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I take this method of announcing to my friends that I have just opened a New Grocery at the corner of Eighth and Henderson streets, and to solicit a share of their patronage. I will at all times have a fresh, clean stock of

Staple and Fancy Groceries, Country Produce, Fresh Vegetables, Fruits, Etc., Etc.

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Home-Made Things.

- Black Cake, Plum Pudding,
- Mince Meat,
- Mustard Pickles, Mixed Pickles,
- Sweet Cucumber Pickles,
- Chopped Pickles.

BRUCE HOLLADAY, Paris, Ky.

Both 'Phones. Main St., near Fifth.

Had His Revenge.

The rivalry was great at the annual cricket match police versus publicans, and many friendly bets depended on the result. When the last batsman, Police Constable Robinson, walked to the wicket the police required only two runs to win, and naturally great excitement prevailed. He batted with due care until a loose ball came, and, hitting this past mid-on, he started for an easy run. He got home comfortably before the wicket was thrown down, but to his disgust he was given out.

"Why," exclaimed the indignant constable, "I was a yard past the wicket!" "Mebbe," said the umpire in a supercilious tone, "but, yer see, it ain't what you say; it's what I say, an' I say you're out!"

"But"—began the irate Robinson. "D'yer remember," interrupted the umpire, meditatively scratching his nose, "sayin' to me 'bout six months ago, 'Don't argue with the law? Well, you was the law that time an' I was run in. Now," he added, triumphant, "I'm the law an' you're run out!"—London Tit-Bits.

Pay of Army Officers.

A glance over the army list shows that over two-thirds of the officers are receiving less pay per day than good mechanics receive in civil life. The officer has no home, but must be prepared to live in the arctic or the tropics and change from one to the other at short notice. He must have equipment for both, and while in one place the equipment for the other is stored and deteriorating. He is sent on long journeys to distant stations and must suffer banishment from his family or take them along. Either is a great expense—one hand for travel and on the other for maintenance of two establishments. His changes of station are so frequent that he must put his children in costly private schools or see them grow up in ignorance. Because he is an officer of the United States service to use the respectability of his position to add to his income commercially is regarded as reprehensible, and if he makes an investment he must intrust his interests to an agent.—Army and Navy Life.

The Old, Old Story.

Hot, tired and dusty, the excursion was returning from the seaside day trip, and Simkins, a little bald man with big ears, overcome with his day of happiness, dropped off to sleep. In the hutch above another passenger had deposited a ferocious crab in a bucket, and when Simkins went to sleep the crab woke up and, finding things dull in the bucket, started exploring. By careful navigation Mr. Crab reached the edge of the rack, but the next moment down it fell, alighting on Simkins' shoulder. Not feeling quite safe, it grabbed the voluminous ear of Simkins to steady itself, and the passengers held their breath and waited for developments. But Simkins only shook his head slightly. "Let go, Eliza," he murmured. "I tell you I have been at the office all the evening"—London Pick-Me-Up.

Men, Women and Adjectives.

Certain adjectives are reserved for men and others for women. A man is never called "beautiful." Along with "pretty" and "lovely" that adjective has become the property of women and children alone. "Handsome" and the weak "good looking" are the only two adjectives of the kind common to either sex. Even "belle" has no real masculine correlative in English, since "beau" came to signify something other than personal looks. It is singular that "handsome" should have become the word for a strikingly good looking person, since its literal meaning is handy, dexterous. But "pretty" likewise comes from the Anglo-Saxon word meaning "sty."

Beauty in the Angeworm.

If there is any living thing that seems to have nothing to relieve its ugliness it is the angeworm that crawls slimly across the sidewalk after a heavy rain. And yet even that is beautiful. Put a bit of its upper skin under the microscope and your ideas of the poor little worm will change mightily. It shimmers like the softest satin and sparkles with all the colors of the rainbow, for it is covered with little fine lines crossing each other like the cuttings in a glass vase.

The Smooth Handle.

Everything has two handles—one by which it may be borne, another by which it cannot. If your brother acts unjustly, do not lay hold on the affair by the handle of his injustice, for by that it cannot be borne, but rather by the opposite, that is your brother, that he was brought up with you, and thus you will lay hold on it as it is to be borne.—Epictetus.

A Word For Nero.

"Nero fiddled while Rome burned!" exclaimed the student. "Well," replied Mr. Growcher, "that's better than the custom many violinists have of practicing at a time when everything is nice and quiet otherwise."—Washington Star.

The Compromise.

"My bride wanted to go on a week's wedding tour, and I wanted to stay at home. Well, we compromised by going on a tour around the world!"—Meggen-Jetter Blatter.

He Went.

The Hungry Guest—James, what time is dinner? The Candid Butler—I see my borders, sir, which is to serve you as soon as ever you go, sir.—London Express.

The country which is cultivated with wheat produces great men.

Babes as Bait.

"Wot do ye think," said the sailor, "of usin' live babies for bait? We done it in Ceylon."

"Babies for bait? Fishing for shark?"

"No, Crocodile. Baby bait is the only thing for crocodile, and everybody uses it. Ye rent a baby down there for half a dollar a day. Of course," the sailor went on, "the thing ain't as cruel as it sounds. No harm ever comes to the babies, or else, o' course, their mothers wouldn't rent 'em. The kid is simply sot on the soft mud bank of a crocodile stream and the hunter lays hid near him, a sure perfection. The crocodile is lazy. He basks in the sun in midstream. Nothin' will draw him in to shore where ye can pot him. But set a little fat naked baby on the bank and the crocodile soon rouses up. In he comes, a greedy look in his dull eyes, and then ye open fire. I have got as many as four crocodiles with one baby in a morning's fishin'. Some Cingalese women wot lives near good crocodile streams make as much as \$2 a week reg'lar out o' rentin' their babies for crocodile bait."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Has a Job Waiting.

"I hear you're getting to be a real sport," a veteran in that line remarked to a youthful acquaintance of the conservative sort recently married.

The young man repudiated any such intention.

"Just placed a little bet among the boys in the office, you know," he added. "Put in \$1.50 and won \$40 in a trifling pool."

"Well, that's a good beginning, anyhow," said the veteran. "You'll grow up after awhile. What did you do with the \$40—put it on the races or open wine?"

"Bought a ton of coal and a set of false teeth for my wife," was the reply.

When the veteran revived his young friend had disappeared.

"Gee," he soliloquized, "that's a new one in sport! If I win tomorrow guess I'll buy my mother-in-law a new cork leg and some darning cotton."—New York Globe.

Given Her Choice.

Little Harry's experience with death was limited to the decease of a pet canary which had been sent to a taxidermist and now adorned the parlor mantel.

His grandmother, of whom he was very fond, was taken suddenly ill. For some time after he learned of her condition he sat in a brown study. Then, as if coming to a sudden resolution, he tiptoed into the sickroom and, cautiously approaching the bed, fixed his serious big brown eyes upon his dear relative and said, with a little quiver in his voice:

"Say, grandma, if you die, which would you rather be—buried or stuffed? 'Cause if you're buried we can't see you no more, but if you're stuffed we can set you in the parlor."

Grandma immediately began to mend.—London Scraps.

Matter of Fact.

A visitor from London found in a cafe at Rotterdam a Dutchman who had been about a bit and who spoke English perfectly well.

This Dutchman was smoking a china pipe of remarkable size and beauty, and the Londoner, an admirer and collector of such bric-a-brac, took the liberty to comment upon it.

"You could not stumble upon a pipe like that every day," said the Englishman.

The Dutchman took three or four whiffs at the pipe and then slowly removed it from his mouth.

"Certainly not without breaking it," he said, gravely.—London Chronicle.

Soft and Light.

A lady famed for her skill in cooking was entertaining a number of her friends at tea. Everything on the table was much admired, but the excellence of the sponge cake was especially the subject of remark.

"Oh," exclaimed one of the guests, "it is so beautifully soft and light! Do tell me where you got the recipe!"

"I am very glad," replied the hostess, "that you find it so soft and light. I made it out of my own head."—Illustrated Bits.

How It Affected Him.

Mrs. Myles—When are you coming to call on us?

Mrs. Styles—Oh, I really don't know! "But you said you'd come soon and bring your husband?"

"I know I did, and I asked him last night to come over, and he said he'd lik eto dream over it, and, do you know, dear, he had an awful nightmare last night!"—Yonkers Statesman.

Something Lacking.

"These big hotels are not so complete."

"What's lacking?"

"The express elevator gets you to the fifty-second floor all right, but there a half mile corridor confronts you and no cabs."—Montreal Star.

Had Heard It Before.

"She looks very young to have a grown daughter."

"Yes; she was just telling me—"

"I know. That she was married when she was just barely fifteen years old."—Pittsburg Post.

Didn't Affect Him.

Stella—Mrs. Jones wants a new coat because Mrs. Smith looks so well in one. Jack—Yes, but Jones won't sign a check merely because Smith looks so pretty when he is writing one.—Harper's Bazar.

It is something to be able to empty a night watchman's book after me who are as busy as a bee in a long St. Louis (Mo.)

Nature's Great Invention



On de banks ob de Amazon, far away, far away, Whar Dr. Green gets August Flowers to dis day; Ah picked dose flowers in August in ole Brazil, An' 'side' 'ese a Yankee, ah longs to be dar still.

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.

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Dr. Williams' Indian Pile Ointment will cure Blind, Bleeding and Itching Piles. It absorbs the tumors, allays the itching at once, acts as a poultice, gives instant relief. Dr. Williams' Indian Pile Ointment is prepared for Piles and Itching of the private parts. Every box is warranted. By druggists, by mail on receipt of price, 50 cents and \$1.00. WILLIAMS' MANUFACTURING CO., Props., Cleveland, Ohio

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Chickasha, I. T.	34.05	Ft. Worth, Texas.	34.
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McAlester, I. T.	31.20	Houston, Texas.	34.
Guthrie, O. T.	32.15	Galveston, Texas.	34.
Oklahoma City, O. T.	32.80	Brownsville, Texas.	34.65
Lawton, O. T.	34.65	San Antonio, Texas.	34.65
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Correspondingly low rates to many other points in the South-west.

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Lv Frankfort at 6.20 am and 2.00 pm
Ar Geo'town. 7.12 am and 2.47 pm
Ar at Paris at. 7.50 am and 3.25 pm

Lv Paris at. 8.30 am and 5.42 pm
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