MYERS & WIND,

HORSES SHOD
ACCORDING TO NATURE.

A Clean, Pic CIGAR.

MAIN STREET - Carlisle, Ky

One Door East Crater Bro's.

HOW EASY IT IS.

How easy it is to spoil a day!
The thoughtless words of a cherished friend,
The selfish work of a child at play,
And take the grace from the act any.

How easy it is to spoil a day
By the merest trifle of a thought we did not heed!
Little by little we mold the clay,
Little by little we fashion the mind.
The careless wave of a white-winged hour,
That had the blessing we long had sought,
The sudden loss of wealth and power—
And let the day be with ill-wrought.

How easy it is to spoil a life!
And many are spoiled are well begun—
A little light darkened by an instant's strife,
By the thoughtless act of a careless one.
By the unnecessary the flowering face,
By the poorish temper, the frowning face,
The hopeless gas and the narrow view way.

A day is too long to be spent in vain,
Surely good should come as the hours go by;
Some ragged man may to make more plain
Some blessed glance may be raised on high,
And life is too short to spoil like this.
If aught is mortals, it may be saved,
Let us bind together its thread of bliss,
And mourn the flowers around not the weed.
—Watchman.

HEART OF THE WORLD.

BY ADELINE KNAPP.

Gray shadows were creeping over the long downtown Pacific Heights. Only here and there a housefire beam flashed like flame, from the crimson sky, going out to sea through the golden gate. Everything was quiet, and the city, sinking to rest, seemed to be dreaming of February roses. The hum and stir of the city sounded far away, and the song of a meadow lark could be heard from a treetop.

The door of the house stood open, revealing a broad hall. There was a stagnation, in the dim light, of waving ferns and the silvery gleam of a bronze lamp in the conservatory at one side. From the drawing-room there emerged, in the breeze long trails of soft, snowy ribbon, holding in place a bower of white flowers.

At the center of a stately apartment that opened upon the hall stood a tall white casket on slender pulses. Two women sat by the head. By a window a man sat gazing with unseeing eyes at the graceful shadows of the trees. A woman lay in a crushed heap among the pillows of a divan. She moaned and moved for a long time. The little figure in the white casket had been there all day. Now it lay scarcely older than then.

Suddenly the silence was broken by the sound of a woman's voice, high-pitched and clear:

"Willy! Willy! oh, Willy!" it cried. A friend visiting the house hastened to the door. Along a pathway through the shrubbery a handsomely-dressed woman appeared. "Oh!" she exclaimed, advancing; "have you seen a little boy about four years old? My little boy is lost! Some one stole him from home in here. I named him Willy, and I am afraid he has wandered where in the world—"

"Is your name Archibald the poine?" the strange man asked, rising from the lounge.

"Why, yes," she answered, looking at him with a startled look in her face.

"Is it me little boy has just four years old, died this morning?"

Tears came into the stranger's eyes. "Oh," she cried, "the forgive me! I am so sorry. I did not know. Dear me! I'm sorry," the man said, halting. "sorrier he'd be at th' place station?"

"No, I've telephoned all the places. Some one thought they saw him down here. What shall I do?"

In the face of the big, rough man worked sympathetically.

"I'll hape no eyes open ye'l go along and look for him," he said, kindly. "Is it the little fellow I'm after? What's he look like, ma'am?"

"He's a beautiful boy, with golden hair and blue eyes," she said, sobbing. "He's my little boy! He's my darling! He's my mother, there. Ah, but it's wearin' the heart out I am, to be sure, with children's fear."

"I've you were squalid as they kept on toward the beach. On a doorstep a young woman sat holding a little child, and looking anxiously down the street.

"Have you seen a little boy?" the stranger mother began, and again the same tale was told.

"Yes, I've seen a little woman," "but I hope you'll find him, lady. I know how you feel. Ye heart's sore over me own

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little Joey, here, and me man away sick; ing for wurruk. The baby is that weak! an' Jim, me other boy, is sick in bed wit' a bone. I don't know what's keeping him."

"Let me see the baby," said the mother, whose little one lay dead at home reached out for it pressed hands. The child was placed in her arms.

"Why, he is very ill indeed!" she exclaimed. The little one's face was livid. The baby's fingers were clenched to each tiny thumb, and the tiny body shivered convulsively.

Willy's mother eyed the little form knowingly. "The sun has been too hot into a warm bath at once," she said.

"Oh, I'm afraid it is too late!" she said, busied themselves over the child's baby. She whose child was lost found a hastened kettle and put water to heat over the single burner lamp. The other one undressed the little baby, whose eyes were sufferer's mother stood wringing her hands in helpless pain.

They worked rapidly, tenderly, but it was nearly an hour before the terrible convulsions were over and the baby was resting on the bed.

"God bless you, ladies!" the poor woman cried, as she saw the baby breathe over the dreen face; "you have saved me little boy!"

"But oh, my own little boy!" said the other mother hastened to the door. "It is quite dark and I don't know where he is."

"Sure, lady, the good God will never let your baby be lost!" but the two strangers were gone.

"Oh, where will he sleep to-night?" murmured Willy's mother. "Surely the boy is safe with God, but is here, where is mine?"

THE DANGER

to which the Expectant Mother is exposed and the foreboding and dread with which she looks forward to the hour of woman's peculiar trial, is appalling to few. All effort should be made to remove this danger, and to smooth their pathway for her, etc. she presses to her heart her first born.

MOTHER'S FRIEND

allays Nervousness, and so assists Nature that the change from woman to an easy manner, without much violent protest on the part of Nature, Headache, Etc. Gloomy forebodings yield to cheerful and hopeful anticipations—she passes through the ordeal with safety and comfort without pain—is left strong and vigorous and enabled to go about and perform the high and holy duties now devolved upon her. Safety to life of both is assured by the use of "Mother's Friend," and the time of recovery shortened.

"I know one lady, the mother of three children, who suffered greatly in the birth of each, who obtained a bottle of 'Mother's Friend,' and the last one came quickly and easily. All agree that their labor was shorter and less painful."—MRS. JOHN G. PEARSE, Macon, Ga.

$1.00 PER BOTTLE at all Drug Stores. Sent by express on receipt of price. Book containing valuable information mailed to all women, with or sent, to any address, on application. Address THE BRADFIELD REGULATOR CO., ATLANTA, GA.

Up the street an older boy came trotting. "Mamma! Mamma!" he cried, "Willie got after the horses and found Willy and takes him home."

"Oh, thank God!" said the other child was with the All-Father—"thank God!" but the other was not.

It was a triumphal progress back to the mere entrance gate.

"They've found yer lebby, ma'am," a street urchin cried, as he left the wagon on the street corner. A Mexican boy came running with more information in broken English, and in the next block a man appeared at a window and leaned forward.

"Oh, I'm so glad your little boy home, mother," called Jack.

Now home a gleeful band of children met them.

"He's found—he's found!" and the chorus rang throughout the neighborhood.

The two mothers kissed tenderly and parted. As the younger one turned to enter her children home she paused a moment, and with the first tears she had shed that day, but the last, she said thankfulness.

On the doorstep of the other home a man stood, holding in his arms a little boy, who struggled to be free, he called, quickly, "Yes," said the other mother, "my only child, a little boy just four years old, died this morning."

"Oh, Willy!" he said, "how could you frighten us so!" "I didn't mean to."

The curly head was raised and the blue eyes opened to look.

"Why, papa," said the little voice, "Mary said Tom Smith was to supper for dinner, an' I went out to buy some."—N. Y. Independent.

Flashlights.

Advice is one of the few commodities or views that the truly great forget to condemn.

Don't permit to overestimate you're found out, and you're not found out. You can avoid it by overestimating others.

Don't be too much afraid of the easier way to learn something. Find out for yourself to say what is self-evident.

The average man's pleasure is understood when you call him bad in a laughing sort of way.

In taking the chances, first look out that they are not against you.

A lightning calculator—the weather prophet.

A man is known by the umbrella he leaves behind.

Money talks sometimes, but there are times when it is deaf and dumb.—The Jester.

Got Ahead.

A sea captain on a voyage lived next door to each other. One very windy night the lawyer was reading a book in his study when a terrific crash upstairs startled him. Upon investigation he found that a chimney had hurled itself through his roof, doing considerable damage. He discovered it was the sea captain's chimney, and hastened down to his library, he pulled out his law-book and looked up the statute governing damage and scheming how he could get a verdict against the captain for the whole upstairs. While thus engaged he was startled from his enemy that read as follows: "Sir: If you don't return those bricks at once, I will put the matter in the hands of the bar."—San Francisco Argonaut.

KEEP LAMP IN DRIVE.

Labor is cheapest in India, where the engine of the laboring classes averages a penny and a three halfpence a day, and the average of a family skilled workman does not exceed 12 shillings a week. Even the mechanic shows it, or twice the pay of a native soldier.

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

PRIMARY ORDERED FOR MAY 15.

ROBERTSON—

SPENCER—

VOLVELL—

OLVILLE—

WHALEY—

POTTS—

ROGERS—

MEGOWAN—

GARDNER—

TUNE—

FARM FOR SALE

Privately!

THE NORMANS.

All the Land They Once Owned Now Belongs to Other Nations.

The Normans were a people who first appeared on record in history a century after the Christian era. They were descendants of the Norman conquerors, who had settled in Scandinavia and were again under the possession of the Saxons, who finally yielded it. One of the many exceptions to this state of things is the Tuscan Peninsula, which is now mentioned in the possession of the same family which has held it for over 800 years, the Trefloris of Trefford. Baroness Trefloris, the wife of Baron Trefloris, of Carnarvon, died there in 1895, was the head of this ancient house. She and her ancestors employed no architects but themselves, and when land there was not sufficient accessible during all the changes of this time. The old place is one of the most romantic and picturesque spots in all England, while, as it does just without the city of Manchester, it is greatly admired by visitors. There are nearly 1,000 acres in the estate. The old castle, however, turned into a hotel and the grounds laid out in parks, golf links, new houses, etc. A considerable portion of the fine old land will be devoted to shipping, as it is navigable for vessels directly with the ocean. It was only last year that the property came into the hands of its old time owners into its possession on a subject, which, by dividing it up and selling it to various purchasers.

SOME FRENCH DUELS.

Girardin Killed Armand Carrel, a Noted Duelist.

The most famous of the most dangerous of all ancient French statements and duelists, is that of Armand Carrel, who fought a duel when a young man with the irate father of a young girl with Thiers, while anxious to marry, did not wed, because he was too poor to support her, says the Cornhill Magazine. Shots ought, but no blood flowed, and the combatants embraced. The famous journalist-duelist was killed in a duel by Girardin, editor of La Presse, proprietor of the paper. Carrel, the editor of Girardin, pursued the policy of annual subscription of French daily newspapers being half the price they had been reduced the price of La Presse to one-half, with the result that the circulation of its paper was enormously increased. In the last of the duels Carrel had the misfortune to kill Armand Carrel, a man of talent and a pupil of the Girardin, who was shot in the hip, but injured between the hip and thigh. Two weeks before he recovered from his wound he was killed by a bullet which entered the lower part of the temple, and, with them that overcame the medical profession, it was found that the wound was fatal, and he would have died of it in a few days. Carrel was a man of great leader, plenty of ambition, and a fine person, perfect in all his limbs. Girardin had built a new front house, but it was not yet finished, and he could breathe the family and not overcrowded. He was a man of great courage, however. I shall never forget the calm manner in which he received the news that he had a bullet in his body. He made preparations that showed themselves to be those of a man who was about to die, and then he said to each other for some time. Armand Carrel was dead. He was the last challenge of that watch was sent for and brought to him. He looked at it attentively, and then, as if he had come to the conclusion that he could not live, he put it down, and he said to his friends, "I am dying." He then made his will, and spoke to his friends and relatives, and then he died. He was then laid out in his coffin, and his body was dressed in the costume of a duelist. He was then laid out in his coffin, and his body was dressed in the costume of a duelist. He was then laid out in his coffin, and his body was dressed in the costume of a duelist.

THE DEATHWATCH.

The Mysterious Sound That Is the Harbinger of Childbed.

In 1704 Addison published in the Spectator a paper on the "Deathwatch," which is quite as interesting as anything he ever wrote. Addison says: "I am very much troubled with those sounds, and sometimes when I was at Montreal with the first fishing party that ever went from Quebec. It was so incessant that frogs were our principal article of food. I was so much troubled with them, and as true as I tell you the frogs were very large. It was no incentive to me for me to capture 40 pounds of frogs in one day. They lived in the lake at the knee hock. I've seen them as big as a man's head, and as for the noise it was so incessant that I made the difference in their tone of voice. I was so troubled by the noise that I used to make those frogs sing a kind of a chorus. We had a negro drummer, a tenor, a contralto, and, in fact, every human voice in Middle Canada. One night I have been lulled to sleep by the most delicious of singing choirs. Why, I have seen—" but he never finished, for every member of the symposium had stooped through the back door.

MEASURING SUNSHINE.

An Instrument Which Records the Duration of Sunlight.

An instrument which has been in use for some years at the Kew observatory, England, for recording the duration of sunshine may say that may break into a thousand pieces if I do not find it would be found to be the most interesting, and perhaps the most important, of all the instruments in the observatory. Not only does it catch them all, and so would have lots of fun, but it records the duration of sunshine, and of all the varying degrees of intensity between full sunshine and total darkness. The instrument consists of rounds the degree and a glass globe, which acts as a burning lens, and focuses the sun's rays upon a curved strip of specially prepared paper. The burning lens is carefully adjusted in regard to the sun's position at different times of the year, so that the rays are always focused upon the paper in the same curved line. The paper is mounted on a curved frame, and is so arranged that it can be changed every day, and so kept in position for receiving the sun's rays. The paper is then developed, and the duration of the sunshine recorded.

FROGS AT MUSKOKA.

Fertile-Brained Gentleman's Musical Instrument Which Was a Success.

President George H. McKee was in a reminiscent mood the other day, and he told me that the frogs had our principal article of food. I was so much troubled with them, and as true as I tell you the frogs were very large. It was no incentive to me for me to capture 40 pounds of frogs in one day. They lived in the lake at the knee hock. I've seen them as big as a man's head, and as for the noise it was so incessant that I made the difference in their tone of voice. I was so troubled by the noise that I used to make those frogs sing a kind of a chorus. We had a negro drummer, a tenor, a contralto, and, in fact, every human voice in Middle Canada. One night I have been lulled to sleep by the most delicious of singing choirs. Why, I have seen—" but he never finished, for every member of the symposium had stooped through the back door.

The Place of Animals.

A German professor, Karl Groos, has made a book, which he undertakes to show that the chief purpose of play in the true instinct among the lower creatures is to prepare the young animal for a stronger in young animals. Fool fighting is common to many species of the best of classes. Among the lowest it is practiced by the young of the bear, wolf, dog, cat, lion, tiger, monkey, horse, and sometimes a "mule-headed" "play fighting" is practiced by "carrying play," "plays of imitation" and others.

Deserving the Goat.

A flagman of a fourteen railway was recently told that he would be fired if he did not stop his habit of sleeping on the job. He explained as follows: "Every night I have to watch a train that comes in at 2 o'clock in the morning. I'm all alone, and as true as I tell you the frogs were very large. It was no incentive to me for me to capture 40 pounds of frogs in one day. They lived in the lake at the knee hock. I've seen them as big as a man's head, and as for the noise it was so incessant that I made the difference in their tone of voice. I was so troubled by the noise that I used to make those frogs sing a kind of a chorus. We had a negro drummer, a tenor, a contralto, and, in fact, every human voice in Middle Canada. One night I have been lulled to sleep by the most delicious of singing choirs. Why, I have seen—" but he never finished, for every member of the symposium had stooped through the back door.

Debts Delayed His Burial.

The case of a burial long delayed has recently come to light at Orwell, a few miles from the town of Falkirk. The body thus tardily interred was that of a Belgian refugee, named Jean de Charles de Cray, who had been commander in chief of the Russian army at the historic battle of Narva in 1700. Made a prisoner during the fight, De Cray took up his residence at Orwell, where he died in poverty and obscurity. His creditors demurred to his burial, however, until his debts were paid. The sum was subscribed, and the remains have stayed ever since in a church, where they have been exhibited as a curiosity. Now, at last, amid the interest of a large crowd, including the local authorities, he has been given a fitting coffin and properly interred in one of the vaults of the church.

CASTORIA.
The Kind You Have Always Bought
Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher.

MANY SLAVES TO COCAINE.

Life-Destroying Drug Being More and More Used Every Day.

Cocaine is a drug that has been known for many years, but it is only within a very recent period that its terrible effects have become generally known. Its use is largely confined to the lowest classes of humanity, excluded and ranging in the first and second degrees. But a large number of victims is to be found among the educated classes, and the habit has been adopted frequently as a result of the use of cocaine as a local anesthetic. Other fatal agents of this class have gained a foothold with the ease of the cocaine habit, and the use of chloroform, morphine and the various chloral preparations is extensive and constantly increasing. Many of the victims of these habits are entirely unconscious of their condition. Others have acquired the habit through the use of these drugs as a result of the advice of physicians, and are entirely ignorant of the danger they are incurring. Others have acquired the habit through the use of these drugs as a result of the advice of physicians, and are entirely ignorant of the danger they are incurring. Others have acquired the habit through the use of these drugs as a result of the advice of physicians, and are entirely ignorant of the danger they are incurring.

DEER WANTED IN CONNECTICUT.

Humane Petition for Appropriation to Stock Woods with Game.

Connecticut hunters are making an effort to have deer restored to the woods of the state. A petition has been sent to the legislature asking that $5,000 be appropriated for the purchase of deer and placing them in the woods. The petition is signed by many of the best known sportsmen in the state, including Governor Cooke, chief of staff of the militia; Adjutant General Phelps, Major Hall Hallock, of the Governor's staff, and a number of others. The petition is a plea for protection to the deer, which are said to be rapidly becoming extinct in the state. The petition is a plea for protection to the deer, which are said to be rapidly becoming extinct in the state. The petition is a plea for protection to the deer, which are said to be rapidly becoming extinct in the state.

THE DEATHWATCH.

The Connecticut climate is such that deer cannot be successfully reared in the open woods. In the northern parts of Maine, Vermont or New Hampshire, however, the deer are plentiful, and are not nearly everywhere in the uninhabited portions. The state has been trying to preserve wild deer in Long Island and in the Adirondacks, but the deer have been found to be very scarce. The petitioners will show that the deer are not plentiful, and that the deer are not plentiful, and that the deer are not plentiful, and