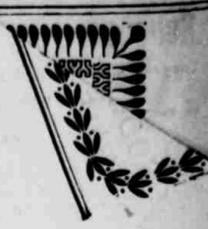


ONLY THE BEST TABLETS  
SCHOOL SUPPLIES  
TO BE FOUND AT  
Orme's Drug Store

# The Crittenden Press.

VOLUME 20.

MARION, CRITTENDEN COUNTY, KENTUCKY, NOVEMBER 24, 1898.



## CAPESES

We opened the season with the finest and largest line of Capeses ever shown in the town and our trade on these has been immense. We are still offering the best values that can be found in \$1.00, \$1.50 and \$2.00 Capeses.

## ALL ROADS LEAD TO CLIFTON'S.

And they are coming for miles around—coming from the north—coming from the south, from the east and from the west—COMING FROM ALL AROUND. And the reason they are coming is because they can always find just what they want at our store and always AT THE LOWEST PRICES ever before offered in the county.

## A BIG DRIVE IN ALL DEPARTMENTS.

No Difference What Prices Others May Offer You, You Will Find Our Prices Lower.

### CLOTHING

Our stock of clothing is the largest and completest ever shown in the County.  
Men's Winter Suits from \$2.50 up.  
Boys Suits from 75 cents up.  
See our Elegant Line of Young Men's all Wool Suits—French faced and Satin lined for \$7.00, worth \$10.00.  
The Best \$1.00 and \$1.50 Suits in the County.

### SHOES

We are the acknowledged Leaders in Shoes.  
The Largest Line—the Best Goods and the Lowest Prices.  
Our Line of Women's all Solid Winter Shoes, Button or Lace \$1.00.  
And our Celebrated Line of Men's Heavy Extra High Cut Shoes for \$1.25 cannot be found elsewhere for Twenty per cent more Money.

### Furnishing Goods

Our Line of Ladies' and Men's Furnishing Goods is up-to-date in every particular—We are showing an Special values in Ladies' Vests and Men's Underwear that cannot be even approached elsewhere—Ladies Heavy Jersey Ribbed Fleece Lined Vest for 50c, worth 75c—Ladies Extra Quality Jersey Ribbed Fleece Lined Silk Fleece Vest for 75c—Ladies Extra Heavy Jersey Ribbed Fleece Lined Silk neck, pearl buttons for 25c—Special values in Ladies Union Suits for 50c.—You must see these goods to appreciate the values.

### Dress Goods.

Our stock of Dress Goods is Complete and embraces everything that is New and Stylish.  
All of the all WOOL NOVELTIES BROAD CLOTHS, COVERT CLOTHS, ETC.  
Everything in Trimmings and Linings—All that is New.

We have some Big Bargains in Silk Plush Capes.  
\$10.00 Capes For \$8.00.  
\$15.00 Capes For \$10.00.

If you want to pay CASH for your goods, you are entitled to CASH PRICES. If you want CASH prices, you should trade at a CASH HOUSE. We do strictly a CASH BUSINESS. Buy for cash, sell for cash and make no bad debts. Now don't you think we can afford to name lower prices than those doing business on any other basis. WE BELIEVE WE DO IT. Suppose you come in and investigate. THE ADMISSION IS FREE. Costs you not one cent, and it is a question that you are certainly interested in.

## MASONIC J. H. CLIFTON & SONS. BUILDING

### NOTICE.

#### Teeth Extracted Without Pain

by the use of a new anaesthetic. Call and see it. No Cocaine or Eucaine. Absolutely harmless. No Pain. No Swelling. No Sloughing.

#### Teeth Filled Without Pain

Plates made to fit where other Dentists fail.

#### EXAMINATION FREE

OFFICE OVER MARION BANK

DR. KINSELLA.

### AROUND SANTIAGO.

The Battles as Viewed from a "Front Row Seat."

Here are some pen pictures by C. E. Hands, the correspondent of the Daily Mail. He saw the fighting before Santiago—from what he describes as a "front row seat," on El Poso. Here, while watching a battery demolish a Spanish blockhouse and drive the Spanish from the trenches, Mr. Hands had his first experience with schrapnel.

"Bang! went our gun. I clapped my glasses to my eyes and watched the distant trench to see the Spaniards bustle away. Boom! went some other gun at a distance. Before there was time to wonder what or where it was there came a sound in the air like the hiss of some awful firework serpent. It filled the entire atmosphere. As it approached the hissing became a shrill whistle, and the whistle a terrifying scream.

"Schrapnel!" cried an officer as he threw himself on his face.  
"Crack! went something overhead, and cries of consternation came from the Cuban rendezvous in the ruined mill at the foot of the hill. Boom! again, scream, whistle, crack; down we all went on our faces as close to the ground as we could.  
"Field hospital, quick!" yelled some one from the battery.

"Scream again; this was awful.  
"The little cluster of spectators had separated at the first shot. We ran around for such shelter as the lee side slope of the hill afforded. As speedily as was possible, considering the difficulties of the ground and the burning heat of the sun, I made my way back to a spot which, while not exact

ly a front row seat, was not quite the center of the Spanish schrapnel field.  
He was also fortunate enough to see the splendid storming of El Canele, the Belacava of Cuba, with the added glory of utility.  
"When a terno came—I lost exact count of time—there was still a jumbling of volleying over by Caney. But in front our men were away out of sight of a ridge far ahead. Beyond there arose a long, steepish ascent, crowned by the blockhouse upon which the artillery had opened fire in the morning.  
"Suddenly, as we looked through our glasses, we saw a little black ant going scrambling quickly up the hill, and an inch or two behind him a ragged line of other little ants, and then another line of ants, until it seemed as if somebody had dug a stick into a great ant's nest down in the valley, and all the ants were scrambling away up hill. Then the volley firing began ten times more furiously than before; from the right beyond the top of the ridge burst upon the ants a terrible fire of shells; from the blockhouse in front of them machine guns sounded their continuous rattle. But the ants swept up the hill. They seemed to us to thin out as they went forward; but they still went forward. It was incredible, but it was grand. The boys were storming the hill. The military authorities were most surprised. They were not surprised at these splendid athletic daredevils of ours doing it. But that a military commander should have allowed a fortified and entrenched position to be assailed by an infantry charge up the side of a long exposed hill, except by a terrible artillery fire, frightened them not so much by its audacity as by its terrible cost in human life.

"As they neared the top the different lines came nearer together. One moment they went a little more slowly; then nearly stopped; then they went on again faster than ever, and then all of us sitting there on the top of the battery cried with excitement. For the ants were scrambling all around the blockhouse on the ridge, and in a moment or two we saw them inside it. But then our hearts swelled up into our throats, for a fearful fire came from somewhere beyond the blockhouse and from somewhere to

ward, writing at intervals in awful convulsions, others lying motionless on the flat of their backs with their hands placed over their faces for shade. And there also came men, dozens of them about, painfully limping with one arm thrown over the shoulder of a comrade and the other arm helplessly dangling.  
"How much further to the hospital, neighbor?" they would despairingly ask.  
"Only a quarter of a mile or so, neighbor," I would answer, and with a smile of hope that at the thought after all they would be able to achieve the journey, they would hobble along.

"But the ammunition wagon and carry them all. For hobbling down the steep bank from the hospital came bandaged men on foot. They sat down for awhile on the bank as far as they could get from the jumble of mules and wagons in the lane, and then setting their faces toward Siboney they commenced—to walk if they were men—whose injuries were too slight for wagon room to be given them. There was not enough wagon accommodation for the men whose wounds rendered them helplessly prostrate. So let the men who had mere arm and shoulder wounds, simple flesh wounds, or only one injured foot or leg walked it. Siboney was only eight miles away.  
"True, it was a fearfully bad road but then the plain fact was that there was not enough wagons for all, and it was better for these men to be at the bare hospital, and better that they should make room at the division hospital, even if they had to make the journey on foot.  
"There was one man on the road whose left foot was heavily bandaged and drawn up from the ground. He had provided himself with a sort of rough crutch made of the forked limb of a tree which he had padded with a bundle of clothes. With the assistance of this and a short stick he was padding briskly along when Lovetook him.  
"Where did they get you, neighbor?" I asked him.  
"Oh, down their skins," he said in the cheerfulest way, turning to me with a smile, "they got me twice—a splinter of a shell in the foot, and a bullet through the calf of the same leg when I was being carried back from the firing line."  
"A sharpshooter?"  
"The fellow was up in a tree."  
"And you're walking back to Siboney. Wasn't there room for you to ride?" I expected an angry outburst of indignation in reply to this question. But I was mistaken. In a plain, matter-of-fact way he said:  
"Guess not. They needed all the room for worse cases 'n mine. Thank God, my two wounds are both in the same leg, so I can walk quite good and spry. They told me I'd be better off down at the landing yonder, so I got these crutches and made a break."  
"And how are you getting along?" I asked.  
"Good and well, he said as cheerful as might be, 'just good and easy' And with his one sound leg and two sticks he went cheerfully padding along.  
"It was just the same with other walking wounded men. They were

all beautifully cheerful. And not merely cheerful. They were absolutely unconscious that they were undergoing any unnecessary hardships or sufferings. They knew what that was no picnic, and they were not complaining at the absence of picnic fare. Some of them had lain out all the night, with the dew falling on them where the bullets had dropped them, before their turn came with the overworked field surgeons.  
"There were only sixty doctors with the outfit," they explained, "and naturally they couldn't tend everybody at once."  
"That seemed to them a quite sufficient number," they would say, "but we have been over doctors, more ambulances. Some of them seemed to have a faint glimmering of a notion that there might perhaps have been fewer wounded; but then that was so obvious to everybody. The conditions subsequent to the battle they accepted as the conditions proper and natural to the circumstances. The cheerful fellow with the improvised crutches was so filled with thankfulness at the possession of his tree branch that it never occurred to him that he had reason to complain of the absence of proper crutches. I happened by chance to know that he packed away in the Siboney Bay there were cases full of crutches, and I was on the point of blurting out an indignant statement of the fact when I remembered that the knowledge would not make his walk easier. So I said nothing about it.  
"I had to make the journey to Siboney myself. There was nothing more than a desultory going on at the front, and I had telegrams to try and get away. So I passed a good deal of the walking wounded, and heard a good many groans from palm swarded wagons. The men were, all the same, bravely and uncomplainingly plodding along through the mud. As they themselves put it, they were up against it, and that was all about it.  
"And down at Siboney? Well, thank God, the hospital tents had been unloaded. They were short of coats, short of blankets, short of surgeons, short of supplies, short of nurses, short of everything. But thank goodness, by squeezing and crowding and economizing space there was shelter for the men as they came in. And thank goodness too, for the Red Cross Society."

### LEPER SCARE

Two Hundred Lepers Escape Confinement at Manila.

VANCOUVER, B. C., Nov. 17.—There is a leper scare in Manila, through the neglect of the Spanish officials nearly 200 lepers have escaped from confinement. For a time this was unknown to the American authorities, and the outcasts were allowed to wander at large. Orders have been issued to the effect that all lepers will be arrested and sent to a small uninhabited island on the southeast of Luzon. On this island the American government will establish a leper colony. They will be fed and cared for at the expense of the government.

### MATTHEW W. HUGHES,

In His Ninetieth Year.

Leaving Mr. Gady's, as mentioned last week, we went to the home of Matthew Woods Hughes better known all over his section as "Uncle Mack." We found him sitting in company with his daughter-in-law in the shade of a tree in the front yard of his quiet home, hale and lively, and with the ruddy glow of a man of sixty five, although he is now in his ninetieth year, and certainly one of the oldest men in Crittenden county.  
He is a native of Crittenden county, Mt. Zion Church, and within a half mile of his present home, on August 4th, 1809.

His father was William Hughes; his mother's maiden name was Nancy Roe. She was twice married, her first husband being Thomas Hughes, a first cousin to William, her second husband.  
By her first marriage, she was the mother of the following children: Thomas, Richard, Joseph, Andrew, James, Ansel and William, and a daughter, whose name I have not learned. She first married a man named Flynn and after his death, married a Mr. Jones. By this second marriage, she was the mother of James C. Jones, who was county clerk of this county at the time of his death, more than twenty years ago, and of a daughter Mary. Mrs. Prudley Ford who lives near Crayneville.  
So far as I have learned, all the sons of this marriage except Thomas, spent their lives in this county. Thomas married Miss Jane Wheeler, and settled down on a farm southeast of Fredonia, and became one of Caldwell county's most prosperous farmers. He died nearly forty years ago. His only surviving children are James and Frank Hughes who live upon the old homestead, and Mrs. Bell Tinsley, widow of William Tinsley, of Louisville. Jim and Frank, both substantial citizens and most excellent men, live on the old homestead.  
Dr. King, now of Princeton, married their sister, Melville, and after her death married a younger sister, Nannie, who died several years ago. The only remaining sister married Thomas Tinsley. An older brother, Thomas, married, and his widow now lives in Fredonia.

So far we have spoken only of the children of Nancy Roe by her first marriage with Thomas Hughes. Her children by her second marriage, with William Hughes, were Matthew W. the subject of this sketch, and Benjamin, and a daughter named Nancy who married Alexander Dean, and was the mother of Dr. T. L. Dean, and of those two jolly, bustling boys Job and Al Dean.  
Matthew married Clara Hill, a sister of the late Jackson Hill, in 1827, in his eighteenth year. That was seventy-one years ago. We would like to hear from all the men and women now living in the county that married so long ago. The nuptial ceremony was performed by Rev. Joseph Kilpatrick a Methodist minister, then well known in this county.  
His children have been eight sons and three daughters as follows: William and Andrew J., now living in Illinois; J. Harvey, living near Weeton; Thomas in Livingston county,

this state; Columbus in Missouri, Marion and Sidney who died in infancy, and Joseph E., who lives upon the old homestead, and, together with his good and dutiful wife, cares for his father in his old age.  
His daughters were Araminta, who married William H. Crow, now of Marion, Caroline who married James Davall, and Ann who married Ben Roach.  
How interesting, how thrilling, how venerable people whose memory extends back almost a century; that have seen an unbroken wilderness transformed into a thriving and prosperous country.  
The first school he ever attended was at Suck Spring, now Baker's school house. He has a live recollection of those jolly, rollicking gatherings of the olden time, the militia musters. He attended company muster at the old Alfred Moore place, near Repton, and battalion and regimental muster at Cross Keys, where Pierce Butler now lives.

In answer to a question by Brother Price, he said that he remembers a Methodist minister in his early days named John Johnson. Was this the Rev. John Johnson, who was the father of Dr. Adam Clark Johnson, who lived in Marion and taught school from twenty five to thirty years ago, and was at one time a member of the county school board? That John Johnson was a very eminent divine in his day, and a collaborer of the celebrated Peter Cartwright.  
Mr. Hughes parents came from Chester county, South Carolina, in 1801, and settled near Mt. Zion church. That was forty years before Crittenden county was organized or the ground where Marion now stands was cleared.  
Here in this quiet secluded spot, in the midst of interminable forests and pastures of pea-peas, the boy sported and frolicked at a time when the steamboat whistle had never been heard in all the length of the beautiful Ohio; when the flatboatman and keelboatman were in their glory, and the sublime solitudes of that noble

river resounded with their merry boat songs; when the hardy pioneer could go out with his old flintlock with a greater certainty of killing a deer in one hour than the Marion sportsman can now feel that he will bring in one poor little quirel after a half days hunt.  
Here he passed his youthful days, and grew to man's estate; here he idled and wooed and won a companion that fought life's battle by his side, that cheered him in his success with her noble womanly gratulations, and gave him her sympathy in his hours of misfortune and affliction.  
Here in this sylvan retreat, that rural delights, he has lived that serene, ideal life about which poets sing. Far removed from Mammon's storm centers, the greatest financial tempests have rolled and thundered and lashed the shores of the commercial world, and spent their fury long ere they reached the high and dry ground upon which he stood.  
"Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife, His sober wishes never learned to stray Along the coast, sequestered vale of life, He kept the noiseless tenor of his way."  
Shaking hands with him and his kind hearted son and daughter, invoking Heaven's blessings upon them all, with a long extension of this gray haired patriarch's lease of life, we started on a pleasant ride homeward, Ignorans.

### Error in Minutes.

To whom it may concern: The members of the Marion Circuit, M. E. Church will take notice that I reported \$23.00 in full for benevolence for this circuit and have a receipt for the full amount. But the Conference Treasury made a mistake in his report to the Minutes committee and consequently failed to give me any credit for the \$4.00 which I reported for the Board of Church Extension and the \$1.00 reported for the Women's Home Missionary Society was credited to the Women's Foreign Missionary Society. I have notified the Treasurer of the mistake and requested him to rectify the mistake in the columns of W. C. Advocate. Those who have received a copy of the minutes have doubtless noticed the mistake. Our report this conference year is \$1.00 in excess of last year.  
G. M. BURNETT,  
Pastor Marion Circuit.

## Getting Ready For Xmas!

In order to make room for our large purchase of holiday goods we will, until the first day of December, sell any of our beautiful dinner sets at a reduced price.  
We have just received a fresh stock of Prunes, Raisins, Currants, Hominy, Oat Meal, Mince Meat, Etc.

### Will Meet Any Prices Made in the County

And give you full weight and measure. We guarantee satisfaction on all our sales and mean what we say.  
GIVE ME A TRIAL.

W. M. CARR

**ROYAL**  
Baking Powder  
Made from pure cream of tartar.  
Safeguards the food against alum.  
Alum baking powders are the greatest danger to health of the present day.

**Liver Iils**  
Like biliousness, dyspepsia, headache, constipation, sour stomach, indigestion are promptly cured by Hood's Pills. They do their work easily and thoroughly. Best after dinner pills. 25 cents. All druggists. Prepared by C. E. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass. The only pill to take with food's stringencies.

**Hood's Pills**