

## Are You Alive to Progress?

We mean by this, do you trade with **R. W. COLE?**

DO YOU WORK OR EAT, if you do either, and want the best, investigate R. W. Cole's line of goods, before you either work or eat. Don't be in a hurry about reading the following prices.

Best Southern German Millet Seed.....	\$1.50
5 lb. sack best table salt.....	.05
Galvanized pipe and Eave rough per foot.....	.06
10 qt. Galvanized Buckets.....	.15
12 qt. Galvanized buckets.....	.20
Nice set of glass tumblers.....	.20
Cups and saucers per set.....	.30
Plates per set.....	.35
Good riding bridles.....	.65
Saddles as low as.....	\$2.50
Good set of harness.....	\$3.50
Green screen wire any width Galvanized screen wire any width.....	.12 1/2
Plain screen doors any size.....	.75
Nice front screen doors any size.....	\$1.10
Very fancy screen doors any size.....	\$1.50
Screen window frames any size.....	.25
Highest patent flour per sack.....	.75
Highest patent flour per barrel.....	\$6.00
Best second patent flour per sack.....	.70
Best second patent flour per barrel.....	\$5.60
20 lb. light brown sugar.....	\$1.00
17 lb. granulated sugar.....	\$1.00
Arbuckles coffee per package.....	.12 1/2
Choice evaporated apricots... per lb.....	.10
Choice evaporated peaches per lb.....	.10

If you intend buying an ice cream freezer, don't do so until you see Cole's line.  
Look out for this space next week. If you work or eat buy, of **R. W. COLE.**

### LOCALS.

Don't miss seeing the circus.  
See the large circus ad in this issue.  
Sun Brothers circus will be here June 4th. See the big street parade.  
Everybody get ready, for the circus is coming to Barbourville on Saturday, June 4th.  
If you want job printing done at reasonable prices and satisfactory work, call on the **ADVOCATE.**

Warm weather has at last set in, in earnest, and vegetation of all kinds is growing rapidly.

The ladies of the Christian church gave a strawberry festival last evening at the Knox Hotel for the benefit of the church.

This office has printed a nice lot of candidate cards this week for Prof. B. E. Parker, and they will soon be seen in every part of the country.

Last Saturday evening quite a lot of young people were entertained at the Gilbert House with music and finch, and all report a grand time.

Last Monday was County Court day here, but a very small crowd was in town, owing to the fact that the farmers are unusually busy with their crops.

See the professional card of Dr. A. L. Parker in this issue. If you need dental work he will be found over the First National Bank and ready to wait upon you.

### Ulrich--Helton.

J. Herman Ulrich and Miss Sarah B. Helton, both of North Jellico, were quietly married at the Riddell Hotel by Rev. T. J. Stamper on last Saturday morning, after which they returned to their new home at North Jellico, where they will begin life anew.

The best wishes of the **ADVOCATE** goes with them, and may their union be one of continued happiness.

We call the attention this week to the advertisement of Mr. John D. Jarvis, of Jarvis' Store, in this issue. If you want to buy a mower there is none made better than those he sells, and you can see them by calling at his store.

Elder T. M. Myers delivered two very interesting sermons last Sunday at the Christian church. His morning subject was "The Handwriting on the Wall. The evening subject was "Tenting Toward Sodom." A large and appreciative audience heard both subjects discussed.

Mrs. Mary Beard, aged about 35 years, died at Artemus last Tuesday, leaving five children. Mr. A. W. Hopper, of this city, was called to furnish the burial outfit. Funeral and burial at Steve Tinsley's grave yard on Brush creek Wednesday.

Mr. W. E. Faulker, who has been doing double work during the past session of Union College, is suffering from overtaxing his physical ability. Monday evening while drilling for commencement exercises, he swooned but soon regained consciousness, and is now speedily recuperating.

The revival at the Colored Baptist church at this place closed with six baptisms and one restored, and the church made me a present of \$13.60, and if the ministers of the gospel of Christ want to see a good set of well behaved people, both white and colored, come to Barbourville at the Colored Baptist church, where Rev. H. Patterson is preaching, and you will find them. God bless Rev. Patterson and his church and all the good people in Barbourville until we meet again. Yours in Christ,  
**REV. WM. YATES,**  
Evangelist.

In the proper place in to-day's issue appears the announcement of Prof. Ben S. Parker for the office of Superintendent of Public Schools.

Prof. Parker is at present one of the principals of the Baptist College in this city, and is a very capable young man. For the past twelve or fourteen years he has devoted his time to the public schools, having taught all his life since completing his education, and has made his work a life study. Before accepting the position as principal of the Baptist Institute he was principal of the Barbourville graded free school and made quite a success there. He is well known to many of the voters of the county, but desires to become better acquainted with all of them. He places himself in the hands of the Republicans of Knox and asks that they give him the office of Superintendent of the Free Schools, and, if elected, no doubt he will strive to make a faithful and efficient official.

### PERSONALS.

Mr. and Mrs. Renfrow, of Flat Lick, were in town last Saturday.

Rev. Stephen Owsley, of Middlesboro, was in town last Saturday and paid this office a pleasant call.

Walter S. Hudson, of Middlesboro, was down Saturday and Sunday visiting his mother.

W. B. Hudson and family, of Middlesboro, were down Sunday visiting homefolks.

John D. Gates, formerly of this place, now connected with the Oil Well Supply Co., at Burnside, was in town last Saturday.

Rev. John B. Hudson has received and accepted a call to the Central Presbyterian church of Galveston, Texas, and is now located in that city.

Mr. Jack L. Bledsoe, one of the advance representatives of Sun Bros. circus, was a pleasant caller at this office last Tuesday.

W. S. Taylor, our Bailey Switch correspondent, spent the day last Sunday on Possum Strut. He reports a very pleasant time.

L. W. Farmer, of the firm of Odell & Farmer, left Wednesday night for Monticello, to look after his oil interests.

James E. Allen and wife, of Jellico, Tenn., came in Wednesday afternoon to visit his mother, Mrs. Frank Letcher.

R. M. Hoblitzell and Master Alex Tinsley visited Artemus yesterday on business.

Crude Thoughts as they Fall from the Editorial Pen. Pleasant Evening Reveries.

## THE HOME CIRCLE COLUMN.

A Column Dedicated to Tired Mothers as they Join the Home Circle at Evening Tide.

O mothers, whose children are sleeping, Thank God by their pillows to-night; And pray for the mothers now weeping O'er pillows too smooth and too white; Where bright little heads off have lain. And soft little cheeks have been pressed: O mothers who know not this pain. Take courage to bear all the rest.

For the sombre-winged angel is going With pitiless flight o'er the land, And we wake in the morning never knowing What he or the night may demand. Yes, to-night, while our darlings are sleeping There's many a soft little bed, Whose pillows are moistened with weeping For the loss of one dear little head.

There are hearts on whose innermost altar There is nothing but ashes to-night; There are voices whose tones sadly falter, And dim eyes that shrink from the light. O mothers, whose children are sleeping, As ye bend to cross the fair heads, Pray, pray, for the mothers now weeping O'er pitiful, smooth little beds.

**HENRY** Ward Beecher once said "I thank God I was not born a Baptist, nor a Presbyterian, nor a Methodist. I was born a baby, and my mother was a saintly teacher."

**MOTHER'S** love is the purest and best of any love born on earth, and it is as unselfish and undying as eternity's years. Other loves may die, mother love never will, never can.

**EDITORS**, in common with all humanity, appreciate having a rose occasionally dropped in their pathway to blunt the sharp points of the many thorns over which the life of the average editor leads him. If you appreciate this Home Circle department don't be backward in stating the fact to us. Tell your neighbors and friends about it and urge them to become subscribers to the only paper in the county that goes to the necessary labor to prepare such a column.

**WE** like to think and reflect upon our youthful life. How swiftly as the summer's sun or winter's blast, like a beautiful panorama or dream, the days departed to be known no more to us! Yes, how swiftly they seem now, as we think of the dear departed days and with what anxiety we looked forward to the time we could become useful and not simply ornamental for where is the child that does not sometimes grow tired of being petted and fondled as a mere plaything, and in the utmost recesses of its heart long to become "grown up" so they may be privileged to exercise greater will power?

**THE** other morning in our rambles we met a little ragged urchin, whom we thought to be lost. "Where is your home?" we inquired of the little black-eyed boy. Pointing to an old beggar woman across the street, he said: "That is my mother, and where my mother is, that is my home." How true was the answer. Where my mother is home. Home is the magic circle within which the weary spirit finds refuge. It is the sacred asylum to which the careworn heart retreats to find rest from the toils and cares of life. Home and mother are words that touch every fiber of our souls. As dear as home can be is the mother who presides over it. Long years may have flown since we saw that home, and since the dearest of all earthly friends has slept the long and silent sleep of death; but that home and that mother will never cease to awaken the sweetest recollections of our lives.

By the fireside still the light is shining, The children's arms around the parents' twining; From love so sweet, O who would roam? Be it ever so humble, home is home.

**NO** home is complete without cheerfulness, good humor and laughter. For every good hearty laugh we indulge in there is a day taken off our age.

Why take life so seriously? Can we not labor as well or better, accomplish as much, and enjoy life more as we go along, if we keep on the watch for every possible opportunity for a good blood-stirring, pulse tingling laugh?

Let wives and mothers put away all the wrinkle-producing, skin-withering feelings of envy, spite and hatred; let's make up our minds to enjoy life as long as we live, and to live as long as we can. A good laugh is the sunshine of the heart, and cheerfulness and mirth bring forth the blossoms, and their fragrance sweetens our lives and the lives of those around us. As "laughter is the best of medicines," let's partake of it freely and look on the bright side of everything. If our seat is too hard for us to sit upon, let's stand up; it rocks rise before us let's climb over them. Be the Martha that is needed in every home.

A good side-splitting laugh will soon penetrate through the coldness of society and bring men and women nearer together, and make heavy hearts forget their burdens and be glad. It might be possible for us to direct our ways by plain reason and support our life by tasteless food, but God has given us wit and flavor and laughter to enliven our days, and to "charm our painful steps over the burning marl." A well regulated, sensible Martha is certainly a great comfort in a home. She is "careful and troubled," perhaps, but she doesn't make a fuss about it. She does not worry. If she scolds, you never hear her; she is mistress of herself, and nothing distracts her; she believes there are few women who cannot be trained to govern her home if they will be in earnest, be cheerful and set their minds to it. How many mothers plan their work so as to give some time to the amusement of their children? How many believe that a good, wholesome article of fun is essential to the comfort and health of boys and girls? There is nothing wrong in wholesome fun, and it is really necessary in the training of children.

**WE** want to talk plainly to the careless daughter of the home, and few are the homes without such a daughter. We want to speak to you of your mother.

It may be that you have noticed a careworn look upon her face lately. Of course it has not been brought there by any action of yours, still it is your duty to chase it away. We want you to get up to-morrow morning and get breakfast, and when your mother comes and begins to express her surprise, go right up to her and kiss her. You can't imagine how it will brighten her dear face. Besides you owe her a kiss or two. Away back when you were a little girl she kissed you when no one else was tempted by your fever tainted breath and swollen face. You were not as attractive then as you are now. And through those years of childish sunshine and shadow she was always ready to cure by magic of a mother's kiss your little dirty chubby hands whenever they were injured in those first skirmishes with the rough world. And then the midnight kiss with which she routed so many bad dreams as she leaped over your restless pillow have been on interest these long, long years. Of course she is not so pretty and kissable as you are, but you had done your share of the work during the past ten years the contrast would not have been so marked. Her face has more wrinkles than yours, far more, and yet it you were sick that face would appear more beautiful than an angel's as it hovered over you watching every opportunity to minister to your comfort and everyone of those wrinkles would seem to be bright wavelets of sunshine chasing each other over her dear face. She will leave you some of these days. These burdens it not lifted from her shoulders will break her down. Those rough hand that have done so many many necessary things for you will be crossed over her lifeless breast. Those neglected lips that gave you your first baby kiss will be forever closed and those sad tired eyes will have opened in eternity and then you will appreciate your mother; but it will be too late.

## L. & N. Local Time Card

IN EFFECT APRIL 1, 1904.

No. 31 Daily.	No. 23 Daily.	Trains do not stop at station where no time is shown.	No. 34 Daily.	No. 30 Daily.
3:15 a. m.	3:22 p. m.	Corbin	10:20 a. m.	11:20 p. m.
3:26 a. m.	3:24 p. m.	Grays	10:35 a. m.	11:37 p. m.
3:37 a. m.	3:26 p. m.	Emanuel	9:50 a. m.	
3:50 a. m.	4:00 p. m.	Barbourville	9:57 a. m.	10:45 p. m.
3:58 a. m.	4:10 p. m.	Artemus	9:59 a. m.	10:55 p. m.
4:09 a. m.	4:21 p. m.	Flat Lick	9:18 a. m.	10:25 p. m.
4:24 a. m.	4:28 p. m.	Pineville	8:58 a. m.	10:10 p. m.
4:39 a. m.	4:43 p. m.	Wastoto	8:54 a. m.	10:05 p. m.
4:55 a. m.	4:55 p. m.	Ferndale	8:42 a. m.	
	5:12 p. m.	Middlesboro	8:28 a. m.	9:40 p. m.

**When in Need of Drugs** You want to get those that you know are **PURE** the place to get them is from a professional Druggist and Pharmacist. : : :

**DR. B. F. HERNDON** handles just that line. Call upon him and get what you want.

**Also he keeps Constantly on Hand Mixed Paints and all kind**

In all the colors suitable for house painting. In fact anything that is usually kept in a first-class Drug Store can be found in stock any time. **Physicians' Prescriptions Carefully Compounded.**  
**WEST SIDE PUBLIC SQUARE, BARBOURVILLE, KENTUCKY.**

## CHEAPEST

Shoes, Hats, Clothing

Ladies' Skirts

IN TOWN

Nicest Rugs and Mattings

AT LOWEST PRICES.

If you see them you will buy

Big Bargains. Nice Premiums given all Customers.

**HIGNITE and CHILDERS,**

West Side Public Square

## Fresh and Cured Meats,

Breakfast Bacon. Cured Hams, Sausage, Minced Hams, Nice, Sweet Lard, Fresh and Clean. Renovated Butter. In Fact Everything to be Found in a

**First Class Meat Store.**

Phone No. 12 For What You Want or Call on

**J. B. STIVERS, : - : Dishman Building, Barbourville, Ky.**

## Coffins & Caskets

**J. & H. T. MILLER**

SUCCESSORS TO MILLER AND SON.

Dealers In

**UNDERTAKER'S GOODS.**

When by misfortune you are compelled to purchase anything in this line, We ask you to look at our goods and get our prices before buying.

Backed by a number of years Experience and by doing our own work we are now in a position to furnish nicer goods at a less price than ever before.

WE SOLICIT YOUR PATRONAGE.

**J. & H. T. MILLER.**