

HURRY FOR BARGAINS

AT THE

STAR CLOTHING HOUSE

We have received from New York a large stock of

Mens Fancy Spring Suits

Single and Double-breasted and a lot of nice Spring Pants, and an up-to-date line of Boys' and Childrens' Spring and Summer Clothing. Also, an elegant line of

Ladies' Skirts and Dress Patterns,

and Shirtwaists, and a handsome line of Ladies' Trimmed Hats, and a swell line of Womens' and Mens' Shoes and Slippers, also a fancy line of Spring and Summer Underwear (all sizes), and a nobby line of the latest styles in Mens' and Boys' Hats, also Straw Hats. We also have a fine line of Dry Goods and Notions, Trunks, Etc.

EXTRA SIZES IN SUITS AND PANTS.

FIRESTEIN & EUSTER.

FLOYD DAY, President. J. SAM'L HEAD, Jr. Cashier.
F. P. CRAWFORD, Vice Pres. W. S. HOPPER, Ass't Cashier.
M. P. DAVIS, Acting Cashier.

JACKSON DEPOSIT BANK,
Jackson, Kentucky.

Paid up Capital and Surplus \$27,100.00

We solicit the Banking Business and accounts of

**Lumber Manufacturers,
Timber Dealers,
Business Men,
Merchants
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Throughout Eastern Kentucky and offer our Customers the most

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Within the limits of legitimate business.

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Taught by Expert Stenographers. Actual experience in every day work—Spelling, Punctuation, Office Training.

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Touch System under a special teacher. Single and double keyboard machines. Drilling in forms of Typewriting, including writing from dictation. Our pupils become expert operators.

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Up-to-date system applied to various forms of business. Full commercial course includes Rapid calculation, Business Arithmetic, Correspondence, Commercial Law, Penmanship, and Business Practice.

OUR PUPILS GET POSITIONS. ASK FOR LISTS.

ELEVATOR SHORT ST. ENTRANCE,
SOUTHERN MUTUAL BUILDING,
LEXINGTON, KY.
Apr-ly

Mrs. Henry Miller, of Rose Branch, is in very poor health.

C. Oaks and B. W. Collins, of Elkatawa, were here on business Monday.

B. F. French and daughter, Miss Maggie, of Winchester, were visiting the family of J. J. C. Back last week.

There was a jolly May party at Raven Roost Saturday. The young folks had a delightful time between showers.

R. G. Bolin and wife, of Maytown, are visiting their son, L. T. Bolin, and grandsons, J. G. and Wm. Bolin, this week.

Tom Cockrell, of Jackson, and Miss Emily Beatty, daughter of Milo Beatty, Sr., were married in this city Monday, April 30.—Beattyville News.

Mrs. John Wilcher, who is living with her daughter, Mrs. "Shug" Frazier, on Meeting House Branch, is quite unwell. Her friends hope for her speedy recovery.

L. C. Bohannon returned last week from Frankfort, where he had been to file a petition for the parole of his son, Bud Bohannon, before the Board of Prison Commissioners.

A reception was given at the college dormitory last Friday evening in honor of the graduating class of this year. The affair was a decided success and all enjoyed a very pleasant evening.

The home of A. C. Russell, on Troublesome Creek, was struck by lightning early last Friday morning. Several stones were knocked from the chimney and a board at the corner of the bedrooms was splintered very badly. Fortunately no one was hurt, but it gave "Uncle Ab" and his family a mighty bad scare.

Two lady preachers arrived Friday evening to take up work in Rev. Edwin T. Preston's field on lower Quicksand. They are Miss H. C. Kraul, of New York City, who is a graduate of a training school in Chicago, and Miss Katharine Grady, of the Northfield (Mass.) Bible School. They are very earnest, capable workers and will do much good.

Several missionaries of the Society of Soul Winners met Dr. Guerrant in conference Friday at Elkatawa. The work is in a very prosperous condition. New workers are arriving every few days and are being assigned to their fields of labor in the mountains. This county owes Dr. Guerrant and his helpers a debt of gratitude for what they have done and are doing.

The Two Vanrevels

By BOOTH TARKINGTON,
Author of "The Gentleman from Indiana" and "Monsieur Beaucaire"

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"I never run so befo' enduin' my livin' days," she asserted. "You know me, who I am an' whom I cum' from, nigh's well's I knows who you is, I reckon, Mame' Vanrevel?"

"Yes, yes, I know. Will you tell me who sent you?"

"Miz Tanberry, sub, dat who send me, an' in a venomous hurry she done de same!"

"Yes. Why? Does she want me?"

Mamie emitted a screech. "Died she mos' everlastingly does not! Dat de ve'y exacklades livin' ting she does not want!"

"Then what is it, Mamie?"

"Lemme git my bref, sub, an' you hole yo'ne whiles I tell you! She say to me, she say, 'Is you 'quainted Mame' Vanrevel, Mame?' s' she, an' I up'n' answe, 'Not to speak wid, but dey ain' none on 'em I don' know by sight, an' none betterer dan him,' I say. Den she say, she say, 'You run all de way an' fin' dat young man, she say, s' she, an' if you don' git dah fo' he leave, er don' stop him on de way, den God 'mighty forgive you' she say. 'But you tell him 'um Jane Tanberry not to come nigh dis house or dis gyarden dis night! Tell him dat Jane Tanberry warn him he must' keep outer Carewe's way until he safe on de boat to-morrow. Tell him Jane Tanberry beg him to stay in de own room dis night, an' dat she beg it on her bent knees!' An' dis she say to me when I tole her what

How to Grow Tomatoes.

Tomatoes are as readily grown as corn. Have the soil loose and rich a foot deep. Start the seed bed in a box in the kitchen or the warmest room in the home. When three inches high, then take out plants, transplanting to where there is more space for them. They should be transplanted when eight inches high, put deep in the soil, pouring a pint of water on roots.

Tomatoes must have a large amount of potash and nitrogen to thrive. Wood ashes are first-class for this vegetable. Put one plant to every four feet each way. If set 3 or 4 feet apart each way, 3,000 plants will cover an acre. If a hundred plants be staked up and trimmed, shortening the limbs, the fruit will mature earlier and reach the highest market. If there is wheat straw on the farm in June, mulch beneath the plants. The mulch will keep the water in the soil and increase the yield of tomatoes.

Two hundred lbs. of acid phosphate and 100 pounds of muriate of potash should be worked into an acre of land before the plants are set where they are to grow. The yield of fruit should be from 200 to 400 bushels per acre. There will be about 7 tons per acre of tomatoes that can be used for canning purposes.

All the readers of the Agriculturist may not know that by cutting limbs from grown plants and transplanting, that a new crop of plants can be started. This can be done in June and July, by putting at least 8 inches of the limbs under the soil and watering the cut tomato limb so it will absorb the water until rootlets can form.

—Southern Agriculturist.

If you are thinking of buying a Phonograph, read the advertisement of the Edison Phonograph in this issue and call on Henry S. Barnett at his residence on the Heights and hear it play.

All the saloons in Lexington were closed tight last Sunday by an order from Mayor Thomas A. Combs, and in the future they will be required to shut up at midnight every night, under penalty of having their licenses revoked. The action of the Mayor is the result of the killing of Martin Clark in a saloon there Sunday a week ago.

We have made arrangements by which we can send you the Louisville Daily Herald and The Breathitt County News both one year for \$2.00. The Herald has from 3 to 12 pages daily. This offer is liable to be withdrawn at any time; so you had better take advantage of it at once. The blank paper would cost you much more than this.

come to me an' say dat he see de boss come roun' de stable, keepin' close in by de shrubbery, an' croke in de ball-room window, which is close to de ground, sub, Nelse 'uz a croun' he harness in de back y'd, an' he let an' not to see him, like, Miss Betty, she walkin' in her gyarden an' Miz Tanberry fan' on de porch, Nelse, he slip de house whin de lights an' lit an' stan' an' listen long time in de liberty at de foot er den stairs, an' he lyuh dat man move, sub! Den Nelse know dat he done croke up to de cupoly room an' an' dat he see de 'dab, waitin' 'esse to come an' tole me, an' I beg Miz Tanberry come in de kitchen, an' I shet de do' an' I tole her, an' she scolded me lyuh to you, sub, an' if you 'uz a-goin', de good God 'mighty maa' er kep' you outel I got lyuh!"

"No, I wasn't going." Tom smiled upon her sadly. "I dare say there's a simpler explanation. Don't you suppose that if Nelse was right and Mr. Carewe really did come back it was because he did not wish his daughter and Mrs. Tanberry to know that—that he expected a party of friends, possibly, to join him there later?"

"What he doin' wid dat gun, sub? Nobody goin' play cyahds ner frow dice wid a gun, is dey?" asked Mamie as she rose and walked toward the door.

"Oh, that was probably by chance." "No, sub!" she cried vehemently. "An' dem gelum wouldn't play 'nigh no way; nuss' on 'em goin' wid you to-morrow, an' dey sayin' goodby to de' folks dis evenin', not gamblin'!" Miz Tanberry 'll be in a state er mine outel she 'uz 'um me, an' I goin' hurry back, you won't come dar, sub? I kin tell her dat you say you sutey ain' comin' nigh our neighborhood dis night?"

"I had not dreamed of coming, tell her, please. Probably I shall not go out at all this evening. But it was kind of you to come, Good night."

He stood with a smile to light her down the stairs, but after he had gone he did not return to the office. Instead, he went slowly up to his own room, undressing first. Crayley's 400 doors of timber were often looked to be held in a state of disorder and undisciplined. In his own chamber it only remained for him to close the lids of a few big boxes and to pack a small trunk which he meant to take with him to the camp of the state troops and he would be ready for departure.

He set about this task and, concluding that there was no necessity to wear his uniform on the steambot, decided to place it in the trunk and went to the bed where he had folded and left it. It was not there; nor did a thorough search reveal it anywhere in the room. Yet no one could have stolen it, for when he had gone down to the floor, Mamie had come within a few minutes after Crayley went out, and during his conversation with her the office door had been open; no one could have passed without being seen. Also, a thief would have taken other things as well as the uniform, and surely Crayley must have heard; Crayley would know.

Then Tom remembered the figure in the long cloak and the military cap and with a sick heart began to understand. He had read the Journal, and he knew why Crayley might wish to masquerade in a major's uniform that night. If Miss Carewe read it, too, and a strange wonder rose in her mind, this and a word would convince her. Tom considered it improbable that the wonder would rise, for circumstances had too well established her in a mistake, trivial and ordinary enough at first, merely the confusing of two names by a girl new to the town, but so strengthened by every confirmation Crayley's name on a newspaper error. Still Crayley had wished to be on the safe side.

Tom sighed rather bitterly. He was convinced that the harlequin would come home soon, replace the uniform (which was probably extremely becoming to him, as they were of a height and figure much the same) and afterward in his ordinary dress would sally forth to spend his last evening with Fauchou. Tom wondered how Crayley would feel and what he would think about himself while he was changing his clothes, but he remembered his partner's extraordinary powers of mental adjustment, and for the first time in his life Vanrevel made no allowance for the other's temperament, and there came to him a moment when he felt that he could almost dislike Crayley Gray.

At all events, he would go out until Crayley had come and gone again, for he had no desire to behold the masquerader's return. So he exchanged his dressing gown for a coat, fastened his collar and had begun to arrange his cravat at the mirror when suddenly the voice of the old negro seemed to sound close beside him in the room: "He's settin' dah—waitin'!"

The cravat was never tied. Tom's hands dropped to his sides as he started back from the staring face in the mirror. Robert Carewe was waiting, and Crayley—! At all once there was but one vital necessity in the world for Tom Vanrevel—that was to find Crayley. He must go to Crayley even in Carewe's own house. He must go to Crayley!

JONES

THE

Furniture Man,

Has just returned from Cincinnati where he bought the largest and best line of Furniture ever brought to Jackson, consisting of

BED ROOM SETS, FOLDING BEDS, IRON BEDS, WALNUT BEDS, OAK BEDS, STAND TABLES, ROCKING CHAIRS

Wash Stands, Dressers, Hat Racks, and lots of other goods too numerous to mention. Come early and inspect our line before all the best is picked out. Everybody invited to come and look. Everybody welcome.

JONES' FURNITURE STORE

MAIN STREET, JACKSON, KY.

than left the sidewalk when he came within a foot of being ridden down by two horsemen who rode at so desperate a gallop that the sound of their hoofs being lost in the uproar from Main street, they were upon him before he was aware of them.

He leaped back with an angry shout to know who they were that they rode so wildly. At the same time a sharp explosion at the foot of the street sent a red flare over the scene, a flash, gone with such incredible swiftness into renewed darkness that he saw the flying horsemen almost as equestrian statues illumined by a flicker of lightning, but he saw them with the same distinctness that lightning gives and recognized the former as Robert Carewe, and in the instant of that recognition Tom knew that he had recognized in the Gray, or he saw the man in the grayly face of his enemy.

Carewe rode stiffly, like a man frozen upon his horse, and his face was like that of a frozen man, his eyes glassy and not fixed upon his course, so that it was a deathly thing to see. Once, long ago, Tom had seen a man riding for his life, and he wore this same look. The animal bounded and swerved under Vanrevel's enemy in the mad rush down the street, but he sat rigid, bolt upright in the saddle, his face set to that look of coldness.

The second rider was old Nelson, who rode with body crouched forward, his eyeballs like shining porcelain set in ebony and his arm like a flail, cruelly lashing his own horse and his master's with a heavy whip.

"De steambot!" he shouted hoarsely, bringing down the lash on one and then on the other. "De steambot, de steambot! Fo' God's sake, honey, de steambot!"

They swept into Main street, Nelson leaning far across to the other's bridle and turning both horses toward the river, but before they had made the corner Tom Vanrevel was running with all the speed that was in him toward his enemy's horse. The one block between him and that forbidden ground seemed to him miles long, and he felt that he was running as a man in a dream and at the highest pitch of agonized exertion, covering no space, but only working the air in one place, like a treadmill. All that was in his mind, heart and soul was to reach Crayley. He had known by the revelation of Carewe's face in what case he would find his friend, but as he ran he put the knowledge from him with a great shudder and resolved upon incredulity in spite of his certainty. All he let himself feel was the need to run, to run until he found Crayley, who was somewhere in the darkness of the trees about the long, low house on the corner. When he reached the bordering hedge he did not stay for gate or path, but with a loud shout hurled himself half over, half through, the hedge, like a bolt from a catapult.

Lights shone from only one room in the house, the library, but as he ran toward the porch a candle flickered in the hall, and there came the sound of a voice weeping with terror. At that he called more desperately upon his incredulity to aid him, for the voice was Mrs. Tanberry's. If it had been any other than she who sobbed so hopelessly, she who was always steady and strong! If he could he would have stopped to pray now before he faced her and the truth, but his flying feet carried him on.

Together they ran through the hall to the library. Crayley was lying on the long sofa, his eyes closed, his head like a piece of carved marble, the gay uniform in which he had tricked himself out so gallantly open at the throat and his white linen stained with a few little splashes of red.

Beside him knelt Miss Betty, holding her lace handkerchief upon his breast. She was as white as he and as motionless, so that as she knelt there, immovable, beside him, her arm, like a statelier, across his breast, they might have been a sculptor's group. The handkerchief was stained a little, like the linen, and, like it, too, stained but a little. Near by on the floor stood a flask of brandy and a pitcher of water.

change nor even a faint surprise as her eyes fell upon Tom Vanrevel, but her lips soundlessly framed the word, "You!"

Tom flung himself on his knees beside her.

"Crayley!" he cried in a sharp voice that had a terrible shake in it. "Crayley! Crayley, I want you to hear me!" He took one of the limp hands in his and began to chafe it, while Mrs. Tanberry grasped the other.

"There's still a movement in the pulse," she faltered.

"Still!" echoed Tom roughly. "You're mad! You made me think Crayley were dead! Do you think Crayley Gray is going to die? He couldn't, I tell you—he couldn't. You don't know him! Who's gone for the doctor?" He dashed some brandy upon his handkerchief and set it to the white lips.

"Mamie. She was here in the room with me when it happened."

"Happened! Happened!" he mocked her furiously. "Happened! It was a beautiful word!"

"God forgive me!" sobbed Mrs. Tanberry. "I was sitting in the library, and Mamie had just come from you, when we heard Mr. Carewe about from the cupola room, 'Stand away from my daughter, Vanrevel, and take this like a dog!' Only that, and Mamie and I ran to the window, and we saw through the dusk a man in uniform leap back from Miss Betty—they were in the little open space near the hedge. He called out something and waved his hand, but the shot came at the same time, and he fell. Even then I was sure, in spite of what Mamie had said, I was as sure as Robert Carewe was, that it was you. He came and took one look—and saw—and then Nelson brought the horses and made him mount and go. Mamie ran for the doctor, and Betty and I carried Crayley in. It was hard work."

"Crayley!" said Tom, in the same angry, shaking voice. "Crayley, you've got to rouse yourself! This won't do; you've got to be a man! Crayley!" He was trying to force the brandy through the tightly clenched teeth. "Crayley!"

"Crayley!" whispered Miss Betty, leaning heavily on the back of a chair. "Crayley?" She looked at Mrs. Tanberry with vague interrogation, but Mrs. Tanberry did not understand.

"Crayley!"

"Tom," he said feebly, "it was worth the price to wear your clothes just once!"

And then at last Miss Betty saw and understood, for not the honest gentleman whom every one except Robert Carewe held in esteem and affection, not her father's enemy, Vanrevel, lay before her with the death wound in his breast for her sake, but that other, Crayley Gray, the never-dead and a light of love, Crayley Gray, wit, poet and scapegrace, the well beloved town scamp.

He saw that she knew, and as his brightening eyes wandered up to her he smiled faintly. "Evea a bad dog likes to have his day," he whispered.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]