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"THE PLUNGER"

(From the Stock Farm.)

The upset of Baron Penn by The Plunger on the last day of the Lexington meeting, after the son of William Penn had won the first two heats of the Stoll Stake, was expensive to the backers of the Indiana trotters. But the result proved that the winner is about as good a race horse as has ever been bought for export. McHenry, who drove the loser had his horse pegged at the right hole—a mile in 2:08. He trotted to the pegging, for he made The Plunger go in 2:07 1/2 to win the third heat. After the race McHenry said to me: "My horse trotted strictly to form and proved to me that he is a good one. But in that first third heat The Plunger just played with me all the way." The victory of the good young son of The Bondsman, his second split-heat race of the meeting, proved his class and should add materially to the popularity of his sire. In passing I want to compliment Henry Horne, the trainer and driver, on the excellent campaign he made with his horse. It was fitting that he should celebrate his home coming with a pair of victories that fairly sparkled.

Some time ago a careful student of the process of breeding the trotter declared that if all the facts could be known it would be found that every great trotter descended from at least one great mare. Those who saw The Plunger trot, and win two good races at Lexington and take a record of 2:07 1/2 in the third heat of the second contest, will be interested to learn that the son of The Bondsman is a direct descendant on the side of his dam from the famous old-time mare Mrs. Cluke, dam of the string-halt trotter Black Cloud 2:17 1/4, who vanquished Jerome Eddy in a famous race before the days of the bicycle sulky. The breeding of The Plunger, now but a four-year-old, is as follows:

Sire: The Bondsman, son of Baron Wilkes and Sorrento by Grand Sentinel.

First dam Mary C. by Wilton 2:19 1/4.

Second dam Mary Brown by Egbert 1:13 1/2.

Third dam Annie Brown by Ashland Chief 7:51.

Fourth dam Mrs. Cluke by Pilot Walker.

The great old-time brood mare in the pedigree is Mrs. Cluke and the breeding of The Plunger, as well as the interesting story of how he secured Mrs. Cluke, was given to me by Mr. Joseph L. Brown, of Winchester, Ky., who bred The Plunger and his dam. When Mr. Brown was a lad of fourteen years he made a settlement on a note with Mrs. Cluke, whose husband was away in the Civil War. Part of the property was the Cluke mare, now known to the records as Mrs. Cluke. On his way home Mr. Brown met the father of Mrs. Cluke and was asked to put a price on the mare. "No, sir," answered the boy, "she is a good piece and I want her to ride to saddle." Asked how much he gave for her he replied that she cost him \$125. Also he agreed with his questioner that the price was a high one. Then he refused a profit of \$25 and a further profit of \$50 and took the mare home.

In later years he took her to Winchester where Ashland Chief and a very fine saddle stallion stood for service, intending to breed her to the latter. The owner did not care particularly to breed her to the saddle horse and talked young Brown into breeding her to Ashland Chief, saying: "Lots of the trotting stallions get good saddlers; besides you might get a trotter." And so Ashland Chief was used, the result being the colt afterwards known as Black Cloud. To the cover of Ashland Chief Mrs. Cluke later produced Annie Brown, third dam of The Plunger and to the same sire another stud colt that was very fast, was sold for \$1,000, became noted in New York State as a road horse, but was never raced. Later, while famed by the late B. J. Treacy of Lexington, she produced, to Abdallah West, the stallion West Cloud, sire of Senator L. 2:12 and the pacer Wild Rose 2:16 Annie Brown, daughter of Mrs. Cluke is the dam of the pacer Beresford 2:16 1/4 and Mary Brown 2:29 1/2 Mary Brown, second dam of The Plunger, is the dam of Dewey 2:27 1/2 and a very fast trotter called Roosevelt, owned somewhere in Illinois a last accounts and credited with having shown a great trial mile. Mary C. dam of The Plunger, is dead and he is her only living foal. Mr. Brown owns an own sister to Mary C. and has from her a suckling colt, foaled last August, sired by Peter the Great. Some of the produce of Annie Brown went to Europe, one of them, Tillie Brown, a fast trotter now being owned by the Messrs. Schlessinger, who last week purchased The Plunger for \$6,000.

NEW CANDIDATES FOR HEPTASOPHS

Local Lodge Will Attend Banquet to Be Given by Lexington Thursday.

The local lodge of Heptasophs have received an invitation to attend a banquet to be given by the Lexington lodge Thursday night in that city. A meeting of the local lodge will be held here Friday week at which time a number of new candidates will be initiated.

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Pretty Strong Proof.
John D. Crimmins, at a St. Patrick's day dinner in New York, was praising the good that Irish stock had worked in America. "The proof of this good," said Mr. Crimmins, "is as strong as the proof of Dawson's marriage. A man, you know, asked another man if Dawson was a benedict or a bachelor. 'Well,' was the reply, 'I don't know Dawson, so I can't say positively; but last Sunday morning I saw him pushing a baby carriage, with a woman on either side of him, and as I passed the younger woman said: "You brute, you've been like that twice this week—you can't deny it!" And then the older woman, who looked like the younger one's mother, exclaimed: "Lizzie, if you don't make him put another thousand on his life before his wife's altogether gone, you're a bigger fool than I took you for!"

A LIGHT ATMOSPHERE.

Why Smoke "Beats Down" When It Leaves a Chimney.

"It's getting ready for a storm. See how the smoke beats down just as soon as it comes out of the chimney? That's because the air is so heavy it pushes the smoke down before it has time to rise."

One often hears this stated as fact concerning that most generally talked of subject on earth, the weather. The speaker was probably right under those conditions in prophesying a storm, but he was scarcely right in assigning as a reason that "the air is so heavy it pushes the smoke down."

Nearly everybody knows it is easier to swim in salt water than in fresh water. As salt water is heavier than fresh water it is evident that the heavier the liquid the greater the buoyant force.

The atmosphere exerts a buoyant force upon the smoke from chimneys in exactly the same way that water exerts a buoyant force upon a swimmer. There are when the smoke "beats down" as soon as it leaves a chimney it must be concluded that the buoyant force exerted upon it is relatively small and that the air is not heavy, but light.

A light atmosphere, or, rather, a sudden lessening of the pressure of the atmosphere generally, takes place before a storm. Therefore the smoke from chimneys, if observed intelligently, furnishes a pretty good weather indicator.—Chicago Record-Herald.

VEGETABLE FOODS.

Spinach Rich in Sulphur and Iron, Pumpkin in Phosphorus.

The French have a saying that "parsley is a broom to sweep the stomach." Lettuce is a nerve food. Radishes build tissue and are rich in phosphorus and iron.

Horseradish contains a higher percentage of sulphur than all the other vegetable roots, spinach ranking next in value. Spinach also contains a large proportion of iron.

A mayonnaise dressing with lettuce is especially desirable for thin people, but for the overplump French dressing is to be recommended. The action of vinegar on the digestive organs, however, is not to be considered. The acid of lemon juice is preferable.

While apples are a most excellent fruit for brain building, which phosphorus aids in, the humble pumpkin, desecrated to the uses of pie and jack o' lanterns, holds the prize. Pumpkin contains 2.79 in phosphorus, while apple is but .45.

When in search for this special element take up a pumpkin diet. But as winter squash would stand the same analysis it can be used as a vegetable in many varieties and thus the needed phosphorus supplied. Cucumbers rank next in phosphorus value to pumpkin, being 2.08.—Vegetarian Magazine.

The Tricky Fox.

A gentleman while hunting near a river one winter day saw a fox run out on the ice and make at full speed for an opening in the ice where the rushing water of the river could be plainly seen from the bank, says the Scotsman. At the edge he stopped, turned, followed his tracks back to the bank and then ran some distance down the stream and sat there. Soon a dog came crashing out of the woods, baying finely, hot on the fox's trail. Now, dogs when on a chase of this kind trust almost entirely to their noses. This one was no exception. He ran along the ice, head down, and when he reached the hole he could not stop, but plunged into the water and disappeared forever. Then the fox trotted away with every sign of satisfaction.

The Praetorian Guard.

The Praetorian guard was a select body of troops instituted by the Emperor Augustus to protect his person and consisted of ten cohorts, each of 1,000 men, chosen from Italy. They had peculiar privileges and when they had served sixteen years were retired on a pension of about \$500. Each member of the guard had the rank of a captain in the regular army. Like the bodyguard of Louis XIV, they were all gentlemen and formed gradually a great power, like the janizaries at Constantinople, and frequently deposed or elevated the very emperors themselves.

The Dead in India.

Three distinct methods of disposing of the dead are in vogue in India. While the Mohammedans inter the dead, the Hindus prefer to throw the bodies into the purifying waters of the Ganges, and even now there are constant infractions of the severe regulations framed to suppress this dangerous practice. The form of funeral adopted by the Parsees is that of simply exposing their dead at a great altitude to the scavenging services of crows and vultures.

Procrastinate.

Teacher—What is the meaning of the word "procrastinate?" Pupil—To put off. Teacher—Right. Illustrate it in a sentence. Pupil—I tried to steal a ride on a street car yesterday, but I was procrastinated.—Toledo Blade.

Not Fussy.

The Missus—No; I tell you I object to giving money at the door! The Tramp—Well, marm, perhaps you'll hand it out of the window. I'm not pertikler.—Ladies' Home Journal.

Strictly Accurate.

Lawyer—So you say the defendant pushed you against your will? Witness—No, sir; I said he pushed me against the door.—Baltimore American.

SPEARING THE CACTUS.

Customs of the Natives of the Mexican State of Sinaloa.

Sinaloa is a long state, comparable almost with Chile, as it lies along the west coast of Mexico. Just as Chile lies along the Pacific shore of South America.

Like most new countries, the most interesting part of this fertile state is its inhabitants, possibly because the country is so fertile. Game is abundant and easily caught, and the fruit of the great pithaya cactus is ripe almost from season to season. Every native, whether mounted or afoot—and most natives ride—carries a slender stick ten feet long, sharpened at one end and the point hardened with fire.

One supposes these sticks to be rather primitive lances until one sees the Indian spear a cactus fruit from a branch seven or eight feet above his head. These pithayas contain many seeds and a little blood red pulp, all of which, except the spines, is food for the Indian.

All day long these Indian men wander through the jungle, a wall of green broken only here and there by the old trails of half wild cattle, gathering the cactus fruit. It would seem that some would be dried or at least taken to the brush facal, which represents home to the Indian. But, no; he sits down and eats what he gathers immediately. If his wife wants any of the fruit she goes and gets it herself. She also gathers the food for the babies.—Forest and Stream.

IT DIDN'T CURE HIM.

Why One Man Has a Distinct Dislike For Buttermilk.

"When I was a youngster," said a state official the other day, "I was poisoned by an ivy vine. My nose got very red and swelled up twice its natural size. The infection spread to my cheeks, and they were all covered with blotches.

"I was told to use buttermilk. I bought a gallon and drank it. I bought another gallon the next day and got outside of that. In fact, I drank so much buttermilk that the price went up about 15 cents a gallon in that community within a very few days. But the poisoning was not getting any better. It was not improving one bit, and I couldn't understand it.

"I told the people who had recommended the buttermilk that it was not helping me. 'Why, I bet I have swallowed a barrel of buttermilk within the past week,' I told them.

"You drank it? they shouted back at me.

"Of course," I replied. "What did you expect me to do with it?"

"Why, we meant for you to bathe your face with buttermilk, not drink it," was the answer.

"I pretty nearly collapsed. To this day I can't look buttermilk in the face."—Kansas City Journal.

Paraguay Lace.

Making lace by hand is a well developed art in Paraguay. It was taught the natives 200 years ago by the missionaries and has been transmitted from generation to generation till it is now quite general throughout the republic. Some towns are devoted to making a certain kind of lace. In one town of 8,000 or 9,000 inhabitants all most all the women and children and many of the men make lace collarets, handkerchiefs and ladies' ties. Another town makes lace embroidery and others draw thread work, such as centerpieces, tray mats, tea-cloths and doilies. The designs used in making the lace are taken from the curious webs of the semitropical spiders that are so numerous there. On this account it is called "manduti," an Indian name which means spider web.

Preaching and Practice.

W. S. Gilbert on one certain occasion was on a visit to a friend, the owner of a fine English country house. On the morning after his arrival he was chatting with his host before breakfast when he became suddenly aware that family prayers were about to be read. The household filed in, and the distinguished guest knelt down on the spot where he happened to be standing. Looking up, he caught his host's eye fixed on him with a warning glance, which he, however, failed to read aright. The service began, "Almighty Father, who hast made all men alike" (more telegraphic glances, "rich and poor, gentle and simple"—then, unable to contain himself any longer, the last called out, "Gilbert, you are kneeling among the servants!"

Why He Smiled.

Magistrate to prisoner—You are charged with having beaten your wife. Prisoner (smiling)—Quite right, your worship. The charge is correct. Magistrate—Then what are you smiling at? Prisoner—I may well smile. We have been married five years, and in all the fights we've had this is the first time she hasn't been able to give me a jolly good hiding. Have a cigar, judge?—London Herald.

Significant Activities.

"That young fellow seems to have made a hit at your home." "Yes, I judge he has. Ma's investigating his family tree, and pa's looking up his commercial standing."—Washington Herald.

Didn't Need It.

Music Teacher—Why don't you pause there? Don't you see that it's marked "rest"? Pupil—Yes, teacher, but I aren't tired.—Life.

Be patient. God has all eternity in which to make plain the hidden things of your life.

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Give Us a Trial

ETHEL LEENEV

IS ON TRIAL

In London as Accessory to the Murder of Belle Elmore, Wife of Dr Crippen.

LONDON, Oct. 26.—Ethel Clara Leenev was placed on trial Tuesday as accessory after the fact in the murder of Cora Belle Crippen, the crime for which the husband, Dr Crippen, was convicted and sentenced to die on the gallows November 8.

Miss Leenev is capably represented by counsel who took advantage of every technicality of law to protect their client.

According to the prosecution, Miss Leenev's relation to the crime as accessory began very soon after the death of Mrs. Crippen.

In the case made out against the doctor, Mrs. Crippen was murdered on the morning of February 1, and her dismembered body was buried in the cellar of the Crippen home. Miss Leenev slept in the Crippen home the night of the day following.

DEATHS AND FUNERALS

Miss Annie Gnadinger.

The funeral of Miss Annie Katharine Gnadinger will take place at St. Edwards church in Cynthia on Thursday, October 29, at 9 o'clock Services by Rev. Geo. Bealer.

Burial at Paris. The following are the pall bearers: Neil Robertson, Charlie Woods, Henry Lang, R. J. Lyons, Frank Donahue, Jake Deschler, Nick Hayes and Earl Dills.

HORSE SCARES AT AUTOMOBILE

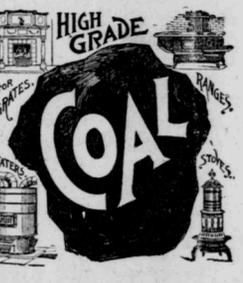
Animal Driven to Adams Express Wagon Becomes Frightened and Throws Driver Out.

The old gray horse of the Adams Express Company created quite a bit of excitement about noon Wednesday when he became frightened at an automobile and ran off.

Denver Bruce, who was driving him, was returning from the college where he had been to deliver a package. He had little distance from the college, an automobile drove up behind and frightened the animal and he began to run. A front wheel came off after he had started running and Mr. Bruce was thrown out, but escaped injury. The horse ran up College to Maple; from Maple to Boone and from Boone to Main and was caught near the Auditorium.

AUDITORIUM.

Another splendid bill is on for Wednesday night at the Auditorium theatre. As the week grows older the program gets better. The first act on the bill Wednesday night is Wilma Wood, a very beautiful Kentucky girl who is a great entertainer with her select songs and stories. As



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First Ride ON ELEVATOR

Aunt Nancy Ragland, Aged Inmate of County Farm, Makes Sight-Seeing Tripto Winchester.

Aunt Nancy Ragland, an aged inmate at the County Farm was brought on a visit to the city Wednesday morning by Squire E. C. Kissenger and it was the first time she has been in the city for many years. She has seen few trains in her days an dupon nearing the city she was very much surprised at seeing a train running backward, and asked Squire Kissenger how in the world could an engine pull anything going that way.

After transacting a little business at the courthouse, Squire Ben Willis and Squire Kissenger took her around to see some of the large stores in the city. The last one visited was Kress' ten-cent store. She had never seen a store in her life before where everything that had any person wanted was kept. She had heard often about elevators in buildings that went up high in the sky and was very anxious to see one. She was taken to the McEldowney Building and there placed on the elevator. When the door was closed and she found she could not get out she decided she did not want to take a ride on it but the bell boy had already received orders to go to the last floor and before she knew what was going on was passing the upper floors so fast she could hardly see them. A round trip was made and when she came off of the elevator she said that riding beats the old two horse wagons all to pieces.

Aunt Nancy is about 60 years of age and has been to the city but a few times during her life.

Extra Cautious.

They were returning to America after a European honeymoon.

"George," petulantly, "I really feel hurt. Over on the other side you declared I was a jewel, and you haven't repeated it since we have been aboard."

"Hut!" cautioned George, holding up a warning finger. "If I declared you a jewel I might have to pay duty. You know these customs men are terribly strict these days."—Chicago News.

Quite Willing.

"Pardon me, governor," began the street beggar.

"Certainly, dear fellow," answered the gentleman from Tennessee. "What are you guilty of?"—Buffalo Express.

In the Swim.

"Congratulations, old chap! You are seen everywhere with Lord Bankhurst."

"Yes, I have rented him for the season."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Self-repent in the cornerstone of all virtue.—Herschel.

Origin of the Kiss.

Concerning the kiss and its origin, opinions differ. Some wise men declare that the kissing habit is one of the remains of cannibalism, and that its beginning was nothing more than the carnivorous impulse to bite. When primitive man gave a kiss, he expressed an affection equal to his love for his foods. The kiss meant, "I love you well enough to eat you." It is certain that kissing was one of the most ancient of customs. It was current among the ancient Jews, and is well known among all Orientals. Nor is it to disappear. Exalted by the dying act of more than one historical hero, sung by all the poets, from Solomon onward, the kiss is here to stay. The world could not do without it.