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The Bad Boy.

[Peck's Sun.]

"I guess the neighbors will be mighty glad when you folks go off to Florida," said the groceryman to the bad boy as he came in with a linen duster on, and stamped the snow off his feet. "Such carryings on as you had in church last Sunday night. The minister was in here this morning and he says he don't know what to think of your family. He says your pa was taken with hydrophobia in church, and frothed at the mouth, and barked like a dog, and the deacons had to take him out and sit down on him. What did it mean, and what in thunder you got on a linen duster for in the middle of winter?"

"I am wearing this duster to get accustomed to it. When we go south we shall have to wear palm-leaf clothes all the time," and the bad boy wrapped the tails of the duster around his cold legs and backed up to the coal stove. "But you'd a dide if you had been in our pew Sunday night. You see I was reading in a paper about how the senators in Washington amuse themselves, and there was a story about Wade Hampton's joke on Senator Garland. Hampton eats caramels, and Garland always comes along and takes caramels off Hampton's desk, and so t'oth er day Hampton took a piece of brown soap and whittled it just the size of a caramel and wrapped it in a glazed paper and laid it on his desk, and Garland eat it. It tickled me, and I thought of pa in a minute. When we go to church pa gets nervous, cause he can't smoke, and he always wants to be chewing something, and as I always have some candy or something in my pocket, pa reaches in my pocket on the sly, when he is watching the minister, gets a gum drop or something, and chews all through meeting. I don't think it is right for an old man to chew in meeting, anyway. So I took a piece of soap and fixed it just as Senator Hampton did, and put it in the pocket next to pa. In the other pocket I had some sure enough caramels, 'cause I did not want to get the soap myself. I was chewing right along, and pa stood it until the minister gave out the sociable notices, and prayed, and when we stood up to sing pa he nudged me for candy. I was busy finding which song they was singing, 'cause they all look alike in the hymn book, and when they got on the last verse pa nudged me again, and I kind of winked my left eye and glanced down toward my pocket, and pa he had his hand in there quickern a wink, and he got the brown soap caramel and had it in his mouth in no time, and then the choir got to the home stretch, as pa says, and we sat down. I guess pa bit right through the soap the first round, for he snorted and said 'yah,' and I guess that was what they thought sounded as though he barked like a dog. Everybody looked at pa, so he couldn't spit out the soap, and he held on to it. An old maid that sits in front of us turned right around and looked at pa as though he was a dime museum curiosity, and she never took her eyes off of him. I think a woman ought to keep her eyes off a man long enough to let him spit out a chunk of soap. Well, you ought to have seen me look at the minister when he gave out the text. Our folks always complain 'cause I don't remember the text, so I was bound to commit it to memory if I busted. I dassent look at pa for fear I would snort out right out, but I peeped out of the corner of my eye, and he turned red and white and blue, and he tried to keep from swollowing the soap suds. I thought I should catnip and quill-wheel, right there on the floor. Pretty soon the soap suds and foam began to show on pa's lip and moustache, and he looked offul I tell you. Everybody was looking at him, and the minister stopped and looked over his spectacles, and just then pa couldn't stand it no longer, and he got up and said 'Yah' and walked over some of my feet and got out in the aisle and he walked toward the vestibule real fast like a man in a hurry to get somewhere, and the soap was making lather enough to shave with, and his upper lip was covered, and everybody looked at him. The deacons followed him out, and the ushers got there just as he began to throw lather on the carpet, and he coughed and sputtered, and they thought he was mad for sure, and they grabbed hold of his arms, and as he struggled to get his hand in his coat tail for his handkerchief they said, 'Don't let him bite you—don't let him get hold of his revolver!' and they scuffled till pa could get the taste out of his mouth so he could speak, and then he said it was all right, he had eaten a caramel and didn't know it was loaded. Then all was quiet, and the minister went on with the sermon, and pa went to the hydrant and turned the hose on his mouth, and after awhile he came in and sat on a back seat, and after church I didn't see him. I hain't seen him yet, 'cause I asked him before church if I couldn't go and stay all night with my chum, and he said I could. If you was in my place how would you explain that soap business to pa? I don't want to deceive him and tell a lie. I guess I will tell him 'it is believed to be the work of an incendiary,' and then run. Well I must go out and get acclimated to this linen ulster, before we go to Florida," and the bad boy went out on a hop, skip and jump, while the groceryman looked at him as though he would like to murder him in cold blood.

Lost One Bride, But Captured Another on the Spot.

[From the Hartford Times.]

A couple of our folks tell of a wedding they went to in their younger days, when the expected-to-be bride astonished the wedding party by answering, when the minister asked her if she would take this man to be her lawfully wedded husband, "No I won't. I am not going to marry him," saying which she walked off without giving any cause for the act. The clergyman, amazed, turned to the groom, who had already assented to take her to be his lawfully wedded wife, and asked in a tone of embarrassment, "What can I do?" The groom, nothing daunted, spoke up "Is there a woman in the room who will marry me?" A modest, pretty woman, about twenty years of age, with bowed head and blushing cheeks, stepped forward, the groom met her with a smile, led her to the clergyman, and in five minutes from the time of the interruption they were made man and wife. It proved to be a good match.

OBITUARY.

On February 11th, at 3 P. M., Charley Watkins yielded to the summons, took his flight beyond to a better world. A young man who had just ushered into manhood, full of promise beautified with every characteristic the make up of a gentleman, he sought at all times to render his associates happy and contented. Sorely afflicted for several months, yet he bore his afflictions with fortitude; he passed away as quietly as the morning's dew. His demise fills the entire community with grief and sorrow. Every attention and comfort was given by his aged christian father and mother as well as friends. It is really a sore affliction to his father and mother, who are left to grieve for the loss of so promising and noble a young man. The writer of this can but shed a tear over the death of so kind and generous a gentleman. No young man ever developed more good traits and qualities than did Charley Watkins. "Whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth" early in life. His parents receive my greatest sympathy. MACK.

CHURCH HILL.

ED. SOUTH KENTUCKIAN:

I note in a recent number of the SOUTH KENTUCKIAN your Newstead correspondent J. D. C. writing urging the importance of good roads. It is a lamentable fact that the citizens of Christian county are very much behind in progress and I fear they will not realize until too late, the importance of a little thrift upon their part. Good roads make in part good homes. They build up the county towns, they enrich the farmers, they lend to all branches of industry. Thereby contributing to our home wealth and prosperity. There are some who oppose every spirit of public enterprise, but this is not the age for that class. Fossils should be laid upon the shelves with relics of the past and give place to those representing a new era. I hope for the sake of the county as well as for the convenience of the traveling public that ere long every important thoroughfare will be put under contract for macadamizing either by taxation or Stock Companies. If it is a county undertaking we share the advantages alike. If it be a private enterprise we pay for the benefit we derive there from. We may be sure of one thing and that is this new line of railroad being put through, and Hopkinsville will find a very large part of its tobacco, its wheat and its trade generally, will have gone to other points. I repeat unless measure, very active measures are taken, before two years Hopkinsville will wake up some morning and find that it has been stripped of its best plumage. Let us have the pikes. Hopkinsville and the county will then wear the face of prosperity, manufacturing enterprises of all kinds will speedily follow, our merchants will do a large business, our warehousemen will be encouraged, our town will take on new life, all classes of trade will be benefited in a measure never experienced before. Let each businessman feel it incumbent upon him to make an effort, it is of vital interest to all.

Mr. John McReynolds has closed his school at Church Hill Academy. All the patrons were highly pleased with his system of teaching. Good luck to him. Church Hill is sadly, in need of a good, well organized, well managed school. We are at the junction of three Districts, none of which support a good school, but if all three could be concentrated at this point we would have a school that would justify the employment of several good and thoroughly qualified teachers, to say nothing of the scholars from a distance. I have been informed that $1,200.00 have been subscribed with a donation of one acre of land, why not begin with the amount subscribed and if the enterprise prove a success it will be an easy matter to add two or three more departments. I hope the matter may be considered by all interested and pushed through at an early day.

Quite a number from this neighborhood are attending the New Orleans Exposition. Ous very efficient constable Mr. Gordon Hanbery, after a stay of some weeks in Texas, returned with his family last week. We hope he may find all here that he could ask or expected else where.

W.

A Druggist for 25 Years.

AUBURN, ALA., Sept. 8, 1884—I am an old pharmacist, and have had to do largely with blood diseases for over twenty-five years. I have dealt in all kinds of blood purifiers, and do not hesitate to say that Swift's Specific is the best and has given more general satisfaction than any other I have ever handled. Swift's Specific is an excellent tonic, and as an antidote for malaria has no superior. Many ladies are using it as a tonic for general debility, and find it the most satisfactory one ever used. I have been dealing in Swift's Specific for five years or more, and am satisfied that I do not place too high an estimate upon its merits.

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no. 14-1m.

Re-Prints.

The balloon that will not go up is not good for ascent.

Business men, as well as religious men, should beware of false prophets.

If you would be wealthy, get upon a mule. You will soon find you are better off.

A man's domestic relations don't bother him half so much as the relations of his domestics.

A patient said of his doctor, "He gave me so much medicine that I was sick a long time after I got well."

A physician recently advised his patient to "live in the sun." The invalid wonders how he is to get there.

A boy's school out West has only two attendants. The mumps has recently swelled that number somewhat.

It was an Irish lover who said, "It was a great comfort to be left alone, especially when your sweetheart was with you."

"How do you know when a cyclone is coming," asked a stranger of an Iowian. "Oh! we get wind of it," was the reply.

Among the most blessed of all contrivances of nature is that which prevents a man from being disturbed by his own snoring.

An ex-editor in Saginaw, Michigan, has become a barber. He wields the scissors as fluently as ever, but does more head-work now.

In commending a new burial casket, an editor assured his readers that no person who had tried one of them would ever use any other.

An exchange advises an inquirer as follows: "Don't buy a coach in order to please your wife, it is much cheaper to make her a little sulky."

An inquirer asks: What has given women the reputation of being such great talkers?" We don't know unless it is her mouth.—Exchange.

Many of our city girls fail to follow the poet's admonition: "Learn to labor and to wait." They have learned to wait but not to labor.

A man had an attack of epilepsy in a tailor's shop, whereupon the rival tailor opposite remarked that "'twas the first fit they had ever had there."

It is said that life is like a harness. It has traces of care, lines of trouble, bits of good fortune, bridled tongues, and all have a tug to pull through.

"There's something in this cigar that makes me sick," said a little boy to his sister. "I know what it is," responded the little girl, "it's tobacker!"

"I'd like to know when you are going to pay me that bill you owe me. I've run as long as I propose to." "Well, let the bill run a little while now, please."

An acquaintance of the other sex remarked to a woman: "I never heard of seven devils being cast out of a man." "No," was the reply; "they've got them yet."

An exchange says that "the man or woman who has never loved, hugged, kissed, played with, listened to, told stories to, or thoroughly spanked a child, has missed the cardinal joys of life."

A mathematical question. A gentleman while crossing the Brooklyn bridge met a beggar to whom he gave fifteen cents. He soon met another to whom he gave ten cents. What time of day was it? Answer—A quarter to two.

A student at Wesleyan College recently described a pillar of their auditorium which had been wound with an American flag, as a barber's pole—"emblematic," he said, "of the close shave some of the graduates had to get through."

"What do think of my mustache?" asked a young man of his lady friend. Oh! it reminds me of a western frontier city," was the answer. "In what respect, pray?" „Because the survey is large enough, but the settlers are straggling."

"Will you pull the bell?" she asked of a man across the aisle as the car reached the corner. "No, madam," he answered, with a bow; "but I will be most happy to pull the strap which rings the bell." Ah! but never mind! The strap is connected with two bells, and you might stop the wrong end of the car."

"Edward, what do I hear?—that you have disobeyed your grandmother, who told you just now not to jump down these steps?" "Grandma didn't tell us not to, papa; she only came to the door and said. 'I wouldn't jump down those steps, boys;' and I shouldn't think she would—an old lady like her."

The I. A. & T.

[Tobacco Leaf.]

Yesterday the first passenger train on the I. A. & T. R. R. running on schedule and for the transaction of general business, passed between this city and Kennedy, the station three-fourths of a mile from Hensleytown, Ky., and in future, a train will run daily, Sundays excepted, between these points. A time-table will be found in the proper place on the first page.

Kennedy, at present the terminus of the road, is fourteen miles from Clarksville. The station was named in honor of Mr. D. N. Kennedy, of this city, who is one of the largest subscribers to the road and has been one of its staunchest friends. At present there is only one station between Kennedy and Clarksville. This is Glenellen, ten miles out, on the farm of Maj. Thos. Henry. Glenellen was named for Miss Ellie Henry, the Major's oldest daughter.

There is now a force of fifty men engaged on the road, and track laying, which has been greatly retarded by the severe weather, is being pushed rapidly and Maj. Gordon expects to have the cars running to Garrettsburg by the 1st of March.

Frank Leslie's Sunday Magazine For March.

Begins a new serial story entitled, "What she Made of Her Life," especially written for its pages by Mrs. Lydia Hoyt Farmer, of Cleveland Ohio. This story will continue for about eight months. A notably interesting and timely article is "Alaska, Past, Present and Future," with eight characteristic illustrations. Musical readers will be much gratified with "The Message of Music to Man," Meyerbeer, Lindpaidter and Volkmann in "The Sacred Musicians Series," "The Bach Bi-centennial," "The Music of The Rose of Sharon," and "Mr. Gladstone on Sacred Music." Dr. F. W. Conrad, of the Lutheran Observer, is the representative religious journalist depicted in this number. "Buddhist Worship and Liturgy" is an exceedingly interesting article, and many will be interested in "Beaconsfield and Gladstone," in which these two English statesmen are compared and contrasted. Dr. Talmage has a characteristic sermon, "From Dungeon to Palace," on the subject of Joseph, the same subject is treated in the "Glances at Bible History." There are many other good articles and poems, and fine illustrations, which we have not the space to particularize. Published by Mrs. Frank Leslie, 53, 55 and 57 Park Place, New York, at 25 cents a number, or $2.50 a year postpaid.

Clearing off Timber.

BY PARMENAS MIX.

A few weeks ago, wearied with my editorial duties, I lay my pen aside and went on a visit to my uncle, who owns a farm in a distant state. I am partial to rural life. Nothing would suit me better than to own a farm in the country. I hardly think a farm in the city would do. The horse cars might run over your cows and the policeman break into your corn-crib and steal your corn.

Well, my uncle received me with open arms. Said he: "Parmenas, those heavy editorials that you wrote me were creating such a profound sensation in Europe are wearing you out. Better look out, my boy, and not strain your brain too much—the top of your head may fly off some day."

I enjoyed myself very much at Uncle Jim's. Nothing was too good for me—at least I thought so—and time slipped away very pleasantly. As cold weather approached the bracing air seemed to fill me with a desire to exercise my muscles, so one morning I remarked to Uncle Jim: "Say, haven't you got some timber you want cleared off this winter? I'm an excellent chopper, and to see the chips fly and the giant oak fall crashing to the earth always fills one with unbounded delight. (Once, while in the army, I hacked down a few small cedars for firewood) Uncle Jim immediately got me an axe and piloted me to the worst looking piece of timber I had ever seen. Most of the trees were four feet in diameter, and the undergrowth was as thick as the hair on a dog. Besides there was an intricate network of wild grapevines woven in among the trees. Uncle Jim said: "There, my boy, amuse yourself," and left me.

After an hour's arduous toil I made a clearing around one of the largest oaks, spit on my hands and sailed in. I managed to get through the bark after awhile, and then sat down and gasped for breath, I know now why a man's ribs are built so substantially; it's to keep wood-choppers' hearts from jumping through their breasts and bouncing off into the woods.

When night came I had made a hole in the tree about the size of the first cut in a cheese, and I felt next morning as if I had been run over by all the artillery and cavalry in the United States service.

I was three days felling that tree. I cut all around the confounded thing and then tried to push it down, but it stood there as firm as the proprietor of a one price store. I went to the house and secretly got an old rip-saw, and tried that on awhile, but no go. Another hour's superhuman efforts with the axe, however, made the stubborn old fellow topple and crack, and the next instant he fell with a crash that shook the earth from Maine to the Gulf of Mexico. It fell across a new eight-rail fence and killed a cow that was grazing on the other side—killed her as dead as a cove oyster. I then sat down on a stump and shed the first solid tears I had shed in sixteen years. To think that I should toil and sweat and swear for three whole days just to knock $50 out of my dear Uncle Jim's pocket!

I went sorrowfully to the house, and when the old gentleman came in he said: "Well how are you getting along?" "Got that big tree down," I replied. "Which way did it fall?" asked Uncle Jim. "Downwards," I answered, "and smashed four panels of fencing and gave an old spotted cow such a rap that her cud flew fifty feet. There's nothing salable about her now but her hide and horns; deduct the price of those and charge the rest to me."

Uncle Jim sank into a chair, leaned his head upon his hands, groaned dismally, and sighed, "Poor Spot!" Aunt Susan covered her face with her apron and, sobbed, Poor old Spotty!" The children also set up a wail of lamentation. I was forced to go into the kitchen and take a smoke of the old man's tobacco to hide my emotion. Presently he came in and said: "Well, there's no use crying over spilled milk" (it was spilled milk in this instance, sure enough); "you can go right on and clean off that timber, work the trunks up into cord-wood and fence rails and the tops into firewood, and we'll say no more about it."

"No, uncle," I feelingly replied, "that would be too slight a remuneration; you must receive a more generous reward. I'll send you my paper for twenty-five years at $2 a year." The next morning I came home. There's a coolness now existing between Uncle Jim and me.

I Feel Better.

How cheerful a man looks when he is saying these words! And what a delightful thing it is to help to make him feel better! And what a privilege to know that ten thousand people all over the United States are today saying, "I feel better," because they have been taking Brown's Iron Bitters! Mrs. J. A. Edson of 38 Medford St., Chelsea, Mass., writes that she suffered with kidney disease and blood troubles, and that she used 3 bottles of Brown,s Iron Bitters. As the result of this treatment she says, "I feel better than I have for a long time, and I believe I am cured."

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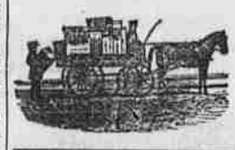

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