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The Daily Messenger

Newspapers

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8-17-1903

## The Daily Messenger, August 17, 1903

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# The Daily Messenger.

Volume 4. NO 296

MAYFIELD, KY., MONDAY EVENING, AUGUST 17, 1903.

10 Cents Per Week

## LOCAL AND PERSONAL.

Dee Harris went to Stiles Sunday.

D. P. Wisler is on the sick list today.

Miss Cassie McNeilly is some better.

Edna Griffith went to Paducah, Sunday.

Nice Peaches and Pears at Gillum & Slaughter's s&m

Frank Rhodes went to Dawson, Sunday.

Cas Crossland went to Clinton last night.

C. B. Wire went to Princeton, yesterday.

J. P. Stilley, of Murray, was in city today.

While they last you can get for cash those fine Slippers at cost. Wilson & Roberts.

This is a good place for a lodge of Maccabees.

J. B. Baker, of Wingo, was in the city today.

Mrs. Ed Bolinger has returned from Palmore.

W. E. Walker rusticated in Paducah, Sunday.

Aubrey Thomas visited in Dublin Sunday.

You can buy them at cost those fine Slippers for cash in Wilson & Roberts clean up sale.

John Counts, of Paducah, was in the city today.

Frank Blaine returned from Chicago last night.

Luther Yates returned from Dawson, last night.

C. H. Boswell, of Cunningham, was in the city today.

A. M. Whitlow, of Sedalia, went to Paducah today.

Mr. E. W. Kitchen, of Paducah, was in the city last night.

All dogs in the city should be muzzled and kept at home.

Milk cow for sale. Four years old. Apply to A. D. Cosby.

The wholesale houses in Mayfield are doing good business.

Tom Mathews, of Farmington, is the new clerk at Radford's.

Miss Gussie Smith, of Paducah, was the guest of Miss Ethel Palmer last night.

Mr. Godfrey and family are visiting relatives in Smithland.

Attorney H. J. Moorman returned from Wickliffe Sunday.

Miss Effie Reesor and John Terry went to Lynnville, Sunday.

Mr. J. T. Albritton visited his son, Elmer, in Paducah Sunday.

Bob Farmer and Melis Linn, of Murray, were in the city Sunday.

Messrs. John Dick and Loyd Tyree visited in Dawson, Sunday.

John Hughes, Bert Hester and John Edwards Paducah Sunday.

Mrs. J. C. Hatcher went to Palmore, Sunday, to stay a few days.

The Graves county farmers will make plenty of corn this year.

Attorneys Gus Thomas and Will Webb went to Wickliffe last night.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Brooks returned from a visit to Fulton today.

Gus and Slayden Covington have returned from a visit to Dawson.

Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Fields have returned from a visit to Clinton.

James Dulaney, Will Fristoe and M. Roos went to St. Louis, Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. A. N. Mason visited relatives in Paducah, Sunday.

O. M. Gary, of Donopban, Mo., is a guest of friends in the country.

Dr. H. M. Oliver, of Paris, Tenn., is in the city the guests of friends.

L. S. Tibbets and McD. Ferguson, of Paducah, were in the city today.

Judge James Campbell, of Paducah, was in the city today on legal business.

Misses Myrtie McGee and Frankie Cosby visited relatives at Boaz, Sunday.

Mrs. R. J. Nichols and children, Miss Edna and John, went to Chicago today.

Miss Minnie Wright returned today from a visit to her brother, Cliff Wall, at Protemus, Tenn.

Peter Seay returned from Fulton today.

A. W. Duke was reported better today.

Charlie Norman, of St. Louis, is in the city.

Miss Mollie Jeffreys has gone to Hopkinsville to visit.

W. A. Whitworth, of Paris, Tenn., is in the city today.

W. A. Beadles has returned from a business trip to Wickliffe.

The passenger depot is too small and an outrage for such a town as Mayfield.

Mr. and Mrs. Jack Robien returned from Fulton and St. Louis this morning.

Ervin Barnett, George Downs and Gus Farmer of Murray, were in the city today.

Wynn Tulley, the livery stable man, and his wife, of Paducah, were in the city today.

Miss Ida Cosby and Will Epperson went to Hickory Grove Sunday to visit friends.

Mr. Albert Winn and daughters, Misses Bulah and Winnie, visited in Boaz, Sunday.

Z. T. Long, Charlie Long, J. C. Hatcher and Ed Bolinger spent Sunday at Palmore.

West Kentucky College is now in fine repair and a big attendance will be there this fall.

M. D. Holton, Clarence Phillips and E. A. Hughes, of Murray, were in the city today.

Miss Lucy Thomas, who has been visiting Miss Bernice Frost at Wingo, came home today.

Mrs. Walter Fry and children have returned from a visit to relatives at Springfield, Tenn.

H. P. Coombs, of Louisville, is the guest of his mother, Mrs. Sallie Coombs near the college.

Mesdames H. H. Hunt and B. S. Hunt and children have returned from a visit to Palmore.

Mesdames Z. T. Long and Charley Long and children have returned from a stay at Palmore.

Miss Annie Holfield returned this morning from a visit to Misses Mary and Jettie Pryor, at Pryors.

Joe Carter, formerly of this place, received a sentence of five years for burning a jail at Dresden, Tenn.

Mrs. Emma Wiel and daughter, Miss Grace, will go to Wingo this afternoon to visit Mrs. Will Baker.

Miss Essie Jones, who has been the guest of Mrs. Will McGehee, has returned home to Metropolis.

Misses Bess Allison and Clara Mae Lovell and Messrs. Henly Allison and J. W. Landrum went to Louisville today.

Mrs. J. T. Wright returned home to Paducah today after a visit to the family of R. F. Wright in this city.

Charlie Jordan was called home to Cottage Grove, this morning, on account of the serious sickness of his mother.

Miss Mary Cheatem, who has been the very pleasant guest of Miss Fannie Foster, will return home to Union City this evening.

Rev. John Froeblich returned from Pryors this morning where he filed the appointments of Rev. Holder at Mt. Olivet and Pryors.

Misses Mamie and Neva Bauer, who have been the guests of Misses Nell and Janie Happy, returned home to Paducah today.

### NO POISON

In Walker's Stomach, Says  
Drs. LeRoy and William  
Krass.

### CAUSE OF DEATH UNKNOWN.

Union City, Tenn., Aug. 15.—Dr. Leroy and Dr. Krass, who made the analysis of the stomach of Robert Emmet Walker, whose body was exhumed twenty-one days after burial, reported before the coroner's jury this morning to the effect that no mineral or vegetable poison was found in their analysis, and that the cause of Walker's death was unknown to them.

Counsel for the insurance companies and defense are still arguing the case, but there is no doubt of the coroner's jury holding Mrs. Walker and Boone Coulter irresponsible for Walker's death.

It is understood that a suit for heavy damage will be instituted against the Royal, Fidelity Mutual and National Insurance companies by Mrs. Walker.

Roy Long is still improving and will soon be up again. He has been sick 30 days which is a long time to be sick in mid-summer.

The Mayfield merchants are going after new business this fall. Several new advertising contracts are on with the Messenger.

Pete and Chas. Eley, of Benton, were in the city Monday, mixing among their old friends and acquaintances. They like to come to Mayfield.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Greene and Miss Rebecca Gaither, who have been the guests of Mrs. Mary Greene, returned home to Hopkinsville today.

### LOST—Star shaped brooch, set with several amethysts. Liberal reward to the finder. Return to Ben Hunt's drug store or W. S. Hunt's grocery.

Misses Mary Mayo and Fannie Hamilton and Master Tom Brooks Mayo, who have been the guests of Mrs. T. A. McElwath, returned home to Dresden, this morning.

Young Mr. Potts of near Benton was in the city Saturday and Sunday on a visit to his mother-in-law Mrs. Mariah Wright. She has been on a visit to that county for a few days.

Misses Annie Neale McElwath went to Nashville, this morning, to visit friends. She will go from Nashville to Murphreesboro, Tenn., where she will enter Soule college.

Mrs. S. D. Bland, of Water Valley, came up to visit her brother T. A. Burge and also to attend the burial services of the baby of her brother N. B. Burge. While here she visited her other brother J. P. Burge.

Caswell Crossland spent Sunday in the city visiting his father's family. He has been at Union City for several days engaged as a stenographer in the famous Walker case. He is getting to be the court stenographer in this end of the State.

Miss Lizzie Cox, an aged maiden lady who lives on South Eighth street, fell off a porch and broke her ankle Saturday night. The break was very serious, splintering both bones, and the physicians are very apprehensive regarding her condition.

**REMEMBER THAT YOU GET THE VERY BEST COAL**

That the Market affords, the Lowest possible Prices and with every \$5 you spend a free ticket for a \$50.00 Superior Steel Range.

**PHONE 121 DAN W. STAMPER.**  
See Range in the Window at M. WILSON'S Hardware Store.

**NEW FIRM.**

**...Restaurant and Lodging...**

Short Order Meals and everything in season. Barbecued Meats at all times. First-class board and rooms \$3.00 per week. Single meals 25 cents. Ice Cold Soft Drinks. Eversting new, clean and up-to-date.

**W. H. Traylor, Successor to Duke Brothers.**

### SUNDAY IN PALMORE.

Doings in the Popular Health Resort, Gathered by the Messenger Man.

Sunday was a busy day in Palmore. The hotel was taxed to its utmost capacity from early morn to late at night, in fact, it has been the case all season. Representative people from all parts of the county, as well as from adjoining counties were there; the boys and their girls were there; the old maids and the old bachelors were there, the noble sires and matrons with their families were there and all spent a pleasant day.

Palmore is fast becoming a great health resort on account of the curative powers of its water. People from the East, North, West and South are fast learning of the place and are making inquiries regarding it or coming to see and drink for themselves.

Mrs. Edna Mahan, proprietress of the hotel, handles the vast crowds with her old-time skill, while "Papa" Mahan, the big man of the house, is just as popular as of yore, especially with the children.

The crowd Sunday was estimated at from two to three thousand people, among the lot being many from Mayfield. Those registered at the hotel during the past week from Mayfield, were: Mrs. Wm. Wilson, Mrs. W. S. Melloo, Mrs. Chas. Long and five children; Mrs. Z. T. Long, Mrs. J. C. Hatcher, Mrs. B. S. Hunt and son, Mrs. H. H. Hunt and two sons, Mrs. John Hughes and son, Mrs. Ed Bolinger, Jeff Willard and banjo, Chas. Long, Ed Bolinger, H. H. Hunt and Z. T. Long, Sunday.

Rev. Holder is conducting a protracted meeting at the well and is meeting with great success. Several professions are reported to date and vast crowds

greeted the divine during three services Sunday.

Hundreds of people visit the well daily and partake of the healthful water and it is an amusing sight to see the number of jugs carried away by the people. Such scenes remind one of the American Express office in Mayfield on Christmas Eve.

From the many tokens of approval regarding the water and the many cures of indigestion, heart disease, kidney and liver ailments, Palmore is destined to become the most popular resort in the south.

Palmore is a mass of seething humanity, especially on Sunday and a Sunday trip is a treat.

### Save The Children.

Ninety-nine of every one hundred diseases that children have are due to disorders of the stomach, and these disorders are all caused by indigestion. Kodol Dyspepsia Cure is just as good for children as it is for adults. Children thrive on it. It keeps their little stomachs sweet and encourages their growth and development. Mrs. Henry Carter, 705 Central St., Nashville, Tenn., says: "My little boy is now three years old and has been suffering from indigestion ever since he was born. I have had the best doctors in Nashville, but failed to do him any good. After using one bottle of Kodol he is a well baby. I recommend it to all sufferers." Kodol digests what you eat and makes the stomach sweet. Sold by Leon Evans.

### The Use of the Bamboo.

A system of deep well boring is practiced in Japan, in the province of Kadzusa, which for cheapness and simplicity appears to be unequalled. An ordinary irrigation well leading down to the 30-foot water bearing stratum in the province of Kadzusa costs only some \$15, and \$50 seems to be the highest price charged for going down to the 720-foot stratum. The secret of this system is the use of the bamboo.

### Wanted.

Good energetic solicitor to represent us in Mayfield. Address Great Pacific Tea & Coffee Co., Paducah, Ky.

**Dr. X. W. Wittman's**

**Elixir of Life, Oil of Life and Soap**

For Sale By  
**B. S. HUNT, Druggist.**



The Trapper's Love Story

By FRANK H. SWEET

(Copyright, 1909, by Daily Story Pub. Co.)

WHAT you say?" and Raoul looked up sharply from the trap he had been scraping and cleaning. But the visitor's face was only friendly and inquiring, without sarcasm or impertinence; and the momentary gleam in the trapper's eyes died out. He had grown to like this stranger, and had told him more things concerning his past life than he had ever divulged to any living man before. But the last question had cut deep.

For a long time he bent over the trap, his fingers trembling as he scraped the rust from the jaws and shank. All around were evidences of speedy departure, his gun standing in a corner, cleaned and polished until the barrel shone like a mirror, his blankets, provisions, all the rest of the traps, even his moccasins and snowshoes, packed and fastened into compact bundles for convenient carrying. In a wolf skin a few feet away the dog lay with his nose resting upon his outstretched paws, motionless, but with his eyes wide open, watching. He understood, and was ready and waiting. Twenty-four hours, and he and the trapper would start for their winter in the far north, where every day was in close companionship with life and death.

As he saw the shadow come to Raoul's face and slowly fade, the visitor stepped forward impulsively, placing his hand upon the trapper's shoulder.

"I beg your pardon, Raoul," he said. "I did not know—I was merely interested in your life, and spoke without thinking. You may tell me something else."

"Non, on, m'sieu; I been tell you 'bout dis. It is not dat I be ashamed, and Raoul forced the last vestige of shadow from his face. But he was still grave. "It ain't ver' mooch to tell, m'sieu," he went on, "only jus' one little part my life, an' it happen long, long time ago, an' all in two, t'ree



"TANK YOU, M'SIEU," HE SAID.

week. But young peoples like hear 'bout dese t'ings, an' dis be so ver' long time by," drawing a hard breath which he forced into a mirthless chuckle. "Dat I ain' min' tellin' 'bout him. You been t'ink it funny I ain' like no girl, dat I ain' nev' be married, dat I ain' nev' make no home?" "Yes, if you don't mind my saying so," the visitor answered. "You are a strong, handsome man, even though your hair is turning gray and you are scarred by encounters with wild animals and the elements; and you are straightforward and tender-hearted and a gentleman in all your instincts—just such a person as any thoughtful girl might love."

Raoul shook his head. "Tank you, m'sieu," he said, "but you ain' know all. Dat t'oughful girl been like man who stay in home an' fix up t'ings an' ain' nev' car' run roun'. I been like run roun' all de time. When I was boy I run off to be hunter, an' when I grow to be man I like more as anything to go 'way off in de weed 'among de big game. I be strong man, once, but long time ago, 'fore de hair turn. I be mooch stronger. Not in ain' seut me so well in dese day as to fin' de bigges' an' wiles' game in all de place roun', an' den see which de stronges', him or me. Sometime I been t'row de gun down an' roll up de sleeve, jus' to make de wrestle more fair."

"But you ain' car' 'bout all des," his animation suddenly vanishing. "I been goin' tell 'bout de girl. Her fader came to work 'longme on de reever, an' him an' me be ver' good frign's. Folks say I likely young man den, simply, 'ver' strong an' ver' han'some. De fader like me an' say so, an' I t'ink de girl been like me some. An' I—" He stopped suddenly, raising his keen, deepset eyes to the visitor's face. "You ev' know a girl dat was an angel come down to show what Heaven been like?" he asked; "awetter den anything you ev' dream of in de worl' before, closer in your heart den life an' more far off as de stars? You ev' know her?" "Yes," the visitor answered, a tender, almost reverent, look coming into his eyes, "I know her."

"You un'erstan' den," Raoul went on. "Life ain' not in 'cept it goin' make dat girl more happy an' better off. She not like any girl I ev' see

fore, an' dere plenty han'some girl in Canada. She be more like some great lady dat ain' proud an' ain' know she been han'some—only Elise ain' educat. She one queen drop down in de wood by mistake an' grow up 'fore peoples fin' out. When I t'ink maybe she goin' come live long me till we both be dead, I ain' hardly know how I breathe, it be so wonderful.

"Den a young man come from Montreal to see 'bout some reever claim, an' he hire me to show him how de current run dis way an' dat way an' how far up de spring water rise, an' den one day we go pas' de cabin an' he see Elise.

"Well, he feel 'bout her jus' like me, an' ver' soon I see dat Elise feel to M'sieu de l'Erme an' me 'bout de same. When I been go see her she like me bes', 'cause I ain' nev' 'frail not in', an' go down de reever stan' in straight up on a log like no udder man ev' dar to; but when M'sieu de l'Erme go see her, den she like him bes', 'cause he sof' spoke an' poleesh an' educat. I been see how it goin' be pret' queeck. We ain' both know her but two weeks, an' she like both de same; two, t'ree more weeks, an' she goin' like jus' one mooch better, an' it goin' 'pend on which de bes' man."

"And you proved yourself to be that of course?"

"I been pret' steady nerve dose day," Raoul went on, without seeming to notice the interruption. "When I start out for t'ing I go straight on, an' if it broke my head I let it be broken. I nev' stop to count dat. When I see how t'ings goin' I slip off in de wood wher' I be by myself. Dat my way. I ain' nev' t'ink good with peoples roun'. Well, firs' I see Elise married an' me lookin' out for her, an' I know I goin' do ev' bes' I know how; den I see M'sieu de l'Erme lookin' out for her, an' I know he goin' do jus' de same. I been watch him pret' close, an' know he clean, straight man who goin' do jes' what he say.

"So dat ain' settle it, an' I go queeck to Montreal, my tooth set hard."

"To find out something about M'sieu de l'Erme?" the visitor said.

Raoul nodded. "Qui, m'sieu. Her fader an' bodder 'bout dat. But when a girl get married she goin' 'pend a might' long time on de man mos' like-ly. I been know 'bout myself, an' I t'ink I know 'bout M'sieu de l'Erme. But I ain' goin' let Elise take some reek, non. When I fin' out if he been good man as me, den I goin' back an' say, 'Here, Elise, you pick out de one you been mos' happy long with."

A slight grin twitched the corners of Raoul's mouth. "Seem like I might fair," he continued, "but I feel jes' how t'ings comin' out all de time. Her fader like me, and Elise t'ink whole lot what her fader say, an' she like me too, some—much as de udder men. I t'ink. I goin' stan' close up to him when she look, an' I ten inch taller an' fift' pound bigger, an' my voice goin' 'drown him all out. His voice sof' an' quiet like, 'cep' once in long time when his eyes flash, den it still sof' but cut like knife an' make de udder man jump. Qui, I know jus' how t'ings comin' out—till I go down to Montreal. Den I know jus' de same, only de worl' been shif' roun'."

He was silent so long this time that the visitor would have reminded him of the unfinished narrative, had it been upon any other subject. As it was, he waited.

"I been 'quire 'bout M'sieu de l'Erme," Raoul said at length, in a low voice, "an' fin' he straight, true man, jus' like I t'ink. But more, I fin' he great lawyer, with big house an' plent' servant an' t'ings like dat. Any folk who 'long to him goin' have de ver' bes' de worl' got to give. When I fin' dat out I go off in de wood an' fight de bigges' fight, dat man ev' live 'ron. Den I go buy trap an' t'ing an' start off on de longes' an' mos' far off hunt I ev' take. I been gone t'ree year."

"What! And did not go back to Elise?"

"I ain' dar. Maybe she start out to like me bes', an' you know what life been as trapper wife. Elise ain' meant for dat, non. She made for de bes'."

"And—forgive me—haven't you ever seen her since?"

"Non, I ain' nev' feel strong 'nough to go to Montreal since dat time. But I hear she been 'sist on goin' to school an' study to be like him, an' dey have a great house, an' she be like queen 'mong de peoples. Dey have two child, and de oldest I been hear de name Raoul!—" The trapper rose impatiently, and strode to the pack of traps, over which he bent, ostensibly trying to place the one he had just cleaned with the others. The visitor glanced toward him, then turned abruptly and stole softly from the cabin.

Telegraphic Shorthand.

A complete telegraphic system of shorthand has been laboriously worked out by Mr. A. C. Barono and named "Pentagraphy, Section Paper." It consists in a reduction of the Morse alphabet to ten short characters or sounds, which are so manipulated by a key as to express anything and everything by them in such a way as to give the public greater privileges, while at the same time immensely reducing the work of the telegraph operator. A set of automatic instruments is now being made which will, it is said, make messages so cheap that they will be largely used instead of letters.

Bread from Peanuts.

The Kaiser's army is served regularly with bread and porridge made largely from the peanut. The German government chemists have been for some time endeavoring to extract the active principles of the ground pea for service in concentrated, palatable, liquid form.

The Need of Foresters

By PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT.



The forest resources of our country are already depleted. They can be renewed and maintained only by the cooperation of the forester with the practical man of business in all his types, but, above all, with the lumber man. And the most striking and encouraging fact in the forest situation is that lumber men are realizing that practical lumbering and practical forestry are allies, not enemies, and that the future of each depends upon the other. The resolutions passed at the last meeting of the representatives of the lumber interests in Washington were a striking proof of this fact and a most encouraging feature of the present situation. So long as we could not make the men concerned in the great lumber industry realize that the foresters were endeavoring to work in their interest and not against them, the headway that could be made was but small. We shall be able to work effectively and bring about important results of a permanent character largely in proportion as we are able to convince those men, the men at the head of that great business, of the practical wisdom of what the foresters of the United States are seeking to accomplish.

The United States is exhausting its forest supplies far more rapidly than they are being produced. The situation is grave, and there is only one remedy. That remedy is the introduction of practical forestry on a large scale, and of course that is impossible without trained men, men trained in the closet and also by actual field work under practical conditions.

I believe that the foresters of the United States will create a more effective system of forestry than we have yet seen.

Nowhere else is the development of a country more closely bound up with the creation and execution of a judicious forest policy. This is, of course, especially true of the west, but it is true of the east also. Fortunately in the west we have been able, relatively to the growth of the country, to begin at an early day, so that we have been able to establish great forest reserves in the Rocky mountains instead of having to wait and attempt to get congress to pay large sums for their creation, as we are now endeavoring to do in the southern Appalachians. Not only is a sound national forest policy coming rapidly into being, but the lumber men of the country are proving their interest in forestry by practicing it.

CIVIC FLAG OF LONDON.

Significance of the Signs and Devices Upon Its Folds—A Wat Tyler Tradition.

When the familiar red and white flag of the city of London waves over Brussels—the mayor of that town having expressed a wish to see it floating proudly beside his own—the good people of the Belgian capital will no doubt be considerably puzzled to know what meaning attaches to its markings, and especially one, woven in red, in the top left-hand corner. We refer to the "dagger," as it is generally called—the presence of which, by the way, very few of those who were either born or live within the sound of Bow Bells can explain. Some might go so far as to state that the strangely employed weapon had "something to do with Wat Tyler," but even they would be incorrect, although it must be admitted that they have been most consistently misled on the point, says the Pall Mall Gazette.

The flag is a reproduction of the shield which occupies the center of the city arms and it has been commonly believed that the "dagger" was added to the red cross by Richard II. "In commemoration of Wat Tyler's insurrection and the death of the rebel in Smithfield by the hand of the valiant mayor." The belief in this tradition has no doubt been fostered by an inscription still to be found on a statue of Sir William Walworth, preserved on the staircase at Fishmonger's Hall. It runs: Brave Walworth, Knight, Lord Mayor, yet Slew Rebellious Tyler in his Alarmer. The King, therefore, did give in lieu The dagger to the City's arms. In the 4th Year of Richard II., Anno Domini 1381.

But controverting facts are more stubborn than even the brave knight's blade, and the dagger is, forsooth, no dagger at all, but a representation of a short sword emblematical of St. Paul, the patron saint of the corporation. This view has been supported by a careful examination of an interesting series of bosses still existing in the eastern crypt at Guildhall. They are of early date, and among them are representations of the shield and dagger, while one bears two swords crossed saltirewise, which is taken as another emblem associated with the apostle. In addition to these there is a historical fact which puts all questions as to Wat Tyler's connection with the dagger beyond doubt. The new seal upon which the "perfectly graven shield" appeared (and which would have taken at least four months to design and engrave) was brought in by the mayor on April 17, 1381, or two months before the death of Wat Tyler, which occurred on June 15 in the same year.

Mr. Arthur Charles Fox-Davies, the well-known author of "Public Arms," also says the Wat Tyler story is a "fine piece of fiction," but adds that even this "wild legend" was surpassed by the fury with which anti-popey fanatics attacked Sir Stuart Knill on one occasion in the belief that he had placed a St. Peter's cross upon the city arms. They were so short-sighted, says the author, that they mistook the sword for a cross turned the wrong way up.

Those quaint people, the heralds, describe the flag as "Argent, a cross gules in the first quarter, a sword in pale, point upward, of the last."

Saw His Finish.

Employer—You talk too much for your own good, Pat.

Pat—Faith, an' Oi know that, spr.

"Then why don't you make it an unvarying rule to keep your mouth closed?"

"Ef Oi did that same it's meself as would be ather starvin' ter death, Oi'm thinkin'."—Chicago Daily News.

DEEP-DIVING PEARL FISHERS.

Over One Hundred Feet Frequently Reached by Malays in Their Plunges.

The custom of Malay pearl-fishers is to anchor the ship on the oyster-beds, or as near to them as possible. The diving takes place twice daily, at morning and evening. In "Studies in Brown Humanity" Hugh Clifford gives this description of the diving:

All the boats are manned at morning and evening, and the Sulu boys row them out to the point selected for the day's operations. The white man in charge always goes with them in order to keep an eye upon the shells, to resuscitate exhausted divers, and generally to look after his own interests. Presently a man lowers himself slowly over the side, takes a long, deep breath, and then, turning his head downward, swims into the depths, his limbs showing dimly in froglike motions until, if the water be very deep, he is completely lost to sight.

In a few minutes he comes into view again, his face straining upward, yearning with extended neck for the air that he now needs so sorely. His hands cleave the water in strong downward strokes; his form grows momentarily more distinct, until the fixed, tense expression of his staring face is plainly visible. Then the quiet surface of the sea splashes in a thousand drops of sun-steeped light as his head tears through it, and his bursting lungs, expelling the imprisoned air, draw in the breath which they crave in long hard gasps. If the dive has been a deep one a little blood may be seen to trickle from nose and mouth and ears. At times even the eye-sockets ooze blood, the result of the fearful pressure to which the diver has been subjected.

He brings with him from the depths of the sea two oyster shells, never more and very rarely less; and when these have been secured he is helped back into the boat, from which another diver is now lowering himself.

These men on occasion dive to the depth of 20 fathoms—120 feet—and although the strain kills them early, they live a cheery, hopeful set of men till such time as their lungs and hearts give way.

The shells are the property of the white man, for the divers dive for a wage, and it is the mother-of-pearl to which the European looks for his sure profit. The pearls themselves form the "plums" which may or may not fall to his lot.

It is a fascinating employment to open the shells when each closed bivalve may contain within it a treasure on the proceeds of which a man may live in comfort for the best half of a year.

Living, Yet Dead.

In a German law journal may be found a curious account of a woman, who, though actually living, is legally dead. Some years ago she disappeared from her home, and after three years had elapsed the court formally pronounced her dead and turned over her property to her next of kin. Soon afterward she returned to her native place, and as there was no question as to her identity, she naturally thought that she would have no difficulty in recovering her property. The court, however, flatly refused to comply with her request. "You have been declared dead," it virtually said, "and it is impossible for us to regard you as living." Thereupon the woman appealed to a higher court, but her labor was in vain, for the verdict of the lower court was upheld and, moreover, an official notice was issued to the effect that the plaintiff, having formally been declared dead, could not now be restored to life, as the law understands that word, and must remain dead until doomsday.—N. Y. Herald.

BUYING A HAT FOR JIMMIE.

He Preferred His Old One, and That Was What He Got in the End.

Jimmy, on the drop seat of the brougham, leaned forward and asked his aunt where they were going. She named a big department store, and his face lightened up. "They have ice cream soda in the basement," said he, according to Youth's Companion. "Oh, I'm sure it can't be good!"

"N-o-o-o." Jimmy always agrees with a lady. "It isn't so bad, though. When we bought the kitchen coal hod Courtney treated me. We had chocolate and strawberry mixed—oh, fine! Don't you think I might treat him today? I could carry a glass out to the carriage without spilling a drop." He suddenly thrust his head out of the carriage. "Courtney, what kind—"

His aunt dragged him inside. "Some other time," she said. "What can I do?" he asked, after a gloomy pause.

"We're going to buy a hat, dear."

"I don't want any old hat."

"A nice new hat."

This feebly jocular correction fell flat. Jimmie grasped the hat on his head with both painfully gloved hands and dragged it down over his ears. "It's just got comf'or'ble!" he moaned. "She"—he meant no disrespect to his mother—"wants to send this one to the Indians or the Florida children, I s'pose." A gleam of hope illumined his face. "I wish they might have the new one. I wouldn't mind having it fitted on me. Don't you think they'd be pleased?"

Jimmie's aunt ignored this artful appeal. "You know your mother wishes you to be spick and span when grandma comes Thursday."

"Oh, my grandma won't mind," confidently. "And I'd brush up great!"

His aunt shook her head.

"Perhaps boots would do. They'd be all right. New ones kick fine."

This easy sacrifice to the home goddess was promptly rejected, and Jimmie knew then that it was to be a hat.

"When I buy them myself they'll be old and big, and everything new will go into the barrel—and maybe there won't be any barrel," he threatened, darkly.

Jimmie helped his aunt to alight at Cut & Cash's store, and followed her to the hat counter, the sullen tread of his feet speaking volumes of disgust. The counter was surrounded by women, mostly mothers, but Jimmie's turn came at last.

"Well, lady," said the perspiring clerk, "what can I show you for your little boy?"

"She's not my mother!" said Jimmie.

"She's my aunt. She isn't even married. My father says—"

"Show me something in a white straw, please," Jimmie's aunt said, hastily. "Something suitable for a boy of nine."

"Nearly ten," corrected Jimmie. "My father says—"

"Something a little wider in the brim, and I prefer a navy blue band," said Jimmie's aunt.

"My father—" began Jimmie. But his aunt promptly clapped a hat on his head, and his tune changed. "It don't feel good! It's too small! And I don't want an elastic under my chin; only small kids wear them. Oh, it hurts my head!"

When the clerk was on his knees opening boxes, trying to find another hat, Jimmie again became amiably sociable.

"The last time the New London man was there, he said—"

"Something similar to his old hat will be right," said Jimmie's aunt, in an agitated falsetto.

"The New London man said: 'A kiss is as good as a smile,'" continued Jimmie. "I was under the sofa, and I heard—"

"This will do. You need not look any further," said Jimmie's aunt, seizing a hat and placing it on Jimmie's head with a determined hand. The clerk rose, but not before he was master of his countenance, and began to turn over the slips in his book.

"You must be awfully rattled, aunty," said Jimmie. "This is my old hat."

TRUTH TELLING RARE.

She Didn't Want to Go to Heaven Because She Would Be Too Lonesome.

A small girl who lives in this city has troubled her mother very much by her reckless disregard for the truth. One day her mother had a very serious talk with the little daughter, and ended up by telling her that liars could not go to Heaven, says an exchange. The small daughter reflected for a time, and then said: "Mamma, do you ever tell lies?" "Certainly not," replied her mother. Sudden recollections sweeping across her mind, she hesitated, and added: "Sometimes, of course, when it is impossible for me to see people, I send down word that I am not at home. But that is merely to keep from hurting their feelings. It is not lying."

The small girl reflected and said nothing.

That night when her father came home, she said, bluntly: "Papa, do you ever tell lies?"

"Certainly not," replied her father, with astonishment and some indignation. Then he began to fidget a little, and after awhile added: "Of course, when I'm selling goods I can't always tell all I know about them. It's the other fellow's business to know what kind of goods they are. That isn't lying, though; that's just business."

The small girl reflected again, and after mature consideration, spoke:

"I don't think that I want to go to Heaven," she said; "there won't be anyone there but God and George Washington."

FOR THE PICNIC CORNER.

Handy Articles and Good Things That the Basket Should Contain.

In the family that is fond of picnicking a picnic drawer will be found to save much time and vexation of spirit, says the Washington Star.

Preferably, the drawer should be a deep one in the pantry or kitchen closet, easy of access and sworn to picnic purposes alone.

In it there should be a pair of Japanese napkins, a ball of cord, several sheets of paraffine paper, a box of corks of various sizes, ditto bottles suited for mayonnaise, vinegar, milk, lemonade, olives, pickles, coffee, and a pile of good, smooth wrapping paper and paper bags.

Here, also, should be a picnic salt and pepper shaker, a box of wooden toothpicks for skewering deviled eggs in shape, two or three jelly glasses with tight covers that screw on, a pile of paper or wooden plates of varying sizes, and picnic cups of the light German ware, selecting those with handles.

One or two tin baking powder cans, with covers, will prove convenient, and there must be a corkscrew, a can opener and all the nice, clean bonbon or shoe boxes that can be obtained. A couple of small table cloths, retired from active service, will often come in handy, as well as an old crash towel, if the picnic is to be an all-day affair.

A half dozen steel knives and forks and as many plated spoons complete the necessary outfit for this drawer, but an annex should be provided in one corner of the pantry or storeroom closet close by. Here a few emergency rations that won't spoil should be kept on hand—a tin box of biscuits, a jar or two of potted meats, one of anchovy, a can of sardines, a pot of cheese, with a little ale or bread added to give it ripeness and smoothness; a glass of jelly, a bottle of pickles and one of olives and a bottle of grape or lime juice.

If this plan is followed when the boys elect to go swimming right after school and take their supper, or the young people propose a row on the lake with a picnic supper to follow, there will always be something ready to fall back on, even though both the kitchen fire and cook are out and the corner grocery is closed.

As for the picnic basket, which must hang near enough to hobnob with the drawer, that depends. Although there are delightful little English hampers, with places for the dishes, the knives and forks, the flasks and tea outfit, caddy and all, their price militates against general use. For the folk who frequently picnic en famille the stout German baskets with two covers opening back from the middle will be found admirable; while luncheon for two or three is most easily packed in one of the Japanese wicker satchels built on the same lines as the old-fashioned carpet bag, bulging at the bottom and narrowing at the top. In small sizes these come as low as 30 cents, running from that up to 90 cents, according to size.

With a waiting basket, an emergency shelf and a picnic drawer always ready to draw upon, "putting up" lunch ceases to be the bugaboo so commonly dreaded and bewailed.

FLOWERS ALWAYS SEASONABLE.

Fruits as Well Will Figure in Hat Trimmings Throughout the Summer.

It is understood that flowers of a seasonable sort, and especially foliage and fruits—generally much reduced in size—and berries, will be maintained as fashionable trimming right on through the fall, says the Millinery Trade Review. Still, they have formidable rivals in plumage of different sorts. Birds are already in much demand. As we have seen, birds arranged so as to be quite flat are favorite trimmings for plateaus, the new sailors and other hats which have to be trimmed low, and also for placing underneath or against turned-up brims. Many sorts of birds are treated in this way, including parrots and others with bright-colored plumages, besides white doves and white or pale-gray seabirds. Small tropical birds are also shown. These are used in pairs, frequently to fasten to the sides of rolled toques.

Quill feathers are likewise in much request, as are also mephisto plumes; but, whereas the former are preferred by the best houses in their simple form and plain but dyed in different colors or glaze tints, to suit the straw shapes—they are intended to trim, the mephisto plumes are often a very fanciful description and frequently only feathers in name, being made of stiffened silk gauze covered with jet or colored sequins. Long-pointed leaves made up in the same way, clustered with black or pearl sequins, are sometimes introduced in garlands of natural green foliage. On the other hand, green reeds and leaves shaped accordingly are now and again used as substitutes for couteaux and mephisto plumes.

Raspberry Fragrance.

Put one ounce of gelatine to soak in a cupful of cold water for half an hour. Mash one quart of red, ripe raspberries through a sieve and mix with a cupful of powdered sugar. Then dissolve the gelatine over hot water and stir into the pulp. Add a few drops of cochineal if you want a brighter color. As the mixture begins to thicken stir in two cupfuls of whipped cream and turn into a plain brick mold. Pack in ice and coarse salt for two hours.—Washington Star.

Mixed Salad.

One pint each cold-boiled potatoes and boiled beets, one cupful cabbage chopped fine, one celery stalk cut in small pieces, salt, to taste, and one-half teaspoonful of black pepper. Mix well and add six tablespoonfuls fresh olive oil and one-half pint good vinegar.—Home Magazine.

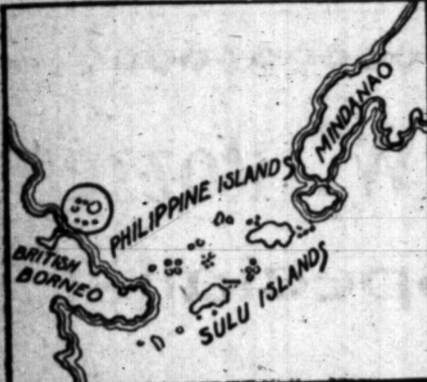


# ISLANDS IN DISPUTE

The Tiny Specks That Both America and England Now Claim.

Why Those on the Coast of British North Borneo Belong to Us—Where They Are and What They Are—The People.

When the sultan of Sulu (or Jolo) first saw an American, he asked: "Why did you come here to get more land?"—having heard that Americans were very rich and possessed immeasurable lands. And if he now knows, or ever happens to hear, that our government has taken the trouble to put her seal on those tiny specks of land lying off the northeast coast of Borneo, the wee isles of Bagnau, Taganac, Bak-kungmau, Lihiman, Boani, Siebung, and Lankkayan, he may, indeed, doubt the tales of boundless wealth and wide domains belonging to the United States. But these wee islands have strategical value, and therefore we



THE DISPUTED ISLANDS. They Are Shown in the Circle off the Borneo Coast.

want them. And, anyway, they belong to us. These seven islands lying so close to British North Borneo, came to us along with the sultan of Sulu. But we lay claim to them, not because this Sulu sultan has spiritual power over the Mohammedans in some islands without the Sulu group, and even over Mohammedans residing in British North Borneo, but because of two treaties; the first, a treaty between Great Britain, Germany and Spain, wherein Spain was given title to all the islands "outside a marine league's distance of the Borneo coast"; the second treaty referred to the one between the United States government and the sultan of Jolo, in which agreement was made that all the islands ceded to Spain by the treaty of 1885 should belong to the United States.

The seven islands recently visited by the United States gunboat are unquestionably out of the marine league limit of this treaty, and authorities declare the British have not a shadow of claim to them. They are uninhabited and reputed uninhabitable; all lie close together and are spread over an area of about 40 miles. The largest of the seven, Boani and Taganac, command the harbor of Sandakan, the capital of British North Borneo. Rear Admiral Evans, recognizing their value from a strategic point of view, sent one of the Philippine gunboats to the islands to survey them, hoist the American flag and erect American tablets.

The island of Borneo is the largest of the East India Islands. The Dutch possessions comprise by far the major part of the territory, the British territory (31,106 square miles) occupying the extreme northern portion of the island. British North Borneo has a coast line of about 900 miles, a mountainous interior, and much jungle land; the population is 200,000; on the coast are Mohammedan settlers, some Chinese traders and artisans, and inland dwell the aboriginal tribes. Brunel and Sarawak, neighboring territories, were placed under British protection in 1888. British North Borneo is under the jurisdiction of the British North Borneo company, held under grants from the sultans of Sulu and of Brunel. The territory is administered by a governor (English) in Borneo and a court of directors in London.

Our friend, the sultan of Sulu, seems to have been considerable of a personage in the past—and may yet be, for all we know; both Great Britain and Spain treating him with consideration. Spain used to pay him an annual tribute, and the North Borneo Trading company still hands over to him a yearly tribute of 5,000 Mexican dollars. And yet in his own land the potentate has yielded but an uncertain authority; where "each man is more or less of a free lance, and his authority is measured largely by the number of rifles he possesses."

Following the word of out putting hand to the seven tiny islands off the coast of Borneo comes the report that France is going to turn over to us her insular possessions in the eastern Pacific. A cynical writer, commenting on the reported transfer, says: "The correspondent fails to tell whether we are to pay for them, or be paid for taking them." Certainly their revenues are not such as to make us eager. The local budgets of all for last year amounted to not more than \$300,000; the islands altogether have an area of about 1,520 square miles, and a population of 29,000.

**A Dream of Gladness.**  
"What would be your first act if you were president of the United States, Mr. Henpeck?"  
"I think I would start out on a good, big swing around the circle, leaving my wife at home to see that the government was kept going all right."—Chicago Record-Herald.

**His Ruin.**  
Street Boy—Sir, have you lost your pocketbook?  
Gentleman (searching through his pockets)—No, my boy.  
Street Boy—Then you will be so kind to give me a shilling.—Judge.

# LIFE IN A FACTORY TOWN.

Enlightening Observations of a City Man Who Passed a Week in a Laboring Community.

"You people who live in the city think you are strenuous; you think your business is exacting; you actually believe that when you die it will be from nervous prostration."

The speaker addressed some friends who, like himself, were homeward bound, says the New York Sun. He continued:  
"But you go to your homes, or to your clubs, or to your links, or somewhere by the sea, and you rest up for the whirl of the next day.  
"Did you ever go to a manufacturing town, where everybody in the place is a factory man, woman, boy or girl? There is where you find the tired people.  
"The homes, or rather the houses in which the people live, stand unoccupied from morning until night. Every day the occupants walk out in droves and processions to the factory.  
"For some reason which I cannot explain most of the men quit work in the afternoon before the women stop. I suppose one reason for this is that the men belong to unions which won't let them work after a certain hour.  
"Were you ever in one of these factories when the men quit work? The women, those who are wives, say to their husbands who are quitting:  
"Go home and put on the potatoes and get the meat and vegetables ready, and as I will put them under way as soon as I come."  
"Then, as the men start away, they will hear a parting admonition: 'You might spread the table and have it ready when I come.'  
"The men go out as meek as lambs. They go home from the bench to the drudgery of the house—I don't know as they call it drudgery, but that is what it would be to you. The women follow. Perhaps they are happier than some women of the city who go home from shopping or from the matinee.  
"The long line trudges homeward and takes up the work of the men. The frugal meal is prepared. It may taste sweeter to these people than course dinners to which some of us sit down. I hope it does.  
"The sound of the summer wind in the gathering darkness of the night may be more musical than the orchestra to which you listen while you dine. I hope so. But the meal over, the workers of the day go quickly to bed, for they must be up with the break of day.  
"I have had occasion to spend a week in one of these factory towns, and the life, as I have described it, left me fagged as no day's work in the city ever did. I speak from observation only. I don't say that these people are unhappy, for I don't know. But I do know that after the week I spent in the factory town of which I speak I came back to the city a more contented man."

**PASSING OF THE MOOSE.**  
Hugest of the Deer Family Going the Way of Animals of Pre-historic Ages.  
Reports come from Minnesota that the moose is fast disappearing from the northern forests of that state; that the game wardens are absolutely unable to cope with the pothunters bent on eating their meat, tanning their hides, and selling their horns. The moose, driven from the forests by the swarms of mosquitoes, invade fearlessly the clearings of the settlers in their attempts to avoid their tiny foes, and fall easy victims to the firearms of men, says the Chicago Tribune.

The great animal, the hugest of the deer family, with his flat shovel horns and proboscis like nose, is an anachronism. Like the hippopotamus and the great auk, he seems to belong to a pre-historic age, an age when lizards 20 fathoms long swam in different seas from those we know to-day, and when mighty mastodons refreshed their hairy strength with foliage now buried thousands of feet beneath the glacier ice of Alaska. Measuring in the 10,000,000 year periods of geology, the moose has the look of the contemporary or immediate successor of the 100 feet high swans, which were covered with tough black leather and fought the sea serpents.

Of the old-time kind of animals, the most have long since departed and the few and scattered remnants are quickly passing off the face of the earth in their train. A man, looking at a moose or rhinoceros, feels within him the instinct that those animals are not of this age; that they are survivals from a former age, whereas the sight of whitetail deer, or elk, or lions, or zebras, or gorillas raises no such emotions in his breast, though those beasts be equally wild and inaccessible.

The moose is following after the buffaloes which are grazing on the happy grounds where there is no hunting. May he find in his new abode interminable forests clad in low hanging foliage, that he need neither reach vainly above him for his nutriment nor painfully fall on his knees to get at the low lying green things; may he find the absence of mosquitoes only equalled by the absence of man; and may neither bear nor wolves ever molest his young. The greatest of all deer and of all American game animals is almost gone.

**After the Color.**  
"But," they suggested, "you have hung your hammock in the sun instead of in the shade."  
"Of course," answered the man from the city. "I can't be here longer than a week, and no one would believe I'd had an outing at all if I did not go back to the city with a real good tan, so I've got to get it in a hurry."—Chicago Post.

**Good Living, Too.**  
Farmer Corncribb—I see a feller eat, attacks and broken bottles in a New York museum.  
Farmer Hayrake—That's nothin' tall! I seen a big fat, healthy man in New York once that lived on gold bricks and sawdust.—Puck.

**Worthy of a Trial.**  
Mayme—I wish I could get something that would prevent my lips from chapping.  
Edyth—Why don't you eat onions?  
Mayme—Is that a good remedy?  
Edyth—Yes; it keeps the chaps away.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

**Afraid He'll Die.**  
Mrs. Brownovich—I understand your husband is seriously ill?  
Mrs. Smithinsky—Yes; he's too ill to do anything except make good resolutions.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

# RAILWAY TO EUROPE

New Interest in the Project of New York to Paris by Rail.

The Idea is Not So Chimerical as it Would Seem at First Thought—To Tunnel Beneath Behring Straits.

When a few years ago some explorers and engineers suggested an all-rail route to Paris via a tunnel under the Behring straits, it was considered as the wildest of dreams. But that there is more to the scheme than idle speculation is evident from the fact that the projectors of the new road (French and Russian capitalists and American bankers), have just filed a petition with Secretary Hitchcock, of the interior department, for approval of the proposed route. This petition will undoubtedly be followed by an application to congress for a land grant through Alaska. Col. James Hamilton Lewis, of Chicago, Holmes Conrad, former solicitor for the department of justice, and Charles H. Aldrich, of Chicago, are the attorneys for the projectors. The petition, it is believed, is a forerunner to asking the United States to neutralize the straits as between nations, so that, in the event of war with China and Japan or Russia, no advantage will be given to the enemies of Russia.

The tunnel under the straits would be between Cape Prince of Wales, the most westerly point of Alaska, and East Cape, the most easterly point in Siberia, and will, according to a report of the engineers, prove a comparatively easy task, for beneath the water, which in no place is over 23 fathoms, the formation is not of rock, but schist or slate. No blasting would be necessary, and the Diamede islands in the straits are so placed as to offer the most convenient means of ventilation of the tunnel. The straits, commonly reported to be from 17 to 20 miles wide, are actually 40, and the first island is 15 miles from East Cape; the second is 15 miles from that, and the third five miles from Cape Prince of Wales. Harry de Windt, the explorer, journalist and engineer, who with a party of Russians visited the straits in 1898, declared after he had carefully surveyed the situation, that the difficulties to be encountered in tunneling and constructing roads in Alaska to connect with the trans-Siberian road were not one-quarter those to be encountered in the construction of the White Pass railroad, dreamed of ten years ago by J. J. Hill, for further north the mountains diminish and the valleys, thickly wooded to within 80 miles of Cape Prince of Wales, run north and south.

According to the present plans, the Trans-Alaskan Railroad company, of which Mr. J. J. Frey, of Denver, Col., is president, will construct the road of 2,600 miles to Cape Prince of Wales. The Russian government will operate the Siberian side of the road. The White Pass railroad is paying enormously, and it is certain that the proposed new road would pay equally well, for there are vast forests, tin deposits at Cape Prince of Wales, copper deposits and gold fields of a value which is not yet known or realized.

The entire cost of building the connecting lines in Alaska and Siberia, and constructing the tunnel would not be as great as that of the New York subway. It is planned to make the road single tracked for freight with sidings, and will enable a train to pull out of Paris, and three weeks later enter New York city.

Forty engineers who were sent out by the Russian government for the sole purpose of surveying the proposed road have planned no mountain climbing or tunneling. The road by tacking would avoid the mountains from Irkutsk to Yokutsk, a distance of 2,000 miles. This section is now under construction. From Yokutsk the road will extend half way to Verkyoyansk, and then strike due northeast to Verin Kolymak; then south 100 miles, and thence to East Cape. Convict labor would be used in Siberia, and the forests would supply the ties and lumber for 1,000 miles of sheds in Siberia and Alaska.

M. Loequy Lobet, member of the Geographical society, and one of those interested in the great scheme, passed through San Francisco recently, and in talking of the plans declared that 12 years would see the road and tunnel completed and trains running.

**Good Living, Too.**  
Farmer Corncribb—I see a feller eat, attacks and broken bottles in a New York museum.  
Farmer Hayrake—That's nothin' tall! I seen a big fat, healthy man in New York once that lived on gold bricks and sawdust.—Puck.

**Worthy of a Trial.**  
Mayme—I wish I could get something that would prevent my lips from chapping.  
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**Afraid He'll Die.**  
Mrs. Brownovich—I understand your husband is seriously ill?  
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# DU CHAILLU'S FIRST GORILLA.

Thrilling Moment When the Horrifying Beast Advanced Upon the Famous Explorer.

The recent death of Paul du Chailly has brought back to the minds of many readers his delightful books of travel and adventure. This experienced world-trotter was so familiar with the woods and wild animals that he must himself have forgotten that there had been a time when he had not known gorillas. His first encounter with one he describes in "Explorations and Adventures in Equatorial Africa."

"An immense gorilla advanced suddenly out of the woods, straight for us, and gave vent, as he came up, to a terrible howl of rage, as much as to say: 'I am tired of being pursued, and will face you.'  
"It was a lone male—the kind which is always the most ferocious. This fellow made the woods resound with his roar, which is an awful sound, resembling the muttering of distant thunder. He was about 20 yards off when we first saw him. I was about to take aim and bring him down where he stood, when my most trusted man, Malaonen, stopped me, saying in a whisper: 'Not time yet.'  
"We stood in silence, gun in hand. The gorilla looked at us for a minute or so, then beat his breast with his gigantic arms—and what arms he had!—then gave another howl of defiance and advanced upon us. How horrible he looked!  
"Not yet," whispered Malaonen.  
"Again the gorilla made an advance upon us. Now he was not 12 yards off. His face was distorted with rage; his huge teeth were ground against each other, so that we could hear the sound; the skin of the forehead was drawn forward and back rapidly, making his hair move up and down, and giving a fiendish expression to his hideous face. Again he roared, a sound which shook the woods like thunder. It seemed as if I could feel the earth trembling under my feet. The beast, looking us in the eye and beating his breast, advanced again.  
"Don't fire too soon," said Malaonen. 'If you don't kill him he will kill you.'  
"This time he came within eight yards of us before he stopped. I was breathing fast with excitement as I watched the huge creature. Malaonen said: 'Steady!' as the gorilla came up. When he stopped Malaonen said:  
"Now!  
"And before the beast could utter the roar for which he was opening his mouth three musket balls were in his body. He fell dead almost without a struggle."

**AN AFRICAN METROPOLIS.**  
Center of Slave Trade and Leather Mart Comes Under British Authority.  
The recent extension of British administrative authority over the Kano, Katsena and Sokoto districts in northern Nigeria has attracted attention to this prosperous and fertile country. Kano, which has 100,000 inhabitants, is the metropolis of that part of Africa, says Youth's Companion.

It has been called the Manchester of the Sudan. For centuries the Hausas, as the people are called, have been the clothmakers of northern Africa. They raise cotton, spin the yarn, dye it with indigo or scarlet, and then weave it. But there is not a factory in all the country. The work of weaving is done on hand-loom in the homes of the people. Much of the morocco leather comes from Kano, and this, too, is prepared and tanned by workmen at home. Their caravans carry their goods across the continent to Alexandria, and thence down the eastern shore of the Red sea even to Mecca.

The city has been the center of a great slave-trade, for much of the work in the fields and practically all the work of transportation is done with the assistance of slaves. It is said that not less than 500 men and women are offered for sale every day in the slave pens of the city. This traffic, and slavery itself, will be abolished at once.

The money of the country is slaves and cowrie shells; the slaves are the large bills and the shells the small coin. When the owner of a caravan runs short of provisions he buys more and pays for them with a slave, taking his change in the shells.  
Thick walls of mud, 30 feet high, surround the city, which is 15 miles in circumference. The large area thus enclosed will accommodate not only the population, but many big farms as well, on which grain is raised and cattle pastured. Thus the city is capable of withstanding a long siege.

The British have extended their authority over the city and the surrounding territory because the native rulers refused to surrender the murderers of a British official.

**No Time.**  
The woes of the suburbanite, who does business in the crowded city and resides in the outskirts, have furnished the theme for many an anecdote. One of these suburban dwellers was rushing along the street in the direction of the railway station when a friend joined him.  
"What is your hurry, Jacobs?" asked the friend.  
"I am trying to catch the five-forty train," replied Jacobs, "and I don't know whether there is any five-forty train now or not. There has been a change."  
"Haven't you a time-table in your pocket?"  
"Yes; but if I stop to look at it, and that train is still on, I'll miss it by ten seconds!" And he glanced at his watch and hurried on.—Youth's Companion.

**Making It Easy for Him.**  
George (nervously)—I'd like ever so much to marry you, Kitty, but I don't know how to propose.  
Kitty (promptly and practically)—That's all right, George. You've finished with me; now go to papa.—Tit-Bits.

**Classified.**  
"I suppose you thought you were fishing when you caught me?" growled the man who was always disagreeable.  
"Well, I used to think so," sighed his little wife, "but now I know I must have been bear hunting."—Chicago Daily News.

# BIGNESS OF SIBERIA

Surpasses Any Other Country in the World in This Respect.

Some Facts and Figures About This Mighty Colony of the Czar—What the Siberian Railway Is Now Doing for It.

The diplomatic fight which Russia is making to retain Manchuria, with its ice-free ports, so as to provide a market for Siberia serves to call attention to that great Russian colony and make the statement of a few facts regarding the colony and the railway which has been built across it of special interest at this time.

We in America are in the habit of referring to the bigness of things, but we must admit that Siberia is, par excellence, the land of distances. It is 200 times the size of Scotland, and its mining and agricultural belt is at least 50 times as large as England. Of its innumerable waterways, nearly 30,000 miles are navigable. It has gold fields many thousand square miles in extent, and for 4,000 miles—from the Steppes of the Altai mountains and thence through the Balkan region of the East Siberian ranges—fields of silver, lead, copper and iron persist in an unbroken metallic chain. The great railroad itself, which transports us from gray Europe to the golden east and the Pacific, is 6,000 miles long—that is to say, it girdles nearly



A TYPICAL RAILWAY STATION, a quarter of the globe's circumference.

As with distances so with numbers. It was decided to build a railroad which should hinge Europe to the far east. Immediately an army of 200,000 appeared to build it. That army of workmen promptly scored a record for its cosmopolitanism—Russians, Germans, Americans, French, Turks, Kirghis, Tartars, Tungus, Buriats, Ostiaks, Mongolians, Chinese, Manchurians, Japanese—are all conspicuous in it. Think of the task of feeding them!

The whole length of line may be divided into four sections—the vast plains of West Siberia, the forested rolling country of central Siberia, the high ranges of the Balkan region, and the taiga, or forest country, which Pacific. I give a view of the line in the tiga, or forest country, which shows its character well enough. Owing to the great number of marshes and peat bogs the line frequently develops unexpected curves. On the other hand, when you enter a dry region the rails are laid so straight that if you could shoot straight enough and far enough from the center of the observation car at the rear of the train your bullet might land between those rails a dozen miles away.

Russian systems naturally dominates everything. Here it is, for example, in the stations, of which, by the way, there are 400. They are built on a strictly systematic plan and graduated into classes—four classes, at least. The first and second class are built of brick or stone; they have very good refreshment rooms, and complete arrangements at the back for temporary housing and dispersing the 250,000 picked emigrants now annually entering Siberia. The lower classes are built of wood, and uncooked food is procurable at these. All, of course, have a water-tower, and a storehouse banked with earth up to the roof to keep out the cold—and to every station there is attached a small dispensary, with a dispenser in attendance, which is a welcome enough sight in this land of distances.

Last year 2,000,000 passengers and 1,500,000 tons of goods passed along the railway. That is not bad for a single line. What will it be, however, as Siberia develops? Its population has already risen, with the railway, from 6,000,000 to 9,000,000. Towns have already sprung up in the wilderness. Two years ago the junction for Tomsk possessed three houses, and to-day it contains 12,000 people! Branch lines have been built to Archangel in the far northwest and to the Caspian in the southwest. Every outlet of European Russia is being connected with the Siberian railroad—White sea, Baltic and Black sea; everywhere is development; everywhere haste and energy in building up Greater Russia. For, whichever way we look at it, we must never forget that what we are watching is the expansion of Russia, and that in Siberia and her capacity for almost unlimited growth Russia has discovered and now is founding her colonial empire.

**Making It Easy for Him.**  
George (nervously)—I'd like ever so much to marry you, Kitty, but I don't know how to propose.  
Kitty (promptly and practically)—That's all right, George. You've finished with me; now go to papa.—Tit-Bits.

**Classified.**  
"I suppose you thought you were fishing when you caught me?" growled the man who was always disagreeable.  
"Well, I used to think so," sighed his little wife, "but now I know I must have been bear hunting."—Chicago Daily News.

# L. C. TIME TABLE

Taking effect at 12 o'clock noon, Sunday, Dec. 7.

SOUTH-BOUND.	
Train 101—Local Freight	9:00 a.m.
Train 101—New Orleans Limited	7:47 p.m.
Train 102—New Orleans Limited	4:11 a.m.
Train 121—Fulton Accommodation	4:42 p.m.
NORTH-BOUND.	
Train 102—Fast Mail	10:58 a.m.
Train 104—Cincinnati Limited	12:59 a.m.
Train 122—Louisville Accom'd.	6:48 a.m.
Train 102—Local Freight	2:30 p.m.

# NASHVILLE, CHATTANOOGA AND ST. LOUIS R.R.

Effective June 24, 1902.

SOUTH-BOUND.	
Train No. 104	60
Leave Paducah	7:10 a.m.
Leave Union Depot	7:15 a.m.
Leave Paris	8:30 a.m.
Leave Hollow Rock Junc.	10:30 a.m.
Leave Jackson	2:35 p.m.
Leave Lexington	2:45 p.m.
Arrive Memphis	6:50 p.m.
Arrive Paducah	8:30 p.m.
NORTH-BOUND.	
Train No. 108	61
Leave Hollow Rock Junc.	8:30 p.m.
Leave Paris	8:15 p.m.
Arrive Paducah	8:30 p.m.
Leave Memphis	11:30 a.m.
Leave Jackson	2:35 p.m.
Leave Lexington	2:45 p.m.
Arrive Paris	6:50 p.m.
Arrive Paducah	8:30 p.m.

All trains daily. Through train and call service between Paducah and Jackson, Memphis, Nashville and Chattanooga, Tenn. Close connections for Atlanta, Ga., Jacksonville, Fla., Washington, Baltimore, Philadelphia, New York and the southeast, and for Arkansas, Texas and all points southwest. For further information call on or address:  
A. J. Welch, D. F. A., Memphis, Tenn.; W. Danley, G. F. and T. A., Nashville, Tenn.; E. S. Durham, T. A., Nashville, Tenn.; E. S. Burnham, ticket agent, Paducah, Ky.

# Illinois Central R.R. -California

NEW ORLEANS, in connection with the Southern Pacific

THROUGH WEEKLY TOURIST SLEEPING CAR. Leaving Cincinnati on the B. & O. E. W. R. R. and Louisville on the I. C. R. R. fast "New Orleans Limited" Train.

EVERY THURSDAY

For Los Angeles and San Francisco without change. The car is personally conducted by a competent agent whose sole business is to look after the welfare of patrons. The Limited also connects at New Orleans daily with Express Train for the Pacific coast, and on Mondays and Thursdays (after December 1st) with the

# Sunset Limited

Of the Southern Pacific, giving special through service to San Francisco. Tickets and full information concerning the above can be had of agents of the "Central" and connecting lines. A. H. HANSON, G. P. A., Chicago. W. A. KELLAND, A. G. P. A., Louisville.

# Double Daily Train Service VIA THE Louisville and Nashville R.R.

BETWEEN Cincinnati, Louisville, Chicago and St. Louis, AND Nashville, Memphis, Atlanta, Birmingham, Mobile, New Orleans, Florida and Gulf Coast Points.

Through Sleeping Cars and Chair Cars. An Unexcelled Dining Car Service. Low Rate Excursions. First and Third Tuesday each Month. For rates, maps, folders and time tables, address: C. L. STONE, Gen. Pass. Agent, Louisville, Ky.

# SUBSCRIBE FOR THE DAILY MESSENGER



# THE MAYFIELD MESSENGER.

Published by the Messenger Publishing Company.

J. R. Lemon - Editor.  
W. K. Wall - Business Manager.

Issued every evening except Sunday at the office on Broadway.

Entered at the Mayfield post-office as second class mail matter.

Those wishing the Mayfield Messenger sent to their residences can order through the Telephone or by Postal Card. Failure of carriers to deliver should be reported in same manner.

## Democratic Ticket.

Governor—J. C. W. BECKHAM.  
Lieutenant Governor—W. P. THORNE.  
Auditor—S. W. HAGER.  
Treasurer—H. W. BOSWORTH.  
Attorney General—N. B. HAYS.  
Secretary of State—H. V. MCCHESNEY.  
Supt. Public Instruction—J. H. FUGUA, Sr.  
Agr. Com.—HUBERT VREELAND.  
Clk. Court of Appeals—MORGAN CHINN.  
Circuit Judge—R. J. BUGG.  
Com'ly. Attorney—W. H. HESTER.  
R. R. Commissioner—McD. FERGUSON.  
State Senator—HENRY GEORGE.  
Representative—JOHN R. RAY.  
Circuit Clerk—C. W. WILSON.

## CITY TICKET.

Treasurer—R. E. LOCHRIDGE.  
Assessor—MRS. GEORGE BYRD.  
COUNCILMEN.  
1st Ward—J. T. ALBRITTON, J. W. BATES.  
2nd Ward—R. C. BRADLEY, H. C. NEALE.  
3rd Ward—H. B. DOUTHIT, P. M. COPELAND.

The churches were all well attended Sunday.

This is county court day and the city is full of people.

The question now arises where will the farmers get room to house their bountiful crops.

Look out for chills and fevers, when the present large crop of vegetation begins to dry up and decay. We predict one of the sickliest falls that we have experienced for years.

The people seem well pleased with Judge Robbins as judge of the court that is trying Caleb Powers. There is no better judge in the State besides he is impartial and his rulings are just.

The republicans seem to be rather slow in beginning their campaign. They are beginning to realize that they have a weak ticket, and that it will be hard for them to create much enthusiasm in the coming campaign.

The Kuttawa Camp meeting that has recently been held was a financial success and perhaps a spiritual success. Contributions from all sources amounted to \$199.53 and the entire expenses were \$182.15 leaving a balance in the hands of the proprietors of \$17.38. This speaks well for the meeting.

Senator McD. Ferguson was a pleasant caller Friday at the Messenger office. He is giving his entire time and attention to his insurance business and is making one of the Equitable's most successful agents. He never expressed himself as to whether he would resign as State Senator in order that his successor be elected at the November election or not.

## NO PLACE FOR IDLERS.

Idleness is inexcusable these days. There is no necessity of any one being idle who wants to work.

There is a demand for laborers all over the country at good prices and any one who wants work can find it.

The time has come that there is no place for the lazy man. He is in the way and his company is not wanted.

If he expects to be treated right by his neighbors he must go to work and stay with it.

The lazy man is not wanted at home or any other place his dry jokes and criticisms are not appreciated by any body and he had as well learn now as any time that he must go to work in

order to make a living and maintain his dignity and respectability among his fellows.

There is plenty of work to do and plenty of people to do it if they will only get at it and stay with it. There is no place for the idler in this country.

## Notice.

To all persons who have paid their dog tax, and have failed to get their license, and dog "tags" from the City Clerk, are hereby warned that their dogs will be killed. My receipt for the money is no protection to the dog, without the license and "tag." And those who have not yet paid on their dogs, had better do so at once, or their dogs will be disposed of as the law directs at once.

C. H. McNutt C. P. C. M.

## Stephens-Simmons.

Mr. Robert Stephens and Miss Elsie Simmons were made happy for life by being united into the holy bonds of matrimony yesterday evening at 6:30 at the residence of E. W. Brittain.

The bride and groom will make their home in Paducah, the former's home. Mr. Stephens is a resident of this city.

**WANTED**—Several persons of character and good reputation in each state (one in this county required) to represent and advertise old established wealthy business house of solid financial standing. Salary \$21.00 weekly with expenses additional, all payable in cash direct each Wednesday from head offices. Horse and carriage furnished when necessary. References. Enclose self addressed envelope. Colonial, Caxton Building, Chicago. 8-15-30

## Gassing Trees.

"Gassing" trees has become so large a business in California that a Los Angeles man has an outfit for it which cost \$10,000. Tents are used to confine the gas to the trees and to protect the operators from the deadly prussic acid which is liberated from a saucer at the tree's root.

## DeWitt Is The Name.

When you go to buy Witch Hazel Salve look for the name DeWitt on every box. The pure, unadulterated Witch Hazel is used in making DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve, which is the best salve in the world for cuts, burns, bruises, boils, eczema and piles. The popularity of DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve, due to its many cures, has caused numerous worthless counterfeits to be placed on the market. The genuine bears the name of E. C. DeWitt & Co., Chicago. Sold by Leon Evans.

## The Largest of Apples.

Mr. A. V. Landrum of Bloom, left the largest apple we have seen for years at the Messenger office. They are large and beautiful and the Messenger congratulates Mr. Landrum on his excellent crop of apples.

## A TOUR OF EDUCATION.

To Old Point Comfort and The Seashore, Aug., 18th.

The personally conducted Excursion to Old Point Comfort, in charge of Mr. W. A. Wilgus, S. P. A., will be run Tuesday, August 18th, via I. C. and C. & G. Railways, from Mayfield on regular train, connecting with Seashore Special, leaving Louisville from Union Depot, foot of Seventh street at 1:30 P. M. The round trip rate of Old Point Comfort is only \$19.45 and the tickets are good until September 2.

This is the most popular outing offered the traveling public. Grand and beautiful scenery, invigorating mountain air, surf-bathing, ocean voyage, palatial hotel entertainment and a visit to the Capital. Every attention and every comfort guaranteed. Delightful side trips at low rates. Every attention and courtesy will be extended to ladies traveling along. Choice of routes returning, between Richmond and Clifton Forge, will be given. Application for sleeping car space should be made at once to W. A. Wilgus, S. P. A., Hopkinsville, Ky. For further particulars, address as above or call on Agent I. C. Railway.

## Cleaning Them Out.

The barber shop near the Farmer's bank has had to move out temporarily, in order that the floor of the shop could be taken up and the water and filth underneath removed. The attention of the city health officer has been called to the pool of water that has been standing under the floor for some time and it is by his order that the place is being cleaned up and a fill made where the water has been standing and a drain pipe put in, so as to make the place more healthy. The Mayor and the health officers are giving their especial attention to all places that are deleterious to health and are having them cleaned up.

It's the duty of everybody, where they know of such places, to report them to the Mayor and city health officer.

## Eat All You Want.

Persons troubled with indigestion or Dyspepsia can eat all they want if they will take Kodol Dyspepsia Cure. This remedy prepares the stomach for the reception, retention, digestion and assimilation of all of the wholesome food that may be eaten, and enables the digestive organs to transform the same into the kind of blood that gives health and strength. Sold by Leon Evans.

## Successful Meeting.

Quite a successful protracted meeting was closed at Calvary church, 2 miles south west of Pryors, last Thursday. The meeting was in progress twelve days and was conducted by Revs. Nance, Russell and Nunley. It was a union meeting of Baptists and Presbyterians.

There were 66 conversions and all of them were grown people.

## Potent Pill Pleasure.

The pills that are potent in their action and pleasant in effect are DeWitt's Little Early Risers. W. S. Philpot of Albany, Ga., says: "During a bilious attack I took one. Small as it was it did me more good than calomel blue-mass or any other pills I ever took and at the same time it effected me pleasantly. Little Early Risers are certainly an ideal pill." Sold by Leon Evans.

## Six O'clock Dinner.

The following couples went to Palmore this afternoon, where they will take a six o'clock dinner and return by the star-light this evening:

Ed Lowe, Mamie Moorman; N. B. Gardner, Mary McDonald; Floyd Harris, Mary Wilson; Carl Mason, Grace Gardner; Welsh Wilson, Miss Eaker; Rob Albritton, Ruth Edwards; Capt. Smith, Eva Nash; W. R. Mizell, Ethel Wilson; Holly Gillum, Martha Taylor; H. M. Oliver, Jettie Hunt.

## Wanted.

Mayfield Building & Loan Stock  
Any one wanting to sell write  
J. H. Rich  
Princeton, Ky.

D-6-t.

## Big Four Route

Summer Tourist Line to

MOUNTAINS,  
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Unequaled Dining Car Service,  
Modern Equipment,  
Fast Schedule.

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CINCINNATI, OHIO.  
S. J. Gates, General Agent,  
Louisville, Ky.



## The Start

In married life is generally made on an equal footing of health in man and wife. But how soon, in many cases, the wife loses the start and fades in face and fails in flesh, while her husband grows even more rugged and robust.

There is one chief cause for this wifely failure and that is, the failure of the womanly health. When there is irregularity or an unhealthy drain, inflammation, ulceration or female health is soon impaired.

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription cures womanly diseases. It establishes regularity, dries unhealthy drains, heals inflammation and ulceration and cures female weakness. It makes weak women strong and sick women well.

"A little over a year ago I wrote for advice says Mrs. Elizabeth J. Fisher, of W. Va. 'You advised me to use Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription and 'Golden Medical Discovery,' which I did, and with the most happy result. I was troubled with female weakness and bearing-down pains. Had a very bad pain nearly all the time in my left side, nervousness and headache. Was so weak I could hardly walk across my room. Could not sit up only just a little while at a time. My husband got me some of Dr. Pierce's medicine and I began its use. Before I had taken two bottles I was able to help do my work. I used three bottles in all and it cured me. Now I do all my household work. It is the best medicine I ever used."

The Common Sense Medical Adviser, in paper covers, is sent free on receipt of 21 one-cent stamps to pay expense of mailing only. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

## CITY AND COUNTY DIRECTORY.

**City Government.**  
City hall southeast corner Sixth and South streets.  
City council meets first, second and fourth Monday nights in each month.  
Municipal election, first Tuesday after the first Monday in November.

**City Officers.**  
Mayor—A. J. Watts.  
Clerk of Council—T. W. McNeilly.  
Police Judge—Bunk Gardner.  
City Attorney—Ed Chossland.  
Treasurer—R. E. Lochridge.  
Physician—Dr. H. H. Hunt.  
Assessor—Mrs. George Byrd.  
Tax Collector—Jay Small.  
Chief of Police—C. H. McNutt.  
City Engineer—J. N. Crutchfield.  
Chief of Fire Department—John Baldrice.  
City Printer—Messenger.  
Overseer of Chain Gang—J. M. Schoat.

**City Council.**  
First Ward—J. W. Bates, J. P. Long.  
Second Ward—H. C. Neale, R. C. Bradley.  
Third Ward—P. M. Copeland, S. R. Douthett.

**Graves County Guide.**  
Court House.—Between Broadway and South.  
County Jail—Northwest corner of Seventh and Water.  
Circuit Judge—R. J. Bugg.  
Circuit Clerk—C. W. Wilson.  
Deputy Circuit Clerk—J. W. Wilson.  
County Judge—J. T. Webb.  
County Clerk—H. A. Coulter.  
Deputy County Clerk—A. E. Myles, and Charlie Cochran.  
County Attorney—T. L. Wallace.  
Commonwealth's Attorney—H. J. Moorman.  
Sheriff—J. N. Harris.  
Jailer—David Record.  
Coroner—D. A. Saffold.  
Surveyor—Yoris Gregory.  
Master Commissioner—Gus Thomas.  
Assessor—G. W. Derrington.  
County Superintendent of Schools—A. B. Cameron.

**Courts.**  
City Court, Bunk Gardner, judge; session every morning at 9 a. m. at City Hall. Civil term first Tuesday in each month.  
Graves County Court; term third Monday in each month. Quarterly Court, first Monday in each month, J. T. Webb, judge.  
Graves Fiscal Court; terms, second Monday in April and October.  
Graves Circuit Court—First Monday in March; third Monday in June; second Monday in November.

**Magistrates' Courts.**  
First District—J. J. Cavender; first Tuesday in March, June, September and December.  
Second District—T. C. Caldwell; first Friday in March, June, Sept and Dec.  
Third District—J. H. Weeks; second Tuesday in March, June, Sept & Dec.  
Fourth District—J. P. Wilson; second Friday in March, June, September and December.  
Fifth District—E. L. Garnett; third Tuesday in Mar., June, Sept. and Dec.  
Sixth District—I. N. Hughes; third Friday in March, June, Sept and Dec.  
Seventh District—J. W. Monroe; fourth Tuesday in March, June, September and December.  
Eighth District—T. J. Pryor; fourth Friday in March, June, Sept and Dec.

**Odd Fellows Notice.**  
All odd fellows are requested to meet at the lodge room at 7:30 o'clock Tuesday night. Important business and work to do.  
W. H. Hester, N. G.

## VACATION

Usually brings up a number of questions hard to decide, and chief of these is always

## WHERE TO GO

Just now a cool place is the first requisite; why not

## COLORADO?

There are mountains for the strenuous; wild flowers and strange rock formations for the scientific; charming drives and excellent golf links for the athletic, and model hotels for the luxuriously inclined.



## LOW RATES ALL SUMMER

Geo. H. Lee, G. P. A. Frank M. Griffith, T. P. A.  
Little Rock, Ark. Memphis, Tenn.

## Dr. M. W. Rozzell, Eye Specialist.

Expert U. S. Examining Surgeon. Fellow of the American Academy of Ophthalmology and Oto-Laryngology. Torric and Pebble Lenses recommended. The only Eye Specialist in Mayfield.  
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Aren't these reasons enough? Only a short time remains in which to store coal at summer prices. We would appreciate your order and give it our prompt and careful attention.

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**DR. MOFFETT'S TEETHINA**  
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Cures Cholera-Infantum, Diarrhoea, Dysentery, and the Bowel Troubles of Children of Any Age. Aids Digestion, Regulates the Bowels, Strengthens the Child and Makes TEETHING EASY.  
Costs Only 25 cents at Druggists.  
Or mail 25 cents to C. J. MOFFETT, M. D., ST. LOUIS, MO.

Cures Eruptions, Sores, Colic, Hives, Thrush. Removes and Prevents Worms. **TEETHINA** COUNTERACTS AND OVERCOMES THE EFFECTS OF THE SUMMER'S HEAT UPON TEETHING CHILDREN.

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All kinds of work done in this line at close prices and satisfaction guaranteed. "Holly Bridges" old stand, southeast court house  
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Office in Anderson Building formerly occupied by Dr. Ruble.

**Dr. J. H. Boswell,**  
DENTIST.



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**D. G. PARK,**  
Attorney-At-Law.

MAYFIELD, - KENTUCKY.  
General Practice in all the courts.  
Office, up-stairs, Park Building.

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**Lee & Hester,**  
LAWYERS.

Collections, settlement of estates and bankruptcy proceedings a specialty.

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th up-to-date  
DENTIST.

does all kinds of latest dental work. Teeth extracted positively without pain. Teeth without plates. Fillings that will stay. All work guaranteed.