THE SOUTH KENTUCKIAN.

C. M. MEACHAM. W. A. WILGUS.

ISSUED EVERY TUESDAY MORNING

—BY—

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HOPKINSVILLE BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

1880.

LAWYERS.

J. W. BOWNER, Attorney at Law, office with Petree & Littell.

W. A. GOODWIN, Attorney at Law ...at Court House, with Ritter.

BUIE & BRO., Main Street, over Henderson's new store.

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

H. A. PHELPS & SON, Hopper Block, rear of Lieber's store.

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W. E. PATTON, M. D., office Southeast corner Nashville and Virginia streets.

P. W. DEYDEN, office up stairs, next door to Telegraph office, Main St.

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MRS. R. I. MARTIN, opposite Phœnix Hotel, up stairs.

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PHOTOGRAPHERS.

CLARENCE ANDERSON, Henry Block, entrance next door to Savage's.

DRUGGISTS.

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J. W. LANDER, Russellville St., in rear of City Bank.

L. R. DAVIS, Virginia St., between Central Received Post Office.

S. H. HARRISON, corner Main and Spring Streets.

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A. W. PYLE, up stairs, Henry Block, Main St.

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John R. Grace Judge; Pedie Ky., Nat Gaither Clerk, Hopkinsville, Ky. Court meets first Monday in March and September.

QUARTERLY COURT.

A. V. Long Judge. Meets last Monday in January, April, July and October.

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HAS A FIRST-CLASS HOTEL AT $2.50 per day.

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No Liquors sold.

BIG PAY. Agents WANTED.

WE WANT A limited number of active, energetic canvassers to engage in a pleasant and profitable business. Good men will find this a rare chance.

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Such will please answer this advertisement by letter, enclosing stamp for reply, stating what business they have been engaged in. None but those who mean business need apply. Address FINLEY, HARVEY & Co., Atlanta, Ga.

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Office, Hopper Block. Residence, corner Virginia and Broad street. [jan1 1y.]

COOK & RICE,

PREMIUM LAGER BEER

CITY BREWERY.

EVANSVILLE, INDIANA.

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J. H. TUNKS,

BLACKSMITH,

Can now be found at his old stand on Russellville Street, in front of G. W. Smith's livery stable, ready to wait upon his old customers and friends. Horse Shoeing a specialty. March 30 1880-3m

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—BRIDGE STREET,—

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J. M. Hipkins Pro'p.

Buggies, Hacks, Driving and Saddle Horses always ready. Horses and Mules bought and sold. A commodious Stock Lot, near running water attached.

Provender of all kinds for sale at retail or in bulk

NICK AND WILL HOUSE,

ELKTON, KY.,

N. Tobin, - - - Proprietor.

Good rooms, good servants, and Dining-room supplied with everything the market affords

Special accommodations for Commercial Travelers. [feb11m

SOUTH KY. COLLEGE,

HOPKINSVILLE, KY.

The next session of this well established and popular school for young ladies will begin on Monday, Sept. 6, 1880. With a full corps of able teachers who are provided with every means to facilitate their work, the institution affords educational advantages of a high order. The boarding facilities are excellent, and boarders are made as comfortable as they would be in their own homes. $100 will pay for board and tuition in the Literary and Scientific department for five months.

For full particulars as to terms and accommodation &c., address

R. C. CAVE, PRESIDENT,
July 27, '80-4m Hopkinsville, Ky.

Bethel Female

COLLEGE,

The Fall Session opens Aug. 30th, 1880, with all the appointments for the thorough education of young ladies. Pupils admitted at any time. One hundred dollars per session will pay board and tuition per session of 20 weeks. For further information call on or address the President.

July 6, 1880-tf J. W. Rust.

C. W. BALDWIN,

Builder and Contractor.

Will Contract for

All Kinds of Building,

BRICK OR WOOD,

And hopes by strict attention to business, and good work, to receive a liberal share of patronage. Office and residence at the corner of Russellville and Mechanic streets. 27jan1tf

HOSTETTER'S CELEBRATED STOMACH BITTERS

Serveas Injunction on Disease

By invigorating a feeble constitution, removating a debilitated physique, and exhilirating a thin and inactritious circulation with Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, the finest, the most highly sanctioned, and the most popular tonic and preventive in existence.

For sale by all Druggist and Dealers generally.

BEST IN THE WORLD!

ABSOLUTELY AND CHEMICALLY PURE.

ARM AND HAMMER BRAND.

CHURCH & CO'S DECORATED SODA.

AND

SALERATUS

Which is the same thing.

Improve Hi-Carb Soda or Saleratus (which is the same thing) is not a slightly dirty white color, it may appear white, examined by itself, but a COMPARISON WITH CHURCH & CO'S "ARM AND HAMMER" BRAND will show the difference.

See that your Saleratus and Baking Soda is white and PURE, as should be ALL SIMILAR SUBSTANCES used for food.

Housekeepers who prefer bread made with yeast, will improve its quality, make it lighter and prevent it from souring, by one-half teaspoonful of Church & Co.'s Saleratus, & be sure and not use too much. The use of this with sour milk, in preference to Baking Powder, saves twenty times its cost.

Send one pound package for valuable information and read carefully.

SHOW THIS TO YOUR GROCER.

Dancing.

Not dance? Just take her hand in yours
In an easy friendly way,
And glide along, with noiseless feet,
At the closing hour of day.
Just let a soft tress of her hair
Blow lightly o'er your cheek,
Your heart will beat and pulses thrill
With the words you cannot speak.
Not dance? Why, every hour is worth
Its weight in solid gold.
Each step is freighted with the joy
Of happiness untold!
Why speak of dancing as a sin,
Because of Herod's daughter?
In fabled days the sirens sang
Deep down below the water,
And drew men to an ocean grave
By the beauty of their lays,
Yet no one tells us not to sing
Some heavenly hymn of praise,
For God above has made us all
To share all pleasures sweet,
Wh ther it be by tuneful words
Or the movement of our feet.

—[Jewish Messenger.

When roused from meditation
By some noisy disturbation
'Tis one's natural inclination
To exclaim, "Oh, what was that?"
At first you're all confusion,
Then you think it a delusion,
Then you come to the conclusion
That it must have been the cat,
When a father, overhearing
A farewell in terms endearing
'Twixt a young man, disappearing,
And his daughter, thinks it pat
To demand an explanation
Of that sound like osculation,
She replies with hesitation,
That it must have been the cat.
When at midnight sounds appalling
Like the noise of some one falling,
And a voice in anguish calling,
Make your heart go pit-a-pat,
You're sure it's burglars breaking
In your door, and you lie quaking
And shivering and shaking,
When it only is the cat.

SENSHAW.

Hancock now! Hancock forever!

Mr. Editor, the breezes waft to us the good news that the patriotic citizens of Hopkinsville have organized a Hancock and English club and enrolled a goodly number of names, and what we wish to know is, is the good work to stop with you? Are we not to have the benefit of some of Hopkinsville's energetic talent? The Rats and Greens are making things lively round here, holding their meetings at various places once or twice a week and raising h—l generally, and we want to show them some of the good old reliable patriotism and enthusiasm that rattles in our bones, but we need some help to start us. Send us down one or two of those brilliant young speakers that we have heard so much of to speak for us and to help us get up a club. The people are anxious to show their love for the good old party, and their esteem for the "man without censure," and all we need is a good leader to train us in the way a club should go. Since "Roy" went back on us and voted for Brown we are acephalous. Don't neglect us, but come on to the rescue.

Ah! Rosa, we are well aware that your cognomen is not masculine, but only a subterfuge under which to shelter from the masculine competitors. We are obliged for your good opinions, too, Rosa, for one may not be bad who will take hours to think ere telling a lie. Somebody else should do likewise.

"Brown" belongs to the same denomination that "Roy" does, but its rather warm for Roy to depict.

"Will" left here on the 10th for Bethel Association, and he will go to Russellville to attend college, and then—for the ministry our good chum will go.

The average Republican face is about arm's length in these diggings, and what makes the matter so blue for them is they have no hope, no cue but harmless spite and can only mock.

There is no news of interest astir just now, so brevity shall be our good feature.

The SOUTH KENTUCKIAN is spreading its influence o'er this neighborhood and is beginning to visit the hearthstone of nearly all firesides, proving its worth wherever it goes and extending its onward way even to the very brink of Humdurgin's cherished bogs. ZIP.

The Man With a Glass Eye.

Rocky Mountain News.

As a train on the Kansas Pacific pulled away from the Sixteenth street depot a few morning since, a tall, angular specimen of humanity took a seat opposite a lady passenger, and to all appearances was intently engaged in studying her face. At first the lady treated the rudeness with good-natured indifference. But at last it began to tell on his nerves. It was a peculiar and astonishing piece of impertinence. He apparently had the facility of looking two ways at once. One of his eyes was restless, excited and roved in all directions. The other, fixed and stony, fastened on her with an undeviating stare. She turned her head away, but it intercepted her vision. She tried to hide behind a paper, but she felt that cruel eye piercing through the screen and creeping with a stony look over her features. It seemed to be picking them up one by one, and examining them with care. The thing became unendurable, and she cried out to him fiercely:

"Sir, why do you look at me so persistently?"

"Me, madam; why, bless my soul! I haven't been looking at you."

"You, have, sir; for a half-hour or more your eye has been absolutely riveted on my face."

"I beg your pardon, madam; but it's this eye, is it not?" lifting his finger to his left optic.

"Yes sir; it's that eye."

"Well, madam, that eye won't do you any harm. It generally looks any way it pleases—it gives me a great deal of trouble. A great many complain of it. At first I thought they were making fun of me, but I've found out differently now. I've been knocked down two or three times for the impertinence of that eye. I would leave it out altogether but for the looks of the thing. It's a glass eye, madam—only a glass eye, I hope you'll excuse it. But, upon my soul, I'm not surprised that even a glass eye should feel interested in so pretty a woman," and he brought his other eye to bear upon her in undisguised admiration. The lady laughingly accepted the explanation, and the rest of the journey was passed very pleasantly to both of them.

You've been swimming again you rascal. Don't lie; I see your wet hair and your shirt turned wrong side out?

"There's no danger, mother. I can touch bottom." "So can I." Mother grasps slipper. Tableau.

HUMDURGIN.

Mr. Editure

Deer Sur: The next time arter the mune liter that I seed the Docture. I spected tu have truble with the drated fool, but he warut mad much he sed nobody that was much woodcent git mad at a little joke, sed a little wettin wasent nothin. But Mr. Editure I no the resin uv his not cuttin up. One is he noze I can lick him and then he cant aford to make folks his enemys whur he expects tu practice in ther family's you no. Mr. Editure I jist mention the above fax so you won't be so uneasy about me gettin hurt.

Well sur the support has reached this beet thoo madam humor that you was lookin round for sum clever gall tu darn yer vittals and cook yer sox and run a house keepen establishment generaly while you run the paper, and let me revise you tu make the support true and splice tu once fur let me tell you, new married folks enjoys them selves better than any other sheeies uv the human race. Wy sur I scarcely node what enjoyment was till I got married. But you may thing Ime outen my latitude devisen you on a subject that you have probably spent half your time thinken on.

Malindy got arter me to take hur tu the Seerulyaan Springs last week, so I got the Squires buggy agin Friday and we went. We had one uv the most selicious rides I ever tuck. Old Ball was in gude spirits and the flys kept him wide awake, you see I got mothers masheno oil and oiled the jints in the old phellers tale so it worked easy and I don't think he let it swing its uld natral graceful way a minit but kept it goin all the time. Well when we got in town Malindy made me put on my coat and boots and we drove rite up tu the gate and I hollerd hellow! as loud as I cude, but I reckin Mr. Harper dident heer me for he dident cum out so I told a young teller to step in and tell him sum body had cum, but he kinder grind and sed jist git out and tell him yer self. Well I went in and when I told him hoo I was he jeerd tu be arful glad I had come. Well I handed old Ball over to a drated nigger and me and Malindy jist went in tu the parlur and I tuck a cheer and turned it down and lay down on the floor tu rest while Malindy was changen dresses fur supper, well sur jist bout this time here cum three ar fore chaps and theer gurls but Malindy gin a squall and shet the dore. I jumpt up and jist went and axed Mr. Harper tu giv us the bridal chamber so he jist shode us a room up stars. Malindy sed maby she ortent tu a changed dresses in the parlur but I tol hur she was Mrs. Rogus and cud change dresses jist whur she liked while I was there. So bout this time sum us em sed supper was reddy and we went down but hanged if I cud see any sine uv supper, so sez I tu Malindy maby you is whur they ete pluten tu a long house back uv the tavern and we walked down thare but when we got down thar sum phellers was rolen sum drated grate big marvels at sum pegs set up on tother end uv a narrer floor so we went back and I jist axed a chap whur they ete. Well sez he sum times one place and sum time anuther but when I seed the fool grin as he turned off I siode he took us fur greenuns. I tride arterwards tu find out his name but when he found out hoo I was I think he left. I think he was the same one that sed supper was ready. Well we went back tu our room but pretty sune Mr. Harper cum up and sed cum down to supper so we went with him and a nigger pulled Malindys chair back fur her tu set down and he had us tended tu in stile. And away they did hand round the gude things was pleasin tu me fur I hadent ete anything since breakfast septen 2 chickens and a piece uv mutton and sum biskets and sum appels and peaches and a drated grate big wattur-millun and I davided them with Malindy you no. Well arter supper we was mixen round talkin bout the lection and sich like and bout Hiram's sability tu make a good sherriff and bout Roy's young mustash when all at once here went sum mussick and the chaps with the galls commenced flocken tu the runs over where they role them big marbels so we went too. Terectly Mr. John Blankenshiper cum and whisperd tu me and axed me tu nock him down to Malindy so he cud dance with hur. I told him all rite so he dident let hur git hurt. So they danced a set or tu while I fooled with my handkercher. Then they begun playing sime kind u va squeelin tune and all the phellers jist put thee arms rite round the galls and commenced wheeling round. Jo Clark asked me if I cared if she danced that way tu but I jist told him I nod she war tired and made her set down, you see I dident want any uv that kind uv dancen with hur. Well bout 11 ur clock we went tu bed. But I must exist for the present as my letter is gettin tu long but wil gis you an account uv the doings at the spring fur the next few days in my next, so no more frum your friend ill death.

BILL ROGUS.

P. S.—Mr. Editure do you no that smart ellick uv a Jo Clark what sez, he lives at Belleview. Well I may tell you my sum of his cutins up there on Sunday at the risk uv his wife's leaven him. In my next. I no Malindy would leave me if I was tu cut up and make a drated fool uv myself like he did. Don't put this in whar he will see it or he mite not like it.

B. ROGUS.

WOMAN'S BEST FRIEND.—To renew the aching heart of women and bring joy where sorrow reigned supreme, is a mission before which the smiles of kings dwindle into utter insignificance. To do this is the peculiar providence of Dr. J. Bradfield's Female Regulator; which from the numberless cures it has accomplished, is appropriately styled Woman's Best Friend. The distressing complaint known as the "whites," and the various irregularities of the womb, to which woman is subject disappear like magic before a single bottle of this wonderful compound. It is prepared by Bradfield, Atlanta, Ga., and sold at $1.50 per bottle by respectable Drug men everywhere. Physicians prescribe it. Its action is prompt, sure and decisive. For sale by Hopper & Son.

JOKE ON GOVERNOR MURRAY.

He is Taken for a Circus Man, and With His Party Plays the Role for a Few Days.

[Deseret Evening News.]

From a correspondent in Brigham City we are informed that Governor Murray, together with Secretary Thomas and one or two mining experts, paid a visit to the above-named town last week. These Federal dignitaries, says our correspondent, rather took the quiet and unostentatious citizens by surprise, travelling as they did incog., and some amusing circumstances were the result.

On arriving at the depot the quartette accosted the job wagon man, Mr. Wm. Evans (whose business it is to haul goods from the depot to the city store), and engaged him to take them to a hotel. After getting into the wagon the Governor, it appears, entered into conversation with the driver (Evans) and asked if he was a Welshman. Upon receiving a reply in the affirmative, the Governor introduced him to Mr. Thomas as a countryman of his. Evans, of course, was rather pleased to meet one of his countrymen under such circumstances, and, turning round to the Secretary, inquired if he was the Mr. Thomas who used to be on the police force in Salt Lake city. The Governor, coming to the relief of the Secretary, intimated that he was the very identical Mr. Thomas from the police force. "Well," says Evans, "I scarcely knew you You are so clean shaved, you see. How are all the folks at home?" "As usual, thank you," replied Mr. Thomas, and here ended the first act.

On arriving at the hotel, the party were supposed to be and were taken for circus men by the host of the hotel, Mr. Jensen. The day previous to the Governor's arrival in Brigham City, the forerunner of Mr. Cole's circus had been in town and engaged accommodation with Mr. Jensen for six of the circus hands who were to be in Brigham next day (same day as the Governor arrived) to put up posters, etc., and when the Governor's party entered the hotel, Mr. Jensen naturally supposed they were connected with the circus. "Yes, yes," replied His Excellency, "that is our profession at present." "Well, well, walk in gentlemen," said Mr. Jensen, "but I expected six and I only see four." The others he was told would come along after a while.

Thus the fun went on until bed time, when a new impetus was given to the farce. It seems that when the circus man was round he informed Mr. Jensen that his men could all sleep in one room, as well as not, and arrangements to this effect were entered into by showing the manager a room in which were two beds with still room for another bed to be made on the floor, which was entirely satisfactory. After the Governor and party were conducted into the bed chamber they were informed of the previous arrangements with the circus man in relation to the sleeping accommodation. Here were three beds in one room, one of which was on the floor, and four circus men to sleep on them; they could take their choice as to who slept on the floor. Mr. Jensen kindly suggested that the biggest fellow had better take the floor, which was good humoredly acquiesced in by the big fellow It was nothing unusual, they said, for circus men to sleep on the floor; they could accommodate themselves to the circumstances.

The big fellow was the Governor. This thing went along all through the next day, until the Secretary called in at a certain public office in Brigham City to transact some business, when the whole farce came to a sudden termination. Apologies were then in order all round. It is said the Governor and party seemed to enjoy the joke immensely.

Philosophy on the Train.

"Cain slew his brother Abel," said the old man in the slack duster, "because the martyr was so much the better man of the two, and ever since then people who love their neighbors better than themselves have been called Cane abels."

"Nay, not so," replied the young man in the lean pants; "there are people who taste each other to see if they will do to put; that is, if they are Can-ible, hence canni—"

"But they don't put them up," interrupted the commercial traveler, "they put them down."

"The shone," said the returned missionary, "is considered the great luxury among those people; hence he is the happiest man who can nibble."

"I thought," broke in the man in a zebra ulster, "that it was because they always put up the eyes for Western trade, like the oyster, and so, in the busy season, the dealers advertise for men to can eye balls; hence the name canuib—"

"Is it not a historic fact," said the Brown University man, looking timidly at the missionary, "that one of the missionaries, "that one of the missionaries broke one of the islander's legs with a club, excusing the cruel deed by writing to the American board of foreign missions that he wanted to make a noble aim in life?

"Make?" said the missionary appesiingly.

"Canoble lame in——" began the Brown man, but just then the brakeman opened the forward door and shouted.

"Mansfield! twenty minutes for dinner!"

And it was so awfully suggestive that none of the passengers could eat a bit of meat.—*Burdette.*

WASHINGTON, July 17, 1880.

$100.00 in gold will be awarded to any man or woman who can find a new or old case of chills we can not cure with Day's Ague Tonic.

ALBERT SIDNEY JOHNSON.

His Thrillingly Romantic Death at the Battle of Shiloh.

[Cincinnati Enquirer.]

On Sunday the 6th day of April, 1862, Johnson, with his eager army, began his fateful fight. He handled his ardent army with brilliant skill and impetuosity. Whenever there was a pause in the onward movement he led the charge in person. To those who saw him that day, as the writer did, in all the glorious fever of that delirous success, mounted upon a magnificent steed, the massive figure seeming to enlarge to gigantic size with the ardor of battle, his face aflame with his indomitable spirit of fight, he was the ideal embodiment of the fiery essence of war. He threw himself with reckless indifference into danger. And the last charge that broke the Federal position was led by him in person under a perfect blaze of flame and hail, his horse shot in four places, his clothes pierced, his boot-sole cut by a minnie, but his person untouched. It was in this supreme moment of victorious onset, a decisive triumph seeming and surely in his very grasp, that a fatal bullet struck him, a small wound under the knee, serving the popliteal artery.

Gov. Harris, of Tennessee, who was on his staff, rode up to him, seeing him reel in his saddle, and holding him steady, asked him. General, are you wounded? He replied deliberately and with emphasis, "Yes, and I fear seriously." He was lifted to the ground. His boot was full of blood, and the life current pouring out beyond recall. He never spoke again. General Preston knelt by him and asked him passionately, "Johnson, do you know me?" Gen. Johnson smiled faintly. Lying in a ravine out of the merciless bullets, he was dead in a twinkling.

Could Gen. Johnson have had immediate medical attention, he would have survived. His staff surgeon was Dr. David W. Yandell, of Kentucky, and he was away from him under circumstances that constitute the most touching feature of this romantic death. The Federals, in retreating, left, of course, the wounded behind. In riding forward Johnson came across a squad of wounded Federal officers and soldiers. Stopping, he kindly addressed them, and asked if any were badly wounded. Then, turning to his staff, he remarked.

"It nearly breaks my heart to see men in that uniform suffering. Doctor," addressing Yandell, "do stop and see if you can do something for these poor fellows.

Dr. Yandell stopped on this humane mission, and Gen. Johnston owed his death to the absence of skill and instrument, and this absence was due to his tender humanity to the wounded foe—a humanity more striking because it was exhibited in all the excitement of battle.

GIVEN AWAY.

List of Premiums to be Distributed to our Subscribers at our 2nd Annual Distribution.

Encouraged by the success of a similar undertaking last year, we have determined to distribute a number of valuable premiums among our subscribers next fall. Every cash subscriber will get a ticket in the distribution and have an equal chance at the premiums.

Those who have already paid for the paper can get tickets by showing receipts.

We have selected the premiums with care and offer nearly three times as many as we did last year. As will be seen from the list below there are thirty prizes, ranging from eighty dollars down.

1. A No. 1 Two-horse Wagon, made by M. C. Forbes $80
2. A No. 1 White's Sewing Machine ..... $50.
3. An elegant Silver Tea-set of six pieces from J. M. Howe $50.
4. One gents' Saddle, made by J. A. B. Johnson ..... $20.
5. A genuine 3 oz. Silver Watch, Waltham movement, from Jas. L. Wahl ..... $20.
6. South Bend Chilled Plow from Winfree & Hart ..... $15.
7. Oliver Chilled Plow, from C. G. Shanklin ..... $13.
8. Improved Dexter Corn-sheller, from M. Gregory & Bro. $12.
9. Silver Butter Dish, from Robert Mills, Jr ..... $10.
10. Solid 18 karat Gold Ring, from Jas. L. Wahl ..... $10.
11. Extra Large Farm Bell, from Winfree & Hart ..... $10.
12. Double Plow, manufactured by Moore & Edmunds ..... $10.
13. Silver Cake-basket, from Robert Mills, Jr ..... $8.
14. Set of Table Spoons, from J. M. Howe ..... $5.
15. Gold Pen and Holder, from J. M. Howe ..... $5.
16. Carving Knife and Fork, from C. A. Thompson ..... $5.
17. Tin Chamber Set, three pieces, from C. A. Thompson ..... $5.
18. Walnut Baby Cradle, from A. W. Pyle ..... $5.
19. Fine Riding Bridle ..... $5.
20. Box best 5c Cigars, from J. W. Lander $5
21. Silver Goblet ..... $4.
22. Silver Goblet ..... $4.
23. Nickle Plated Clock ..... $3.
24. Good Riding Bridle ..... $3.
25. Good Riding Bridle ..... $3.
26. Gold Front Sleeve Buttons ..... $2.
27. Weekly Courier-Journal one year ..... $2.
28. Weekly Courier-Journal one year ..... $2.
29. South Kentuckian one year ..... $2.
30. South Kentuckian one year ..... $2.
31. Farmer's Home Journal one year $150

"Kiss Me Good Night."

Rockcastle Springs is one of the garden spots of Kentucky. Nestled snugly in among the foot hills of Pulaski, it makes a most charming summer resort. Its scenery is rugged and picturesque in the extreme, and especially attractive to young people were it not for one solitary obstacle; the walls or partitions between the rooms of the hotel there are mere shells, and one must speak in whispers to prevent the man in the next room from hearing all that is said. The delicious mountain air which fans the warm cheeks of the August loiterer, also wafts every sound from one end to the other of the capacious building. We know nothing about the place, but are making these statements upon information received from a charming Louisville young lady who has just returned from there. Her identity, for the purpose of this narrative, must be hidden under the euphonius and harmless cognomen of Amelia.

The people of Rockcastle deem no lady sojourner's happiness complete unless she has one or more persons of the genus beau. A girl who hasn't a regular out and out thoroughbred beau, merits the aristocratic contempt of these innocent, guileless people of Rockcastle. Now Miss Amelia, who is a dashing, independent girl, swore she would revolutionize matters; she would have no beau Well, what happened? Just what always happens in such cases. Instead of one she was constantly harrassed and worried by a half dozen or more. (Worried may possibly be the wrong word in this connection.) Miss Amelia could out dance, out skip, out jump or out row anything in petticoats about Rockcastle, and one certain young swain, who must forevermore be known as Alphonso, became desperately in love with her. He was at her side as much as the other five fellows would allow him to be.

Last Friday night, after Miss Amelia had bidden all her lady friends an effectionate good-by, she was met at the head of the stairs by Alphonso. Here followed one of the fullest yet emptiest outpourings of love ever echoed by the hills of Pulaski. Alphonso told her how he loved her, how he couldn't live without her, and least, though not last, how he'd die if she didn't return his love.

Miss Amelia told him she didn't love him just now, and that she'd think about it while she was packing her trunk. She would try, oh! so hard, to love him.

"Well, then, cried he, on his bended, almost bow legged, knees, "kiss me good night, dearest!"

"O no! no! no! I can't do that," she replied, "it wouldn't be right, you know; indeed it wouldn't."

"O, just one little kiss!" he persisted, his voice growing stronger, "only one little kiss."

A silence of two seconds followed. The dallying mountain breezes sang their low sweet Æolian roundelay, and carried the grief-stricken lover's agonizing words clear up and around the balcony. The girl stood motionless and pale, suppressing the struggle for supremacy of laughter over pain. The stars winked and blinked merrily, seeming to enjoy the (to them) no doubt common situation. Thus the lovers remained for a few seconds, when the stillness was broken as if by an earthquake. A groan was heard from a near-by room. "One little kiss!" moaned Alphonso once more. It was his last request, for a voice then broke on the air:

"O for C—st's sake, give the dam sucker a kiss and let me sleep!" was heard loud and plain on the midnight air. Alphonso and Amelia vanished. The pure mountain air had done its treacherous work.—*Sunday Argus.*

Scintillations.

A leap year picnic is being talked of, the girls to bear all the expenses and do all the work generally performed by the young men. To see a girl climping a high tree to put up a swing, would be as good as a circus, and the young men will probably go down to the edge of the woods and look at the sturdy tillers of the soil mowing potatoes or digging watermelons, while the swings are being put up.—*Pad. Enterprise.*

Now that Dr. Tanner has fasted forty days, maybe he'll next try to change water into wine. If he should succeed, he's got a fortune, sure.—*State Journal.*

The great fast ends to-day at 12 m. Dr. Tanner's first meal will be break fast.—*B G. Democrat.*

A question for the preachers: Can a man go to heaven who *lies* at the point of death?—*Em. Con.*

The cheekiest man in the world is he who hunts through the editor's pile of exchanges and grumbles because his favorite paper isn't there.—*Rome Sentinel.*

The husbands of deaf mutes have one advantage over other husbands; the wives of the former have to get out of bed at night and strike a light before they can certain lecture.—*State Journal.*

A Fool Once More.

"For ten years my wife was confined to her bed with such a complication of ailments that no doctor could tell what was the matter or cure her, and I used up a small fortune in humbug stuff. Six months ago I saw a U. S. flag Hop Bitters on it, and I thought I would be a fool one more. I tried it, but my folly proved to be wisdom. Two bottles cured her, she is now as well and strong as any man's wife, and it cost me only two dollars. Such folly pays.—H. W., Detroit, Mich.

THE SOUTH KENTUCKIAN.

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Business locals, ten cents per line.

The Campaign and the Prospects.

The Democratic campaign of 1880 has opened most auspiciously. Several weeks have elapsed since the National nominations were made, and it is more and more evident, from day to day, that they are completely satisfactory to the party and impregnable to hostile criticism. The bright smiles which illumined the faces of good Democrats, when the name of Hancock appeared on the bulletin boards as the nominee, have given way to an expression of calm content and cheerful determination—a content which awaits the coming triumph, and a determination which means that nothing shall be left undone to deserve it. There is no mistaking the general enthusiasm of the party for the ticket. It is genuine and deep. All sections of the country share in it. The East, the great Middle States, the South and the West have echoed congratulations upon it, one to another. Hancock's character, his brilliant and patriotic military achievements and his statesmanlike utterances, when demanded by proper occasions, combine to make him one of the most distinguished Presidential candidates that the people have ever had an opportunity to vote for; while his associate on the ticket, Mr. English, is a gentleman well known, both in public and private life, as of strict integrity and a high order of ability. Of such candidates the Democrats of the country may well be proud. They have made a selection, from among many honored names, which does credit to themselves and which appeals directly to the patriotism and sound judgment of the people at large. In presenting the names of Hancock and English as their National ticket, they have guaranteed not only to Democrats, but to thinking men of all parties, that it is their purpose to put the administration of public affairs into the hands of well-known men of the highest character, and the most thorough patriotism. They have deserved success by their sagacity and public spirit, and their prospects of winning it are of the best. The distinguished representatives whom they have put forward will steadily attract to their support during the coming campaign a large class of the community, which believes in honoring remarkable public service wherever it is found and in trusting well-tried men When to this strength, fairly earned, is added that of the great party which in '76 carried every State now necessary to an election, victory is almost certain; defeat hardly possible. This year, however, we must not be satisfied with a mere victory. It must be overwhelming. It must be as decisive as Hancock's work at Gettysburg. The Democratic party has it in its power, by continuing to make judicious nominations, and by supplementing them with hard work, to come into power with such a majority in both Houses of Congress as will enable it to fully support the Administration of President Hancock, and be the leading party of the country for many years. Good nominations for Congress and the State offices are all that are required to insure this full measure of victory. Our Presidential ticket is magnificent. It remains for the Democrats of the different States to make local nominations that shall deepen the enthusiasm which it has awakened.—*Boston Post.*

Conundrums.

When is a wall like a fish?—When it is scaled.

When is a boat like a heap of snow?—When it is a drift.

How does a stove feel when full of coal?—Grateful.

When is a doctor most annoyed?—When he is out of patients.

When is literary work like smoke?—When it comes in volumes.

Why is a letter G like the sun?—Because it is in the center of light.

What is that which shows others what it cannot see itself?—A mirror.

Why is a letter N like a faithless lover?—Because it's in constant.

How does a cow become a landed estate?—By turning her into a field.

Why is whispering a breach of good manners?—Because it is not aloud.

What is an old lady in the middle of the river like?—Like to be drowned.

What word may be pronounced quicker by adding a syllable to it?—Quick.

Why is a miser like a man with a short memory?—Because he is always for-getting.

How does a sailor know there is a man in the moon?—Because he has been to sea (see).

Why may popular felt hats be called wide awake?—Because they never had a nap.

Why ought we to have dates at our fingers ends?—Because they grow upon the palm.

What is that which no man wishes to have, and no one wishes to lose?—A bald head.

Why must the letter R always be in confusion?—Because it is in the midst of labyrinth.

What relation is that child to its father who is not its father's own son?—His daughter.

What word is there of five letters, from which, if you take away two, you leave six?—Sixty.

What is that which every one can divide but no one can see where it has been divided?—Water.

Why is fashionable society like a warming pan?—Because it is highly polished but very hollow.

Why is an old chair that had a new bottom put to it like a paid bill?—Because it is receipted (receipted).

Why are all games of chess of duration?—Because it always takes four knights to play a game.

What is that which, when found in wedlock, is single, yet in widowhood always becomes double?—The letter O.

Whose best works are most trampled upon?—A shoemaker's, because good shoes wear longer than bad ones.

Have you lost any time nursing chills? Send for that never-failing chill remedy, Day's Ague Tonic and be cured permanently. No other medicine required.