

For Home Lighting
Electricity
Is the Best Light,
Because
It is Cheerful, Safe and Easy to Regulate.
Touch the Button and there You Are.

No Matches. No Dirt. No Soot.
Positively will not discolor your decorations or soil your draperies.
Remember this when selecting your Spring Decorations, and install Electric Light.

PARIS ELECTRIC LIGHT CO.
S. L. ALLEN, - - - Manager.

GEO. W. DAVIS,
FUNERAL DIRECTOR AND LICENSED EMBALMER.
BOTH PHONES—DAY 137; NIGHT 299.

Cultivated Hemp Seed,
Scoured and Recleaned, to Make it
Free From
BROOM RAPE.
Chas. S. Brent & Bro.,
PARIS, KENTUCKY.
Both Phones 14.

NEW SALOON!
The finest of Whiskies, Wines, eers, 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.

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.

Why do all cooks and housekeepers prefer to use E. F. Spears & Sons' Red Cross Flour?
Administrator's Notice!
All persons having claims against the estate of Mrs. Bettie Stout will present same to the undersigned proven as required by law and those knowing themselves indebted to the estate will please settle promptly.
W. G. LEER,
Adm'r. Estate of Bettie Stout, Deceased.
Harmon Stitt, Attorney.
4Feb-45-wkly

ELITE BARBER SHOP,
GARL - GRAWFORD
Proprietor.
Cold and Hot Baths.
FIVE CHAIRS - NO WAITS.
Only First-class Barbers Employed.

Obliging.
Dismal Old Lady—I don't suppose I shall ever want another pair, Mr. Stibbins. Oleaginous Elderly Shopman—I hope you'll wear out a lot more shoe leather yet, mum. Dismal Old Lady—Ah, but I've one foot in the grave already. Oleaginous Elderly Shopman—Most 'appy to sell you a single boot, mum.—London Mail.

Entertaining.
"Is your family entertaining this season?" inquired the society devotee. "Well," answered Mr. Cumrox, "mother and the girls seem kind of amusing to me, but everybody else seems to take 'em seriously."—Washington Star.

Force of Habit.
New Arrival—Is my wife in there? St. Peter—Yes. What are you doing? New Arrival—Merely removing my shoes before going upstairs.—Harper's Bazar.

The New England Conscience.
The New England conscience isn't an idea. It's an inherited disease.—Life.

Work is not a man's punishment. It is his reward and his strength.—George Sand.

Her "No."
Tom—Bess said "No" to me last night, but I don't think she really could tell why she did it. Nell—Oh, yes, she could. She told me. Tom—Did she? Nell—Yes; she said she didn't think you'd take "No" for an answer.—Philadelphia Press.

GOOD for OLD and YOUNG



August Flower keeps the children healthy and strong—
Full of vigor and frolic the whole day long. So when Mamma needs more they rush off in high glee.
And shout to the druggist: "Please give it to me!"
Inability to get up brisk and fresh in the morning, lack of appetite, pallor, muddy complexion and poor spirits—these all indicate a disordered stomach and bad digestion—in adults and children, too. They also indicate the urgent need of taking Green's August Flower regularly for a few days.
It's a reliable old remedy for all stomach troubles, never fails to cure indigestion, dyspepsia and chronic constipation, and is a natural tonic for body and mind.
Two sizes, 25c and 75c. All druggists.

G. S. YARDEN & SON, Paris, Ky.
DEMOCRATIC TICKET.
For Governor—S. W. Hager.
For Lieut.-Governor—South Trimble.
For Attorney-General—J. K. Hendrick.
For Superintendent of Public Instruction—E. A. Gullion.
For Commissioner of Agriculture—J. W. Newman.
For Secretary of State—Hubert Vreeland.
For Auditor—Henry Bosworth.
For Treasurer—Ruby Laffoon.
For Clerk Court of Appeals—John B. Chenaunt.
For United States Senator—J. C. W. Beckham.

Hard Times in Kansas.
The old days of grasshoppers and drouth are almost forgotten in the prosperous Kansas of today; although a citizen of Cadell, Earl Shamburg, has not forgotten a hard time he encountered. He says: "I was worn out and discouraged by coughing night and day, and could find no relief till I tried Dr. King's New Discovery. It took less than one bottle to completely cure me." The safest and most reliable cough and cold cure and lung and throat healer ever discovered. Guaranteed at Oberdorfer's drug store 50c and \$1.00. Trial bottle free. apr

Cures Blood, Skin Diseases, Cancer—Greatest Blood Purifier
If your blood is impure, thin, diseased, hot or full of humors, if you have blood poison, cancer, carbuncles, eating sores, scrofula, eczema, itching, risings, and bumps, scabby pimply skin, bone pains, catarrh, rheumatism, or any blood or skin disease, take Botanic Blood Balm (B. B. B.). Soon all sores heal, aches and pains stop and the blood is made pure and rich. Druggists or by express \$1 per large bottle. Sample free by writing Blood Balm Co., Atlanta, Ga. B. B. B. is especially advised for chronic, deep-seated cases, as it cures after all else fails. 26Feb-08

How's This?
We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of catarrh that can not be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.
We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by his firm.
WALDING, KINMAN & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.
Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price 75 cents per bottle. Sold by all druggists.
Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation. 2Nov

You can make better food with
Royal Baking Powder
ABSOLUTELY PURE
Lighter, sweeter, more palatable and wholesome.
ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO. NEW-YORK.

WANTED—AN APOLOGY.
By Henry Abbott.
Copyright, 1907, by May McKoon.

Gadsby Jones was a peppery man of about fifty years who lived in the village of Hornsdale. It was well known to all the inhabitants that he was peppery and carried a chip on his shoulder, and they took good care not to stir him up. In the village of Winston, four miles away, there lived another peppery man about the same age. His name was Talbot, and he was so touchy that he had to be handled with gloves. These two peppery old men had known each other by name for ten years before they were introduced. Mr. Jones happened to be over at Winston one day, and while at the hotel Mr. Talbot came in. They were rather chary of each other for awhile, instinctively scenting danger, but when that feeling had finally worn off a bit the peppery Mr. Jones remarked: "It's my opinion, from what I have seen so far this season, that we are going to have a plague of tater bugs. I shouldn't wonder if we lost the whole crop."
"Well, I dunno," replied the peppery Mr. Talbot. "In my opinion all the indications point to a return of the grasshoppers."
"I differ with you, sir."
"And I differ with you."
"There isn't the slightest indication of grasshoppers."
"Nor the slightest indication of tater bugs."
"You seem, sir, to be a conceited man."
"And I wouldn't guarantee that you had an ounce of brains."
"I demand an apology at once!"
"And I demand the same!"
As neither would apologize, they separated in a spirit of bitterness. As they lived four miles from each other and as they had managed to get along fairly well for years without knowing each other, their feelings would have made no difference but for one thing. Gadsby Jones had a son twenty years old, and Mr. Talbot had a daughter nineteen. The young people had met and admired each other before the meeting of their fathers, and the fact was dimly known to their respective parents. When Mr. Talbot went home from the hotel it was to say to his daughter: "Ruth, are you acquainted with young Jones of Hornsdale?"
"Why, yes, I have met him," admitted Ruth, with a blush.
"Then don't meet him any more. He's a horse thief."
"Why, father, how you talk!"
"That is to say, his father is the biggest old fool in the state, and I'm sorry now that I didn't call him a liar. If I catch the son hanging around here I shall kick him out in short order."
And Gadsby Jones returned to Hornsdale, getting madder every rod of the way, to say to his son: "Hoher, do you know a girl over at Winston named Talbot?"
"Talbot? Talbot?" mused the young man as he tried to appear indifferent.
"Yes, sir, Talbot. Seems to me I heard you say you took her to the circus."
"Oh, yes, Ruth Talbot."
"Well, you drop her like a hot tater. I met her father over there today, and of all the cantankerous old cusses I ever ran up against he takes the cake. He owes me an apology, and until he makes it no son of mine can enter his house."
The son and daughter could not look upon the matter as the two fathers did, and neither of them felt obliged to obey the parental injunction. While they did not openly defy it, they continued to meet at intervals, and admiration and friendship finally ripened into love. In this they were secretly supported by Mrs. Jones and Mrs. Talbot. The two peppery old men, who had lived for fifty years without knowing each other's existence, seemed fated to meet at intervals after the disagreement. Within a month both found themselves at the same blacksmith shop to have repairs made to

their buggies, and, after glaring and snorting at each other for a time, Mr. Jones sarcastically said: "I haven't seen anything of them grasshoppers yet."
"They are probably waiting to come along with your tater bugs."
"Um! Mr. Talbot, if that is your name, I pity the folks in this village who have to put up with your ways."
"Um! Mr. Jones, and that is undoubtedly your name, for I never saw a Jones who didn't look like a mean man. If I was you, I'd go hang myself and let my town take a rest."
"Apologize, sir! Apologize at once!"
"Not until you apologize first."
They met again on the highway and again at a funeral and a town meeting, and each meeting made them long to kill each other. The son and the daughter were forbidden under all sorts of pains and penalties even to bow to each other, but their love-making could not be stopped by such edicts. There was no question of love, but that of marriage was held in abeyance in hopes that their respective fathers might undergo a change of opinion. A mutual friend undertook to bring this about. He called upon the peppery Mr. Jones first. He started out with a lot of sweet oil, but he hadn't talked over half a minute when Mr. Jones interrupted with: "That will do, sir. A year ago I told that old fool of a Talbot that it looked like a good year for tater bugs, and he up and insulted me."
"But there were no tater bugs last year."
"Makes no difference. I have met him two or three times since, and I tell you he is a cantankerous old rascal. If he's going to continue living in the state, I'll get out of it."
Nothing could be done with the peppery Mr. Jones, and so the mutual friend tried the peppery Mr. Talbot. He had only stated his errand when the latter shouted out: "Stop, sir! I do not want that man's name mentioned in my presence! If ever there was an obstinate old fool who needed to be kicked from here to Hornsdale, he is the one. He owes me an apology, and I shall insist that he get down on his knees to make it. Be friends with Jones—J-o-n-e-s! You don't know me, sir!"
But yet feelings were working. Providence or something else always seeks to bring things out right in case of true love. One day a party of people living in Winston went out to a huckleberry swamp to gather berries, and the peppery Mr. Talbot went with them. On the same day a party from Hornsdale visited the same swamp, and the peppery Mr. Jones was among them. The two parties kept separate for some hours, and they had only drifted together when a thunderstorm came up. At the same time a messenger arrived from Winston with the news that the young couple had gone off and been married. The people had to seek the shelter of the trees, and it so happened that the two peppery old men found themselves side by side.
"I will never recognize the marriage!" exclaimed Mr. Jones as he found himself face to face with his enemy.
"Nor I either!"
"Your daughter plotted to trap my son."
"The false, sir! It was right the other way."
"I probably have kept on quarreling for the next half hour, but a thunderbolt shot out of the black cloud and struck the tree underneath which they were standing. Five people were knocked senseless and continued in that state for a quarter of an hour. Then the two peppery old men recovered consciousness, sat up and looked at each other.
"Talbot, where are we?" slowly asked Jones.
"In heaven, Jones."
"Were we killed by lightning?"
"We must have been."
"Well, as we are in heaven and the children married, I don't want to carry no grudge against you. I'm willing to apologize if you are."
"Well, I'm sorry."
"So'm I."
Of course they found out later on that they were no nearer heaven than the huckleberry swamp, and of course there was a little humiliation on the part of both. But, like sensible men, they buried the hatchet and rode home together to congratulate the happy couple.

by his passions. The time of the one is long because he does not know what to do with it. So is that of the ether, because he distinguishes every moment of it with useful or amusing thoughts, or, in other words, because the one is always wishing it away and the other is always enjoying it. We all of us complain of the shortness of time, saith Seneca, and yet have much more than we know what to do with. Though we seem grieved at the shortness of life in general, we are wishing every period of it at an end. The minor longs to be of age, then to be a man of business, then to retire. Thus, although the whole life is allowed by every one to be short, the several divisions of it appear long and tedious.—Addison.

Science and Safe Cracking.
To one who has seen a modern safe, with its smooth surface of hardened steel, such as offers an impenetrable front to the shot of a battleship, it seems impossible that any burglar could force it, and yet we read of safes being cracked open enough. The modern burglar has modern methods. He uses thermite, which is ignited on the steel and burns its way through, or nitroglycerin, which is squirted into the crack of the door and exploded by an electric spark.—New York American.

Gold the First Metal Used.
Gold was probably the first metal known to man because it is generally found native. The oldest metallic objects to which we can assign a probable date were found in a royal tomb at Nagada, in Egypt, supposed to have been that of King Menes. In one of the chambers were some bits of gold and a bead, a button and a fine wire of nearly pure copper. If the tomb was properly identified, these objects were at least 6,300 years old at the time of their discovery. Nearly all of the ancient gold that has been examined contains enough silver to give it a light color. It was gathered by the ancients in the bed of the Pactolus and other streams of Asia Minor.

Old Time Advice to Doctors.
There is an old manuscript in the National library at Paris which has the following advice to physicians: "On approaching the patient you should assume a calm expression and avoid any gesture of greed or vanity, greet those who salute you with a humble voice and sit down when they do. Then, turning to the sick person, ask him how he is. To the patient you promise to cure, but immediately on leaving the room you say to the relatives that the disease is grave. The result will be that if you cure him your merit is greater, and you will receive the greater praise and fee, while if he dies they will say that you had no hope from the first."

Diamonds and Glass.
The diamond, instead of being a real solid, is a mass of atoms all in rapid and violent motion. The edge of the stone is formed of these moving molecules as well as the body. Now, glass is also made up of moving atoms, though they do not move so rapidly or so violently as the diamond atoms. When the diamond edge, therefore, is applied to the glass surface the diamond atoms drive the glass atoms out of the way and force a passage.

Training the American Officer.
"Demerits" are given to the West Point cadet for the most trifling offenses, such as "gazing about in the ranks," having an "odor of cigarettes in his room" or appearing "on parade with soiled gloves." A rigorous medical examination has to be passed every few months, when the milit are weeded out.—J. Stanton in Captain.

Attended Her Funeral, as a Rule.
Leave to attend his mother's funeral was thus applied for by a Lahore Baboo: "By the vicissitudes of time my mother yesterday went to eternity, and as a rule have to attend her funeral ceremonies."—Times of India.

A Few Years Hence.
As she tiptoed into the bedroom her husband raised his head from the pillow sleepily.
"Mrs. Jay was here to see you," he murmured. "She said she'd call again some other evening."
"And what did you tell her, John?" the wife asked as she laid her money and watch key on the bureau.
"Oh," he answered. "I just gave her the address of your club."—New York Press.

The Value of Time.
The hours of a wise man are lengthened by his ideas as those of a fool are