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HENRY & PAYNE,
Attorneys and Counsellors at Law.
East side Main St., over Kelly's Jewelry store
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[17 Jan 1-'84.]

ANDREW SEARGENT, M. D.
—OFFICE—
MAIN STREET, OPPOSITE HOPPER'S
DRUG STORE.
Nov. 7-'84-17.

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Inserted in Fifteen minutes after natural ones are extracted, by
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The New American
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LEADS THE WORLD.

The New American is always in order, and you cannot fail to be pleased with it. For sale by
HOOPER & OVERSHINE
And can be seen at their store, Main St., HOPKINSVILLE, KY.
[Nov. 8-'84-17.]

BETHEL
Female College.

A Boarding School for Young Ladies.
The fall session was opened on Monday, August 26th, 1884 and continues 30 weeks. Eight Teachers. Terms as heretofore. For catalogue or information apply to
J. W. RUST,
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Tele. No. 2.
Sept. 9-17.

ALBERT B. TAVEL
HAS NOW IN STORE A VERY LARGE STOCK OF

BLANK BOOKS,
Invoice and Letter Books, Letter Presses, Gold and Steel Pens, and
STATIONERY GENERALLY.
All of which will be sold at Moderate Prices at 10 Union Street.
Nashville, Tenn.

COVINGTON'S CAVE.

A NUMBER DISCOVERED THROUGHOUT THE CITY BY THE POLICE.

Juvenile Dime Novel Readers Imitate the Mythical Doings of Heroes of Trashy Literature.

A light blue smoke curling up as though from the bowels of the earth in a vacant lot at Robbins and Scott, sts., in Covington, attracted the attention of Policeman Billy McGraw a day or two ago.

Billy's hair stood on end, and his face became pallid with fear, as pictures of earthquakes, volcanoes and eruptions flitted before his mind. He then traced himself and closely scrutinized the bottom of a suspicious looking black bottle. With his nerves quieted the dandy copper walked hesitatingly toward the smoke. Drawing close, a muffled conversation reached Billy's ear, listening closer he heard a voice in subdued tones saying: "Yes you make it a jack pot, and we'll divvy the swag that way." "Oh," said Billy, to himself, "I've got into a gang of robbers, and this is a cave, sure enough. There's the entrance, covered up with that brushwood there." Throwing it aside, he peered down into the hole and saw something that made his heart beat 60 jumps to the second. Five happy, well-dressed youngsters, each with an old clay pipe in his mouth, sat around a rudely constructed table. Several cards lay on the board, and in each pair of hands five cards were held. Gazing into a dark corner the astonished blue coat discovered an old style cannon stove in which a roaring fire was burning. The stove door was open, and the light from the fire made the scene a weird one. Potatoes were strewn about the floor, and a number were roasting in the fire. On the walls were pasted old pictures cut from the Police Gazette and News. On a shelf dug in the side of the cave was a stack of half-dime novels. The cave was about 6 feet deep and 8 feet square. It had been dug down into the ground, and the hole covered with boards. After sizing everything up carefully, the officer yelled, "See here you fellows, what are you doing down there?" In a moment every card disappeared, the stove door was shut and everything was darkness. "Stand ready, boys," commanded a boyish voice, in a hissing tone. "Well, answer my question!" commanded the policeman.

"Who are you and what do you want?" again spoke the one who seemed to be in command. "I'm an officer, and I want you fellows to come out of this place." A hurried consultation was held in whispers. A bustle was heard and the commander answered in a pit-cous tone: "Oh, Mr. Policeman, don't arrest us, we aren't doing anything. We are only playing."

"Playing what?" "Playing scouts and Indians and heroes, like our books says." "Ah, dime novel heroes, eh? Well, come out." Out came five young striplings, no one over 11 years of age, with dirty faces and tearful eyes, and stood in a row in front of the officer.

Good-natured Billy read them a lecture on dime novels, and then exhorting a promise from the boys that they would never build another cave he let them go. There are two or three other caves in the suburbs. The amount of labor for the little fellows to build one of these places is enormous.

Jake, the city dog burier, is kept busy destroying these places, and the officers have been notified to arrest all such youths who are caught in the future making caves. The little fellows will steal potatoes, eggs and even chickens, which they half cook and eat with a relish, and pronounce the victuals "bully."

The Mosquito's Machinery.

A writer in the London Sportsman thus describes a mosquito as seen under a microscope; It appears that in the "bill" of the little beast alone there are no fewer than 5 distinct surgical instruments. These are described as a lance, two neat saws, a suction pump, and a small Cortiss engine. It appears that when a "skeeter" settles down to his work upon a nice tender portion of the human frame, the lance is first pushed into the flesh then the two saws, placed back to back, begin to work up and down to enlarge the hole, then the pump is inserted, and the victim's blood is siphoned up to the reservoir carried behind and finally, to complete cruelty of the performances, the wretch drops a quantity of poison into the wound to keep it irritated. The diminutive fiend takes a fly around just to digest your gore, and makes tracks for a fresh victim, or if the first has been of unusual good quality he returns to the same happy hunting ground. The mosquito's marvelous energy, combined with his portable operating chest, makes him at once a terror and a pest.—Ex.

A FAMOUS GUERRILLA.

Some Newly-Developed Facts in the Wild Life of Quantrell.

(Cumberland (Md.) Letter to the Philadelphia Times.)

In talking with an old citizen of Cumberland he assured me that Quantrell, the notorious guerrilla chieftain of Missouri, at one time lived in this town, Quantrell, for over a year before the close of the war was repudiated by the Confederate Government. He then raised the black flag and he took no prisoners. He perpetrated the most fiendish act in the history of the war—the massacre at Lawrence, Kas. On this occasion he took the town by surprise and actually murdered every man in the city that could be found. I think the number was 180. When a Southern lady upbraided him with this act he coolly said "he wanted to kill Jim Lane, who lived there, and as he hadn't the honor of his acquaintance, he killed all the men he could catch." He pursued General Blunt and bodyguard across the prairies for over fifty miles and killed 92 out of 103 men at that time. At Sedalia he captured a train loaded with wounded soldiers and ordered them all to be shot, which was done, the late Jesse James taking an active interest in the horrible affair, killing it is said, with his own hands eighteen men. I met a man some years ago in Ohio who told me privately he belonged to Quantrell's gang. He said he was a finely-formed, handsome man, with a pleasant, soft voice. He was, "in truth, as soft a mannered man as ever cut throat or scuttled a ship."

I have traced this man's history carefully. As to the place of his birth it is uncertain. When very young he came to Washington county, Maryland, and there married a lady of beauty and excellent family. At this time he read and studied much, taking a deep interest in literature, especially poetry and novels. After living happily over a year with his wife, becoming embarrassed, he took the benefit of the bankrupt act, was arrested on charge of fraudulent insolvency, and placed in jail. His devoted wife shared his confinement during the six months in which he remained in jail awaiting trial. Upon final trial he was acquitted.

But after this there began to appear on the surface some of the tigerish element which lurked in his system. He went to St. Louis, was arrested there; his wife, still loving and cleaving to him, effected a compromise by which he was released. Then he went to Cincinnati, but got into trouble, and taking his wife with him he repaired to New Orleans. Here, for the first time, it appears, he began to abuse his faithful wife. He became desperate, too, and shamefully neglected her. Her illness called him back apparently to old-time kindness and tenderness; he abandoned the use of liquor and started to take her back to her home in Maryland.

She revived in spirit, and with renewed happiness was looking for the return to the home of her childhood. But while on the Mississippi river on their way home he committed a forgery on a Cincinnati bank. He was again put in jail—this time in Cincinnati. After seven anxious months his devoted wife secured his release on bail, which he forfeited. He then deserted her and she returned home. But she soon heard of him near Hagerstown, Md., where he managed to commit another forgery, but escaped conviction. Not long after he was convicted of forgery in Pennsylvania, at the earnest solicitation of her relatives and friends, procured a divorce. When Quantrell heard this he made furious threats against her. Upon his release from prison he quickly married a Philadelphia woman, but in a few weeks was arrested for forgery and was sentenced for some years.

Mrs. Quantrell then married Mr. A. Covlow. She was still young, for Quantrell had managed to commit all these crimes in less than twelve years, and she married when she was only eighteen. She took up her residence with her second husband in Cumberland, in 1848, and they were both highly esteemed. The 5th day of March, 1849, she was sitting alone in her sitting-room in the hotel, of which her husband was proprietor, just as the evening train came in. A servant soon after showed a pleasant-looking gentleman up to her room, who had just arrived on the train. As soon as with a smile he dismissed the servant he entered the room and immediately locked the door, and to her horror and despair Mrs. Covlow saw that it was her first husband, Quantrell. She immediately screamed as loud as she could for help, for there was murder in his eye and he told her her hour had come. He caught her by the throat, threw her down on the floor, placed his knee on her breast, and attempted to shoot her; providentially the pistol missed fire. Just as he was in the act of drawing a murderous knife several stalwart gentlemen broke through the door, having heard her screams, and rushed in. They caught him and bound him, before he could further harm the beautiful woman

who had been in the days gone by as an angel of mercy to him.

He was convicted and sentenced at the next term of the court. His manners and appearance were so pleasant that he captured the hearts of his jailers, and was permitted more favors than any other prisoner; in fact, acting a sort of assistant jailer. He was pardoned in 1851 by the Governor on condition that he would leave the State and never return. The man I met at Middletown, O., who belonged to Quantrell's command, said that Quantrell told him he had been married six times, and "always to pretty women of good families," and he laughingly added, "I believe they are all living now." This was in 1864. He said also, that Quantrell asked him to guess his age, for he was still a young looking man, not looking over thirty-five at the most, and he said: "I never tell my age; but you have not come within ten years of it."

Even during the time he was committing some horrible atrocities, in his moments of leisure he would enjoy the reading of books and magazines, and was accustomed to borrow such things from houses near where he camped, if he dared let his presence be known. Cool and polished as any gentleman in the land, he was cruel, crafty and determined, so that, though he commanded the most desperate, dissolute set of outlaws ever collected together, they obeyed his lightest commands with promptitude. His only punishment was sudden death.

"Why," said this man who had belonged to his gang when I spoke of what a dangerous man Jesse James must have been, "why, Jesse James was nothing to him; he would have been a king-bee among a thousand men braver than Jesse James."

There have been some doubts as to when or where Quantrell was killed, or even that he is dead, but my informant, who had the means of knowing, says he was killed undoubtedly in Kentucky in 1855. I have the names by which he passed at several times during his career, but for obvious reason do not care to publish them. One, however, has already been published, which he long assumed—Dr. Hayne.

Piles, Piles, Piles.

Can be entirely cured by the use of Ethiopian Pile Ointment. For sale by J. R. Armistead, Gish & Garner and G. E. Gaither. Try a bottle. If

KENTUCKY KNOWLEDGE.

Frank Madley hung himself, in Adair county.

Williamsburg boasts the possession of her first boot-black.

John Krolle, a carpenter, fell from a roof and was killed, at Covington.

Kelsey Snow, a brakeman of Bowling Green, was killed by the cars.

The Gleaner says 7,000 people attended the Madisonville Fair the last day.

The Dawson Rippings will be issued as the Princeton Sun after the 14th.

Robt. Cunningham and Geo. Booker, in for stealing, broke jail at Shelbyville.

Jas. Hanlon of Shelby county, took strychnine through mistake and killed himself.

The Louisville Times celebrates its semi-anniversary by taking on a new, plain head.

W. B. Land, aged 16, and Alice Payne, aged 15, were married in Lincoln county.

Thos. Evans, an old and prominent citizen, fell dead of apoplexy at Russellville.

At Nicholasville, Mont. Carroll, col. killed his wife with a heavy boot, crushing her skull.

C. C. Givens, editor of the Gleaner was robbed of \$100 by a pickpocket at the Madisonville Fair.

J. Smith Lindsey, a farmer, was killed by a falling piece of timber, while passing his barn, in Bourbon county.

David Chapman, the first white male child born south of Green river in Kentucky, died in Bowling Green Oct. 28, aged 93 years.

Mrry Cross, a colored woman in the Covington jail, who undertook to starve herself, weakened at the end of 35 days and called for oyster soup.

Ansell Goff was killed by one of a charaviri party in Mercer county who fired an unloaded gun at him "just for fun." The wedding passed through his body producing a mortal wound.

At Cynthiana, W. H. Wilson raffled his premium mare, Lady De Jannette, record 2:26 1/2. There were 500 chances at \$10 a chance. She was won by Mr. Hodgins, of Walton, Boone county, Ky.

The following officers for the ensuing year were elected by the Grand Lodge of Odd Fellows in session at Louisville last week:

Grand Master—J. M. Bigger, of Ingleside Lodge, No. 195, Paducah.

Deputy Grand Master—D. L. Cunningham, of Centurian Lodge, No. 103, Williamstown.

Grand Warden—R. M. Anderson, of Green River Lodge, No. 54, Hopkville.

Grand Secretary—William White, of Boone Lodge, No. 1, Louisville.

Grand Treasurer—Geo. W. Morris, of Azur Lodge, No. 25, Louisville.

Grand Representative to Sovereign Grand Lodge—John C. Underwood, of Eolian Lodge, No. 51, Covington.

Grand Chaplain—Robert Skene, of No. 25.

Grand Marshal—R. G. Elliott, of No. 31.

Grand Guardian—William Grief, of No. 21.

Grand Messenger—John B. Hinkle, of No. 4.

Grand Herald—C. C. Rensford, of No. 25.

Grand Conductor—H. R. Mitchell, of No. 74.

The "Society Column."

Louisville Commercial.

It was only eight or ten years ago that what is called the "society column" of American newspapers was established. It was intended to chronicle the coming and going of persons well known in society, whose movements were of interest to many others, who, like themselves, possessed leisure, wealth and cultivation enough to make the pursuit of social pleasures part of the occupation of life. It became in due time a very popular department of the newspaper. It is not only that people like to see their names pleasantly in print, but there is a decided value in the society column just as there is in the market reports. As the merchant finds in the latter all the fluctuations in prices of the goods he sells, so the reader in society finds in the former all the changes in the social circle, the new-comers to reside, the visitors, the absentees and what they are all doing. Those persons who affect not to like what they are pleased to term "newspaper notoriety" are mere hypocrites.

There is no "notoriety" in a pleasant paragraphic mention, and if the column is edited with discrimination and taste it is like the social chat one hears at the clubs or in the drawing-rooms. Of course, there are times when awkward things creep in, just as people say awkward things in society, and occasionally shoddy and pretensions people succeed in using it to advertise themselves into an apparent prominence which they do not possess. These things are the imperfections that exist in everything and can only be eliminated by the slow development and elevation of the department.

"I'm not in politics this year, but I'll take the stump all the same," said a tramp, going down into the gutter for a half-smoked cigar.—Merchant Traveler.

Arsenic Pills by the Pint.

J. A. Small, a Gainesville, Ga., merchant, says: "For years I was a victim to the combined effects of Erysipelas and an aggravated type of Eczema, that baffled all medical skill. I consulted the very best physicians in the United States to no good purpose. I gave every patent medicine that was recommended a faithful trial and received no benefit. I took large quantities of potash and a pint cup full of arsenic pills. The patent medicine, pills, and potash mixtures fed instead of curing the disease. They destroyed my appetite and wrecked my system—I lost flesh and energy—I lost three years from my business and spent \$2,000 in a fruitless effort to gain my health. At last, when I began to consider my case hopeless, I commenced taking S. S. S., and in a short time, I was entirely cured. I waited a year after a cure was effected, and continued to take Swift's Specific off and on as a sort of safeguard, before I was willing to make public this marvelous cure. Being assured beyond the possibility of a doubt that the cure was permanent, I wrote the history of my case for the benefit of my fellow-men. My skin is now as smooth as it was when a boy. I weigh more than I ever did in my life, and my general health was never better. I passed through last winter (which was an unusually cold one), without losing a single day from my business. For the last twelve months I have had no return or the erysipelas in any shape or form, or any touch of eczema."

NEW GROCERY STORE,

CHAS. MCKEE & CO., Props.,
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-'84-17.

Jno. W. Breathitt, Jr.

HAS ALWAYS ON HAND A
First-Class Stock
—OF—
GROCERIES!
AND WILL SELL SO THAT ALL CAN LIVE.
Give Him a Trial!
AND YOU WILL BE PLEASED WITH HIS GOODS AND PRICES.
Corner Clay & Nashville Streets,

McCamy, Bonte & Co.,

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 DONE.
[Nov. 23, '83-84]

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

DR. SAMUEL HODGE'S ALTERATIVE COMPOUND SASSAPARILLA

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 Appetizer 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 HODGE, Corner Broad and Summer streets, Nashville, Tenn. Price \$1.00 per Bottle, or 6 bottles for \$5.

TELEPHONE NO. 336.

For sale by J. R. Armistead, G. E. Gaither and Gish & Garner, Hopkville, Kentucky.

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 best preparation I ever used. It will give almost immediate relief and will finally effect a permanent cure.

Edw. A. FRELAND, Formerly of Gallatin, now of Bren, Phillips & Co., Nashville, Tenn.

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CORNER BROAD AND SUMMER STREETS,
NASHVILLE, TENN.

For the benefit of the afflicted, these medicines are sold at
J. R. ARMISTEAD'S, G. E. GAITHER'S, and GISH & GARNER'S,
MAIN ST., HOPKINSVILLE KY.