

THE CRITTENDEN PRESS

PUBLISHED WEEKLY.

MARION, KENTUCKY.

FALL.

Flecks of yellow, blots of red,
In the green boughs overhead;
Withered herbage in the grass
Of the pasture where I pass;
These and many other signs,
Midst the cedars and the pines,
Seen as plain as light at dawn,
Tell the tale that summer's gone.

Summer gone, but linger still
Beauties rare on plain and hill;
Tints that rival rainbow dyes
Set in summer evening skies,
Gleaming meadow, fen and lea,
Bright as shells from out the sea,
Summer's gone, but left are all
The countless splendors of the fall.

All the fairest flowers remain;
Golden rod in endless chain;
Daisies interspersed like gems
Bend and bow on graceful stems;
Asters sporting everywhere,
Blue-eyed beauties bright and fair;
Late roses blooming on the lawn,
Heedless that the summer's gone.

Bob-white in the pasture land,
To his sweetheart near at hand,
Pipes his love notes, soft and clear,
As those trilled when June was here,
Flicker teeters through the air,
Quite as if he did not care
Whether seasons go or stay;
He'll be happy either way.

And the flicker's view is mine;
Winter's frost or summer's shine,
Each hath pleasures, heaven sent,
For the heart where dwells content.
—C. H. Doling, in Washington Star.

How Daffy Found Her Talent.

By Susan Hubbard Martin.

"I WISH I had a gift," said Daffy with a disconsolate sigh.

It was Monday, blue Monday, and Daphne, commonly called Daffy, had slipped over early to Kate's studio; Cousin Kate, who with her magic brush wrought such exquisite and glowing little pictures.

Cousin Kate was mixing paints preparatory to a hard morning's work. The canvas stood already on the easel in the best light the little room afforded. Cousin Kate looked the true artist that she was in her plain dress and long white apron. She was a tall young woman, with clear eyes, abundant chestnut hair, and a firm sweet mouth.

Daffy was unlike her as possible, being small and slight, with great dark eyes, and cheeks as full of color as a ripe carnation.

"If I could paint as you do now," went on Daffy soberly, "I would be happy; but I can't, and you know how poorly I have always played and sung. I love music, but I can't make it, any more than old Michael can who cleans our yard. Then there's writing. I'd like nothing better than to be able to write fine things, but there's no use wishing that, for I never could compose even a passable letter."

Cousin Kate looked at the drooping, discouraged face before she answered. It was no wonder, for in spite of her sadness Daffy was such a pretty, refreshing sight in her brown suit and picturesque hat.

"Daffy," she asked suddenly, "where did you get that hat, my dear?"

"This?" answered Daffy indifferently. "Out of my head," she added. "I make my own hats. I always do, you know. Why?" she questioned a moment later.

Cousin Kate looked at the hat again.

"Why," she repeated, "because it's beautiful, dear. The very prettiest hat I've seen this season, and you made it. Yet here you are bemoaning the hard fate that has bestowed upon you no gift. My dear, it may be an art to paint a picture, or write a poem. I am not so sure that it is not as great a one to send out upon this gray old world a little being like yourself who can put together colors so daintily and effectively, and create a bonnet. Why don't you turn it to account?"

Daffy laughed. "How can I?" she answered. "Here I am, papa's only chick and child, with more money than I need, and nothing to do but look happy. That's all the dear man requires of me. He loves me as I am, dear father, and wouldn't exchange me for the greatest literary and artistic light in existence. That's the way with these dear fathers, they give all and expect nothing. But because I am so rich in his love and care is no reason that I want to sit down and be a useless lumberer of the earth. There's no necessity for earning money, but I would like to do something to help somebody, just a little." The girl's voice broke and something very like tears rose in the dark eyes.

"Daffy," said Cousin Kate slowly, "did you see old Mrs. Fiske at church yesterday?"

Daffy nodded.

"Did you notice anything about her?" went on Cousin Kate, her head bent over her palette.

"Nothing except that she looked older and shabbier than usual, poor old soul. Yes, I did too. I noticed that her old bonnet had about given out. How long has she worn it, Kate?"

"Seven years," was the answer. "I know, for I remember. It looked well enough once, but the wind and snow and sleet of so many winters have at last wrought its ruin. You say, Daffy dear, you don't need money. Here is a chance to help some one who can't give it for things. Can you paint a picture?"

make a bonnet in 100 years. But—[I know some one that can. Do I make myself plain?"]

Daffy rose. "Very," she retorted merrily. Already the prospect of a dull morning was swept away. "Thank you for your suggestion, cousin mine," she went on. "I'll take myself home, and see what I can evolve from my boxes of ribbons and velvets. Poor old Mrs. Fiske! With that old battered bonnet in view, out of very pity I wouldn't be surprised if I created a masterpiece."

A light kiss and Daffy was gone out of the studio and up the street toward home.

It was yet early, and as she opened the massive front door and tripped upstairs to her pretty room, she hummed a glad little song in very lightness of heart. Her blues were gone and her fingers fairly ached to begin her fascinating work.

At lunch time she came downstairs with a glowing face, dancing merrily in upon papa who had just come home. She held something carefully in her hand. "Papa," she demanded, "if nobody told you, what would you call this?"

She held the something before him. It was a black velvet bonnet, daintily and exquisitely made. There was a pretty bow of lace and satin in the front, and a little at one side drooped a lovely purple flower. There were wide, rich, black satin strings to give it a last and perfect touch.

Papa looked at it critically before he spoke, then he smiled. "Bless my soul!" he cried, "if it isn't a bonnet, and the very prettiest one I've seen this long time. An old lady's bonnet, isn't it, my dear. It must be, for it looks a good deal like the one mother used to wear."

"It is a good deal like it," said Daffy well pleased.

"Where did you get it, dear?"

"Made it, papa."

Papa stared. Hitherto he had regarded his gay, bright girl as something of a butterfly, beautiful to look at, but incapable somehow of producing anything half so sensible and useful.

Seeing his interest, Daffy, without further preface, seated herself on his knee and told him all about it. "Listen, papa," she began. "Do you know I was feeling blue this morning?"

Papa pinched the rosy cheek and laughed.

"Well, I was, and I went over to Kate's for sympathy. I was bemoaning the fate that I couldn't play, or sing, or paint, as she does, when she put this idea into my head. You know I always make my own hats. I love to, some way, and can always suit myself better than the finest makers anywhere in the city. Well, Kate cheered me up by saying it was almost as great a gift to create a bonnet as it was to paint a picture. Isn't that just like the dear girl? Then she finished by calling my attention to old Mrs. Fiske's bonnet."

"Old Mrs. Fiske's bonnet?" repeated papa. "The old lady who lives down by the church and who is so very poor?"

Daffy nodded. "The same," she answered.

"Well, her old bonnet is nearly falling to pieces," she went on, "and Kate put the thought in my heart to make her a new one. So I came home in a hurry and have worked steadily all the morning. Behold the result."

"And a very pretty result, I am sure," said papa, touched in spite of himself. "So you're going to present it to her, are you? Well, be careful to do it gracefully, and if you need any capital to carry on this missionary enterprise, come to your father. I'm not sure but that it's a real Christian one, too," went on papa thoughtfully, "for many a good sermon has fallen on stony ground because of a shabby hat or bonnet. The wearer never forgets it, if the minister does. Put a good hat on a woman's head and you add to the pastor's usefulness, and at the same time increase her self-respect. So good luck to your new work, little daughter, and may it flourish and prosper."

It was Monday afternoon. Mrs. Fiske was washing dishes in her little kitchen. It was blue Monday with her too for the morning had been a discouraging one. The wrinkled hands shook a little as she lifted from the water the coarse and cracked dishes, placing them on the little rough table. Mrs. Fiske was 71 and her hair was white, old and poor, and now she could no longer work as she had always done. Living alone as she did, she had fallen into the habit of talking to herself.

When she had put the few dishes away into the old wooden cupboard, the first thing she did was to go into the next room. There was a closet in it, and she went to it and took from it an old, dilapidated bonnet. She lifted the lid and drew from it a bonnet, a battered, dingy, black bonnet, with rusty, worn strings. As she looked at it, her old eyes filled with tears. "Yes," she whispered, "it does look bad, dreadfully bad. I—I won't wear it any more. I heard one of the Sunday school girls giggling at it yesterday when she thought I didn't hear. I'll certainly have to stay away from church after this. It'll be a cross, and a heavy one, but—"

There was a light knock at the door. Mrs. Fiske put the bonnet hurriedly away and went to answer it. A young girl stood there with a sweet, dark face and brilliantly glowing cheeks. She held a bonnet in one slender, gloved hand.

It was Daffy. Mrs. Fiske's wrinkled face lighted. "Why, if it isn't Miss Daffy," she cried. "Come in, dear. I'm so glad to see you."

Daffy entered, then in a few minutes she plunged into her subject. "Mrs. Fiske," she began, her cheeks rosier than ever. "I have a little knack

make all my own, you know, and it came to me to make you one too. I made it as carefully as I could, and I want you to accept it with my love. It's not much, but I want you to know I loved to do it for you. It made me happy all the morning and now I want it to make you happy too."

As she spoke, she drew it from its tissue paper wrappings. Such a beautiful, tasteful, artistic little bonnet, with its knot of lace and satin, its purple flower, its wide, handsome strings.

Mrs. Fiske saw it and her chin quivered. "Why, its beautiful," she cried, "just beautiful. I never had anything half so pretty in my life; and you made it, you say?"

Daffy nodded; then something in the sweet, old, wrinkled face moved her to confidence and she told her all about it, how she had sorrowed over lack of gifts and how Cousin Kate had helped her.

"You dear child," said Mrs. Fiske, when she had finished. "You dear, good child. Why, don't you see," she went on, "that you're doing the Lord's work just the same as the minister and the missionaries? I'll prove it to you."

Then she told Daffy all about the shabby bonnet and how she had determined never to wear it any more. "And if it hadn't been for you, Miss Daffy," she concluded, "why, I'd have had to sit at home next Sunday instead of listening to the minister's grand, good sermon. When you reach my age, and have served God all your life, to miss the Sunday morning worship means something, my dear. I won't thank you, I can't, but the Lord'll bless you richly, Miss Daffy, dear."

It was the next Sunday morning. It had been a busy week and, as it happened, Daffy had not seen Cousin Kate since that Monday morning. But as Daffy walked up the aisle she saw Kate already in her pew. Just in front of them sat Mrs. Fiske. The white hair shone like silver, and on it rested the new bonnet in all its fresh and dainty loveliness. The old face beneath it looked almost handsome. She saw Daffy and nodded happily.

A group of girls came in directly afterward. "Mrs. Fiske's got a new bonnet," one of them said in a shrill whisper. "My, ain't it beautiful, though! I wonder now what she's done with her Noah's ark?"

Daffy blushed for them, so did Cousin Kate, as she reached over and pressed the little hand. It was a good sermon that morning, strong, fine, helpful, and as Mrs. Fiske listened, she was glad that in the hard week before her, she had the thoughts of it to help her through. And as she drank it in, her old heart swelled with gratitude to the slender, dark-eyed girl in the pew near-by who had worked to bring it about.

"Dear Lord, bless her," she whispered softly, "and keep her, and be good to her, for Jesus's sake."

As they walked home, Cousin Kate took Daffy's arm. "The bonnet is beautiful dear," she said in her sweet, grave voice. "Wasn't it right? I still think the little girl who can contrive such magic out of ten slender fingers and send it out upon this trouble-filled world to perform its mission is every bit as great and useful as the artist, the painter, or the writer. I couldn't help but look at Mrs. Fiske's face through the sermon. It preached a message too. I'm proud of you, Daffy dear."

"Really?" said Daffy humbly.

"Really; and now that you have found your talent, you won't hide it in a napkin, will you, dear?"

Daffy laughed. "No fear of that," she answered. "The manufacture of missionary hats is to go on. Papa will furnish the capital, I'll labor. You needn't be afraid. I haven't found my talent, after all my discouragement, to hide it either in a napkin or a handkerchief," she added, with a happy little laugh.—Young People.

GUARDED BY FLOWERS.

An Equestrian Statue in Germany Thus Protected from Romping Children.

A pretty story, which shows an admirable trait common to almost all German children, is told the Youth's Companion by a recently returned traveler.

In a German city she saw a fine equestrian statue in bronze, around the base of which bloomed a gay little garden.

The visitor exclaimed with delight over both the flowers and the statue, and expressed some wonder that the blossoms were left entirely unprotected by either railing or notice.

"In our country I am afraid some of the children might be tempted to pick a flower now and then, as this seems aside from the busy part of the city," she said to her German friend.

"Oh, that would never be here," said the friend, in amazement. "Why, the garden was planted because the children would mount to the back of the horse and ride, and the bronze was getting the wrong sort of polish; but when the flowers began to come up there was no more trouble."

"Our children are very fearful lest they should hurt any little growing thing, and they would see the green peeping through the earth and not take another step toward the tempting horse."

How to Get Through With Christmas Cheap

It is not so much because we are stingy, nor on account of lack of love or charity, that we desire to make a fine art of getting out of Christmas cheap. Strenuousness increases with civilization, and as wages mount higher, so do desires; and the standard of living burdens us.

In ye good old-fashioned family the Christmas gift, by now all the dear five hundred must be remembered. Unquestionably, one's family must be provided for, then there are the relations on both sides of the house. The friends of ages ago come in for their share. Those to whom we are indebted socially should be included, and business friends not forgotten. The maid and washer-woman certainly receive attention. The industrious, deserving young woman who has so little to brighten her life we feel moved to include. The lonely young man away off from everybody and everything appeals to our consciences; and the poor whom, with their children, we have always with us.

Is it a wonder we begin plotting and planning months before the 25th of December? A wonder we now and then make use of encumbering Christmas trifles presented us in the past? A wonder we haunt the bargain counters and basement aisles? A wonder nervous prostration has us in its hold by the time the holidays have arrived?

No, and yet again No. All homage to the men and women who practice the art of Getting Out of Christmas Cheap. And it is marvelous what one can get for a quarter; things worth having, as well as things that merely clutter the house. Nowadays one can get an excellent linen handkerchief, a man's big

one or a lady's very fine one, for that price. And say what you will about the lack of originality displayed in selecting kerchiefs for gifts, they always come in handy.

A little affair not out of place for a man that is his own barber is a shaving-pad. These pads vary in price from 25 cents to \$1.25, the difference consisting in the quality of the leather used for the cover to the block of paper. They look like thick, leather-bound, silver-ornamented diaries, memorandum-books, or things of that sort; and quite a number of maidens stop at the counter where they are kept and ask to look at "those dear little books." Even when they see chased on the silver plate set in the middle of the cover "A Clean Shave," they fail to grasp the nature of the article. Yesterday I saw a pretty young girl, who had insisted on having the "book" removed from the case so she could inspect it closely, let go its ribbon hanger hastily, as if it burned her fingers, when told that that which she coveted was a shaving-pad.

Exceedingly pretty ink-wells can be bought for five and twenty cents in almost any store which makes a specialty of Christmas novelties. I saw an old silver gargoyle-sort of thing that was very pleasing, and I am sure would make its possessor smile every time he dipped his pen into its well. And this old fellow was valued at only a quarter. The tape-measures that can be bought for a modest sum are great in number and variety, this year the counters are all tumbled over with them. A handsome, bodiless head of a Moorish gentleman smiles at you, and if you pull the tassel of his fez ever so gently, out pops a yard measure. An Arab's cigar responds in the same way, and also the pipe that an Indian carries in his mouth. You press a bug in the mouth of a frog, a grain of corn in a chick's, and a tape-measure appears ready for use. A goat, a donkey, and a pig all carry them in their hollow interiors, a baseball cap and a tall hat contain them.

The city stores show that anyone can make the animal pin cushions that are so much in vogue. I saw one that was especially amusing, a cat constructed of yellow velvet. Tabby sat up, about five or six inches high, very soft, fat and contented-looking. Her ears were shaped of the velvet, her face painted in, and her whiskers, which stuck out most naturally, were of long needles. Pins were thrust in all over the body, but she looked eminently comfortable. A gay velvet deer head, with brown bead eyes, bore an agonized expression with its many prickings. A muzzled dog appeared equal to the occasion, also a yellow owl, and a saffron chick

For Needles and Pins ad in, and her whiskers, which stuck out most naturally, were of long needles. Pins were thrust in all over the body, but she looked eminently comfortable. A gay velvet deer head, with brown bead eyes, bore an agonized expression with its many prickings. A muzzled dog appeared equal to the occasion, also a yellow owl, and a saffron chick

Unaccountable. Teddy—rather pretty woman over there with the mail cart! Harold—I suppose that's the husband with her? "Tim. Seems fond of him, too," Judy.

A linen cover decorated with holly makes a pretty case for the utilitarian telephone directory that hangs in so conspicuous a place. Jewel-pockets are nice things to have when traveling, and are meant to hang around the neck. They are made with a flap that fastens securely with two patent fasteners. These pockets sell at 35 and 50 cents.

Thirty cents will buy a tiny pair of blue denim pantaloons, and for a few cents one could easily make them. On each leg is a shalable piece of sandpaper on which, in brown letters, are written these elegant lines:

"Scratch your matches on my breeches. 'Twill save your mother lots of stitches." A man uses a pin about once a year, and to meet this possible need there are several flat pin books offered, the best made of leather. A tiny purple and yellow panny, made of chamois, contains two stiff leather pockets that hold black, white and pink court-plaster, a quite sensible little gift, easily carried in the pocket (so accessible), and costing only a little.

Divers silver and mother-of-pearl tools are offered in the way of envelope openers, paper knives and bookmarks. People usually accumulate a quantity of these, and I doubt if they use them often; the articles, with the contrivance of inanimate things, usually keeping out of the way when wanted. About as senseless a thing as I have seen was a small pine club, painted blue, ornamented with blue ribbon and having stuck in it three gift hooks. I asked what it was for, and a clerk answered: "Oh, to hang things on."

Visions of incongruous heavy overcoats and tall hats immediately arose before me, but she added: "Keys, buttons, or anything of that sort." Mere lumber, neither ornamental nor useful—but can be had for a quarter.

And the tired shopper, worn out with the jostling of the Christmas purchasers, with the scheming to make a slim purse answer the demands of a fat list, at the eleventh hour is ready to take anything that offers itself cheap, even if it be only a pine club with foolish small hooks.

A bit of a flowering plant is a graceful gift, a gift that will keep the giver's memory green and that will prove a daily joy to the recipient.

A scarlet salvia one can purchase for 15 cents, a red geranium for 10 or 15, a beautiful, feathery asparagus fern for a quarter. A bunch of carnations, one perfect rose, gives joy in the cold midwinter weather, but of course the pleasure is short-lived. A holly wreath is always acceptable at the holiday season, and these wreaths can be obtained at prices ranging from 10 to 30 cents.

The long, trailing, green, mossy mouse-foot costs but a few cents a yard, and twined about chandeliers, pictures and windows gives an unwon holiday air to one's rooms. And some sprigs of the waxen-berried mistletoe add to the general hilarity.

The young man that has lately become engaged can kill two birds with one stone; give his fair betrothed the engagement ring for a Christmas present. She at least will feel better about it than the maid described in the little verse:

For months she wondered what the Yule would bring,
A jeweled vinaigrette or golden ring,
A pretty necklace or a diamond guard,
And now she weeps. He sent a Christmas card."
KATHERINE POPE

HE FELT RELIEVED.

Freely Surrendered His Valuables When Not Asked for an Office.

It was a long ride through a desolate and dangerous country, and the politician sought to relieve the monotony by philosophic musings on his recent victory and embarrassments that even success brings, relates the Philadelphia North American.

"Hold up your hands!" The stage coach gave a lurch and stopped. The ray of light that shot into the vehicle turned the spattering rain into myriads of evanescent gems.

"What do you want?" asked the politician with a firmness that showed that he had faced danger before.

"Your money."

"Here it is."

"Your watch and diamond ring."

"They are yours."

"I must say yer good-natured, anyhow," said one of the highwaymen.

"Not at all. Are you sure that's all you desire?"

"What in thunder did you think we wanted?"

"I was afraid"—and the politician's voice trembled a little—"you wanted an office."

A Wonderful Clock.
A clock was recently made, which in addition to striking the hours, halves and quarters, shows the phases of the moon and tells the time in any other city, but as the clock is too expensive to purchase, the best way to obtain this information is from Hostetter's Almanac for 1902. It also contains many amusing anecdotes, statistics and much general information that will interest you. It can be obtained from any drugist free of charge.

Accounting for It.
Blanche—It isn't easy to find anything new in wedding presents.
May—No. So many people have been married.—Puck.

AN OPEN LETTER

Address to Women by the Treasurer of the W. C. T. U. of Kansas City, Mrs. E. C. Smith.

"MY DEAR SISTERS:—I believe in advocating and upholding everything that will lift up and help women, and but little use appears all knowledge and learning if you have not the health to enjoy it.



MRS. E. C. SMITH.
Having found by personal experience that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is a medicine of rare virtue, and having seen dozens of cures where my suffering sisters have been dragged back to life and usefulness from an untimely grave simply by the use of a few bottles of that Compound, I must proclaim its virtues, or I should not be doing my duty to suffering mothers and dragged-out housekeepers.

"Dear Sister, is your health poor, do you feel worn out and used up, especially do you have any of the troubles which beset our sex, take my advice; let the doctors alone, try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound; it is better than any and all doctors, for it cures and they do not."—Mrs. E. C. SMITH, 1212 Oak St., Treasurer W. C. T. U., Kansas City, Mo.—\$5000 forfeit if above testimonial be not genuine.

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- ...Sweetheart's True-True-True.
- ...Love and Friendship-Waltz.
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