MYERS & WIND.

HORSES SHOD ACCORDING TO NATURE.

A Horse, The Race.

MAIN STREET - Carlisle, Ky.

One Door East Crater Bro's.

EGALITE,
13 958.

RECORD 2:20 1-2 Trial heat in 2:16.

SIRED BY PILOT (one of 3) from

BRENAVISTA, 5th.

A fast trotting sire, both in speed and action, and

$5 00 to Insure a Living Colt.

W. L. WILKO, Carlisle, Ky.

WILKO 9733.

FROM THE GRAVE.

BY ANNA SHIELDS.

I have never told this story before, but, knowing I have many days left of this earth's weary pilgrimage, I write out the experience that has made me a poor coward a lonely one much, I honestly trust, not a useless one.

Nearly 25 years ago I settled in Gresham, a village 30m. and taking the name from the founder, who was also my uncle, Peter Gresham. He had written to me, when I graduated from the medical college, where he, too, had all my expenses as a student, that he would give me a carriage on the village and $500 as money, but that I must come at once.

The offer was a generous one—for those of kindness shown to me from boyhood, when I was left an orphan and penniless. I gladly accepted it, and went at once to Gresham, where my only rival was a practitioner nearly as old as Dr. Parnell, who occupied a cottage directly opposite to mine. Being in easy circumstances this suited Doctor, Dr. Parnell was content, gradually to send me practice, which, naturally, I found he had transferred to mine as soon as I began to pay rent.

He took from the first a friendly interest in my welfare, and gave me much valuable and information, his own experience rendering all he imparted of great value to a young practitioner. Scarcely an evening passed but found me in his office, or he in mine, at the close of the day, in each and all of which he took keen professional interest.

But, before I had been a month in Gresham, I found myself the central table formed but a limited circle. Besides Dr. Parnell's cottage, there were, near my office, but three houses in his chair, or resident of a book, Leonie Farnell, his pretty daughter and housekeeper, would touch the piano, and sometimes sing in a sweet clear voice in my favorite songs, or would talk to me in her womanly way of the patients, who were all friends of her own, many of them dear friends of mine, too. Let me try, looking back upon those days, to picture Leonie Farnell as she was at the time of my love for her. My love, I say, for it sprang into life with my love, and undying the first time her soft, tender eyes met mine and I knew it.

It was pretty, but no wonder at beauty, her great charm lying in her sweetness of movements, her voice, her tones and a gentle, refined modesty in her manner, which, combined with a had no brilliant accomplishments—for she had a gift of making a room seem bright as charming place as a ball-room, and, though she had lived in infancy, she had been the darling of her grandfather's old age, deeply as he loved her, he never seemed to spoil her, for she was never averse to my opinion, and in my heart's secret even before I guessed its depth, and as his opinion of me was the friendship between Leonie and myself.

A year, the one bright year in my solitary life, passed away, and I had learned to speak to Leonie of my love, and had received from her lips of my position at Gresham, and had been told that she would be taken if love on Leonie's part I know, and soon knew certainly, that I had won only a calm, affectionate return for the absorbing devotion of my heart.

I have said nothing yet of my intercourse with my Uncle Gresham, the grandee of the little village, whose large, handsome house was also the best of attraction to all strangers, as nearly as mansion was suppose it could, and many of almost fabulous extent, and every of the village a wealthy man.

For even then I grown to be a man, and soon knew enough, I had loved with all the strength of affection in return for the absorbing devotion of my heart.

During that time I had not been to my uncle's house, for I had been married at once to Leonie, and my visits were because there was no room for me in the house, and I had no one actually to see that my uncle's affection was being won from me, but that I was a far more bitter cup soon to be placed at my relative's lips.

Sidney came to Dr. Farnell's as a student, and I soon found that a most friendship only interest could have between us. And the first time I saw him Leonie I knew why he had failed to meet its return. A handsome, friendship had grown up between separation into a life love. The two had met and loved in secret, and the frankness of friendship dropped slyly beneath Sidney's gaze, for I knew that had never changed color for me, flushed at his coming, or trembled at his voice.

Yet I would not quite despair until meeting them together, as lovers will. I heard a soft, quiet voice say, "Sidney, I am glad you have come, you, Sidney!"

In their happiness I was not present my presence, and I shrank back behind the window curtain. No one saw me, and I was not seen by my self.

Then I threw myself into my professional duties, trying so to fasten my every thought upon them that I should not be during every case in my own heart interest. Dr. Farnell grew old more rapidly and, when I came more and more into practice, he seemed the less frequently. One day he said:

"Ralph, my boy, every Leone loves flirt a little, but she is true as steel in her engagement, 'for he is a man I never would have chosen for her, and she knows it is wayward and must follow its own will. There is no reason to fear for her happiness."

Not knowing for love, as I must bear my disappointment as best I may."

And I knew my heart was crushed that he had hoped my love would win Leonie.

While August was burning up the vegetation we all grumbled, and had several cases of sunstroke, one of them fatal, one morning I was shocked to receiving a note from my old friend Sidney had the symptoms.

I knew the disease only too well, and had not directly to the sick room. But as I entered the house I met Sidney.

"Dr. Farnell does not practice," I exclaimed.

"He will come to me," he said, "and will not trust my life in the hands of any but my own friend."

I went back as if he had struck me a blow. Before, however, I could answer that my possible heirship had never entered my mind, and I had never thought to try to win Leonie, now I knew her love was given elsewhere, I could not speak, but I met Dr. Farnell

CASTORIA.

The fac-simile signature of Chas. H. Fletcher is on the wrapper of every bottle of CASTORIA.

THIRTEEN SUPERSTITIOUS MEN.

Would Not Go to Dinner Until the Thirteenth Record Screwed.

[The number of superstitious always to be found in a large city, and the lengths to which they will go to avoid anything on Friday are well known. But the following story will furnish a parallel to any of them. It is a true story, and the names of the parties can be given if necessary.]

Late one afternoon in the early part of the fall several years ago a number of men were gathered in the office of a well-known down town firm. They were discussing the merits of a dinner and supper which they had just eaten at the expense of one of their number, who had given a dinner to celebrate the anniversary of his birth. The dinner had been a most elaborate affair, and the supper which followed was not much less so. Each man present had been the recipient of a handsome present from the host, and the dinner had been given in honor of the occasion.

Just as the last course of the supper was being served the host remarked that he was thirty-three years old that day, and that he had been born on Friday, the 13th. This statement was received with a perfect shout of laughter, and one of the guests remarked that he would not be caught dead on Friday, the 13th, for anything on earth.

"Why, I wouldn't even get married on Friday," said another of the guests, and a hearty laugh followed.

"I'll bet you a hat," said the host, "that you will get married on Friday, the 13th."

"I'll take you," said the other guest, and the bet was made.

"I'll bet you a dinner that you don't," said another guest.

"I'll take you," said the host, and the bet was made.

"I'll bet you a supper that you don't," said another guest.

"I'll take you," said the host, and the bet was made.

"I'll bet you a hat that you don't," said another guest.

"I'll take you," said the host