

You Can't Begin Too Early.

Paine's Celery Compound

Affords Happy and Marvelous Results to Rheumatic Sufferers.

The autumn season, with its changeable weather is a time of dread to all rheumatic sufferers. Chilling winds, cold rains and heavy, impure atmosphere, aggravate every condition of rheumatism, and bring many sufferers desperately near the grave.

Are you a victim of rheumatism in its acute or chronic forms? If so, you can't begin too early to get rid of this baneful disease, to purify the blood and strengthen the system. The marvelous victories of Paine's Celery Compound wrought in the past for rheumatic sufferers, justifies you in giving this wonderful medicine an immediate trial. It has given to agonized, helpless, and crippled men and women a new and happy life—freedom from all pains and sufferings. It has produced amazing cures after the failures of able physicians. At this season, Paine's Celery Compound will do the same good work for you, dear reader. Mr. G. W. Webber, Janesville, Wis., says: "I was advised by a friend to try Paine's Celery Compound for rheumatism and nervousness. I had previously tried other remedies for these complaints without getting relief. I am pleased to say that the very first bottle of the compound relieved me. I have now taken six bottles of the compound in all and am cured. I feel younger and better, and have a good appetite."

FOR THE HOUSEWIFE

DIAMOND DYES

have been manufactured. They give fast, beautiful colors and are prepared for home use. Simply follow directions. Direction Book and 45 dyed samples free. DIAMOND DYES, Burlington, Vt.

How a Phrase Originated.

A local historian down in Connecticut thinks he has found the origin of the term "a lot of land" as applied to a house "lot" or a parcel of land, which he says is a purely American term, or, in other words, a colonial term as found in the early records. It originated from the custom of dividing grants for townships, etc., into parcels of land and then numbering each parcel, putting the numbers into a hat, or whatever was used, and then having them drawn out by those who were to occupy the land. Each man took the parcel corresponding to his number, so his land came by lot literally, and hence the use of the term.

Coquelin Aids Brother Actors.

M. Coquelin, the elder, is one of the few actors on the Paris stage who has made a fortune. Through his efforts a home of retreat for veterans of the French stage is being established. A fine property has been bought near Meaux, in the department of Seine-et-Marne, a few hours from Paris. Here a large house will be erected, giving quarters to sixty old comedians.

The Safest Place in a Storm.

Every one is aware that it is not wise to seek a tree's shelter in a thunder storm, but if you must take refuge there, then climb to the top-most branches. It has been proved that the upper boughs of trees during a storm would be the safest position, and it is said that birds in the branches are seldom killed.

SPECIAL ONE WAY

settlers' rates to California and the Northwest via the Missouri Pacific Ry. and Iron Mountain Route from St. Louis or Memphis.

Tickets on sale daily during the months of September and October from St. Louis and Memphis to principal points in California, \$30.

From St. Louis to principal points in the Northwest, \$25, \$27.50, \$30, according to location—Tourist sleepers, free reclining chair cars operated via the Missouri Pacific system and is the best way to reach Western states.

Home-seekers' excursions, liberal limits and stop-over privileges, on sale first and third Tuesdays of each month to certain points in the West and Southwest.

For full information, map folders, descriptive literature, etc., consult nearest ticket agent or address R. T. G. Matthews, T. P. A., Louisville, Ky.; H. G. Townsend, G. P. and T. A., St. Louis, Mo.

MYSELF CURED

I will gladly inform anyone addicted to COCAINE, MORPHINE, OPIUM or LAUDANUM of a never-failing harmless Home Cure. MRS. E. MARY BALDWIN, P. O. Box 1212, Chicago, Illinois.

BLACK ROCK

By RALPH CONNOR

"When I draw in my stool
On my cozy hearthstone,
My heart lumps aae licht
I scarce ken't for my ain,"

there was a feeling of tears in the flowing song, and we knew the words had brought her a picture of the fireside that would always seem empty. I felt the tears in my eyes, and, wondering at myself, I cast a stealthy glance at the men about me, and I saw that they, too, were looking through their hearts' windows upon firesides and ingle nooks that gleamed from afar.

And then she sang "The Auld Hoose," and Geordie, giving me another poke, said, "That's my ain sang," and when I asked him what he meant he whispered fiercely, "Wheesh, mon!" and I did, for his face looked dangerous.

In a pause between the verses I heard Geordie saying to himself, "Aye, I maun gie it up, I doot."

"What?" I ventured.

"Naethin' ava." And then he added impatiently, "Mon, but ye're an inquisitive buddle," after which I subsided into silence.

Immediately upon the meeting being called to order Mr. Craig made his speech, and it was a fine bit of work. Beginning with a clear statement of the object in view, he set in contrast the two kinds of leagues proposed—one a league of men who would take whisky in moderation, the other a league of men who were pledged to drink none themselves and to prevent in every honorable way others from drinking. There was no long argument, but he spoke at white heat, and as he appealed to the men to think, each not of himself alone, but of the others as well, the yearning born of his long months of desire and toil vibrated in his voice and reached to the heart. Many men looked uncomfortable and uncertain, and even the manager looked none too cheerful.

At this critical moment the crowd got a shock. Billy Breen shuffled out to the front and, in a voice shaking with nervousness and emotion, began to speak, his large, coarse hands wandering tremulously about:

"O! hain't no bloomin' temperance horator, and mayhap O! hain't no right to speak 'ere; but O! got somethin' to saigh, and O! m' a-goin' to saigh it."

"Parson," he says, "is it wiskey or no wiskey in this 'ere club? If ye hask me, wich ye don't, then no wiskey, says O!, and if ye hask why, look at me! Once O! could mine more coal than hany man in the camp; now O! hain't fit to be a sorter. Once O! 'ad some pride and ambition; now O! 'angs round a waitin' for some one to saigh, 'ere, Billy, 'ave summat.' Once O! made good paigh and sent it 'ome regular to my poor old mother. She's in the wukus aw, she is. O! hain't sent 'er hany for a year and a 'alf. Once Billy was a good fellow and 'ad plenty o' friends; now Slavin 'isselk kients un houn, 'e does. Why? Why? His voice rose to a shriek. "Because when Billy 'ad money in 'is pocket hevery man in this bloomin' camp as meets un at hevery corner says, 'Ello, Billy, wa'll ye 'ave?' And there's wiskey at Slavin's, and there's wiskey in the shacks, and hevery 'oliday and hevery Sunday there's wiskey, and w'en ye feel bad it's wiskey, and w'en ye feel good it's wiskey, and heverywhere and halways it's wiskey, wiskey, wiskey! And now ye're goin' to stop it, and 'ow?"

The manager, 'e says plecters and magazines. 'E takes 'is wine and 'is beer like a gentleman, 'e does, and 'e don't 'ave no use for Billy Breen. Billy, 'e's a beast, and the manager, 'e kicks un houn. But supposin' Billy wants to stop bein' a beast and starts a-tryin' to be a man again, and w'en 'e gets good an' dry along comes some un and says, 'Ello, Billy, 'ave a smilie?' It hain't plecters nor magazines 'ud stop un then. Plecters and magazines! Gawd 'elp the man as hain't nothink but plecters and magazines to 'elp un w'en 'e's got a devil hinside and a devil 'ounside a-shovin' and a-drawin' of un down to 'ell. And that's w'ere O! m' a-goin' straight, and yer bloomin' league, wiskey or no wiskey, can't 'elp me. But,' and he lifted his trembling hands above his head, 'if ye stop the wiskey a-dowin' round this camp ye'll stop some o' these lads that's a followin' in me 'ard. Yes, you, and you, and you!" And his voice rose to a wild scream as he shook a trembling finger at one and another.

"Mon, it's fair growsome tae bear ktm," said Geordie. "He's no' canny." And, reaching out for Billy as he went stumbling past, he pulled him down to a seat beside him, saying: "Sit down, lad; sit down. We'll mak a mon o' ye yae." Then he rose and, using many yae's, said: "Maister Chairmon, a' doot we'll just hae to gie it up."

"Gie it up?" called out Nixon. "Gie up the league?"

"Na, na, lad, but juist the wee drap wiskey. It's nae that guid onyway, and it's a terrible price. Mon, gi ye gang tae Henderson's in Buchanan street, in Gleska, ye ken, ye'll get mair for three an' saxpence than ye wull at Slavin's for \$5, an' it'll no' pit ye mad like yon stuff, but it gangs down smooth an' saft-like. But," regretfully, "I'll no' can get it here, an' I'm thinkin' I'll juist sign yon teetotal thing." And up he strode to the table and put his name down in the book Craig had ready. Then to Billy he said: "Come awa, lad! Pit yer name doon, an' we'll stan' by ye."

Poor Billy looked around helplessly, his nerve all gone, and sat still. There was a swift rustle of garments, and Mrs. Mavor was beside him and, in a voice that only Billy and I could hear, said:

"You'll sign with me, Billy?"

Billy gazed at her with a hopeless look in his eyes and shook his little head. She leaned slightly toward him, smiling brightly, and, touching his arm gently, said:

"Come, Billy; there's no fear," and in a lower voice, "God will help you."

As Billy went up, following Mrs. Mavor close, a hush fell on the men until he had put his name to the pledge. Then they came up, man by man, and signed. But Craig sat with his head down till I touched his shoulder. He took my hand and held it fast, saying over and over, under his breath:

"Thank God! Thank God!"

And so the league was made.

CHAPTER VI.

BLACK ROCK RELIGION.

WHEN I grow weary with the conventions of religion and sick in my soul from feeding upon husks that the churches too often offer me in the shape of elaborate service and eloquent discourses, so that in my sickness I doubt and doubt, then I go back to the communion in Black Rock and the days preceding it, and the fever and the weariness leave me, and I grow humble and strong. The simplicity and rugged grandeur of the faith, the humble gratitude of the rough men I see about the table and the calm radiance of one saintly face rest and recall me.

Not its most enthusiastic apologist would call Black Rock a religious community, but it possessed in a marked degree that eminent Christian virtue of tolerance. All creeds, all shades of religious opinion, were allowed, and it was generally conceded that one was as good as another. It is fair to say, however, that Black Rock's catholicity was negative rather than positive. The only religion objectionable was that insisted upon as a necessity. It never occurred to any one to consider religion other than as a respectable if not ornamental addition to life in older lands.

During the weeks following the making of the league, however, this negative attitude toward things religious gave place to one of keen investigation and criticism. The indifference passed away and with it in a large measure the tolerance. Mr. Craig was responsible for the former of these changes, but hardly in fairness could he be held responsible for the latter. If any one more than another was to be blamed for the rise of intolerance in the village, that man was Geordie Crawford. He had his "lines" from the Established Kirk of Scotland, and when Mr. Craig announced his intention of having the sacrament of the Lord's supper observed Geordie produced his lines and handed them in. As no other man in the village was equipped with like spiritual credentials, Geordie constituted himself a kind of kirk session, charged with the double duty of guarding the entrance to the Lord's table and of keeping an eye upon the theological opinions of the community and more particularly upon such members of it as gave evidence of possessing any opinions definite enough for statement.

It came to be Mr. Craig's habit to drop into the leagueroom and toward the close of the evening to have a short Scripture lesson from the gospels. Geordie's opportunity came after the meeting was over and Mr. Craig had gone away. The men would hang about and talk the lesson over, expressing opinions favorable or unfavorable, as appeared to them good. Then it was that all sorts of views, religious and otherwise, were aired and examined. The originality of the ideas, the absolute disregard of the authority of church or creed, the frankness with which opinions were stated and the forcefulness of the language in which they were expressed combined to make the discussions altogether marvelous. The passage between Abe Baker, the stage driver, and Geordie was particularly rich. It followed upon a very telling lesson on the parable of the Pharisee and the publican.

The chief actors in that wonderful story were transferred to the Black Rock stage and were presented in miner's costume. Abe was particularly well pleased with the scoring of the "blanked old rooster who crowed so blanked high" and somewhat incensed at the quiet remark interjected by Geordie that "it was nae credit till a mon tae be a sinner," and when Geordie went on to urge the importance of right conduct and respectability Abe was led to pour forth a stream of contemptuous wrath upon the Pharisees and hypocrites who thought themselves better than other people. But Geordie was quite unruffled and lamented the ignorance of men who, brought up in the "Epeescopawlyun or Methody" church, could hardly be expected to detect the Antinomian or Arminian heresies. "Aunt Nomyun or Uncle Nomyun," replied Abe, boiling hot, "my mother was a Methodist, and I'll back any blanked Methodist against any blanked

ety blank long faced, lantern jawed, skindint Presbyterian!" And this he was eager to maintain to any man's satisfaction if he would step aside.

Geordie was quite unmoved, but hastened to assure Abe that he meant no disrespect to his mother, who, he had "nae doot, was a clever enough buddle, tae judge by her son." Abe was speedily appeased and offered to set up the drinks all round, but Geordie, with evident reluctance, had to decline, saying, "Na, na, lad; I'm a league man, ye ken." And I was sure that Geordie at that moment felt that membership in the league had its drawbacks.

Nor was Geordie too sure of Craig's orthodoxy, while, as to Mrs. Mavor, whose slave he was, he was in the habit of lamenting her doctrinal condition:

"She's a fine wumman, nae doot; but, pur cratur, she's fair carried awa' w' the errors o' the Epeescopawlyuns."

It fell to Geordie, therefore, as a sacred duty, in view of the laxity of those who seemed to be the pillars of the church, to be all the more watchful and unyielding, but he was delightfully inconsistent when confronted with particulars. In conversation with him one night after one of the meetings, when he had been specially hard upon the ignorant and godless, I innocently changed the subject to Billy Breen, whom Geordie had taken to his shack since the night of the league. He was very proud of Billy's success in the fight against whisky, the credit of which he divided evenly between Mrs. Mavor and himself.

"He's fair daft about her," he explained to me, "an' I'll no deny but she's a great help-aye, a vera considerable assistance—but, mon, she doesna ken the wiskey an' the inside o' a mon that's wantin' it. Aye, pur buddle, she diz her pairt, an' when ye're a bit restless an' thravn after yer day's wark it's like a walk in a bonny glen on a simmer eve, with the birds blintin' about, tae sit in yon roomie an' hear her sing. But when the night is on an' ye canna sleep, but wauken w' an' awfu' thurst an' w' dreams o' cozy firesides an' the bonny sparklin' gosses, as it is w' pur Billy-aye, it's then ye need a mon w' a guid grip beside ye."

"What do you do then, Geordie?" I asked.

"Oo, aye, I juist gang for a bit walk w' the lad an' then pits the kettle on an' makes a cup o' tea or coffee, an' aff he gangs tae sleep like a bairn."

"Poor Billy!" I said pityingly. "There is no hope for him in the future, I fear."

"Hoot awa, mon!" said Geordie quickly. "Ye wadna keep oot a pur cratur frae creepin' in that's daein' his best?"

"But, Geordie," I remonstrated, "he doesn't know anything of the doctrines. I don't believe he could give us 'the chief end of man.'"

"An' wha's tae blame for that?" said Geordie, with fine indignation. "An' maybe ye remember the prood Pharisee an' the pur wumman that cam' creepin' in abint the Maister."

The mingled tenderness and indignation in Geordie's face were beautiful to see, so I meekly answered:

"Well, I hope Mr. Craig won't be too strict with the boys."

Geordie shot a suspicious glance at me, but I kept my face like a summer morn, and he replied cautiously:

"Aye, he's no' that street, but he maun exercee discretion."

Geordie was none the less determined, however, that Billy should "come forrit," but as to the manager, who was a member of the English church, and some others who had been confirmed years ago and had forgotten much and denied more, he was extremely doubtful and expressed himself in very decided words to the minister:

"Ye'll no be askin' forrit the Epeescopawlyun buddies. They juist ken naethin' ava."

But Mr. Craig looked at him for a moment and said, "Him that cometh unto me I will in nowise cast out," and Geordie was silent, though he continued doubtful.

With all these somewhat fantastic features, however, there was no mistaking the earnest spirit of the men. The meetings grew larger every night, and the interest became more intense. The singing became different. The men no longer simply shouted, but as Mr. Craig would call attention to the sentiment of the hymn the voices would attune themselves to the words. Instead of encouraging anything like emotional excitement Mr. Craig seemed to fear it. "These chaps are easily stirred up," he would say, "and I am anxious that they should know exactly what they are doing. It is far too serious a business to trifle with."

Although Graeme did not go down stairs to the meetings, he could not but feel the throbbing of the emotion beating in the heart of the community. I used to detail for his benefit and sometimes for his amusement the incidents of each night, but I never felt quite easy in dwelling upon the humorous features in Mrs. Mavor's presence, although Craig did not appear to mind. His manner with Graeme was perfect. Openly anxious to win him to his side, he did not improve the occasion and vex him with exhortation. He would not take him at a disadvantage, though, as I afterward found, this was not his sole reason for his method.

Mrs. Mavor, too, showed herself in a wise and tender light. She might have been his sister, so frank was she and so openly affectionate, laughing at his fretfulness and soothing his weariness. Never were better comrades than we four, and the bright days speeding so swiftly on drew us nearer to one another. But the bright days came to an end, for Graeme, when once he was able to go about, became anxious to get back to the camp. And so the last day came, a day I remember well. It was a bright, crisp winter day.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

LOTS MORE LIKE IT.

PLENTY MORE PROOF LIKE THIS AND ALL FROM PADUCAH PEOPLE

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I. C. EXCURSION BULLETIN.

San Francisco, Los Angeles and intermediate points, one way \$31.40 daily September 1 to October 31.

Ogden, Salt Lake, Helena and intermediate points, one way \$31.15, daily during September and October.

Portland and Seattle, one way \$35.15, one way daily during September and October, intermediate points not higher.

Lexington, Ky.—Oct. 6 to 16, one fare for the round trip, account Trotting Association, good returning until Oct. 18.

J. T. DONOVAN, Agent.

RAILROAD TIME TABLES.

ILLINOIS CENTRAL.

Corrected to April 13, 1902.

South Bound	101	102
Lv. Cincinnati	7:00am	8:00pm
Lv. Louisville	7:30am	8:30pm
Lv. Owensboro	8:00am	9:00pm
Lv. Branch	8:30am	9:30pm
Lv. Central City	9:00am	10:00pm
Lv. Nortonville	9:30am	10:30pm
Lv. Evansville	10:00am	11:00pm
Lv. Jackson	10:30am	11:30pm
Lv. Princeton	11:00am	12:00pm
Ar. Paducah	11:30am	12:30pm
Ar. Fulton	12:00pm	1:00pm
Ar. Cairo	12:30pm	1:30pm
Ar. Rives	1:00pm	2:00pm
Ar. Memphis	1:30pm	2:30pm
Ar. N. Orleans	2:00pm	3:00pm

North Bound	102	101
Lv. N. Orleans	7:00am	8:00am
Lv. Memphis	7:30am	8:30am
Lv. Jackson	8:00am	9:00am
Lv. Rives	8:30am	9:30am
Lv. Paducah Jcs.	9:00am	10:00am
Lv. Central City	9:30am	10:30am
Lv. Branch	10:00am	11:00am
Lv. Owensboro	10:30am	11:30am
Lv. Evansville	11:00am	12:00pm
Lv. Princeton	11:30am	12:30pm
Ar. Paducah	12:00pm	1:00pm
Ar. Fulton	12:30pm	1:30pm
Ar. Cairo	1:00pm	2:00pm
Ar. Rives	1:30pm	2:30pm
Ar. Memphis	2:00pm	3:00pm
Ar. N. Orleans	2:30pm	3:30pm

ST. LOUIS DIVISION.

South Bound	285	278
Lv. St. Louis	7:00am	10:15pm
Lv. St. Louis	7:00am	10:15pm
Chicago	2:00am	6:10pm
Ar. Memphis	11:15am	2:25pm
Parker	12:15pm	4:10pm
Paducah	3:00pm	7:00am

North Bound	286	279
Lv. Paducah	12:15pm	6:15pm
Ar. Parker	1:00pm	10:15pm
Ar. Memphis	1:45pm	7:00pm
Ar. Chicago	7:00am	10:00am
Ar. St. Louis	7:00pm	8:15am
Ar. St. Louis	7:00pm	8:15am

NASHVILLE, CHATTANOOGA & ST. LOUIS R'Y

In effect April 13, 1902.

SOUTH BOUND.

Lv. Paducah	7:00am	2:15pm
Union Depot	7:15am	2:30pm
Paris	9:00am	4:30pm
Hollow Rock Junct.	10:00am	5:27pm
Jackson	10:30pm	7:25pm
Ar. Memphis	4:00pm	
Nashville	1:25pm	9:30pm
Chattanooga	9:30pm	3:05am
Atlanta		7:30am

NORTH BOUND.

Lv. Atlanta	8:30pm	
Chattanooga	5:00am	11:50am
Nashville	2:15pm	7:00am
Memphis	11:30am	
Jackson	2:25pm	7:45am
Hollow Rock Junct.	3:30pm	10:20am
Paris	4:15pm	11:25am
Union Depot	8:25pm	1:15pm
Ar. Paducah	8:30pm	1:30pm

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