

CORRESPONDENCE

INDIAN CREEK.

Mrs. Jane Helton, is very ill at this writing.—Louis Helton, of Wilton, was calling on Miss Rachel Davaport, last Sunday.—Misses Clara Campbell and Emma Cooper, spent several days in Barboursville last week.—Miss Lidia Engle, has returned to her home, after attending a five months' school course at Barboursville Baptist Institute.—Messrs. W. B. Keese and J. P. Campbell, were in Barboursville, Saturday on business.—Mrs. Rebecca Fore, was a guest of Mrs. Mary Cooper Sunday.—W. J. Campbell, wife and daughter, Miss Ada Campbell, were in Barboursville, last Saturday shopping.—Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Helton were in Wilton, Saturday and Sunday, guests of Mr. and Mrs. Pat Helton.—Miss Liza Fore, was a guest of her sister, Mrs. Neal Moore.—J. P. Campbell, was calling on Miss Ada Campbell, Sunday.—Mr. and Mrs. I. W. Smith were in Wilton, Monday afternoon.—M. B. Cooper was in Barboursville, Thursday.—George and Charles Campbell, of Lindsey, attended a lunch here last Sunday.—Clarence Smith, is in Wilton this week, a guest of relatives.—Misses Besse Brown and Clara Campbell, were guests of Mrs. N. L. Logan, Monday afternoon.—Don't forget Decoration Day, May 30th. The Rev. A. W. Post, at Barboursville, will decorate the graves of our fallen heroes at this place. Everybody invited to attend.

—[ROSE BIRD.

RAILEY'S SWITCH

News from the Mountain Advertiser.—Love planting is progressing nicely.—Rev. M. W. Cheek will fill his appointment at McClellan's on Saturday night and Sunday, May 23rd.—Miss Mary Hume was the pleasant caller at Misses Ora and Carrie Jackson Sunday evening.—Mrs. Jennie Childers spent Monday with Mrs. N. B. Jackson.—The father and brother of Mr. Vanas Wild, were called to his death-bed, Thursday.—He died Friday afternoon. His remains were interred near Pleasant Hill.—The little son of W. R. Stewart, is visiting his grandma, at this time.—Sunday school is progressing nicely at McClellan, with large attendance. Prayer meeting every first Friday night. Everybody please to come.

—[BROWN EYES.

SCALF NEWS

Learning and back spudding is all the go now. The farmers are all busy with their crops on account of the late spring.—John Murphy is being "died" again. He has a fine log at his home. Mother and babe are doing nicely.—We had a good meeting at Salt Gun, last Sunday, with a good attendance.—A new church was organized on Feb. 23rd, the first Saturday in this month. Rev. Sherman Mills was elected pastor, and Columbus Mills, clerk. Their regular meeting day will be the third Saturday and Sunday of each month.—We had a much needed rain Saturday, which was needed.—J. D. Mills and Dan Hubbard were over from Elys, Friday.—T. O. Hammons and daughter, Dora, was the guest of Larkin Jackson and J. H. Hubbard and family, Friday, Saturday and Sunday.—Larkin Mills has been on the sick list.—C. C. Mills and Brother are going into the mercantile business. They have built a store room and are going to sell goods as an occupation.—Wonder if Eric Hammons has quit talking of joining the army.—Columbus Mills is still passing his Love Cards through the mail to one that he loves best. He says he will never quit writing to the one he loves best.

—[MAX FLOWER.

Fletcher news was crowded out on account of lack of force to set it up. Such things happen in all print shops. For you should know when the editor's away, the devils do play.

ALL LIFE BUT ONE CREATURE

Component Parts Are Merely Individual Cells, According to Argument of Samuel Butler.

Samuel Butler argued that, as automatic expertness in piano playing proves previous practice, so also does the immediate expertness in pecking of a newly hatched chick. To the question of personal identity; and again. This brings up the whole (in them), and can therefore do it question: How can a newly hatched chick have had any practice in pecking? Butler replies that the essentials of the chick once lived in its parents' bodies, and that it remembers what they did (or what it did in them), and can therefore do it again. This brings up the whole question of personal identity; and Butler deals with it. We say that an octogenarian is the same "person" as he was when an infant; yet there is no identity of matter. Nor does personality depend upon any consciousness or sense of such personality; it is not likely that the moth remembers having been a caterpillar, any more than we remember having been children of a day old. And if the octogenarian is the infant of eighty years ago he is also the foetus of a few months before, and—chasing him still further back—he is identical with his parents. This "involves the probable unity of all animal and vegetable life, as being, in reality, nothing but one single creature, of which the component members are but, as it were, blood corpuscles or individual cells," which would fit in rather well with the similar argumentation of Fechner.

DIDN'T WANT GREEN HORSES

Irishman, Seeking Mounts for St. Patrick's Day Parade, Wanted Them All Gray.

A florid-looking Irishman drifted into the office of a big firm of horse dealers. He came from a benevolent association that is famous as one of the biggest aggregations of Irishmen outside of the Emerald Isle. He asked for Mr. Kearney, of the firm. "Oh, want twenty gray horses for the parade St. Patrick's day," he announced after exhibiting his credentials.

"Twenty gray horses?" exclaimed Mr. Kearney, "that's quite an order. I don't believe we have twenty gray horses in the stables. We could give you about a dozen grays." The Irishman shook his head; there were twenty officials of the order that had to be mounted. Then suddenly it occurred to Mr. Kearney that a carload of horses was on his way from the west; even then the bill of lading was on his desk, and the consignment could not be far from Jersey City. "Hold on," said he, "I guess I can fix you up. I'm expecting a carload of green horses, and—" "Green?" gasped the Irishman, as he jumped to his feet; "green horses! Th' devil roast 'em!" But he laughed just as heartily as did Mr. Kearney when it was explained to him that green was not actually the color of the horses.

RESOURCEFUL COUNT D'ORSAY.

D'Orsay was once dining at the Old Ship hotel at Greenwich when someone called his attention to an inscription made with a diamond upon the central pane of the bay window overlooking the Thames, in which his name was improperly connected with that of a celebrated German dancer. D'Orsay took an orange from a dish, coolly remarking upon the good quality of the fruit and tossed it up in the air several times, then as though by accident he gave it a wider cant and sent it through the offending pane, knocking the glass into the Thames.—Jerrold: "Beaux and Dandies."

MAKING LIGHT OF HER YEARS.

Mario Dressler was inviting her friends to a birthday party. "There'll be a birthday cake, I suppose," some one remarked. "Yes, there'll be a cake, never fear," was the reply. "And candles, of course?" went on the alleged wit. "My friend," said Miss Dressler, "this is to be a birthday party, not a torchlight procession."

F. Y.

Dolly—Hain't me Mr. Rogers danced with me three times! Molly—Well, it's a charity ball, you know.—L. A. S. S.

HIRE MAN'S LITTLE GRAFT

Through the Grocer He Sold His Employer the Apples From Her Own Orchard.

Out in the Oranges of New Jersey Mrs. Philip Carr owns a handsome farm, says the New York correspondent of the Cincinnati Times-Star. As she lives in the city it is about as expensive a proposition as owning a yacht. No farm owner who doesn't live on his place ever made a dollar in this neighborhood. "I wouldn't care," said Mrs. Carr, "if I could only get good apples from my farm. There is a lovely orchard on it, but my hired man tells me that it doesn't bear. So I have to buy my apples." Her guests told her that she certainly had good taste in the matter of buying apples. The dish in the middle of the table was heaped up with big, red globes. Her guests liked them so well that they insisted on finding out where they came from. Mrs. Carr gave them the address of her grocer. The grocer said he got them from a middleman in the Oranges. The guests, having nothing better to do and owning a large car that was eating its head off, rode out to the middleman the next day.

"We got some delicious apples from a grocer," they said. "He said he got them from you. We want to buy a barrel or two."

The middleman took the order at once.

"But I won't be able to deliver them until next week," said he. "That's when Mrs. Carr's hired man comes to town. They're all grown on her place."

That hired man has lost his job.

DELICATE MATTER



Jack—Wouldn't you like to be famous?  
Jennie—Well, I should say not.  
Jack—Why not?  
Jennie—Do you suppose I would want to have the date of my birth a matter of history?

REALLY WONDERFUL LAWYER.

There was a prosecuting attorney in Texas whose methods were so dramatic and uniformly successful that he not only became the terror of evil doers, but an object of admiration, especially among the negroes.

Upon retirement from office he was at once much sought after by those charged with crime. The first two cases which he defended resulted in conviction, much to his chagrin.

An old negro who had watched his prosecution in admiring wonder and looked on with equal interest when he conducted the defense, accosted him just after his defeat and said: "Mars Earle, yo sho' is a wonder. No matter which side you's on they go to the pen just the same."—Case and Comment.

HIS SUSPICION.

"Are you a friend of the groom's family?" asked the usher at the church wedding. "I think not," replied the lady addressed. "I'm the mother of the bride."

FOR IDEAS.

Bill—What are you scratching your head for?  
Jill—Trying to get some ideas out of it.  
"Better try a vacuum cleaner."

PHILOSOPHY.

"Pa, what is philosophy?"  
"Philosophy, my boy, is the gentle art of letting your creditors do all the worrying."

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you are certain to get a correct fit, and plenty quality in every garment. Prices are within reach of all. \$10.00 THE LOWEST \$20.00 THE HIGHEST Give us a trial and be convinced.

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Encouraging. Prospective Sutor—Sir, I love your daughter. Father—Well, don't come to me with your troubles.—Pearsou's.

County Organizer and Manager Wanted

A leading Fraternal Insurance Order desires a reliable white man to take charge of its work in this county—to introduce the Order—solicit members—collect monthly dues—organize lodges—appoint and manage sub-agents and so on. No previous experience is needed, as we will teach you how to operate. This is a splendid opportunity for a good man, with liberal pay and chance of promotion. Devote spare time at start, whole time later on. Well known man wanted, strictly honest, good ability, one who is a hustler and will get out and push the work forward. This is a great chance to become an influential leader, to help your fellow man and make a good income for yourself at the same time. This Society pays benefits for sickness, accident and death. The lodges have grand ritualistic work, strictly new and up to date in every particular. No other Order like it was ever started. Over 65,000 memberships already issued and growing very fast. Write immediately for further particulars, giving full information of yourself in letter. Address in confidence, SUPREME COMMANDER GENERAL, Box AR-293, Covington, Ky.

D. W. CLARK OF KNOX FOR Commissioner of Agriculture, Labor and Statistics.

Physicians Advise

The use of a good cathartic, to keep the bowels open and prevent the poisons of undigested food from getting into your system.

VELVO LAXATIVE LIVER SYRUP

G. W. TYE Livery, Sale & Feed STABLE. CORN, HAY, OATS AND OTHER STOCK FEED. New Bess, Fat Horses.

PURE STRAIN SINGLE COMB BUFF ORPINGTON

THE best chicken for Winter Laying. Always have plenty of eggs if you keep a poultry yard of this fine strain of poultry—Buff Orpingtons. Send your order now for eggs—\$1.00, \$2.00 and \$5.00 per setting of 13 eggs. The \$3.00 settings are eggs produced by the finest strain of poultry in the State. Get early settings and have early spring chickens. MRS. MARGARET BYRLEY, BARBOURVILLE, KY.



Who Was There That You Knew?

IN the shadowy ranks of those who marched to defeat or death or victory fifty years ago in the mighty conflict that convulsed this great nation, is there father or grandfather or uncle of yours? Would you like to see a photograph of him in that long ago day of his youth—a photograph that he never knew was taken? Perhaps we can show you one; and in any case, we can tell you a story, stranger than any detective fiction, of 3,500 priceless photographs that were lost and are found again.

3,500 Long Buried Photographs of the Civil War

THEY were taken by the greatest photographer in the United States of that day; they were bought by the United States Government for \$30,000; they were buried in the War Department for 50 years—they are buried there still. But a duplicate set was kept by the photographer—who died poor and broken down; that duplicate set was knocked from pillar to post but nearly 20 years, until it was discovered by a New England collector. J. Pierpont Morgan tried to secure the whole set—\$100,000—President Garfield and General Benjamin F. Butler said it was worth \$100,000—yet with the help of the Review or Reviews, the entire collection has been gathered into 10 great volumes and is placed within your reach at less than the value of one of the photographs. It is the one accurate, impartial history of the Civil War for the camera cannot lie. It tells the story of the War you never heard before. Taken under protection of the Secret Service, these photographs bring to light thousands of little-known phases of the war; they present to strange places and record strange things.

REMEMBER—Our privilege of selling these books is limited as to time. Our supply of Copies is limited in quantity. You must be prompt to secure either. Better mail this coupon today.

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