

HOPKINSVILLE BUSINESS DIRECTORY, 1880. LAWYERS.

J. W. DOWDER, Attorney at Law, Office with Pease & Littell.

A. GOODWIN, Attorney at Law, next to Court House, with Littell.

B. B. BIRD, Main Street, over Henderson's new store.

BREATHITT & PAYNE, Hopper Block, opposite Phelps & Sons.

A. PHILLIPS, Hopper Block, rear of Phelps & Sons.

A. CHAMBERLAIN, Webber House, rear of Court House.

W. P. HARRIS, Main Street, opposite the Court House.

R. B. BRYANT, next to Court House, entrance from Main Street.

J. R. KIRBY & SON, Main Street, opposite the Court House.

L. ANDERSON, Main Street, opposite the Court House.

DOCTORS.

W. F. PATTON, M. D., Office South-east corner Nashville and Virginia streets.

P. W. DETMERS, M. D., Office next door to Telegraph office, Main St.

E. A. ALEXANDER, M. D., over Gray & Duckner's drug store.

MILLINERS.

MRS. E. I. MARTIN, opposite Phoenix Hotel, 107 N. 1st St.

MRS. M. R. BODDERS, Nashville Street, nearly opposite Christian Church.

JAN. I. WARR, Main Street, Hopkinsville, Ky.

ROBERT MILLER, Jr., Court St., Campbell & Williams' old stand.

PHOTOGRAPHERS.

CLARENCE ANDERSON, Hopper Block, entrance next door to Savings.

WALTER GARRETT, East side Main St., next door to C. A. Thompson.

GRAY & BURNER, East Front, Main Street.

G. S. BARNER, Main Street, Hopkinsville, Ky.

DRY GOODS.

G. E. DAVISON, Main Street, next door to G. E. Hopper & Son's drug store.

HOPKINSVILLE, Ky. Hopper & Son's drug store.

THE SOUTH KENTUCKIAN.

HOPKINSVILLE, KENTUCKY, TUESDAY, JANUARY 20, 1880. NUMBER 3.

BUSINESS CARDS.

DR. W. M. FUQUA, SURGEON, Office, Hopper Block, Residence, corner Virginia and Broad streets, Jan 17-19.

DENTISTS, Office on stairs, over "City Bank," corner of Main and Russellville streets. (Honey)

BETHEL FEMALE COLLEGE, THE SPRING SESSION OPENS ON Monday, January 12th, 1880.

Georgetown Female Seminary, FOUNDED IN 1846. The next academic year opens on the first Monday in September, 1879.

Eminence, Ky. College FOR MALES AND FEMALES. This popular institution will open its twenty-third session September 2, 1880.

Shelbyville, (Ky.) FEMALE COLLEGE, FOUNDED 40 YEARS AGO. Healthy location; high instruction; high standard of scholarship.

BETHEL COLLEGE, RUSSELLVILLE, KY. NEXT TERM BEGINS SEPTEMBER FOURTH. Extra expenses for term of five months, including board, lodging, tuition, fuel, washing, lights and books, only \$175.00.

F. H. CLARKE, M. D., PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, Office with Dr. E. W. Galton, Main street over J. C. Coker's.

NICK AND WILL HOUSE, ELKTON, KY. N. Tobin, Proprietor. Good rooms, good service, and Dining-room supplied with everything the market affords.

Willard Hotel, R. C. STEEL Proprietor. OPPOSITE COURT HOUSE, LOUISVILLE, KY. Wedding Feasts.

LEISURE HOURS, A Magazine of Choice Literature for the People. PUBLISHED MONTHLY. BY W. L. MERSHON & CO., 111, Broadway, N. Y.

WASHINGTON, D. C., HAS A FIRST-CLASS HOTEL AT \$2.50 per day. TREMONT HOUSE, No Liquors sold.

ST. CHARLES HOTEL, Nashville, - Tenn. Rates reduced from \$1.50 to \$1.00 per day. J. M. ARMSTRONG.

THE MODEL SUBSCRIBER.

By WILL CARBETON. "Good morning, Mr. Editor, how are the folks today? I saw you for your next year's paper—thought I'd come and say: And Jones is going to take it, and this is his money here: And down leads it to him, and then con-ox-ot him to try it."

"You're doing the politics badly, as all our family agree. Just keep your old paper until a Sappin' and give 'em a good one for me: And how you are chuck full of business, and how you are making your time. I've things of my own I want to do—good day, sir; I believe I will call."

The editor sat in his sanctum, and brought down a pile of letters, and he noticed, "God bless that old farmer," he muttered, "and this is a regular old-time trumper, and this will be our best subscriber, and this will be our best subscriber, and this will be our best subscriber."

But in the great time that is coming, when Gabriel's trump shall sound, and they who have been buried shall rise again, and they who have been buried shall rise again, and they who have been buried shall rise again.

A Little Marriage Coincidence. Three gentlemen happened to meet at breakfast at the Grand Pacific hotel one morning last week. They were strangers to each other, but suddenly one broke the silence with the remark: "By Jove! She divorced again."

Nothing Like Tobacco. By Henry Glover, of the firm of Sherry & Glover, Louisville Tobacco Warehouse. The peculiarities of tobacco which distinguish it from all other herbs and narcotics are not more remarkable than those which place it apart in commerce and political economy from other objects of purchase and sale.

The crop of Kentucky in 1877 was estimated at 101,000,000 lbs; that of 1878 at 115,000,000 lbs, and that of 1879 at nearly an equal figure. In addition to the peculiarities of tobacco noted above is another, which is very frequently illustrated: viz., every one knows, or assumes to know, more about the cultivation and curing of tobacco than those professionally engaged in it.

What Washington Didn't Know. We don't like to be irreverent, but would like to ask: What did our forefathers know? What for instance, did George Washington know? He never saw a fast mail train; he never saw a picture in a photograph gallery; he never saw a steamboat; he never sighted a Krupp gun; he never received a telegraph dispatch; he never listened to the "buzz" of an electric fan; he never saw a pretty girl running a sewing machine; he never saw a self-propelling engine go down the street to fire; he never had a set of store teeth; he never saw a man in a top hat; he never owned a bonanza mine; he never knew "old Prob" he—but why go on?

A Romantic Duck Story. A pretty and romantic little story comes from Clinton, Texas. A gentleman of that town was out hunting a few days ago, and while wandering along the bayou which drains that region of Texas had the good fortune to shoot a duck. About the neck of the bird was a leather locket. He opened the locket and discovered a very neatly written note. The writer stated that last Spring, while walking along the shore of Senoath Lake, Washington Territory, she saw a duck in distress. On wading into the water to learn the cause, she discovered a nut and mite held the duck by its foot. She rescued the duck, and then conceived the romantic notion of writing a note, fastening it about the duck's neck and setting it free. She further stated that she was sweet sixteen, that the young man for whom she cared did not suit her fancy, and she would wed the fortunate man who got her note. Now it happens that the man who captured the note had a wife, and consequently, can not respond to the call of the sweet damsel in Washington Territory. It would have been much more romantic, of course, if the discoverer of the note had been unfettered by matrimonial ties, and had hurried to meet the maiden whose message of love reached him in such a mysterious way, but the truth must be told even at the risk of spoiling a romance.—New Orleans Times.

The Horrors of Siberian Exile.

Of the treatment of political exiles in Siberia I have before me a thrilling description from the pen of Mr. Robt. Lemke, a German writer, who has visited the various penal establishments of Russia with an official legitimation. He had been to Tobolsk, after which he had to make a long journey through a wretched car, until a high mountain rose up before him. Injuria tora and craggy flank the mountain showed a colossal opening, similar to the mouth of a burnt-out crater. Fetid vapors, which almost took away his breath, ascended from it.

Pressing his handkerchief upon his lips, Mr. Lemke entered the opening of the rock, where he found a large watch-house, with a picket of Cossacks. Having shown his papers he was conducted by a guide through a long, very dark and narrow corridor, which, judging from its sloping descent, led down into some unknown depth. In spite of his good fur, the visitor felt extremely cold. After a walk of some ten minutes through the dense obscurity, the ground becoming more and more soft, a vague shimmer of light became observable.

The massive bars were covered with a thick rust. A watchman appeared, who unlocked the heavy iron gate. Entering a room of considerable extent, but which was scarcely a man's height, and which was dimly lit by an oil lamp, the visitor asked: "Where are we?" "In the sleeping room of the condemned! Formerly it was a productive gallery of the mine, now it serves as a shelter."

The visitor shuddered. This subterranean sepulchre, lit by a gloomy lamp, was called a sleeping room. Above-like cells were hewn into the rock; here, on a couch of damp, half-rotten straw, covered with a sackcloth, the unfortunate sufferers were to repose from the day's work. Over each cell a crampiron was fixed, where-with to look up the prisoners like ferocious dogs. No door, no window anywhere.

Conducted through another passage where a few lanterns were placed, and whose end was also barred by an iron gate, Mr. Lemke came to a large vault, partly lit by a single lamp. A deafening noise of pickaxes and hammers. There he saw hundreds of wretched figures, with shaggy beards, sickly faces, and reddened eyelids; clad in rags, and fettered with heavy chains. No song, no whistling. Now and then they shyly looked at the visitor and his companion. The water dripped from the stones; the convicts were thoroughly wet. Starting into a gasp, and with gasping breath, but strokes of his pickaxe were not heavy, and firm enough to loosen the rock.

"Why are you here?" Mr. Lemke asked. The convict looked confused, with an air almost of consternation, and silently continued his work. "It is forbidden to the prisoners to speak on account of their banishment!" said the inspector. "Entombed alive; forbidden to say why."

"But who is the convict?" Mr. Lemke asked the guide, with low voice. "It is number 114," the guide replied, locally.

"What I see," answered the visitor, "but what are the man's antecedents?" "To what family do he belong?" "He is a Count," replied the guide; "a well-known conspirator. More, I regret to say, I cannot tell you about Number 114."

"The visitor felt as if he were stifled in the grave-like atmosphere—as if his chest were pressed in by a demoniacal nightmare. He hastily asked his guide to return with him to the upper world. Meeting there the commander of the military establishment, he was obligingly asked by that officer: "Very industrious people, the men below; are they not?" "But with what feelings," Mr. Lemke answered, "must these unfortunate look forward to a day of rest after a week of toil?" "Rest! who has the officer; 'convicts must always labor. There is no rest for them. They are condemned to perpetual, forced labor; and he who enters the mine never leaves it."

"But this is barbarous!" The officer shrugged his shoulders, and said: "The exile works daily for twelve hours; on Sundays, too. They must never rest. But, no I am mistaken. Twice a year, though, rest is permitted to the subject of 'Eve' on the birthday of his Majesty the Emperor."—Karl Blind, in the Contemporary Review.

Premature Burials. THE DIFFICULTY OF TELLING THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN DEATH AND A STATE OF TRANCE. "Ah, merciful God!" piously exclaimed Camillo, "how many living men and women are annually taken to their graves! Were it possible to get at the truth the victims in this country alone might be numbered by many scores—possibly hundreds. Mr. G. Erick Mackay, in the current numbers of Belgravia, gives a very interesting article on the subject of 'Premature Burials,' in which he points out how difficult it is to discern the difference between death and a state of trance—indeed he goes so far as to claim that the difference has never been quite clearly understood by the generality of mankind. The article attracts attention to several instances of premature burials on the continent of Europe; instances which involve stories of trance, the semblance of death holding its sway over the human body for hours and days, and set merely for minutes, as in the case of the 'Eve' mentioned above. In his opening remarks the writer says: "In days when land is dear and burial rights less sacred than the rights of builders and contractors, coffins have been opened with a pick-axe in the act of converting cemeteries into streets and gardens. Here a grave has been discovered whose inmate has turned in the shroud; here a corpse clutching its hair in a strange and unnatural position; dead men and women lying in their graves as the dead never live in a Christian land at the moment of burial."

Mr. Mackay gives an account of a beautiful young woman, who, it is supposed, died of over excitement at the prospect of being married. When the first shovelful of dirt was thrown on the coffin a strange noise was heard from the inside. The coffin was unscathed, but too late; the girl was found in an attitude of horror and pain impossible to describe—her eyes wide open; her teeth clenching her hands; clutching her hair, but life was extinct. An instance showing the utter depravity of the Italian undertakers and grave-diggers is given, in which they actually tried to smother the body of a lady from her friends, one of whom thought she was not dead. As they were about to drag it from the bed the 'dead body' moved, and soon after was thoroughly revived by a medical practitioner of the neighborhood and lived to tell the story of her escape from the tomb. A learned Cardinal incurred the displeasure of the King, and, on being rebuked, fell to the ground, to all appearance, dead. It was declared that the unfortunate Cardinal should be embalmed, but when the surgeons began their operations the patient awoke, but too late, for the wounds were mortal.

A case is given in which a young lady arose out of her coffin and appeared before the family at supper, pale and frightened, but fair to see before she died. The doctor, the painter and the undertaker saw the error of their way, but the priest alone made amends by officiating at the young lady's wedding a year after he had preached her funeral sermon. Petros, when a middle-aged man, never saw his wife again, and narrowly escaped being buried alive. We have often heard the story of the Count's wife who was buried alive and released from her painful position by robbers, who broke open the coffin to steal the lady's jewelry. Among the oldest stories of resuscitated victims of apparent death is one of an old gentleman who was revived by one of his skeptical friends putting a burning taper to his nose. His life was saved, but the sad story of his escape from the very jaws of death was ever afterward told by the scared and crimson beason on his face.

A number of stories are given of the revival of hospital patients after they have been carried out to the hearse. This occurs a very common occurrence in Europe. Two of the most terrible statements are of children being born in the tomb, one of whom according to Mr. Mackay, being discovered by a lucky incident, lived to marry, and occupied for several years the post of Lieutenant-General on the frontiers of Cherez. Several instances are given who have been cognizant to what was going on around them, yet powerless to stop their burial. One case is given of a school-master, who, had it not been for the arrival of a sister, would have been buried alive. The passionate grief of the sister caused the eyes of the "deceased" to quiver, and truth was discovered.

It is impossible to prolong the list of examples, but enough has been already said to show the wickedness of hasty funerals, and the necessity of establishing a proper system of tests. Does it ever occur to the minds of Americans that funerals are often conducted very quickly in the countries, as well as in Italy, and the warm countries of Europe? It is doubtful if the bodies of the poor people who live in the tenement houses of our large cities are examined very closely before they are interred. It is a fearful if the greatest care is exercised in this matter in the rural districts where good physicians cannot be at the death-beds of sick persons, and where rich and poor alike are intrusted to doctors who are neither famous for learning or intuition. The writer in Belgravia is inclined to think that one of the needs of the world at the present moment is simple tests, and not a complicated series of tests, which would be out of the reach of the poor, and beyond the power of inexperienced and badly paid doctors. It will be reassuring to have that test as soon as possible.—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

Some Familiar Quotations Located. More is meant that meets the ear.—Milton. The noblest mind the best contentment has.—Spencer. Days feet by and eke the year.—Chaucer. He prayeth well who loveth well.—Coleridge. Sweet is pleasure after pain.—Dryden. He that is down can fall no lower.—Butler. Our acts our angels are, for good or ill.—Fletcher. 'Tis beauty calls, and glory leads the way.—St. Louis. Order is heaven's first law.—Pope. Virtue is her own reward.—Prior. That life is long that answers life in its end.—Young. Blessings over wait on virtuous deeds.—Congreve. Learning by study must be won.—Guy. Soar not too high to fall, but stoop to rise.—Messinger. Just men alone are free, the rest are slaves.—Chapman. Stretch not too far the wide mercy of heaven.—Schiller. Who knows most grieves most for wasted time.—Daute. God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb.—Sterne. What learn we not within the school of love.—Tasso. The weakest goes to the wall.—Shakespeare. A fool must now and then be bright by chance.—Covper. Sweet are the thoughts that savor of content.—Greene. Learn to make others happy.—Shelly. Teach the young idea how to shoot.—Thompson. The more you study the more you discover your ignorance.—Calderon. None but the brave deserve the fair.—Dryden.

FUNNYGRAPHS.

A young man from Tawas was strolling around the Union Depot, Detroit, to kill fifty minutes' time, when he was accosted by a stranger who asked him the population of the city. The Tawas man replied, "So indistinctly the other called out: 'Beg your pardon?' 'Well, I'll forgive you, though I don't remember that we ever had any fuss.' 'The stranger beg your pardon,' observed the stranger, failing to catch the drift of the remarks. "Hanc it, I said I forgive you!" snarled the young man. "If you have ever used me usual, we'll let it go and say no more about it." The stranger had closely listened to every word, but he was more confused than ever. Leaning forward with an anxious countenance, he said: "Well, but I beg your pardon." Now, here, here—a Tawas, as he put down a bundle containing six pairs of new socks, "you've begged my pardon three times hand running, and I can't remember that we ever had any trouble. If you beg it once more, I'll think you are a bit of a conceited, stricken chap who stole my overcoat in this depot last winter, and when I light down on you this last building will shake!" "This is all—really, I—' 'Don't you dare do it again!" snarled Tawas, as he spit on his hands, and the stranger looked helplessly around and backed away.

A cross dog will make the top of a hemlock board fence feel soft as downy pillows any.

A great operatic star once gave her servant, a simple country girl, an order for the opera on a night when she also appeared. The greatest part of the evening she spent in the opera, but she returned herself; she was recalled time after time; the audience was wildly enthusiastic; almost every number was encored. On returning home she wearily asked her maid what she had done for her opera. "Well, the opera man, was fine, but I felt sorry for you," was the reply. "For me, child, and why?" "Well, ma'am, you did everything so badly that the people were always shouting and straining their necks, and making you do it all over again."

In a Vermont village a tall and awkward bean called to see his young lady, and found her engaged to another company. To set matters right he gave them a riddle. "There were two boys playing on the sidewalk, and a man asked one whether they were any relation. The boy replied: 'Sir, that there's your mother and mine was true, but you're not my ain' cousin.' "The girl guessed at it for half an hour and gave it up. "Is there any solution to it, Mr. Brown?" one of the girls asked. "Oh, yes, it's easily explained: That there boy lied."

The world seems to the old to have gone backward, because they have gone forward. This is a mistake; nothing in nature can retrograde; all must go forward. Thus speaks a very pretty writer, but he seems to forget, that there are such things as crabs and crawfish.

Here we have the greatest Egyptian wonder, captured in the well, then South Africa, with a loss of five thousand men and an expenditure of forty millions of treasure!" exclaimed the showman, shaking his stiff in a threatening manner at a wretched hide in a glass cage. "Don't go too close," said a mother to her son; "it might seize you." "Have no fears, madam; for the safety of your offspring," observed the showman, eloquently; "for does not the Good Book teach us that wonders will never cease? Pass rapidly on to the next cage and you will see the man who married his mother-in-law."

A widow whose husband, a mechanic, had been killed in a railway accident, obtains a judgment of \$5,000 damages against the railway company. The same court gives a verdict of \$15,000 to a man who had lost his leg in the same smashup. The widow of the mechanic thereupon goes to the judge and protests against the injustice of his decision. "Is a leg worth more than a hand?" she asks. "No, it is not," replies the judge as a whole man? "And the judge responds: "The decision is perfectly equitable. A man who has lost a leg cannot replace it with another as good, even for fifteen thousand; but a woman with \$5,000 can easily get a new husband."

"Papa, didn't you whip me for hitting little Tommy?" "Yes, my child, you hurt him, and he hit you, and you ought to be whipped for hitting him." "You ought to whip Tommy, too, because he hit you, and you ought to be whipped for hitting him." "You ought to whip Tommy, too, because he hit you, and you ought to be whipped for hitting him."

They sat in the parlor and he squeezed her hand. "Oh! would that this hand were mine!" he sighed. "Why?" she whispered. "Because, if it were mine, I could knock the fellow down with it better than a sledge hammer." The last scene of that young man he was trying to climb to the top of the house by means of the water-spout.

A boy went to his father crying, the other day, and told him that he had kicked a fly that had a splinter in his tail.

A school boy being asked by his teacher how he should fog him, replied: "If you please, sir, I should like to have it on the Italian system of penmanship—the heavy strokes upward and the downward ones light."

Improve The Farm. If the farmer improves his farm he improves his financial condition. The more valuable he makes it, the more his capital stock is increased, the larger will be his returns, and when he dies the larger will be the patrimony he leaves his family. Fix up the old home then. Clean out the outhouse. Destroy the noxious weeds. Grub out the hazel and thistle. Burn out the stumps. Clean off the logs and stones. Make a paradise on earth of your farm, for you are not to live on it while you are in on earth, and you will have three families live on it when you lie in yonder graveyard? Plant out your young orchards so that your family may enjoy the good fruit that you had the foresight and energy to provide for them.

Table with 2 columns: Rate per line, and Duration. One square, or less, first insertion... One square, or less, second insertion... One square, or less, third insertion... One square, or less, fourth insertion... One square, or less, fifth insertion... One square, or less, sixth insertion... One square, or less, seventh insertion... One square, or less, eighth insertion... One square, or less, ninth insertion... One square, or less, tenth insertion... Business local, ten cents per line.

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