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The Valuable Lemon.

Lemon juice will:
Prevents diphtherie.
Cure a sore throat of cough.
Cure a felon.
Drive away a sick headache.
Cure malaria.
Beautify the complexion.
Make the hair fluffy.

For a sore throat gargle with pure undiluted, unsweetened lemon juice.

For a cough or cold, mix equal parts of lemon juice and strained honey, and take a tablespoonful every hour.

For a sick headache, mix one part lemon juice and two parts boiling water and sip a teacupful as hot as possible every two hours.

For Malaria, mix the juice of half a lemon with two table-spoonfuls of water and a little sugar, and drink three times a day.

For a felon, cut off the end of a lemon, stick the finger into the hole and pind it in. Let it stay for a day or two, when it will be ready to lance.

For the complexion, mix equal parts of rose water and glycerine and dip a cut lemon into this and rub the face with it. After it dries rub with cold cream.

For the hair add the juice of a lemon to the last rinsing water of a shampoo.

Quaker Quibs.

Wisdom always knows when to quit.

Most of us get what we deserve, but only the successful will admit it.

Tact is the art of making other people think they know, more than you do.

The average man feels that he could bear our burdens much better than his own.

It sometimes seems as though the fool-killer must have given up his job in disgust.

Some fellows divide their time between being roasted and being kept in hot water.—Philadelphia Record.

Somewhat Tired.

"Twan't all account o' dat yaller gal, Salina," explaining Mose, talking with difficulty through the bandages that swathed his face.

"I goes out walking wid her and along comes dat Sam Jackson, what she's been keeping company with. Widout saying a word dat man comes over and busts me in de mouf. No sooner did I git up dan, bam! He lands on my lef' year and over I goes agin.

"After that he hit me in this year and then in the other one; and stomped on me while I was down. When I got up and began to run he followed, kicking me every yuther step.

"I never got so tired of a culud man in all my life!"

For Sale

House and lot in front of Lindsey-Wilson Campus. An excellent opportunity for a family with children to put in school. address,
Prof. P. D. Neilson,
Columbia, Ky.

The Hawk and the Hen.

A Fish-Hawk who had a way of throwing three cards about in a dexterous manner, one day met a Hen and invited her to bet on his game.

"But I don't understand it,"

"Why, all there is about it, I toss these three cards so, and so, and you bet that you can pick up the Ace of Spades, for example."

"I don't want to take your money," protested the Hen.

"Oh, as to that, you are quite welcome."

"Well, here's an X that I pick the Ace."

The Hawk smiled as he thought how easy it was to throw spuff in a hen's eyes, but lo! Biddy picked up the card she had named and raked in the sugar.

"I'll be hanged if I am not completely discouraged trying to make an honest living!" cried the Hawk, as he flung down the cards in disgust; and he there-upon not only turned Robber, but ate the hen to boot.

Moral—Never discourage industry and integrity by taking money from a Three-Card Monte Man or a Faro bank.

Slain for Stealing Wife.

In a duel at dawn on the desert near Black Rock, Utah, Samuel Geslin, who was eloping in a sheep wagon with Mrs. Edward Christopherson, was killed by the woman's husband, while her father looked on to see fair play. Geslin's big revolver was clutched in his hand when he died. Fearing death, Mrs. Christopherson fled across the sandy waste but was brought back by her father and taken to his home.

The eloping couple met three weeks ago at a dance, and Gesling became enamored of the woman and persuaded her to elope with him. They fled in a wagon and were pursued by the father and husband of the woman, who caught up to the wagon late at night. Early in the morning Gesling was called out and he and Christopherson fired at each other until Gesling dropped.

Sano.

Mr. James Vaughan, Democratic candidate for Jailer was petitioning the voters in this section last week.

B. M. Roberts is on the sick list.

Willie Tarter made a business trip to Campbellsville last Monday. The recent rains have done considerable good to growing crops.

Most all farmers are through planting corn and some plowing over in this section.

The prospects are now favorable for an abundant peach crop here.

Mr. Dee Tarter, who has been attending school at Columbia, returned home a few days ago.

Mr. Cassius Brockman bought one young mare of Asa Shepherd, price unknown.

The Sunday School at White's School house is progressing nicely with Rev. Wolford as Superintendent.

Ira Carter sold one yearling colt to Willie Tarter, last week, for \$50.

W. H. and Tom Wheat made a business trip to Columbia last Monday.

Several from this part attended the singing at Poplar Grove the first Sunday.

Our efficient road overseer, Mr. Willis Shepherd, was looking after his business last week, and we are all expecting better roads in the future.

Mr. Willie Carter and sister, Lizzie, attended services at Tabernacle last Sunday.

J. B. Lazenby, of Denmark, was through here last week, engaged in the picture business.

Bro. Bryan filled his regular appointment here last Sunday.

Mr. Ivan Carter and family have sold their farm to Mr. Clyde Jones, and took their departure for Kokomo, Ind., to make their future home. Mr. Jones will take possession at once.

W. H. Wheat and son were at Eunice last Wednesday, on business.

Real enjoyment consists not in the abundance a man has, but in his capacity to enjoy. This is a mental condition. You can have it. Let others provide material beauty. You enjoy it. Let wholesome creative mind produce your riches. Many a son of so-called wealth feels poor and miserable because his craven soul crouches in the poverty of starved thought. Fear and doubt like blasting winds mildew and shrivel his pulseless ambition until in the midst of abundance he is poor. What if you could buy New York and put a mortgage on Chicago? Would all the wealth of Gopher or the treasures of Indus add riches to the starved soul? It might add power but riches—never. True riches are within you. Wealth and power are yours for the mere using. Wake up and listen to the bird's song. He owns not a single inch of earth, but the whole realm is his to enjoy. Listen while he tells it. The thrill of his throbbing throat sends forth paeans of joy. Rise up, young man, and be like him. You may not be able to sing, but your life can be a blessing as its riches tell of the fullness of the soul within. You can carry joy and inspiration if you will. Have done with little things. Be rich. Uncle Ben.

Cole Camp.

The people of this community are about through planting corn.

Mrs. Ethel Holladay and daughter, of Texas, are visiting the former's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Tom Cheatham.

Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Parish, of Amandaville, spent last Sunday with Mr. Parish's parents.

Mrs. James Cole visited Mrs. Bettie Cole last week.

Sunday School was organized at Providence last Sunday. Everybody is invited to attend.

Miss Ruth Thomas spent last Sunday with Miss Mary Fletcher.

Mr. and Mrs. Dillon and son, Jasper, of Burnside, visited G. M. Dillon last week.

Miss Willia Wood spent one day last week with Miss Ruth Thomas.

Mr. Charles Noris and family who have had the mumps for the past week are improving slowly.

Several from this place attended the sale at Amandaville last Friday. Mr. Shannon sold out and went to Virginia.

James Fayette Irvin and Jasper Dillon, who have been confined to their rooms for the past week, with measles, are able to be out.

Mr. Gillom Baker, of Burkesville, visited his father, Dr. T. T. Baker, last week.

Miss Lora Fletcher was shopping in Bakerton last week.

Misses Mamie, Stella and Ida Baker were the guests of Miss Ella Baker last Sunday.

Mike Grider, of color, died last Thursday night.

Zion

We are having rather cool weather at present.

Profs. R. O. Cabbell and Elva Jones, of this place, sang at Jones's Chapel, Cumberland county, last Sunday.

Quite a number of our young people spent a very pleasant day at Griffin Springs last Sunday.

Miss Mabel Murrell, of Craycraft, visited relatives here last Saturday and Sunday.

We are not surprised, but very sorry to learn of the death of Mrs. Victoria Garnett, who lived near Ozark. She was a well-known lady in this community and highly respected by all. She was the mother of Mr. William Garnett, of this place. We should strive to live by her noble example.

Mr. L. B. Gadberry, one of our merchants, is now recovering from an attack of mumps.

We are glad to note that several of our young people who have been attending school are with us again. Some until the schools open and some for the summer.

Mr. Charlie Young, wife and children, of Gadberry, visited the former's parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Young, one day last week.

Mrs. Lizzie Murrell has been on the sick list for the past week.

Our Sunday School is progressing nicely under the management of Mr. Rollin Willis. Everybody come out and I am sure you will benefit thereby.

Misses Mattye Young and Elva Murrell attended commencement exercises of the L. W. T. S., week before last.

No Tears With Insanity

One of the most curious facts connected with madness in the utter absence of tears amid the insane. Whatever the form of madness, tears are conspicuous by their absence, as much in the depression of melancholy, or excitement of mania, as in the utter apathy of dementia.

If a patient in a lunatic asylum be discovered in tears, it will be found that it is one beginning to recover, or an emotional outbreak in an epileptic who is scarcely truly insane, while actual insane persons appear to have lost the power of weeping; it is only returning reason which can once more unloose the fountain of their tears.

Stomach Pains

Indigestion caused me great distress for two years. I tried many things but got little help, until last I found in the best pills or medicine I ever tried.

DR. KING'S
New Life Pills
C. E. Hatfield, Guyan, W. Va.
25 CENTS PER BOTTLE AT ALL DRUGGISTS.