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irregularities in their sex, or
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is beautiful, all but her skin; and nobody has ever told her how easy it is to put beauty on the skin. Beauty on the skin is Magnolia Balm.

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GRAY & YOUNG'S
Shaving Bazar
IS ON MAIN STREET, OVER
LANG BELL'S SALOON.
They would be pleased to wait on
all who may call on them.

The Threatened War Between England and Russia.

ALEXANDER III.
Emperor of Russia.

The potentate whose portrait is here presented rules ninety millions of people with the hand of an autocrat. He is the eldest son of Alexander II, the ruler assassinated by his subjects on March 13, 1881. Alexander III has not yet attained the prime of manly strength and ability. He was born March 10, 1845. Great pains were taken with his education in 1866 he married the Princess Maria Dagmar, a younger sister of the Princess of Wales, daughter of Charles IX., King of Denmark, and sister of George I., King of Greece. His bride, who had been a Lutheran previously, joined the Greek Church, of which the Czar of Russia is the head, and was named Maria Feodorovna.

Upon the death of his father, Alexander, of course became Emperor of his piece. It was not until May 27, 1881, that he was crowned Czar of all the Russias, and he was seldom seen by his subjects before that date, keeping himself shut up in order to avoid the fate which had overtaken his predecessor. On the day of his coronation, however, he manifested the manly confidence and courage in his relation with the people, which have characterized him since. His reign has been quiet as uneventful as regards domestic events. The reforms looked for by sanguine Russians with preference for a constitutional form of government have not been granted; and it appears that Nihilism, if not checked, has not grown since its murder of the Czar's honored father. In its foreign policy the empire under Alexander II has been amicable towards both Germany and Austria, its powerful neighbors, but aggressive in the direction towards India, England's rich and coveted possession. Russian armies have by gradual encroachments, reached the geographical point presenting the difficulty as to where should be the exact line between the territory of Afghanistan, which is the occasion of the present trouble between England and Russia. While the policy of Russia is aggressive, that of England is defensive, intent on keeping "the lion" as far away from her Indian frontier as possible.

Alexander III and his gay and amiable partner are the parents of five children. The Grand Duke Nicholas, heir apparent, was born May 18, 1868; the Grand Duke George, May 10, 1871; the Grand Duchess Xenia, April 18, 1876; the Grand Duke Michael, December 5, 1878, and the Grand Duchess Olga, June 13, 1882. There is no danger of the extinction of the Imperial stock of Russia.

Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly

For May deals largely with original and timely articles. It opens with an article by W. A. Cronin, the well-known newspaper correspondent, entitled "The Birth of a New Party." Alvan S. Southworth describes "The New State of Congo," and its importance to the trade and commerce of the world. The Egyptian question comes in for its share in the article on Col. F. G. Burnaby, with portraits of Burnaby and his wife views of his home and scenes in his career. Popular science is provided in "A Feather," by Dr. Hans Gadov, with fifteen illustrations showing a feather in every possible form and stage of development. The story element is well kept up. Garrett Walker's serial, "The Death Mark," reaches its thirty-third chapter, and there are six short stories. "Brant shooting at Cape Cod," by Orville Deane, will please the sportsmen; the article on "Deaf mutes" the philanthropist; "In the Alsatian Mountains," by Katherine Lee, the traveler; and "The Vegetable Wonder of Mexico," by Emily Pierce, the botanist. All these articles are illustrated, some of the pictures being very beautiful. There are several poems of considerable merit, and numerous short articles, interesting and timely. Published by Mrs. FRANK LESLIE, 53, 55 and 57 Park Place, New York.

It is a curious fact that one of the most famous poems in our language appeared originally in a magazine that seldom touches poetry at all, and the same periodical, after an interval of sixty-six years, now brings out another poem very similar in theme. Bryant's "Thanatopsis" was first printed in the North American Review, for September, 1817. The May number of the review, just out, has a poem by Robert Buchanan on "The New Buddha." The critics found fault with Mr. Bryant's poem on the ground that it was un-Christian; it remains to be seen what they will say of Mr. Buchanan's. The question, "Has Christianity Benefited Woman?" is ably discussed in this number by Mrs. Elizabeth Cady Stanton and Bishop J. L. Spalding. President J. L. Pickard writes on "Why Crime is Increasing." The David Dudley Field on "Industrial Co-operation," while Prof. Andrew F. West, of Princeton, contributes an article of great clearness and strength on "What is Academic Freedom?" James Pavn, the English novelist, discusses "Success in Fiction," and T. F. Thelston Dyer "Superstition in English Life." The new department of Comments keeps well up to the standard with which it started.

The Bad Boy.

[Peck's Sun.]
"What's these things?" asked the bad boy of the groceryman, as he pointed contemptuously at a box of oranges in front of the store.

"Florida oranges," said the groceryman. "I should think you would know Florida oranges, after being in Florida all winter. What's the matter with them, anyway?"
"Oh, nothing, but I thought they were wilted base-balls with the juice all knocked out. Pa telephoned you to send up some Florida oranges last night, and we had them for breakfast this morning. I had just as soon eat a piece of sponge. Say, do you know you could be arrested for obtaining money under false pretenses, when you sell such things for Florida oranges? You can't fool us on oranges any more. The real Florida oranges are—"

"Oh, give us a real," said the groceryman. "You are getting too particular. If these oranges don't suit you, all you have got to do is to pay your bill and go somewhere else. People who have always lived here buy these oranges and think they are the best, and I don't want any customers that kick on my oranges. Here, eat that one and say it is good, or I will kick nine kinds of Florida sand out of your pants;" and the groceryman handed the boy an orange of the vintage of 1884. The boy took out a little silver knife and began to remove the peeling carefully, laying a handkerchief across his lap, and was working as delicately as a surgeon would cut out a cancer, when the groceryman, after watching a few minutes said:

"This time has been when you would grab an orange, rip open the side and run your face in clear up to your eyes, and dig out all the juice and pulp, like a hog shelling an ear of corn, and then eat the skin, but since you have been to Florida you are too nice. Look out, or you will get a drop of juice on your delicate fingers. Here, let me pass the finger bowl," and the groceryman brought an old tin waste-bowl full of soap suds and set it down in front of the boy, who went on with his orange peeling, until the groceryman saw he could not embarrass the youth, so he said, "Well, how did your pa get along with the rebels down south? Did he have any chance to pull his revolver on any of them? He was loaded for bear when he went away."

"Never saw a rebel," said the boy, as he placed a piece of the orange in his mouth. "There ain't any rebels down south, unless it is Jeff. Davis, and we did see Jeff. Pa wanted to get in a quarrel with some old rebel, I guess, and get thumped, so he could have a chance to be a martyr, and tell when he got home what a narrow escape he had. When he would see a man on the cars with a slouch hat on, after we got into Tennessee, he would scrape an acquaintance with him, and talk about the war. The first man he struck looked hard and pa thought the man was a regular fire-eater, and he threw out some remarks to lead him on, but pretty soon pa left the man and come back to where I sat. I was tickled to see pa back, 'cause I expected the floor of the car would be covered with gore. Pa looked disgusted, and said, 'He ain't no rebel. He is from Massachusetts, and runs a soap-factory at Chatham, N. Y.' Pa couldn't realize that the man was over when he went south, and expected that when the people found that he was from the north, they would elbow him, or look sassy, like the pictures he had seen during the war. He expected to see young southerners come through the cars, drunk and swagging, with revolvers, like he reads in the papers sometimes, but nothing of the kind ever occurred, and pa was disappointed. At Atlanta pa got acquainted with a nice old gentleman, who did him several favors, and he was so kind to pa that pa was mashed on him, and invited him to come and see us up north, and before pa left him he found that his friend commanded a confederate battery during the war. Pa was surprised to find that those who were called rebels twenty years ago did not have horns on. Well, after that pa never looked for any more rebels, but he had many of the best people of Georgia, Tennessee, South Carolina and Florida, and when he found that most of them were once confederate soldiers, who believed they were doing right in defending their homes, pa weakened. The last I heard pa say on the rebel question was when he was a guest of a minister near Charleston. The minister was a regular nobleman, and when he told pa he was a rebel during the war, and recited to pa a history of the times preceding the war, and how it was as natural for southern people to take the side of the confederacy as it was for northern people to take the other side, pa slapped the minister on the leg and said, 'Well, if I had lived in the south I'd been a rebel, too, and demme if I wouldn't have been proud of it, too, the same as you fellows are.' I thought pa was falling from grace, and I told him we better be starting home, but he said he didn't care if he stayed all summer. 'No, sir,' said the boy, as he finished the orange and looked up at the groceryman, 'as mean a man as you are, you could travel through the south and never be in any danger at all, unless they should hang you on suspicion, and they would be just as liable to do that in the north.'"

The groceryman smiled at the doubtful compliment, passed the finger bowl again to the youth, and a piece of yellow wrapping paper for a napkin, handed him the end of a match, sharpened for a toothpick, said he was proud to have received a call from one who had evidently traveled and learned so much, hoped that he would call as often as his urgent business would permit, and urged ideas that he might have acquired during his sojourn in the tropics, as he believed the young man was capable of teaching less fortunate people much that would be useful to them, and then he turned the boy's face towards the door and kicked a foot close to his pistol pocket and landed him on the sidewalk and said, "There, condemn you, git." The boy got, but came back presently and stuck a sign on the orange box which read, "Oranges sourer nor swill. No guse in 'em."

The Semi-Weekly South Kentuckian \$2.00 a year cash in advance.

POINTED PARAGRAPHS

"Does a hen set or sit?" She does both. When she goes on her nest she sits down on her eggs, and then she sets. This ought to settle the question.—Dittoe.

Last week Edward Lambert, of Chicago, killed his mother-in-law, and killed her dead. If this sort of war is once commenced, no one can foresee where it will end.—Herald Enterprise.

"Names seem to count for something," says the Chicago Herald. "The given name of the new United States Marshal of Kentucky is Andrew Jackson." Then, again, names seem to count for very little, since Andrew Jackson Gross succeeds Andrew Jackson Auxier.—Louisville Times.

Henry M. Stanley, the African explorer, hopes to visit the United States at the end of this month. He will come to Newport. He says he has a great anxiety to see a place of twenty-five thousand inhabitants without a hotel. In all his travels, even in the very heart of Africa, he never saw such a place.—Newport Journal.

The late Mrs. Durham, wife of the Hon. M. J. Durham, member of Congress from this State, was plain in her manners, but a most kind-hearted and excellent woman. While in Washington she was presented to Mrs. Bruce, wife of the colored Senator, and she saluted her politely, "How do you do Aunty?" Mrs. Bruce did not relish such familiarity.—Yeoman.

Kentucky's oldest man claims to have passed his one hundred and eighty-sixth birthday. He is a white man, strange to say, still he is a liar. Numerous white men have been known to be liars, and some of them have attained eminence. If a dark skin were necessary to the production of falsehood, the march of the human family would look like the moving of a black cloud.—Arkansas Traveler.

Mr. John C. Underwood, who was once Lieutenant Governor of Kentucky, and has since made more capital out of the title "Governor" than would have been possible by any other man, has been relating some of his experience in his canvass for Governor in the mountain counties, to a Pittsburg reporter. These reminiscences are quite amusing now, but his kissing dirty-faced children, playing the fiddle in corner grocers, and buttonholing voters in ward conventions did not prove a popular mode of electioneering for gubernatorial candidates in Kentucky, and the style went out when "Governor" Underwood retired from politics.—Owensboro Messenger.

HENDRICKS AND McDONALD.

The Awful Row That is Hatching Among Our Hoosier Neighbors.

[Indianapolis Special.]
It is learned from Democratic sources that there is reason for believing that Mr. McDonald is an avowed candidate for the Senate two years hence, and that in the factional fight which will naturally follow this candidacy he will burn the bridges behind him. There is also reason for believing that he will be championed by Senator Voorhees and the editor of the Sentinel, while Mr. Hendricks will serve a similar purpose for Gov. Gray and that the result will be the political death-knell in this state for either the Governor, Mr. Hendricks or Mr. McDonald. In the very nature of things it will be a fight of political giants. It is no secret that the friends of Mr. McDonald all feel deeply chagrined over Mr. Hendricks' course, and they attribute the failure of Indiana to secure recognition in the Cabinet to his lack of action, if not his direct opposition. The feeling that Mr. Hendricks betrayed McDonald at Chicago has been growing ever since the National Convention, although it was practically lost sight of in the campaign, and how it leaks out, or at least it is whispered, that Mr. McDonald was averse to Mr. Hendricks being sent as a delegate, but that he was over-ruled by Hendricks' friends, who demanded that the Governor should represent Indiana in naming him (McDonald) for the presidency. Mr. Hendricks did serve him, but his heart was not in his task, and that personal magnetism which he is said to abound failed to materialize in McDonald's interest to any appreciable extent. It is said by those in condition to know that McDonald, while giving a cordial support to Cleveland's Administration, will not except any political distinction at his hands, should such be offered, preferring, in obedience to the wishes of his friends, to remain here in active politics in order still further to strengthen his footing with the Indiana Democracy preparatory to the final struggle for the Senate. It is also said that Mr. Henderson, Chairman of the Democratic State Central Committee, will be numbered among Gov. Gray's supporters. Something of the nature and intensity of the row which is already in the air may be judged when such triumvirates as Hendricks, Gray and Henderson upon the one hand, and Voorhees, McDonald and the organ of the party on the other, hold their final meeting to test conclusions. It will practically upset the State and paint it double red.

Mrs. Garfield to Marry.

PITTSBURG, Pa., March 31.—The congregation of the Westfield Presbyterian Church at Newcastle, near Mount Jackson, Lawrence county, was recently surprised and delighted that their beloved pastor, Rev. William M. Taylor, was engaged to be married to the widow of the lamented President Garfield. The information was conveyed to them in a delicate way, as properly it should be, and they regard the forthcoming match with deep interest. There are many romantic features in the affair, husband as the first wife of Rev. Taylor was a companion and friend of Mrs. Garfield during the period of their girlhood.

Rev. Taylor is about fifty years old, and is of medium height. His hair and whiskers, once black, are now slightly tinged with gray. His complexion is a dark olive, and his eyes

are black and sparkling. He would not be considered a handsome man according to the standards of critical comparison, but he is pleasant and agreeable. He is one of fourteen sons of ex-Judge Taylor, of Lawrence county. He is a man of fine literary attainments. He graduated at Jefferson College, then at Canonsburg, in the year 1858. After leaving Jefferson College he went through the Princeton Theological Seminary. When ordained in the ministry he took charge of the Westfield congregation, where he has remained ever since. Shortly after his installation at the Westfield charge he married Miss Packer, of Hiram, O., whom he had met while on a visit to the latter place. Miss Packer was a classmate of Mrs. Garfield, and they both attended the college at Hiram, graduating while President Garfield was at the head of that institution. They maintained their friendship after both had married, in this way Rev. Taylor and Mrs. Garfield became acquainted.

A year ago last July Mrs. Taylor visited her parents at Hiram, and while there died suddenly of heart disease. Mrs. Garfield sent the bereaved husband her sympathies on the sad occasion, and they frequently met when the Rev. Taylor was on his way to and from Hiram. The friendship thus established ripened, until it is now an open secret in the Westfield flock that their shepherd is to marry the widow of the distinguished President.

The reverend gentleman makes frequent visits to the home of Mrs. Garfield, and the intimacies which the congregation has recently received indicate that the event is to come off some time next summer. Their only anxiety at present is as to whether they are going to lose their present spiritual head or have a new mistress at the parsonage.

A kiss is a paroxysmal contact between the labial appendages attached to the superior and inferior maxillaries respectively of a man and woman or two women. The younger the parties are the more paroxysmal will be the paroxysm, and in case it be observed by the fond father of the paroxysed younger lady, there is also likely to be perigee between the paroxysed's pedicel junction and the phalangeal extremities of the metatarsus and other bric-a-brac depending from the lower end of the old gentleman's right leg. The kiss itself is not the paroxysm. It is merely the vibration of the sympathetic bent atmosphere, resultant from each of the pair of lips engaged in creating it.—Boston Transcript.

Intemperance.
The world is full of sick people, made so by living under depressing conditions because of physical wrongdoing. The abuse of spirituous liquors is probably the cause of half the ills to which modern flesh is heir. Drunkenness is the chief of the ills, for it is found in every country, and among all conditions of men. This is why the foremost men of the age are demanding in the best interest of the race, that the traffic in intoxicating drinks should be absolutely prohibited. The experiment has been tested in Maine for nearly forty years, and has proved so beneficial that at the last State election there was a majority of over forty thousand in favor of a constitutional amendment to the law, making it still more difficult to buy liquor in the Old Pine State. The law is violated only on the borders of New Hampshire and Canada, and on the coast, where vessels arrive with liquor from other ports. The newspaper press has tried to convey the impression that the prohibitory laws have been failures in Iowa and Kansas; but this is not true. The courts, in interpreting the law, have favored the liquor interest, and it always requires time to effect so radical a change as the extirpation of a business which is so powerful as the liquor interest; but the prohibitory laws are being enforced, and the liquor traffic is being restricted in every quarter of these important States. In every section of the country is this deep feeling against unrestricted liquor traffic growing. In some places all that is yet demanded are high license laws; but the liquor sellers well know that these are only precursors of more radical legislation. They are the showers that precede the storm. It is a notable fact that, notwithstanding the growth of our population, there is less whiskey manufactured now than in 1882. In 1883 there was a decrease of 32,000,000 gallons compared with the previous year. There was somewhat more manufactured in 1884, but all accounts agree that the manufacture of spirits is decreasing.—From Demorest's Monthly for May.

Marriage and Health.
It has been proved beyond all peradventure that married people suffer less from sickness—have fewer diseases and live longer lives than the unmarried; this is true of both sexes. When cholera rages it takes away more single than married people, and so of all contagious. Professor Richard A. Proctor, while admitting these facts warns sickly people against marriage. He says they have no right to burden wholesome partners with invalid companions for life, nor should they run the risk of bringing children into the world, that may inherit their chronic ailments. The greater mortality of the single may be due to the fact that invalids of both sexes often abstain from marriage. The question has been raised whether any one should be permitted to marry without a doctor's permit. Certainly it is a mockery of a divine ordinance, for clergymen to unite persons who cannot be true companions, and who are unsuited for each other by difference of age or an inherited tendency to insanity or disease.—From Demorest's Monthly for May.

In the Poor House.
Well the man is not exactly in the Poor House, but he might as well be, for he makes his home the poorest kind of a house, and everybody in it is as wretched as himself. Racked with neuralgia, tormented with dyspepsia, and doored by delirium, no wonder the man is miserable. Mr. M. E. Tarric is no longer miserable. He writes from Nevada, Texas, to say, "I used Brown's Iron Bitters for dyspepsia of 21 years standing, and it improved me at once."

THE TRIAL

—OF—

John T. Wright!

—THE—

MAIN STREET CLOTHIER.

A Separate Verdict From Each Juror:

1. I find that Jno. T. Wright's Clothing Store is the cheapest place in town.
2. I find that his Clothing is the best made.
3. I find that every customer is well treated.
4. I find that every one gets his money's worth there.
5. I find that all his goods are first-class.
6. I find that he has the best stock in town.
7. I find that his Clothing is of the most fashionable make.
8. I find that every one goes there for his Clothing.
9. I find that his prices are lowest.
10. I find that the quality of his goods is the best.
11. I find that his store is the most popular in town.
12. I agree with the other jurymen that "WRIGHT WRONGS NO ONE."

OPINION OF THE JUDGE:

In accordance with this verdict, I find JNO. T. WRIGHT

GUILTY

OF SELLING

Clothing, Gents' Furnishing Goods, Boots,

Shoes, Hats, Caps, Etc.,

CHEAPER

Than any other House in Hopkinsville, Ky.

And fix his punishment at confinement in his store-room, on the Corner of Main and Bridge Streets, Hopkinsville, Ky., where he shall continue to serve the public during the coming season. And it is further ordered that said John T. Wright shall receive within the next few days the largest stock of

Spring Goods, Clothing,

AND

FURNISHING GOODS

Ever brought to this city, and that he shall sell the same CHEAPER than they can be bought anywhere else in Hopkinsville. He will also take measures and

MAKE SUITS TO ORDER,

—Keeping a full line of—

Fine Samples Always on Hand.

[mar 20-17]

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 Street.

Pomroy's Liver Cure.

—THE GREAT REMEDY FOR—

SICK HEADACHE, DYSPEPSIA, AND LIVER COMPLAINT

SOLD AT GAITHER'S PRESCRIPTION DRUG STORE.

POMROY'S VERMIFUGE

—IS SAFE AND SURE.—

TRY IT.

SOLD BY G. E. GAITHER AND J. R. ARMISTEAD.

LOUISVILLE BUGGY COMPANY,

MANUFACTURERS OF
All the latest styles of strictly first-class
Carriages, Barouches, Buggies and Phaetons.
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