

MT. STERLING A DVOCATE.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL, IDENTICAL IN INTEREST WITH ITS OWN PEOPLE.

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MT. STERLING, KENTUCKY, TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 15, 1898.

NO. 18

Women Should Know It?

Many women suffer untold agony and misery because the nature of their disease is not correctly understood. They have been led to believe that womb trouble or female weakness of some sort is responsible for the many ills that beset womankind.

Neuralgia, nervousness, headache, puffiness or dark circles under the eyes, rheumatism, a dragging pain, or dull ache in the back, weakness or bearing-down sensation, profuse or scanty supply of urine with strong odor, frequent desire to pass it with scalding or burning sensation, sediment in it after standing in bottle or common glass for twenty-four hours, are signs of kidney and bladder trouble.

The above symptoms are often attributed by the patient herself or by her physician to female weakness or womb trouble. Hence, so many fail to obtain relief, because they are treating, not the disease itself, but a reflection of the primary cause, which is kidney trouble.

In fact, women as well as men are made miserable with kidney and bladder trouble and both need the same remedy.

Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root is the great discovery of the eminent kidney and bladder specialist, and is easy to get at any drug store for fifty cents or one dollar.

To prove its wonderful merits you may have a sample bottle and book telling all about it; both sent absolutely free by mail. Kindly mention the **MT. STERLING A DVOCATE** and send your address to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y.

Sir Thomas Tancred is at Sadieville, Ky., today looking over the proposed line of the Black Diamond railroad. He is accompanied by T. C. Dickinson of Washington, D. C.; H. B. Kirby, of Zanesville, O.; Judge Simon, of Cynthiana, and W. B. Crenshaw, the chief engineer of the road. Mr. Kirby says he is confident that Sir Thomas will report favorably for the road. They leave today Ghent, where the line of the road crosses the Ohio river.—Evening Post, November 8.

Good Reason For It.

Rineyville, Ky., Nov. 2.—Mrs. Bettie Kellen of this town has good reason for praising the well known medicine, Hood's Sarsaparilla. She had female complaints, headaches, no appetite and was so nervous she could not sleep. Before she had taken half a bottle of Hood's Sarsaparilla she began to feel better and after the use of several bottles her health was better than it had been for years.

Work is not religion, but there can be no true religion without work. Satan keeps many people out of the kingdom today by getting them to believe that works will take the place of vital faith in Jesus Christ.—Rev. G. W. Ridout, Philadelphia, Pa.

Wright's Colery Tea cures constipation, sick headaches. 50c at Druggists.

THE PHILIPPINES

Are Not Worth More to Us Because Spain Wants Them.

The refusal of the Spanish Government to concede the demands of the United States Commissioners for the cession—or the purchase—of the Philippines will unquestionably strengthen the hands of the imperialists here at home. Such is the perversity of human nature, when we are told we cannot have a thing we do not want, we at once begin to think that perhaps we do want it, after all. The very fact that Spain refuses to give up the Philippines will tend to give up the Philippines will tend to inspire a wish to get them.

It would be very unfortunate, however, if a sentiment of this kind were to prevail against the sober, patriotic sense of the American people, which is clearly opposed to the mad policy of "expansion" to which this Administration has committed itself, and we do not believe that even the refusal of Spain will carry the American people off their feet. The Philippines are no more desirable for us because Spain declines to part with them. The principles of constitutional government on which this republic is founded are no less precious because of this disagreement among the Commissioners at Paris.

In fact, the opportunity is now offered for the Administration to withdraw a demand which the American people do not heartily sustain, and to end this perilous venture in imperialism. The United States can honorably and consistently recede from the false position in which the President has placed this country, Mr. McKinley ought to have the moral courage, as well as the patriotic sense to do it.—Boston Post.

State of Ohio, City of Toledo, Lucas County, Frank J. Cheney makes oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. Cheney & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY, Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D., 1896.

A. W. GLEASON, Notary Public.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials free.

F. J. CHENEY & Co., Toledo, Ohio. Sold by druggists, 75c. if Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Cheap Cigars in Puerto Rico.

A traveler in Puerto Rico says that a cigar equal to the present average American ten-center can be purchased there for two cents.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER

ABSOLUTELY PURE
Makes the food more delicious and wholesome

Hazel Green Items.

(HERALD.)

John E. Cord and James C. Cord, R. H. Harrison and Rodney Cord arrived at the Home last evening (Wednesday), where they will be guests for a few days. Messrs. Harrison and Rodney Cord are from Mason county, and others are from Fleming county.

The many friends of Mrs. Lou Day the hostess of the Day House at this place, will regret to hear that she is dangerously ill and threatened with paralysis. She is known to all the travelling public as the best caterer in this end of the State, and a more charitable or warm-hearted woman never lived in this community. "Aunt Lou," as she is lovingly called, has ever been kind to those in sickness or distress, either by attention in person or with her delicacies, and, remembering these things, the ladies of Hazel Green should do all they can to comfort her in her present illness.

Notice.

We have received the following from Mr. Sam J. Roberts, Collector, and cheerfully give space to same:

Washington, D. C., Oct. 29, '97.

To Collectors of Internal Revenue:

Setters from the public in regard to the provisions of Schedules A and B of the war revenue act continue to be received at this office in such numbers as are beyond the capacity of its clerical force to promptly answer, and the situation is such as calls for some measure of immediate relief.

Collectors of internal revenue in their various districts are directed to avail themselves of such facilities as may be afforded them through the courtesy of the newspaper press to inform the public that all inquiries in regard to internal revenue matters should be made through their offices, and if the questions presented are of a complicated nature, or have not heretofore been officially decided, then reference may be made to this office.

N. B. SCOTT, Commissioner.

The Philippine Project.

Another thing has become clear during the past few days—that the President cannot put through the Philippine job of his own motion. The constitution of the United States is still in force, and Mr. McKinley is not yet a dictator. He can frame the terms of a treaty, but he can only make it effective "provided two thirds of the Senators present concur." If the terms of a treaty require the appropriation of money—as the 40,000,000 proposed for the Philippines—the House of Representatives must concur with the Senate, as it must also if a joint resolution for annexation should be substituted for a treaty.—New York Evening Post.

You Know Joseph Leiter.

It is not often that a contributor to a magazine spends five millions or so of dollars in fitting himself to write knowingly of a subject. But, if popular report be true, that is, approximately, the sum which Joseph Leiter expended in the acquisition of the information necessary to prepare the article which appears over his signature in the November Cosmopolitan on "Wheat." This is Mr. Leiter's first appearance in literature, but he handles the pen with a bold, firm hand that shows him a man of resources.

To cure a cold in one day take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. No cure, no pay. For sale by all druggists, 7-25c.

You will be pleased with my stock of fine cut glass wares. Examine and be convinced that here is the place to buy.

17 2 JOHN W. JONES.

MICA MINES OF INDIA.

The Methods of Hundreds of Years Ago Still in Use.

The mica mines of India are in the interior of the country and very inaccessible. The Abruker mine, it is stated, produces the finest mica that has ever been mined, both for lamination and color. It has been sunk about 300 feet, following the pitch of the vein, and all this mica and refuse have been raised and carried away by the natives. No machinery of any kind except drill and hammers is used in their mining operations.

The refuse and the mica are placed in baskets each holding ten pounds, the baskets being passed up from hand to hand by women, who stand in a line on ladders. The contents of the baskets are deposited at the top, and the baskets are returned down the ladder in the same manner as they went up, but by another line of women. Water is taken out of the mines by means of jugs. It is supposed that this method of operation has been carried on for many hundreds of years, except that there is more care to protect the miners.

After the crude mica is taken from the mines it is first roughly trimmed and then sorted into different grades, according to sizes and quality. It is then taken to the mica workers, who split it up and scribe out the size for it to be cut into by the shearers, the cut pieces then being cleaned, weighed and packed ready for shipment. The mica is then transported to general warehouses in baskets on the backs of bullocks and in bullock carts. In this way it is carried hundreds of miles to shipping points at a speed of about ten miles a day.

The mica can be split down to .0003 of an inch in thickness. Being both fireproof and transparent, it is very useful for many purposes in the arts, besides being an excellent insulator.—Electrical World.

COLOR BLIND PAINTERS.

A London Oculist Asserts That There Are Such Artists.

To speak of a color blind artist sounds like joking, said a noted oculist; but, strange as it seems, there are several persons so affected who can nevertheless paint extremely well. Numbers of color blind people there are, of course, who draw perfectly in pencil, ink and crayons, but I myself know a scene painter attached to a provincial theater who, though "color blind," paints all its scenery, and has quite a local name, not only for his "interiors" and oak chambers, but even for landscapes.

I can tell you also of two London ladies who consulted me, for color blindness who paint really beautiful pictures. One is the daughter of a late famous artist and was taught painting by her father. She is quite unable to distinguish red from green, but her colors are all labeled with the names, and she has been taught which to use for certain effects. Possibly her painting may seem to her eyes, as it were, drawing with a brush and "shading" with the colors.

The other is a lady artist of some celebrity, who has for years exhibited annually in London. The public is not aware that she is color blind. She painted the "Wedding Group" for a certain noble bridegroom a year or two ago and also several public men's portraits and one of an eminent physician fetched 500 guineas.

There is a gentleman residing at Kensington who, having years ago left the navy through finding his advancement hopelessly barred by his color blindness, is at present making several hundreds a year by his brush as an artist, designing most artistic and brightly colored picture posters for advertisement boardings.—London Answers.

Carved His Epitaph and Died.

"John Harmon died here from the bite of a rattlesnake." This is an inscription on a beech tree standing on the knobs, in Monroe township, back of Jeffersonville. A date once followed the words, but it is now indistinct. There is a strange story connected with the inscription. An old resident relates it.

"Years ago, when that section of Indiana was little explored and when the heavy bush was the dwelling place of the wild turkey, deer and rattlesnake, John Harmon started to Charlestown to attend court. He was armed with an old fashioned rifle. A rattler bit Harmon's leg. Harmon killed the reptile. Then he began to prepare for death. It was he who carved the words in lighter lines on the tree, with the request beneath, long since obliterated by the tree's growth, to bury him on the spot. A few days later Harmon's body was found. A grave was dug by the tree and there it can be seen today."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

FEATHERED BAROMETERS.

Sailors Warned by Them of a Coming Storm.

While a British brig was gliding smoothly along before a good breeze in the south Pacific a flock of small birds about the size, shape and color of parakeets settled down in the rigging and passed an hour or more of resting. The second mate was so anxious to find out the species to which the visiting strangers belonged that he tried to entrap a specimen, but the birds were too shy to be thus caught and too spry to be seized by the quick hands of the sailors. At the end of about an hour the birds took the brig's course and disappeared, but toward nightfall they came back and passed the night in the maintop.

The next morning the birds flew off again, and when they returned at noon the sailors scattered some food about the decks. By this time the birds had become so tame that they hopped about the decks, picking up the crumbs. That afternoon an astonishing thing happened. The flock came flying swiftly toward the brig. Every bird seemed to be piping as if pursued by some little invisible enemy on wings, and they at once huddled down behind the deck-house. The superstitious sailors at once called the captain of the brig, who rubbed his eyes and looked at the barometer. A glance showed that something was wrong with the elements, and the brig was put in shape to outride a storm.

The storm came about 20 minutes after the birds had reached the vessel. For a few minutes the sky was like the waterless bottom of a lake—a vast arch of yellowish mud—and torrents of rain fell. Why it did not blow very hard no one knows, but on reaching port two days later the captain learned that a great tornado had swept across that part of the sea. The birds left the vessel on the morning after the storm and were not seen again.—Maryland Bulletin.

AN EYE TO THE FUTURE.

The Widower Made Plans For His Fourth Honeymoon.

Included in the wide membership of the Pacific Union club is a middle aged man whom everybody knows simply as the Widower. He has been so fortunate as to outlive three consorts without getting tired of any of them. His many bereavements have given him a sort of professional standing in the world of sorrow, and he is rather proud of his reputation for constant mourning.

The Widower, whose grief is interesting to ladies, is never ostentatious in his sighings. On the contrary, he cultivates an air of patient resignation, beautiful to behold. A peculiarity about his case is his habit of associating the memory of each dear, departed spouse with some spot or resort about the city or the suburban towns.

He was recently showing San Francisco and its environs to a friend from New York. Over in Berkeley, he remarked, sighingly:

"Here I once walked on flowers, for my Elizabeth was with me then."

Out in the park he was careful to indicate the exact spot where poor Katharine had stretched the landscape with her right hand, while her left was clasped in his. At Sutter Heights he dropped a single tear, developed with great difficulty, as he gazed on the beach, where, not so very long ago, he sat with his arm around his sainted Caroline.

"If I ever marry again," he remarked musingly, "I think I shall bring her here."—San Francisco News Letter.

Irish Pronunciation.

An amusing example of the Irishman's pronunciation occurs in a story told of the late Dr. Todd, the Irish archeologist, who, although a great scholar, was not above perpetrating a practical joke. The London Spectator tells the story and says:

A very learned Englishman went to Dublin to examine some manuscripts in the library of Trinity college and was of course introduced to Dr. Todd, who one day in conversation told him that there was in Trinity college a curious instance of the survival of a habit dating from the time of the Danes; that at a certain hour of the afternoon—think 6 o'clock—a porter went the round of the college ringing a bell and calling out in a loud voice, "The Dane is in the hall," when all the students rushed from their rooms to repel the invaders. So the learned but somewhat incredulous Englishman repaired to the college at 6 o'clock, and, sure enough, what Dr. Todd had told him came to pass, which he gravely related on his return to England. The summons of course referred to the dean.

His Feelings Were Hurt.

"I used to think these mother-in-law jokes were fiction," said a young man with a fancy vest and a receding chin, "but I guess they're justifiable."

"Has yours been cruel to you?" "Yes. I told two or three of these stories about a man's being glad to be rid of his wife's mother, and she said that if I kept on talking in that manner she'd stop paying the house rent and the coal bill and the taxes, and that she'd take her furniture to fix up a home of her own. The idea of threatening a man in that way, in cold blood!"—Washington Star.

Old papers for sale at this office.

Enoch's Bargain House!

Is headquarters for

Tinware, Woodenware, Wall Paper, Hardware, Queensware, Chinaware, Stoves, etc.

Tin Cups, 1c each.
Glasses, 2c each.
2 lbs Nail, 5c.
Palm Leaf Fans, 1c each.
3 Pieces Toilet Sets, 89c.
2 Pie Pans, 5c.
Tin Cans, Mason Cans.

Wall Paper.

We are selling our line of 6 $\frac{1}{2}$, 7 $\frac{1}{2}$ and 8 $\frac{1}{2}$ grades for 5c per bolt. Our line of 10 and 12 $\frac{1}{2}$ grades for 8 $\frac{1}{2}$ c.

Carpets.

We have a few Carpets at less than cost. Call and look through our stock.

We are headquarters for goods in our line.

OUR MOTTO IS: Quick sales and small profits.

Enoch's Bargain House,

WEST MAIN STREET, Mt. Sterling.

Star Planing Mill Co.,

Manufacturers and Dealers in All kinds of Rough and Dressed Lumber, Doors, Sash Blinds, Stairways, Verandas.

Also manufacturers and sole agents of the BEST CHURN ever made.

It makes a greater quantity of nice butter than any CHURN made and in less time.

We can churn sweet or sour cream in from one to five minutes. It will pay for itself in six months. Call and see them.

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Anthracite, Cannel, Blacksmith, Virginia and Kentucky Coals.

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Radiant Home Air Blast

OVER ALL OTHER HEATERS.

THE PRACTICALLY INDESTRUCTIBLE AIR BLAST FIRE BOWL, PRODUCES THE FOLLOWING RESULTS:

Perfect combustion of soft coal, consuming all the Fumes and Gases, gaining just so much more heat than in other as is wasted. **Great Economy in this.**

Cross Drafts from the Bowl, causes the heat to be radiated to the floor instead of to the ceiling, like other direct draft stoves. **Great Satisfaction in this.**

Perfect control of the fire, so an even heat can be maintained, and a good fire kept over night. **Great Comfort in this.**

Will Burn Any Kind of Fuel with Equal Satisfaction.

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