

Spring Fashion Week

March 20th to 25th.

A week of special displays in every department showing the new spring fashions in every article of dress.



An interesting exhibit of all that is newest and most fashionable in

SUITS, COATS, SILK DRESSES, SKIRTS AND WAISTS.

Authentic Styles in Suits and Coats.

Full showing of the celebrated Wooltex Suits and Coats, embracing all the latest mid-season variations in the prevailing styles. The very latest ideas from Paris brought right straight to Danville.

Wooltex Wool and Silk Tailored Suits from \$25. to \$45

Wooltex Coats in Wool and Silk from \$15. to \$25.

From New York.

An unusually varied and complete line of tailored suits at \$15 to \$45, showing all the new colors and fabrics and just such styles as are being sold at fashion headquarters today. Our stock of taffeta silk suits and combinations ranging from \$19.75 to \$50.

Silk Dresses.

We have outdone all our previous efforts in this line and are showing several hundred very attractive street, afternoon and reception dresses at every price from \$10 to \$75. This line alone will be worth a trip to see, as we believe it is the most comprehensive line in Central Kentucky.

Skirts.

Scores of very new and "smart" styles of separate skirts, in new plaids, silken-field stripes, taffeta silks, and all the popular wool materials. Prices \$5 to \$15.

Silk Dresses.

Nearly three hundred new crepe de chene and georgette crepe waists from \$2 to \$10. Colors are white, peach, primrose, old rose, yellow, bisque, Nile, flesh; also nets and laces.

In all it is the most attractive line of waists we have ever gathered together and prices are as cheap as last year and qualities the same.

We are sole agents for Wirthmor Dollar Waists, Gossard Corsets, Warner Rust-proof Corsets, Munsing Union Suits, McCallum Silk Hosiery, Paul Jones Middie, Cadet Hose Kayser Gloves.

Each of these lines stands at the very top and is the "standard" of value, and general excellence.

A. B. ROBERTSON & BRO.

The Store That Sells Wooltex.

DANVILLE,

KENTUCKY.

Two Kisses

By DONALD CHAMBERLIN

During the stay of the American troops in Cuba when the throwing off of Spanish rule was being brought about by Captain Edward Mansfield of the staff was sent out, supported by a reconnoitering party, to sweep around Santiago for information. Coming to a hacienda, the captain, leaving his men at the gateway, rode up to the house. He was admitted by a negro woman, who announced that there was no one at home except Senorita Sierra, the daughter of the owner. Whereupon Mansfield asked if he might have a few minutes' conversation with the young lady.

The senorita was of a different type from the usual Spanish girl, who is small of stature and delicately made. She was rather above the middle height for a woman and of dignified demeanor. Having entered the room where the captain was waiting for her, she stood without speaking till he should make known his desires. What Mansfield had called at the house for was information. He asked if the family sided with Spain or Cuba and learned that their hearts were with Cuba. But as to information, the young lady had none to give. Nevertheless the visitor kept her talking. He was a male flirt and had made many a conquest. During was a method of often employed with women, and he resolved upon this course in the present case. After engaging the senorita in conversation for some time, during which he showed admiration for her, he rose to take his leave. He offered her his hand, and when she gave him hers he drew her toward him, and before she could draw back he had kissed her on the cheek.

That he had made a mistake was instantly apparent. The senorita's eyes flashed, and her face flushed scarlet. With an expression of contempt she turned, left the room, and Mansfield saw her no more.

When the fighting was over, before returning to the United States, Mansfield mounted his horse and rode to the hacienda to offer an apology for what he had done. The same negro woman who had admitted him before opened the door. Mansfield asked her to inform her mistress that he would consider it a boon if she would give him a few moments in which to apologize for what he had done on a previous visit.

Written word was returned that an apology would not be accepted. The lady demanded satisfaction on behalf of one who would act as her champion. Captain Mansfield would receive a communication at a hotel, a short distance down the road.

The officer left the house in a quandary. Should he meet some one in mortal combat for a snatched kiss for which he had offered to apologize, or should he end the affair by sailing for home without paying any further attention to it? He would have chosen the latter course had it not been for the contemptuous treatment he had received from the senorita. He could not bring himself to incur the further imputation.

He rode to the hotel named and, taking a seat on the veranda, lit a cigar. Half an hour passed, and he was about to ride back to camp when a negro boy approached, holding in his hand a letter. Seeing Mansfield, he handed it to him. The captain opened it and read:

To the American Officer.—This evening at 6 o'clock I will take satisfaction for the insult offered my sister. Be at the north-east corner of the Sierra hacienda.

JOSE SIERRA.

Mansfield was puzzled as to the handwriting. The letters were large and bold, but it looked as if the writer had disguised his hand. The captain could not but smile at a challenge to mortal combat sent by a negro boy, addressed to "the American officer" and signed by a man he had never seen. If Jose Sierra had no friend to bear his challenge why did he not come himself? Evidently the senorita was put to it to secure her revenge. Possibly the brother was not at hand, and the sister had written the challenge in his behalf. Indeed, despite the large letters there was more that was feminine than masculine in the writing.

At 6 o'clock Mansfield returned to the hacienda, located the northeast corner and, climbing the fence, advanced till he came to a grove in the center of which was an open space. There he stood for a few minutes, when he saw a figure advancing. Though the costume was that of a man, the gait was unmistakably that of a woman. Mansfield, pretending to be deceived, said:

"Senor, your resemblance to your sister is remarkable."

"We are twins, sir."

"I presume we are to fight without seconds?"

"Are they necessary?"

"Before we begin I desire to offer through you to your sister the apology she would not receive. I was tempted beyond my strength from beholding the most beautiful, the most engaging woman I have ever seen. After I have killed you I shall renew my suit, restraining myself so that my intentions shall not be mistaken."

Senorita Sierra—for it was she—had a sword in her hand, which at these words she let fall to the ground. Mansfield advanced, took her hand, drew her gently to him and without resistance kissed her on the lips.

An Unfortunate Blunder

By F. A. MITCHEL

When the world war broke out there were the usual quantum of American summer tourists in Europe.

Frederick Jackson was one of these Americans near the seat of war, being at Thun, Switzerland. He made a bolt to get through France to the sea, so that he might embark for home. He was unable to register his trunk any further than Berne and on arriving at that city began a hunt for it. Approaching a pile of baggage, he saw his trunk—at any rate, it had his initials on it—and was about to claim it when a lady exclaimed:

"There it is! Bring it along quickly. I shall be left."

She pointed to Jackson's trunk, a porter shouldered it and was about to carry it away when Jackson interfered.

"Beg pardon, madam. Are you sure that is your trunk?"

"Certainly. Don't you see my initials on it—F. E. J.?"

"Those are my initials, and I am quite sure that is my trunk."

"Go on, porter," said the lady, and off they went, leaving Mr. Jackson gaping after them. He was about to follow them to regain his trunk when an official pointed to another trunk with the same initials on it and asked if it were not his. Jackson was puzzled. No matter how familiar one is with his trunk he cannot be certain unless there is some familiar mark on it. However, it was evident that there were two trunks with the same initials on them, and Jackson argued that this one was either his or hers. So he claimed it and directed a porter to shoulder it and go for the train.

The episode occurred on Aug. 2, 1914. A week later Jackson crossed the English channel, the vessel having darkened lights to escape German warcraft, and landed safely in England. There he waited two weeks for a passage to New York.

When the ship was well out to sea Jackson one morning left his state-room somewhat peculiarly attired. He had on a ruffled collar, and his necktie was a broad blue ribbon. In the cabin he met a lady in a pair of masculine spats—much too large for her—a man's choker and a blue speckled cravat ornamented with a mosaic pin resembling one Jackson had bought in Rome. The man and the woman stopped and looked at each other with marked interest.

Jackson raised his cap politely. "I believe, sir," said the lady, "that you are the man who claimed a trunk at Berne which I believed to be mine."

"I am."

"Well, the trunk turned out not to be mine."

"I captured a trunk with my initials on it and held on to it."

"Heavens be praised; it must be mine."

"That scarf you are wearing matches one I own, and the pin is exactly like one I brought from Italy."

"Quite likely. I have been obliged to use some of the articles I found in your trunk. I fancy that ruffled collar you wear is mine, and the ribbon" (she tried to repress a smile) "is the exact color of one I got in Lucerne. I assure you I am very tired trying to make out with a man's neckwear. Look at these enormous spats!"

"I assure you I have found a woman's robe de nuit altogether too cramped. Besides, the workmanship in it scratches me."

"You are very bold!"

"I will apologize if you will assure me that you have not used my own for a similar purpose."

The lady colored, but made no reply.

"I will have a porter carry the trunk to your stateroom and get mine. I will reserve such articles of clothing as I have been obliged to use to be laundered."

The lady looked uncomfortable.

"Will that suit you, madam?" he asked.

"But what shall I do in the meantime for—?"

"Can't we get the pieces laundered immediately?"

A stewardess was passing. The lady called her and put the laundry question. She was told that to get clothes laundered aboard would be next to impossible and if possible would cost a large sum. A few pieces only would cost a guinea.

"Rather than pay that," said Jackson, with a twinkle in his eye, "I will sleep in embroidery and lace all the voyage."

"But I will not sleep—4 men you shall not sleep in!" She was staid.

"Then we must change trunks with the articles as they are," said Jackson.

"That's very mean of you."

"I don't see how you can call me mean. At Berne I was about to have my trunk carried to the train when you interposed and had it carried off as yours. Since then I have had to depend upon garments to which I have been entirely unused."

This ended the interview. The lady turned and beat a retreat. Jackson paid an enormous sum to have the articles he had used laundered and sent the trunk with everything in it to the lady's stateroom. He did not receive his own until the end of the journey.

A year from that date when these two were about to start on a wedding tour the groom to be sent some of his clothes to his fiancée to pack in her trunk on the ground that he hadn't room for them. She sent them back in a huff.

He laughed.

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THE

Central Record.

County Court Days.

Richmond, 1st. Monday.
Paris, 1st. Monday.
Frankfort, 1st. Monday.
Harrodsburg, 1st. Monday.
Lexington, 2nd. Monday.
Stanford, 2nd. Monday.
Shelbyville, 2nd. Monday.
Carrville, 2nd. Monday.
Danville, 3rd. Monday.
Lawrenceburg, 3rd. Monday.
Nicholasville, 3rd. Monday.
Mt. Sterling, 3rd. Monday.
Somerset, 3rd. Monday.
Georgetown, 3rd. Monday.
LANCASTER, 4th. Monday.
Winchester, 4th. Monday.
Monticello, 4th. Monday.
Versailles, 4th. Monday.

Time Table.

Southern Rail Road.

Danville, Ky.

North-bound.

No. 10—Cincinnati Express, daily, 4:30 a.m.
No. 4—Pan-American Special, daily, 6:03 a.m.
No. 28—Blue Grass Special, daily except Sun., 6:08 a.m.
No. 14—Carolina Special, daily, 7:00 a.m.
No. 6—Local Express, daily 1:35 p.m.
No. 2—Cincinnati Limited, daily, 5:20 p.m.
No. 12—Royal Palm, daily, 5:37 p.m.

South-bound.

No. 5—Local Express, daily, 11:05 a.m.
No. 11—Royal Palm, daily, 11:20 a.m.
No. 1—New Orleans Limited, daily, 11:35 a.m.
No. 13—Carolina Special, daily, 10:15 p.m.
No. 3—Pan-American Special, daily, 11:35 p.m.
No. 9—Florida Special, daily, 11:52 p.m.
No. 27—Blue Grass Special, daily except Sunday, arrives, 8:15 p.m.

For rates, routes and information call upon or address M. J. Coughlin, agent; phone 346.

L. & N

Train Schedule At Lancaster, Ky.

ARRIVE.

To Mayville, connecting at Richmond with L. & N. to Frankfort & Louisville; No 71; 8:35 a. m.

To Rowland & Stanford, connecting at Rowland, L. & N. to all points South.

No 28; 11:04 a. m.

To Richmond, connecting with L. & N. to Irvine & Bentleyville, Lexington & Cincinnati, Middleboro & Knoxville.

No 70; 11:50 a. m.

To Richmond, connecting with fast train to Cincinnati.

No 27; 2:00 p. m.

To Louisville, connecting at Lebanon Junction to Elizabethtown & Bowling Green, and at Bardstown Junction to Bardstown & Springfield.

No 9; 8:42 p. m.

To Stanford, connecting with fast train to Bristol & Atlanta.

A Neatly Engraved Visiting Card

Is THE proper thing for a lady or gentleman to present nowadays, when making calls.

Come and see what a beautiful line of samples we have and get our prices for 50 or more.

CENTRAL RECORD

The Central Record

\$1.00 Per Year in Advance.

Lancaster,

Kentucky.