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PHONE NO. 29.

John Henry on Cooks

By George V. Hobart

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When my wife made the suggestion that we should give a Thanksgiving dinner to our friends in the neighborhood it almost put me to the ropes. You know I'm not much on the social gag, and to have to sit up and make good-natured faces at a lot of strangers gives me intermittent pains in the neck.

"Why should we give them a dinner?" I asked my wife. "Aren't most of them getting good wages, and why should we kill the fatted calf for a lot of home-made prodigals?"

"John, don't be so selfish!" was my wife's get-back. "There's a long winter ahead of us, and when we give our dinner to seven people that means seven people to give us seven dinners."



"Ollie."

Don't you see how our little plates of soup will draw compound interest if we invite the right people?"

My wife is a friend of mine, so I refused to quarrel with her.

"All right, my dear," I said, "but you must give the dinner one week before Thanksgiving."

"One week before Thanksgiving!" my wife recoiled. "And why, pray?"

"Because this will give our guests a chance to recover from your cooking before the real day of prayer comes around, and by that time they will begin to think about you with kindness, perhaps."

My wife stung me with her cruel eyes and went out in the kitchen, where the new cook was breaking a lot of our best dishes which did not appeal to her.

The name of this new cook was Ollie.

When Ollie came to the house to get a job, my wife asked her for her recommendations.

Ollie said that her face was her only recommendation; but that she was out late the night before and broke her recommendation just above the chin.

Anyway, my wife engaged her, because what good is a healthy appetite when the kitchen is empty?

Ollie said that she was a first-class cook, but when we dared her to prove it she forgot my wife was a lady and threw the coal scuttle at her.

A day or two after Ollie arrived I determined to find out what merit there was in a vegetarian diet.

"All right," I said to the cook, after the last plate of hash with all its fond memories had disappeared, "this house is going on a diet for a few days, and henceforth we are all vegetarians, including the dog. Please govern yourself accordingly."

Ollie smiled and whispered that vegetarianism was where she lived.

Ollie said she could cook vegetables so artistically that the palate would believe them to be filet Mignon, with Pommery sauce, and then she started in to fool the beef trust and put all the butchers out of business.

But let's go back to that Thanksgiving dinner.

My wife invited Mr. and Mrs. William T. Hodge, Joe Coyne and his wife and their daughter, Cuticura; Mr. and Mrs. Frank Doane and their son, Communipaw; Mr. and Mrs. Jack Golden and their niece Casanova, and Mr. and Mrs. Riley Hatch.

Charlie Swayne was referee.

My wife was so worried about the cook that before dinner time arrived she had an attack of nervous post-nement.

As a matter of fact, we were both in fear and trembling that Ollie would send a tomato salad from the kitchen and before it reached the table it would become a chop suey.

Anyway, the guests arrived promptly and I could see from their faces that they would fight the dinner to a finish.



"Sized Up Our Furniture."

The ladies began to chat pleasantly while they sized up our furniture out of the corners of their eyes, and the men glanced carelessly around to see if I had a box of cigars which would require their attention after dinner.

Pretty soon dinner was announced, and they all jumped to their feet as though they had stepped on a third rail.

I believe in being thrifty, but the way some of those people saved up their hunger for dinner was too penurious for mine.

I took Mrs. Hodge in and she took in my wife's dress to see if it was made over from last year's.

Young Communipaw tried hard not to reach the table first, but a plate of dill pickles caught his eye and he won from old man Hodge by an arm.

The first round was oyster cocktails and everybody drew cards.

This was Ollie's maiden attempt at making oyster cocktails, and she had original ideas about them, which consisted of salad oil instead of tomato catsup.

The salad oil came from Italy, so the oysters were extremely foreign in taste.

After eating his cocktail Riley Hatch began to turn pale, and politely inquired if we raised our own oysters.

But just then little Cutie Coyne upset a glass of water and changed the subject and the complexion of the tablecloth.

The next round was mock-turtle soup, and it made a deep impression, especially on Charley Swayne, because little Casanova Golden upset her share in his lap when he least expected it.

Charlie was very nice about it, however.

He only swore twice, then he remembered once a gentleman always a gentleman, and he did not strike the girl.

After awhile we all convinced Charlie that the laugh was on the soup, and not on him, and when the fish came on he forgot his troubles by getting a bone in his throat.

When Charlie began to talk like a trout, old man Hodge grabbed the bread knife and begged to be allowed to carve his initials on somebody's wishbone.

But Joe Coyne finally pacified him by a second helping of Bermuda onions.

I opened a third bottle of Pommery just to show I wasn't stingy.

Then came the Thanksgiving turkey, and this is where that cook of ours won the blue ribbon.

My wife had told her to stuff it with chestnuts, but Ollie thought chestnuts too much of an old joke, so she stuffed it with peanut brittle.

Ollie had noticed some other things about the kitchen which looked lonesome, so she decided to put them in the turkey, too.

One of these was the corkscrew.

When I went to carve the turkey, I found a horseshoe which Ollie had put in for luck.

It made my wife extremely nervous to see the can opener, a pair of scissors and nine clothes pins come out of that turkey, but Jack Golden said that their last cook tried to stuff their turkey with the garden hose, so my wife felt better.

The next round was some salad which Ollie had dressed in the kitchen, but the dress was such a bad fit that nobody could look at it without blushing.

Then we had some home-made ice cream for dessert.

The ice was very good, but Ollie forgot to add the cream, so it tasted rather insipid.

Every time there was a lull in the conversation Charlie Swayne kept yelling for a Bronx cocktail, and the only thing that kept him from getting it was the fact that Riley Hatch wanted to tell the story of his life.

Anyway, the dinner came to a finish without anybody fainting, and the guests went home a little hungry but unpoisoned.

The only thing about the house that loved Ollie was a pair of earrings belonging to my wife, and they went with her.

Longer on Throne Than Father.

Rinz Frederich, of Denmark, presents the curious spectacle of a father who has become a king at a later date than his own son. When King Haakon of Norway was lately at Copenhagen King Frederich is said to have asked him: "How do you like being king?" "I will rather ask you," replied Haakon. "I have been king longer than you have." Haakon was elected king of Norway by the storting on Nov. 18, 1905, while Frederich, his father, did not succeed to the throne of Denmark until Jan. 29, 1906, on the death of King Christian.

WILL APPEAL TO PRESIDENT

Striking Telegraphers Will Ask Roosevelt to Settle the Row.

New York, Aug.—An appeal is to be made to President Roosevelt by the leaders of the telegraphers' union to take some action looking to the termination of the telegraph strike. It is the plan, according to the announcement, to first have an appeal signed by representative business men, and then forward it with the signatures to President Roosevelt.

The announcement of the strike leaders, that they will make negotiations looking toward peace, following so hard upon the statement of a few days ago that no effort would be made to secure arbitration, is looked upon here with some surprise. It is considered possible that some look-out for support of the union's cause has failed to materialize, and that the union officials are preparing to run to cover by forcing an end to the strike before the available funds give out.

The telegraphers in the brokers' offices in the financial districts are likely to be called out within a few days and the strike will be extended to that branch of the telegraph business, which thus far has not been badly affected.

A dispatch was received by National President Small of the union from brokers' operators in the South and West, which has altered the situation considerably. It is said that the quotations from New York, Chicago and New Orleans were being handled by nonunion operators, over nonunion wires, and urging that every brokers' telegrapher in the country be called out. President Small announced that he was thoroughly in touch with the general strike situation and the companies were weakening. Of the Western Union surplus of \$10,000,000, he said that at least \$8,000,000 had already been expended in the fight, and that if the strike lasts another two weeks the company will not be able to pay the government dividends on acquired properties. It is reported that Geo. J. Gould has left Europe for the United States, to direct the company's fight.

A Cuban Sanitary Board.

Havana, Aug.—A decree creating a National Department of Sanitation has been signed by Gov. Magoon, and it is to become effective upon the perfection of the organization. The personnel of the department will consist of one chief and a national board of five members, holding office for four years. This board will have full control of the sanitation of Cuba, supplanting all local boards. Up to the present time the inefficiency of the local sanitary authorities and their failure to report yellow fever cases have thwarted all efforts to stamp out the disease. Major Kean of the Medical Corps reported four months ago upon the necessity of national control of all sanitary matters, and this has been emphasized by the recent outbreak of yellow fever among the American troops at Cienfuegos.

Would Not Censure Teddy.

Portland, Me., Aug.—A resolution criticizing President Roosevelt for commenting on the trial of the best trust case in the Northern district of Illinois a year ago, and adversely criticizing the presiding judge and his rulings, was introduced at the final session Wednesday of the American Bar Association by George Whitlock of Baltimore. It met with instant disapproval from all parts of the hall, and President Parker repeatedly asked Mr. Whitlock to withdraw it, but the latter insisted that it be acted on. The motion to lay it on the table was carried almost unanimously.

To Preserve Life.

Macon, Ga., Aug.—The United States Circuit Court of Appeals, has issued an order permitting the removal of Col. John F. Gaynor, from Bibb county jail to Indian Springs, Ga., a health resort, in the hope that Gaynor's life may be saved. Gaynor, under sentence for the Savannah harbor frauds, and in jail pending appeal, suffers from asthma, and was lately stricken with locomotor ataxia. United States Deputy Marshal Riley, Mrs. Gaynor and a physician will accompany the prisoner, who will bear the expenses of the trip. Col. Gaynor's physicians say the trip is necessary to preserve his life.

May Be Biela's Comet.

Lima, Peru, Aug.—It is suggested that a comet which was visible in northern and southern Peru from 4 to 5 o'clock Wednesday morning is Biela's comet. Biela's comet is named after its discoverer, Wilhelm Biela. Its periodic time is 6,692 years. Observations are on record of appearances of the comet in 1772, 1805, 1826, 1832, 1846 and 1852. On its return in 1846 it was in two parts, separated by about 160,000 miles, unequal in size, each having a distinct nucleus and tail. At the return in 1852 the parts were 1,500,000 miles asunder. Since 1852 the comet has not been seen.

Limited Is Wrecked.

Chattanooga, Aug.—A collision occurred about 7 o'clock Wednesday morning between the Florida Limited passenger train, south bound on the Queen and Crescent route, and a Southern Railway switch engine at Cutco yards, one mile north of this city. Engineer Charles Carter of Somerset, Ky., was instantly killed, and Fireman S. S. Thompson of Somerset was fatally injured. Both engines were demolished, but the coaches remained on the track. No passengers were injured.

WHAT THE WOMEN WORE.

Of Course the Story Teller Didn't Really Mean Just That.

A gentleman recently returned from that quiet little Maryland resort, Ocean City, has a tale to tell of conditions that are really sensational. And the worst of it was that he did not know they were sensational at all. He was out calling the other evening, and the conversation started with the shirtwaist man, who, the returned wanderer said, was to be found in great quantities at the summer resort. Then he told about the habit of everybody down there had contracted of going without hats. This is the way he told it to an interested company: "You see everybody down there going about just the same. The men never wear coats; they go about in just their shirts and trousers, and the women are just like them."

VERY BAD FORM OF ECZEMA.

Suffered Three Years—Physicians Did No Good—Perfectly Well After Using Cuticura Remedies.

"I take great pleasure in informing you that I was a sufferer of eczema in a very bad form for the past three years. I consulted and treated with a number of physicians in Chicago, but to no avail. I commenced using the Cuticura Remedies, consisting of Cuticura Soap, Ointment and Pills, three months ago, and to-day I am perfectly well, the disease having left me entirely. I cannot recommend the Cuticura Remedies too highly to anyone suffering with the disease that I have had. Mrs. Florence E. Atwood, 18 Crilly Place, Chicago, Ill., October 2, 1905. Witness: L. S. Berger."

Deaths from X-Rays.

The death of Dr. Weigel, a surgeon of Rochester, from a disease due to the constant use of the X-rays makes the fourth who has lost his life from this cause, says the Christian Advocate.

The others were an assistant of Thomas Edison, a Boston physician and a woman of San Francisco named Fleischman. In the case of Dr. Weigel since 1904, when his right hand and all but the thumb and a finger of the left hand were removed, there had been four operations in trying to save his life. The first removed a part of the right shoulder; then a part of the muscles covering the right breast.

Mystery completely envelops the cause of death, the disease being unknown to medical science, though it is believed to involve some great principle of life. Dr. Weigel was president of the Rochester Academy of Medicine and the American Orthopaedic society.

Patron Saint of Lawyers.

This story is told at the expense of Francis H. T. Maxwell, a well-known lawyer. The members of the Taunton, Mass., Bar association thought they ought to have a patron saint, but after much wrangling they could not hit upon any particular saint.

Finally a committee, of which Mr. Maxwell was a member, was appointed to make a selection. They made a trip to New York, and there visited a gallery where most of the saints were carved in marble. It was decided to leave the selection to Mr. Maxwell, and after making the rounds he placed his hand on one in a group of two. "This one will do," he said. He had his hand on the devil, whom St. Michael was driving before him.

Impudence of Hoi Polloi.

A noted English artist was standing at the edge of the road, waiting for his horse, and he was dressed in his usual peculiar style—mustard-colored riding suit, vivid waistcoat and bright red tie. A man, who had evidently been reveling, happened to lurch round the corner of the street. He stared at the famous artist for a minute in silence, then he touched his cap and asked in a tone of deep commiseration, "Beg pardon, gov'nor, was you in mournin' for anybody?"

BAD DREAMS

Frequently Due to Coffee Drinking.

One of the common symptoms of coffee poisoning is the bad dreams that spoil what should be restful sleep. A man who found the reason says: "Formerly I was a slave to coffee. I was like a morphia fiend, could not sleep at night, would roll and toss in my bed and when I did get to sleep was disturbed by dreams and hobgoblins, would wake up with headaches and feel bad all day, so nervous I could not attend to business. My writing looked like bird tracks, I had sour belchings from the stomach, indigestion, heartburn and palpitation of the heart, constipation, irregularity of the kidneys, etc.

"Indeed, I began to feel I had all the troubles that human flesh could suffer, but when a friend advised me to leave off coffee I felt as if he had insulted me. I could not bear the idea, it had such a hold on me and I refused to believe it the cause.

"But it turned out that no advice was ever given at a more needed time for I finally consented to try Postum and with the going of coffee and the coming of Postum all my troubles have gone and health has returned. I eat and sleep well now, nerves steadied down and I write a fair hand (as you can see), can attend to business again and rejoice that I am free from the monster coffee."

Ten days' trial of Postum in place of coffee will bring sound, restful, refreshing sleep. "There's a Reason." Read "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. Some physicians call it "a little health classic."

FINE WINES.

BEST WHISKIES.