

SHEEP CLAIMS ALLOWED

Money Ready For Payment For Losses In Christian County.

The County Clerk has received a check from the Auditor for sheep claims for the year 1913, amounting to \$1,021.30, and the money is now ready for distribution.

Table listing names and amounts for sheep claims, including Jack Overton (\$16.00), J. F. Adecock (4.00), M. E. Quarles (25.00), etc.

LAND OF MIXED RACES.

Peru, whose English president has been exiled, has within her borders a bewildering variety of races. There are the white people of Spanish descent, the mestizos (half Spanish, half native), and the Indians.

WHERE NOTHING COUNTS.

Jones—I see that they have not had any weather at all for a week in Minnesota. Smith—Nonsense; there must be some kind of weather.

HER IDEA.

Patience—Will says when he kissed you last night he noticed you'd been eating onions. Patrice—Well, all I've got to say is that a man who will notice onions on a girl's breath when he's kissing her hasn't got his mind on his business.

\$100 Reward, \$100

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity.

SCENTING A ROMANCE

By JANE COLLINS.

"Did you have a birthday or anything?" inquired the girl who was pinning remnant price tags on different lengths of ribbon.

"Who—me?" answered the young woman at the lace with the extremely blonde hair. Why? "Oh, I didn't know," rejoined the girl at the ribbons.

"Whatever are you talking about?" cried the girl at the lace with elaborate carelessness. "Really, Julia M'ree, I don't see how you expect folks to understand you when you don't talk plainer!"

"I never was any hand to crowd in," explained the girl at the ribbons. "If my friends can't tell me things I don't want to know—not me! I never did like to be curious about other people's business and you know it. Only I thought I'd ask. Diamond rings don't grow on bushes for the plucking! You can't blame a person for noticing a headlight like that!"

"Oh!" said the girl at the lace with a faint blush. "I didn't know you had seen it. I couldn't imagine what you meant. Goodness—why make a fuss over a simple thing like that?" The girl pinning ribbons gave a sort of choked cry. "Simple!" she echoed.

"None of our family would go around pretending diamonds was the dirt under our feet, though the land knows we could have diamonds if we wanted 'em! Not that we'd be so foolish as to spend hard earned money for foolishness like that!"

"I think," said the extremely blonde young woman at the lace, "that you are very sensible, Julia M'ree. Land knows when a girl is so homely she hasn't any chance of marrying she is wise to save up for her old age! Not that I'm saying I bought my ring myself!"

"I don't suppose you did!" said her friend. "I never supposed you ever saw so much money at one time in your life! It's awful, being so imprudent! Well, if you didn't buy it I suppose some one gave it to you—and I must say that what any girl can see in that sappy, weak-eyed pinhead of a Percy Fox that floorwalks in the next aisle, but one is beyond me! I'm sorry for the flat that ties up to him—a two room flat for her for the rest of her life!"

"Ye-es," agreed the blonde young woman at the lace, languidly. "I don't think much of Percy myself."

"Oh!" said the girl at the ribbons, somewhat blankly. "Then he didn't give it to you? I don't like to pry, but I must say I have my opinion of a girl who keeps her affairs from her best friends and never talks about her steady company. I've told you all about Oscar long ago, and you never saying a word! Any child would know that a fellow who gives a girl a diamond ring expects to marry her! I don't suppose I'll even be invited to the wedding! Not that I care—but I must say it's a shabby way to treat an old friend!"

"I don't want you to think I care in the least, Hattie Doggett, about your affairs! I don't want to know about your feenonsay, for he's not of the slightest consequence to me! I have plenty of interesting things happening to myself to take up my time. Only a girl can't be very proud of a man she's ashamed to talk about even if he can afford to give her diamond rings, which isn't saying they're in good taste when they're as big as a chunk of ice!"

"You make me laugh," said the blonde young woman, turning her hand so that the stone in question caught the rays of the arc light above. "It does sparkle, doesn't it? I'd just as soon tell you as not about the ring, Julia M'ree. My kid sister got it in a stocking full of candy and popcorn and truck at a party and maybe it cost 10 cents. I wore it just for fun."

"H'm!" suspiciously sniffed the girl who was pinning tags on ribbons. "Why didn't you say so before? I don't believe you at all, Hattie Doggett—and I bet you're ashamed of him!"

Dead Joke.

Orville Wright said in Dayton of his stabilizer:

"With my stabilizer an airman won't need to think about his balance any more than an automobilist thinks about his. This will not only make for comfort. It will make for safety. There will be no more aeroplane jokes as Golde's."

"Old Gobsa Golde was informed by his wife that Scattergood, their son, wanted to take up flying."

"Ob," growled Gobsa from his desk, "send the boy in here to me with a sledgehammer. I'll break his arms and a leg and half a dozen ribs, and knock out an eye and a row of teeth. That'll be just the same thing as flying, and I'll save us about \$10,000."

WILL UTILIZE COAL WASTE

Gigantic Central Power Plant is Now Under Construction at Hauto, Pa.

What is believed to be the largest central power plant in any coal field in the United States is now being constructed by the Lehigh Navigation Electric company, at Hauto, Pa.

As is well known, the fine sizes of anthracite, such as buckwheat No. 3 and smaller, although containing a high heat content, possess but little present value at the mines. The fundamental idea in building this power plant at Hauto, says Coal Age, is to convert this low-priced and, from the monetary standpoint, comparatively worthless fuel into commercially valuable electric current.

A considerable proportion of the fuel mined in the country today is used in the generation of electricity. Particularly during the past few years the idea has been gaining force that it is cheaper to manufacture power at the mine and transmit it to the point of application than it is to ship the coal over an equal distance and there convert it into electric energy in a small and isolated plant.

One of the unique features of the plant is the fact that the ashes from the furnaces can be discharged direct into air-dump ash cars of standard gauge and run into the building below the boiler room floor. The expense of ash disposal is thus greatly reduced.

RELIGIOUS CHANGE IN INDIA

Influence of the West is Being Strongly Felt Throughout the Country.

India's religious and social progress is undergoing important reshaping. Caste is loosening. Adherents of Hinduism are divided at present into three camps; the ceremonialists, or those who in orthodox faith adhere to the traditional rites of worship and sacrifice to the ancient gods; the reformists, who, holding to the main tenets of Hinduism, are breaking away from caste and idolatry, and the educated Hindus, whose views are being highly colored by influences from the West and whose religion, as far as any one can perceive, is often little more than a name.

Christianity is adding not less than 1,000,000 converts during the past year, but almost entirely from the lowest Hindu society, which has little influence through the educated communities. The Indian tendency seems to be to retain the main principles and forms of Hinduism, but to revivify them with the more generous and altruistic spirit of Western religion. As one missionary teacher expressed it, the future religion of India will be Christian in spirit, but with Hinduism and the Indian sacred books as the Old Testament.—Christian Herald.

Jackson's Victory Over Indians.

One hundred years ago the desultory warfare which Gen. Andrew Jackson had waged against the Creek Indians for some months culminated in the battle of Horseshoe Bend. The battle continued for three days, and was conducted with much ferocity on both sides. Two hundred of the Indians were slain, while of General Jackson's force 18 were killed and 70 wounded. The victory was particularly gratifying to General Jackson. During the winter his troops had been poorly provisioned and as a result much dissatisfaction began to manifest itself. Many of the soldiers had deserted and returned to their homes in Tennessee. Those who were left, half-starved, began to threaten mutiny, and it required General Jackson's greatest efforts to keep the insubordinates down. The battle of Horseshoe Bend revived the spirits of the army and contributed in no small degree to the winning of the decisive battle that was soon to be fought at Horseshoe Bend.

Horse Is Still King.

"When it became a recognized fact that the automobile was a practical thing, the prediction was freely made that the horse would pass away, but we find today that there are more horses in the United States than ever before," remarked Alfred Watkins, an old sea captain of Norfolk, at the Raleigh.

"It is true, we rarely see horses on the streets of our big cities, but there are plenty of them in the country, and the farmer thinks just as much of a good horse now as he did in the old days. So, too, I have observed that our men of wealth, who for a time took to the motor car, are coming back to the fast trotter and roadster. There is nothing like real life when it comes to sport, and an automobile is an inanimate thing."—Washington Post.

When the Shoe Pinched.

She was a British militant suffragist who, after an eight months' absence, turned up in a state of indignation against the British postoffice. The postmaster general, she complained, had been abstracting suffragettes' correspondence from the post! Some of them hadn't received their notices duly. "Abominable!" The complainant had just "done time" in prison for setting fire to letter boxes and destroying other people's correspondence!—Chicago News.

Why?

Apocryph of an inefficient manager's resignation, George Gould said to a New York railroad reporter: "It's every man's desire to wobble round in a big job rather than to fill a small one, and that's why so many resignations are by request."

APOSTLE OF COMMON PEOPLE

Charles Dickens the First Author to Give Insight Into the Heroism of the Poor.

A recent number of the London Dickensian contains a sketch of Charles Dickens which presents him as "the apostle of the people." The people as represented in ordinary men and women, it says, had never been articulate until Dickens, who as the genius of the commonplace, became their mouthpiece. Until he came upon the scene to champion them, the common people had always been misrepresented even by Shakespeare, Fielding and Scott. Dickens understood the common people with an understanding that is only born of fellowship in suffering and of the charity that is love. He knew what poverty was, the article asserts, for he had felt its bitter bite and sting. "As a boy," says the Dickensian, "he must have given eager ear to countless stirring tales of the wars that had lately convulsed the whole western world; yet in spite of all this he manifested throughout his life a spirit of anti-militarism. He went out of his way to avoid description of a battlefield, just as he refrained from putting the heroism of sudden effort before the day-to-day, hand-to-mouth heroism of the poor."

ON THE MEND



Bessie—Do you find that golf is of any real benefit to you?

Bob—Sure thing! I'm getting excellent control of my temper. Many of the strokes that I make with the utmost calmness now would have caused me to swear like a trooper six months ago.

PIANO IN BALLOON.

Indianapolis viewed a novel flight last fall, when a coal-gas balloon of 80,000 cubic feet capacity carried a player piano, a young society woman as performer, and a licensed aeronaut to a height of 3,000 feet, and landed seven miles from the starting point. The piano, platform, six bags of ballast and the two passengers weighed nearly 1,800 pounds. No difference in the tone of the piano was noted, except that when the highest point was reached the bass notes, when struck, vibrated until the whole bag shook.—Popular Mechanics.

FELL THROUGH.

"How about that scheme Dobbs originated? I believe he said he would let you in on the ground floor?"

"So he did, but the next move was toward the cellar."

THE EASIER WAY.

"Why doesn't somebody make another trip to the north pole?"

"What's the use?" asked the cautious traveler. "There are so many ways of joining the Ananias club nearer home!"

LOGICAL EFFECT.

"Did you see where they have found out that lead pencils carry germs?"

"Well, naturally, they are the very things to draw them."

ONE POINT OF INTEREST.

"What is home where love it not?" asks a susceptible young poet. It's a mighty interesting place—for the neighbors.

FATAL TO SELF-ESTEEM.

If we judged ourselves by the same standards we use for judging others many of us would be cutting our own acquaintance.

ECONOMY.

She—What did you think of Mrs. B.'s new gown at the ball?

He—She must be a great economist!

ANGELINA'S NEIGHBOR

By ROSEMARY ENGER.

"I tell you," said Miss Angelina to her neighbor, Mrs. Purvis, as she "turned" the heel of the stocking she was knitting.



"I've no respect for a man that can't turn his hand to do a woman's work when he has to. You can't tell me that it's a belittling for a man to know how to spread a bed up slick, and wash dishes in water that's hot enough to get the grease off 'em. An' sure there's many a man would be dead and buried of starvation if he didn't know enough to fry potatoes and mix up a batch of pancakes fr himself."

"But, Angelina," put in soft-voiced Mrs. Purvis, "the poor soul we're talkin' about ain't ever had any call to do none o' those things. I understand his sister has always done it, 'till she died. It's hard on 'im, too, comin' to a strange place an' havin' to make new friends an' all that."

"Well I never!" Miss Angelina's knitting dropped into her lap. "You're awfully set on sympathizin' with Mr. Leety, ain't you, Jane Purvis? Well, as I don't even care enough about him to keep the chickens and hogs, and incidently myself late for supper by talkin' about him, I guess I'll be leavin'."

Mr. Leety lived next door to her. Their orchard fences were identical. His russets fell on her side in the fall, and her sheep's noses on his. She always threw his apples over, and watched them rot in disgust. Never an apple spoiled on Miss Angelina's ground.

Then one day she woke up with a headache. It spread down her neck. Then her legs began to ache. She was also very tired. It got worse every day for a week. She had never had a doctor and held out as long as she could. One day, she managed to get a note into the letter box at the gate addressed to Mrs. Purvis.

In two weeks she came to herself again, in spite of the fact that the doctor said it was the worst case of typhoid fever he had ever known, and that she couldn't get well.

Mrs. Purvis and Sarah took turns nursing her and some way she pulled through. In six weeks she was able to be around a little, and in two months she was almost her old self. It was pretty late fall now, and the wind was getting sharp.

One day Miss Angelina opened the barn door. Some one was milking. "Stimmins' man," she supposed. Well, she wouldn't need him after today and she'd find out how much she owed him. She opened her mouth to ask when the man turned and she recognized her shiftless neighbor, Mr. Leety. Her lips straightened. "Why are you milking my cow?"

He got up. "Why, I guess because I didn't think you was able. I don't know any other reason."

"An' I suppose you have been supplying your own wants all the time I've been sick?"

"No'm, I ain't!" His eyes flashed. "Well, I'll do my own milkin' now. I'll send your money over when I figure it up. Good morning."

So Mr. Leety took his departure, and things at Miss Angelina's moved on in their accustomed schedule.

On Sunday she sent his money over to Mrs. Purvis. And on Monday Mrs. Purvis took the money, went to town and bought some things, which she sent out to Miss Angelina by parcel post, with a note.

"He won't take anything, so I went to town and bought some stuff for you to hem. He needs sheets and towels and tablecloths. He's a very kind man. No one else could come. If it hadn't been for him your live stock would have starved."

Miss Angelina was thunderstruck, indignant, puzzled, and repentant in the next 24 hours.

In three days the things were done and she took them over herself.

Mr. Leety opened the door when she knocked, and in spite of his surprise politely invited her in.

After he had dumped some things off a chair, he asked her to sit down. And then Miss Angelina humbly presented her offerings. He accepted them gratefully.

"It's pretty hard," he said ruefully, "gettin' along alone. The house work does get me. I never was no hand to cook, nor sew, nor keep things in order. I just can't take it somehow. It's more in my line to—"

"Yes," broke in his visitor quickly, "it's in your line to be kind-hearted and generous to people who've been hateful to you an'—an' I'm mighty sorry. You poor, poor man! To think of all the things I could have been doin' for you and didn't, an' all the things you needn't have done for me an' did. I'm ashamed."

"Oh, Miss Angelina, don't say that. But I've been awful homesick. If you'd just let me come over some evenings an' talk, it'd do me a world o' good. I get pretty lonesome."

"So do I, Mr. Leety. You're surely welcome, an' I've always got pie an' cookies."

So Mr. Leety is now wearing well-darned hosiery and eating three good meals a day in a well-ordered house, for Miss Angelina has changed her name.

WOMAN COULD NOT SIT UP

Now Does Her Own Work. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Helped Her.

Ironton, Ohio.—"I am enjoying better health now than I have for twelve years. When I began to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound I could not sit up. I had female troubles and was very nervous. I used the remedies a year and I can do my work and for the last eight months I have worked for other women, too. I cannot praise Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound enough for I know I never would have been as well if I had not taken it and I recommend it to suffering women."



Daughter Helped Also. "I gave it to my daughter when she was thirteen years old. She was in school and was a nervous wreck, and could not sleep nights. Now she looks so healthy that even the doctor speaks of it. You can publish this letter if you like."—Mrs. RENA BOWMAN, 161 S. 19th Street, Ironton, Ohio.

Why will women continue to suffer day in and day out and drag out a sickly, half-hearted existence, missing three-fourths of the joy of living, when they can find health in Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound?

If you have the slightest doubt that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound will help you, write to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. (confidential) Lynn, Mass., for advice. Your letter will be opened, read and answered by a woman and held in strict confidence.

ENTERTAINMENT

At Opera House Drew a Good Crowd.

The Old Time Fiddlers' contest at Holland's Opera House Thursday night, held under the auspices of the W. O. W., was a success in all respects. About twenty performers participated. Messrs. Heady and Wallace, the promoters, went to Clarksville yesterday, where they will probably put on a contest.

Gone A-Fishing.

A fishing party left Wednesday for Rochester to fish for a week in Green river at Lock No. 3, Rochester, Ky. Those in the party were: T. C. Underwood, C. R. Clark, Dr. E. H. Barker, J. O. Cook, R. A. Cook, R. J. Carothers and John Cowherd, of Cadiz and E. B. Lindsay, of Elkton.

Veterans of 1848.

There are 37 veterans of the Mexican war of 1846-8 still living in Kentucky. None is in Christian, but some are in adjoining counties. They are Thos. R. Cardwell, Madisonville, E. J. Spratt, Princeton; John Martin, Eddyville; Jas. M. Palmer, Owensboro and Abram B. Bryan, Henderson.

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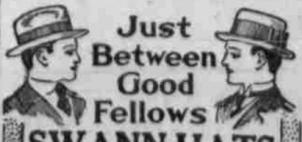
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