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DOT CANDIDATE.

Who ish dot dakes up py der hand,
Und speaks so awful nice und bland,
Und urges me to join his band?
Dot candidate.

Who ish dot dreets me vrey schved,
Yon on de corner of der streeved,
We habben just awhile to meet?
Dot candidate.

Who ish dot singts awful gay,
Just like a lark all of der day,
Mid airy wings would fly away?
Dot candidate.

Who ish dot covers up his head,
Und wishes he was only dead?
Der odder man hat vin, you bed?
Dot candidate.

—Norristown Herald.

THE BLUE CHAMBER.

A small party of ladies and gentlemen engaged in conversation were sitting after dinner in the spacious grounds of an ancient manor.

The doors of the mansion stood wide open. The evening breeze whispered and rustled through the branches of the huge lindens, the shadows grow longer and longer, ink-black beneath the leafy roof of boughs, lighter on the patches of turf.

It was a mild summer evening, still, yet full of strange, mysterious sounds; the soft breeze rustled in the doors, bearing with it the heavy fragrance of the flowers. In the gathering dusk the members of the group could scarcely see each other.

Conversation languished, passing from subject to subject; no one seemed inclined to enter upon a lengthy discussion.

Suddenly one of the party began to relate an anecdote of a ghost he had seen on an evening like this. The plan was successful. Several tales followed; but the young daughter of the house, Anna, continued to ask for more. It was so amusing to hear these marvelous stories, imagine the white and black speckers, moving noiselessly in dense shadow or dazzling moonlight, feel a strange horror chill her blood and then lean against her mother, finding safety in her embrace. She could not endure Candidate Holst's way of taking these stories; his scornful comments tore ugly rents in the dreamy veil in which she wrapped herself.

He was a medical student and had witnessed many similar things in the hospital. It was owing to sickness acting upon different individuals. Either the patient, when his imagination was excited, mistook a towel, on which the moon was shining, for a phantom, and the shrieking of the wind in old houses for ghostly cries and the clank of chains, or the whole affair was pure hallucination. A person in a healthy, normal condition never saw ghosts.

The whole party opposed his view. There was surely some truth at the bottom of all these tales. There was a thousand things which could not be explained by natural causes. Anna was warmly seconded by Holst's younger brother Hector, who had arrived at the house with him this morning; though he was influenced more by courtesy to the pretty young girl than because he felt any fear of ghosts. He could not bear to have his brother appear to place himself in such contemptuous opposition to a pair of such beautiful bright eyes, so he fought a stout battle against his own convictions.

"The history of such things," said the Candidate, "is contrary to sound sense and reason. They are miserable relics of the darkness of the Middle Ages, which can only check progress. It would be an utterly idiotic proceeding for dead folk to walk abroad and terrify the living. Tradition carries such tales from generation to generation, and if not subjected to severe scientific criticism they retain their vitality and are believed. It is the same kind of superstition as that which makes simple folk afraid to sit thirteen at table. In nine cases out of ten, nothing happens, and there isn't even one person who thinks of the matter. In the tenth, perhaps, one of the company dies, which is certainly in accordance with the course of nature. Instantly it is said: 'You remember; you remember, we sat thirteen at table that day.' So the superstition obtains nourishment for a long time. No, thank God, the fresh breeze of knowledge will sweep away all such things like dark, unwholesome fogs."

"Yes, we old people must be pardoned," the mistress of the house gently interposed; "we don't come so much in contact with the fresh breeze of science as perhaps we ought. We live, they say, wholly in tradition, and this thrives nowhere so well as in an old manor like this. It is very difficult to release ourselves from the ideas in which we were reared, and which our ancestors believed. I am far from what is called superstitious; I have never been in contact with these strange spirits—yet not for all the world would I sleep in the blue chamber."

"The blue chamber?" cried the whole party in tones of astonishment. "Yes, we have here, as in so many old manor houses, a room that is said to be haunted. Many hundred years ago a man was murdered there, and since then ghosts have taken possession of it. The servants talk of strange sounds and sights; none of them like to pass it after dark."

"Was sitting thinking that I should be delighted to occupy a real haunted chamber," said Holst quietly. "It is a sin to have it remain unused forever. Perhaps I can help dispel this fishy superstition, for I am convinced I shall sleep undisturbed."

At first the mistress of the house would not listen to such a plan, but when the whole party urged and Anna clasped her arms beseechingly around her neck she at last yielded.

Anna thought the scheme wonderfully interesting.

"It is really terrible that you dare venture. Candidate Holst," she said, "but I hope you will look really frightened when you come to breakfast in the morning."

After supper the whole party went to the "blue chamber," which meantime had been put in order to receive the guest. Every corner was examined with the utmost care.

The atmosphere was somewhat oppressive, though the windows were now open. The room was seldom ventilated, and the half moldy air took the liberty of settling in the furniture and curtains. It had evidently always borne the name of the "blue chamber," although the thick carpet was now faded. The furniture was very scanty, but what articles remained were old-fashioned. While time had transformed everything else in the ancient manor, making the old carved chairs give way to comfortable arm-chairs, and the old chimney pieces to tile stoves, this room seemed to have preserved its former appearance. It was delivered over to the spirits of the past; no one had attempted to drag it into the present. An article that did not contribute least in enabling it to retain its ancient character was the huge, exquisitely carved four-post bedstead, which occupied a large portion of the room. The apartment was the last in one wing of the manor, looking out upon the grove, but so near the ground that a person, by the display of some little agility, might climb up.

"It is not impossible," said Holst, after a thorough examination of the chamber, "that the nocturnal noises mentioned may have been made by vagabonds who settled themselves here for a comfortable night's rest. Victor, do me the favor to get my pistols; they are in my traveling satchel; but don't meddle with the triggers, they are loaded."

Victor went away with a light, and soon after brought the pistols to his brother. The latter primed them freshly, put on new caps and laid them on the table.

"Now, good night, ladies and gentlemen, I wish you all as comfortable a rest as I expect to have myself."

"Good night, wicked Froelinker," said Anna half admiringly. "I hope you will have different opinions in the morning."

As they went out Victor whispered to Anna: "I'll answer for it that he shall be thoroughly frightened."

The door was locked and Candidate Holst remained alone in the blue chamber. The sound of footsteps and voices died away; he listened at the door but all was still.

Going to the window he stood there a few minutes looking at the grove. The soft night breeze stirred the leaves and branches. Only the nearest trees could be dimly distinguished. Beyond all was dense, impenetrable darkness, for there was neither moon nor stars in the sky.

"It is really very rare to be free from Madam Luna," said he, "she is so fond of intruding and playing the spy on sensible folk, spite of drawn curtains. For the rest, this is an uncommonly comfortable room. Probably not one of the whole party will have so good a bed to lie in as my lucky self."

"So a man was murdered here, and for the sake of this legend the room has now stood empty hundreds of years. If one could see a few blood stains or similar horrors—but there's no trace of anything of the sort. What matchless power superstition has, even in our enlightened days! I shall consider it a good deed to drive it from this comfortable stronghold."

Lighting a cigar, he paced to and fro smoking, then walked around the bed and closed his eyes with a half shudder.

"How timidly the young girl, Anna, is pressing her pretty face against the pillow at the thought that any human being dares to sleep in the blue chamber. She won't even venture to put out her night lamp for fear of seeing the frightful white shape that must speedily come up here and destroy me."

While thus soliloquizing he undressed, opened the canopy bed, and resolutely extinguished the lamp.

There was no sound in the room; only it seemed as though he could hear a rustling noise like crickets and a mysterious ticking, as though the famous deathwatch was under the carpet. He lay listening a moment, heard the night wind sigh through the trees and the great clock of the manor strike eleven, then he fell asleep.

At the end of an hour he suddenly started up in bed, having heard a sound like the opening of a door. A strange, shuddering sensation ran through his limbs as he stared fixedly into the room and beheld a white form moving slowly towards the bed.

Terror overpowered him, but the next instant he regained his coolness, and shouted in a firm voice, "Who's there?"

No answer, but the shape remained standing in the middle of the floor.

"Who's there? Answer, or as sure as I live I'll fire," he called again, cocking his pistol.

He was once more the quiet, cold-blooded physician; he had surely heard the creaking of a door; it must be a man, a rascal, a murderer perhaps, but no specter.

Yet, spite of the pistol's warning snap, the figure did not move.

"Who goes there?" he called again. Still no sound disturbed the silence of the room.

The physician stretched out his arm and fired.

A flash of light illumined the dusky chamber and the rascal shook the old tapestry. Scarcely had the sound died

away when a burst of discordant, jeering, fiendish laughter greeted him, and something hard struck his forehead. It was the bullet.

Seized with terrible dread, he fired the other pistol at the motionless white form—again the frightful laughter echoed through the room and the bullet fell heavily back on his own breast.

With a loud shriek he sank down on the bed.

The form glided noiselessly out of the door.

Early the next morning, while Anna was watering her flowers, Victor came up to her.

"Where is your brother?" she asked. "He isn't up yet, poor fellow. He has had a terrible fright."

"What was it?"

"If you'll promise to keep silence I'll tell the whole story. To revenge myself on him I played ghost, first taking care to draw the bullets from his pistols that he might not use the weapons recklessly. Wrapped in sheets I visited him and threw the balls back at his head when he fired."

"Nothing could be better!" exclaimed Anna. "But promise me not to speak of it. Your mother might be vexed and he himself must not be undisturbed." "Trust me; I'll be as mute as the grave." The physician did not come; breakfast waited in vain. At last some of the gentlemen went to wake him. He lay with his head stretched over the edge of the bed; his mouth was wide open, his eyes were staring from their sockets and his hair was as white as chalk. Life had vanished. His discharged pistols were found by his side. One week after Victor was taken to the insane asylum.—*N. Y. Graphic.*

Owls.

Owls were never an epicurean feast, but Southey once had an owl roasted for dinner, for himself and Mr. and Mrs. Wordsworth; I give the sequel in his own words:

"We agreed there could be no pretext for making owls game and killing them as delicacies; but if ever you eat one, by all means try it boiled, with onion sauce."

An omelet made of owl's eggs is said to be a cure for drunkenness.

At one time the workmen on the Washington Monument were a good deal annoyed to find that a plumb line that reached from the top to the bottom of the shaft was frequently meddled with. At last it was found that an owl had taken up its abode in a part of the shaft that afforded a shelter, and in passing in and out it had disturbed the line.

An owl was once beguiled into a Georgia conference meeting, intent on securing a rat that had run into the room to escape from so persistent an enemy. Lured by the light he sailed around a few times and alighted upon the bald head of an old man directly in front of the speaker. It is hardly necessary to say what was the next move, but the presence of the owl may have called to the preacher's mind the presence of Isaiah, who, when he foretold the desolation of Babylon, declared that the house should be full of devils and creatures, and that owls should dwell there.

An owl once seriously disturbed the mourners at a funeral at Beechwood, Ontario. With tender care they had placed the remains in a tomb, and were turning away sorrowing, when they heard a moan that seemed to come from the coffin. Hurriedly they broke the casket open, only to find all quiet within, and then it was discovered that the noise they had heard came from owls at the far end of the vault.

Dodsley thought it worth his while to write an ode on the death of an owl, and Broomfield made the bird the subject of his muse. Many persons believe that an owl will keep his eyes so intently fixed on a person walking around him as to wring his own neck off, and it was not until some quick-eyed observer discovered that when the owl had turned his head half round, he whisked it back through the whole circle with the rapidity of lightning, and faced again the person who was experimenting on him.—*Providence Journal.*

Wealth of the Ocean.

Sailing in the John Williams north-east of Lord Howe's Island, at dawn of December 19th ult., the ocean swarmed with small fish resembling sprats. Sea birds hovered above, gorging to their hearts' content. Shortly afterward shoals of bonito (Thynnus pelamys) came along in hot pursuit. With half a dozen pearl oyster-hooks, and no bait whatever, in less than an hour we caught one hundred and sixteen bonito, the greater part of which was salted down. Throughout the day we were slowly sailing through a countless multitude of bonito. After Captain Turpie had desired the fishers to cease their occupation (as our salt was done), one or two tortively and cruelly amused themselves by catching these fine fish and throwing them back alive into the ocean. We might easily have caught a couple of thousand before sunset. Throughout the following night the sea was illuminated; for as the bonito rushed through the water near the surface they became phosphorescent—a sight never to be forgotten by those who witnessed it. Toward day-break, however, a strong breeze sprang up, and we saw no more of those moving masses of fire. The bonito belongs to the mackerel family. It is usually thirty inches in length and twenty inches in girth, and of a steel-blue color, with four stripes along each side. The flesh is of a dark color, and proved an acceptable change of diet to all on board.—*N. Y. Graphic.*



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Wah Lee Tow's Bride.

A bustling, surging crowd of several hundred men, composed of lawyers, merchants, and even ministers, crowded into Justice Gleeson's court to witness the solemn marriage rites of Wah Lee Yow and Miss Mary Shafer. The Chinaman had procured a license August 20, but stopped at that stage of his matrimonial venture before taking the final plunge. He had consulted his attorney, Peter Zucker, of the Board of Education, and the marital candidate left the attorney's office under his escort and wended their way up Superior street to Squire Gleeson's office. Echo Heisley, the alleged war eagle, Charles Seiler and several others, saw the wedding party's departure, and, noising the news abroad, a lengthy and constantly-increasing train joined the procession. The squire stood the blushing couple up before him, and after a momentary pause was about to make them one. Alas, the groom had forgotten his license, and was obliged to withdraw and hie to his laundry and procure it. The self-invited guests packed in closer and closer during the interim, and the squire shielded the now thoroughly embarrassed bride by escorting her to the adjoining office of Attorney Barrett. The crowd, however, was not disposed to be defrauded of the ceremony, and by the time the Chinaman had returned with his document the law office was densely filled with spectators. Again the courtly justice led the bride and bridegroom away from the maddening crowd.

They made their way to a corner of his office, and there and then the twin were made one. Wah Lee is a tall, middle-aged Celestial with an intelligent look, superior to most of his brethren. He had apparently not expected the array of lookers-on that crowded about him, and while at a casual glance he appeared cool and collected he was greatly excited. Nothing in the room escaped the glance of his small, sparkling eyes. Half a dozen Mongolians were interspersed among the audience, and one of them was, to all appearance, a Chinese priest. He wore a long black robe, a white cravat, and a clerical look upon his face. It was said the marriage ceremony was also performed by him in their native fashion. The bride was attended by another young woman, Mary Shafer was a young German woman, apparently about twenty years of age. She had pleasing, but by no means handsome features, and was dressed in white. A wreath of orange blossoms crowned her head and her feet were incased in a pair of light-colored satin Chinese slippers. She blushed prettily as she promised to be Lee Yow's true and faithful wife, and the bridegroom uttered his promises in plainly enunciated English. Peter Zucker acted as best man, and he and Colonel A. T. Brinsmade signed the marriage certificate as witnesses. As he finished the nuptial knot the Justice announced that they were now ready for congratulations. The bride took this opportunity to greet her future lord with a kiss behind her fan, and Hon. John F. Green crowded to the front and welcomed the Celestial in behalf of the American people. Other hearty congratulations followed, and as Mr. and Mrs. Wah Lee left the room three cheers were proposed and given for them with a tiger. The Chinaman kinked his arm in the most acceptable fashion, and with the bride leaning lightly upon it they descended the stairs and passed over to the Chinaman's laundry under the Sioss block. A little later they emerged and proceeded to do the town foot. When last seen they were meandering up Ontario street arm in arm. In their wake were twenty-five or thirty boys yelling "rats!"—*Cleveland Leader.*

—Mrs. Garfield, the mother of the late President, can be seen almost any day walking about the grounds or sitting in her arm-chair on the shaded veranda at Mentor. On Sundays she is generally at church with other members of the family, and is able to take a seat in, or alight from, the family carriage with little assistance. She has passed her eighty-third birthday, and seems to be in the enjoyment of her usual good health.—*Cleveland Leader.*

—Animals are not allowed in sleeping cars; but why do the companies draw the line at this point? If they included insects, it would please patrons better.—*Boston Courier.*

Fitting Stock for Winter.

When stock has been fitted for roughing it, which, of course, means feeding up to meet cold weather, the owner is in a position to choose between carrying over to spring or longer, or sending forward to market at any time; that is, if he has fed up to such a state of fatness as will, more surely than any other, enable the animal to resist a low degree of temperature without discomfort. If a thick wall of sawdust around a body of ice preserves it from melting in hot weather longer than a thin wall, then, on the same principle, a thick wall of adipose under the hide of a farm beast protects the animal from readily suffering by exposure to cold. The sawdust in the one case is the non-conductor which prevents an interchange of temperature between the ice within the wall and the hot air without, while, reversing the order, the layer of fat under the hide of the animal prevents the transfer of cold to the inner tissues, being a non-conductor, equally efficient with the wall of sawdust in the other case. The wall of fat once placed beneath the hide is, if fair protection be given, somewhat easily held there; while it is hardly possible to put on this layer during winter's cold without extra protection from the low temperature.

Hence the wisdom of seeing to it early in the season, while flesh is easily acquired, that the gain is put on which is sure to be required when the mercury falls low down in the tube. Roughing it is nothing else than instituting a warfare between the tissues of which the animal is made up and the elements without. A ruminant's reflection will convince any one of the utter wastefulness of dealing out food three times a day in such free quantities as are required if feed is depended on to keep up the animal warmth, reasonably comfortable shelter being denied when the weather is decidedly cold. Dr. Playfair likened the body of a beast to a furnace in which fuel is consumed to produce heat, as the principle is quite like the feeding of farm animals, in so far as the food is given to maintain the animal heat. The continued tendency towards equalization in temperature of bodies and substances in contact, acts upon live animals exposed to contact with the outer air, and hence, when the temperature goes down there is a struggle within the body in its effort to preserve its normal temperature. This effort may be aptly likened to that made to warm a room with a heater, but little fuel being required when the outside temperature is well up, for the normal temperature or the animal body is easily maintained under like circumstances without a special provision of food for this purpose.

Fitting stock for roughing it is very unprofitable as a preliminary process, because the term implies exercise. Without the out-door exercise in inclement as well as in all other kinds of weather, the term roughing it would hardly apply. Exercise, in proportion to its extent, calls for increased action of the lungs and heart, and this lung action wastes the living tissues rapidly. It follows that quietness and seclusion are the means to be used for saving the tissues. Therefore to feed up for exposure during winter involves a great waste during the preliminary as it does during the final experiences. But in this day we hope no one will persist in the heterodox notion that it is, in any sense, wise to build up during summer valuable material that is to be ruthlessly squandered during the cold months. With flesh producers, the making of edible flesh is a slow and expensive process, and flesh once put on should in no case be parted with. If domestic animals could be fattened as rapidly as the carnivora are when they are full fed then the task would indeed be easy. But the carnivora eat flesh and tissue having the constituents of their own bodies ready prepared, while domestic animals are built up by a slow process from materials which, while made up of constituents measurably like the body, are still, in the main, quite unlike it. But it is doubtless a wise provision that the flesh counted good for use as human food is put on by a slow process, otherwise it would be flabby and oily; would shrink in the pot and vanish before a cold blast.—*National Live Stock Journal.*

—Antimony and asbestos have been discovered in the San Eulido Mountains, Utah.

PERSONAL AND LITERARY.

—Theodore Tilton is sojourning in Paris, where he is engaged in writing a book.—*N. Y. Sun.*

—An old publisher says that not one book in five hundred reaches a second edition.—*N. Y. Herald.*

—Clara Louise Kellogg says this has been the greatest season for the American girl abroad that has ever been known.

—Alvan Clark, the telescope-maker of Massachusetts, though eighty years old, is still at work. He and his sons are the leading telescope manufacturers of the world.—*Boston Journal.*

—Mr. W. W. Corcoran, the Washington philanthropist, is now upward of eighty-four years of age, and is yet strong and vigorous. He has grown somewhat peculiar, however, about his eating, never touching anything not prepared by his own cook, or coming from his own house. If he expects to be absent from home at lunch time he carries a hearty luncheon with him, which he takes out and eats at the proper time with great relish.—*Washington Post.*

—Joe Jefferson, the actor, who ought to know the effect of the constant repetition of one part upon the actor, says that after playing one part for a great length of time an actor is apt to forget his lines and take up wrong ones. An English actor who forgot his lines in this way was blamed by the manager.

"It's very strange that you are not perfect in that part by this time. You have been playing it two hundred nights." "Do you expect me to remember it forever?" said the actor.—*N. Y. Graphic.*

—Cyrus W. Field is the youngest son of a clergyman of Stockbridge, Mass. His brothers, Dudley, Henry and Stephen, were sent to college, but Cyrus, at an early age, received twenty-five dollars and the paternal blessing. He became a clerk in A. T. Stewart's store at a salary of two dollars a week, and on entering into business for himself as a dealer in paper, his fellow-clerks presented him with a diamond pin. It took him twelve years to make a fortune. Since then he has been a capitalist and has made several fortunes—say \$20,000,000.—*N. Y. Times.*

HUMOROUS.

—In the Empire of Morocco there is only one subscriber to a newspaper. He is the Emperor. As soon as there are two or three more it is likely some Yankee will happen along and start a paper.—*Boston Transcript.*

"I laughed," he said to his wife, "I laughed until my mouth fairly stretched from ear to ear." "You don't have to laugh very elaborately to accomplish that distance," replied the lady, with a yawn. "Ha! He! Very good, my dear; very good; capital. Large mouth, eh?" "No, large ears!" she said, with another yawn.—*N. Y. Dial.*

—A much-versed question is now settled. For a long-time it has been wondered why women turn around to look at each other on the street. A wife returned when reproved by her husband: "Didn't the woman look at me?" "Yes," replied the husband. "All right then; one good turn deserves another."—*Pittsburgh Dispatch.*

—A short time ago Jones and Robinson were dining out together, Jones being one of the most absent-minded individuals in existence. Quoth Robinson to Jones: "I say old fellow, what do you think? A man asked me the other day whether your name was Smith?" "Really," answered the absent-minded one; "and was it?"—*Whitcomb Review.*

"I want you to buy me pack dot \$2 I loaned you last spring. Money is worth twice as much now as it was then," said Mose Schamburg to Gilhooly. "Is that so?" inquired Gilhooly, pensively. "Is it really worth twice as much now as it was when I got that \$2?" "Sherlytainly it was." "Well, then, here is \$1. That makes us even, I believe."—*Texas Siftings.*

—Old Mosquito—There, now, you must have been disobeying me. What made you so sick? Young Mosquito—Dunno, ma; I don't do nothin'. Old Mosquito—Yes, you did. Have you been eating anything I told you to avoid this weather? Young Mosquito—No'm. Old Mosquito—Yes, you have, or you wouldn't be sick. Now, mind—I will give you a regular thrashing if you ever again touch veal or ducks in the summer time.—*Philadelphia Call.*