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M. E. CHURCH.

Services first Sunday each month. Sunday school at 2:00 p. m. Rev. J. S. Cox, pastor.

ZION A. M. E. CHURCH.

Services every Sunday morning at 11 o'clock, and evening at 7 o'clock. Sunday school at 9:30 a. m. W. W. Dawsey, pastor.

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Madisonville.

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Lodge Directory.

E. W. TURNER LODGE, No. 348, F. & A. M. Stated meetings the first and third Saturdays in each month at 7:30 p. m. Transient brethren cordially invited to attend. HENRY C. BOURLAND, W. M.
CHAS. COWELL, Secretary.

ST. BERNARD LODGE, No. 240, I. O. O. F. Meets every Tuesday night at 7:30 p. m. Visiting brethren cordially invited to attend. J. B. WYATT, N. G.
C. H. HUNT, Secretary

HOFFMAN LODGE, No. 507, I. O. G. T. Regular meeting of members every Wednesday evening at 7:30 o'clock. Visiting friends especially invited to attend. MRS. J. E. DAY, C. T.
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VICTORIA LODGE, No. 84, KNIGHTS OF PYTHIAS, meets every Monday night in the Masonic building. All members of the order are cordially invited to attend.
JESSE PHILLIPS, C. C.
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HOPKINS LODGE, No. 61, A. O. U. W. meets every Thursday evening at 7:30 o'clock p. m. Visiting brethren cordially invited to attend
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Circuit Court Clerk—John Christy.
Judge of County Court—J. F. Dempsey.
County Attorney—C. J. Waddill.
County Clerk—W. H. Arnold.
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Sly sparking, soft speeches, summer shirts,
Shrieking swimmers, shapely shoulders, sick swains,
Skinny shins, sun-shades, stretching seines,
Scudding schooners, screw steamers, sloops, sails,
Small smacks, strong sailors, silvery scales,
Saving stations, signals, steamers, shrouds, spars,
Skillful skippers, steering ships, seats, stars,
Savage sharks, sea serpents, skates, soles,
Snipe, snappers, shrimps, scollops, sunken shoals,
Sea spiders, swarming 'skeeters, seagulls,
Silly singers, soulful strollers, swift sculls,
Solid sleep, startling scores, saline sniffs,
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RALPH, THE ROVER.

"Here, Ralph! Ralph! Hi, you scamp! Come back here, sir! There, he's gone! Off for two or three days' tramp again. Beg pardon, sir! I didn't see you. I was that busy calling the dog, I reckon I nearly walked over you. The matter, sir? Well, it's that dog, Ralph. You heard me call him, I dare say. A grander old fellow you couldn't find in a day's travel, but he has one bad habit. Most humans have more than that, and I ain't sure in my own mind that he ain't human.

"The habit? Well, it's just this: He will follow every blessed old tramp as passes here, and keep followin' 'em sometimes for two or three days. He's a queer one. Did you notice him just now? Didn't see him? Well, he keeps just far enough behind the fellows so they won't drive him back, sniffin' along, and kind o' castin' his eye back to let me know he's hearin' me, but not heedin' me. Just the same way he acts every time he goes off. He'll be back all right when he does come; and he's been acting that way ever since I've had him. 'Stolen?' Why, sir, I don't belive the one's livin' could steal him or fasten him up ever so tight he couldn't get back ever since—an' a right queer way I got him, too.

"Is he mine? Well, yes, in one way; and then no, in another. It was a queer story anyway.

"Tell it, sir. Well, if I had time I might. Ah, thank you, sir! A fine gentleman like you can afford to be generous.

"Now, let me see! As near as I remember, it was June, two years ago, as I come downstairs rather early one morning, to light the fire for my old woman. She warn't very strong then; the youngster there was only a couple of months old, an' I was gettin' the things all handy for her to get breakfast. When she come down the fire was lightin' an' the kettle singin'—for joy of seein' her, I'm thinkin'.

"Mollie was always a great one for fresh air; so as soon as she saw that everthin' was goin' right in the kitchen, she walks to the front door, turns the key and opens it.

"Well, quick as a flash she came running back to me with her face kind o' white an' scared.

"'Oh, Jim, come out here to the door! Quick!' says she.

"An' when I followed her blessed if I don't see the rummest sight I ever did, an' there I stood, starin' like an ape.

"You see, these seats on the porch are rather comfor'ble to sit on, an' with the vines hangin' over this way makes it 'most as shut in an' quiet-like as a bed-room; then the posts here an' at the corners form good rests for the back. Well, good or bad, right here, a-leanin' back in the most uncom'blest way, was the trampiest looking tramp I ever saw, sound asleep. An' on the seat beside him, with his head on the man's lap, was the dandiest setter I ever expect to see. A vallyble dog, sir, too, as I knew as soon as I set eyes on him. I always know a good dog, being rather in the sportin' line myself, an' this was a genuine Gordon setter.

"Well, sir, I suppose I must have said somethin', with surprise, for to wake them up. The dog turned the solem'est eyes round to me, askin' me not to make so much noise, an' the man, all rags and tatters, yawned an' set up. An' then, seein' Mollie right behind me, I'll be shot, sir, if he didn't stand up, take off his piece of a hat an' begin to apolergise for settin' on our doorstep. Said he'd been 'overcome with fateek.' My eye! For the manners of him I couldn't hardly believe he weren't a swell cove, dressed in the latest fashion, with a full-blooded stepper at the gate waitin' for him.

"I know I must have stared at him considerable, but, bless you, Mollie didn't spend no time a-starin' till she'd asked him into the kitcken, an' when the breakfast was ready she gave him an' his dog, too, a good one.

"His feet were blistered with walkin' in shoes that left half of his feet out-doors an' half in; an' as he could scarcely take a step we made him stay with us a day or so till they got better; but he couldn't bear it, an' the only reason, I think, was that he was afraid of burdenin' us. But, Lord! He did as much for us as we did for him, I'll be bound. He filled the yard with kindlin's, an' I believe he'd 'a chopped all the wood in the village if Mollie hadn't seen his hands all blistered an' bleedin'. That give him away, sure. 'A gentleman born,' says I to myself when I see those hands.

"Then nothin' would do but Mollie must doctor an' bandage them up for him. An' while she was doin' it she heard a sound like a child tryin' to cry, an' he just bends down and kisses her hand, an' then he says, kind of low an' choked like, more like a groan than words, 'Oh, mother.'

"An' the way the little kid took to him was a caution. A mite like he was—no sense at all; only puckered up his face and cried when I went near him. He'd smile up in Robert's face (that was what he told us to call him) and hold on to his finger like he was his nurse.

"Now, to be sure, sir, three days don't seem much in a life, an' you'll maybe think it foolish the store we set by both man an' dog before that time was passed. Ralph would lay down beside the baby's cradle, an' nothin' would move him until his master left the room; then he'd get up and shake himself, as if it was time to go, an' he was goin'.

"Mollie said he was human, an' if ever a soul gets into an animal's body—I hear as there's folks as think so—there was a good soul inside of Ralph.

"Yes, we all liked Ralph, an' Robert even more. The fact is, he was a real gentleman, that was plain enough, brought down as low as he was by Lord only knows what. But a true gentleman, an' I know the right kind when I see them. He never let on for one moment, through a single word about himself but once, an' that was the last evening he was here.

"The dog was sittin' beside him, with his head restin' on Robert's knee, when I says, kind of sudden like:

"'I bet Ralph's a very vallyble dog, Robert.'

"'Yes, yes,' he says, sort of slow. 'Too vallyble,' stroking Ralph's head with a lovin' hand, while the dog looked at him with just as much love. 'Twas the humanest eyes you would ever see, sir.

"'He worth a great deal of money,' he said again, after a moment's thinkin'. 'I am very sorry for it sometimes. I've been in many hard straits at times, an' I've been afraid—aye, afraid of myself—that I'd be tempted to sell him. Not while I was myself, old fellow, you understand, but when I was the brute I sometimes am.'

"By George, sir! you wouldn't believe it, I dare say, but I'd take my affydavy that dog looked up, sort o' sad like, and shook his head.

"To make the story short—though, all told, it was not so very long—when we came down stairs the next morning Ralph lay on the floor guardin' his master's stick, but his master wasn't nowhere 'round.

"Tell me the dog didn't know! He knew as well as we did why it was done; the master he loved an' who loved him had left him, but he had been told to watch the stick, an' with the saddest eyes an droopin' he lay there all day long. An' I truly believe if we hadn't got the stick away from him and burned it he'd 'a been watchin' it yet.

"An' his master? Yes, sir; gone—gone, clean gone. An' we've never heard a word of him since. Ungrateful? No, sir; I don't take it so. I think he couldn't trust himself with the dog he loved, when he was himself, you see, and so he left him where he knew he'd be well taken care of. Yes, that's the way I see it anyhow. An' then he got so far away before the dog would quit watching that the scent was lost for poor Ralph. But he ain't never give up. Not a day, sir!

"Do? Well, there's not a tramp comes past here—an' the worse looking they are the wilder he is to get after them, sniffin' at their tracks, and then his tail will drop so disappointed like, yet he'll keep on an' follow 'em for a day, maybe three days, till he gets sure he ain't comin' to his master, when he'll come back. Seems to me as if he kind of thought he might know him. How does he find out they don't? Bless you, sir, don't ask me, but dogs know a heap more than people think.

"He ought a been named Rover, for he's been in more different places round here than I have, an always turns up all right when he's settled the matter.

"Why! ain't that him now, a sniffin' along the other road? Of course it is. Well, how, how'd he get over there, I wonder; seems as if he was scentin' somethin', don't it?

"Hi, Ralph! Ralph! Ah! there he comes, a-boundin' along towards us just as he used to go to his master. Looks as if he thought he could find him, sure. See, now. Ain't he a beauty?

"Here, Ralph! Good old fellow! Come here sir! Eh! What! Straight for you! sir, he's gone, without a look for me! All over you in a minute! A fine gentleman like you! What! you, you, sir! Robert! Great Scott! An Ralph knew you? Well, well! I give in. Dogs is human!"—M. Warren Hale in Pittsburg Dispatch.

A MODERN CINDERELLA.

BY ELIZABETH VARIAN.

When Prof. Armstrong emerged from his Greek and Latin dictionaries long enough to marry Mrs. Angeline Spearson, encumbered as she was with two grown girls, society in Bloomdale stood aghast. There never had been such courtship, and what little there was had been conducted principally by Mrs. Spearson herself, so perhaps when the professor awoke to the fact that he was settled in the state of matrimony he was as much surprised as his neighbors. Everybody said, however, that his pretty little Dora needed a mother's care more than the professor needed a wife, but everybody was sorry that the professor's choice had been such an unwise one. Mrs. Spearson was a coarse and selfish woman, and her two daughters, Corine and Bertha, were modeled on the same plan, so Dora's life after the coming of her new mother and sisters was a much harder one than it had been before. The professor, buried in his books and leaving the management of his house to his newly acquired wife, little knew what a hard time his pretty little Dora was having, and Dora keeping everything to herself bore all things patiently. How she ever grew up into such beautiful girlhood, with all the depressing influences about her, is a wonder; and, even after the death of her step-mother things did not alter for the better. This occurred when Dora was sixteen. She was then a beautiful girl, with dark, serious eyes, red lips, which had a sweet, gentle firmness, and lustrous brown hair, with glints of gold in it in the sunlight. She was tall and graceful, too, with firm white flesh and rounded arms, supple with much work. Perhaps it was on account of her beauty, and partly because she had artistic longings, Dora was kept darkly in the background by the two aspiring and elder sisters; and Dora, wishing to shield her beloved father from all annoyance, did everything uncomplainingly; and some way, there was so much to be done that she never found time to bring out from their hiding place in her trunk those much-loved articles—her paints and brushes. Oh! how her fingers longed to paint the pictures her fancy drew as she washed the dishes or mended the weekly "washing." The two elder girls, Corine and Bertha, had been going out in Bloomdale society a good deal, and, having been left with a small amount of money by the death of a grandparent, they made the most display of it in fine clothes. But Dora cared little for Bloomdale society. Her simple gowns, dainty and well fitting, were made by her own hands, and when dressed in one of them, with her sweet, flower-like face above it, she far outshone her sisters in costly finery. It was a warm October day, one of those glad, sunshiny moments when nature looks backward toward summer, and in the pleasant little sitting room of the Armstrong cottage the two girls, Corine and Bertha, were busy lounging. Corine had been embroidering, and Bertha, lying on the lounge, had been talking to her.

"I hear, Corine," Bertha is saying, "that Mrs. Burnett intends to issue invitations for a ball in his honor. Of course we will be invited. What shall you wear?"

"Oh! I hadn't decided. Something decidely fetching, of course. It isn't every day that one has a younger son of an English Lord thrown at one's feet, and I for one intend to improve my opportunity."

"Perhaps I shall go into the contest myself," returned Bertha, sharply. "I consider myself quite as fascinating as Corine Spearson." And having delivered this kind little remark Bertha settled back among the cushions.

Dora stopped for a moment in the doorway as she passed through the room. She caught the drift of the conversation, and she well knew to whom it related. He had been the principal topic of talk ever since his arrival in Bloomdale, and Dora had heard all about his "wondrous gray eyes, his dark hair and charming manner" from Bertha and Corine until she was quite weary of the subject and felt as if she already knew this rara avis, Morton Gaylor, as well as her sisters, who had met him on several occasions during the past week. The girls, however, took no notice of Dora as she went through the room, but went on with the absorbing subject, speculating as to how they should bring this man to their feet. There are moments when one would like to be alone, and to Dora this was one of them. Going into her room she drew from her trunk the cherished paints and brushes. Oh, how long since she had touched them, and as her fingers rested upon them a great wild desire to accomplish something by means of them to free herself from the hateful life she lived daily came upon her. Taking off her work-a-day gown she put on one of palest pink chambray that well matched the color in her cheeks. A white garden hat completed her simple costume and made her look like a picture herself. Slipping the painting materials under her arm she stole softly out of the house to avoid curious questioning and walked quickly down the street. Bloomdale was a little city and soon Dora left the noisy streets behind her and came to a familiar picturesque woodland. It was a spot dear to her from her childhood. There was a pretty little stream running through it, bordered by tall rushes and overhanging trees.

A portion of the stream crossed by a rustic bridge was selected as a study, and Dora, laboring under the inspiration of the scene and the moment, absorbed in her work, little knew that she was being observed. A young man, tall and broad-shouldered, strolling idly through the woods with his fishing line over his shoulder came upon the pretty tableau quite unexpectedly. His movements were wholly unobserved by Dora. Morton Gaylor took a field-glass from his pocket and surveyed the scene leisurely. He was not a poor artist himself, and the artistic merit pleased "A pretty girl!" was his mental exclamation; "an artist, too. Didn't know Bloomdale boasted any of our fraternity. Must know more of her." He found a shady place beneath a broad sycamore, and sat down with his line in the water, and watching afar off. Fish were not much on the bite that day, still it was pleasant there, and he had an interesting story to beguile the tiresome moments. Dora was a little surprised an hour later to learn how late it had grown. Still more so, to notice a young man seated in the shadow of a tree not far distant. She was a little distressed, too, to find that she had not been alone. Perhaps, however, she had not been observed. The young man was busily engaged in taking a fish off the hook, and Dora, gathering up her painting materials, made her exit just as the stranger had released the fish and caught a glimpse of the fluttering pink gown. A moment later, passing the spot Dora had just vacated, he found a forgotten brush and a scrap of her work. The latter he examined carefully.

"Not bad," he said slowly. "It shows talent, but want of instruction, perhaps. Wonder if she wouldn't like a few lessons? Ah! I have a scheme," he added as he placed the articles in his pocket and walked on. "I shall restore them to her, whoever she may be. She is charming, I know.

And with visions of future meeting with the fair unknown, Morton Gaylor strolled onward in the direction Dora had taken. He might have overtaken her, for he saw the pink dress and graceful figure just before him, but he merely contented himself with inquiring her name of a small Bloomdale boy entering the woods for butternuts.

"Law! that's Miss Dora Armstrong," replied the urchin, smiling broadly at sight of a coin tossed to him.

The next morning Corine, who was standing at the upper front window, noted a tall, familiar figure coming up the graveled pathway. She turned quickly with flushing cheeks and dancing eyes to the two other occupants of the room. "Oh, Bert, Morton Gaylor is coming here. What can he want? Perhaps an invitation to the picnic next week," and Corine turned to the glass to see if she was presentable. Dora went on with her dusting, looking so pretty and dainty in her white morning gown, but Bertha, looking quite as Corine, threw aside her embroidery, announcing her own claims to Mr. Gaylor's attention. Their discussion in regard to suitable wearing apparel was cut short by the entrance of Prof. Armstrong, who, in that quiet voice of his, said: "A gentleman to see you, Dora, my dear." And Dora went down in her simple white morning gown, hardly less surprised than either of her sisters, who hung over the bannisters endeavoring to satisfy their curiosity.

And Morton Gaylor, designing schemer that he was, determined the restoration should be but the means to an end, drew Dora on to talk of her painting, her plans and aspirations, her longing for instruction—and quite before she knew it had installed herself as her teacher in art.

As all roads lead to Rome so I believe all roads lead to love, as Dora found shortly thereafter much to her own happiness and elder sisters' chagrin.

Smith and Jones were having a wordy argument on politics, when Jones said: The fools are not all dead yet. That is an unnecessary assertion, said Smith. Why so? Because you enjoy remarkably good health yourself. — N. Y. Press.

Dunn-Browne—I should like to feel that when I die I leave the world better than I found it. Jackson—My dear fellow, I am quite sure the world will be better when you are gone.—Judy.

How did they like you in Scraggleville? asked one actor of another. Very much, indeed, it appeared. It was all I could do to induce the landlord to let me leave.—Washington Star.

Johnny—I'm real sick and ma won't let me go to school. Willie (with marked envy)—Wair did you find out wot simtums to have? —Chicago News Record.

She—You say you think Mr. Pinckerly was born lucky. Why, he's been jilted by four girls! Her Husband—That's lucky!—Smith, Gray & Co.'s Monthly.

Parks — There goes Dazzler; isn't he a pretty close mouthed fellow? Starks—Jupiter, yes, he doesn't even tell the truth, often. —Inter-Ocean.

You haven't heard anything until you have heard both sides, says a writer. This may be pretty logic, but the big drum refutes it.—Tid-Bits.

Johnson—What are you saving your money for—next winter's amusements? Thompson — No, last winter's.—N. Y. Herald.

What He Does — That fellow never does anything, does he? He does time occasionally. — Yankee Blade.