MISSOURI PACIFIC RAILWAY
The Great Through Line From
St. Louis To KANSAS CITY, ST. JOE, OMAHA, PUEBLO, DENVER And SALT LAKE.

TRY THE NEW FAST TRAIN
KANSAS AND NEBRASKA LIMITED.

IRON MOUNTAIN ROUTE.
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THROUGH COACHES MEMPHIS TO DALLAS AND FORT WORTH.

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R. T. G. MATTHEWS, S.T.A.
LOUISVILLE, KY
H. C. TOWNSEND, G.P.&T.A.
ST. LOUIS, MO

RAILROAD TIME TABLES.

Nashville, Chattanooga & St. Louis Railroad.

PADUCAH AND MEMPHIS DIVISION.

SOUTH BOUND.		
Lv. Paducah	7.00 a.m	4.00 p.m
Ar. Paris	9.43 a.m.	6.43 p.m
Hollow Rock Junct.	10.35 a.m	7.40 p.m
Lexington	11.55 a.m	9.00 p.m
Lv. Lexington	11.56 a.m	5.00 a.m
Ar. Jackson	12.53 a.m	6.00 a.m
Ar. Memphis	4.30 p.m	9.30 a.m
Nashville	2.55 p.m	....
Chattanooga	9.40 p.m	....

NORTH BOUND.		
Lv. Chattanooga	....	5.00 am
Nashville	....	1.30 pm
Memphis	11.10 a.m	4.50 pm
Jackson	2.42 p.m	8.20 pm
Ar. Lexington	3.40 p.m	9.20 pm
Lv. Lexington	3.40 p.m	5.30 am
Hollow Rock Junct	4.50 p.m	6.49 am
Paris	5.48 p.m	7.45 am
Paducah	8.30 p.m	10.30 am

All trains daily.

Through train and car service between Paducah and Jackson, Memphis, Nashville and Chattanooga, Tenn. Close connection for Atlanta, Ga., Jacksonville, Fla., and the Southeast, and to Arkansas, Texas and all points Southwest. For further information call on or address

A. J. Welch, D. P. A., Memphis, Tenn. W. L. Danley, G. P. and T. A. Nashville, Tenn., J. T. Donovan, C. P. and T. A., Palmer House, Paducah, Ky., E. S. Burnham, depot ticket agent, Paducah, Ky.

ILLINOIS CENTRAL RAILROAD

CENTRAL I.C. R.R. ROUTE

LOUISVILLE AND MEMPHIS DIVISION.

NORTH BOUND—	No 202	No 204	No 222
Lv New Orleans	7 25 pm	8 00 am	....
Memphis	8 05 am	8 00 pm	....
Fulton	1 00 pm	11 45 pm	6 00 am
Ar Paducah	2 45 pm	1 00 am	7 50 am
Lv Paducah	2 55 pm	1 10 am	8 00 am
Ar Princeton	4 40 pm	2 31 am	9 22 am
Nortonville	5 39 pm	3 22 am	10 50 am
Lv Central City	6 50 pm	4 05 am	12 20 am
Ar Louisville	11 10 pm	7 55 am	5 15 pm
Cincinnati	6 40 am	11 55 am	....

SOUTH BOUND—	No 201	No 203	No 221
Lv Cincinnati	11 20 pm	2 30 pm	....
Louisville	3 30 am	6 55 pm	8 05 am
Lv Central City	8 15 am	10 45 pm	1 30 pm
Nortonville	9 12 am	11 23 pm	2 35 pm
Ar Paducah	12 10 pm	1 45 am	6 04 pm
Lv Paducah	12 20 pm	1 52 am	6 15 pm
Ar Fulton	2 05 pm	3 10 am	3 00 pm
Lv Fulton	2 15 pm	3 20 am	....
Ar Memphis	6 55 pm	7 00 am	....
New Orleans	7 40 am	7 20 pm	....

All trains run daily.

Nos 202 and 204 carry Pullman buffet sleeping cars and free reclining chair cars between Cincinnati and New Orleans.

Nos 201 and 202 run solid between Cincinnati and New Orleans, carrying Pullman buffet sleepers.

Train 204 carries Paducah-Louisville sleeper, open in Paducah union depot at 9 p.m.

Direct connections for all points east, west, north and south. Ticket offices, Broadway under the Palmer, and at the union depot.

ST. LOUIS DIVISION.

NORTH BOUND.	302	304
Leave Paducah	12 10 p m,	6 15 p m
Arrive Metropolis	12 59 p m,	7 40 p m
" Parker City	2 10 p m,	10 06 p m
" Marion	2 41 p m,	11 04 a m
" Carbondale	3 25 p m,	....
" Pinckneyville	4 50 p m,	1 50 a m
" St. Louis	7 10 p m,	7 16 a m

SOUTH BOUND.	301	303
Leave St. Louis	7 36 a m,	8 00 p m
" Pinckneyville	10 07 a m,	11 00 p m
" Carbondale	11 30 a m,	....
" Marion	12 15 p m,	1 45 a m
" Parker City	12 48 p m,	2 40 a m
" Metropolis	2 00 p m,	5 09 a m
Arrive Paducah	2 50 p m,	6 45 a m

Stop for meals—All trains run daily.

This is the popular line to St. Louis and Chicago and all points north and west.

Train leaving Paducah daily at 6:15 p. m. has through Pullman Palace Sleeping and Parlor Car for St. Louis. Double berth rates, $1.50; chair rates, 75 cents.

For further information, reservations, tickets, etc., call on or address J. T. Donovan, C. T. A., Palmer House, Paducah, or A. H. Hanson, General Passenger Agent Chicago.

Illinois Central R.R.

In connection with the Southern Pacific Co. will, on and after the night of November 7th, 1896, run from Cincinnati and Louisville a Pullman

BUFFET SLEEPER EVERY Tuesday and Saturday,

night, to connect direct at New Orleans with the Southern Pacific's fast solid vestibule train, the "Sunset Limited," for Los Angeles and San Francisco. On these cars for

CALIFORNIA
VIA
NEW ORLEANS

THROUGH RESERVATIONS Cincinnati and Louisville to the Pacific Coast can be made. In addition to the Buffet sleeping car service, connection will be made at Memphis by train leaving Cincinnati at 2.30 p. m. and Louisville 6.55 p. m. every Wednesday, with

Pullman Tourist Sleeping Car

leaving Chicago every Wednesday and running THROUGH WITHOUT CHANGE from Chicago to San Francisco, via New Orleans, by the same route. Comfortable free reclining chair car on this train between Cincinnati, Louisville and Memphis. Through double-berth rate but $6.50 from Memphis. This is the only true winter route to California, owing to low altitudes and the absence of snow and severe cold weather. Also good connection to the

CITY OF MEXICO

via New Orleans, by the Illinois Central and the Southern Pacific Railroads. Ticket

Rates as Low as by Any Other Route

Ask for special california folder of I. C. R. R. They, as well as tickets and full information as to rates and specific train time can be had of agents of the Central route and connecting lines, or by addressing W. A. Kellond, A. G. P. A. Louisville.

A. H. HANSON G. P. A., Chicago.

When You Want a Good Meal

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NEWPORT'S

SALOON AND RESTAURANT

Table supplied with everything the market affords.

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114 N. 3D. ST.
GROUND FLOOR.
Teeth extracted and filled without pain.
Teeth without plates.
GOLD AND PORCELAIN CROWNS.
ONLY FIRST-CLASS WORK DONE.

Member Western Association and Normal School Masters of Dancing.

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Now open for beginners at Ceecilian Hall. Classes for ladies, gentlemen and children. Private lessons at all hours. For terms and full particulars call on or address Office New Richmond. Tel. 186

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Is 310 South Second street, and would like for you to share your patronage with me. I have wagons that I will let you use free while yours are under repairs. Work guaranteed.

E. H. POTTER.

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Proprietors,
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TELEPHONE 200.
Give us your laundry if you want first class work and prompt delivery.

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We're always the first to show our
FALL STYLES
In all the latest designs and colors. They're in now, ready for your inspection.
Finest line of
Picture Mouldings
In the City.
Have you seen the latest?
A YARD OF FACES.
Prices Reasonable for GOOD work.
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For An Easy Shave or Stylish Hair Cut
—GO TO—
JAS. BRYAN'S BARBER SHOP
405 BROADWAY.
Nice Bath Rooms in Connection.

A. W. GREIF,
MANUFACTURER OF
Carriages and Buggies.
ALL KINDS OF BLACKSMITHING DONE TO ORDER.
Horse Shoeing a Specialty.
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WRITTEN AT RANDOM.

It was in the spring of 1865, at the time the cartel was in vogue, by which certain steamboats under flag of truce could ascend the Yazoo and a portion of the Tallahatchie rivers and exchange their loads for cotton, that a small wet-ender, which sailed under the name of "Keoto," attempted to steal her way in through the overflow and the "pass" and trade for a cargo of the fleecy staple. She succeeded in getting into the Sunflower river and was doing a lively business with the swamp angels of that stream. She had disposed of about half of the load she carried when a squad of six Confederate cavalry scouting in that section, got wind of her marauding expedition, made for the river and laid a trap for her capture. They secured two or three old shovels, spades and hoes, found an empty nail keg, threw up an embankment, stuck the keg through a port hole in it and awaited the coming of the boat. When the "Keoto" was nearly abreast of them two of the soldiers stepped out, emptied their carbines across her bow and ordered the captain to haul to or they would turn the cannon loose and send him and all on board to Davy Jones' locker. Notwithstanding they had nearly a full crew and seventeen soldiers as a guard they came to the bank. Two of the boys stood by the "gun" while four went aboard, forced everybody on board to the forecastle and disarmed them. It was then that the two cannoneers led the horses down to the boat, and after they had gotten the steeds aboard explained the nature of the "fort" to their captives who did some talking which was far more expressive than elegant. However it was of no avail to them. One Confederate stood in the pilot house, another over the engineer, one on the roof with the captain while the other three kept guard over the soldiers and the balance of the crew on the forecastle.

The captain, the pilot, engineer and the balance of the crew were forced to attend to their duties and given to understand if they made any false plays their goose was a goner. When all was ready the boat was backed out and started for Greenwood on the Yazoo. On her arrival there Capt. Goodwin, who had once been a clerk on the river, was given the command. Gid Montjoy, who when he enlisted was a striker on the Vicksburg and Tallahatchie river packets, was assigned to the engines, while the writer, who was then purser and steersman on the J. M. Sharp, was transferred to the house with the glass windows on the Keolo. Our mate was a soldier who had never before trodden the decks of a steamboat. His deck crew were plantation coons fresh from their overflown homes and on their first voyage. We were an inexperienced set for the duties we had to perform, but the best available with which to man the little captive.

The captured crew were to be passengers with us to Grenada, where most of them were paroled and sent through the lines to Memphis. The pilot was a deserter from the Confederate navy, and being an old timer on these turpid streams, jumped overboard when we laid up our first night out, and swam to land, making his escape, rather than run the risk of an arrest for desertion. However, we reached our destination all right, and the writer steered that little doubled-wheel single engine craft all over the Yazoo Delta. We were homeward bound with a load of corn and bacon for the army, which had been secured up Cold Water river and Cassidy Bayou. On reaching the seventeen mile ferry, below Grenada, by land and about sixty-five by water, we were met by a courier with the news that Gen. Johnson had surrendered the department. Our load was transferred to the Sharp, and in rounding out to go down stream the engine caught on center. We drifted in against the bank and one of the many old trees which line the banks of these rivers pierced her side with a much more telling fatality than any ball from the keg with which she was taken could have done. C. L.

• •

At the time of the battle of Ft. Donelson the writer's home was in Clarksville, Tenn., where there were large Confederate hospitals, to which the wounded from the battle were sent on steamers daily. Capt. Jesse Johnson, an old time skipper for years in the Nashville and New Orleans trade, and whose heart was larger than his leviathian craft, was in command of the B. M. Rungan. The writer, being wounded, was to have gone home on his boat, but not being called in time was left. However he escaped and reached Clarksville on the Gen. Anderson with Capt. Jas. Davis in command. The next day the Minnetonka, Capt. Wylie Simms, came down to Clarksville to transport the sick and wounded from the hospitals to Nashville, to be sent south, as Gen. Sydney Johnston was on his retreat to Corinth. On the way up the surgeons were attending the wounded, using the cabin tables as operating stretchers. There was one young man who was a member of one of Gen. Floyd's Virginia regiments, whose right arm was terribly mangled. The elbow had been shattered, and the arm to the wrist was lacerated and torn to shreds. When his turn came to be operated upon Dr. Lyle, the chief surgeon, informed him that amputation was his only chance, and wanted to administer an anesthetic. The young soldier said, "Doctor can't you save my arm?"

The doctor replied, "It is impossible and the quicker it is amputated the better it will be for you." A shade of great disappointment overspread his features and a tear trickled down each cheek. Then, wiping them off with the sleeve of his other arm, he said: "It is hard, but you know best, and I must see it done. Don't give me the chloroform." They tried to induce him to inhale it, but he refused. So they gave him a glass of brandy, sat him down in a chair with the wounded arm on the table and soon had the torn and bleeding part severed. When the arteries in the stump had all been staunched and the flap nicely turned, Dr. Lyle said: "There, my brave and gallant boy, I think your life is saved and hope you may soon be well." The young soldier, who had not bathed an eye nor uttered a groan during the terrible ordeal, replied: "I join you in your good wishes," and asked for a cigar, which, when lighted, he arose, picked up the dismembered part of his anatomy, walked out of the cabin to the guards, gave it a twirl or two and flung it as far out into the stream as he could, coolly remarking at the same time, "There goes a bait for a catfish." Many such operations were performed, but no one exhibited such an amount of nerve as the young soldier mentioned. Arriving at Nashville as the writer stepped from the stage to the wharf, he was greeted by Capt. Jesse Johnson, who took him to his hospitable home on Broad street, where his wife and daughter dressed his wound and extended every kindness and attention heart could wish. That night a train of sick and wounded left on the old N. & D. railroad. Capt. Jesse saw the writer off and when he said "Good-bye; may God watch over you though this terrible struggle, my boy," who blames him if a tear coursed down his manly, weather-beaten face, or me, that they ran out of my eyes like rain. We both recognized and felt what was to come. That was the last time the writer ever saw the big-hearted, gallant and able old steamboat captain—Jesse Johnson. "C. L."

• •

City Clerk Arthur Cole has had many interesting experiences, many very remarkable experiences, in fact, which when related to his friends, often evoke expressions of pardonable doubt. Yesterday the subject of dynamite was brought up, and he regaled a crowd at the city hall with some of the astonishingly large blasts he had touched off in bygone years, when compelled to use the powerful explosive.

Photographer P. L. Noble was present and with a withering smile replied to one of Clerk Cole's stories, "Pshaw! I've touched off more dynamite at one time than you ever saw in your whole life."

"I'll bet you money you haven't," said the official by way of argument. "What's the largest charge you ever fired?"

"Well, when I was blasting out in Colorado several years ago, I fired one blast of 12 tons of dynamite at one time."

The clerk gave a contemptuous glance at the small audience, that was appalled into silence, and without another word, sought the quietude of his office on the second floor.

"A man don't stand any show at all with those evil fellows," he afterwards said apologetically. "Why, twelve tons—24,000 pounds—of dynamite would blow Kentucky into Europe. I can't tell my past experiences when those sort of fellows are around."

• •

When the mob began to scatter over town yesterday morning, after having its ardor dampened by disappointment, most of the saloon-keepers down town, not being by any means reassured by the sight of so many formidable looking weapons of every description, closed up and went home.

One well-known bartender, however, was not one of the latter, and before daylight the men began to straggle in with their axes, guns, and pistols and some of the more bibulous become free and easy. The electric lights were in some manner affected, and would go almost out occasionally, and every time they went out, the bartender would crawl down under the bar, out of range of whatever came along, which was as likely to be a bullet as anything else, and when the lights brightened up again he would resume his standing position, the very picture of courage.

One fellow became a little loquacious, and laying one pistol on the bar, he hugged his Winchester, and leaning over the counter confidently declared, "You fellers didn't do us Mayfield fellers right. d'ye hear?"

The bartender certainly did hear.

• •

Mr. W. G. Whitfield yesterday received from his sister in Greensboro, N. C., an old Springfield rifle and a cartridge box which he carried through the memorable days of '64 and '65.

In '64 he captured the gun at Tilton, Ga., and carried it through the battles of Decatur, Ga., of Franklin and Nashville, Tenn., and of Bentonville, N. C. He surrendered at Greensboro, and intrusted the weapon to the care of his sister, who yesterday sent it to him by express.

The gun awakened many a pathetic memory of the late war, and if it could speak, what stories of privation, suffering and blood it could tell.

"I've shot this gun many a time," remarked Mr. Whitfield yesterday while showing it to some friends. "At Franklin it became so hot from excessive use that I could hardly hold it. I wouldn't take anything for it."

• •

"We come up to git that man, see? And you didn't let us have him We didn't want to hang him in your d—n old town. We'd a hung him in Mayfield if there wasn't nuthin' left but the end of the rope when we got there."

The barkeeper thought privately that there wouldn't have been much left of the darkey but the end of the rope when the crowd got back to Mayfield, but he mustered up brawny enough to reply, "Well, you know I don't have anything to do with running this town. If I had, you should have had your man. What'll you take?"

The stranger took a little straight, and with the observation that it beat blind tiger booze all hollow, stalked out with his large and well stocked arsenal. When he started home he was as heavily loaded as his weapon.

• •

When Prof. Martin, the hypnotist, casts his transfixing glance up into the colored gallery at the opera house, those present in this quarter of the house, without any preliminaries, bend down until he cannot see them. Some of them even lay down, so great is their superstitious fright, and Tuesday night when a colored boy in the gallery was made to swing down from the gallery and go upon the stage, half of the colored people left in the greatest haste and confusion, and haven't been back since.

• •

A prominent society lady of North Eighth street had printed at a local office a large number of placards, bearing these words, "Book agents, peddlers and other annoyances will please step around to the back door." She intends to paste them on the front of the house, and if they don't "frost" the nuisances nothing will.

DRIFTWOOD

GATHERED ON THE LEVEE.

The wharf was very quiet this morning.

The John S. Hopkins left for Evansville this morning at 10.

The Dick Fowler was the lower Ohio river steamer this morning.

The Ashland City is due here today from Danville and returns tomorrow.

The little tug, City of Metropolis, passed up without stopping this morning.

The R. A. Speed arrived here from Mound City last night with a tow of empties.

The big U. S. steamer, Lily, arrived here from St. Louis this morning to go into winter harbor here.

The big John K. Speed passed up yesterday at noon en route to Cincinnati. She did not recognize this city.

The Will J. Cummins is due here out of the Tennessee this afternoon and leaves on her return trip Saturday afternoon.

The City of Clarksville brought down a good pile of freight last night from E'town and left on her return today at 1 p. m.

A cute little two mast schooner from the Upper Ohio passed down yesterday afternoon, going at a 25-knot per hour gait.

The U. S. Lookout returned here yesterday at noon to have some repairs done to her boiler feeder, as she broke an arm to her doctor.

The City of Oceola, which sunk a few days ago in the Mississippi, was raised and arrived here this morning to go on the marine ways for repairs.

The Peter Hounc, as this is going to be the name of Capt. Johnson's boat when she is completed, will be ready for business in a few days. "A beaut she is."

The Mississippi, Ohio, Tennessee and Cumberland rivers are all falling from the heads of them to their mouths. The Ohio is falling at this port a very good gait and the guage showed this morning 5.9 and falling, a fall of about three-tenth, in twelve hours, and if it keeps up at this rate very long the big steamers will all soon have to seek refuge at the bank and the little ones will be given a chance.

The towboat R. A. Speed, which has been laying at Mound City during the low water and summer season undergoing repairs, and being newly painted and now has the appearance of a new boat, arrived here last night with a big tow of empties. She returned to Cairo this morning after another big tow of empty boats, and when sufficient water comes in the river she will bring ties out for the Ayers & Lord Tie Co., of Chicago.

Every person who ever used Dr. Bell's Pine Tar Honey pronounce it the best and quickest cure for coughs, colds, grip, lung and bronchial troubles. It is a harmless guarantee against sleepless nights. One dose stops the cough. All druggists sell it. Sold by Oehlschlaeger & Walker.

The daily SUN, the newsiest paper in the city—10 cents a week.

THE WAGE-EARNERS GAMBLE.

A Foolish Proceeding for Men Who Toil for Their Living.

Wage earners should not gamble with their wages. Certainly they should not do so when the dice are loaded against them, and it is a case of "heads I win and tails you lose." He can win nothing, but may lose much, if he gambles with the silver mine owners and takes tips from the free silver politicians.

No silverite claims that free coinage would raise actual wages. The most they say is that the wage-earner would not lose much in the purchasing power of his wages and that he would be likely to have steadier work when the "more money" period is reached. Perhaps. But what should most concern those who exchange labor for dollars is that their dollars should not shrink in value. Looking at the question in the light of history and of reason, it appears practically certain that the sixteen to one free coinage dollar would purchase only about half as much as the present dollar.

The Mexican dollar is a free coinage legal tender dollar which contains more silver than would ours, yet it purchases only half as much as a gold dollar. This is true of all other free silver countries. Everywhere the value of the coin is measured by the value of the bullion in it.

If the price of silver should rise to $1.29 an ounce in gold, the wage-earner would neither lose nor gain by free coinage. If, as is certain, the price does not rise but little or not at all, then the wage earner has lost half of his wages until he can by threats and strikes induce his employer to raise wages. His own and his family's food, shelter and clothing are at stake. He gambles with them when there is nothing to be won, but probably poverty and starvation if he loses. Will he enter into such an unfair game?

Your Letters Will Copy Themselves.

The best copy-book on earth. Will copy with any kind of ink and without any press or trouble. Saves time and money. They are now in use at the following places, and give GENERAL SATISFACTION: Ellis, Rudy & Phillips, Savings Bank and Sun office.

A. E. MORTELL & CO.
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Agents wanted.

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PURIFY YOUR BLOOD,
REGULATE YOUR LIVER
AND ERADICATE ALL
POISON FROM THE SYSTEM
GET **HALLS BLOOD REMEDY.**
HALL MEDICINE CO.,
PADUCAH, KY.

Brinton B. Davis,
ARCHITECT.
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COLORED DEPARTMENT.

CHURCHES.

Husband Street Church (Methodist)—Sunday school 9 a m. Preaching 11 a m and ... m. Rev. C. M. Palmer, pastor.

Burks Chapel, 7th & Ohio, (Methodists.) Sunday school, 9 a m. Preaching 11 a m and 8 p m. Rev. E. S. Burks, pastor.

Washington Street Baptist Church.—Sunday school 9 a m. Preaching 8 p m. Rev. Geo. W. Dupee, pastor.

Seventh street Baptist Church.—Sunday school, 9 a m. Preaching, 11 a m and 9 p m. Rev. W. S. Baker, pastor.

St. Paul A. M. E. church, Sunday school 9 a m., preaching 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m., Rev. J. G. Stanford, pastor.

St. James A. M. E. church, 10th and Trimble streets, Sunday school 2 p. m., preaching 3 p. m., Rev. G. J. Stanford, pastor.

COLORED LODGES.

MASONIC.

Masonic Hall 221 Broadway, third floor.

Mt McGregor Lodge No 29—Meets every first Thursday evening in each month.

Mt Zion Lodge No 6—Meets every first Wednesday evening in each month.

Fus...osh Court No 2, Ladies—Meets every fourth Monday in each month.

Stone Square Lodge No 5—Meets every second Monday in each month.

INDEPENDENT ORDER OF ODD FELLOWS.

Odd Fellows' Hall, se cor 7th and Adams.

Household of Ruth, No 48—Meets first and third Friday evening in each month at Colored Odd Fellows Hall.

Paducah Lodge No 1565—Meets every first and third Monday in each month at Colored Odd Fellows' Hall.

Paducah Patriarchs No 79, G U O O F—Meets every second Friday evening in each month at Colored Odd Fellows' Hall.

Past Grand Master's Council No 79—Meets every fourth Friday evening in each month at Colored Odd Fellows' Hall.

Western Kentucky Lodge No 2831—Meets every second and fourth Tuesday evening in each month at Colored Odd Fellows' Hall.

Young Men's Pride Lodge No 1783—Meets every second and fourth Wednesday evening in each month at hall over No 23 Broadway.

UNITED BROTHERS OF FRIENDSHIP.

St Paul Lodge No 65—Meets every second and fourth Monday evening in each month at 131 Broadway.

Sisters of the Mysterious Ten, No 32—Meets the first Tuesday in each month at 131 Broadway.

Golden Rule Temple—Meets second Thursday in each month at 131 Broadway.

333 U. K. T. 777.

Ceremonial Temple, No. 1, meets first and third Tuesday night in each month.

Golden Rule Tabernacle, No. 45, meets first and third Wednesday nights in each month.

Queen Sarai Tabernacle No. 30, meets second and fourth monday nights in each month.

Madaline Tabernacle, No. 2, meets first and third Thursday nights in each month.

Lily of the West Tabernacle, No. 65, meets second and fourth Thursday nights in each month.

Pride of Paducah Tent, No. 5 meets first Saturday afternoon in each month.

Star of Paducah Tent meets second Saturday p. m. in each month.

Lily of the West Tent meets third Saturday p. m. in each month.

Grand Army of the Republic meets second and fourth Tuesday nights in each month in U. K. T. hall over Martin's barber shop.

FOR SALE.

A good horse and phaeton for sale very cheap, will sell separatly if desired. This is your chance for a bargain, call at once on

Ed. Wetherington,
at SUN office.

Bruce's studio, 112 South Third. The only first class gallery in the city doing first class work at reasonable prices. o30 1m

Put Up the Price of Corn.

If the United States can double the price of silver "without the aid or consent of any other nation," why couldn't it double the price of corn? The corn crop is worth more than the silver crop many times over, even at low prices. Wheat is being taken care of by the old law of demand and supply. But the populists ought to make the demand that congress fix the price of corn by law.

Dollar Wheat.

"Dollar wheat before Christmas" is the cry in Chicago now, and between speculation and legitimate demand it may turn out to have been prophetic. But the ante-Christmas present which the country most wants is the dollar that shall always be as good as wheat.

Illinois Washed Coal.

If you want the best coal in the city you can get it of Illinois Coal Company, who handles the celebrated

ST. - LOUIS - AND - BIG - MUDDY - COAL.

No clinkers, no dirt; but pure, clean coal. Our Egg Coal far excels all other coal for grates or stoves. Our Washed Pea Coal beats the world for furnace or cooking. We only charge one price the year around. The poor get their load of coal as cheap per bushel as the rich their thousands of bushels. Try our coal and you will use no other. Lump, 10c.; Egg, 9c; Washed Pea, 6c.

BARNES & ELLIOTT,
Proprietors Illinois Coal Company.

F. J. BERGDOLL,
—PROPRIETOR—
Paducah - Bottling - Co.,
AGENT CELEBRATED
LOUIS O'BERTS BEER, Of St. Louis.
In kegs ad bottles.
Also various temperance drinks—Soda Pop, Seltzer Water, Orange Cider, Ginger Ale, etc.
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