

## Has It Occurred To You

that it is really not coal but heat that you are buying? Yet in much common coal you pay for slate, clinkers and various foreign matter—all weighing sixteen ounces to the pound. Our "South Jellico" Coal is all coal—all heat. It burns all up. It is clean, hot, and makes an easily regulated, dependable fire. Ask us for "South Jellico" Coal—nobody else can supply it.

**W. C. DODSON**  
Coal Grain Feed



### First Fall Facts!

Ladies will find it of interest to visit our new and enlarged department of **LADIES' SUITS.**

Also Ladies', Misses' and Children's Cloaks, Skirts, Waists and Millinery.

Special Fall Bargains.

100 Ladies' Suits at \$12.50.

Stylish, Best Quality, Swell Tailoring, Perfect Fit.

Kindly Call.

## TWIN BROS,

Dry Goods, Shoes and Millinery Department, PARIS, KENTUCKY.

## NEW SALOON!

The finest of Whiskies, Wines, Beers, Cigars, Etc., can be found at the New Saloon, corner of Main and 10th Streets, lately purchased by

**T. F. BRANNON,**

Messrs. JOS. MULLANEY and PHIL DEIGNAN, the popular bartenders, are in charge of the place, and invite their friends to call.

## Seed Wheat,

TESTS 61 1-4 POUNDS.  
Home Grown Seed Rye.  
Best Timothy Seed.

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PARIS, KENTUCKY.

Both 'Phones 14.

## IT'S WIEDEMANN.

NO BEER AS GOOD AS THAT GOOD BEER,  
**WIEDEMANN.**

For Sale at All First-Class Saloons.  
Recommended as Best for Family Use.

**LYONS' SALOON,**

Wholesale Agent, Paris, Ky.



**T**HE above picture of the man and fish is the trademark of Scott's Emulsion, and is the synonym for strength and purity. It is sold in almost all the civilized countries of the globe.

If the cod fish became extinct it would be a world-wide calamity, because the oil that comes from its liver surpasses all other fats in nourishing and life-giving properties. Thirty years ago the proprietors of Scott's Emulsion found a way of preparing cod liver oil so that everyone can take it and get the full value of the oil without the objectionable taste. Scott's Emulsion is the best thing in the world for weak, backward children, thin, delicate people, and all conditions of wasting and lost strength.

Send for free sample.

**SCOTT & BOWNE, CHEMISTS**  
409-415 PEARL STREET, NEW YORK  
50c. and \$1.00. All druggists.

### A Daring Russian Robbery.

A daring robbery was committed at noonday in the center of St. Petersburg by which a number of revolutionists got away with about \$200,000 from a wagon which was conveying the cash from the Customs Department to the Treasury. Two bombs were thrown in quick succession at the vehicle as it was passing a corner near the Ekaterinsk canal, close to a branch of the Treasury, after which a rush was made for the wagon. After a hot fight with gendarmes, in which two of the terrorists were killed and five captured, the remaining ones, believed to be eight in number, succeeded in getting away.

### DR. LOUIS H. LANDMAN,

Tuesday, Nov. 13,  
at  
Mrs. Smith Clark's.

### Old Corn and Seed Wheat For Sale.

Old corn and choice seed wheat for sale in any quantity.  
Both 'phones 121, or call at Sheriff's office.  
24jly-1f A. S. THOMPSON.

### Bargains in REAL ESTATE For Sale.

I have listed the following property for sale:

Two Cottages on West street. Four large rooms each, halls, porches, cistern, good stable; lots 50x100 feet.  
Farm of 153 acres near Centreville; all in grass except 25 acres. Brick residence, good barns and all other out buildings.

Another farm of 47 7-10 acres, on the Russell Cave pike, 8 miles from Paris, 10 from Lexington. New tobacco barn. Other buildings are good.

I should be glad to show you these places at any time. Prices right.

Call on or address

**R. W. BECRAFT,**

2nd Floor Wilson Building.  
E. T. 'Phone 745.

## While They Waited

By Virginia Leila Wentz

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He jumped out of the little country rig, leaving it in the hands of a freckle faced boy, and rushed up to the ticket office just as his train was pulling out from the station.

"Pshaw!" he exclaimed frantically, and then to the sleepy looking, contented ticket agent, "When does the next train leave for New York?"

"Two hours," replied that individual laconically.

Maverick Oliver wasn't a man to cry over spilled milk. He sat himself philosophically down in a shady recess of the waiting room and extracted a notebook. He would look over some memoranda he had jotted down for his solicited article for the Review and then take a stroll along the country hedges. There seemed to be a rather attractive bit of woodland just beyond.

"How long must I wait for connections for Rosecliff?"

Something in the woman's voice, half contralto, half alto, made the man with the notebook suddenly start. He'd been so engrossed in conning his memoranda that he had scarcely noticed the incoming train, with all its attendant bustle. Now, however, a single woman's voice made him start and caused the Review article to be as far from his thoughts as the military affairs of nations B. C.

The woman's back was turned toward Oliver, but he knew it was Eleanor. Who else in all the world had that queenly carriage, that soft slope of shoulder, that bewitching mass of coiled chestnut hair?

"For Rosecliff?" came the ticket agent's monotonous voice as he caressed his wrinkled forehead with the back of his hand. "A half hour, ma'am. Train's sixteen minutes late." The woman turned impatiently away from the window.

It was then they came face to face.

"You!" cried Oliver, springing up.

She stood there in the barren waiting room, filling its emptiness with the richness of her charm. To the man's hungry eyes she was food of the most satisfying as well as of the most delicate sort.

She did not hold out her hand. Nevertheless she encountered him not in her old imperious fashion, but with a smile including him in some mood too large to be wholly personal.

"How you have changed, Eleanor!" he cried involuntarily.

"Are you, too, waiting for a train?" she answered softly in return. "In which direction do you go?"

"South—to New York," said Oliver.

"And you?"

"To Rosecliff, fourteen miles east."

Oliver took her umbrella and tiny suit case from her, and then they walked slowly up and down the platform together, man and woman, instead of husband and wife, held apart by some strange fiat they had both accepted.

In the fields, all around, the buttercups were golden and the wild carrot was in white, lacelike flower. Over in the woods beyond some song birds, waking from their summer siesta, were beginning to warble. A group of traveling men was lounging on the railing at the far end of the platform, expectorating copiously to punctuate the points in their stories.

Oliver dusted the platform steps at the other end of the walk with his handkerchief, and the woman sat serenely down, her delicate profile outlined against the clear blue of the sky like some exquisite cameo. She had always been beautiful, though. It wasn't that which made the man exclaim again irrepressibly:

"You've changed so, Eleanor!" It was true. It was no mere fancy of his imaginative writer's eye that discovered new meanings in the face before him. It had undergone a vague but very gracious transformation.

"Changed?" repeated she, with a curious tenderness. "I've tried to change—tried, do you understand? Since last winter, when we agreed to separate, I've been trying—so hard, Maverick—to take control of my own stunted nature, turn it where it twists."

"Dear," broke in Oliver, with a bitter humility, "we were both to blame—both, do you hear? And I'm afraid you've been cleverer than I if you've unsmiled things where they failed to fit the pattern. I've not changed much, I'm afraid."

Under her black lashes the woman smiled at him with a reverence he might have translated (had he been high plumed) as some loyal acquiescence in his former state. What Oliver felt now, however, was curiosity in his young wife, not in himself. So—

"Tell me," he burst forth, "what has changed you so?"

She rolled up her absurd little handkerchief into a string and, throwing it over her knee, pulled it unconsciously by both ends, gazing steadfastly into the blue distance above Oliver's head.

"I don't know whether I ought to tell you," she began.

Oliver recalled that delicious little habit she used to have of tempting the fates shyly, of hesitating when she meant to be right down outrageous.

"Of course you ought," he urged. "You always do in the end, you know, and it will save time." Under her playfulness he had allowed himself to grow light hearted.

"Well, then"—she began, but her voice trailed off vaguely. Her cheeks took on a pinker bloom; she forgot the handkerchief and finished her thought

with a mature dignity that became like the armor of her sex.

"Our little boy, Maverick—our little boy has changed me."

"Ah! Our boy"—Oliver broke off abruptly, for something had suddenly clutched him by the throat.

The woman hastily brushed her tears away and went on practically:

"You'd be proud of him, Maverick—such strong, agile limbs—and he has the will of a little savage."

"Let me see," Oliver said brusquely, stooping over the platform's edge and plucking a buttercup stalk that had ambitiously grown up from the gravel. "He must be eleven months now."

"Yes. He was five when—when you last saw him." She kept her eyes deliberately fixed upon the high railroad trestles in the blue distance. "Do you know, he's been such a help to me. I've told him all the things I wanted to tell you—told him that his mother had been a vain, silly, girlish tyrant who, coming straight from the convent, wanted to have everything this world had to give—money, fame, position—all those things that are bought in the market place—and had wanted to buy them with his father's conscience."

Over the trestles the smoke of the incoming train was seen. There were the usual bustle and running to and fro on the platform, seizing of hand bags, carting of trunks, and so on. Whatever swift, mutual, soul revelations Oliver and his wife had been on the point of making dissolved into nothingness, jarred by the prosaic commotion of traffic. It was a pity, too, for with Eleanor's last words her face had melted into a pliant sweetness, her exquisite mouth had taken on sudden quivering little curves. She had seemed about to say, "Ambition, selfishness, the cruelty of pride—all these things have gone, Maverick."

She didn't say that, however. Instead she rose from the wooden step which her husband had dusted for her. "I'm glad you found me changed," she said merely. Something in the man's honest soul overflowed.

"I, too—I, too, Eleanor, will change!" cried he.

"Ah, you've no need to," answered she, meeting honesty with honesty. "You've been growing like the trees yonder"—she nodded in the direction of the woodland—"for years, straight and strong. I had to be pruned. I had—"

The train's screeching whistle deadened her words. It came rushing in and stopped. Oliver still held Eleanor's tiny suit case and umbrella in his hand. There was a confused sound of greeting to the passengers who had alighted and the clamor of hotel runners and bus drivers.

"Now, then, step lively!" cried the brakeman as the last much bundled old woman descended, allowing the impatient traveling men to climb aboard. Oliver and his wife were the last of the crowd.

He helped her aboard, found her chair for her in the parlor car, then turned miserably to meet her eyes.

"All aboard!" came the strident voice of the conductor. The train began to move almost imperceptibly.

"Goodby!" cried Oliver, battling with strong emotion, but conscious of the increasing movement of the train.

Then as he bent over her seat the woman laid a trembling hand on his arm, and her eyes were brimming with slow tears.

"Goodby, Maverick? Don't you want to go with me to our baby?"

"Good heavens! Eleanor, do I want to?"

Some lonely passengers at the other end of the car wondered what had suddenly illumined the man's handsome face with that electric thrill of joy. Then the telegraph poles began to whiz by. Oliver had forgotten New York.

### A Famous French Paience.

The Chateau de Rambouillet had a history remote from the literary fad of the eighteenth century which has made the word Rambouillet significant of an epoch of French culture. It was in this chateau that Francis I. breathed his last and Charles X. was deserted in his death. It is not generally known, however, how Louis XVI. became its proprietor. Until 1785 Rambouillet belonged to the Duc de Penthièvre, grandson of Louis XIV. and Mme. de Montespan. Louis XVI. wished very much to possess it. This desire became a fixed passion, which was augmented by his dislike of its owner. But one day he declared, "The possession of Rambouillet would be the happiness of my life." To which the duke graciously replied: "God forbid that I should be the cause of your unhappiness. Sire, Rambouillet is yours on your own terms." The price fixed was 11,000,000 francs, of which 6,000,000 were paid the next day in gold from the royal treasury.

### Miss Noah.

A child was brought to a Yorkshire vicar for baptism. As he was told that the name was to be Noah, he naturally referred to the infant as "he" in the course of the service. Soon he felt his surprise pulled by one of the women, who whispered to him that "it was a lass."

"But Noah is not a girl's name," said the parson.

"Yes, it is," spoke up the child's father.

An adjournment was made to the vestry to settle the point. The father said that whenever he had a child to be named he opened the Bible and chose the first name of the proper sex that met his eye. The clergyman insisted that in the present case a mistake had been made, whereupon the father opened the Bible at Numbers xxvi, 33, and read, "The names of the daughters of Zelophehad were Noah," etc.

There was no more to be said.

### Nature's Great Invention



On de banks ob de Amazon, far away, far away, Whar Dr. Green gits August Flowers to dis day. Ah picked dese flowers in August in ole Brazil. An' aido! I see a Yankee, ah longs to be dar sartin!

August Flower is the only medicine (free from alcoholic stimulants) that has been successful in keeping the entire thirty-two feet of digestive apparatus in a normal condition, and assisting nature's processes of digestion, separation and absorption—for building and re-building—by preventing ALL irregular or unnatural causes which interrupt healthy and perfect natural processes and result in intestinal indigestion, catarrhal affections (causing appendicitis—stoppage of the gall duct), fermentation of unhealthy foods, nervous dyspepsia, headache, constipation and other complaints, such as colic, biliousness, jaundice, etc.

August Flower is nature's intended regulator. Two sizes, 25c, 75c. All druggists.

G. S. VARDEN & SON, Paris, Ky.

### Huge Task.

It was a huge task to undertake the cure of such a bad case of kidney disease, as that of G. F. Collier, of Cherokee, Iowa, but Electric Bitters did it. He writes: "My kidneys were so far gone, I could not sit on a chair without a cushion; and suffered from dreadful backache, headache and depression. In Electric Bitters, however, I found a cure, and by them was restored to perfect health. I recommend this great tonic medicine to all with weak kidneys, liver or stomach." Guaranteed by Oberdorfer, the druggist. Price 50c.

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