

Semi-Weekly South Kentuckian.

VOLUME VI.

HOPKINSVILLE, CHRISTIAN COUNTY KY., SEPTEMBER 16, 1884

NUMBER 74

CHAS. M. MEACHAM. W. A. WILGUS
ISSUED EVERY TUESDAY AND FRIDAY
MORNING BY
MEACHAM & WILGUS.
PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.
One copy, one year, strictly cash in advance \$3.00
One copy, six months \$1.50
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Office Over Kelly's Jewelry Store,
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THE LATE CHARLES J. FOLGER,
SECRETARY OF THE TREASURY.

Charles J. Folger, Secretary of the Treasury, died at his residence, Geneva, New York, on the 4th inst. He was born on the island of Nantucket April 16, 1818. When he was twelve years old his parents removed to Geneva, Ontario county, New York. He was educated in Nantucket, at the Plainfield (Conn.) Academy and Harvard College, Geneva, where he was graduated in 1836. Having read law about three years he was admitted to the bar. He then opened an office at Geneva, and succeeded in establishing a good practice. In 1841 he was appointed by Governor Bouck, Judge of the Ontario County Court of Common Pleas. Soon after he was made a Master and Examiner in Chancery. In 1851 he was elected County Judge of Ontario. At the end of the four years' term he became an active politician in the interest of the Republican party. He was elected to the New York Senate in 1861, and served continuously eight years as a member of that body. For seven years of the period he led the Republicans in the Senate, for four was its President pro tempore, and was Chairman of the Judiciary Committee during the whole of his Senatorial life. He was Chairman of the Judiciary Committee of the State Constitutional Convention in the year 1867. After leaving the New York Senate Mr. Folger was appointed United States Sub-Treasurer, New York City. He was next elected Judge of the Court of Appeals, and succeeded the deceased Judge Church, as Chief Judge of that court, in 1880. In the fall of the same year he was elected to continue in the same position. His appointment as Secretary of the Treasury was given him by his friend President Arthur, October 27, 1881. He was a candidate for the Governorship of New York State, in 1882 when he was overwhelmingly defeated by Grover Cleveland, now the Democratic candidate for the Presidency. Mr. Folger was a widower during the last years of his life, in which one of his daughters presided as hostess at his hospitable home in Geneva. His health was bad for several months previous to his death, and his eyes were weak for years prior to the event which deprived the United States of a useful public servant. Mr. Folger leaves three children, two daughters and one son. The latter is a farmer in Minnesota.

Loved by Ladies.
Ladies love delicate and delicious perfumes. In Parker's Hair Balsam they not only satisfy this taste, but have an article which arrests falling hair, removes dandruff, restores the original color and imparts a beautiful gloss, softness and life. Does not soil the linen, is not a dye, cleanly and economical. 641m

Fashion-Hints from Peterson's Magazine for October.

Black, in all materials, continues to be much worn, even for full-dress. There is no special change in style of making dresses; pointed waists, short on the hips, jackets with waist-coats, short round jackets, and round waists with belts, are all fashionable. Tunics are worn both long and short, though the latter are perhaps the more fashionable. Sleeves are still slightly gathered into the arm-holes; but they do not stand up quite as high as they did. Woolen will be principally used for walking and out-door dresses, this fall; silk and velvet being reserved for more ceremonious occasions. Hats are generally worn high in the crown and with narrow brims; we record this as the fashion, but we think it unbecoming. Bonnets have a decided tendency to a peak in front, and this peak is high enough to admit of a flower or a bow of ribbon beneath it; the long poke-bonnet is now used principally for morning wear. Corsages, of black, sapphire, or ruby velvet, or of Sicilienne in the same hues, are now worn with skirts of cream-white and considered very stylish. Velvet is extensively used for trimming, this fall; that is to say, velvet by the yard, cut bias and employed in very wide bands. Overskirts are made now with very deep points in front, reaching to the hem of the underskirt, while they are caught up very high at the back in loops or draperies, leaving the back of the underskirt almost wholly uncovered. The regular tight-fitting corsage is gradually parting with its basque,

and is returning to the pointed corsage of our grandmother. Fashionable ladies now wear the watch in a small pocket set upon the left breast. A slender chain is attached to the watch, one end being fastened to one of the lower button-holes of the corsage. These chains are the latest novelty in jewelry. Black lace dresses retain their popularity.

"Artemus Ward,"

[Springfield (O.) Sunday News.]

Early in the summer months of 1856 a tall spare and rather seedy individual entered the town of South Charleston, Ohio, and sought work as a journeyman printer on the Standard, at that time the only journal in the place. He had none of the evidence of prosperity. On the contrary, his clothes and general appearance indicated that he was in the same condition with many of his brethren—"busted," broken and deplorably hard up. He secured work on the paper at a salary of five dollars per week, and settled down to dream of contentment in life. This was Charles F. Browne, better known as "Artemus Ward," who subsequently gained recognition as the first of American humorists, and whose tour through England, made under bitter disadvantages, gained himself and his nation a reputation for wit even among the sluggish intellects of that people.

In his biography, it is told that he grew discontented with his home in New England, and came westward with the tide of emigration. Hearing rumors that he had one friend in South Charleston, a News reporter took occasion to visit that village and learn the facts connected with the case. He was directed to Mr. Russell Reeder, a retired grocer, as the person most likely to be informed upon the subject. Mr. Reeder is a gentleman well advanced in years, but wearing his age well. After a few unavoidable pleasantries touching the weather and crops, the reporter proceeded to question him with regard to his knowledge of the great humorist.

"Were you acquainted with Artemus Ward, or rather, with Mr. Browne?"
"Yes; I was his closest friend. He stuck to me just above my grocery, and in that way we became acquainted. He was with me more than any one else here."

"Do you remember and can you give a description of his physique?"
"Let me think a minute. He was tall, nearly six feet, I believe; he had bright eyes, a Roman nose, a very generous mouth, and was of a light complexion. He was not a handsome man, and he wasn't ugly, but he had a gentlemanly bearing."

"You say he came here rather poverty stricken?"
"Yes; and he left that way, too. I don't think he had anything when he came here, and I know he went away worse off yet. He got \$4 to \$5 for setting type on the Standard, but that did not pay his expenses. He was in debt all the time, and he left owing \$60 to the lady whom he lived with. I remember that he wanted to go away, but hadn't a cent and couldn't get any, so we raised a sum in my store, and enabled him to leave Charleston. If it hadn't been for our generosity, he would probably have stayed there until he received help from other quarters."

"So he left a debt of sixty dollars here?"
"Yes; but about the close of the war he returned and delivered a humorous lecture in Charleston. The next day he came round, visited us all, and paid what he owed. I suppose he was getting a hundred dollars a night then—quite a jump from four dollars week."

"Did you observe his great powers of humor while he was here?"
"I never met him in my life but he had some joke to get off. He was always laughing, and his genial manners made him a favorite. I can't remember any of his jests now, as it is twenty years since I saw or talked with him."

"Can you give me any further reminiscences?"
"While he was here," continued Mr. Reeder, "he had a partner or companion, whose name I can't now remember. They did the work of the Standard, as the proprietor was generally drunk. Getting tired of this, they watched for a chance to get even with the old man. Perhaps he overworked them too much, or refused them their wages; anyway they determined to revenge themselves on him for something. One evening the owner and editor of the Standard got on a glorious drunk. He became loth in his general joy, and as usual, left everything to Browne and his partner. After the day's work, the future Artemus Ward sat down and composed some horrible jokes on the absent proprietor, ridiculing him for his empty head, and presenting ludicrous pictures of his drunken antics. It was published in the form of a hand-bill, and scattered broadcast over the streets of South Charleston. It was a cure for the proprietor. The Standard soon changed hands, and not long after, Browne left."

"Perhaps, he left in obedience to the laws of health?"
"No; his employer took it in proper spirit. The reason of Browne's leaving was his unsettled disposition. He always wanted to travel, and it was this desire that took him, when so young, to the lecturing field."
"Is the house standing yet where he worked?"
"Yes; here, I'll show it to you."
Mr. Reeder, influenced either by a spirit of accommodation or a desire to see his questioner somewhere else, pointed out the building. The reporter followed the directions, and found the historic old house at the corner of Main and Chillicothe streets. It is a substantial frame, looking considerably better for a recent coat of paint, and bearing few traces of its extreme age. In the second story the immortal humorist worked at the case, and dreamed perhaps of his future fame. He was known then only as a witty fellow, a genial companion and generous friend. At this time he was just twenty-one. Two-thirds of his life had passed away, and he had yet to make his fortune. But from this time his star was in the ascendant. He entered upon his duties as an editor, and his rise was swift and sure. He continued in this sphere until the lecture field opened for him a wider reputation and better emolument. As a wit his humor was distinctively American. His manner went far toward this end, and while possessing vast powers of sarcasm and irony, his shafts were so barbed that in his whole life he never made an enemy. During the stormy years of the civil war, his pen was active in support of the union—shown particularly in his interview with Jefferson Davis and his picture of Richmond after the evacuation. His powers were the gift of nature, receiving no cultivation except what the occurrences of ordinary life afforded. Browne died at the early age of thirty-one, while on a tour through England. The remains were brought across the Atlantic and laid beside those of his father. His works have taken their place among the imperishable offspring of genius, and will continue to leave their impress upon the humorous productions of his successors. Rising from a mere compositor at the case to the forefront of American humorists, it is but natural the South Charleston people should feel proud of their fellow-citizen although a generation has passed since he lived among them.

THE BAD BOY.

BY GEORGE W. PECK.

"I don't want a murderer around my store," said the groceryman to the bad boy, as he came in the door with a military uniform on, and saluted the groceryman previous to helping himself to some fruit, "I understood you have been the means of nearly killing your father, that you run a bayonet through him, and scared him half to death. What on earth did you mean?" and the groceryman got behind the cheese-box and took up a knife to defend himself in case the little soldier attempted to injure him. "Next thing you will eulst as a cannibal in the navy, and go to eating people."

"Oh, don't be afraid," said the bad boy. "Nobody would eat you unless you was put to soak for a few months. Pa is all right. He was a little frightened, that is all."
"Tell me about it," said the groceryman, reassured. "Tell me if the old man weakened. He told me he was going up to the camp and was going in to see the sham battle, guards or no guards, without paying. He said his son was one of soldiers, and he could pass him, if he was on guard. He said if his boy put on any style over him with a gun he would take the gun away from him, and take him across his knee, and maul the military spirit all out of him, throw the gun away and go in. Did he do it?"

"Not much he didn't do it," said the bad boy. "Pa can run me at home, but when I enlist as a soldier, and receive orders, I will obey them, as pa has found out, at the expense of his pants. You see my company was put on guard at Deadhead hill, to keep deadheads from seeing the sham battle and drill without paying, and we had order to halt anybody that attempted to pass, and if they didn't go away to arrest them, and have the corporal of the guard take them to the guard house. Pa thought he had a soft thing because his little boy was on guard, and he came along and said 'Hello, Hen, I'm going in.' I thought it was a good time to show my authority at the beginning of my military career, so I inflated my lungs and said, 'Halt!' My voice sounded so much like the regular army that pa was a little bit scared, and he looked again to see if it was actually his child speaking so spunky. When he was sure it was me he smiled one of his forced smiles and said, 'That will be all right, bub, I am going in to show.' When he called me 'bub' it made me hot, and I got right in front of him, with my bayonet at a charge, and I said, 'Move another inch at your peril!' Pa looked at the bayonet, and at my flashing eye, and he said he would lam me for that when he got me home. Then he began to tell me what he had done for me, bringing me up like a christian,

and now I was going to prod his liver with a cheese-knife. I didn't say anything, 'cause it is against the rules to argue when you are on guard, and pa thought he had got me scared and he said if I didn't take that gun away from his stummick, and go away, he would cuff me side of the head. Gosh but I was annoyed. All the soldiers were watching me, and they knew it was my pa that I had stopped, and they were watching the result. If I weakened, and pa went in, that settled it. The whole crowd would go in, and walk right over me and I would be in disgrace. Pa ought to have known better than to try to pass me, after all his talk about military discipline when he was in the army, but he was only a suttler anyway. Well, when pa had threatened to cuff me, he started to go around me, next to the fence, and I told him to halt again, and he wouldn't, so I run the bayonet right through the back side of his pants, and into the fence, and I had him plumed. I didn't want to hurt him, and I knew his pants were loose and very good cloth. He found he was caught, and as he struggled and was held up by the pants, he said I was a condemn fool, and that I had no veneration, and no love of my parents. I held him there and called for the corporal of the guard, and when the guard came I pulled the bayonet out of pa's pants and the fence, and they took him away. I told the officer of the day the prisoner was my father, who had tried to play it on his little boy and sneak in, and I asked the officer to give pa a lecture and two shillings and let him go and pay his admission fee, after he got to the guard-house, which he did. Well, when I got off duty the company surrounded me and said I was a good soldier, and the colonel complimented me. He said it was a trying situation for a new recruit, and I had acted nobly. A soldier on duty had no right to know anybody, or show any favors."

"That was right, Honnery," said the groceryman. "Your pa acted like an old fool, and you ought to have jabbed him where there was some meat, instead of pants. But what is it about fadling your pa on the battle field, apparently dead, after the sham battle?"
"As near as I can get at it, from what my chum says, pa was trying to make a party of young fellows believe that he was managing the sham battle, on account of his being an old veteran, and he walked down on the ground between the two armies to explain how the thing was going to be done. Just as he got about in the middle of the ground both sides began to fire, and some of the boys threw a lot of mud balls at pa, just as the guns went off, and he thought he was shot in about forty places, and he laid right down and blate I, and when the two armies came near together he tore off a piece of shirt and held it up for a flag of truce, but the armies thought it was only a drunken man, so they laughed and kept on popping away, and pa thought his time had come, and he was on his knees when a policeman went down between the contending forces and took pa by the collar and jerked him away. He told the policeman he was shot all to pieces, and to send for a doctor, but the policeman turned pa loose just as the cavalry started to charge, and pa found his legs were all right, and he ran all the way home. Ma says pa told her there was a mutiny up at camp, and everybody was being killed. When I came home pa wouldn't speak to me. He said I was a ungrateful son-of-a-gun, and had caused his hair to turn gray. If pa had any hair it would have turned gray from fright. But pa has got so he does not put on any style over me now. He realizes that I have soldiers to back me, and that I am not a child any more, though he says I will live to be sorry for jabbing him in the pants. He showed me his wound and had her sew it up. At first he told her he fell out of a four-story window onto an iron picket fence, but that story wouldn't wash. Well, it is pretty near time to fall in for drill, and I must go," and the young soldier saluted the groceryman, took a small muskmelon and started for camp.—Peck's Sun.

Don't forget to renew your subscription when it is out, and remember that the SEMI-WEEKLY KENTUCKIAN gives you more news for less money than any paper you can get.

A special from St. Johns, N. F., tells the following: The cod-fish catch is short half a million quintals, and on the northeast coast of New Foundland a famine is imminent. About 800 families are reported starving and are sustaining life at present on squids. The whole coast of New Foundland and Labrador are studded with icebergs. Capt. Manuel, of the mail steamer Plover, reports 253 icebergs between Wadhman Island and Cape Freens, Bona Vista Bay. Thirteen icebergs drove south of Cape Spear yesterday down into the track of the ocean steamers.

Tammany met last Monday night and appointed a committee of one from each district to prepare an address and resolutions, defining and explaining the exact position of the organization toward the Democracy and the Nation, to be placed before the general assembly to-night.

NEW GROCERY STORE,
McKEE & P'POOL, Prop's.
WE PROPOSE TO KEEP THE BEST STOCK OF
Staple and Fancy GROCERIES,
CIGARS AND TOBACCO
To be found in the city. Moreover we propose to sell goods at the lowest possible price and for CASH.
Call around and see us at Cowan & Huggins' old stand, under South Kentuckian Office, Nashville Street.
Jan. 16-'84-ly.

RUSSELL HOUSE,
Dawson, Kentucky.
NEW HOUSE WITH NEW FURNITURE.
Well ventilated rooms; situated in a grove of shade trees; it is the place for home comfort. I am from Tullit county and solicit the patronage of my friends in both Christian and Tullit.
Board at Reasonable Rates.
(May 20-'84)

Don't Forget Honest John!
He has just arrived and can be found on the corner of
NASHVILLE AND VIRGINIA STS.,
With a Handsome stock of Fall and Winter Wear of
DRY GOODS, CLOTHING,
BOOTS & SHOES. A Full Line of MILLINERY GOODS—Latest Styles
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—TO—
THIS OFFICE.

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CARRIAGE MAKERS
And Dealers in Farming Implements & Harvesting Machinery.
FACTORY, SPRING STREET, NEAR MAIN,
HOPKINSVILLE, - - - KENTUCKY
KEEP CONSTANTLY ON HAND, OR MAKE TO ORDER,
Fine Carriages, Rockaways, Buggies, Etc., Etc.
REPAIRING PROMPTLY AND NEATLY DON'T.
(Nov. 23, '83-6m)

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Long, Garnett & Co.	
ISSUE	
STORM & FIRE INSURANCE	
ON	
Dwellings, Live Stock	
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Office in Garnett & Williams' New Building, over Russell's Store.	

NEW STORE. NEW GOODS.
J. G. HORD,
Wholesale and Retail Dealer in
Staple and Fancy Groceries
Flour, Meal, Bacon, Lard, Molasses, Coffee, Sugar, Canned Goods, Glassware, Queensware, Butter, Eggs and all kinds of COUNTRY PRODUCE. I am selling
As Cheap as any house in the city. The interest of my customers is my interest and I shall always endeavor to give you the best weights and the most goods for the least money.
CALL AND SEE ME AT MY NEW STAND ON VIRGINIA ST.
N. B. I also have a large stock of CLAB BOARDS which I will sell very low.
(Sep 11 '83 ly) e. J. G. HORD

DR. SAMUEL RHODES' ALTEATIVE COMPOUND SARSAPARILLA
AN IODIDE POTASH.

This compound is purely vegetable, each article and ingredient is perfectly harmless in itself, and in combination, forms one of the most powerful, efficient and pleasant medicines for the removal and permanent cure of Rheumatism, Scrofula, Scald Head or Tetter, old Chronic Sores of all kinds, Boils, Pimples and all diseases arising from an impure state of the Blood. It is also good as an Astringent and FOR GENERAL DEBILITY.

This medicine is no secret nostrum; its formula is open for inspection to any Physician, and we invite any and all Physicians who will take the trouble to examine into its merits. **CAMPBELL BROS.,** Druggists, Sole Manufacturers.

Superintended by **SAMUEL RHODES,** Corner Bros. and Summer streets, Nashville, Tenn. Price \$1.00 per Bottle, or 6 bottles for \$5. TELEPHONE NO. 236.

For sale by **J. R. Armistead, G. E. Gathers and Gish & Garner,** Hopkinsville, Kentucky.

Also Manufacturers
ETHIOPIAN PILE OINTMENT,
A never failing remedy for External, Internal or itching Piles. Ask your druggist for it. None genuine without the Trade Mark.
TESTIMONIAL.
This is to certify that I was afflicted with Piles for twenty years. I tried every Remedy offered me. Finally used the Ethiopian Pile Ointment, and found it the very best preparation I ever used. It will give almost immediate relief and will finally effect a permanent cure.
E. A. IRELAND, Formerly of Gallatin, now of Brea, Phillips & Co., Nashville, Tenn.
Campbell Bros., Druggists, CORNER BROAD AND SUMMER STREETS, NASHVILLE, TENN.
For the benefit of the afflicted, these medicines are sold at
J. R. ARMISTEAD'S, G. E. GATHER'S and GISH & GARNER'S.
MAIN ST., HOPKINSVILLE KY.



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