

FATHER MOTHER

CHRISTMAS

GIFTS FOR ALL. THE LARGEST LINE OF HOLIDAY PRESENTS AT THE LOWEST PRICE. GIVE US A CALL. M. E. FOHS.

SISTER BROTHER

During the first week in January, beginning the 3rd and lasting through the 6th the Agricultural College of the State University at Lexington, has arranged to observe "Farmers' Week." This will be the best opportunity ever offered for farmers and stockmen of the State to avail themselves of the benefits of the Agricultural College. The swine, beef cattle, horses, dairy cattle and sheep breeders' association of the State will hold their annual conventions there on successive days, each devoting a half day to speeches, business, etc., and the other half to judging work. The State Corn Growers' Association, the State Corn Show and Corn School will also be held at the College during the week. Liberal premiums are offered in the various classes in the corn show and equally liberal premiums for farm butter, farm milk and for certified milk. The unexcelled stock of the College

Farm and of the magnificent Elmendorf Farm will be freely used for the judging work, etc. Rates one fare plus twenty-five cents for the round trip have been secured over all roads. The best authorities in the country on the various classes of stock, etc. have been secured for the week. All is absolutely free. A pleasanter or more profitable week for the farmers of Kentucky could not possibly be arranged. Particulars, premium list, etc. may be obtained by dropping a card to M. A. SCOVELL, Director, Lexington, Ky.

FAIR WARNING

Several thousand dollars are due us on subscriptions and in order to get our books straight will turn them over to our attorney Jan. 1st. All that are past due. No exceptions. The Crittenden Record-Press.

Banks On Sure Thing Now.

"I'll never be without Dr. King's New Life Pills again," writes A. Schingeeck, 647 Elm St., Buffalo, N. Y. "They cured me of chronic constipation when all others failed." Unequalled for Biliousness, Jaundice, Indigestion, Headache, Chills, Malaria and Debility. 25c at Jas. H. Orme's and Haynes & Taylor's Marion, Ky.

Our goods are the freshest and highest class obtainable as we cater to only the best trade in the city. Copher.

DAIRYING IN THE SOUTH

Students of agricultural condition in the Southern states agree that there is no better section in the country for profitable dairying and stock raising. The cattle tick pest has been a serious drawback and has not a little to do in discouraging dairying in the South. With this pest eradicated by the aggressive work of state and federal authorities there is now no reason why the farmers of the south should not appreciate the advantages of dairying.

Some of the finest dairy herds in the county are found in the extreme Southern states and dairying is more profitable there than in the colder sections where dairying is so largely carried on.

There are several reasons for this. Cattle need not be housed so expensively and for so many months in the year. Pasture is cheaper and forage crops grow abundantly. Cottonseed meal, one of the cheapest and most efficient dairy feeds, is produced in abundance, and markets are unsurpassed.

Perhaps the greatest benefit that can come to the South through the promotion of dairying is the increased fertility of the land. The land will not only produce greater yields but increase in land values must follow.

Dairying consistently followed by the farmers of a community always increases land values, this is due not only to increased productiveness of the soil, but to the fact that the business itself is a very remunerative one. The Southern farmer who is anxious to improve his circumstances, and who may not be fully convinced of the benefits of dairying, should ascertain the truthfulness of the above claims before deciding his course. He can secure such information from the U. S. Department of Agriculture or from any of the state experimental stations.

The dairy cow will do more for the farmers of the South than she has done for the farmers of the North because conditions there are even more favorable for dairying.

Southern statesman and others in position to do so should appreciate this great truth and be willing at all times to preach the gospel of the dairy cow to the Southern farmer.

The National Dairy Union, St. Paul, Minn.

Antiseptic Remedies

destroy disease germs, Dr. Bell's Anti-Pain is an antiseptic remedy for external and internal pains, relief is almost instantaneous. Sold by all dealers.

That boy of yours has talent and ingenuity. Get him a set of Tools for Christmas something useful and profitable! That will develop his latent ambition---Cochran.

ENGINEER SCALDED

Engineer J. H. Shuttleworth was painfully scalded last Friday morning at Henderson, when a lubricating glass burst, under the pressure of the steam. He was coming South on No. 55, and was forced to abandon his engine and return to his home in this city. —Princeton Leader Dec. 23th.

THE REAL REASON

By ALICE BROWNING

Winner of the First Prize in The Courier Short Story Contest

Imagine that in the Creation when God made man, he intended there should be no old maids, hence he made no provision for her abiding place; but, through the slipping of some cog she slipped in, and now the earth has quite a burden of unclaimed ribs. Even Evansville, that practical, progressive, up to date city, has a full quota of unmarried women; perhaps from choice, but, as this is an open confession, I must say there was no choosing in my case.

I am a bachelor girl who has had her love affair in Evansville. Some may call me a spinster, but I toil, I do not spin. I am an old maid, for I am no longer young. And it has been my experience that it is better to be laughed at because you are not married than not to be able to laugh because you are married.

After I passed my twenty-fifth year I was no longer considered an eligible young lady for social gayeties; in fact, I was laid on the shelf, and only brought out when my married friends desired a filler-in. I can not say this was always pleasant to me for some times I filled in with a father of six motherless children or with a callow youth of eighteen or some poor relative who has to be kept in the background.

However, on one of these occasions, when we picnicked at Mesker's I met a rather nice appearing bachelor with a face of forty summers and a bank account that looked good. We saw each other frequently at the houses of mutual friends and soon it was rumored among the mesdames who communicated it to their husbands, that I had a "come-hither" look in my eye, and that the gentleman in question was not backward in responding.

It is strange how a change came over the spirit of my dreams just then. I brightened up my hats with colors. I took on a more youthful style in dress; I felt younger than my sixteen year old niece, and I was just bubbling over with joy at my good luck, when all this exuberance was cut short by wisdom tooth that began to sit up and take notice, and the most exasperating of it all was that it did its hardest thumping just when the gentleman in question seemed most likely to be nearing a matrimonial muse.

If we promenaded down to Sunset, if we drove out to Kratzville, if we motored up to Newburg, that tooth let it be known that it was on deck and handy. If we talked on the moral law, the divorce question, the filtering plant, or the museum building, that tooth invariably assisted to the end of the conversation. So, for the peace of my mind and the quietus of my conscience, I waited upon the dentist who assured me that he could save that tooth and preserve the contour of my profile; this being very essential to one of my age and prospect.

Now, I think of all the preliminary arrangements for funerals, weddings, inaugurations and christenings, or tours around the world, there is nothing so minute in detail or so excruciatingly irritating as the fumbling of a tooth practitioner in making ready to doctor a tooth; but, after he had washed his hands, pared his nails, placed me in the chair, got out some towels, screwed up the chair, lowered the chair, washed his hands, pared his nails, looked in the mirror, looked in my mouth, spat out the window, poked his finger in my eye, told me the time, washed his hands and pared his nails, he settled to business. He ground and he ground, and

I groaned and I groaned. He pounded and pounded, and I moaned and I moaned. This performance continued for an indefinite time, when he unscrewed the chair, lowered the chair, washed his hands, took hold of my chin, carefully looked in, saying, "There you are—good for another twenty-five years."

Home I sped, assured in my own mind that the rotundity of face I so much desired would be mine for years to come. But, Alas! No longer than I had dropped to sleep when that inexorable molar began to whisper disconcerted remarks about "uneasy lies the head that wears a crown," or "gone but not forgotten." Sometimes the strains of "Tramp, Tramp, Tramp," were being thumped in A-minor on the snare drum, and again I felt like a Philistine overthrown by the right jaw. And such dreams of horror and fury unabated! At last I concluded I would arise in all my might and see the dentist, so I called at Public Service Company, took out an aeroplane and went by Bayard Park, on arriving saw the Man-in-Question discussing politics with a ward heeler. Not feeling inclined to talk just then, I circled down to Sunset Park and there found the Man-in-Question trying to move the museum with a jack-knife, not caring to enter into a conversation here, I wheeled my biplane to Oak Summit and behold! there sat the Man-in-Question holding a girl's hand. I was so dumbfounded that I closed my carburetor shut, and mounted high above the tree-tops, discarded my dirigible and swooped into a Washington avenue car, with only a bag of gumdrops in my hand I did not dare eat.

I sat in the southwest corner, secluded from the impertinent gaze of eager inquirers, holding my own head with my own hand and pondering on the vicissitudes of spinsterhood, when who should be seated directly in front of me but the Man-in-Question. And how changed! Why his nose was as large as a mango, and his eyes bulged out like door-knobs and his mouth was like a Mars canal, and all his teeth were put in backwards, and his neck looked as if it had worn out three bodies, and all at once in a flash, he opened his big eyes wide, he snapped together his mouth, he puffed out his big jaws, he rolled the skin up on his bald head and blew that big nose so hard that I bounced through that car window, screaming, "Make way for Liberty."

But when I awoke I was chasing all around my bedroom searching for a bottle of toothache medicine. Having found it I proceeded to look in the mirror, and behold! it was I who had the egg eyes; the broad mouth, the swelled head and the big nose. I have been raised a God-fearing woman but if that dentist had passed my way just then I would have shaken that clove bottle at him.

At last the stars went down and the sun came up, and so did the family, offering sympathy, each in his own good way, but hastily retreating with an increasing smile to a boisterous laugh when out of my presence. The morning wore away. The dentist had other patients; I had none. Noontime came; I slept not, neither did I eat; hours were days to me. The afternoon was like unto the dark ages.

The sun went down and the stars came out, but I had no pleasure in lovely night, for I still held on to that sizable face, which now had the appearance of being upholstered in a motley red, with indiscriminate trimming of bottle green. In my sorrow, I cared not for feasting but had a tendency toward fasting. Man had but few charms for me then, unless he carried the forceps as a mascot. Bank books were no more to me than last year's Almanac. Friends of my childhood seemed beckon-

ing me to the Elysium of rest.

The water of Sad Lethe poured over the shifting sands of sorrow, and I fain would have been left alone in my glory except for the fact that my relentless tooth kept up a vigorous campaign.

At eight o'clock the door bell rang. Ah, 'tis the dentist sure. I ran to the landing, calling, "Jane bring him right up." Jane did. The dentist? No 'twas the Man-in-Question.

Miss PAIM.

A nice Carving set would keep that husband of yours in a good humor, no matter how tough the turkey is and one of ours will last a life time. Get it for him Christmas. Cochran.

Free Child's Remedy

What mother is not looking for something that will help her children in the little ills of life, something for the stomach trouble and the bowels trouble? Long ago she probably has become convinced that a child cannot readily swallow a pill or a tablet, and that to "break them in half and crush them" is an annoyance; that usually they work too drastically, and are nauseating and too powerful for the little ones' stomach. Any mother who will take the trouble of sending for this free sample can obtain a free sample bottle of a remedy that thousands of other mothers are using and now paying for. This remedy is Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin, and the offer of a free trial bottle is open to any mother who has not yet used it. Having used it and convinced yourself that it is what you want, you can obtain it in the future of your druggist at fifty cents and one dollar a bottle, just as so many others are doing. This free sample being simply to convince you of its merit. It is the best way to begin on it. Mrs. L. Davis of 187 W. Harrison street, Chicago, and Mrs. Mary Bedford, 1214 Cook street, Louisville, Ky., both started with a free sample and now they write that they have never been without a bottle in the house since.

It is undoubtedly a great family remedy, as it is adapted to all ages, being mild and pleasant to take and yet thoroughly effective. It is especially the ideal remedy for children and women and old folks, who need something pure, mild and natural. It has the advantage of being a thorough laxative and yet contains such properties with a guarantee that it will cure. Dr. Caldwell personally will be pleased to give you any medicine advice you may desire for yourself or family pertaining to the stomach, liver or bowels absolutely free of charge. I explain in a case in a letter and will reply to you in detail. For the free sample simply send your name and address on a postal card or otherwise. Do not forget to give the doctor's address is Dr. W. B. Caldwell, 1850 Caldwell building, Monticello, Ill.

Why not get a Pocket Knife for Brother and see him smile Xmas morning. Cochran.

THE OLD RAG CARPET

(Mina Irving in New York Sun)

Oh, well I remember the home of my childhood. The sitting room opened on Sunday alone. The big roomy sofa upholstered in horsehair. The little old organ so wheezy of tone. The green paper shades that hung at the windows. The round braided rug that was laid at the door. The album, the vases, the white cotton ties. And the breadths of rag carpet that covered the floor— The gayly striped carpet, the old-fashioned carpet, The cherished rag carpet that covered the floor. It was woven not only of linen and woolen, But with fragments of sorrow and romance; The lavender silk that was worn to a wedding, The figured delaine of a maiden's first dance. A baby's pink frock and the weeds of a widow. The blue of the coat that a soldier boy wore, I knew and I loved every strip that was in it. The dear old rag carpet that covered the floor— The good honest carpet, the plain humble carpet, The home-made rag carpet that covered the floor.

Mrs. Love has some good things in Wings, Birds and Plumes. Remember they are going at bargains.

FAMOUS PEOPLE

BY FANNIE M. LOTHROP



MAUDE ADAMS Photo by Sarony, New York.

A Wonderful Success.

THE charm of Maude Adams' acting is her personality—as baffling to analysis as a perfume. Delicacy, grace, sweetness, sympathy and sensitiveness seem naturally to blend into the effect she desires to produce, and one surrenders to her acting as to a spell, without trying to spoil it by seeking to know the secret of her power.

She was born in Salt Lake City, Utah, in 1872, where her father, whose name was Kinkaiden, was in business and her mother an actress in a local stock company. Her first appearance on the stage was an impromptu affair so hurriedly arranged that she did not study a line and did not even rehearse the part. It was when she was nine months old, when the baby who was to appear in "The Lost Child" grew rebellious and went on a strike at the last moment, so Maude was taken from her little cradle and carried on the stage, where in a few minutes she sweetly crowned her way into the hearts of the audience. Three years later she played "Little Schneider" to J. K. Emmet's "Fritz" and has tender memories of this large-hearted lover of children.

At San Francisco, where her girlhood was spent after the death of her father, she went to school till at fifteen she joined her mother's company at the Alcazar theatre. A large repertoire and a small company forced her to rapid changes of roles, quick study and to sweep the circle of the emotions.

She made fair success in "The Paymaster," "Men and Women," "All the Comforts of Home" and "A Midnight Bell"; but not until 1892, as John Drew's leading lady in "The Masked Ball," did she make her great hit. Her busy scene in that play was a part perilously near the danger line, but one that her genius made delicate, dainty and deliciously funny, never crossing for an instant the Rubicon of vulgarity.

As Elaine in "The Little Minister" Miss Adams' charming madcap ways with her clever innocence, captivated her audiences; in Juliet her gentle, sympathetic girl-like portrayal of the character, with its natural youthfulness and simplicity, followed none of the stage traditions, yet it was intensely real and human with a wondrous undercurrent of reserved strength.

Miss Adams has quiet tastes, delighting in her home, her books, and her flowers. Her soft, sympathetic voice, her genius and her sterling character impresses itself in all her work, have been the basis of her success.

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