

Published Every Tuesday and Friday  
\$2 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE  
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**K. C. LOCAL TIME CARD.**  
Train leaves Rowland at 7:00 a. m., returning at 5:30 p. m.  
**L. & N. LOCAL TIME CARD.**

Mail train going North..... 12:40 pm  
Express train " " South..... 11:30 am  
Local Freight North..... 7:55 a. m.  
Local Freight South..... 4:55 p. m.

**QUEEN & CRESCENT ROUTE.**  
Trains pass Junction City as follows:  
South-bound—Florida Special 12:10 p. m.; East Mail 12:30 p. m.; Fast line 12:45 a. m. Blue-Grass Special arrives at 8:40 p. m.



**ROYAL BAKING POWDER**  
Absolutely Pure

A Cream of Tarter Baking Powder. Highest in leavening strength—Latest United States Government Food Report.  
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**THE RILEY HOUSE**  
F. B. RILEY, Proprietor.  
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Notice to the Traveling Public.  
I have had.....

**THE SHELTON HOUSE**  
At Rowland repainted and nicely furnished and in connection with Hotel one of the best in the State, open day and night; a night man meets all trains. In connection with House also one of the best Mineral wells in the State and for reference to water, call on Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Patrick, Louisville, Mr. and Mrs. Floyd Ingram, Erin, Tenn., A. A. Warren, Stanford, Dr. D. E. Proctor, C. H. Braun, Mr. and Mrs. T. W. Hamilton, Rowland, Mr. and Mrs. F. B. Johnson, New Haven, Jim Cox, Greensburg, Rates \$2 per day. J. M. Fetrey, clerk. Give me a call. 9059 J. W. CARRIER, Prop.

**LAND FOR SALE.**  
Forty Acres of Land, 4 miles South of Stanford, half cleared, balance in timber, good orchard, two ever falling springs, and a small house.  
G. T. McROBERTS.

**"DENTO."**  
For the painless extraction of teeth and other minor surgery. I have tested its virtue sufficient to know.  
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**FOR SALE.**  
Nineteen good Ewes and also one thoroughbred southdown buck; one 1,500 pound corn-fed, fat 4-year old steer; 7 yearling Mare Mules, good color and good Males.  
D. M. CREIGHTON,  
Kingsville, Lincoln county, Ky.

**FARM FOR SALE.**  
I will sell privately my Farm of 35 Acres on the Danville & Stanford pike, three miles from Stanford. It is well improved, with dwelling of five rooms, new barn and all necessary outbuildings; also has fine spring. Call on me on the premises or address me at Stanford, Ky.  
EUGENE KELLEY.

**LUMBER.** I will start up next week a saw mill, on the Somerset pike, eight miles from Stanford, and will have 20,000 feet of good Oak and Poplar Lumber for sale. I will sell at the most reasonable rates and invite all who want Lumber to give me a call.  
JACOB HAEFLIGER, Otterbein.

**NEW BUTCHER SHOP.**  
I have just opened a first-class Butcher Shop on Lancaster street, where I will keep at all times  
**THE BEST MEATS**  
that can be obtained, which I will sell at the market price. I have a fine, new, large refrigerator and meats will always be kept fresh and nice.  
LULIAN VEST

**Falls Branch Jellico Coal Co.**  
Miners and shippers of the GENUINE  
**Original Jellico Coal.**  
Try it. We are the sole agents for Stanford and Rowland. Office corner of Depot street and railroad crossing.  
HIGGINS & WATTS.

**THE COFFEY HOUSE**  
STANFORD, KY.,  
**JOSEPH COFFEY, Prop'r.**

"This Hotel, renovated and refurnished, is now in my charge and I intend to conduct it so as to not only maintain its high reputation, but to add to its long list of friends. Special accommodations for commercial travelers and fine rooms for the display of samples.  
**A First-Class Saloon!**  
And BILLIARD and POOL ROOMS attached.  
JOSEPH COFFEY.

**ZULEIKA'S BEEHIVES.**

"Papa, I really think you ought to interfere," said Zuleika, her cheeks aflame, her eyes full of wrathful fire.  
"Papa, I do wish you would put Zuleika in her place, once for all!" spoke Rosamond the regal.  
The professor laid down his pen with a polysyllabic word yet unfinished, and sighed a Boreas sigh.  
"More trouble," said he. "What is the matter now?"  
"Aunt Pauline has sent me a cherry colored cashmere dress," sputtered Zuleika—"the prettiest color!—and three yards of tulle to trim it with. And— and Ros' has coolly appropriated it."  
"I needed a new gown," observed Rosamond. "And Zu can do very well with her dried sage green. Besides, I'm the oldest!"  
"Is that any reason you should be a thief?" retorted the irate Zuleika.  
"Girls, girls!" protested the professor, turning his slim white fingers in the hair of his head.  
"Make her give it back to me, papa!" said Zuleika. "It's mine! Aunt Pauline never sent it to her. She has no business to take it."  
"Tell her to remember that she is only a child, papa," calmly remarked Rosamond, "and that she ought to defer to her elders."  
Zuleika so far forgot her dignity as to make a face at Rosamond at this stage of the discussion.  
"Oh, I just wish Capt. Calverly could know what a white spot you are," said she. "Just wait till I get a chance—won't I tell him about the Balm of Roses and the Coreopsis Cream for the Complexion, and—"  
"Papa, will you silence her?" appealed Rosamond, with the expression of a grieved angel.  
"Girls, girls," groaned the professor, "do reflect. Here is this manuscript to be sent off to The Scientific Bi-Weekly at 4 o'clock this afternoon, and how do you suppose it's to be done? Rosamond, don't tease your sister. Zuleika is a good girl, and mind what Rosamond says."  
The professor went back to his stacks of pens and pools of ink. Rosamond darted one triumphant glance at her younger sister, and sailed like a royal galleon out of the door.  
Zuleika ran headlong into the garden and never let loose the torrent of her sobs and tears until she was safe down among the pinks and phloxes, where the bees went in and out of two little hives and kept up a murmurous hum.  
"I wish I was one of you, you dear little brown belted things!" passionately cried she, resting her chin in her hands as she sat staring at them, her vision blurred by tears. "Then there wouldn't be any question of gowns and boots and horrid, cross elder sisters. I wonder it is wicked to hate Rosamond as I do? I shouldn't hate her if she was kind and considerate to me and acted as if she loved me just the least little bit in the world. It isn't the cherry colored cashmere so much—though I would like a new gown that hadn't been dyed over, and that Rosamond hadn't worn all the beauty out of before I got hold of it—but it's the hateful, hideous, outrageous injustice of the thing. I've almost a mind to run away, or to go for hired help, or drown myself or something. "Jacob!"—springing suddenly to her feet—"what are you doing here?"  
"Please, Miss Zuleika," said the stolid farmhand, "Eben Phelps, he's come after the bees."  
"And what business has Eben Phelps with my bees, I'd like to know?"  
"Miss Jeffery sold 'em to him, miss. Shadon't want no bees here. She's goin' to have the ground leveled for a tennis court—whatever that may be."  
Zuleika Jeffery stepped tragically to the side of her beehives.  
"This is too much!" said she. "They are my bees—not Miss Jeffery's, and if any one dares to lay hands on a hive I'll have them prosecuted for trespass! Do you hear that, Jacob?"  
Jacob retreated. There was no mistaking the determination in Zuleika's eyes.  
Eben Phelps was forced to drive away without even a parley.  
"Not's I expected to carry away two hives o' bees in broad daylight," he explained to Jacob. "Ye might a knowed better'n that, Jake; but I sort o' wanted to look at 'em afore I celled the bargain."  
"Guess ye hadn't better," said Jacob. "Our young missy she means just what she says, and the bees is hern, anyway. Squire Bassett he gin 'em to her herself."  
Rosamond Jeffery only shrugged her handsome shoulders when she heard all this.  
"I mean to have my tennis court," said she, "and I mean to get rid of those odious bees, all in good time. Of course Zu will rage, but she's always raging about something."  
Time passed on. The cherry colored cashmere was made up, and Miss Jeffery decided to wear it for the initial time on the occasion of the visit of Mr. Franklin Jeffery, a distant cousin in whose eyes she desired to appear her very best.  
"If he's really the rich member of the family," argued Rosamond, "it's worth while to take a little pains with one's dress. We all know that a first impression is everything."  
"I suppose you'd like to marry him and spend all his money for him," said Zuleika, who was reluctantly helping in the kitchen.  
"For Rosamond had decreed a stupendous "company dinner," and there was no one who made such exquisite mayonnaise as Zuleika.  
Rosamond laughed scornfully.  
"Little girls should be seen and not heard," said she. "Indeed, as I have decided to invite Mrs. Matthews and Dr. and Mrs. Raynhan, there won't be room for you at the table."  
Zuleika's eyes flashed.  
"You won't dare to leave me out!" said she.  
"You'll see whether I will or not," responded composed Rosamond.  
"Rosamond," said Zuleika, her breath coming thick and fast, "it would be a judgment on you if I were to get married first after all!"  
"Much chance there is of your get-

ting married!" jeered Rosamond as she smoothed the icing on her loaf of sponge cake.  
The hour of the unknown cousin's arrival came. Rosamond looked most provokingly pretty in the cherry colored cashmere and a cluster of deep red roses at her belt.  
Zuleika, in the neutral tinted sage green, felt like a katydid or a grasshopper, or any other painfully insignificant insect.  
"And now," said Rosamond, glancing at her imperial presence in the parlor mirror, which Zuleika was diligently polishing with plate powder and a chamois cloth, "I'm going out to gather some carnations."  
Zuleika made no comment, but within herself she thought:  
"Yes, do. That's right! I planted the carnations, and I watered them, and I took care of them—and you coolly appropriated them. It's always so in this family, and papa never interferes to protect my rights!"  
She was thus soliloquizing when she saw another reflection than her own in the mirror. She gave a jump and a scream simultaneously.  
"Don't be frightened," said the apparition. "You are Rosamond, aren't you? I am your cousin Franklin."  
He was very cordial and handsome, with pleasant, dark eyes, a rich olive complexion, and a sweet, deep voice.  
Zuleika was quite certain that she was going to like him.  
"No," said she, "I'm not Rosamond. I am Zuleika, the younger sister. But I'm very glad to see you, all the same, and I'm sorry papa hasn't come back from the postoffice yet. And" (hurriedly flinging the chamois cloth into the pot pourri jar) "I'll go out with you into the garden and show you where Rosamond is."  
For she was secretly determined, in spite of her wrongs, to give Rosamond every fair chance.  
Franklin Jeffery looked down at the light, agile figure as he walked beside it.  
"How pretty she was! What a delicate pink color burned on her clear cheek, and how intensely blue her eyes were! And then those silky rings of light brown hair that were blowing about her forehead—what a bewitching framework they made to her face!"  
"If Rosamond is prettier she must be very pretty," he thought.  
At that moment the sound of shrieks and vituperations burst on the scented summer air, and Rosamond, forcing her way through the tall lilac bushes, rushed into the open garden, both hands clasped over her face.  
"Was it Rosamond—this figure with disheveled hair, eyes swollen to nearly twice their size, face disfigured with innumerable stings, and complexion purple with rage and pain?"  
"It's your horrid, hateful bees that have done it, Zuleika!" she screamed. "Anyhow, I threw both the hives into the brush and smashed them, and I'd like to fling you after them! Yes, I would!"  
"It wasn't the creatures' fault, Miss Jeffery," explained the voice of Jacob, the hired man, who brought up the rear, beating off a cloud of infuriated insects with the brim of his straw hat. "Bees is allers quick to take offense—an' you jest slapped out at 'em when they came harmlessly hummin' round about your ear. And it didn't better matters none when you kicked the hives over into the brook. I shouldn't wonder, now, ef it was twenty-four hours afore ye could see outen your eyes agin."  
"Papa," cried Rosamond, "if you don't put a stop to Zuleika's obstinacy and willfulness!"  
"It isn't papa, Rosamond," said Zuleika, in a low voice, as she gently detached her sister's hand from the stranger's arm. "It is Mr. Franklin Jeffery. We came out to look for you."  
"I'm sorry you're so badly stung, Cousin Rosamond," said Mr. Jeffery. "A little bicarbonate of soda, dissolved in water—"  
But Rosamond, muttering a few incoherent words of excuse, vanished under the honeysuckles that draped the porch, leaving Jacob to do battle alone with the winged enemies, and Zuleika and Franklin to console each other.  
And this was the "first impression" which she succeeded in making upon her unknown cousin!  
"Was it my fault that Frank liked me better than you?" Zuleika asked her sister six weeks afterward. "You needn't scold me because I am engaged to be married before you. He chose for himself, didn't he?"  
"It was the fault of your bees," said angry Rosamond. "I believe you kept them there on purpose."  
"Won't you speak one kindly, loving word to me, Rosamond, now that I am so happy?" whispered Zuleika. "Say that you rejoice in my good fortune!"  
But Rosamond remained stubbornly silent.  
"I don't think," said Betsy Blair, the housekeeper, "that poor Miss Zuleika ever knew what it was to be really loved or looked after until she was engaged to Mr. Frank. The professor meant well, but he'd no eyes for anything but his books. And Miss Rosa—oh, she was a regular tyrant! And yet at the wedding everybody was sayin', 'What a very amiable person Miss Jeffery is, and what a relief it must be to her to git that troublesome younger sister of hers married off.' Oh, the injustice of the world!"  
Her gossip, old Mrs. Hale, shook her cap borders.  
"It's what we must expect this side o' the promised land!" said she sententiously.—Philadelphia Saturday Night.

**TWO DOLLARS' WORTH.**  
What Five Minutes' Conversation Amounts To.  
Scene—A long distance telephone office in New York. Clerk in charge. Enter a man in a hurry.  
Man in a Hurry—Can I telephone to Boston here?  
Clerk—Yes, sir.  
Man in a Hurry—How much do you charge?  
Clerk—Two dollars for five minutes' conversation.  
Man in a Hurry—All right. Ring up Boston and get me the Public library.  
Whir-r-r-r.  
Clerk (in 'phone)—Hello! Give me Boston. [Pause.] Hello! Boston? I want the Public library. [Pause.] Hello! Public library? Here you are, sir.  
Man in a Hurry (in 'phone)—Hello! Is this Boston?  
Voice in 'Phone—Of course. I know that. I didn't think I was talking to the whole city. Where are you at?  
Man in 'Phone—Boston.  
Man in a Hurry—Confound your impudence! I didn't ask you anything about ending sentences with preposition. I want the Public library.  
Voice in 'Phone—Boston.  
Man in a Hurry—Well, why didn't you say so at first? We haven't got no time in New York for prepositions. Tell—what's that?  
Voice in 'Phone—Boston.  
Man in a Hurry (shouting at the top of his voice)—Jumping Jupiter! Do you suppose I'm going to pay twenty-four dollars an hour to have you teach me grammar through a telephone?  
Clerk (interposing)—If you talk in an ordinary tone of voice, sir, you will be heard much better.  
Man in a Hurry—Confound you, let me alone! I'm talking to an idiot 200 miles out of my reach.  
Clerk (apologetically)—Excuse me, sir. Man in a Hurry—Hello! Boston Public library! I want to talk on a matter of great importance with Mr. Smith.  
Voice in 'Phone—Boston.  
Man in a Hurry—Smith. S-M-I-T-H. Smith!  
Voice in 'Phone—Boston.  
Man in a Hurry—By all that's—excuse me! I don't care whether he spells his name with a Y or an I. IS HE IN?  
Voice in 'Phone—Boston.  
Man in a Hurry (epileptically)—Then why in thunder and all the elements didn't you say so at first? Geewillikins! If I had you here I'd—  
Clerk—Five minutes are up, sir.  
Whir-r-r-r.—E. H. Graham Dewey in Life.



Count Mitchwitch—Mademoiselle. I wish I might die listening to your beautiful music.



HE HAD HIS WISH.—Scribner's Magazine.

**MYERS HOUSE LIVERY STABLE**  
P. W. GREEN, Prop.  
This stable, which is run in connection with the well-known Myers House, has been supplied with a New Lot of Horses, Carriages, Buggies, Wagons,  
The Proprietor's Supplies and is better than ever prepared to supply the public with

**FIRST-CLASS RIGS OF ALL KINDS.**  
Personal and prompt attention given to Weddings, Parties and Burials.  
P. W. GREEN, Proprietor.  
AL. EURNS, Manager



**WILLIAM MORELAND,**  
Dealer in the above.  
**Orders for Cattle, Sheep and Hogs**  
Solicited. Stock Cattle and Sheep a specialty. Persons having any of the above described stock for sale or wishing to purchase same, will do well to call on or address me. An experience of fifteen years in this business has been of profit to me and I think I can make it profitable both to the buyer and seller. P. O. address Stanford, Ky. 100 Office at the Myers House.

**For Sale!**  
**Twenty Building Lots**  
In the corporate limits of Rowland.  
H. I. DARST, Rowland.

**AUSTIN & BOWELL,**  
STANFORD, KY.,  
House, Sign, Decorative Painter and Paper Hanger.  
Country work solicited. Estimates furnished 52-3m

**A. S. PRICE,**  
SURGEON DENTIST.  
Office over Stevens & Son's Store, Main street, Stanford.

**Stockholders' Meeting.**  
A meeting of the stockholders of the National Bank of Hustonville will be held at their banking house in Hustonville on the second Tuesday in January, 1910, for the purpose of electing nine directors to serve the ensuing year.  
J. W. HUCKER, Cashier

**ROYAL Insurance Company,**  
OF LIVERPOOL.  
BARBEE & CASTLEMAN  
MANAGERS,  
Commerce Building, Louisville  
Agents throughout the South.

**W. A. TRIBBLE, Local Agent,**  
STANFORD, KY.

**I. M. BRUCE, J. H. YEAGER,**  
**BRUCE & YEAGER,**  
LIVERY, FEED AND SALE STABLE,  
STANFORD, KY.

The above firm went into effect July 1st and respectfully asks a continuance of the patronage of the public.  
**NEW RIGS AND HORSES**  
Have been purchased and nothing but first-class turnouts will leave the stable.

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**H. G. & RUPLEY,**  
Is Receiving His  
**Merchandise Tailor**  
**FALL & WINTER GOODS**  
Goods Warranted and a Perfect Fit Guaranteed. Give me call

**R. R.**  
Double Daily Schedule, In Effect Now.

Time	Station	Time	Station
7:00 A. M.	L. Knoxville	5:45 P. M.	L. Knoxville
8:15 " "	" "	6:45 " "	" "
9:30 " "	K. & O. Junction	7:30 " "	" "
10:45 " "	Beverly	8:15 " "	" "
12:00 " "	Maineville	9:00 " "	" "
1:15 " "	Corryton	9:45 " "	" "
2:30 " "	Luttrell	10:30 " "	" "
3:45 " "	Powder Springs	11:15 " "	" "
5:00 " "	Washington	12:00 " "	" "
6:15 " "	Williams Springs	12:45 " "	" "
7:30 " "	Oakman	1:30 " "	" "
8:45 " "	Clinch River	2:15 " "	" "
10:00 " "	Lone Mountain	3:00 " "	" "
11:15 " "	Tazewell	3:45 " "	" "
12:30 " "	Powell River	4:30 " "	" "
1:45 " "	Arthur	5:15 " "	" "
3:00 " "	Four Seasons	6:00 " "	" "
4:15 " "	Arthur	6:45 " "	" "
5:30 " "	Hamilton Springs	7:30 " "	" "
6:45 " "	Cumberland Gap	8:15 " "	" "
8:00 " "	Tunnel Junction	9:00 " "	" "
9:15 " "	M. B. Junction	9:45 " "	" "
10:30 " "	Middleboro	10:30 " "	" "

**NORTH BOUND.**  
Leave Cumberland Gap, L. & N. 10:00 p. m.  
" Livingston " " 11:30 p. m.  
" Winchester " " 1:45 a. m.  
" Lexington " " 3:30 a. m.  
" Paris " " 5:15 a. m.  
Arrive Louisville " " 7:05 a. m.  
" Cincinnati " " 7:30 a. m.

**SOUTH BOUND.**  
Leave Cincinnati " " 7:30 p. m.  
" Louisville " " 8:45 p. m.  
" Lexington " " 10:30 p. m.  
" Winchester " " 11:45 p. m.  
" Lexington " " 1:45 a. m.  
" Corbin " " 3:30 a. m.  
" Cumberland Gap " " 5:15 a. m.

Pullman Palace Car Knoxville to Cincinnati without change.  
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HENRY A. SMITH, City Ticket Agt.,  
Knoxville, Tenn.

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**INSURANCE AGENT**  
Representing.....  
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Office at First National Bank Stanford.

**DR. W. B. PENNY**  
Dentist.  
Office South side Main street, in office recently vacated by Dr. L. F. Hoffman, Stanford, Ky.

**Stockholders' Meeting.**  
A meeting of the stockholders of the First National Bank in Stanford on the second Tuesday in January, 1910, for the purpose of electing directors for the ensuing year. JOHN J. McROBERT, Cashier.

**MONUMENTS**  
Of all kinds,  
Made and Set Up in All Parts of the Country.  
No Agents employed.  
**W. ADAMS & SON,**  
120, 47 Broadway, Lexington, Ky.

**NOTICE.**  
All persons having claims against J. M. Phillips which were created before the 31st day of February, 1909, will present them to me before December 31st, 1909, properly proven.  
M. C. SAUFLEY,  
Trustee J. M. Phillips.

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Plumbers and Steam Fitters.  
Dealers in all kinds of Iron and Brass Goods for steam and water. Sanitary Goods of all kinds. All work guaranteed against defective material and workmanship.

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Immense stock of Fruit and Ornamental Trees, small Fruits, Shrubs, Vines and Plants. Prices low. We have no agents and our profits cease where they begin. General and Strawberry Catalogue on application to  
H. F. HILLENMEYER,  
Lexington, Ky.

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