

## GOOD FARM FOR SALE.

On Thursday Oct. 12, 1916 we will offer for sale at public auction on the premises at 11:30 a. m. a splendid stock farm containing 325 acres with good buildings, consisting of a 6 room residence with hall and porches, 1 new 3 room tenant house, with stable and spring near by, a stock barn 50x60 feet, a new tobacco barn 50x50 which will house 15000 lb tobacco. One 12x28 silo of 70 tons capacity 2 never failing springs, 1 well, 1 cistern, well fenced and cross fenced with wire mostly, will grow wheat, corn, tobacco, clover and grass. Seven miles north west from Marion. Also 30 head of cattle and 20 tons hay baled. For further particulars address, Boston & Cochran, Marion, Ky.

## CURIOUS BITS OF HISTORY

PLENTY OF BEER BUT NO TOBACCO.

By A. W. MACY.

Beer and tobacco are supposed by some people to be on about the same footing, but a certain company in London 200 years ago did not seem to think so. It was the business of this company to look after the welfare of the emigrants who had gone out from the mother country to seek homes in the New World. In 1629 it sent over the good ship Talbot, loaded with provisions, clothing, etc., to the Massachusetts bay colony by the same ship the company sent a long list of instructions in regard to their conduct, telling them what they should and should not do. One of the things they were forbidden to do was to cultivate and use tobacco, "unless it be some small quantity for mere necessity, and for physic for the preservation of their health, and that the same be taken privately by antient men and none other."

Copyright, 1911, by Joseph B. Bowler.

## Stock Of Goods For Sale.

My stock of general merchandise and fixtures located at Levis 6 miles from Marion. Prosperous community in mining district. Have other interests needing my attention is my reason for selling, stock about \$4,000.00 bought before the advance and is well selected for the place it is located as I know the needs of the people.

I have staple and Fancy Dry Goods, dress goods, notions, shoes, hats, caps, hardware, queensware, glassware, tinware, groceries and in fact every thing usually kept in a first class store come and look it over.

Chas. LaRue, R. F. D. No. 3, Marion, Ky

## Little at a Time.

The chief art of learning as Locke has observed, is to attempt but little at a time. The widest excursions of the mind are made by short flights frequently repeated; the most lofty fabrics of science are formed by the continued accumulation of single propositions.—Johnson.

## United States Dreadnought South Carolina

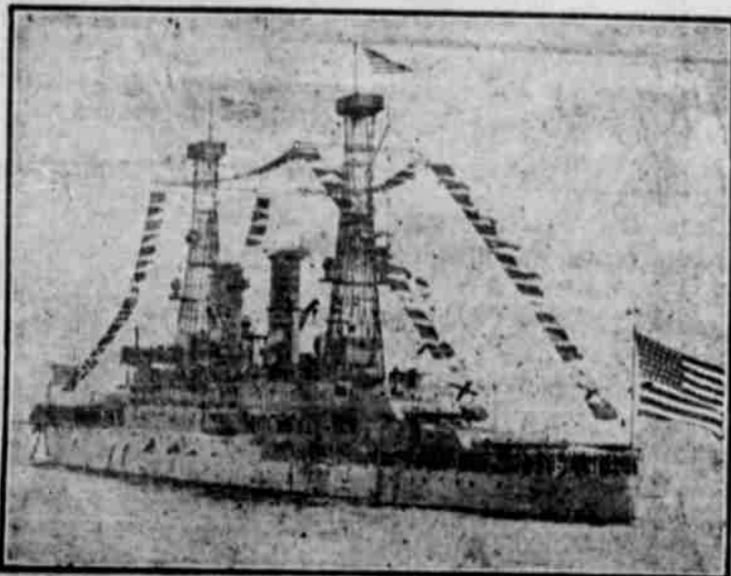


Photo by American Press Association.

The South Carolina is a 16,000 ton warship, 450 feet long. She carries eight twelve-inch guns, and she is manned by 809 officers and men.

## Facts About Greece.

Population 2,756,000. Peace strength of Army—60,000 officers and men. War strength 300,000.

The Greek army maintains one company of aviators and one battalion of automobiles.

Military Service, Compulsory and lasts for a term of thirty one years.

The soldiers are armed with Mannlicher Schoauer rifles, model of 1903.

The field artillery is armed with Schneider Canet Q. P. guns. Navy consists of eleven battleships and cruisers, the largest being a new one of 23,000 tons; also fourteen destroyers, six modern torpedo boats and two submarines.

## President Wilson's Policy of Neutrality.

This policy may not satisfy those who revel in destruction and find pleasure in despair. It may not satisfy the fire eater or the swashbuckler; but it does satisfy those who worship at the altar of the God of peace. It does satisfy the mothers of the land at whose hearth and fireside no jingoistic war has placed an empty chair. It does satisfy the daughters of this land from whom bluster and brag has sent no loving brother to the dissolution of the grave. It does satisfy the fathers of this land and the sons of this land who will fight for our flag and die for our flag when reason primes the rifle, when honor draws the sword, when justice breathes a blessing on the standards they uphold.—Martin H. Glynn, of New York, Temporary Chairman Democratic National Convention, St. Louis, Mo., June, 1916.

## For Sale.

FOR SALE—My farm 1-2 mile East of Mattoon, 90 acres, 35 in grass, 7 acres in timber, good house 3 rooms, stock barn, fine water, good orchard, cellar, phone and Rural route.

B. F. Burton, Repton, Ky. Route 1.

## Your Optical Work.

Gold mountings in frames or rimless spectacles \$4.00. Eye glasses in frames or mountings \$4.00. Other kind in proportion. Office lower floor Jenkins' Bldg. Saturdays and Mondays only. Geo W. Stone, Optometrist.

## THE RURAL CREDIT LAW

Is a Full Redemption of The Democratic Platform Promise To The Farmers.

No person can borrow a dollar from a Federal Land Bank except he personally operates or intends shortly to operate the mortgaged farm. No speculator can get a dollar under any conditions. No man can borrow more than \$10,000 at any one time. Thus the benefits of the law will go wholly to those who own or who may purchase farms.

and one are them personally. It is the first banking law to be enacted by the Congress of the United States dedicated exclusively to the interests of farm borrowers. It makes farmers a preferred class of borrowers and will give them money for productive purposes at a lower rate of interest than any other class of borrowers can secure it.—Ralph W. Moss, of Indiana, House of Representatives.



"Get your fire insurance policy?" "Yes, in the Hartford, as you advised." "Now I suppose you'll never think about fire again." "Why should I?" "Do you want to have a fire?" "I should say not!" "Well, do you know what the Hartford does to help you prevent fires?" "The agent started to say something about that, but I was in a hurry and—" "You'd better go back and hear what he has to say. It's worth listening to. The Hartford is making a campaign for fire prevention. Their experts will investigate any proposition a Hartford policy-holder puts up to them and advise the best means of fire prevention." "Well, I want to know about that!"

If you want to know more about it, we are the Hartford Agents here and can tell you.

## The Hartford Fire Insurance Company

Write or Telephone GEORGE H. NUNN LOCAL AGENT, MARION, KENTUCKY

## Mrs. Elizabeth Carter Gone to Her Reward.

Mrs. Elizabeth Carter, wife of David Carter, of the Levis section, died Tuesday, Sept. 26th, 1916, at her home from the effects of the burns she received some weeks ago.

She was a daughter of the late J. Arch Davidson and his wife, Mrs. Lucy Davidson, and was fifty-four years of age last May.

Besides her husband and her mother she is survived by eight children. Three brothers and three sisters also survive her, they being Grant Davidson, of this city; Wallace Terrel and Wm. Buckner Davidson, of Lola; and Levis sections, and Mesdames Henrietta Taylor, wife of G. B. Taylor; Ida Stephens, wife of Clarence Stephens; and Sarah Davidson, wife of T. J. Davidson, of Henderson.

The remains were laid to rest Wednesday at noon at Union, of which church she was a member, Rev. T. C. Carter officiating.

## To Cure a Cold in One Day

Take LAXATIVE BROMO-CODINE. It stops the Cough and Headache and works off the Cold. Druggists refund money if it fails to cure. E. W. GROVE'S signature on each box. 25c.



Protect your credit. Money to loan on farms, from \$1,000 up. From 5 to 10 years. Interest averages 7 per cent.

GEO. M. CRIDER, Financial Correspondent Marion, Ky.

## DADDY'S EVENING MARY TALK

WEATHER DOG.

"The Elves have a dog," said Daddy, "which always goes with them on their trips. His name is Weather."

"I've never heard of such a queer name for a dog," said Nancy.

"Why just think, Daddy," said Nick, "if you called him good Weather, or bad Weather, how funny it would sound. Not at all as if you called him good Jack or bad Jack."

"Well," continued Daddy, "they do call him bad Weather and good Weather, but they really are just as fond of him whether they call him bad or good for his name really means the Weather, and the Elves never care if it rains or snows or is piping hot."

"You see, once upon a time in Elf-land, a little Elf named Midge wanted to know if it was going to rain or if the sun was going to shine."

"Isn't it a pity," said Midge, "that I cannot tell."

"Why do you want to know?" asked another Elf. "What difference does it make to you? Why are you just as silly as a Grownup?"

"Oh, Grownups aren't silly," said Midge, "and it's rude of you to say so. They just haven't our ways, that's all, and when it rains they get wet and maybe catch cold. Now, whoever heard of an Elf with a cold?"

"You're quite right," said the other little Elf. "But tell us, Midge, why do you want to know if it's going to rain or not?"

"Because I'm giving a party for the Butterflies this afternoon and I especially promised them I would have Mr. Sun. They really don't care about coming unless Mr. Sun is to be with us, too. So you see it's not for myself I'm so fussy."

"How-how, how-how," sounded from nearby.

"There is our beautiful Doggie, Max. He may tell us some way to know if it's going to rain or not."

"Max came running along, wagging his tail, just as he heard the last few words the little Elf was saying. He was a great, big Dog with huge brown eyes, and such a wise, wise face."

"He talked in Dog talk, wagging his tail, and sticking his ears up in the air, just as you Children use your hands, or shrug your shoulders, or scowl, or laugh. And the Elves knew what he meant. This is what he said:

"I'm so very grateful for my home with the Elves. You picked me up when I was a little wretched Puppy, almost too sick to care if I got well or not. And then you made my coat so fine and silky. You gave me such good things to eat, and the Elves always petted me such a great deal—that—well—I'm very happy, oh very, very happy. And Max's tail began to wag and wag as if it would almost come off."

"So," he continued, "I would be very glad to tell you always what the weather is going to do. Years and years ago my great-great-grandfather was a weather prophet, and the animals used to ask him whether it was going to rain or shine, and he would always tell them."

"Now to show you how very grateful I am I would like to do the same. I'll take three days studying it up as I've almost forgotten all the secrets."

"And after that Max always told the Elves whether the rain was going to pay a visit to the earth, or whether old Mr. Sun was going to shine all day. He did this in many strange ways."

"When it was going to rain he would blink his eyes very fast, and if the Elves asked him if it was going to be a fine day he would wag his tail. If there was going to be a terrific storm he would shake all over and if there was going to be a thunder and lightning storm he would give low, low growls."

"Soon he became known as Weather and not as Max at all. So that is why the Elves always take Weather with them wherever they go, for he can always tell them just what it's going to do, from his great-great-grandfather, who has whispered down through all that family of Dogs just what the Sun and Rain are going to do."

"And so when the Elves are giving parties for the Butterflies they can always be sure of Mr. Sun if Weather tells them he is coming. But these Dogs are only known to Elf-land, for they are the little stray Dogs the Elves have rescued who know these secrets."

Waiting His Turn.

"And when are you going to have the measles?" asked the enter of small Tommy, whose little sister had them.

"Just as soon as Nettle gets through with them," was the logical reply.

Natural Result.

Sunday School Teacher—What will become of the man who enters to be body and neglects his soul? Bright Pupil—He'll get too fat.

## CROCODILES FOE, AFTER GERMANS

Irish Aviator, Shot Down in Africa, Tells of Remarkable Adventures.

## THREE DAYS IN THE JUNGLE

Escapes From a Lion by Climbing a Tree—Three of His Ribs Broken When Machine Is Brought Down.

London.—Tales of adventure from the jungles of South Africa, where General Smuts is operating against the Germans, are not uncommon, but it is seldom that the wild events encountered by Capt. A. T. O'Brien of the Royal Flying Corps, told here, have been equaled.

The details of his adventures were contained in a letter from his wife to relatives in England and have just become public. It is probable that O'Brien will be decorated for his services to the British government and in recognition of his hardness in surviving an ordeal that would have meant death to the average soldier.

He reported to General Smuts last April far down in German Africa near Konona Iragi. His work as an aerial scout ahead of the British troops operating against the Germans won him fame. Flying over the jungles and tangled brush country during the rainy season is difficult. When an army of vigilant enemies is added, the task becomes more than dangerous. The intrepid Irishman finally engaged on the losing side of an argument with enemy anti-aircraft guns.

His Machine Brought Down.

He was flying over jungle country when German guns located him. One of his wings collapsed and the machine side slipped into the trees, which partially broke the fall, then crashed to the ground. Had it not been for the trees both driver and machine would have been smashed to bits. As it was, three of O'Brien's ribs were crushed and for several hours he lay in a swamp unconscious.

Slowly he recovered his senses and took an inventory of his injuries. He could walk without difficulty, but when he swung his arms, the broken ribs hurt cruelly. Holding his arms tight to his sides, he scouted through the neighboring jungles, where he discovered unmistakable signs of the enemy. Later, he heard a column of infantry approaching, and fearing capture he set fire to the aeroplane and dashed off through the underbrush.

Hour after hour he maintained a fast pace with the pain in his side increasing with every step. When night fell he crawled high into a vine-covered tree. Sound sleep was impossible, but at intervals between fighting insects and making way for jungle creepers he managed to rest and in a rough way bandage up his injured side.

With dawn he started out again, and before noon had forded two rivers and swam a third. Toward nightfall of the second day he came to a river of considerable width, with a swift current and signs of crocodiles. By this time his hunger and thirst were beginning to sap his strength, but without thought of his condition or the danger he faced, he plunged into the brackish water.

Chased by Crocodiles.

At the first splash a score of huge "crocs" on a point of land down stream made for him. There followed a race between the manesters and the quarry that nearly ended disastrously for the Irishman. The last few yards were heartbreaking, for as he glanced back over his shoulder he could see the yawning mouths and ridges of jagged teeth straining to reach him. As he scrambled up the muddy bank he heard a dozen vicious snaps.

Almost exhausted, he trudged through the tangled brush near the river. Gaining a point on some higher ground, he looked back at the scene of his escape. To his horror, he saw the shaggy mane of a lion, which was coming toward him with nose glued to his trail. The nearest place of safety was a tall tree, which he climbed, monkey fashion. The king of the forest roared about the tree for some time, whining in disappointment over his defeat, but eventually he went his way.

By this time O'Brien was well-nigh exhausted. His clothes were torn and his flesh lacerated by the brush. The pain of his wounds produced a high fever, and the brackish water which he was forced to drink made him ill. All night long he staggered on, but he remembers little after sundown of the second day.

Toward noon of the third day after his disappearance a sentry far out ahead of the British lines saw a movement in the brush and thought an animal had strayed near. He raised his gun to fire, when a human hand was raised above a cluster of brush. Amazed, the sentry went forward, and there found O'Brien lying crumpled with thirst, soaked with mud and covered with blood from scores of slight cuts.

His wife, to whom he had been married but a few weeks before he left for South Africa, had left England to join him before he was reported missing. When he recovered from the fever and opened his eyes for his first conscious look at his surroundings his wife was sitting by his side, having arrived in the meantime, and nursed him through the critical illness.

## ONE DROP

of Bourbon Poultry Remedy down a chick's throat cures gapes. A few drops in the drinking water cures and prevents diarrhoea, cholera and other chick diseases. One for bottle makes 12 gallons of medicine. At Druggists, or by mail postpaid. Valuable poultry book free. J. BOURBON REMEDY CO., LEADSBOTE, ENGLAND.

Sold By Haynes & Taylor

Those who pay up all arrears for subscription and renew in 1916 for the Crittenden Record-Press, will get it as long as paid for at \$1.00 per year.

We will bond you. Crider & Woods.

Several thousand subscribers are in arrears, no papers will be mailed if not paid for after this date. We are working on the list as fast as we can.

Special good beef roast at 12 1-2 to 15. Steak 15 to 18. Babb Bros.

Fresh oysters at Babb's today.

Money to loan on farms at 7 per cent. Geo. M. Crider.

Extra select section honey 20 cts. a 1 lb. section. S. M. Jenkins.

## Changing Seasons Bring Colds.

"Stuffed-up head," "clogged-up nose," tight chest, sore throat are sure signs of cold, and Dr. King's New Discovery is sure relief. A dose of this combination of antiseptic balsams soothes the irritated membrane, clears the head, loosens the phlegm, you breathe easier and realize your cold is broken up. Treat a cold persistently; half-way measures leave a lingering cough. Take Dr. King's New Discovery until your cold is gone. For 47 years the favorite remedy for young and old. At your Druggist, 50c.

Which seems fairest? To stop the paper not paid for or to advance the price to \$1.00 to those who do pay for it? We decided to hold the price down to \$1.00 for a year during 1916, and stop those not paid for.

FOR SALE:—A good lot, and house of four rooms, ten foot hall, front and back porches, good cistern and well, stable of four stalls, two sheds and other outbuildings, a bargain. JOHN H. TRAVIS.

We have farms for sale from 1-2 to 7 miles from Marion ranging in price from \$1200.00 to \$8000, according to acreage, improvements and location. See us for bargains in town property. Crider & McFee.

Special good beef roast at 12 1-2 to 15. Steak 15 to 18. Babb Bros.

Fresh oysters at Babb's today

## MUSTANG

For Sprains, Lameness, Sores, Cuts, Rheumatism Penetrates and Heals. Stops Pain At Once For Man and Beast 25c, 50c, \$1. At All Dealers.

## LINIMENT

## Salvation Is Free.

A colored preacher was discoursing on the them: "Salvation is Free." At the close of the sermon he announced that a collection would be taken. A man jumped up in the rear of the church and said: "If salvation am free why I de use ob a collection?" "I'll explain, brudder," said the minister. "Dere am a ribber down here, and dat water am free, 'all you have' to do is to hneel down and drink without money or d with out price. But my brudder, if dat wa' ram piped to year house you has to pay. I'm piping de gosp-l to you. Pass de hat deacon."