



Honored by Women

When a woman speaks of her silent secret suffering she trusts you. Millions have bestowed this mark of confidence on Dr. R. V. Pierce, of Buffalo, N. Y. Everywhere there are women who bear witness to the wonder-working, curing-power of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription which saves the suffering sex from pain, and successfully grapples with woman's weaknesses and stubborn ills.

IT MAKES WEAK WOMEN STRONG IT MAKES SICK WOMEN WELL.

No woman's appeal was ever misdirected or her confidence misplaced when she wrote for advice, to the World's Dispensary Medical Association, Dr. R. V. Pierce, President, Buffalo, N. Y.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets induce mild natural bowel movement once a day.



A GOOD SHORT STORY FOR READERS OF THE SUN



By O. HENRY.

(Copyright, 1906, by the S. S. McClure Co.)

HASTINGS BEAUCHAMP MORLEY sauntered across Union square with a plying look at the hundreds that lolled upon the park benches. They were a motley lot, he thought; the men with stolid, animal, unshaven faces; the women wriggling and self-conscious, twining and untwining their feet that hung four inches above the gravel walks.

Were Mr. Carnegie or Mr. Rockefeller I would put a few millions in my inside pocket and make an appointment with all the park commissioners (around the corner, if necessary) and arrange for benches in all the parks of the world low enough for women to sit upon and rest their feet upon the ground. After that I might furnish libraries to towns that would pay for 'em or build sanitariums for crank professors and call 'em colleges if I wanted to.

little man to see that the cars don't run over him. And on the way we'll have some chocolates. Or would he rather have lemon drops?"

Morley entered the drug store leading the child by the hand. He presented the prescription that had been wrapped around the money.

On his face was a smile, predatory, parental, polite, profound.

"Aqua pura, one pint," said he to the druggist. "Sodium chloride, ten grains. Fiat solution. And don't try to skin me, because I know all about



"On the way we'll have some chocolates."

Women's rights societies have been laboring for many years after equality with man. With what result? When they sit on a bench they must twist their ankles together and uncomfortably swing their highest French heels clear of earthly support. Begin at the bottom, ladies. Get your feet on the ground and then rise to theories of mental equality.

Hastings Beauchamp Morley was carefully and neatly dressed. That was the result of an instinct due to his birth and breeding. It is denied us to look further into a man's bosom than the starch on his shirt front, so it is left to us only to recount his walks and conversation.

Morley had not a cent in his pockets, but he smiled pityingly at a hundred griny, unfortunate ones who had no more and who would have no more when the sun's first rays yellowed the tall paper cutter building on the west side of the square. But Morley would have enough by then. Sundown had seen his pockets empty before, but sunrise had always seen them lined.

First he went to the house of a clergyman on Madison avenue and presented a forged letter of introduction that he had purloined from a pastor in a pastorate in Indiana. This netted him \$5 when backed up by a realistic romance of a delayed remittance.

On the sidewalk twenty steps from the clergyman's door a pale faced fat man huskily enveloped him with a raised red fist and the voice of a bell buoy, demanding payment of an old score.

"Why, Bergman, man," sang Morley dulcetly, "is this you? I was just on my way up to your place to settle up. That remittance from my aunt arrived only this morning. Wrong address was the trouble. Come up to the corner and I'll square up. Glad to see you. Saves me a walk."

Four drinks placated the emotional Bergman. There was an air about Morley when he was backed by money in hand that would have stayed off a call loan at Rothschild's. When he was penniless his bluff was pitched half a tone lower, but few are omnipotent to detect the difference in the notes.

"You gum to mine black and buy me tomorrow, Mr. Morley," said Bergman. "Excuse me dat I dun you on der street. But I haf not seen you in free mont. Prost!"

Morley walked away with a crooked smile on his pale, smooth face. The credulous, drink softened German amused him. He would have to avoid Twenty-ninth street in the future. He had not been aware that Bergman ever went home by that route.

At the door of a darkened house two squares to the north Morley knocked with a peculiar sequence of raps. The door opened to the length of a six inch chain, and the pompous, important black face of an African guardian imposed itself in the opening. Morley was admitted.

In a third story room in an atmosphere opaque with smoke he hung for ten minutes above a roulette wheel. Then downstairs he crept, and was outspied by the important negro, jingling in his pocket the 40 cents in silver that remained to him of his five dollar capital. At the corner he lingered, undecided.

Across the street was a drug store, well lighted, sending forth gleams from the German silver and crystal of its soda fountain and glasses. Along came a youngster of five, headed for the dispensary, stepping high with the consequence of a big errand, possibly one to which his advancing age had earned him promotion. In his hand he clutched something tightly, publicly, proudly, conspicuously.

Morley stopped him with his winning smile and soft speech.

"Me?" said the youngster. "I'm don't to the drug 'tore for mamma. She dave me a dollar to buy a bottle of med'cin."

"Now, now, now" said Morley. "Such a big man you are to be doing errands for mamma. I must go along with my

the number of gallons of H2O in the Croton reservoir, and I always use the other ingredient on my potatoes."

"Fifteen cents," said the druggist, with a wink, after he had compounded the order. "I see you understand pharmacy. A dollar is the regular price."

"To gulls," said Morley smilingly.

He settled the wrapped bottle carefully in the child's arms and escorted him to the corner. In his own pocket he dropped the 85 cents according to him by virtue of his chemical knowledge.

"Look out for the cars, sonny," he said cheerfully to his small victim.

Two street cars suddenly swooped in opposite directions upon the youngster. Morley dashed between them and pinned the infantile messenger by the neck, holding him in safety. Then from the corner of his street he sent him on his way, swaddled, happy and sticky with vile, cheap candy from the Italian's fruit stand.

Morley went to a restaurant and ordered a sirloin and a pint of inexpensive Chateau Braille. He laughed noiselessly, but so genuinely that the waiter ventured to premise that good news had come his way.

"Why, no," said Morley, who seldom held conversation with any one. "It is not that. It is something else that amuses me. Do you know what three divisions of people are easiest to over-reach in transactions of all kinds?"

"Sure," said the waiter, calculating the size of the tip promised by the careful knot of Morley's tie. "There's the buyers from the dry goods stores in the south during August, and honeymooners from Staten Island, and—"

"Wrong!" said Morley, chuckling happily. "The answer is just—men, women and children. The world—well, say New York and as far as summer boarders can swim out from Long Island—is full of greenhorns. Two minutes longer on the boiler would have made this steak fit to be eaten by a gentleman, Francois."

"If yez 'lirks it's on de bum," said the waiter. "O'H!"

Morley lifted his hand in protest—slightly martyred protest.

"It will do," he said magnanimously. "And now, green Chartreuse, frappe and a demitasse."

Morley went out leisurely and stood on a corner where two tradeable arteries of the city cross. With a solitary dime in his pocket he stood on the curb watching with confident, cynical, smiling eyes the tides of people that doved past him. Into that stream he must cast his net and draw fish for his further sustenance and need. Good Izak Walton had not the half of his self reliance and bait lore.

A joyful party of four—two women and two men—fell upon him with cries of delight. There was a dinner party on. Where had he been for a fortnight past? What luck to thus run upon him! They surrounded and engulfed him. He must join them—tra-la-lala—and the rest.

One with a white hat plume curving to the shoulder touched his sleeve and cast at the others a triumphant look that said, "See what I can do with him!" and added her queen's command to the invitations.

"I leave you to imagine," said Morley pathetically, "how it desolates me to forego the pleasure. But my friend Carruthers of the New York Yacht club is to pick me up here in his motor car at 8."

The white plume tossed, and the quartet danced like midges around an ear light down the Trollesome way.

Morley stood, turning over and over the dime in his pocket and laughing gleefully to himself.

"Front," he chanted under his breath; "front does it. It is trumps in the game. How they take it! Men, women and children—forgeries, water and salt lies—how they all take it in!"

An old man with an ill fitting suit, a straggling gray beard and a corpulent umbrella hopped from the conglomeration of cabs and street cars to

the sidewalk at Morley's side.

"Stranger," said he, "excuse me for troubling you, but do you know anybody in this here town named Solomon Smothers? He's my son, and I've come down from Ellenville to visit him. Be darned if I know what I dime with his street and number."

"I do not, sir," said Morley, half closing his eyes to veil the joy in them. "You had better apply to the police."

"The police!" said the old man. "I ain't done nothin' to call in the police about. I just come down to see Sol. He lives in a five story house, he writes me. If you know anybody by that name and could—"

"I told you I did not," said Morley coldly. "I know no one by the name of Smothers, and I advise you to—"

"Smothers, not Smothers," interrupted the old man hopefully. "A heavy set man, sandy complexioned, about twenty-nine, two front teeth out, about five foot—"

"Oh, 'Smothers!'" exclaimed Morley. "Sol Smothers? Why, he lives in the next house to me. I thought you said 'Smithers.'"

Morley looked at his watch. You must have a watch. You can do it for a dollar. Better go hungry than forego a gunmetal or the ninety-eight cent one that the railroads—according to these watchmakers—are run by.

"The bishop of Long Island," said Morley, "was to meet me here at 8 to dine with me at the Kingfishers' club. But I can't leave the father of my friend Sol Smothers alone on the street. By St. Swithin, Mr. Smothers, we Wall street men, have to work! Tired is no name for it! I was about to step across to the other corner and have a glass of ginger ale with a dash of sherry when you approached me. You must let me take you to Sol's house, Mr. Smothers. But before we take the car I hope you will join me in—"

An hour later Morley seated himself on the end of a quiet bench in Madison square with a twenty-five cent cigar between his lips and \$140 in deeply creased bills in his inside pocket. Content, light hearted, ironical, keenly philosophic, he watched the moon drifting in and out amidst a mass of flying clouds. An old, rugged man with a low bowed head sat at the other end of the bench.

Presently the old man stirred and looked at his bench companion. In Morley's appearance he seemed to recognize something superior to the usual nightly occupants of the benches.

"Kind sir," he wailed, "if you could spare a dime or even a few pennies to one who—"

Morley cut short his stereotyped appeal by throwing him a dollar.

"God bless you!" said the old man. "I've been trying to find work for—"

"Work!" echoed Morley, with his ringing laugh. "You are a fool, my friend, but you must be an Aaron and smite it with your rod. Then things better than water will gush out of it for you. That is what the world is for. It gives to me whatever I want from it."

"God has blessed you," said the old man. "It is only work that I have known. And now I can get no more."

"I must go home," said Morley, rising and buttoning his coat. "I stopped here only for a smoke. I hope you may find work."

"May your kindness be rewarded this night," said the old man.

"Oh," said Morley, "you have your wish already. I am satisfied. I think good luck follows me like a dog. I am for yonder bright hotel across the square for the night. And what a moon that is lighting up the city to-night! I think no one enjoys the moonlight and such little things as I do. Well, a good night to you."

Morley walked to the corner where he would cross to his hotel. He blew

Send a Copy of
THE DAILY SUN
To a Friend One Year
for \$3.00

WE are making a special mailing rate of \$3.00, payable in advance, for The Daily Sun, which affords you an opportunity to remember your relatives or friends very nicely with what is virtually a daily letter from home.

Phone 358
And the Paper Will Start
At Once.

slow streamers of smoke from his cigar heavenward. A policeman passing saluted to his benign nod. What a fine moon it was!

The clock struck 9 as a girl just entering womanhood stopped on the corner, waiting for the approaching car. She was hurrying as if homeward from employment or delay. Her eyes were clear and pure; she was dressed in simple white; she looked eagerly for the car and neither to the right nor the left.

Morley knew her. Eight years before he had sat on the same bench with her at school. There had been no sentiment between them—nothing but the friendship of innocent days.

But he turned down the side street to a quiet spot and laid his suddenly burning face against the cool iron of a lamppost and said dully:

"God, I wish I could die!"

Let Us Hope So.

"William," she said, "means good. James means beloved. I wonder—"

A flush mantled her cheek.

"I wonder," she softly murmured, "what George means?"

"George means business, I hope," said mother, looking up from the wedding announcements in the evening paper.—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Not After Permanent Impressions.

"Do you expect your constituents to believe all you tell them?"

"Believe it!" exclaimed the man who dislikes to be put on record. "I hope they don't even remember it!"—Washington Star.

Mind Your Business!

If you don't nobody will. It is your business to keep out of all the trouble you can and you can and will keep out of liver and bowel trouble if you take Dr. King's New Life Pills. They keep biliousness, malaria and jaundice out of your system. 25c at all druggists.

Football vs. Prayer.

Willie, aged five, was taken by his father to his first football game. The feature that caught his chief approval, however, did not become evident till he said his prayers that night. To the horror of his parents, Willie prayed with true football snap:

God bless papa,
God bless mamma,
God bless Willie;
Boom! Rah! Rah!"

—Exchange.

She's nothing but a doll.
Oh, I don't know. I think you could squeeze her without having her cry "Mamma!"—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Choice Apples

JUST IN

Never in your life have you seen bigger, juicier, rosier cheeked apples than those just in from the famous orchards of Washington and Oregon. They have the blush of the open air unmistakably upon them and the sight of their firm, luscious roundness tempts to immediate trial. You'll say they're delicious.

LOUIS CAPORAL
331 Broadway
Both Phones

City Transfer Co.

C. L. Van Meter, Manager.
All Kinds of Hauling, Second and Washington Streets.
Warehouse for Storage.
Both Phones 499.

W. F. Paxton, President. R. Rady, Cashier. F. Parryour, Assistant Cashier.

CITIZENS' SAVINGS BANK

(Incorporated.)
Third and Broadway.
City Depository State Depository

Capital \$100,000
Surplus 50,000
Stockholders Liability 100,000

Total security to depositors \$250,000

Accounts of individuals and firms solicited. We appreciate small as well as large deposits and accord to all the same courteous treatment.

INTEREST PAID ON TIME DEPOSITS

OPEN SATURDAY NIGHTS FROM 7 TO 8 O'CLOCK.

London's Fogs.

Who has not heard of, or read of, London's impenetrable fogs which descend upon the city in a moment of time, obliterating every landmark like some gigantic, opaque curtain? They are the terror of England's metropolis and arrive during the month of November with the regularity of clock work. Sometimes these fogs are denser than at other times, but they are nearly always present during the winter months, frequently hanging fifty feet above the city but every ready to swoop down at the most inconvenient hours of the day or night, stopping traffic, blinding even the powerful arc lamps, and giving an encouragement to crime against which the police are as helpless as bats. Stories of London's fogs are numerous, but the subject has never been handled more dramatically than by Morley Roberts, whose story "The Fog" appears in

the November Strand Magazine. It relates how a party of visitors were caught by one of these fogs while dining in a London cafe, how they were temporarily rescued by a blind man, who led them to his home where they were imprisoned for days and how they finally escaped by means of a balloon. The story gives a remarkable picture of what would happen should a fog descend on London for any length of time.

Watched Fifteen Years.

"For fifteen years I have watched the working of Bucklen's Arnica Salve; and it has never failed to cure any sore, boil, ulcer or burn to which it was applied. It has saved us many a doctor bill," says A. P. Hardy, of East Wilton, Maine. 25c at all druggists.

Self-sympathy is the road that leads to misery.

The Best Carriage Service in Paducah

You get handsome, well appointed carriages when I serve you. We give prompt personal attention at all times.

HARRY ANDERSON, PHONE 915

ESTABLISHED 1874.
THE CITY NATIONAL BANK
PADUCAH, KENTUCKY.
UNITED STATES DEPOSITORY.

Capital, Surplus and Undivided Profits \$400,000 00
Shareholders Responsibility 200,000 00
Total Responsibility to Depositors 600,000 00

S. R. HUGHES, President. JOS. J. FRIEDMAN, Vice President.
J. C. UTTERBACK, Cashier. C. E. RICHARDSON, Asst. Cashier.

INTEREST PAID ON TIME DEPOSITS.

DIRECTORS:
A. E. ANSPACHER, S. R. HUGHES, S. A. FOWLER, J. L. FRIELMAN, J. C. UTTERBACK, DR. J. G. BROOKS, BRACK OWEN.

The Wonder of the 20th Century

Your home light as day in the darkest night by the use of our lights. Own your own gas plant at one-half the cost of your kerosine bill. Ask us about the proposition—phones 685. We will appreciate a call and gladly explain to you these lights.

W. N. WARREN, JEWELER
403 Broadway
Agents Edison and Victor Phonographs and Records. New records every week.

Good Workmanship First-class Material
SQUARE DEALING

Have built up the largest plumbing business in Western Kentucky. My object is to make it larger. Estimates free.

ED D. HANNAN
Plumber Steam Fitter
Both Phones 201 132 South Fourth St.

Sprinkler Equipment

We will furnish estimates for all kinds of sprinkler equipment for fire protection.

ABRAM L. WEIL & CO.
Campbell Building, Paducah, Ky.

CALL 1892 FOR A CAB
(Either phone)
Carriages and First Class Livery

Personal attention given to all passengers.

DICKERSON & HARRIS
Paducah, Ky.