

The Paducah Sun.

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SATURDAY, DECEMBER 7.

CIRCULATION STATEMENT

Table with 2 columns: Date (November 1-15) and Circulation figures.

Total 102,049. Average, November, 1906. 3,957

Personally appeared before me, this December 3rd, 1907, R. D. MacMillen, business manager of The Sun, who affirms that the above statement of the circulation of The Sun for the month of November, 1907, is true to the best of his knowledge and belief.

PETER PURYEAR, Notary Public. My commission expires January 22 1908.

Daily Thought. What have years to bring But larger floods of love and light, And sweeter songs to sing —Oliver Wendell Holmes.

COUNTRY FAIR REDIVIVUS. Does anti-gambling legislation mean the revival of the old-fashioned county fair?

The Memphis Jockey club, instead of trying to revive racing with pool selling features, will hold a tri-state fair, for Tennessee, Arkansas and Mississippi, with racing as the principal feature.

Even yet in some small communities the county fair in its pristine charms survives the sophisticated influences of rural free deliveries, traction lines, and exposition excursions.

FEAR OF NEPOTISM. Louisville Post Says Caused Changes in Plans of Officials.

The Louisville Evening Post figures appointments out this way: With the near approach of the date of the inauguration of Gov.-elect Willson and the presence in the city almost daily of politicians from over the state, gossip in connection with appointments past and to come, under the new administration, goes merrily on.

The following appointments, in addition to those already announced, are said to be certain:

Thomas B. McGregor, of Benton, Marshall county, assistant attorney general under Judge James Breathitt.

Jackson Morris, of McKee, Jackson county, assistant secretary of state under Dr. Ben L. Bruner.

H. E. James, of Leitchfield, chief deputy under Capt. Edwin Farley, state treasurer-elect.

W. L. Hazelp, Louisville, steward at Lakeland asylum.

Edward Cook, Hopkinsville, corporation clerk under secretary of state-elect.

The appointment of H. E. James as chief deputy treasurer by Capt. Farley was not unexpected. It is understood that the position was first tendered to Mr. James, but he then refused to accept it.

THIEF STEALS TWO BAGS OF CORN AND BALE OF HAY

G. L. Thomas, of North Seventh street, reported this morning that some one during the night had stolen two bales of hay and two sacks of corn from the stable loft in the rear of his place.

most likely to be melted to imitation by the original offense. The logical extreme of his course of reasoning, of course, is that the greater the publicity given the hanging, the greater and more beneficial will be the effect on the community.

Almost diametrically opposed to this is the more esthetic theory of a modern school of sociologists and reformers, that the effect of capital punishment is degrading and brutalizing to the degree that it is given publicly, and the more brutal the method of execution the more dreadful the effect on the minds of those, who witness it.

They contend that the effect of a public execution on the public mind is quite as bad as the crime itself; that the sight and constant recurrence of the thought of hanging people begets a disregard for human life. They point to the fact that most homicides are committed in anger and not for the purpose of gain, and are directly attributable to the cheapness in which human life is held.

Taking that view of it, public execution can not but aggravate a condition that is responsible for the crime, instead of discouraging imitation. They cite the fact that in those states in which the execution is performed privately in the penitentiary, crimes of homicide are relatively rare.

If this latter contention is correct, then the certainty of conviction and prompt execution of the law would be the remedy most efficacious, and in this regard, no one can doubt that there is room for reform. Particularly in cases of homicide, in which there are no sordid, revolting details, but only the element of passion, jurors are swayed by sympathy too much. We find men going acquit, or, being convicted, dragging their cases interminably through the courts, and afterwards being pardoned.

That cheapens human life. If a man knew he was going to secure a speedy and just trial, and that an inexorable doom awaited him, if he should commit a crime, his blood would often be cooled, where now its heat serves as a mitigation of his offense, and there would be fewer widows' weeds seen on the streets.

The accuracy of this reasoning is demonstrated in the case of anarchists. Everyone of them executed for an offense becomes a martyr in the eyes of his fellows, and his execution adds fuel to the flames of their hate.

Perhaps the best discourager of homicide is an improvement of public morals, a keener sense of responsibility to a power higher than human courts, and the teachings of a gentler "code."

Men are not all angels—yet. Perhaps, it would be demoralizing to do away with the hideous capital punishment; but the certainty, rather than the severity of penalty, we believe, is the surest discourager.

CHRISTMAS SUGGESTIONS

Christmas Suggestions Brown Ties With Handkerchiefs to Match

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BLINDFOLDED

A Mystery Story of San Francisco

BY EARLE ASHLEY WALCOTT

(Copyright 1908, the Doble-Merrill Co.) (Continued from last issue.)

CHAPTER XXI. At the Bidding of the Unknown. The windows of Borton's shop cheerfully, although it was past midnight. At our cautious approach a signal was given and with the answering word a man appeared from the obscurity.

"All safe!" I inquired. "It's all right," said Barkhouse. "There's a dozen men in the barroom, and I'm not sure there ain't some of the hounds amongst them. But you're to go in the side door, and right up stairs."

"Two of you may keep at the foot of the stairs, just inside the door," I said. "You may stand watch outside, Barkhouse."

There was sound of rude song, and the clink of glass and bottle in the bar and dining room as I passed through the side hall. But the door was closed, and I saw nothing of the late revelers. In the upper hallway Mother Borton stood by an open door, silhouetted dark and threatening against the dim flickerings that came from the candle in the room behind her.

I had but opened my mouth to give her word of greeting when she raised a warning claw, and then seizing me drew me swiftly into the room and closed and locked the door.

"How air ye, dearie?" she said, surveying me with some apparent pride. "You're safe and whole, ain't ye?"

"I am safe," I said, "though I had a close shave in Chinatown."

"I heard of it," said Mother Borton sourly. "I reckon it ain't much good to sit up nights to tell you how to take care of yourself. It's a wonder you ever grew up. Your mammy must 'a' been mighty keenerful about herdin' ye under cover whenever it rained."

"I was a little to blame," I admitted, "but your warning was not thrown away. I thought I was well-guarded."

Mother Borton sniffed contemptuously. "I s'pose you come down here alone?"

"No." And I explained the disposition of my forces.

"That's not so bad," she said. "They could git up here soon enough, I reckon, if there was a row. But I guess you didn't think I sent for ye jest to tell ye you was a fool in Chinatown."

I admitted that I should have expected to wait till morning for such a piece of information.

"Well," said Mother Borton, "that ain't it. Something's up."

"And what might it be?" I inquired. "The moon?"

Mother Borton did not take this flippancy kindly. Her face grew darker and more evil as it was framed in the dancing shadows behind her.

"You can git a knife in ye as easy as winking if I'll jest keep my mouth shut," she cried spitefully.

"Yes," said I repentantly, putting my hand upon her arm. "But you are my very good friend, and will tell me what I ought to know."

The creature's face lighted at my tone and action, and her eyes melted with a new feeling.

"That I will," she said; "that I will, as if you were my own boy."

She seized my hand and held it as she spoke and looked intently on my face.

"I was a-listening to 'em," she continued in a low, earnest tone, glancing

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around fearfully as if she had the thought that some one else might be listening in turn. "I was a-listening, an' I heard what they says."

"Who said?" I inquired. "The ones you knows on," she returned mysteriously.

"What ones?" I persisted, though I supposed she meant to indicate some of my energetic enemies.

Mother Borton paid no attention to my question, and continued: "I knowed they was a-talking about you, an' they says they would cut your liver out if they found ye there."

"And where is there?" I asked with growing interest.

"That's what I was listening to find out," said Mother Borton. "I couldn't hear much of what they says, but I hears enough to git an idea."

She bent forward and hissed rather than whispered: "They've found out where the boy is!"

"Are you certain?" I asked in sudden alarm.

"Pretty sure," she said, "pretty sure. Now you won't go near the place, will ye, dearie?" she continued anxiously.

"You forget that I haven't the first idea where the boy is hidden," I returned.

"Oh, Lord, yes!" I reckon my mind's going," grunted Mother Borton. "But I'm afraid of their knives for ye."

"I wish I could give warning," said I, much disturbed by the information. "The protector of the boy ought to know about this. I'm afraid I have done wrong."

Mother Borton looked at me fixedly. "Don't you worry, my dear. She'll know about it all right."

Again the feeling stole over me that this woman knew more than she told. But I knew that it was useless to question her directly.

"I suspect that she knows already. I got a note to-night," said I, drawing from my pocket the envelope I had received from the Unknown.

Mother Borton seized it, looked for a moment at the firm, delicate hand of the address and drew out the sheet that it inclosed.

"Read it, dearie," she said, handing it back after a scrutiny. "I can't tell anything but big print."

I suspected that Mother Borton was trying to deceive me, but I repeated the words of the note:

"Send six men to 8 o'clock boat. Come with one in back to courtyard of the Palace Hotel at 7:40."

Mother Borton's face changed not a whit at the reading, but at the end she nodded.

"She knows," she said. "What does it mean?" I asked. "What is to happen?"

"Don't go, dearie—you won't go, will you?"

(To be continued in next issue.)

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RIVER NEWS

Table with 3 columns: River Name, Stage, and Direction (fall/rise).

The Castalia, one of the Ayer-Lord Tie company's boats, was taken on the ways yesterday for repairs.

The Electra got in from Joppa last night and will leave today for the Tennessee.

The towboat Nellie Willet went up the Tennessee today after ties.

The Kentucky went up the Tennessee this morning with 150 head of mules for Clifton, Tenn.

The Dick Fowler got away on her first trip to Cairo today with a large trip of freight.

The Clyde is due in tomorrow from the Tennessee.

The Hopkins is due today. The towboat Nellie took a raft to Metropolis last evening.

Two barges belonging to the Ayer-Lord Tie company was taken on the dry docks for repairs.

The sailboat, which is being built at the dry docks, to work trade between the West Indies and Paducah, will be launched Monday.

Capt. John Summers has bought the towboat Lulu Warren and is having her repaired.

River stage, 10.9, a fall of 1.0. The Chattanooga Times of Friday says: "The steamer Chattanooga, due here yesterday morning from Paducah, Ky., will not arrive until some time today on account of having to wait nearly 24 hours at Florence, Ala., for a supply of coal. There was a misunderstanding concerning the amount of coal which the Chattanooga was to receive, and hence the delay. The arrival of the Chattanooga will mark the opening of the

The Body Merely Machine. There are just any number of diseases in which the Osteopathic is the only treatment that will give any relief at all.

The various phases of neuralgia and rheumatism as an example yield more readily to the Osteopathic treatment than they do to medicine. So too do lumbago, chronic headache, partial paralysis and kindred ailments, and to one who knows the first principals of Osteopathy it is easily to see why this is so.

Osteopathy is a scientific system of exercise for the nerves and organs of the body—simply manipulation by which it restores structural normality. The body is a machine run by unseen forces called life, and that it may run harmoniously it is necessary that there be liberty of blood, nerves and arteries from the generating point to destination. This is what osteopathy does—gives liberty to the blood, nerves and arteries.

Dr. G. B. Froese, 516 Broadway, phone 1497.

season's trade between Chattanooga and Paducah. There is now about five feet of water on the local gauge, and it is not expected that this will be materially decreased until next summer. The Chattanooga is well prepared to handle a big business this season. She will ply regular weekly trips. H. P. Agnew, an old Ohio river captain, has charge of the boat, and E. D. Jones, who has been on Tennessee river crafts for many years, is the chief clerk of the vessel. The Chattanooga will bring six carloads of packer freight and nearly

1,000 bushels of grain.

Official Forecasts. The Ohio, from Evansville to Cairo, will continue falling during the next several days.

The Tennessee, from Florence to the mouth, will continue falling during the next 26 hours.

The Mississippi, from below St. Louis to above Cairo, not much change during the next 26 hours.

The Wabash, at Mt. Carmel, will continue to fall slowly during the next 20 hours.

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THEY CAN BE ADAPTED TO SO MANY PURPOSES. THE GOOD HOUSEWIFE MAY SEPARATE THE MEDALLION EFFECTS AND USE AS TUMBLER MATS, TAKING THE CENTER OF THE PIECE AND CONVERTING IT INTO A GRACEFUL AND HANDSOME CAP FOR BABY.

THESE SAME MEDALLIONS MAY BE USED ALSO FOR A TRIMMING FOR THE HANDSOME GOWN, AND BEING HAND WORK, CAN BE HANDED DOWN TO POSTERITY.

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Racket Store

THIS SAME COMPANY WILL NEXT YEAR BRING OUT OTHER PRODUCTS OF THIS SAME PORTO RICAN PEASANTRY, MADE IN THE SAME SHACKS AND WILL CONSIST OF IN PART: CROCHET BED SPREADS AND DOUBTFESS A LINE OF EMBROIDERY WORK.

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