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## VANITY.

Three fellows went sailing out into the East,  
Where the sailing was best and the fishing was  
least:  
Joy sat upon each piscatorial mug,  
And they carried their bait in a, j, u, g, j, ur.  
They cast in their lines with the tide running  
out,  
And they taunted the fish with hilarious  
shout:  
They fished until sunset, from bright rosy  
dawn,  
When their b, a, i, t, was g, o, n, e, g, o, n, e.  
When home they would sail, there was no  
"w, i, n, d,"  
So they had to row hard "gainst the t, i, d, e,  
An' ar is a thing that no man understands,  
And they b, l, i, s, tered the palms of their  
hands,  
Now, safe on the shore most devoutly they  
wish  
They might go to astors and b, u, y, some fish,  
And proudly each m, a, n, shoulders his rod  
And bears home a string of smoked horring  
and cod.  
Oh woe to the f, i, s, h, e, r, who brings  
As the prey of the angler, salt cod and such  
things,  
Or a can of oysters, and swears that he  
took,  
Every o, y, s, t, e, r, with a line and a hook.  
—R. J. Burdette, in the Brooklyn Eagle.

## ABOUT LIZARDS.

The sight of a lizard crawling over the walls of her house would doubtless horrify and disgust an American housekeeper, and the appearance of one of the dreadful creatures in her parlor or drawing-room might drive her to the verge of distraction. The sensation caused by a mouse is nothing compared to what a lizard might do in the same line. In India, however, things are different. The housewife instincts of an English or American woman there are probably no less refined than those of a careful woman in this country, but still she does not mind seeing lizards in any part of her house. She has become used to the dark little fellows, and knows that they are harmless, useful and unobtrusive.

These house lizards are seldom over six inches long. Their color is mottled grayish-brown, which, in its irregular lines, sometimes looks like the grain of a piece of wood. They are flat in shape, lie close to a surface, and against a light background have somewhat the appearance of a miniature squirrel's skin nailed to a barn floor to dry. While having a bony structure, the skeleton of a lizard is much of it of a cartilaginous nature, not so soft, however, as to prevent a quite rapid motion on the part of the reptile. The soles of the feet are made for running along or up a hard, smooth wall, and even across the ceiling, though in trying the latter feat the lizard sometimes gets a fall. The little creatures are frequently seen effacing each other on the walls or beams of a building, or playing at hide and seek among the furniture.

Catching flies is a favorite pastime, these and other small insects serving as food, and the dexterity with which they capture their prey is remarkable. Their senses of sight, hearing or smell must be wonderfully acute. Discovering a fly on the wall, fully ten feet away, a lizard will start for it, running at full speed and in a straight line until about a foot from the object, when its motion becomes more and more slow and as stealthy as a cat's when stalking a mouse. The creature hardly seems to advance, but gradually draws near the insect. When within an inch of the fly, the lizard's body shoots forward like a flash, the feet still sticking to the wall, a big mouth opens and shuts like a steel trap, there is a slight convulsive gulp, and the drama of Jonah and the whale has been re-enacted, the fly taking the part of Jonah. Sometimes a lizard will make a complete or partial circuit of its victim going above and descending head downward on the prey, approaching it from below or seeking to make the attack from some other direction.

The strangest thing about a lizard is its power of losing its tail and having it grow out again, the second tail being shorter and less perfect than the original one. The tail is simply a muscular appendage into which the back bone does not seem to extend. It is about two-thirds as long as the lizard's body, quite large where it joins the body, and gradually tapers to a point. A fall or a blow will break it off, but even when completely detached it will retain life for half an hour or more, squirming like a worm, twisting, doubling up and even jumping around as actively as a minnow out of water. This activity grows more and more faint till the tail is dead and stiff. When it is broken into pieces the fragments show life, but of course the power of motion is limited by the size of the piece. A lizard, like all reptiles, is "cold blooded," so that a detached tail or its parts bleed but little.

These house lizards' eggs are as round as marbles and about the size of small peas. Their shells are as thin as paper and exceedingly brittle. They are deposited in out-of-the-way nooks—on the tops of or behind books as they stand on shelves, in unused table drawers or in the pigeon holes of desks. When freshly laid they are of a cream color, but become a very pale blue, like well watered milk, as the hatching time draws near. A newly hatched lizard is an exceedingly lively little fellow, and sometimes, when an egg is knocked from its resting place and broken, the occupant, after a second or two of astonishment at so sudden an introduction into the world, will dart away into a place of concealment with as much agility as if it were fully grown. The young lizards encounter many dangers. Large spiders lie in wait for them, drive them into the corners, tangle them in webs and suck the blood from the youngsters at their leisure; marauding black wasps sometimes find the little fellows a convenient prey with which to stuff their nests; and there are other and equally successful means for depriving the mother lizards.

A pair of these interesting creatures once made their home in and around an American missionary's desk. They laid their eggs in an empty wafer box, but the young never seemed to linger about the old homestead. The parent lizards remained, however, for several months, and might have stayed longer had not one of them been crushed by a book tossed upon a newspaper under which it was hiding. One of this pair was a little larger, darker and bolder than the other, and was supposed to be the male. When not foraging for flies, the two seemed to take a special delight in watching the desk owner at his work. They would peer at him from among the papers in the pigeon-holes, or from the shelves which rose behind the desk. They rarely descended to the desk proper when the gentleman was present, and only once did the male muster up courage enough to taste a drop of milk placed on the desk for him. The usual programme was for the little creatures to crawl stealthily out from their retirement, advance boldly a few steps and then turn tail and scamper back as if half frightened to death. They were so sly that the slightest move or sound would at any time send them to their hiding places in a hurry.

The buzzing of a fly, caught and held between the missionary's fingers, would generally bring them from their hiding places, but they never seemed to care to touch an insect which they had not caught themselves. They kept the desk tolerably clear of vermin, and for this, if nothing more, would have been always welcome to free lodgings. One day, however, as a sort of warning of coming danger, probably, the female fell from a shelf and broke her tail off. Shortly afterward her mate was killed and then she left. Other lizards took possession of the desk, but they did not seem to care to make friends and were left alone.—J. F. Herrick, in *Congregationalist*.

## The Hague.

The Hague is an excellent "foot-hold" or starting point for many places of interest lying thereabouts, both landward and seaward. In itself it is one of the most charming of all the towns in the Low Countries. It has all the fresh, brisk air of a seaport, without quite so many of the serious and substantial odors of harbor mud at low tide that one gets so often in a seaport town.

There is also a quaint, genial air of court gentility still lingering about its many palatial residences. It is easy to see that at one time its dream, its ideal, was Versailles. Not any vain attempt to outshine its queenly splendor is evident; but over much that remains of the best part of the Hague of the eighteenth century—which is a very prominent part indeed—there is a light, flourishy, courtly touch that takes one back to the time of powdered wigs, and of patches deftly placed near dimples and at outer corners of roguish eyes, of jeweled snuff-boxes and solan chairs, and the loftiest of high-heeled brocade shoes. Yet there is much that is modern and Parisian. There is also a good fair bit that was built when the Dutch had an architecture of their own, when they were making glorious chapters of history, when their flags were flying in every clime, and they were good hard hitters by sea and land.

The vague excitement-hunting, mere sight-seeing tourist could "do" the Hague and all about it in a good long day, and forget all about it before the next morning, and be ready again for the similar dose; but to those who have an interest in matters of Dutch history, its art, or its past, or its picturesque, prosperous present, the Hague would afford pleasant exploring ground for a week or more. Even the artist, working at Scheveningen, would perhaps live cheaper and more pleasantly at the Hague—only a few minutes off by train. Scheveningen is all very well when one has a "purpose," and does not mind expense and discomfort in pursuit of it; but if the sketched wishes to exist in quiet and comparative economy, or even if he wishes his money's worth of luxury, the Hague itself is the best place to stay at. At least such is my experience. Not far from Scheveningen by the coast—six miles, about—is Katwyk, the smaller sister fisher village, and growing up to be a fashionable sea-side resort. Katwyk has the same exhilarating air and movement as Scheveningen. One is lifted over its breezy dunes as if with winged feet. There is a mad impulse to catch one of the tanned fish-girls around her ample waist and have a wild careering waltz across the level sands. Katwyk is much more quiet and retired than her neighbor, while for artistic purposes I think it has many advantages. There is more variety of landscape line in its environs, and quite near lies the village of Katwyk-Wyhin, full of picturesque material. In fact, I found it of more interest to me than Katwyk-on-Sea.—*Harper's Magazine*.

A chicken rooster entered a lady's house the other day, and seeing himself reflected in a large, handsome mirror, deemed it his bounden duty to go for the reflected intruder, and he forthwith threw himself against the mirror, shattering it all to pieces. With the breaking of the glass his shadow disappeared, and he concluded he had demolished his supposed antagonist. The noise brought the good lady into the house, when she found her valuable mirror in ruins and the rooster perched on the marble slab crowing for victory.—*Boston Budget*.

It is estimated that the average cost to the people is five thousand dollars for each bill passed by Congress.

## OF GENERAL INTEREST.

—Thirst and starvation have caused the recent death of two thousand head of cattle in one drove at Coahuila, Mexico.

—The aqueduct of Washington, D. C., furnishes the city twenty-five million gallons of water every twenty-four hours.

—At a late fashionable wedding in England the bride's bouquet, composed of white lilies, was large enough to fill a big wheelbarrow.

—Rural Congressmen will be allowed two million bushels of seeds to distribute among their constituents this year.—*Chicago Times*.

—A patient in the Nevada Insane Asylum grasped his windpipe so fiercely, under the impression that a frog was in his throat, the other day, that it required some hours to resuscitate him.

—Cryolite, a mineral which is of great value in the potash manufacture, has been discovered in the Yellowstone Park. Heretofore it has been obtained only in Greenland.—*San Francisco Call*.

—Parrot-dealers of the East are making money by teaching their parrots to croak "Kiss me, darling." Ladies are very fond of the feathered tribe when they can speak so lovingly.—*Chicago Times*.

—In an English criminal trial there are no exceptions, after a verdict of guilty, no matter how erroneous the law has been laid down or how illegal the conviction, there follows no appeal except for mercy at the Home Office, which is rarely granted.

—Out of the twenty-two Boston ladies counted on the piazza of an Isle of Shoals hotel, eighteen wore eye-glasses or spectacles, and ten had scientific books in their hands. The intellectual of the place is consequently most pronounced.—*N. Y. Mail*.

—The first corn crop of Mexico has proved a disastrous failure, and as the weather has been too dry to plant the second, the farmers have given up hope of a corn harvest until next June. This will necessitate a great demand for corn raised in the United States.—*Chicago News*.

—Curious wedding cards appeared at Guadalajara, Mexico, recently. They read: "The rector of the Catholic Sagrario, Rev. Dr. Barbosa, acting under authority of the Archbishop, has refused to marry me to Irene Moreno. I have married her according to the civil code, and now have the honor to offer you an invitation to our house on Calle Carmen, No. 31. Gregorio Saavedra."

—Writing to a German newspaper, a victim of Daltonism, or color blindness, protests against the tendency to the exclusion of the so-called color blind from lives of activity in which the recognition of color is an element. He declares that, although the sensations are different, persons afflicted with Daltonism possess a distinct recognition of the different bands of the spectrum, and are consequently as capable of distinguishing color signals from each other as persons with normal vision.

—While Washington was President the Congress Springs, at Saratoga, was discovered by a member of Congress from New York, who was gunning on the site. There are now fifteen to thirty springs in the vicinity, not very different in character. The Congress Spring is still the most celebrated. The Hathorn Spring, discovered about thirteen years ago, has become its principal competitor. For nearly a hundred years Saratoga has been celebrated, and continues to be the most remarkable collection of mineral springs in the United States.—*N. Y. Tribune*.

—The principal feature about a Chinaman's costume is the fact that nothing ever fits but his stockings. His clothing consists really of three or four shirts or garments made after the fashion of a shirt, each opening in front and having five buttons, a sacred number. These buttons are never in a straight row, but in a sort of semi-circle half round the body. The outer garments have sleeves a foot longer than the arm, a fact which affords abundant opportunities for theft. A Chinaman's jackets are his thermometers. He will say: "To-day is three jackets cold, and if it increases at this rate to-morrow will be four or five jackets cold."—*Chicago Herald*.

—We think of Wyoming Territory as a desert and of Cheyenne as a frontier camp, but a New Yorker lately returned from that Rocky Mountain settlement says that he found there a gentlemen's club as complete as any in New York. The members are principally rich cattle owners, many of them Englishmen. The club house is illuminated by the incandescent electric light, and a chef from Delmonico's looks after the cuisine. Turkish rugs, marble statuary, a fine library, rich chandeliers, tropical plants, etc., adorn the interior. He also says that elegant equipages are to be seen every day in the streets of Cheyenne as in New York.—*N. Y. Herald*.

—Johal tells a story of a gypsy which illustrates the happy freedom from all the ordinary restraints of civilization which characterizes the race. This gypsy was the happy father of a flourishing progeny of twelve children, one of whom a hunter happened to shoot one day, mistaking it for his more lawful prey. To console the unhappy father the repentant hunter gave him a compensation in money, which he deemed approaching adequacy from his own point of view, but which seemed so magnificent to the gypsy father that he ventured to suggest that if his benefactor should think of hunting again he still had eleven children who might be turned to account by a similar advantageous mistake.—*Manhattan*.



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## CALL AND SEE

# M. D. KELLY

## On the Sault Ste. Marie.

St. Mary's River separates American and Canadian territory, and connects Lake Huron with the vast fresh water sea of Lake Superior. The river or strait is about sixty miles long, and is difficult of navigation. Two or three miles wide at the mouth and straddled with numerous islands, beautiful in the bright days of summer, it narrows at many points, and opens out into picturesque lagoons. The Sault, or rapid proper, is only three-quarters of a mile in length, with a descent of twenty-two feet; it has no bold precipices over which the stream throws its water in foam, but the river rushes down the slope in fury, whirling around and among the small islands which are scattered in its course, and leaping wildly over many bowlders. It is navigable enough for the light birch bark of the Indians, but only half a century ago it used to place an effectual bar to the progress of large vessels. Thirty-five years since a single schooner sufficed for the traffic of Lake Superior, and five years later three more were added for the commerce of the inland sea demanded, but the construction of the canal, about twenty-five years ago, at once made a change, and opened a passage for continuous navigation. The canal is a noble monument of engineering skill, commercial enterprise, and wise liberality on the part of the State of Michigan. It was built by the funds of the State, supplemented by a grant from Congress of one hundred and fifty thousand acres of land. It is a mile and a half long, seventy feet deep, and constructed of colossal masonry. The locks, two in number, are among the largest in the world, and are wide enough to admit the largest boats in the trade. In winter, however, trade is suspended on this waterway; the boats can rarely enter the lake, on account of the ice, earlier than the first of May, and navigation ceases in November, as the fall storms are very severe. Ten years ago a journey to the Sault in winter was an arduous expedition; the mails to the fort were carried in sledges drawn by dogs, and took a fortnight on the journey. In summer regular steamers, as well appointed as any Atlantic fleet, run from Chicago and Cleveland, and the travel on them is immense.

The Sault Ste. Marie is historic ground. Though these eddying rapids passed the first missionaries and explorers of the unknown West, the LaSalle, the Joliet, the Hennepins, and not far from their rushing waters, in Michilimackinac, lie the bones of Marquette, the explorer of the Mississippi. Here the fathers established their central station, whence they could start out to visit all the tribes of the North and West, and whither they could return when wearied with their labors or in want of supplies. Father Jogues pitched his tent here in 1640, and in 1671, on the very site of the modern town, an envoy of the Most Christian King had a grand council with several thousand Indians for making a treaty of offensive and defensive alliance against the incursions of those friends of our school-boy days, the Six Nations. The river is the only outlet from the vast lake, but some theories have been advanced to favor the conjecture that there exists a subterranean channel, for, after all allowances for evaporation, it is difficult to conceive that one channel can carry off the superfluous water from such an immense lake, whose area is 32,000 square miles, and whose tributaries drain more than twice that extent of territory.

The Indians have mostly been converted long ago to the Roman Catholic faith, the missionary work having been begun by the martyr of the Iroquois, the Father Jogues just mentioned. The French settlers and pioneers, to their lasting credit, have always treated the Indians in the way which, to their lasting shame, men of English blood seem unable to comprehend. One of the chief occupations of the Indians on the Sault and the various lakelets it forms in its course is fishing. Maankinac and speckled trout are plentiful, but the pride and boast of Lake Superior and its adjacent tributaries is the white-fish. In the lake itself, with its waters crystal clear and icy cold, it attains the finest flavor, and is without a rival. It is abundant in the rapids, and at all hours of the summer day Indians and half-breeds may be seen scooping them up with their apparently unwieldy gaffs. Two fishermen form the crew of each canoe, and go right out into

the most turbulent parts of the channel. One man sits in the stern, and with a single oar holds her head in the dashing stream, steady as though at anchor, the light birch bark rising over the boiling rapids and its delicate bow parting the waters gracefully. The art of thus managing the frail skiff has never been attained, it is said, by any white man. The Indian who handles the net peers down into the waters, dips it quickly at the right time, and takes the fish as he is struggling bravely against the current. When the fish are plentiful a score or more of canoes put out into the rapids, and the scene is one of interest and excitement. Shooting the rapids is a common amusement to river-travelers. They walk up the river-bank to the head of the falls, step into a canoe with an Indian guide, and rush down some one of the channels. If everything goes right all is well, but a little oversight, in all probability, costs you your life.

Sault Ste. Marie can be reached, as we have said, in the summer by steam-er from the States by Cleveland or Chicago, or from Canada by way of Collingwood or Georgia Bay. Passing through the canal, the vessels touch at Marquette, the center of the iron trade of the district, and Keweenaw Point, the seat of the first and principal copper-mining town, till they reach Superior Bay, with Superior City, in Wisconsin, on one side, and Duluth in Minnesota, on the other, the head of the grandest line of fresh-water navigation in the world. From the Gulf of St. Lawrence, through the rivers St. Lawrence, Niagara, Detroit, St. Clair, and St. Mary, and Lakes Ontario, Erie, St. Clair, Huron, and Superior, the distance is two thousand two hundred miles. The town of Sault is the seat of a United States fort, but is not of much importance. There is nothing to build it up; there are no mineral deposits in the neighborhood, and its agricultural development is overshadowed by that of Minnesota. But the country around is highly romantic, and it will always be a favorite resting-place for seekers after sport or natural beauty. Wild-ducks by thousands skim over the waters, or fly away in alarm before the steamer. Here and there may still be seen the smoke ascending from the Indian camp fires curling up into the still air, while an occasional canoe steals gently along the shore. In a calm day of autumn the visitor, may in these lovely bays or amid the wooded islands, imagine himself in the land of dreams.—*Harper's Bazar*.

## The Gulf of Mexico and Its Stream.

At the American Science Association in Philadelphia, Prof. J. E. Hilgard read a paper on the "Relative Level of the Atlantic Ocean and Gulf of Mexico." He exhibited a relief model, showing the western part of the North Atlantic Ocean, the Gulf of Mexico and the United States, east of the Mississippi River. The principal features to which he directed attention were the fact that the actual continental outline does not correspond to the present accidental limits of land and water, so that the one-hundred fathom curve, so that the continental limit is far out under the sea. Florida and Yucatan have more than twice their geographical limits, while the West Indies and the Antilles appear as a vast submarine continuation of the Florida Peninsula, the mountain summits of which only appear above the sea. This submarine plateau, extending to the southeast, forms, with the coast line of the United States, a great high nearly as large again as the Gulf of Mexico, which Prof. Hilgard designated the Great Bay of North America. Whatever the causes which produced the Gulf Stream, they must give rise to an elevation of the gulf above the Atlantic in order to demonstrate by most accurate measurements. The explanation of the stream was that the North Atlantic trade winds set the water of the Caribbean Sea against the "Spanish Main" (Central America), deflected northward along the coast of Yucatan, where the flow is through the straits between Yucatan and Cuba, and thence through the Fernin Channel into the Atlantic Ocean, thus forming what is known as the "Gulf Stream." The part which the Gulf of Mexico has in this is mainly that of a reservoir or "accumulator," maintaining the outflow at a more uniform rate than the assigned cause would admit of without such a reservoir.—*N. Y. Evening Post*.

## A Drummer Sold.

"I wonder if that pretty girl over there is not a flirt," said one drummer to another of an incoming Illinois Central train the other day.  
"She looks like it," said his companion, "and what is more, she and I have passed a good many happy hours together. I've staid many a night at her father's house; but I don't do that any more, and if you can make a mash on her, go ahead."  
The other drummer went over to where she sat and said:  
"Permit me, madam."  
"Certainly," she replied.  
"My friend over there says he has known you for some time," he continued as he sat down. She blushed and smiled sweetly as she acknowledged the old acquaintance.  
"Very nice fellow," said the drummer.  
"Do you think so?" said the woman, modestly.  
"Bully fellow, but he ain't very popular with the girls. Don't seem to care much about 'em."  
"Don't he?" she archely inquired.  
"Not very much."  
"But it's different with me. I like him ever so much."  
"Happy old boy! Say, you couldn't love me a little as his proxy, could you?"  
"Goodness, no!"  
"Well, that's pretty tough on me; but if you think so much of him, I'll get up and let him come over and sit by you."  
"Oh! I wish you would." The masher looked red and blue by turns, and got up and went over and told his companion what she had said, and added:  
"Say, old fellow, you've got her dead. She's mashed on you the worst way, and wants you to come over and sit by her."  
"Is that so?" queried the other, with a satisfied smile, arising and bowing to the lady, who beckoned him over to the seat with her. And then he went over and put his arm around her, and when the conductor came along, he pointed them out to him and began to tell him what a mash the other fellow had made, when the conductor smiled blandly, and told him to go and soak his head; that that was the other drummer's wife and he had known her ever since she was a baby.  
The masher got off the first time they came up with a freight train and went the balance of the way as live beef.—*Bloomington Through Mail*.

## A Package of Troubles.

One rainy night, just as the workmen were hurrying home to supper, an old woman, carrying a large bundle of quilts, climbed onto a yellow South Boston car near the corner of Dover street and Shawmut avenue, taking a seat on the inside, and leaving her load on the front platform. In a few moments the conductor came in, took her ticket, and went forward to where two men were standing talking with the driver. One of them passed out two checks, which the conductor punched, and then said:  
"I want you to pay for this bundle."  
"I shall not pay for it," asserted one of the men.  
"I never have paid anything for it, and shan't now," replied the other, looking at his companion in a mysterious manner.  
"If you don't pay a fare on that I shall throw it off."  
"Oh with it if you think it your best way," came the reply, at which the conductor got mad and hurled it into the mud. The men paid no attention to the act and continued to talk with the driver.  
"Aren't you going to look out for your luggage?" asked the conductor, after waiting awhile for them to get off.  
"Don't know anything about it," came the reply. "It don't belong to us."  
Then the conductor gave the bell-ropes a desperate yank and ran back after the bundle. When he returned with it all muddy, the old lady just let out on him, and he had to coax the two men on front to swear that it fell off by accident before she would consent to keep quiet.—*Boston Globe*.

The Lehigh Valley Railroad shops have turned out the large and strong locomotive ever built in Pennsylvania. It is a six-wheeler, with nineteen-inch cylinders, and has been christened Samson.