large number of relatives and friends gathered around the grave to pay a last tribute of respect to the dead soldier boy, who had given his life for his country. The remains were laid to rest in the Love cemetery.

Luther Horning was a son of Geo. N. and Manda Horning, of this county, and was 27 years old. He left with the contingent of May 25, 1918, for Camp Taylor. A month later he was transferred to Camp Beauregard, La., where he remained for thirty days, then sailed for France as a private in Co. B., 154, A. E. F., arriving there, September 9th. He died of pneumonia, September 14th, 1918.

NO PROFITEERING.

The Crittenden County grand jury in session last week, after an examination into the coal situation in Marion failed, it is said, to find any unlawful combination among the coal dealers of the city to raise the price of coal or to produce a monopoly of the coal business. The grand jury also failed to find evidence that the present price at which coal is sold by our dealers is profiteering.

ADJUDGED AN IDIOT.

Lucian Johnson, 18 years, and an idiot from birth, was tried before a jury in Circuit Court Thursday, to ascertain whether he was still of the same state of unsound mind, enabling his father, Charles A. Johnson, of this county, to draw \$75 yearly from the State for his maintenance. The jury adjudged him an idiot.

FIRE AT CLAY

A \$50,000 fire occurred at Clay, in Webster county on Saturday morning November 20. Several business houses and residences were destroyed. The fire was first discovered about 2:00 A. M. in a Pressing Shop. Jackson's Grocery and Russell's grocery and bakery were totally destroyed.

It was some time before the fire department could get the fire truck to work and the fire had gained considerable headway by the time it was put in operation.

WALNUTS FOR SALE

Hulled black walnuts for sale, \$2.00 per bushel. Will deliver in Marion. Limited supply.

DEAN MORSE, Tribune, Ky. Phone 10-3 Deanwood Exchange.

Mrs. T. C. Owens, who has been the guest of Mrs. Hollis C. Franklin returned home Friday.

CIRCUIT COURT NEWS.

The court having disposed of all the jury cases the petit jury was discharged Wednesday of last week, though Circuit Court will probably not be finally adjourned until the last of this week.

The grand jury was discharged Thursday, after being in session four days. Only five indictments were returned, two for petit larceny, two for forging checks and one for obtaining property by false pretenses.

In addition to the cases published last week, the following cases were disposed of:

Mrs. Ella Perce, plaintiff, vs. Kentucky Fluor Spar Co., defendant, judgment for plaintiff for \$2637.25.

Nina White, plaintiff, vs. Metropolitan Life Ins. Co., defendant, judgment for defendant.

J. G. Lemoy vs. Mary E. Lemon, divorce granted.

Alice Shoulders vs. Blaine Shoulders, divorce granted, and plaintiff given custody of child, Irene Shoulders.

Viva Smith vs. Walter Smith, divorce granted.

Alma Smith vs. Harry Smith, divorce granted; plaintiff has care of child, Helen Roberta Smith, defendant obligated for its education and maintenance.

Cleo Perryman vs. Bunk Perryman divorce granted. Agreed contract regarding property rights and care of children confirmed by Court.

Douglas Edelman Distilling Co. vs. J. E. Sowders. Case dismissed with judgment against defendant for attorney fee.

Henry Owens vs. J. G. Rochester, etc., judgment for plaintiff for \$712.69. An appeal to the Court of Appeals granted.

Julia Cruce Clark, col. vs. Fred Clark, col., divorce granted.

Mrs. L. B. Johnson vs. J. H. Johnson, divorce granted.

A CORRECTION.

In the Circuit Court news last week it was stated that E. E. Phillips was given a fine of \$20 for breach of the peace. This was an error in transcribing the court record. On investigation it is found that the case of breach of the peace against Mr. Phillips was dismissed, as was also that of carrying concealed deadly weapons. It was the case of the Commonwealth vs. E. E. Phillips, charged with letting stock run at large in which Mr. Phillips was given a fine of \$20.

CARD OF THANKS.

We wish to take this opportunity to thank the kind people of Marion who expressed in so many ways, their sympathy for us in the death of our son, Harry. We wish to thank the Baptist Ladies Aid for the beautiful floral offerings and the Sunday School class for their thoughtfulness in helping to make the waiting more easy to bear. We wish to express our thanks to all friends, who by their very presence, helped to lighten our sorrow.

MR. AND MRS. J. E. THRELKELD

Rev. W. T. Oakley preached at the Cumberland Presbyterian church at Carrsville Sunday.

NATIONAL CASH REGISTER'S FEATURE FILM SHOWN

A vigorous plea for system as the foundation for success in business was made last Monday evening before a large gathering of merchants and business men in the Strand Theatre by Mr. R. H. Kennedy, of Dayton, Ohio, representative of the National Cash Register Company. Accompanying the lecture was a moving picture showing how the man who guesses is almost certain to be more or less of a failure and sure to be the first to go to the wall in times of stress.

The lecture and pictures covered methods of advertising, salesmanship, and many of the other points of the best modern business practice. Speaking of advertising, Mr. Kennedy said that newspaper advertising is the most effective and cheapest form of which the merchant can take advantage. Practical methods in preparing copy were shown in one of the most remarkable newspaper films ever shown.

The speaker urged more attention, however, to window display, declaring that the more goods shown in an attractive manner, the larger the sales. "Your windows owe you money. Make them pay," said Mr. Kennedy. "Use colors and arrangements to call attention to the displays. Fix your lights so they will shine upon the goods, not in the eyes of the passerby."

The lecture in a very practical way illustrated the importance of service, treatment of the customer, system and business control.

The feature film on community improvement also was well received. It showed some of the main features of the great welfare work that has been promoted by the National Cash Register Company.

During his talk Mr. Kennedy laid emphasis on the value of newspaper advertising to the retail merchants. He said in part: "I believe I am safe in saying that ten merchants fail today because they advertise too little, to every one who fails because he advertises too much. Hundreds of stores have remained small because of this neglect."

"Advertising is simply good salesmanship in print. To be easy to understand, an ad must be made of simple words, short sentences, few ideas. Big words and involved sentences will not be read."

"For many people to read it, an ad must be set in plain type and must be uncrowded and unconfused by needless cuts, borders and ornaments. If an ad tells of but one line of goods, it may catch the eye, but if it is crowded with many ideas, the chances are it will not be read. It is not the number of articles you advertise that counts, but the number of persons who come into your store to buy the goods you advertise. I do not mean that if you have a large space, you should use it to tell of one article. A half page or a page ad is really a collection of smaller ads, to each of which the principle stated should apply. Each should tell of but one line of goods."

"Curly-cues in type and elaborately designed borders are not desirable. Use simple type and plain borders. In order to respond to an ad, people must be able to read it easily, be able to understand it easily, and receive a firm impression easily, favorable and definite."

"Make your ads different. Don't copy what other people say. Put your personality into them. Tell the story about your goods just as you would tell it in the store."

"Cuts are good if they really illustrate, but a bad cut is worse than none. Don't use a cut that isn't just what you want, simply because you can get it cheap. To make a favorable impression, an ad must have a symmetrical form, attractive lettering, and appealing illustrations. "In preparing your ads write them out as best you can and then say the same thing in half as many words."

"To make a firm impression, an ad must be devoted to one main subject, and all subordinate items separated. An ad may be made emphatic by contrast in type-sizes, strong head-lines and few of them, and massed white space. Effective headings must be used to tell the story, or to capture attention only. "Your advertisement should take the reader over the 'five steps of selling: Attention, interest, desire, confidence, action.' Some people, sometimes, only glance at the ads. If the headings are schemed to make

a complete impression, the ad gets both the glancers and the readers. Illustrations must be suited to the subject—they could cover on the ideas of the text. Desire must be stimulated by attractive details, but it is mostly aroused by pictures. Variety is one of the best means of keeping interest in your ads. Change your offerings."

"As a general rule it is well to give prices in your ads. If you do not give them, the reader may assume that the price is high. If you are advertising high-grade goods, place the emphasis on the quality and mention the price in an incidental way."

"Be absolutely honest in your advertising. You may as a leader, occasionally sell goods 'below cost,' but don't overdo the below cost sale. Everybody knows business cannot be conducted on that basis."

"Your advertising is your store news. Change your copy with every issue of the paper."

"Don't spend a few dollars in advertising and then say, 'advertising doesn't pay.' Advertising does pay as attested by thousands of merchants over the country who have become successful through its judicious use. It may take a little time to secure maximum returns, but if you make it a part of the continuous policy of your store, you will not be disappointed with the results."

"People can be reached oftener and at less expense by newspaper ads than in any other way. The merchant who is not using them is missing a big opportunity."

WINS HONOR AT SCHOOL

Dorothy Wade Haynes, 13 years old and a pupil of the Marion Graded Schools, has won the distinction of writing a play which has been accepted by the school and pronounced by the teachers as of more than ordinary excellence. The play is entitled "A Bad Girl's Dream," and is a portrayal of the Thanksgiving spirit. It was performed at the School Auditorium by the pupils of the seventh grade as a Thanksgiving entertainment.

BOX SUPPER

The box supper at Haffaw school house Friday night was a success in the way of attendance and also financially. Thirteen boxes of cakes candies and other eatables brought \$96.95. Miss Addie Williams won the prize cake for being the prettiest girl present. John Beckman, otherwise known as "Strawberry," won a prize cake for being the ugliest man present. Mr. Lawrence Sheekelford is teacher of the school and R. B. Rushing was the auctioneer.

SETTLES-FRANKLIN

Mr. Clarence Settles and Mrs. Lena Franklin were married at the home of the bride's mother, Mrs. L. L. Price on Wednesday afternoon, November 17.

Our pastor, Rev. T. C. Carter, of Sturgis, performed the ceremony.

After the ceremony they left for Memphis, Tenn., on a bridal tour, returning Saturday afternoon. They will reside with her mother, Mrs. L. L. Price. We extend our hearty congratulations.

CITY COURT NEWS.

The case of Morris, Son and Mitchell vs. Minner Glare was tried Wednesday before Judge A. M. Gilbert in the City Court. The plaintiffs sued the defendant on a grocery account of \$57.50. Judgement was given for the full amount of the bill by the court.

Ebb Sullinger sued John D. Gregory for feed account. Trial set for December 8.

WANTED

Man and wife without children. Man to work in mine and woman to cook for two boarders. Free house rent. Inquire of J. M. Persons at Sheridan during the week and at Marion Sunday and Sunday.

DECLAMATORY CONTEST.

There will be a declamatory contest in Educational Division 1, at Frances School House, on Wednesday, December 1st. Each school in this Division is requested to furnish one pupil to enter the contest. A good attendance is expected.

ROBERT W. HILL CALLED BY DEATH

Robert W. Hill, fifty years old, formerly of this county, died at his home in Seattle, Washington Sunday, November 14, after an illness of several months. Mr. Hill was a son of the late John L. Hill, and is survived by two brothers, James Alex Hill, of this county, and William Hill, of Kansas. Another brother, J. H. Hill who resided in New York City died several years ago.

Mr. Hill, before entering college, taught in the public schools of this county and has a large circle of relatives and friends who will regret his untimely taking away by death.

SHOT WHILE PLAYING WITH RIFLE

While playing with a supposedly empty .22 rifle, a 12 year old girl of James W. Hughes, (colored) who lives near Marion was shot by an elder sister. The bullet entered the left foot below the ankle, passing through the foot and lodging above the ankle. No bones were broken. Dr. Frazer dressed the wound.

FINGER SEVERELY INJURED

After entering an automobile with Mrs. Alvis Stephens preparatory to returning home from the foot ball game Saturday, Mrs. Levi Cook met with a very painful accident. While her hand was between the door and the latch the door was slammed to, breaking the second finger of the right hand. Dr. Driskill dressed the wound and while still painful the wounded member is reported to be doing well.

LOST

One black wool sweater, with two small old rose stripes in collar. Between Marion and J. M. Walker's place on Marion and Shady Grove road. Finder please leave at Mrs. Porter's or at Press office and be rewarded. 29-1

MRS. R. W. VANHOOSER

JACKSON MINES.

Mr. W. Bell has moved from town to the Ada Florence.

Mrs. H. B. Gass is on the sick list.

Mr. Lem Hughes and wife went to Salem Friday.

Mr. Homer Davidson went to Marion Saturday.

Mrs. W. B. Hughes and Mrs. Pulley visited Mrs. Bell Friday.

Mr. W. B. Hughes went to his old home place Saturday.

Little Elsie Pulley is able to be in school again.

Mrs. Lucy Pulley and children spent Sunday with Mrs. Rob Frelon at the Keystone.

Mr. Lem Hughes and wife attended church at Siloam Saturday night.

Miss Flora Brantley, of Nunns, was in Marion Thursday, enroute home from Rosiclare, Ill., where she visited the family of her uncle, A. S. Cannon.

DEANWOOD.

Mr. Roy Hodges was the guest of Mr. Roy Lamb Saturday night.

Miss Dixie Travis has gone to Backford to visit M. V. Sutton.

Mr. and Mrs. Joe Lemen and daughter, Miss Grace were guests of T. L. Walker Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Buck Morgan, of Wheatcroft visited Mr. Finnie Corley Sunday.

Mr. J. A. Stenbridge and family and H. B. Travis and family spent Sunday at the home of G. D. Lamb.

Miss Reba McConnell visited her sister, Mrs. Lerah Drennan Saturday.

Miss Carrie Morse spent the week end with her mother, Mrs. Ida Morse.

Miss Bertha Eaton is visiting at Wheatcroft.

Misses Sibyl and Lucile Travis were the guests of Miss Rebecca Stewart Saturday night.

Miss Georgia Swicher visited Miss Robbie Dean Saturday night.

A large crowd attended the Declamatory Contest at Sugar Grove Saturday night. Miss Jessie Fox, of Lamb's School House won the first medal and Miss Minnie Dean, of Olive Branch won second medal.

CAVE SPRING

Mr. Herbert Sullivan spent Sunday with D. Orr.

Mr. Albert Orr went to Gladstone Tuesday.

Mr. E. Louis, of Mexico, was in our midst Tuesday.

Mrs. Sallie Quertermous and Mrs. Mary Orr went to Blackford Tuesday on business.

Mr. L. G. Orr was in Marion on business Tuesday.

Miss Bertha McDowell and Mr. Herbert McDowell were in Marion Monday.

Uncle Bill Perry of Blackford motored to Marion Monday.

Mr. Joe Chandler is improving at this writing.

Mr. H. F. Orr spent Monday night with his father, K. P. Orr.

F. G. McDowell and family attended church at this place Saturday.

Miss Mary Orr is visiting her grand-father near Gladstone this week.

Mr. Bill Jeffery was in our midst Saturday on business.

Miss Anna Orr and Mr. Hubert Hillyard attended church at Sugar Grove Saturday night.

Mr. Al Orr and Miss Rose Martin attended church at Pleasant Hill last Friday night.

Mr. Charlie is improving.

—FOR RENT: Nicely furnished front room for one or two gentlemen.

MRS. T. M. DAVIS, Poplar St.

A Hard Blow



The day after the fire you may be bowled over by the realization that your burned building is only partly covered by fire insurance. You forgot that property values are doubling and that your old insurance policy covers the same value that it did the day you bought it.

Correct this discrepancy while you have time. Secure more Hartford Fire Insurance for safety's sake.

Here's the place to get it.

C. G. Thompson Insurance Agency

THE GROWING AGENCY.

CONCRETE BUILDING

MARION, KY.

Satisfactory Insurance Service

That's All

CRIDER & WOODS CO. FIRE INSURANCE

MISS NELLE WALKER

C. W. LAMB

THE VALLEY of the GIANTS

By PETER B. KYNE

Author of "Cappy Ricks"

Copyright by Peter B. Kyne

CHAPTER XIV—Continued.

For the space of a minute the mayor weighed his son's future as a corporation attorney against his own future as mayor of Sequoia—and Henry lost.

"It might be arranged, Colonel," he murmured in a low voice—the voice of shame.

"It is already arranged," the Colonel replied cheerfully. "Leave your job at the front gate and drive home in Shirley's car. I'll arrange matters with her." He laughed shortly. "It means, of course, that I'll have to telegraph to San Francisco tomorrow and buy her a later model. Thank goodness, she has a birthday tomorrow! Have a fresh cigar, mayor."

Colonel Pennington had little difficulty in explaining the deal to Shirley, who was asleep and not at all interested. The Poundstones had bared her to extinction, and upon her uncle's assurance that she would have a new car within a week, she thanked him and for the first time retired without offering her cheek for his good-night kiss. Shortly thereafter the Colonel sought his own virtuous couch and prepared to surrender himself to the first good sleep in three weeks. He laid the flatterer's unctuous to his side and found Cardigan had dealt him a poor hand from a marked deck and he had played it exceedingly well. "Lucky I blocked the young betterman from getting those rails out of the Laurel Creek spur," he mused, "or he'd have had his jump-crossing in overnight—and then where the devil would I have been? Up Salt Creek without a paddle—and all the courts in Christendom would avail me nothing."

He was dozing off, when a sound smote upon his ears. Instantly he was wide awake, listening intently, his head cocked on one side. The sound grew louder; evidently it was approaching Sequoia—and with a bound the Colonel sat up in bed, trembling in every limb.

Suddenly, out of the deep, rumbling diapason he heard a sharp click—then another and another. He counted them—six in all.

"A locomotive and two flat cars!" he murmured. "And they just passed over the switch leading from the main-line tracks out to my log dump. That means the train is going down Water street to the switch into Cardigan's yard. By George, they've outwitted me!"

With the agility of a boy he sprang into his clothes, raced downstairs, and leaped into Mayor Poundstone's jitney, standing in the darkness at the front gate.

CHAPTER XV.

The success of Bryce Cardigan's plan for getting his rails down from Laurel Creek, depended entirely upon the whimsy which might seize the crew of the big mogul that hauled the last load of logs out of Cardigan's red-woods on Thursday afternoon. Should the engineer and fireman decide to leave the locomotive at the logging camp for the night, Bryce's task would be as simple as turning a hose down a squirrel hole. On the other hand, should they run back to Sequoia with the engine, he and Ogilvy faced the alternative of "borrowing" it from the Laguna Grande Lumber company's roundhouse, and that operation, in view of the fact that Pennington's night watchman would be certain to hear the engine leaving, offered difficulties.

Throughout the afternoon, after having scribbled his orders in writing to the woods-boss, via George Sea Otter (for he dared not trust to the telephone), he waited in his office for a telephone call from the logging camp as to what action the engine crew had taken. Finally, at a quarter of six, Curtis, his woods-boss, rang in.

"They're staying here all night, sir," he reported.

"House them as far from the log landing as possible, and organize a poker game to keep them busy in case they don't go to bed before eight o'clock," Bryce ordered. "In the meantime, send a man you can trust—Jim Harding, who runs the big bull-donkey, will do—down to the locomotive to keep steam up until I arrive."

He had scarcely hung up, when Buck Ogilvy came into the office.

"Well?" he queried casually.

"Safe-o, Buck!" replied Bryce. "Nothing to do but get a bite of dinner and proceed to business."

Buck insisted on keeping an engagement to dine with Moira, and Bryce agreed to call for him at the Bon Gusto restaurant. Then Bryce went home to dine with his father. Old Cardigan was happier than his son had seen him since the return of the latter to Sequoia.

"Well, sonny, I've had a mighty pleasant afternoon," he declared as Bryce led him to the dinner table. "I've been up to the Valley of the Giants."

Bryce was amazed. "Why, how would you?" he demanded. "The old skid road is impassable, and after you leave the end of the skid road, the trail in to mother's grave is so overgrown with buckthorn and wild lilac

I doubt if a rabbit could get through it comfortably."

"Not a bit of it," the old man replied. "Somebody has gone to work and planked that old skid road and put up a hand rail on each side, while the trail through the Giants has been grubbed out and smoothed over. All that old logging cable I abandoned in those choppings has been strung from tree to tree alongside the path on both sides. I can go up there alone now, once George sets me on the old skid road; I can't get lost."

"How did you discover this?" Bryce demanded.

"Judge Moore, representing the new owner, called round this morning and took me in tow. He said his client knew the property held for me a certain sentimental value which wasn't transferred in the deed, and so the judge had been instructed to have the skid road planked and the forest trail grubbed out—for me. It appears that the valley is going to be a public park, after all, but for the present and while I live, it is my private park."

"This is perfectly amazing, partner."

"It's mighty comforting," his father admitted. "Guess the new owner must be one of my old friends—perhaps somebody I did a favor for once—and this is his way of repaying. I'd like to know the name of the owner. I'd like mighty well to say thank you to him. It isn't usual for people nowadays to have as much respect for sentiment in an old duffer like me as the fellow has. He sort of makes me feel as if I hadn't sold at all."

Buck Ogilvy came out of the Bon Gusto restaurant with Moira, just as Bryce, with George Sea Otter at the wheel of the Napier, drove up to the curb. They left Moira at her boarding house, and rolled noisily away.

At nine o'clock they arrived at Cardigan's log landing and found Jim Harding, the bull-donkey engineer, placidly smoking his pipe in the cab. Bryce hailed him.

"That you, Jim?"

"You bet."

"Run up to Jabe Curtis's shanty and tell him we're here. Have him gather his gang and bring two pairs of overalls and two jumpers—large size—with him when he comes."

Presently the woods-boss, accompanied by thirty of his best men, came down to the log landing. At Bryce's order they clambered aboard the engine and tender, hanging on the steps, on the roof of the cab, on the cow-catcher—anywhere they could find a toe-hold. Buck Ogilvy cut off the air; and the locomotive and tender began to glide slowly down the almost imperceptible grade. With a slight click it cleared the switch and slid out onto the Cardigan lateral, swiftly gathering speed. A quarter of a mile down the line Buck Ogilvy applied the brakes and eased her down to twenty miles per hour.

At the junction with the main line Buck backed briskly up into the Laguna Grande woods, and coupled to the two loaded flat cars. The woods gang scrambled aboard the



Surveyed Pennington Caimly.

flats, and the train pulled out for Sequoia. Forty minutes later they rumbled down Water street and slid to a grinding halt at the intersection of B street.

From the darkness of Cardigan's drying yard, where they had been waiting, twenty picked men of the mill crew now emerged, bearing lanterns and tools. Under Buck Ogilvy's direction the dirt promptly began to fly, while the woods crew unloaded the rails and piled them close to the sidewalk.

Suddenly a voice, harsh and strident with passion, rose above the thud of the picks and the clang of metal.

"Who's in charge here, and what in blazes do you mean by cutting my tracks?"

Bryce ed to time to behold Col.

Seth Pennington leap from an automobile and advance upon Buck Ogilvy. Ogilvy held a lantern up to the Colonel's face and surveyed Pennington calmly.

"Colonel," he began with exasperating politeness, "I presume you are Colonel Pennington—my name is Buchanan P. Ogilvy, and I am in charge of these operations. I am the vice president and general manager of the N. C. O., and I am engaged in the blithe task of making a jump crossing of your rails. Have a cigar." And he thrust a perfect under the Colonel's nose. Pennington struck it to the ground, and on the instant, half a dozen rough rascals emptied their shovels over him. He was deluged with dirt.

"Stand back, Colonel, stand back, if you please. You're in the way of the shovelers." Buck Ogilvy warned him soothingly.

Bryce Cardigan came over, and at sight of him Pennington choked with fury. "You—you—" he spluttered, unable to say more.

"I'm the N. C. O.," Bryce replied. "Nice little fiction that of yours about the switch-engine being laid up in the shops and the Laurel Creek bridge being unsafe for this big mogul." He looked Pennington over with frank admiration. "You're certainly on the job, Colonel. I'll say that much for you."

"You've stolen my engine," Pennington almost screamed. "I'll have the law on you for grand larceny."

"Tut-tut! You don't know who stole your engine. For all you know, your own engine crew may have run it down here."

"I'll attend to you, sir," Pennington replied, and he turned to enter Mayor Poundstone's little office.

"Not tonight, at least," Bryce retorted gently. "Having gone this far, I would be a poor general to permit you to escape now with the news of your discovery. You'd be down here in an hour with a couple of hundred members of your mill crew and give us the rush. You will oblige me, Colonel Pennington, by remaining exactly where you are until I give you permission to depart."

"And if I refuse—"

"Then I shall manhandle you, trust you up like a fowl in the tonneau of your car, and gag you."

To Bryce's infinite surprise the Colonel smiled. "Oh, very well," he replied. "I guess you've got the bulge on me, young man. Do you mind if I sit in the warm cab of my own engine? I came away in such a hurry I quite forgot my overcoat."

"Not at all. I'll sit up there and keep you company."

Half an hour passed. An automobile came slowly up Water street and passed half a block away, evidently reconnoitering the situation. Instantly the Colonel thrust his head out the cab window.

"Sixty!" he shouted. "Cardigan's cutting in a crossing. He's holding me here against my will. Get the mill crew together and phone for Rondeau and his woods-crew. Send the switch-engine and a couple of flats up for them. Phone Poundstone. Tell him to have the chief of police—"

Bryce Cardigan's great hand closed over the Colonel's neck, while down Water street a dark streak that was Buck Ogilvy sped toward the automobile, intending to climb in and make Pennington's manager a prisoner also. He was too late, however. Sexton swung his car and departed at full speed down Water street, leaving the disappointed Buck to return panting to the scene of operations.

Bryce Cardigan released his hold on Pennington's neck. "You win, Colonel," he announced. "No good can come of holding you here any longer. Into your car and on your way."

"Thank you, young man," the Colonel answered, and there was a metallic ring in his voice. He looked at his watch in the glare of a torch. "Plenty of time," he murmured. "Curfew shall not ring tonight." Quite deliberately he climbed into the mayor's late source of woe and breaved away.

Colonel Pennington did not at once return to his home, however. Instead he drove up to the business center of the town. The streets were deserted, but one saloon—the Sawdust Pile—was still open.

Pennington strode through the bar and into the back room, where a number of poker games were in progress. For a moment he stood, his cold, ophidian glance circling the room until it came to rest on no less a personage than the Black Minors, an individual with whom the reader has already had some slight acquaintance. It will be recalled that the Black Minors led the futile rush against Bryce Cardigan that day in Pennington's woods.

The Colonel approached the table where the Black Minors sat thumbing the edges of his cards, and touched the cholo on the shoulder. The Black Minors turned, and Pennington nodded to him to follow; whereupon the latter cashed in his chips and joined his employer on the sidewalk. Here a whispered conver-

sation ensued, and at its conclusion the Black Minors nodded vigorously. "Sure!" he assured the Colonel. "I'll fix 'em good and plenty."

Together Pennington and the Black Minors entered the automobile and proceeded swiftly to the Laguna Grande Lumber company's mill office. From a locker the Colonel produced a repeating rifle and three boxes of cartridges, which he handed to the cholo, who departed without further ado into the night.

Twenty minutes later, from the top of a lumber pile in Cardigan's drying



Bryce Cardigan saw the flash of a rifle.

yard, Bryce Cardigan saw the flash of a rifle and felt a sudden sting on his left forearm. He leaped around in front of the cowcatcher to gain the shelter of the engine, and another bullet struck at his feet and ricocheted off into the night. It was followed by a fusillade, the bullets kicking up the freshly disturbed earth among the workers and sending them scurrying to various points of safety. In an instant the crossing was deserted, and work had been stopped, while from the top of the adjacent lumber pile the Black Minors poured a stream of lead and filthy invective at every point which he suspected of harboring a Cardigan follower.

"I'd like to plug him," Buck murmured.

"What would be the use? This will be his last night in Humboldt county."

A rifle shot rang out from the side of B street; from the lumber pile across the street, Bryce and Ogilvy heard a suppressed grunt of pain, and a crash as of a breaking board. Instantly out of the shadows George Sea Otter came padding on velvet feet, rifle in hand—and then Bryce understood.

"All right, boss," said George simply as he joined Bryce and Ogilvy under the lee of the locomotive. "Now we get busy again."

"Safe-o, men," Ogilvy called. "Back to the job." And while Bryce, followed by the careless George Sea Otter, went into the lumber yard to snare the enemy, Ogilvy set an example to the men by stepping into the open and starting briskly to work with a shovel.

At the bottom of the pile of lumber the Black Minors was discovered with a severe flesh wound in his right hip; also he was suffering from numerous bruises and contusions. George Sea Otter possessed himself of the fallen cholo's rifle, while Bryce picked the wretch up and carried him to his automobile.

"Take the swine over to the Laguna Grande Lumber company's hospital and tell them to patch him up," he ordered George Sea Otter. "I'll keep both rifles and the ammunition here for Jules Rondeau and his woods gang. They'll probably be dropping in on us about 2 a. m., if I know anything about Colonel Pennington's way of doing things."

Having dispatched the Black Minors to hold up the work until the arrival of re-enforcements, Colonel Pennington fairly burned the streets en route to his home. He was desirous of getting into a heavy ulster before venturing forth again into the night air.

The violent slam with which he closed the front door after him brought Shirley, in dressing gown and slippers, to the staircase.

"Uncle Seth!" she called. "What's the matter?"

"There's the devil to pay," he answered. "That fellow Cardigan is back of the N. C. O., after all, and he and Ogilvy have a gang of fifty men down at the intersection of Water and B streets, cutting in a jump-crossing of our line."

He dashed into the living room, and she heard him calling frantically into the telephone.

"At last!" she murmured, and crept

down the stairs, pausing behind the heavy portieres at the entrance to the living room.

"That you, Poundstone?" she heard him saying rapidly into the transmitter. "Pennington speaking. Young Bryce Cardigan is behind that N. C. O. outfit, and it's a logging road and not intended to build through to Grant's Pass at all. Cardigan and Ogilvy are at Water and B streets this very instant with a gang of fifty men cutting in a jump-crossing of my line, curse them! They'll have it in by six o'clock tomorrow morning if something isn't done—and once they get it in, the fat's in the fire."

"Telephone the chief of police and order him to take his entire force down there, if necessary, and stop that work. To blazes with that temporary franchise! You stop that work for two hours, and I'll do the rest. Tell the chief of police not to recognize that temporary franchise. He can be suspicious of it, can't he, and refuse to let the work go on until he finds out! And you can be hard to find for two hours, can you not? Delay, delay, man! That's all I want. . . . Yes, yes, I understand. You get down about daylight and roast the chief of police for interfering, but in the meantime! . . . Thank you, Poundstone, thank you. Good-by!"

He stood at the telephone, the receiver still held to his ear and his right forefinger holding down the hook while the line cleared. When he spoke again, Shirley knew he was calling his mill office. He got a response immediately, notwithstanding the lateness of the hour.

"Sexton?" Pennington speaking. "I've sent over the Black Minors with a rifle and sixty rounds of ammunition."

What? You can hear him shooting already? Bully boy with a crockery eye! He'll clean the gang out and keep them from working until the police arrive. You've telephoned Rondeau, have you? . . . Good! He'll have his men waiting at the log landing, and there'll be no delay. Sexton, we've got to block them. It means a loss of millions to me if we fail!"

Shirley was standing in the doorway as he faced about from the telephone. "Uncle Seth," she said quietly, "use any honorable method of defeating Bryce Cardigan, but call off the Black Minors. I shall hold you personally responsible for Bryce Cardigan's life, and if you fail me, I shall never forgive you."

"Silly, silly girl!" he soothed her. "Don't you know I would not stoop to bush-whacking? There's some shooting going on, but it's wild shooting, just to frighten Cardigan and his men off the job."

"You can't frighten him," she cried passionately. "You know you can't. He'll kill the Black Minors, or the Black Minors will kill him. Go instantly and stop it!"

"All right, all right!" he said rather humbly, and sprang down the front steps into the waiting car. "I'll play the game fairly, Shirley, never fear."

She stood in the doorway and watched the red tail-light, like a malevolent eye, disappear down the street. And presently as she stood there, down the boulevard a huge gray car came slipping noiselessly—so noiselessly, in fact, that Shirley recognized it by that very quality of silence. It was Bryce Cardigan's Napier.

"George!" she called. "Come here." The car slid over to the gate and stopped at the sight of the slim white figure running down the garden walk.

"Is Mr. Cardigan hurt?" she demanded in an agony of suspense.

George Sea Otter granted contemptuously. "Nobody hurt 'cept the Black Minors. I am taking him to your company hospital, miss. He tried to shoot my boss, so I shot him myself once through the leg. Now my boss says: 'Take him to the Laguna Grande hospital, George.' Me, I would drop this greaser in the bay if I was the boss."

She laughed hysterically. "On your way back from the hospital stop and pick me up, George," she ordered.

He touched his broad hat, and she returned to the house to dress.

Meanwhile Colonel Pennington had reached the crossing once more, simultaneously with the arrival of Sam Perkins, the chief of police, accompanied by two automobiles crammed with patrolmen. Perkins strutted up to Bryce Cardigan and Buck Ogilvy.

"What's the meaning of all this row, Mr. Cardigan?" he demanded.

"Something has slipped, Sam," Bryce retorted pleasantly. "You've been calling me Bryce for the past twenty years, and now you're mistaking me! The meaning of this row, you ask?" Bryce continued. "Well, I'm engaged in making a jump crossing of Colonel Pennington's tracks, under a temporary franchise granted me by the city council of Sequoia. Here's the franchise." And he thrust the document under the police chief's nose.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Looking On.

"What part of the army appeals to you most?"

"The outside,"—Home 88-783

Don't Go From Bad to Worse!

Are you always weak, miserable and half-sick? Then it's time you found out what is wrong. Kidney weakness causes much suffering from backache, lameness, stiffness and rheumatic pains, and if neglected, brings danger of serious trouble—dropsy, gravel, and Bright's disease. Don't delay. Use Doan's Kidney Pills. They have helped thousands and should help you. Ask your neighbor!

A Mississippi Case



Get Doan's at Any Store, 60c a Box
DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS
FOSTER-MILBURN CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.

Let Cuticura Be Your Beauty Doctor

Seep 25c, Outset 25 and 50c, Talcon 25c.

OLD STANDBY, FOR ACHES AND PAINS

Any man or woman who keeps Sloan's handy will tell you that same thing

SPECIALTY those frequently attacked by rheumatic twinges.

A counter-irritant, Sloan's Liniment soothes the congestion and penetrates without rubbing to the affected part, soon relieving the ache and pain. Kept handy and used everywhere for reducing and finally eliminating the pains and aches of lumbago, neuritis, muscle strain, joint stiffness, sprains, bruises, and the results of exposure.

You just know from its stimulating, healthy odor that it will do you good! Sloan's Liniment is sold by all druggists—35c, 70c, \$1.40.

Sloan's Liniment

Acid Stomach for 10 Years

NOW A DIFFERENT WOMAN

Earnestly Praises Eaton

"My wife was a great sufferer from acid stomach for 10 years," writes M. D. Crippen, "but is a different woman since taking Eaton's."

Sufferers from acid stomach—let Eaton's help you also. It quickly takes up and carries out the excess acidity and gases and makes the stomach cool and comfortable. You digest easily, get the full strength from your food, feel well and strong, free from bloating, belching, food repeating, etc. Big box costs only a trifle with your druggist's guarantee.

Got Rheumatism?

Get a bottle of Chica, Great Rheumatism Remedy—it relieves. Bottle \$1.00, including war tax and postage, or \$1.50 if you send this advertisement with your order. AGENTS WANTED. Chica Chemical Co., 344 Poplar St., Memphis, Tenn.



Pleasant way to break up colds—

EVERYONE in the family can rely on Dr. King's New Discovery, the standard remedy for the last fifty years, to break up coughs, grippe and stubborn colds. No harmful drugs. At your druggists, 60c and \$1.50.

For colds and coughs

Dr. King's New Discovery

Sallow Skin Not Pretty

Constipation destroys the complexion, making it yellow and ugly. Keep the bowels at work cleaning out the system daily by using Dr. King's Pills. They do the work thoroughly and gently. Buy a bottle today, 25 cents.

Prompt! Won't Grip Dr. King's Pills

W. N. U., MEMPHIS, NO. 45-1920.

It is always better to shake hands than to shake friends.



Keep Your Eyes Clean—Clear—Healthy



The "Greatest Mother" concept which was visualized in the famous art poster used by the American Red Cross in its second war fund campaign has had its symbolism adapted to the Red Cross works of the post-war era and will illuminate the main poster to be used in the Fourth Roll Call November 11-25. This adaptation will bear the title "Still the Greatest Mother in the World." Everyone is familiar with the original "The Greatest Mother in the World," the effectiveness of which has been shown in part by the fact that it has furnished a synonym for Red Cross that has come to almost a household term. More than any other symbol, except the red cross itself, the public has made it the trademark of the American Red Cross.



Americans who contribute to the Red Cross would feel amply repaid for their generosity if they could see what it means to hundreds of thousands of war weary sufferers in the Balkans. Here is a widowed Roumanian mother with her five children just after a visit to a Red Cross relief station. All are barefoot and the boy at the left is wearing clothes made of scraps from the battlefield. They have just received winter clothing, food and condensed milk for the baby. Similar work is being done for Russian-refugees driven from home.

"Thine Is the Glory"



This painting, which hangs in National Headquarters of the American Red Cross, Washington, depicts the homage of America's fighting men to American womanhood as mobilized for service in the World War by this organization. It is the collaborative scientific and art creation of Major Joseph Gray Mitchell, late of the General Staff, U. S. A., and F. Luis Mora of the New York School of Art. The face of the central figure is a composite of the features of a thousand Red Cross workers selected for the purpose.

Willing to Take a Chance.
Mother was trying to give her small son a dose of castor oil, and after much coaxing and pleading he would not swallow it. She said to her husband: "Billy will not take the oil; we will just have to use main force." Billy's face brightened and he said: "Daddy, bring the main force and I will try to swallow that."

Aren't People Queer?
Exchange—"Mr. John Roberts has gone south following his recent illness." Foolish to follow it; he should be glad to get rid of it.

Cables on the Ocean Bed.
The ocean cable between New York, the Azores and the Irish coast rests on the bed of the ocean. Before 1854 engineers of the United States navy discovered that the ocean bed between Newfoundland and the Irish coast was nearly level and composed of soft mud, apparently an ideal place for an ocean cable.

Asbestos Feathery as Eiderdown.
Asbestos is feathery as eiderdown, and can be spun or woven. An ounce has been spun into a string more than a hundred yards long.

In Cherry Time

By JESSIE E. SHERWIN

(© 1926, Western Newspaper Union.)
"What does Cousin Aggie say?" inquired Mrs. Buxton of her seventeen-year-old daughter, as the latter read a letter she had just received.

"Just commonplace news, mamma," responded Nellie Buxton. "She writes me, however, to be sure to tell you that they have the most wonderful cherry crop ever was, and that Uncle Silas will ship you three bushels in about two weeks."

"I'm!" remarked Mrs. Buxton, a trifle discomposed. "I have heard that the cherry crop is phenomenal all over the country and no one to pick them except at three times the usual rate. It is thoughtful of Silas to remember us, but I wonder if he understands that the city is rationed on sugar."

"Can't we double up on buying and have enough on hand to use when the fruit arrives?" suggested Nellie.

"Hardly. One grocer allows us just a pound a day, and then at five times above normal price. I don't mind that so much, for sugar is a necessity."

"I suppose it would take quite a lot to do up three bushels of cherries," ventured Oscar Reed, who was sitting by, but usually very uncommunicative when in the presence of the mother of the family. Mrs. Buxton had laid down some pretty stringent rules as to Nellie and her company. Oscar was allowed to call in the evening once a week only, and then he passed the hour or two granted in the same room with the family. If there was any entertainment going on Nellie did not get a chance to accept Oscar's invitation as an escort unless her parents accompanied them.

"Nellie is too young to get a lot of love nonsense into her head," Mrs. Buxton had once remarked, and Oscar overheard her and considered her an aggressor, but he was polite enough ever to defend his present sparse privileges and to try winning her good graces in every way possible.

So when Mrs. Buxton computed the sugar needs of the cherry season ahead, Oscar made a mental note of the same and, recalling as well that it would be her birthday about the time Uncle Silas would ship the cherries, he took credit to himself for devising a scheme that would certainly win the favorable opinion of the mother of his lamorna.

"Said anything to your mother about the picnic we are invited to, Nellie?" questioned Oscar breathlessly in the bare minute and a half allowed them to linger on the veranda.

"Oh, yes, and I can go, of course, but the family are planning to attend too," and Oscar sighed at the prospect he had anticipated of having Nellie all day to himself.

"I won't get discouraged," he ruminated on his way homeward bound.

"Sugar! It has always made me think of sweet darling Nellie! Now it's going to make me think of her mother. How am I going to work it? I declare! It's beginning to rain," and, without storm coat or umbrella Oscar hastened his steps and sought shelter under an awning in front of a store given over to second-hand goods of varied sorts, including clothing. The array of suits, hats, overcoats and the like was heterogeneous enough to allow a wide choice of attire. Then as Oscar's gaze rested upon the big department store opposite, his eyes glowed brightly and he smiled.

"The very combination!" he chuckled. "I have the dinner hour to put in motion my grand scheme for acquiring a small-sized refinery in the sugar line. Sure, I can work it. Let me see if I can manage to capture five pounds per day for two weeks. That would mean a bulk of sixty pounds, more than enough to put up those cherries furnished by Uncle Silas, and probably sweeten up the strict old lady I would be glad to cherish as a mother-in-law."

Next day Oscar visited the store of the dealer in a second-hand goods. Without much trouble he arranged to have the temporary use of such articles as he needed for his bold plan of becoming a sugar miser. He did not waste any time on noonday luncheon, but entered the grocery department of the department store where one pound of the saccharine novelty was sold to a customer. Appearing first in propria persona, then with another hat and a grotesquely plaided overcoat, even with a silk tie and wearing goggles, in the crowd he was not recognized as the audacious repeater that he was.

Oscar kept track of the promised shipment from Uncle Silas. He chose the evening of their arrival for his once-a-week call upon Nellie. He found all hands pitting the fruit, but Mrs. Buxton in a gloomy mood because she had not the sugar to put up more than half a bushel.

"Nellie told me this is your birthday, Mrs. Buxton," observed Oscar innocently. "I have a little offering that may be of use to you. It's on the porch—sixty pounds of sugar."

"Say! I'll pay you double price for it, just to make me smiling and jolly again!" declared Mr. Buxton, but Oscar insisted on the free acceptance of his little gift, and Mrs. Buxton fairly beamed upon him. Her heartfelt acknowledgment of his clever donation was expressed by keeping the rest of the family at work in the kitchen, while she shoed him and Nellie out into the garden with the remark:

"Too many cooks spoil the broth," and the first of many blissful hours alone with Nellie came into the fortunate young man's life.

"No Trespassing!"

By SIDNEY E. PORTER

(© 1926, Western Newspaper Union.)
Twice Irma Ross had met Dale Westcott and the third time was pending, the fair, inexperienced young girl told herself with a flutter and a blush.

"Why, it's like some story book romance," declared her closest confidant, Edna Martin. "A stranger in Dodgeville, is he not?"

"Entirely so. He is studying for the bar, he told me, and is on his vacation. It was at the brook that I saw him first. My bat blew off and landed on an elder branch just a few inches above the water, teetering and tilting."

"And he?"

"Was fishing, saw my trouble, dropped the pole, made a spring and landed in the water knee deep and caught the hat just as it was swinging free."

"Why, it was almost thrilling!" commented Edna. "And the second time, Irma?"

"It was day before yesterday. There came up a drenching shower as I started across the meadow for home. Again appeared this interesting knight errant, if such exists in these later days."

"He must be following you about," suggested Edna.

"Oh, dear, no! It was all by accident. He drew me under an umbrella and we reached a shelter shed without a drop of rain on me. When the sun came out he walked with me as far as the wood lot, opened the gate for me and insisted I should keep the umbrella for fear the clouds might come up again. 'I'll pass this gate about noon tomorrow,' he said, 'so, if you will leave the umbrella here, I will get it.'"

"I see," nodded Edna archly. "Oh, Irma! you have certainly got a lover at last."

"If I am allowed to have one," fluttered Irma timidly.

"Allowed—why, what do you mean?"

"Well, it seems that Uncle Rufus saw me with the young man. Later in the day he questioned me so sharply I almost cried. I never knew him to be so put out. Since his wife died my mother has been his favorite among all the relatives, and he invited me here to see how I would like it and if mother would come later he was to sort of adopt us."

"And make you an heiress, I suppose," murmured Edna. "How delightful!"

"When he spoke to me about this nice young man I told him just how I had met him. 'I happen to know more about the insolent schemer than you do,' he said angrily."

"Why, it's amazing," cried Edna. "What can he have against such a courteous, well bred young man?"

"I don't know," replied Irma, and then she grew indignant. "If Uncle Rufus thinks he has brought my mother and myself to follow out his whims and caprices, I can tell you that I shall leave here very speedily. I am going to write to mamma all about it."

Irma visited the wood lot gate with the umbrella. She loitered about the spot for some little time, but noticed her uncle watching her at a distance and returned to the house. By rare good fortune, as she esteemed it, she came again across Dale Westcott at a lawn party given by a girl friend. Then there was a week that they did not meet, and coming home one evening Irma was startled to see through an open window her uncle with his head bandaged and Dale Westcott opposite to him. They seemed to be engaged in earnest conversation. The housekeeper stole to her side.

"Don't be alarmed, dear," she whispered. "Your uncle was attacked by some thieving tramps, returning from the bank with a large amount of money. The young gentleman with him now scattered the villains and recovered the money."

Irma remained near the window. She heard her uncle say: "Young man, you have done me a great favor and I wish to reward you."

"Not with money if you please," spoke Westcott. "If you wish to gratify me very much in another way, allow me to call upon your niece. I will be plain with you. She has attracted me greatly and I do not think she is averse to my attentions."

"But I am!" thundered Rufus, rousing up like the enraged lion. "Young man, gratitude must be put aside in a case like this. I know you and your motive in coming here."

"Know me—motive?" repeated Westcott in wonder.

"Exactly. I saw you two weeks ago in the law office of Brand & Carney at Springfield, to whom I went to make my will."

"Why, yes," answered Westcott, "I am in their service."

"And you gleamed from them a knowledge of the fortune I bequeathed to Irma and her mother. A wealthy heiress was worth the picking, eh?"

Dale Westcott laughed uproariously. "Why, Mr. Lind!" he exclaimed, "I never heard about your will, and as to the avaricious intentions you ascribe to me, I must tell you that, although only a law student, I am the son of one of the wealthiest merchants in Springfield. As to Irma, it is her rare goodness and beauty alone that have inspired me with a love I shall always cherish."

The stubborn old will soon gave way as conviction deepened in the mind of Rufus Lind, and when Irma had her say as to the state of her mind, her uncle neither changed his will nor turned her away.

R. B. YANCY, Manager

GOVERNMENT GOODS STORE

Bellville Street—Opposite Marion Milling Co

A BIG SUPPLY OF THE FOLLOWING

JUST RECEIVED AND SELLING FAST:

- | | |
|---------------------|-----------------|
| Hunting coats | Russet shoes |
| Marching shoes | O. D. Blankets |
| Gray Blankets | O. D. Shirts |
| O. D. Coats & Pants | O. D. Overcoats |
| Overalls | Socks |
| Hats and Caps | Wrap Leggings |
| Rain Coats | Sweaters |
| Tobacco | Whips |
| Army Dress Shoes | Black Overcoats |
| Union Suits | Underwear |
| Comforts. | |

PUBLIC SALE

I WILL ON

Tuesday, Dec. 7

At the J. J. May farm 2 miles above Carrsville, sell to the highest bidder the following property:

- 1-Fordson Tractor
- 1- 2 disc Tractor Plow
- 1- 6 foot Tractor Harrow
- 1- Two-row John Deere Corn Planter
- 2- Disc Cultivators
- 2- Mules, 6 and 7 years old
- 1- Set Farm Harness
- 6 or 7 tons of good baled Pea hay

HARRY JOHNSON

Typewriter Ribbons

75c

Stamp Pads 20c

Carbon Paper and other
Office Supplies on Sale at

The Press Office.

Better Merchandise---Lower Prices

AT

PRICES LOWER
THAN
FOR YEARS

D.O. Carnahan's
"NOT SATISFIED TILL YOU ARE"
STORE

THE QUALITY
IS
STILL HIGH



A Sturdy Rubber Shoe

This "Ball-Band" Duck Hinner is a very popular Rubber Shoe with miners and all men who have heavy work to do in damp, rough, slippery places.

Made extra strong, with a very stout sole, it combines perfect fit and real comfort with longest wear.

Whatever you or your family need in Rubber Footwear, we can give you satisfaction with "Ball-Band."

The Red Ball Trade Mark is on all "Ball-Band" Footwear.

Entire Shoe Stock Reduced!

Billiken Shoes for Children.

Black and Mahogany, in gun metal and Calfskin, all shapes, High and low heels for ladies.

Everything in Men's from plow shoes to fine dress shoes. All reduced.

\$2.50 values at \$2.25	5.00 value at 4.50
3.00 value at 2.70	6.00 value at 5.40
3.50 value at 3.15	7.00 value at 6.30
4.00 value at 3.60	8.00 value at 7.20
4.50 value at 4.05	9.00 value at 8.10
	10.00 value at 9.00

These Were Good Values at Regular Prices

HARRIS-POLK HATS AND CAPS

All our regular stock---
Bought for this season

For Men and Boys

Speical Prices as Follows

\$4.00 Hats... \$3.50	5.50 Hats... 4.75
4.25 Hats... 3.75	5.50 Hats... 4.75
4.50 Hats... 4.00	6.00 Hats... 5.00
5.00 Hats... 4.50	7.50 Hats... 6.00
	10.00 Hats... 8.00

All popular shapes in Felts and Velours

All New Stock

THE CRITTENDEN PRESS

Marion, Ky., Nov. 26, 1920.

By W. F. and W. P. HOGARD.

Entered as second-class matter February 9th, 1878, at the postoffice at Marion, Kentucky, under the Act of Congress of March 3rd, 1877.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES
\$2.00 per year cash in advance

THANKSGIVING PROCLAMATION
J. W. BLUE, Mayor.

Believing in the spirit of thanksgiving as fostered and practised by our forefathers and realizing that much good has come from this annual observance of a day of rejoicing for the many blessings which the Almighty has bestowed upon our land and upon the individual homes of the land, and believing too that a continuance of this custom would be pleasing in the sight of Him who has made our manifold blessings possible, I, the mayor of the City of Marion, the County of Crittenden, the State of Kentucky, do hereby proclaim Thursday, November, twenty-fifth, in the year of our Lord One Thousand, Nine Hundred and Twenty as a day of Thanksgiving in the city of Marion. Furthermore, I earnestly request that the citizens of our town observe in a fitting and appropriate way this day of Thanksgiving by assembling themselves together for a short service of prayer and praise to Him who has so abundantly blessed us during the year which is closing. I also very sincerely implore the business men of the city of Marion to close their respective places of business from ten o'clock on the morning of the above mentioned day until two o'clock in the afternoon of the same day, as a mark of sincere gratitude for the blessings which we have enjoyed.

Witness my hand and seal, this the 23rd day of November 1920.
Signed J. W. BLUE, Mayor

BENNETT-PERRY

Miss Lillian Bennett and Mr. Press Perry went to Marion on last Thursday, November 18, and were quietly married at the home of Rev. W. T. Oakley who performed the ceremony.

The bride is the youngest daughter

of Mrs. E. A. Bennett and one of Blackford's most popular girls. The groom is the youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Perry and is an industrious and popular young man. They will make their home in Princeton.

DECLAMATORY CONTEST

The Crittenden County Declamatory Contest will be held at the School Auditorium in Marion on Friday, December 3. The various Educational Divisions of the county will participate in the program, each division being allotted two contestants. An interesting program will be carried out and a large attendance is expected.

MERCER SMALLPOX CASES CHARGED TO ARMY GOODS

Harrodsburg, Ky., Nov. 23.—Eight cases of smallpox have developed in Cornishville, this county, supposed to be due to the use of reclaimed army goods, several sales of which have been held here. The county Board of Health this afternoon made a general vaccination order.—Courier Journal.

BELMONT

Mr. Jim Vinson went to Marion Monday.

Mrs. Anna McConnell was the guest of F. E. Boyd Saturday.

Miss Lucy Crayne is on the sick list.

Misses Monville and Mable Boyd spent Saturday and Sunday with Miss Ruby McConnell.

Miss Lola Brown spent Sunday with Miss Isabell Vinson.

Mr. Garrett Boyd, wife and son, Randall, spent Sunday with James Vinson and family.

Mr. Roy Crayne and wife spent Sunday at the home of Henry Brown.

LEVIAS

Mr. Fred Love, wife and sons; J. H. Price, wife and son; Rudell and Miss Sallie Sullenger were the guests of Mrs. L. L. Price Saturday at the supper given by Miss Ethelene Price in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Settles, who have recently returned from Memphis.

Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Settles had the following visitors Sunday for

dinner: Mrs. L. L. Price and daughter, Ethelene; Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Settles; Mr. and Mrs. Homer Settles and son, Homer Ray; and J. H. Price wife and son. The dinner was prepared by Mrs. Fannie Settles and daughter Maude Love and was enjoyed by all present.

Mrs. Amanda McClure was the guest of Mrs. Ada Watson last Tuesday.

Grace Franks, Adaline Carter and Mary Watson visited our school Wednesday.

Elmo Watson and sister, Mary, went to Marion Saturday.

Mr. Henry Stevens left last Friday for Akron Ohio to join his son, Clarence, and family, who have been there several months.

Mrs. C. C. McClure and Miss Mary Watson were visitors Thursday of Florence Price.

Homer Settles, wife and son, of near Glendale, attended the Settles-Franklin wedding Wednesday.

Mr. Will LaRue lost a good cow last week.

Ersel Lynn has moved to his property purchased recently from Will Conyer.

Cecil LaRue, wife and daughter, visited Sunday with relatives near Sheridan.

Mr. Vergil Holloman and mother were guests Sunday of her sister, Mrs. Hugh Norris.

CROSS LANES

Miss Delpha McDowell visited Miss Opal Moore last Friday.

Mrs. J. F. Moore and little sons spent Friday night with her daughter Mrs. Harve Thomas, of Repton.

Mrs. Frank Williams spent last Saturday night with Mrs. Tom Williams.

Mr. George Wolford of Fords Ferry attended the box supper at Post Oak Saturday night.

Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Moore were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. A. R. Nunn Sunday.

Mrs. L. D. McDowell and daughter Miss Delpha visited her son, Pen McDowell, of Marion one day last week.

Mr. Onslow Nunn went to Evansville Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Young attended Sunday school at Mt. Zion Sunday.

Charlie Thomas and Miss Opal Moore were guests of Miss Delpha McDowell Sunday.

George Henry and wife passed thru here Sunday.

Bonnie Newcom and little son, William, went to Repton Saturday.

DYCUSBURG

C. T. Bennett and wife, of Marion was in town Thursday.

Ellis Ralston of Lyon county was in town Wednesday.

L. V. Vossier and wife, of Kuttawa were in town Wednesday.

F. B. Dycus and Y. H. Ferguson were in Paducah Tuesday.

Mrs. W. E. Charles and son, Frank were in Kuttawa Wednesday.

Huten Grimms was in Fredonia Saturday.

Dr. L. L. Phillips and family and Rhea Cooksey, of Kuttawa, spent Sunday here.

Seldon Howard, who has been indisposed for several weeks is seen out now.

Lawrence Dalton of Livingston county visited E. M. Dalton Saturday and Sunday.

Frank Charles left Sunday for Providence.

Pierce and Tom Martin were in Tiline Sunday.

Anson Bennett, Roy Henry, Bill Yates and Tom Campbell were in Kuttawa Saturday.

J. A. Graves was in Paducah Saturday.

Mr. McCormick, of Lyon county, visited Mrs. O. F. Ramage Sunday.

Wm. Campbell was in Paducah Friday and Saturday.

Albert Perryman was in Tiline Saturday on business.

In spite of cold weather, these are said to be dog days in Mayfield, where scores of dogs are being sold on the streets and traded like horses.

BLACKBURN

Mon Travis and family of this place have moved near Providence.

C. P. McConnell is improving at this writing.

W. W. Hopkins has been confined to his room with a case of tonsillitis.

W. Casper and family have moved near Providence.

Mrs. Molly Burse of Dawson Springs and her grandson spent Saturday of last week the guest of her brother, Ed Coleman.

Mrs. Laura East of Shady Grove spent the past week the guest of her daughter, Mrs. Alma McConnell.

T. J. Fraick spent Saturday night at Marion, the guest of Sampson Stenbridge.

Miss Ila Stenbridge and Mr. Lester Corley spent Sunday the guests of Miss Anna Orr.

Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Drennan and Miss Reba McConnell passed through this section Sunday.

W. B. Stenbridge spent Saturday night and Sunday the guest of T. C. Murray and family.

Miss Reida Stenbridge spent one day last week with Miss Ila Stenbridge.

Mrs. J. H. East spent Sunday with Mrs. Lizzie Tosh.

Mrs. Bettie VanHooser spent the week end with her son, H. M. VanHooser.

H. M. VanHooser is on the sick list at this writing.

Wanted to Buy--

10,000 Cross ties, Oak, Beech and Gum, "Saw or hew many or few" and deliver at Marion or nearby railroad points by January 1, 1921 and get high prices. Look your tie timber over and see me at once. Cash paid promptly.

J. E. MORTON

Henry & Henry Bldg. Marion Ky.

LOCAL HAPPENINGS

Miss Nola Thomas went to Paducah, Thursday, shopping.

Miss Lottie Fletcher, of Crayne, was in Marion Friday shopping.

Mr. J. L. Stewart was a business visitor at Blackford Friday.

Mr. Eugene A. Hill of the Tribune section, was in the city Saturday.

Mrs. G. D. Summerville, of Mattoon was in Marion Saturday.

Mrs. Will Young, of Fredonia, was in Marion Saturday to attend the football game.

Miss Glens Sisco left Tuesday for Evansville to take a business course in a business college at that place.

Mrs. G. D. Summerville, of Mattoon was in Marion Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. E. Humphrey and little son, Eugene, of Mexico, were in Marion Saturday.

Mrs. Nannie Beard, of Crayne was in Marion Saturday for medical consultation.

Mrs. W. M. Humphrey and son, Tracy, of Mexico, were in the city Saturday.

Miss Mamie Hughes, of Weston, visited her aunt, Mrs. George Hughes and cousin, Mrs. C. W. Grady, last week.

Mr. George M. Travis went to Evansville Friday to consult an eye specialist. His son, Paul, accompanied him.

Rev. U. G. Hughes went to Sturgis Saturday to fill his appointment at Bethel Church.

Mrs. J. E. Perry went to Blackford Saturday to assist her husband in his business there.

Mrs. Minnie Young, of Fort Worth, Tex., and Mrs. May Crady, of Nashville, who have been guests of their uncle, G. B. Johnson, and Mrs. Johnson, returned home Friday.

Mr. Geo. H. Foster went to Louisville, Thursday.

Mr. A. E. Campbell of the Frances section, was in the city Friday.

Mf. G. M. Swisher took a business trip to Providence and Blackford Friday.

Elder A. W. Campbell, of Louray, Va., who has been holding a series of revival meetings at Pleasant Hill church, left for home Friday.

Miss Bessie Slaton, of Henshaw, visited her grand-father, Granville Slaton, last week.

Mrs. Ida King, of Repton, who has been visiting her brother, George Hughes, and nephew, Clarence Grady, returned home Friday.

Miss Pearl Berry and sister, Miss Edith, of Blackford, were in the city Thursday shopping.

Mrs. Clara Owens and little son, Fowler, of Evansville, who have been visiting their father and grand-father, W. A. Orenduff, of Tolu, returned home Friday.

Mr. and Mrs. Emmett Koltinsky and little son, Herman, of Evansville, who have been visiting their father and grand-father, H. Koltinsky, returned home Friday.

Mr. Fred Cook, of the Fords Ferry section, was in Marion Friday, and reported that he has made more than 1000 gallons of sorghum this fall.

Mr. Sam Gugenheim went to Evansville Thursday of last week to attend the funeral services of his sister-in-law, Mrs. Abe Heiman.

Mr. C. W. Love and son, C. E. Love, of Sheridan section, were in the city Thursday.

Mrs. Minerva Holeman went to Morganfield Thursday to visit her mother, Mrs. Louis Risinger, who is ill.

Miss Clara Nunn and sister, Mrs. Will Hughes, left for Columbia, La., Thursday, to spend a few weeks with their brother, Lacy C. Nunn.

Mrs. Nida King of the Blackford section, was in Marion Tuesday.

Mr. G. F. Jennings went to Evansville Tuesday.

Mr. A. M. Henry was a business visitor at Dixon Tuesday.

The handsome new residence of W. E. Cox, on North Main Street, is nearing completion.

Mr. and Mrs. J. M. McCaslin of Crayne were visitors in the city Tuesday.

Mr. G. F. Jennings will leave the last of the week for St. Petersburg, Fla., to spend the winter.

Dr. T. Atchison Frazer went to Clay, Thursday, to make special examinations for the Government.

Mrs. Clara Collins and little daughter, Marie, of Hollow Rock Junction, Tenn., arrived Thursday, to attend the funeral of their sister and aunt, Erdna Vick.

Mr. Lee Vick went to Louisville, Wednesday, to accompany home the remains of his daughter, Erdna, who died in a hospital there.

MINE RUN COAL at 13c at Old McCollum Mine near Nunn.

Mrs. Annie Blair and Mrs. Alma Smith of Haffaw Mine were in Marion Tuesday.

Miss Lillie Bradford and Mrs. Alice Paris, of Crayne, were in Marion Tuesday.

Mrs. Jack Hodge went to Evansville Tuesday.

Mrs. Harvey Moore, of Princeton, arrived in Marion Tuesday to be the guest of Mrs. Gus Taylor.

Dr. J. R. Gilchrist returned from Louisville Wednesday, where he attended a five days meeting of the Optometric Association.

Mr. T. J. Yandell, Cashier of Marion Bank, returned Monday from Hot Springs, Ark. After a week's stay at this noted health resort Mr. Yandell returns much rested and looking hale and hearty.

Mr. Earl Walker, of the United States Navy, son of Mr. and Mrs. T. E. Walker, of this county, is at his home on a few days furlough.

Mr. W. O. Tucker made a business trip to Henderson and Evansville Monday.

Rev. W. P. Maroney, of Louisville, preached at the First Baptist church Sunday morning and evening.

Mr. and Mrs. George Gerding went to Evansville Monday, where Mrs. Gerding will enter a sanitarium for medical treatment.

Mrs. W. G. Stout and children, who have been visiting their sister and aunt, Mrs. J. W. Belt, returned home Monday.

Mr. Alvah Elder is building a new residence on North Main street.

Mr. and Mrs. R. B. Rushing, of Mexico, was in Marion Monday.

HIGH SCHOOL NEWS

The Marion School Improvement Club was organized on the tenth of this month. Mrs. Walter McConnell was elected president. Meetings to be once a month.

The games last Saturday played with Clay were hotly contested and very interesting; but we lost both games by a small margin. The basketball game by fourteen to eighteen and foot ball game twelve to thirteen.

Our next games are to be played with Sturgis today, the twenty-fifth. Arrangements have been made for a special train leaving here at twelve thirty and to return at six thirty. It is expected by the school that a large number of our citizens will avail themselves of this arrangement for a chance to boost their home teams.

Marion High School will give a play at the Opera House on the evening of December 11, at 8:00 o'clock. The proceeds will go for the benefit of the school.

WALKER-DOLLINS

M. Kelsie Walker and Miss Ima Dollins, both of this county, were married Tuesday afternoon at 2 o'clock at the home of Rev. W. T. Oakley, who performed the marriage ceremony.

Both parties are well known and popular young people, the bride being the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Dollin of this county.

20%

DISCOUNT

On Our Entire Clothing Stock

ABSOLUTE UNRESTRICTED CHOICE AT

ONE-FIFTH OFF

THE ORIGINAL PRICES OF \$30 TO \$75 ON

MEN'S CLOTHING

AND \$10 TO \$30 ON BOYS' CLOTHING.

The original price tickets remain upon the garments—without a single alteration or change. And these original prices were marked upon a margin which has given us the merited reputation of FAIR PRICES. The 20 per cent discount is given you at the time of purchase.

Strouse & Bros.

EVANSVILLE, INDIANA

Members M. R. A., Fares Refunded.

Clothing Prices Cut 25 to 40 Per Cent.

We have secured a big selection of suits and overcoats from Hart Schaffner & Marx at amazingly low prices. Also we've repriced the clothes we had on the new basis. We're giving you the saving in these groups

Hart Schaffner & Marx, Stein-Bloch and Fashion Park suits and overcoats bought to sell for \$50. and \$55.

Now

\$37.50

Hart Schaffner & Marx, Stein-Bloch and Fashion Park suits and overcoats worth at present \$60.00 and \$65.00

Now

\$48.00

Hart Schaffner & Marx, Stein-Bloch and Fashion Park suits and overcoats worth at present \$75, \$80 \$85 to \$100.

Now

\$63.50

\$40 and \$45 All Wool Suits -- Now \$28.50

This is a very special item; the values are exceptional. We want to move them because we're going to carry bigger stocks of Hart Schaffner & Marx clothes than ever before. We need the room. If you can use the clothes you'll make some money.

Hammer's

317 Main Street

Evansville, Ind.

We Refund Fares on M. R. A. Plan.

Christmas Reminders

Articles that you need, and that you will find correctly priced at this store. Appropriate for men, women and children.

Watches
Clocks
Diamond Rings
Lavaliers
Diamond Brooches
Cameo Brooches
Bar Pins
Set Rings
Plain Rings
La Tausca Pearls

Cuff Buttons
Stick Pins
Collar Pins
Waldmore Chain
Vest Chain
Silverware
Glassware
Fountain Pens
Eversharp Pencils

We have hundreds of other useful and ornamental articles, suitable for all ages and both sexes. Don't hesitate to come in and look them over. One of our best means of advertising is to show our goods and quote prices.

LEVI COOK
JEWELER

Fresh Oysters

Meats of All Kinds,
Grape Fruit, Celery, Etc.

GOOD MEALS
Of Course

Givens Restaurant
NORTH SIDE SQUARE

J. A. Hill, of Chapel Hill, was in Marion Saturday.

Howard Phillips, of the Tribune section was in town Saturday.

M. E. Bacon, of Hopkinsville, was visiting friends in Marion Saturday.

Mr. Dan S. Babb went to Blackford Monday on business.

Mr. W. H. Stallions was in Clay Monday.

Mrs. D. H. Nation and little son, J. T., who have been visiting the family of their father and grandfather, T. E. Walker, returned to their home at Repton Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Hamilton, of the Hurricane section, are the parents of a 10-lb. son, born Thursday, November 11th. Before marriage Mrs. Hamilton was Miss Belle Miner, of Sheridan.

Mr. Burl Woodson and family, of Louisville, who have been visiting the family of Mr. Woodson's father, S. S. Woodson, have returned home.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Herman Porter, of Sheridan, two fine boys, christened Joseph Reed and Charles Ralph.

Mrs. Ray Lowery, of Fredonia, who has been visiting Mrs. Nannie Wadlington, returned home Monday.

Mr. Elbert Crider left for Bowling Green, Monday to attend the State Normal.

Mr. and Mrs. Ed Fritts and family of near Tolu, have moved to Marion, where Mrs. Fritts will undergo medical treatment.

CEDAR POSTS FOR SALE

Anyone desiring cedar posts call on A. H. TRAVIS

FROG HOLLOW

Mr. Isaac Stenbridge wife and children went to Fishtrap Sunday.

Mr. Delmer Brown has arrived home from Fredonia in the last few days.

Miss Eulis Canada and brother, Curtiss visited their grand-parents Saturday night.

Miss Iva Boyd and Mack Rustin passed through Marion Saturday.

Mrs. Lucy Crayne is on the sick list this week.

Mrs. Myrtle Crayne and little daughter, Sylvia, spent Monday night with Mrs. Grace Crider.

Miss Ila Stenbridge went to Shady Grove Saturday.

Miss Dollie Brown visited Mrs. Myrtle Crayne Monday.

Miss Lola Thomas, of Fishtrap, was married at her home this week.

The Last Ditch

By MURIEL LEE

(12, 1916, Western Newspaper Union.)

"The last ditch!" soliloquized Mark Burton with a bitter smile as he thrust a folded slip of paper into one pocket and a small roll of bills into another.

The first-named article was a pawnbroker's ticket, the money represented what he had just borrowed on his watch, which he had managed to cling to through the vicissitudes of two years of mispent life.

Beyond the glittering store lights the streets were wrapped in comparative gloom, and with grim, set lips and resolute eyes this man, whose heart history was full of tragic wretchedness, paced on until he threaded byways where only an occasional habitation showed. Then he struck out over a highway leading into the country.

Mark Burton had indeed reached "the last ditch!" Like a fugitive from a city of destruction, he was leaving behind him scenes that had held him captive to the curse of strong drink, wrecking manhood, ambition and respectability. Only a week previous, recovering at a public hospital from utter prostration at the end of a reckless bout, in a flashing moment, in the twinkling of an eye retrospection had pictured to him his utter worthlessness, and a wavering hope had stolen upon him, warning him that then was the parting of the ways.

There was a nurse in the hospital who sensed the soul submerged by dissipation. It was her kindly, friendly words that had made him think of a face still more beautiful and a voice just as full of music—his wife, Marcia.

She had been the guiding star of his existence, but some perverse inborn craving had drawn him among reckless roysterers. She had never chided him, but when his excesses had gone beyond all bounds, her father, stern, implacable, had taken her away from him.

"You have brought my only child to poverty and suffering," John Thearle had said. "Henceforth she will be my care, and you shall never cross my threshold again until you are able to give her the home she deserves, and have banished the temptations that have brought you to ruin."

Burton had gone far away, to still more deeply drain the dregs of the fatal cup. There had come the period when restrictions of the law had made intoxicating drinks difficult of attainment. Like many others partaking of poisoned counterfeits and noxious substitutes, he had welcomed the liquid fire bringing mania to his already distorted mind. The day he left the hospital he had made his great resolve—to conquer the thirst that had enmeshed him, or die in the attempt.

He had learned that some 20 miles from the city a railway construction camp had advertised for workmen. He had now sufficient to secure sustenance and shelter for a week ahead, and new strength and hope infused him as the pure, bracing air from forest and field blew strong and invigorating into his face. It was well on towards ten o'clock when he sat down on a bench beside the open window of a roadhouse and rested. He was kept alert by a voice within the room beyond. He made out a man speaking earnestly to three others.

"Between here and Paxton the Merritt crowd parted with their truckload of stolen plunder," he said. "It represented over \$80,000. They must have taken the alarm and disposed of their freight somewhere along the route, for the truck went through Paxton empty. Start your search with daylight. To the man who succeeds I promise a \$3,000 inspectorship."

Enough further was spoken to make Burton aware of the fact that these were government agents on the track of the plunder of some so-called liquor pirates who had burglarized a warehouse and made off with a fortune in intoxicants. The circumstances faded from his mind as he continued his course. He came to where excavations cut the road and detoured. Twice in the darkness he stumbled into pits, and finally crossing what seemed to be some loose hay covering the ground, that substance gave way and he was precipitated several feet down.

His arm struck a box and its thin cover crashed in. There was a jangle of splintering glass. His elbow, slightly cut, was deluged with a pungent liquor reviving all his past fearful experience. He trembled. Was this plenitude of the curse that had wrecked him some tormenting temptation of fate? Oh, never! All his manhood awoke. He reached beneath him for a bottle from the box. He brought it down to ruin with a vehement anathema against the subtle poison that had been his bane.

Mark Burton reflected quickly. Then he sped back to the roadhouse. The leader of the officers was just retiring. Burton addressed him. He told his story. He asked that he be rewarded with the position offered if he led the way to the stolen goods.

The official acquiesced, and he kept his word. Burton was placed in an inspectorship. For a year he did faithful, efficient duty and asked a transfer to the district where his wife and father lived.

He had only to tell his simple, truthful story to regain the confidence of John Thearle and to convince his sorrowful, yearning wife that he was worthy of the love that she felt for him.

NOW COMES BARNACLE SOUP

Those Who Have Tried It Declare the Preparation is Both Delicious and Nutritious.

Marine chefs at Long Beach, Cal., have found that the barnacle, pest of the sea, is delicious and nutritious, and are converting it into a soup declared to be as good as clam chowder. Already it has become a favorite in many cafes and even in the highest class tourist hotels of the Pacific coast city which brought it out. Credit for its discovery is given by the Popular Science Monthly to Ulpiano Larco, a cook known for years to seafaring men and familiar with all sea growths. Food experts say the barnacle has remarkable food values, being rich in protein and salts.

Canning concerns are preparing to conserve the barnacle in great quantities, and a big industry is in sight, according to people who are familiar with the situation. Long Beach apparently is the Pacific center of the barnacle world, receiving more of the product than any other coast point. On the piling of the Pine avenue pier are more than a hundred tons of these, as well as mussels and similar creatures.

Already plans are being made to contract for the barnacles removed from the bottoms of vessels that go into drydock at the Long Beach shipyards, and these hitherto scorned and lowly sea denizens will find their way into cans. The methods of preparing them in edible form are not disclosed, but the mussels generally associated with them in growth are also used.

MODEST



Miss Sweetthing—When we are married we must have no secrets from each other. You must tell me everything.

Mr. Saphedde—But, er—really, I don't know everything.

FINE COLLECTION OF GRAPES.

In the Arnold arboretum in Boston an especial effort has been made to show the decorative value of the grape vines. Not only are these vines being trained on trellises, where the different forms can be studied to advantage, but they are also draped over the walls in a most picturesque fashion. Many people who visit the arboretum are attracted by the use of the climbing vines, and especially grape vines, for wall coverings, and are adapting the idea to their own estates. Probably the collection of grapes which the Arnold arboretum possesses is the largest in the world. Few people realize that so large a number of species exist as can be found here. No little trouble and labor has been expended in forming this collection, which is one of great value.

COMPENSATION.

He—You are so frightfully tanned.

She (just back from shore)—I know it, but I match my shoes now, perfectly.—Boston Evening Transcript.

PRUDENT GIRL.

Jack—Did you tell her that what you said was in strict confidence?

Ethel—No; I didn't want her to think it was important enough to repeat.—Answers.

ONE ON ANOTHER'S HEELS.

"How did that investigation turn out?"

"I don't know. Let's start an investigation to see what became of it."

MODERNIZATION.

"China is waking up."

"Yes," replied the eminent oriental; "China is beginning to go to the newspapers for her information instead of to Confucius."

Higher Prices For Livestock

are secured in the east, the point of consumption. Why ship your stock west to be re-shipped east, when Louisville is 300 miles nearer. Packers know this and high freight rates are causing them to buy stock nearer home. Louisville is YOUR most profitable market.

Stock can be loaded in Western Kentucky and sold on the Louisville market next day. See your nearest R. R. agent or wire us for particulars.

Fill is price. Modern covered pens get better fills. Quick delivery causes less shrink.

Bourbon Stock Yard Co

LOUISVILLE, KY.

Dr. Claude Durfee
DENTIST
Rosiclare, Illinois

Good Lunch

Also bargains in Fancy and Staple Groceries.

Try Me.

JOE CHICK Salem, Ky.

The Gift Supreme— Can Be Found IN EVANSVILLE'S STORES

You'll find in Evansville a wonderful array of practical gift things, as well as those that are most valuable from a sentimental standpoint.

Evansville merchants have prepared stocks so large and varied that all who come are assured of finding just the gift that they deem supreme for the one they want to remember.

Practical gifts are in every store—shoes, ready-to-wear garments, furs, jewelry, things for the home, things for men, women and children, all in finest qualities and at prices that are a revelation in value-giving.

Your Fares Will Be Refunded

Ask for Fare "Refund" Check at your first shopping place.

For What You Can't Find In Your Town Shop In EVANSVILLE



The NEW EDISON

THE THREE MILLION
DOLLAR PHONOGRAPH

Thomas A. Edison invented the phonograph in 1877. Later he improved his original phonograph to a point where his business advisers said to him: "You now have the best phonograph in existence. Let's go ahead and market it."

Mr. Edison shook his head and replied: "I am not going to put out a new phonograph until it is so perfect that its reproduction of music cannot be detected from the original music."

Thomas A. Edison spent three million dollars in cold cash to develop an instrument which matched the human voice and all kinds of musical instruments so perfectly that the original could not be told from the reproduction—or RE-CREATION, as it is now called.

We are prepared to sell you today an exact duplicate of Edison's three million dollar Phonograph. You may even have extended terms of payment, if you desire that accommodation. First of all, however, we want you to hear this wonderful new instrument.

May we have the pleasure of demonstrating to you that Music's RE-CREATION is a reality and not merely a fanciful phrase?

G. W. YATES
MARION, KY.

Children and Books.

It does the child no harm to make the acquaintance of books which were not written for children. In a home where the great books that have inspired or amused successive generations are accessible an active-minded child is likely at some time to get at them. If we want our children to fall in love with the better kind of books let us provide them with opportunities for meeting such books without too much formality.

Change of Time.

On her wedding day every woman thinks that life will be one grand sweet song, but later, when she has to sing to a pair of twins—well, it's a different tune.—Exchange.

Permanent Whitewash.

Mix six pounds of whiting with cold water, taking care to leave no lumps. It should be about the consistency of thick cream. In an old jar steep three ounces of size in cold water for 12 hours. Then make it very hot, but be careful not to let it boil. Pour it while hot into the whitewash. It is most essential that the size be fresh or the smell of it will be quite intolerable. Any coloring—green, pink, blue, or fawn—may be added.

Our Plank.

We may be wrong, but our position is that, for \$9, the garage mechanic should have done something to our car besides grease the cushions.—Dallas News.

GLASSES FITTED WITHOUT DRUGS

Cross Eyes Straightened
Without Operation.
Any Lens Duplicated.

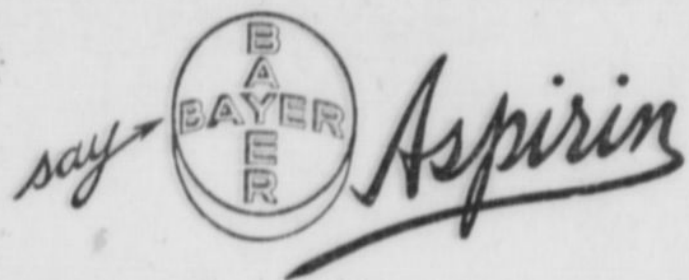
Gilchrist & Gilchrist
Doctors of Ophthalmology
MARION, KENTUCKY

An Icy Glare.

He—"What makes that fellow glare at me so?" She—"You're sitting on his ice cream."—Yare Record.

WARNING

Unless you see the name "Bayer" on tablets, you are not getting genuine Aspirin prescribed by physicians for 21 years, and proved safe by millions.—Say "Bayer!"



SAFETY FIRST! Accept only an "unbroken package" of genuine "Bayer Tablets of Aspirin," which contains proper directions for Headache, Earache, Toothache, Neuralgia, Colds, Rheumatism, Neuritis, Lumbago, and pain generally. Strictly American!

Handy tin boxes of 12 tablets cost but a few cents—Larger packages. Aspirin is the trade mark of Bayer Manufacture of Monacopolitana of Kallitinaid.

Poer for Mother.

The subject of the Sunday school lesson was the golden rule, so during the next week when little Anna was naughty and her mother had to use her stick real hard and put her in a chair to reflect, she asked Anna what she thought about it. Anna replied: "Mother, do unto others as you want them to do unto you. You don't want me to whip you, do you?"

One dose of Dr. Perry's "Dead Shot" cures Worms or Tapeworm. Its action upon the stomach and bowels is beneficial. No food or drink after purgative necessary.—ADV.

Remarkable Wild Flower.

Hungary grows a wild flower which is the exact floral image of a humming bird. The breast is green, the throat yellow, the head and back almost black.

Scripture Lore.

Young Man (to girl who has managed to get a little dirt in her eye)—"May I remove the mote from your eye?" Maiden—"Sir, first remove the beam from yours."—London Answers.

Catarrh

Catarrh is a local disease greatly influenced by constitutional conditions. HALL'S CATARRH MEDICINE is a Tonic and Blood Purifier. By cleansing the blood and building up the system, HALL'S CATARRH MEDICINE restores normal conditions and allows Nature to do its work.

All Druggists. Circulars free. F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio.

Gloom Explained.

"Mr. Gummidge seems to be particularly gloomy," said Miss Cayenne. "He seems to have something on his mind." "I don't blame him for being gloomy."



"California Syrup of Figs"

Delicious Laxative for Child's Liver and Bowels

Hurry mother! A teaspoonful of "California" Syrup of Figs today may prevent a sick child tomorrow. If your child is constipated, bilious, feverish, fretful, has cold, colic, or if stomach is sour, tongue coated, breath bad, remember a good "physic-laxative" is often all that is necessary.

Children love the "fruity" taste of genuine "California" Syrup of Figs which has directions for babies and children printed on the bottle. Say "California" or you may get an imitation fig syrup. Beware!

Kill That Cold With



Neglected Colds are Dangerous. Take no chances. Keep this standard remedy handy for the first attack. Breaks up a cold in 24 hours—Relieves Grippe in 3 days—Excellent for Headache. Quinine in this form does not affect the head—Cascara is best Tonic Laxative—No Opium in Hill's.

ALL DRUGGISTS SELL IT

BLOOD WILL TELL

If YOUR blood tells a tale of depletion and run-down condition, MAKE it tell a tale of health and the joy of life; by the use of Dr. Thacher's Liver and Blood Syrup, which purifies and vitalizes the blood, regulates the liver, keeps the bowels open and tones up the whole system. Sold by your druggist.

Mrs. Jennie Parker, of San-tish, N. C., says: "I was sick 13 years. Had numb spells, my feet and hands cold, pain in my left side; not able to do anything. I tried several doctors. One said I had heart trouble and was liable to

drop dead any time. So I quit doctors and began taking 'DR. THACHER'S LIVER AND BLOOD SYRUP.' It has cured me—I am well now and able to do all of my work. My weight is now 145 pounds."

THACHER MEDICINE CO.
Chattanooga, Tenn., U. S. A.

DR. THACHER'S LIVER AND BLOOD SYRUP



BEST COLLIE DOG.

"How-wow, wow, wow, how-wow, wow, how-wow," said Blue Blood.

He was so named because he was such a fine dog and because they said he had blue blood, meaning very fine and aristocratic blood.

He had lived on this side of the ocean always and so had his parents and so had his grandparents so he was very proud when he took the prize at the Collie Club show.

In fact he took the first prize of all over all the Mrs. Collies and the Mr. Collies.

"Now I've done it," he said.

"Well, you've beaten me for the first time," said Allie Collie. She was a very beautiful collie dog and had won many prizes before in dog shows.

"It is the first time I have been beaten," she said.

"Too bad, I hope I didn't hurt your feelings," said Blue Blood. "Of course it would be absurd for me to say I am not glad I won. Still I hope you didn't feel very badly about it. You have won a good many times and have had all that fun. So it is almost my turn, don't you think so, how-wow?"

"Well," said Allie, "a dog who has won as many times as I have hates to be beaten by another dog, but I'm a good sport and so I won't mind taking second place. Besides it is really up to you to win. You have been growing so handsome and when at last you were exhibited in a dog show you should get the first prize."

"How old are you, may I ask?"

"You may ask, and I will tell you," said Blue Blood. "I don't mind tell-



"You've Beaten Me."

ing my age. I'm eighteen months old, but this isn't really the first time I've won a prize. I've won them several times before. In fact each time I have been shown; but this is the first dog show of any size I've been in.

"Besides, this is such a superior dog show it makes a dog proud to be shown off here."

"Do you like my dark coat with its white markings?" asked Blue Blood. "Do you think I wore the right kind of a suit to the show?"

"Quite the right kind," said Allie.

"And don't you think I wore a smart lady's coat?"

"Of course," said Blue Blood. "But do you know I will tell you a secret."

"What?" asked Allie.

"I think we are absurd to talk like that. Each of us knows," said Blue Blood. "that we're dressed as we should be dressed in the coats we were given and shall have, only it is up to us to keep them looking epic and span and fine."

"But I think we are getting to be very silly, vain dogs to talk about nothing but our fine families and our handsome coats."

"To be sure we have both, but we shouldn't be doing all the talking about it ourselves. It would be much more to the point if other creatures just felt we were thoroughbreds and knew we were thoroughbreds without our having to act so as snobs."

"Sometimes," continued Blue Blood, "one feels that people who're snobbish and dogs who put on airs aren't half as sensible and don't get half the fun out of life as those who try to play well and work well and who don't waste time over nonsense."

"For whether we are of a fine family or whether we are of a little ordinary dog family, the main thing is for us to be thoroughly nice dogs, isn't it?"

"The first sensible conversation I've had at a dog show in many a day," said Allie.

"Yes," she added after a moment. "I'm glad you won the prize, for you're a fine dog with a fine family back of you, but more than that, you've got the good sense to know that you have to be nice and do your part well so as not to disgrace the family name. Then, too, you don't want to feel that all your good points are from your family. You want to make some of them yourself."

"I do, how-wow, I do," said Blue Blood.

Experience Tells.

Sunday school had just begun when the teacher turned to nine-year-old Edward and asked him why he had been absent from Sunday school last Sunday. His answer came promptly and clearly, "Pop and me went black-berrying last Sunday."

Teacher was nonplussed. "Why, Edward," she exclaimed. "Don't you have any idea what will happen to little boys who pick blackberries on Sundays?"

"Yes, ma'am," his answer was again prompt. "They'll get chiggers on them."—Indianapolis News.

FOUND CARDUI GREAT BENEFIT

South Carolina Lady Suffered Until She Couldn't Stay Up or Go Anywhere—Tells How Cardui Helped Her Get Well.

Batesburg, S. C.—In telling how she found relief from troubles that had caused her much suffering, Mrs. E. E. Oswald, of this place, says: "Each month I would begin to suffer with my back and head. My limbs would ache and I would chill. I wouldn't be able to stay up, no matter what I wanted to do, or where I wanted to go. My people tried giving me different medicines and teas and tonics, yet I didn't get any better."

"Some one told me of Cardui, and I began to take it. I noticed it helped me. I kept it up. After a few months I didn't have any trouble. For about six months I used it, before . . .

"I found I was all right, and from that day to this have never had any trouble at this time. I have taken it since, a bottle or two in the winter, especially when I have been exposed, and would take a cold, for I consider it the best thing a woman can take to tone up the system, keep off nervousness, and increase the appetite. I certainly know it has been of great benefit to me."

If you are weak, nervous, or suffer from womanly troubles such as Mrs. Oswald mentions, take Cardui, the Woman's Tonic.

All good druggists sell Cardui.—Adv.

Safe at Last.

Coming back from Bear Lake this summer a tourist lost his way, and could not find any main traveled road.

He rode on for some time until he met a couple of Italians, who were camping near the side of the road.

He called out, asking for information as to the road he should take, and received this answer: "You go one mile this-a-way, and then one-half that-a-way. Then you come to a railroad track. He go north-south, and you go some way as the railroad track."—Los Angeles Times.

An Electric Washer, Maybe.

As a rule when your wife has something she wants to talk to you about she wants to talk to you about something she doesn't have.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Important to Mothers

Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, that famous old remedy for infants and children, and see that it bears the

Signature of *Dr. J. C. Fletcher* In Use for Over 30 Years. Children Cry for Fletcher's Castoria

Exemplary Service.

"Phoner—"Hello, Central! Get me Blank 5497—and, say, get it quick, like they do in the movies."—Boston Transcript.

Thousands upon thousands of women have kidney or bladder trouble and never suspect it.

Women's complaints often prove to be nothing else but kidney trouble, or the result of kidney or bladder disease.

If the kidneys are not in a healthy condition, they may cause the other organs to become diseased.

You may suffer pain in the back, headache and loss of ambition.

Poor health makes you nervous, irritable and may be dependent; it makes any one so.

But hundreds of women claim that Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, by restoring health to the kidneys, proved to be just the remedy needed to overcome such conditions.

Many send for a sample bottle to see what Swamp-Root, the great kidney, liver and bladder medicine, will do for them. By enclosing ten cents to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., you may receive sample size bottle by Parcel Post. You can purchase medium and large size bottles at all drug stores.—Adv.

When you see a man holding up a post, the post must be loose or the man tight.

About the eyecups with Roman Eye Glasses at night, and in the morning your eyes will feel refreshed and strengthened.—Adv.

Some time ago death evidently traded his pale horse for an automobile.

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WRIGLEYS

5¢ a package before the war

5¢ a package during the war

and

5¢ a package NOW

The Flavor Lasts So Does the Price!



FLEA EMBELMED IN HONEY

Little Insect Pest Found Which Met Its Fate in Egypt Many Thousands of Years Ago.

It is believed that the earliest food store laid aside for his wants by man, and which is still in existence, is a jar of honey found in an Egyptian tomb, and probably placed there for the sustenance of the dead during the journey across the Stygian river, says the American Forestry Magazine. When found, the honey had changed into a very dry candy and it had lost its sweetness, though it could still be identified as honey.

In the bottom of the jar, well covered with honey, was a dead flea of precisely the same sort as those which plague Egypt to this day. Apparently, the insect had hopped into the jar while the last rites over the dead were being observed, and when the jar was corked, the little fellow was shut up within, and, like the true patriot, he probably would have declared that death was sweet. Anyway, he sank to the bottom while the honey was still soft, and there the archeologists found him after a good many thousands of years.

A Case in Point.

"Some things are better left unsaid." "Sure. Every breach of promise suit demonstrates that."

New Engine.

Our great period of invention which was stimulated by the war has not come to an end. It might seem that the engine in its present form had been practically perfected, but now comes an entirely new departure which many engineers believe will revolutionize transportation. The new invention is an oil combustion engine. We have had gasoline combustion engines and oil-burning engines but never before an oil combustion engine. The new engine has passed its experimental stage. A ship equipped with two new engines has recently made a very successful trip to Cuba and return, and throughout the voyage ran smoothly. The invention is especially important at present in view of the increasing scarcity of gasoline and coal. By using oil in this way an important economy is made possible.—Hoy's Life.

When Friendship Ceased.

One day I was walking with a recent acquaintance of mine. In fact, our acquaintance was so recent that I did not even know my new acquaintance's parents by sight. As we were walking along I noticed a man across the street who I thought looked funny, and I drew my acquaintance's attention to him by saying: "Look at that foolish looking man across the street." My acquaintance said: "That is my father."—Chicago Tribune.

Children Should Not Have Coffee

but they enjoy a cheering hot drink at mealtime just like the older folks.

INSTANT POSTUM

is the ideal table drink for children as well as grown-ups. Its rich, coffee-like flavor pleases, but it contains none of coffee's harmful elements. It costs less, too!

Made by Postum Cereal Co., Inc., Battle Creek, Mich.



MICKIE, THE PRINTER'S DEVIL

By Charles Sughtro
© Western Newspaper Union

You Better Leave Our Boy Alone, Boss



HISTORICAL SKETCHES

Of the Early Days Of Crittenden County

Written for the Press by R. C. Haynes

THE FORD BAND OF DESPERADOES

The most disturbing element, perhaps, in the early days of Crittenden county was that of what is known as the Jim Ford band of desperadoes. Though making their headquarters at Cave-in-Rock, just across the Ohio River, in Illinois, the reputed leader of the band, "Major" James Ford, lived on a farm on this side of the river, and many of the depredations were committed in this county. Just how he obtained the title of Major is not known to the writer, though probably he was an official in the war of 1812 or some of our Indian wars.

James Ford, it seems, was, in some respects, a man out of the ordinary, possessing a nature similar to the celebrated Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde. While being a reputed leader of the band of desperate robbers and murderers, and condemned and feared by travelers and people from a distance, around his home he was looked upon as a generous man and a good neighbor. He would lend his aid in all their log rollings and barn-raising, and unfortunate neighbors, it is said, often received a ham or a midding of bacon from the Ford home.

W. T. Hickman, the first sheriff of

Crittenden county and a great grandfather of the writer of these sketches, lived on an adjoining farm to that of the Fords. Andrew Love, a veteran of the Revolutionary war, also lived in the neighborhood and was a friend and admirer of the Ford family. Peter Cartwright, the noted Methodist evangelist, while traveling through the county, often made the Ford home his stopping place. At one time, it is said, under the influence of this great preacher James Ford made a profession of religion; but later finding as he said, "this world and religion don't go together" he apparently fell from grace. The late W. C. Watts, in his "Chronicles of a Kentucky Settlement," gives an instance in which the evangelist preached one of his powerful sermons at a school house in the Hurricane neighborhood. At the close of the sermon, when the minister gave an invitation for those wishing to lead better lives to come to the mourners' bench for prayer, a daughter of the Major asked permission of her father to go forward. He readily gave his consent and accompanied his daughter to the altar, but refused to kneel, when urged to do so by the evangelist, he replied, "Not now, I've one more settlement to make first." That settlement apparently was never made.

James Ford owned a number of negro slaves who cultivated his farm. Though, it is said, he was a kind husband and indulgent father, he ruled his slaves with a rod of iron. On one occasion the neighbors heard the Ford dinner bell. It be-

gan ringing early in the morning and continued to ring uninterrupted. Along toward noon a neighbor, fearing that some member of the Ford family was sick or in need of help determined to investigate. When arriving near the house she saw the negro cook still ringing the bell as if for life. It was a large bell and was placed on a pole in the yard. The negro woman was pulling desperately at the bell rope.

"Why, Aunt Vinie," said the neighbor, "what in the world are you ringing that bell so much for, is anyone sick?"

"No, Missus," answered Aunt Vinie still pulling on the rope, "nobody aint sick, but wile Ise gittin' brekfus dis mornin' I burned de biskits, and Marse Jim he got mad and said I mus ring dis bell till time to git dinner, and I can't quit yit, and she pulled away at the bell rope.

While today Cave in Rock, Ill., situated on the north bank of the river, is an up to date little town filled with enterprising and industrious people and surrounded by honest and prosperous farmers, it was, at the time of which we write, a wild and thinly settled country. The cave itself is much the same now as then. It is a large hole cut out by nature into a towering bluff of rock, extending back perhaps fifty feet from the opening, with walls and floor and ceiling of solid rock. The room is about thirty feet wide and as many feet high, with an opening in the ceiling leading into another room of similar dimensions, said to have had at that time a

secret exit into the hills beyond the river. It was an ideal rendezvous for such a gang of robbers and cut-throats as that of the James Ford gang.

It was doubtless a member of gang that sought the life of Abram Wright, an account of which we gave in a previous sketch. What became of the ferryman, Barker, who was an honest man, is not known to the writer, however, the ferry at that place passed into other hands, thought to be members of the gang of desperadoes. At that time what was then known as Barker's Ferry was probably the most frequented crossing between old Shawneetown and the mouth of the Cumberland river. There were no railroads then and people going north and south traveled afoot or on horseback. Many missing travelers were traced to this point and never heard of afterwards. It was believed, but could never be satisfactorily proved, that they had been robbed and murdered by the Ford gang. This was only one way they employed in doing their depredations.

Late one afternoon a fatboat, with its crew and a couple of passengers, was floating down the Ohio river. When the boat was opposite Cave-in-Rock a man came to the bank of the river and waved a white flag. A passenger on the boat told the following story of what took place:

"Thinking the man might be in want of aid or wished to become a passenger on the boat, the captain directed the craft to be run up near the shore. When in talking distance

the man was asked what he wanted. "I have some mighty good whisky in the cave," the man replied, "and if you happen to be in need of any I can supply you with the best ever drank."

"The supply of whisky on the boat was low and after some consultation it was agreed to land the boat and fill our bottles. (At that time it was considered somewhat of a calamity to be on a boat, or elsewhere, without a good supply of "something to drink" always available.)

"The boat was rowed a few hundred yards below the cave and landed. The boatmen then went ashore and started off in the direction of the cave leaving only myself to guard the boat. It was now growing dark, but I watched the men until they disappeared at the opening into the frowning cliff of rock. Soon the darkness of a cloudy and moonless night set in. Even the towering walls of Cave in Rock were not visible from the boat. For some time I waited unsuspicious of foul play, for the return of my companions. Not a sound could be heard in the direction of the cave. Altho I had never heard of the band of desperadoes making their headquarters there, after waiting for perhaps two hours I became uneasy as to the welfare of the boatmen and resolved to investigate. Placing a couple of pistols in my belt, I left the boat, stepped ashore and took my way through the dense darkness toward the cave.

(continued next week)

Elephant Labor a Necessity.
It is said that Star's team forest could not be worked without the assistance of elephants, as hauling machines could not be used in the inaccessible places where teak trees grow. An elephant can handle from fifty to seventy logs in a season.

Haynes & Taylor Say

After you eat—always take

EATONIC

FOR YOUR STOMACH'S SAKE

Instantly relieves Heartburn, Bloating, Gas, Acidity, Stomach Discomfort, Indigestion, and all the many troubles caused by

Acid-Stomach

EATONIC is the best remedy. Tons of these tablets have been sold. Instantly relieves all the above troubles. Call and get a box today. You will be

HAYNES & TAYLOR

Druggists

ITCH!

Haynes & Taylor, formerly called Haynes & Taylor, are the only ones who have the secret of the cure for itching. Itching is caused by the action of the skin on the nerves. The cure is simple and can be obtained from Haynes & Taylor. The cure is simple and can be obtained from Haynes & Taylor. The cure is simple and can be obtained from Haynes & Taylor.

HAYNES & TAYLOR

Druggists

ECZEMA!

Haynes & Taylor, formerly called Haynes & Taylor, are the only ones who have the secret of the cure for eczema. Eczema is caused by the action of the skin on the nerves. The cure is simple and can be obtained from Haynes & Taylor. The cure is simple and can be obtained from Haynes & Taylor. The cure is simple and can be obtained from Haynes & Taylor.

HAYNES & TAYLOR, MARION, KY

Your Mail Orders
Will Be Filled
Carefully.

The Rudy & Sons

PADUCAH, KY.

Fares Refunded—
Rail, Boat or Auto-
mobile by the Re-
bate Association.

An Occasion in W. M. A.

Women's and Misses'

FINE OUTERWEAR

Is Subjected to Sharp Downward Revisions in Prices

The garments are superlatively beautiful in the smartest of the newer modes. They come within the scope of clearance, and prices are dropped to very low levels because we do nothing by halves.

SUITS—At \$29.37, \$39.37 and \$49.37

That Sold Earlier at \$50.00, \$70.00 and \$100.00.

The modes of the winter, revealing a newness and charm entirely individual to the incoming season.

They are rich, soft and beautiful fabrics—duvet de laine, Bolivia and velvetyne; in many new shades—Zanzibar, dryad, taupe, reindeer, twilight, etc.

Many have collars of fur; wrappy, belted or bloused styles, each winning equal attention from fashionable women. Styles for street or dress occasions.

DRESSES—At \$14.37, \$24.37 and \$39.37

Selling Until Now up to \$75.00.

Rightfully, the frocks of the season are enjoying an unprecedented vogue! They are handsome, superb, daintily different and utterly irresistible in their styles and ornamentations.

Silk and dyvetyne—Fashion's favored—along with velvet and rich, heavy satin, and the always versatile tricotine, georgette and taffeta, are the materials employed in their making. Their colors are those that make for practical or dressy wear—navy, horn, black and shades for evening wear.

COATS—At \$19.37, \$29.37 and \$39.37

The loveliest modes of the season—superb in their materialing, authentic in their styles and impeccable in their workmanship.

Duvet de laine, tricotine, plain and checked velvetyne, velour and peach-bloom in gorgeous shades of blue, brown, tan, gray, as well as navy and black. They are handsomely embroidered and braided, many with fur collars, sale prices \$29.37, \$39.37, \$49.37.



MAKES AUTOS SHINE

Your motor car is slightly worn. The lustre is gone. Make it bright and attractive by painting it with

RED SPOT PAINT

The Red Spot people make a paint especially for carriage and automobile use. It is made by men with years of experience and nothing better or finer is on the market.

T. H. COCHRAN & CO.



"Just a few minutes now, Perry dear, and Daddy will be back home with a nice bottle of

KEMP'S BALSAM

for you. Then you can go to sleep and forget that horrid cold cough. And as usual Mother is right,—but why not save poor old dad the night trip to the drug store next time by having an extra bottle of Kemp's Balsam in the house all ready for big and little coughs alike?

Get a bottle now.
GUARANTEED
Le Roy, N. Y.