

We Sell Other Things, Too, But Our

Mountain Ash Jellico and  
and New Diamond  
**COALS,**  
Make Daily for Us Satisfied Customers all Over  
The County.

**STUART & O'BRIEN**

Directly Opp. L. & N. Depot.

SEE

**L. SALOSHIN**

For All the Leading Brands of  
Whiskies, Wines and Brandies....

I carry a large line of all kinds of Whiskies  
bottled in bond:

VanHook, Old Pepper,  
Mellwood, Sam Clay  
and Chicken Cock.

Fine old Cherry Wine, old Port Wine, Black-  
berry Wine, Duffy's Perre Malt Whisky, best \$2  
per gal. VanHook Whisky in Paris, Bavarian ex-  
port bottled Beer, 5c per bottle.

Sandwiches of all kinds, 5c each.

**L. SALOSHIN,**

Both Phone—Home 255; E. Tenn. 29.

Corner Main and Seventh, Paris, Ky.

THE

**"Middle Stable."**

'Phones 31.

Having consolidated my two Livery Stables, I  
can be found in the future at the "Middle Stable;"  
where we will be able to furnish the best of Livery  
of all kinds at reasonable charges.

Horses boarded by day, week or month.

Special attention given to furnishing of carriages  
for Parties, Balls, Funerals, Etc.

**Wm. Hinton, Jr.**

EXECUTOR.

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**Lexington Banking and Trust Co.**

Cor. Market and Short Streets,  
Lexington, Ky.

Capital Stock.....\$ 600,000 00  
Stock Holders' Liabilities..... 600,000 00

Protection.....\$1,200,000 00

Our facilities for meeting the wants of pres-  
ent and prospective customers are equal to any  
in the State. We invite you to call.

3 per cent. interest on time and  
savings deposits.

Largest combined Bank and Trust Company  
in the State.

GUARDIAN

TRUSTEE.

**RED ANTS FOR PEPPER.**

Experiences of a Couple That Paid a  
Visit to Guatemala.

The Sunday bullfight, held in a large  
place de toro (bull ring) outside the  
town, was the principal amusement.  
I cannot say much for this sort of  
entertainment. The so called bulls  
were wornout cows, which deserved  
a better fate than to be goaded into  
some sort of fury by the dashing pic-  
adors, who stuck picadillos into them.  
In most cases they had dropped, refus-  
ing to move, and the audience became  
furious.

At the end the toreador, especially  
imported for the day, came forward to  
the presidential box, where we were  
sitting, writes a woman correspondent  
of the Boudoir in describing a honey-  
moon in Guatemala, and after a florid  
speech, of which I understood little, he  
handed me, with a profuse bow exe-  
cuted in true grandee fashion, hand on  
heart, the begored and flower encircled  
picadillos as a memento of the august  
occasion. To refuse to accept them  
would have been the greatest insult,  
and my husband was obliged to carry  
them home for me, much to his dis-  
gust.

Some Spanish ladies asked me after-  
ward how I felt when the great mato-  
dore singled me out for this high honor.  
When I told them that I was rather  
annoyed by his drawing the attention  
of the crowd to me in this theatrical  
fashion they were furious at my un-  
gratefulness and told me it would have  
been the day of their lives, and they  
would have had proposals galore.

In the course of a scrambling expedi-  
tion into the country over rough  
mountain roads we were obliged to  
camp out on hard bowlders, with only a  
mackintosh to keep out the cold. Dur-  
ing the night I was frightened almost  
out of my wits. I felt a hand tugging  
at my hair, and, calling out to my  
husband, we saw a big monkey leaning  
down from the branches of a tree  
above us pulling away at my hair. His  
horrible claws had gripped such a lot  
that when he finally let go, after be-  
ing belabored with the stock of a re-  
volver, he had nearly half of it in his  
hand.

On arriving at a very rough and  
ready inn the landlady set before us  
poached eggs swimming in water ren-  
dered besprinkled with small red ants.  
At first I tried to pick out these addi-  
tions, and, seeing the woman eying  
me furiously, I called her and tried to  
tell her in my best Spanish that I was  
not accustomed to eat ants and that I  
wished she had been careful not to let  
them drop into the dish.

Her indignation was immense. With  
flashing eyes and gesticulating wildly,  
she told me in excited language that it  
had taken her a long time to catch  
those ants and that it was "so good."  
"Do try it, senora," she said, and, dip-  
ping her dirty fingers into the bowl,  
she fished them out and showed me  
how much she, at all events, enjoyed  
eating them as a sort of savory to the  
eggs and tried to encourage me by her  
example.

**Feeding Orange Trees.**

The biggest and best oranges are not  
grown on good soil. Fruit growers can  
improve on nature when it comes to  
feeding a tree. If they want to get the  
finest fruit they no longer pick out the  
rich, alluvial soils. Very fertile land  
produces citrus trees of rank growth,  
which often bear enormous crops, but  
the finest and highest priced fruit  
grows on nearly sterile soil. This  
strange state of affairs is thus ex-  
plained: In fertile soils plant food is  
seldom properly balanced; neither is it  
present in just the right condition for  
producing the best fruit. For some re-  
ason, too, it isn't possible to influence  
fruit through the medium of a rich,  
fertile soil. It doesn't seem to be a  
good medium for chemical fertilizers,  
whereas a soil which is almost sterile  
makes the right base upon which to  
build up ideal conditions. Trees may  
be started in it and then fed with just  
such chemicals as will produce the  
finest quality of fruit.

**The Cadi's Wisdom.**

There is a story current among the  
Persians which sets forth the disclos-  
ing power of wisdom, whereby a wise  
man uncovers the thing that is hidden.  
A certain cadi, or magistrate, was  
called upon to decide a curious case.  
A woman was claimed by two men as  
wife—one a peasant, the other a mirza,  
or scribe. Each of the two men swore  
to the truth of his claim. The woman  
for some reason was silent. The cadi,  
unable to get any evidence which cor-  
roborated the claim of either of the  
men, ordered the woman to remain for  
a time with his own wives. The next  
day he handed her over to the scribe  
and ordered the peasant to be severely  
bastinadoed—that is, beaten on the  
soles of his feet. Then the woman  
broke silence for the first time and  
praised the just judge. The spectators  
also applauded the justice of the cadi,  
but failed to see the grounds of his  
judgment.

"I told her to milk a cow," said the  
cadi, "and she could not. Then, hand-  
ing her my writing case, I told her to  
put it in order. She took the silver  
spoon and replenished my inkstand.  
Only the wife of a man who could  
write would have done this correctly;  
hence my decision."

**CYCLONE FREAKS.**

Straws and Feathers Have Been  
Driven Into Hard Boards.

Splinters of Wood Buried in  
Steel—What Happened to a  
Horse in Kansas.

Officials of the United States Weather  
bureau have photographic proof for  
the accuracy of statements that it is  
possible for straws and feathers to be  
driven deep into board fences, trees  
and other tough materials. If the  
camera is to be relied on, there appears  
to be warrant for the story that is fre-  
quently told as a joke that in some sec-  
tions of the country the winds are so  
fierce that they blow the feathers off  
chickens and other luckless birds.

E. B. Calvert, private secretary to  
Pro. S. Moore, has long been interest-  
ed in cyclone phenomena. In following  
up stories of remarkable occurrences  
in the storm centers of the West, he  
has run across facts stranger than fic-  
tion. When the incredulous scoffers  
laugh at his yarns Mr. Calvert pro-  
duces authenticated photographs to  
back up his statements. From these  
records it appears that under the influ-  
ence of storm fury, straws and feath-  
ers have buried themselves for a con-  
siderable distance in the barks of trees  
and sides of frame buildings; that  
splinters of wood have penetrated sec-  
tions of steel, and that at least one  
chicken was stripped of its feathery  
covering.

Mr. Calvert gives the following ex-  
planation of the laws of air pressure,  
which accounts for many of the freaks  
of cyclones: "The air pressure at sea  
level is about 15 pounds to each square  
inch. The pressure on the inside of  
objects, even the human body,  
is equal to that on the outside, thus  
preserving a proper equilibrium. Dis-  
aster immediately follows the removal  
of this pressure. Contrary to popular  
belief, the danger attending tornadoes  
is created within and not from the out-  
side. During a tornado the wind  
rushes along at a terrific rate of speed  
so that a vacuum is created in the cen-  
ter of the storm. The sudden exhaus-  
tion of air in this fashion relieves the  
outside pressure from all objects in the  
path of the disturbance. In the case  
of a building, the result is shown in the  
bursting out of the walls by force of  
the unresisted inside pressure. This is  
the explanation for the presence of so  
many buildings without walls that are  
found in the path of every tornado.  
It is the same way with chickens. The  
air is exhausted so quickly from the  
outside that the inner pressure blows  
off the feathers.

"It is a mystery to some people why  
armor piercing shells have points of  
soft steel. But shells equipped with  
these soft noses have no difficulty in  
penetrating the toughest steel that can  
be manufactured. The secret of  
their success lies in the terrific force  
with which they are propelled. In the  
same way, straws, feathers and other  
frail substances are made to penetrate  
much harder materials. I have a pho-  
tograph of a splinter of wood that bur-  
ied itself in the steel section of the  
Eads bridge, over the Mississippi river,  
during the St. Louis cyclone.

"The freaks of windstorms were  
well illustrated during a severe tor-  
nado several years ago up in Wiscon-  
sin. Two horses were tied side by side  
in a stable, situated only a short dis-  
tance from the house of the owner.  
The tornado swept the earth clear of  
everything in its path. The farmer and  
his family took to the cyclone cellar at  
the first sign of danger. The house  
was ripped from its foundations and  
scattered to the winds, and the stable  
followed suit. One of the horses was  
lifted up bodily into the air and depos-  
ited on all fours in the midst of the  
farmer and his family in the cellar.  
The other horse, which was within  
two feet of its companion, was not  
touched, not a hair of its body being  
ruffled."

The London specialist who is advocat-  
ing the "silence cure" for nervous wo-  
men has earned the thanks of a good  
many nervous men.

**William's Carbolic Salve With Arnica  
and Witch Hazel.**

The best Salve in the world for  
Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt  
Rheum, Tetter, Chapped Hands, and  
all skin eruptions. It is guaranteed  
to give satisfaction, or money re-  
funded. Price 25c by Druggists.

WILLIAMS M'F'G. CO., Props.,  
Cleveland, O.

For sale by Oberdorfer.

**Got Post Card After 20 Years.**

After lying in a mail box for 20 years  
a post card, dated June 2, 1886, reach-  
ed John F. Harnard, a lawyer, of Cam-  
den, N. J. The writer of the card had  
been dead for ten years.

**A GOOD NIGHT'S REST**



"Speak for it!" she cried to doggie.  
For she knew in her little heart,  
That German Syrup, home's great treasure,  
Could health and joy impart.

The greatest tonic on earth is a good  
night's rest. Restless nights and the ter-  
rible exhaustion of a hacking cough are  
dread dangers of the poor consumptive.  
But why this fear of the night when a  
few doses of Dr. Boschee's German Syrup  
will insure refreshing sleep, entirely free  
from cough or night sweat? Free ex-  
pectoration in the morning is made cer-  
tain by taking German Syrup.  
We know by the experience of over  
thirty-five years that one 75-cent bottle of  
German Syrup will speedily relieve or  
cure the worst coughs, colds, bronchial or  
lung troubles—and that, even in bad  
cases of consumption, one large bottle of  
German Syrup will work wonders.  
Two sizes, 25c and 75c. All druggists.

G. S. VARDEN & SON.

**WARNED OF HIS DEATH.**

**John Alexander Dowie Testifies  
Voice Told Him to "Arise  
and Go."**

John Alexander Dowie, testifying  
in the hearing of the Zion City contro-  
versy in Judge Langtry's court Satur-  
day afternoon, told of an instance when  
his body and soul should become separ-  
ated and in his spiritual being distinctly  
saw his own dead body lying beneath  
a shroud.

At another time he asserted, his  
spirit left his body and Angel Gabriel  
and Virgin Mary were present in the  
visionary realm with his spirit. Fol-  
lowing that visit, the witness contin-  
ed, two acquaintances came to his  
home and told him he was to be assass-  
inated. Then, while alone in the tab-  
ernacle, came a voice warning him to  
"Arise and go."

"I went," said Dowie, "and while  
on my way home I heard an explo-  
sion. The next day I found that my  
enemies had tried to kill me with  
dynamite. The back of the taber-  
nacle had been wrecked."

Dowie denied during the course of  
the examination that he had ever rep-  
resented himself as Elijah, the Res-  
torer, subsequently qualifying the  
statement by saying he told his people  
he "came in the spirit and power of  
Elijah." On September 18, 1904, he  
proclaimed himself as the "Fist Apost-  
le."

**THE WORD OF THE LORD**

**As It Was Spoken to a Sleepy  
Little Miss Who Had Faith.**

One of Otis Skinner's favorite stories  
concerns a little maid who, having played  
until tired, had much trouble with the  
sand man at dinner. Seeing her  
plight, her mother said:

"If you are so sleepy you need not  
wait until we have finished dinner.  
Do you think you can undress alone?"  
"Yes, mamma."  
"And say your prayers?"  
"Yes, mamma."  
"Then you may go."

A little later anxious mamma also de-  
serted the table. She found her small  
daughter in bed.

"Why, dear, did you undress in five  
minutes?"  
"Yes, m'm."  
"And say your prayers? Are you  
sure you said your prayers?"  
"Yes, mamma. I said: 'Oh, God,  
I'm so sleepy you must excuse me to-  
night.' And He said: 'Don't mention  
it, Miss Hayes.'"

In view of the allegations concerning  
the meat packing industry, the much-  
abused sausage should feel justified in  
asserting that it is as good as its cotn-  
pany.

**Disease takes no summer  
vacation.  
If you need flesh and  
strength use  
Scott's Emulsion  
summer as in winter.**

Send for free sample.  
SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists,  
409-415 Pearl Street, New York.  
50c. and \$1.00; all druggists.