

DAILY SOUTH KENTUCKIAN.

MEACHAM & WILGUS, Publishers.

HOPKINSVILLE, KENTUCKY, THURSDAY, OCTOBER 2, 1884.

NUMBER 13.

THE OLD WIFE.

By the bed the old man, waiting, sat in vigil
And tenderly
Where his aged wife lay dying; and the twilight
shadows brown
Slowly from the wall and window chased the
sunset's golden splendor
Going down.

"Is it night?" she whispered, waking for her
spirit seemed to hover
Lost between the next world's sunrise and the
bed's "an' care of this."
And the old man, weak and tearful, trembling
as he bent above her.
Answered "Yes."

"Are the children in?" she asked him. Could
he tell her? All the treasures
Of their household lay in silence many years
beneath the snow.
But the heart was with them living, back
among her joys and pleasures
Long ago.

And again she called at dawn-fall, in the sweet
old summer weather.
"Where is little Charley, father? Frank and
Robert—have they come?"
"They are safe," the old man faltered—"all
the children are together."
Safe at home.

Then he murmured gentle nothings, but his
great grief was strong and somber,
Till it choked and stifled him to hold and
kiss her wrinkled hand,
For her soul, far out of hearing, could his
fondest words no longer
Understand.

Still the pale lips-stammered questions, lull-
abies and broken verses,
Nursery prattle—all the language of a moth-
er's loving deeds.
While the midnight round the mourner left
to sorrow's bitter mercies,
Wrapped its weeds.

There was stillness on the pillow—and the old
man listened lonely—
Till they led him from the chamber, with the
burial on his breast,
For the wife of seventy years, his manhood's
early love and only
Lay at rest.

"Fare you well," he sobbed, "my Sarah—you
will meet the babies before me;
'Tis a little while, for neither can the parting
long abide,
And you'll come and call me soon, I know—
and Heaven will restore me
To your side."

It was even so: The spring-time, in the step
of winter treading,
Scarcely shed its orchard-blossoms ere the old
man closed his eyes,
And they buried him by Sarah—and they had
their "diamond wedding."
In the skies.
—Theron Brown, in Youth's Companion.

CHESTER HILTON'S WIFE.

It was the close of day in midsum-
mer. Chester Hilton was putting on
his hat, preparatory to leaving the
office, when his employer asked him
to stop to the desk for a few moments.
"I am very sorry, Chester," said the
senior partner of the firm of Gardner,
Whitbeck & Co., "to be obliged to tell
you that we can not afford to keep you
after this month. As you are aware,
our business has fallen off to such a de-
gree that we are scarcely making our
running expenses."

Chester Hilton received this an-
nouncement in a cool, collected man-
ner. He had been expecting a crash
for two months past. Nevertheless, at
heart he felt depressed and anxious.
It was just the season of year when
business was at its lowest ebb. Where
and when would he get another situa-
tion? He had nothing but by to live
on during the time he might be out
of employment. His salary had been only
sufficient to pay his family expenses.
The outlook was certainly a dark one.
He usually rode home in the horse cars,
as he lived at the outskirts of the city,
where rents were moderate, but that
night a nickel looked as large to him as
a silver dollar. It was later than usual
when he got home, and as he drew
near the gate, a black-eyed baby, with
a face illuminated by a sight of "papa,"
toddled out to meet him. In her haste
she would have fallen upon the broken
plank over which she picked her way
had not her father reached out his arms
just in time to save her. He held her
tightly to his breast, and bending down,
kissed the baby face and whispered:
"Papa's little darling." A girlish fig-
ure stood at the open gate, and as he
passed through lifted up her fresh,
young happy face to be kissed, too.

"What made you so late to-night,
Goldie?" she asked. "Daisy and I have
been watching for you forever and ever
so long."
"The cars were crowded and it is so
hot that I walked home."

"It has been terribly hot all day,"
she replied. "Baby has suffered so
much with the heat. Do you know,
Goldie (the pet name she always called
him), if it were not for leaving you, I
would think seriously of going to Fer-
nside Springs. Mrs. Hunter says this is
such a sickly season for babies, and
Goldie, I saw the little white hearse
pass the house twice to-day."

"You wouldn't leave me alone, dar-
ling," he said. "You know I am such
a poor stick if left to myself. But per-
haps it will be best for you to go."
"I would only have to buy two new
dresses and some extra things for baby.
Board is not very high there, Mrs. Hun-
ter tells me. If it were not for baby
and the sickly season, I would not think
of going. You know, dear Goldie, we
couldn't live without baby."
The mother spoke, she hugged the little,
white-robed child tightly up to her
bosom. "I am so afraid of losing her,"
she said.

After the baby had gone to sleep, the
father and mother went out on the
porch and sat down in the cool evening
air. It was dusk, and the husband put
his arm around his wife and drew
her so close to his side that she rested
her head upon his shoulders. He was
thinking whether it was best to tell her
of his dismissal. A number of times the
words came to his lips, but he as often
checked them. No, he could not tell
her.

"You don't feel as well as usual,
Goldie," she said. "You are unusually
quiet. Does your head ache?" As she
spoke she placed her soft hand upon
his forehead and passed it lightly back
and forth. "I'll see if I have magnetic
power enough to drive it away," she
said laughingly.

"You are a good little wife, darling,"
said her husband, taking her girlish
face in his hands and lifting it up where
he could kiss it. "A good little wife."
"It will be quite expensive to have us
go to Fernside, will it not?" she asked.
"Rather expensive," he replied, "but
I'll inquire about it to-morrow."

The month soon passed, and Chester
Hilton was out of business. No situa-
tion had been found, and the outlook
seemed darker than ever. So many
business houses had reduced their forces.
But every day he went off at the same
hour in the morning and returned the
same time in the evening. His wife
supposed he was still at his old place,
for he had not yet made up his mind to
tell her. Surely he would find another
place, and then it was time enough to
let her know he had left Gardner, Whit-
beck & Co.

One morning, a fortnight after his
dismissal, Mrs. Hilton had occasion to
go down town, and she stepped into
the office to see her husband. As she
came into the door, Mr. Gardner looked
up from his ledger and bade her "good
morning."

"My husband is out, I suppose," she
said, looking toward the empty desk in
the corner.
"Your husband?" replied Mr. Gard-
ner. "He has not been in this morn-
ing."

"Not been in?" she exclaimed.
"You know, of course, that Chester
is not in my employ now," said the
gentleman. "He has not been with us
this month."

A vague anticipation of something
wrong filled the wife's heart, but she
was reassured by hearing the senior
partner say:
"We esteem your husband very high-
ly, and were sorry to disengage him
from our services, but we were obliged to do so
on account of the dullness of the season."

"My husband has not told me," she
replied. "I respect his motive—he was
afraid it would trouble me. If he
comes in, please do not say a word
about my having been here."
"Certainly not," replied Mr. Gard-
ner, as the young wife went out of the
office.

Turning to his partner, he said:
"What a pretty wife Chester Hilton
has! She is very young, though, not
more than twenty-one, I should judge—
Whitbeck," he continued, "how
strange it is that young men now-a-
days take so many leaps in the dark as
regards matrimony. Why didn't Ches-
ter Hilton wait awhile before he got
married? It was a foolish venture."

"I don't agree with you," replied
the junior partner. "I married on six
hundred dollars a year, and saved
money too."
"O, that was a long time ago, and
you got the right kind of a wife to help
a man along."

"That's true," he replied, "but I be-
lieve there are a great many right kind
of wives now. You can't tell what
stuff women are made of until they are
tried." Chester Hilton's wife looks as if
she had a good deal of character."

While these gentlemen were talking,
the subject of their conversation was
walking homeward on the shady side
of the street. A nickel had become as
large as a dollar in her eyes, as well
as in her husband's. In spite of the
large sun umbrella and the thin lawn
dress, she was very warm, and the per-
spiration stood in large drops on her
face.

"Poor Goldie," she said to herself,
as the tears came into her eyes. "He
is so proud he couldn't bear to tell me
that he was out of employment. Of
course, I shan't speak of going to Fer-
nside again. I'll stay at home and take
the best care of baby that I can. I'll
watch her every minute. I'm paying
Ellen large wages. I must let her go
and do the work myself. I wonder if
I could? We can buy our bread, but
Goldie hates baker's bread. I must
have Ellen show me how she makes
hers." And full of the project of
doing her own work, she walked to-
ward home, forgetful of the heat and
dust.

She did not have to give Ellen warn-
ing; the event, as events in our lives
often are, was ordered before she got
home. Ellen's sister had been there
and told her her mother was ill and
she must go home the following day.
The next morning Ellen showed her
mistress how to make the excellent
bread and rolls, and the heroic little
wife surprised her husband with some,
which he said were even better than
Ellen's.

A month passed by, and whenever her
husband said, as he often did, "I'm
afraid you are working too hard, my
dear," she always answered with a
merry laugh, "I'm just as happy as I
can be doing my own work, and baby
really helps me every day, she is so
good." Not a word had been said by
either husband or wife about leaving
Gardner & Whitbeck's office.

One morning, after "Goldie" had
looked over the advertisements in the
column of "Wanted" in the morning
paper, and had put it down with a sort
of hopeless look upon his face, his wife
took it up and her eye fell upon this
advertisement:
"Wanted—First-class home-made
cakes and pies, also bread and rolls, at
No. 57 Ralston Avenue."
"It's the Woman's Exchange," she
said to herself. "They've just opened
it. I read about it yesterday in the pa-
per. I'm going to try it, I know
I can do it," and the little
wife, in her culinary enthusiasm,
hugged the baby so hard that the little
one protested loudly against such close
quartered demonstration.

Early in the afternoon, with a basket
on one arm and the baby on the other,
she took the horse-cars for 57 Ralston
Avenue.

"Very nice cake," said the lady who
waited on her. "We will take the
three loaves." As she spoke she opened
the cashier's drawer and handed Mrs.
Hilton the price paid for such cake.
"Can you make good cookies and gin-
ger-snaps? There is such a demand for
them that we can't half supply our cus-
tomers."
"I'll bring some to-morrow," replied
Mrs. Hilton.

They were pronounced excellent, and,
as the days passed by, there was such a
demand for Mrs. Hilton's cookery that
she was obliged to get Ellen back again.
"I really can not get along alone,"
she said, "and Ellen is so good."
"Of course you need her," replied
her husband.

When the second month was passed,
Chester Hilton had only a little money
in his pocket. The month's bills were
coming in. It was the first time that
he had ever had to humiliate himself by
asking the "butcher and the baker and
candlestick maker" to wait for their
pay. His wife had kept the grocery
book hidden, because it was her stock
in trade, and there had been a larger
bill than ever entered against her hus-
band that month. But when Chester
Hilton asked for the pass-book the last
day of the month, she laid them with a
cunning smile on his desk. As he
glanced through the long list of gro-
ceries, a frown gathered upon his face
for an instant—was his wife so very ex-
travagant, when doing her own work?
But when he got to the bottom of the
page and saw the word "Paid," writ-
ten across it, he said in a tone of sur-
prise:

"Who is paying my bills?"
"Nobody but your own little wife,
Goldie, dear," she said, putting her
arms around his neck. "You know
you kept a secret from me, and so I
kept one from you."

Then followed such a burst of elo-
quence as only a husband in the same
situation can appreciate.
"I know, Goldie, you have a theory
against money-earning wives, but just
this once you know you must change
your opinion. It was so much better
than having bills carried over."

"You precious darling," he said,
"but you won't have any more of your
husband's bills to pay, because I have
just been engaged by 'Hunt & Slocum,'
to begin work there to-morrow at a
higher salary than I ever had before."
—Mrs. Susan F. Perry, in Chicago Inter-
ior.

Both Went Back.

Several years ago, there lived in Dar-
danelle, Arkansas, an eccentric hotel
keeper known as—well, say Uncle John.
He was violently opposed to the title of
governor, declaring that he once knew
of a gang of thieves whose pass-
word was governor; and on many occasions
guests who thoughtlessly gave him the
title, were driven from the house. Com-
mercial travelers "put up" at his hotel.
Those who were acquainted with his
peculiarities took great delight in as-
suring drummers who had never be-
fore visited the town, that by calling
the old man governor, special attention
would be paid. One day Harry Collins,
a young drummer for a New York
house, decided to visit Dardanelle.

"By all means stop with Uncle John
Pash," said a companion. "He is the
best feeder in the country; and—say,
call him governor and he will nearly
kill himself waiting on you."
"When Collins arrived he was re-
ceived with a welcome that was delig-
htful to contemplate, and during the
course of affable conversation, Collins
remarked:

"By the way, governor, how are—"
The old fellow became furious. He
had been teased several times that day,
and he knew that the title was intended
to be an insult. The drummer became
angry and swore that he would not
stand such abuse.

"Come out here," said the old man.
Collins followed and was conducted to
the bank of the river, not far away.
"Now," exclaimed the old man,
drawing a revolver, "we'll settle this
thing. 'Two of us came down here.
Only one of us will go back.'"
The drummer took out a pistol, half
as long as his arm, and remarked:
"I'm going back."

"Well," said the old man, returning
his own pistol, and eyeing the one held
by Collins, "I reckon that under the
circumstances we'd both better go
back."—Arkansas Traveler.

Modifying Nature.

Speaking of rains recalls the fact
that the dry and arid regions of this
country are steadily diminishing. As
the cultivation of the American soil
extends, the area upon which rain falls
enlarges. In California, seasons of
drought when wheat could not be
grown were formerly frequent, but of
late years there has been no failure
of the small grain crops from this
cause. Then the number of days in
which rain falls has increased. Formerly
rain rarely fell later than
April, but this year rain storms of great
violence occurred as late as June.
Rain also now falls often in western
Kansas, where formerly it was very
unfrequent. It is supposed the exten-
sion of telegraph and railway lines has
something to do with cloud-formations
in districts heretofore arid.

—Robert Thompson, a wealthy young
Georgian, en route from Louisville to
St. Louis in a Baltimore & Ohio sleeper,
dreaming of a swimming tournament,
and, imagining himself on a spring-
board in a sanatorium, walked to the
platform and plunged off. Fortunately,
the train was running through a level
country, and his leap did not result
seriously.—St. Louis Globe.



CALL AND SEE

M.D. KELLY

Held by the Leading Dealer in Every City and Town.

His JEWELRY HOUSE is ahead of anything in the business. He has the largest stock of the Latest Styles, and the finest quality of goods, and lower prices than any other house. His workmanship cannot be excelled, and his experience has been nearly a quarter of a century.

SIGN—"BIG TOWN CLOCK,"

Main Street, Opp. Court House, HOPKINSVILLE, KY.

Value of Knowing How to Graft.

Every farmer's boy should learn to
graft. Few occupations give more
pleasure or a greater reward. To con-
vert a wild and thorny fruit into one
bearing large and delicious fruit is a
wonderful and fascinating process.
Grafting need not be confined to fruit
trees. Ornamental trees and shrubs
which are nearly related to each other
may be grafted. Several kinds of roses
may be grown on the same bush, and
differently colored lilacs may be mixed
on the same stalk. Grafting is an easy
art to acquire. Simply making the
cions live is but a part of the operation
for fruit trees, however. One must plan
for the future of the tree. He must
graft such limbs as should make per-
manent factors in the top he is build-
ing; and while he should avoid grafting
too many limbs, he should likewise
avoid grafting too few. In either ex-
treme too much cutting for the good of
the tree will have to be done. If too
few limbs are grafted it will be neces-
sary to cut too many branches off en-
tirely during the process of grafting.
If too many limbs are grafted it will
be necessary to cut many of them out in
a few years to prevent crowding. It
must be remembered that a grafted
branch will occupy more room than a
natural branch, for the cions branch
and bush out from the points of their
insertion. How many limbs and which
ones to graft must be learned by ex-
perience and judgment.

The kind of grafting most likely to
be practiced on the farms is that known
as cleft grafting. The process is a
simple one. Saw off a limb to be
grafted where it is an inch or less in
diameter, trim the edges of the "stub"
smooth, and split it with a large knife
or a cleaver made for the purpose. The
cleft should not be more than four
inches deep at the most. A wedge is
now inserted in the center of the cleft,
and a cion is set on each side of the
stub. The cions are made of twigs of
last year's growth. They should be
cut before the trees show any signs of
starting in the spring. When the cion
is prepared ready for setting it should
contain about three buds. The lower
end is cut wedge-shaped by slicing off
each side of the cion. On one side of
this wedge-shaped portion, and mid-
way between its top and bottom,
should be left one of the buds.
When the cion is set the bud will be
deep down in the side of the cleft in the
stub and will be covered with wax, but
being nearer the source of nourishment,
will be the most apt of any buds to
grow, and it will readily push through
the wax. The cion is set into the cleft
by exercising great care that the inner
surface of the bark on the cion exactly
matches the inner surface of the bark on
the stub. A line between the bark
and the wood may be observed. This
line on the cion, in other words, should
match this line on the stub. Wax the
whole over carefully and thoroughly.
Do not leave any crack exposed. Wax
which is pretty hard and which must be
worked and applied with the hands is
commonly best. We have given several
good recipes for grafting wax. We
would recommend that grafting be not
confined to the orchard. Experiment:
Try pears or apples on wild crab and
thorns. One must not look for success
on trees much different from the cions,
but there is room for experimenting and
more light is needed.—American Cul-
tivist.

The Honey Crop.

The honey crop of the present year is
not up to the standard either in quantity
or quality. In some localities the so-
called "honey-dew" has been so abun-
dant as even to kill the leaves of the
trees where it was deposited, and, of
course, the bees gathered it in large
quantities, and deposited it in the hives,
but it is unworthy of the name of hon-
ey, not being of the nature of that arti-
cle at all.

But now comes a worse trouble, and
it is of a two-fold nature—we refer to
the uses to which this so-called "honey-
dew" secretion is put, when gathered
by the bees. To sell it for honey will
be as damaging to the sale of pure hon-
ey as to put glucose upon the market
and sell it for honey, and it should not
be done under any circumstances. A
one-pound section well-filled with this
stuff was placed on our desk a few days
ago, with the question, "What is it?"
It neither has the smell or taste of hon-
ey, and is the poorest kind of a substi-
tute for it. To all, then, the Bee Jour-

Famous Castles.

Many ancient castles, having been
adapted to suit the changes and to an-
swer the requirements of improved
states of society, are to be found in great
completeness and admirable preserva-
tion. Some, standing in the melancholy
conditions of decay, are molding in
solitude, the green ivy mantling the
chasms and weakness of their ruin, and
the owl alone breaking the spell of their
stern silence. Others became the nucleus
of towns and cities; what was designed
for a defense, became a habitation; and
as habitations were multiplied by those
who, protected by the strength of the
castle, administered to the claims and
requirements of necessity or interest,
the tout ensemble became a walled town
or citadel, of which the original castle
constituted the key and fortress. Of
some of these cities, the castles continue
to be, at the present day, the stronghold.

The importance of such places of
strength and resource has been signally
illustrated in the struggles which held in
equal balance the destinies of the British
Empire, during the civil embroilments
that have vexed that mighty kingdom
even in modern times. The famous
castle of Edinburgh still commands that
magnificent city. It crowns the vast
precipitous rock that rises out of the
midst of the Scottish metropolis, on the
confines of the new and the old city,
and its elevated bastions and battlements
that overhang the cliffs on every side,
seem to be fearfully suspended in mid-
air, while its turrets, diminished by their
exceeding altitude into mere outlines,
appear to touch the skies.

The donjon or keep of this fortress
was deemed of strength sufficient to
guarantee the security and preservation
of the ancient regalia of Scotland, of
which it became the depository about
the time of the union of the crowns of
England and Scotland, in the person of
James I. of the United Kingdom. By
whom these precious insignia of royalty
were there deposited is not known; but
there, concealed in an iron-bound oak
chest, throughout all the contests and
vicissitudes that have marked that realm
since the beginning of the seventeenth
century, they lay in undisturbed obscu-
rity, until discovered and restored to
light and admiration by the reverent
hands of Sir Walter Scott.

The broad and general features of
human society are everywhere marked
by strange resemblances. The dis-
cendants of Japhet exhibit, under vari-
ous phases, the passion and moral
lineaments which bespeak them of kind
and kin to the descendants of Shem.
Similar circumstances elicit the tokens
of sympathies of generic brotherhood.

This is illustrated by the exponents
of the martial and military spirit which
distinguished the contentions of the ri-
valry or ambition that at some time
engaged the irascible races of Europe
and Asia. In the early states of both
those quarters of the world the spirit of
war actuated the policies of despots, and
the ruins and relics that remain to
the present age, of the wild and stern
magnificence of the battlements that
creed the proud banks of the Rhine,
and the stupendous citadels that guard
the inclement fortresses of Afghanistan,
bespeak a common race and a common
condition, however they may differ in
their chronological histories.

But the conditions of people are
changing and progressive, and the time
of castle-building has long gone by.
The development and prevalence of the
social elements have fused sections into
society, and consolidated clans into
community. The law-defying towers
of petty potentates or contentious bar-
ons have been converted to the pa-
cific uses of harmonious and national
governments.—Golden Days.

—The Comanche Indians are said to
be starving. There is no reason why
the Comanches should starve. Let
some New York lady of fashion do
away with her poodle and take a Com-
anche for a pet. Then all the other
fashionable ladies will take one. In
this way the Government will not only
be relieved of all the expense, but the
Indians will be fed and clothed.—Louis-
ville Courier-Journal.

—It is against flag etiquette not to
take it down at night. The colors
should be raised to meet the sun and
lowered when he disappears under the
horizon. Besides bunting soon rots when
so improperly exposed; and, moreover,
to have a flag out over night is declared
by the superstitious to be an invitation
to ill-luck.

—Remus, how fur am de sun' om de
earr? "Well, Clem, ideas differs 'bout
dat. Some tinks hit's 'burder and ud-
ders tinks 'tain't so fur." "Um! jesso.
But what's yo' idee 'bout dem spots on
de solarium dat folks talks 'bout?"
"Why, Clem, dem spots am nuffin mo'
dan de heads of de nails dot hol's de
sun outo de sky."—Atlanta Constitu-
tion.

—A dog in the neighborhood of Los
Angeles, Cal., is passionately fond of
honey, and to gratify his taste he robs
hives whenever an opportunity offers.
He has grown quite expert in the busi-
ness and can extract the sweet stuff
with great dexterity.—San Francisco
Chronicle.

—A girl at a Passaic (N. J.) board-
ing-house got all the young men in
love with her, and then acknowledged
to being of the masculine gender.—
Newark Register.