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OH! MY BACK

Every strain or cold attacks that weak back and nearly prostrate you.

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PHYSICIANS AND DRUGGISTS RECOMMEND IT.

THE BEST TONIC

Enriches the Blood, Gives New Vigor.

Dr. J. L. Myers, Portland, Me., says: "I have known it for years, and I have used it in all my cases of weakness and in all debility attending that state of the system. It is the best I have ever used." It is the best I have ever used.



THE NEW OFFICE HOLDERS.
Conrad N. Jordan,
Treasurer of the United States.

The date of Mr. Jordan's appointment to succeed Albert L. Wynan as Treasurer of the United States, is May 1st. If the reader will take the trouble to examine a Treasury note from his "pile," he will find the Treasurer's name at the time of its issue from Washington, legibly written on it. On and after the date May 1st of Mr. Jordan's duties will be to add new notes with his autograph. His office is a highly responsible one. Its incumbent is charged with the custody of all public moneys received into the Treasury at Washington, or in the sub-treasuries at Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Charleston, Cincinnati, St. Louis and San Francisco, are in the depositories and depository banks. He disburses all public moneys upon the warrants of the Secretary of the Treasury and upon the warrants of the Postmaster General. Within the scope of his duties are also the issue and redemption of the Treasury notes. He is agent for the redemption of the circulating notes of national banks, and of bonds held as security for public deposits; is custodian of Indian trust funds and agent for paying the interest on the public debt, and for paying the salaries of the members of the House of Representatives. Uncle Sam pays the by no means extravagant salary of six thousand dollars a year for the performance of these duties, which manifestly requires an ability gained by long experience and natural adaptation.

Grulls as a Prophet.

(Breakeridge News.)
The world is upon the threshold of the greatest commotion that has visited it since men first banded themselves together as communities and of those communities formed nations. That commotion will be neither social nor religious. It will be war—war on the grandest scale that can be conceived—war that will involve more nations, produce greater and more sanguinary battles, and cause more terrific slaughter, than ever known before, or that can even now be conceived by the most active imaginations.

That war will be begun between England and Russia within the next ninety days. Before this time next year, France, Germany, Italy, Austria, Turkey, Spain, Holland and Belgium will be drawn into the bloody vortex. Of all the nations on the continent of Europe, the little republic of Switzerland alone will stand aloof. Such a union will be unsterilized the sun never before looked upon. Such calamities as will ensue will appal the stoutest hearts. And the result of it will be an entire wiping out of the present political geography of Europe. All its smaller German states will be extinguished; Turkey will become a thing of the past; Austria and Belgium and Holland will be absorbed by the German empire; Turkey and the Indian possessions of England will be absorbed by Russia; Spain and Portugal will be lucky if they do not fall to the share of France; and in the turmoil, Ireland will free herself from the yoke of Britain. Whether the French republic will perish in the mad mad storm of war, and its mad and strong empire rise in its stead, is a matter for debate. But of one thing our readers may be assured—this war will be the Armageddon of the smaller nations.

Somebody has noticed that a woman who shakes the door mat on the sidewalks "fills the public eye."

POINTED PARAGRAPHS.

The population of Afghanistan is estimated at 4,000,000 and 2,000,000 of the people, armed in the holy cause of liberty, are (supposed to be) invincible.

It will be consoling to the 100,000 unarmed magistrates in Kentucky that Minister plenipotentiary and envoy extraordinary Buck was only a short time ago "Squire Buck, and that the last time he ran he was evidently snowed under. Thus being beaten for magistrate, does not forever squelch all a man's political ambition, after all.—Capitol.

Oh, his hog; the beautiful hog, curving his back as he watches the dog; defying the law for his bread and meat, roasting at large through every street, snoring, grunting, nosing around; till the open front gate is found, with its hinges broken, and ruined quip, by lovers who hung there Sunday night it won't stay shut, it won't hang level; so in walks the hog and raises the d—l.—Herald Enterprise.

Postmaster General Vilas may get a great deal of personal satisfaction by changing the names of such post-offices as "Buzzarri's Root," "Tombstone" and "Hell," but if he desires to spread a genial glow of deep satisfaction over the Democratic party he had better miss the post-offices and change the postmasters. If Mr. Vilas is animated by a love for euphony and mellifluousness in the postal directory why does he change the name of a Kentucky post-office from Mirror to Tuttenheim?—Commercial.

Relief from Malarial Poison.
For six months I have been affected with a very serious case of typhoid malarial, which I contracted on my orange grove in northwestern Florida. I tried several remedies, but everything failed me. Two weeks ago I purchased a bottle of Swift's Specific, which has proved a sure cure for this dreadful malady. I had almost given up hope of ever being well again, for I had tried so many remedies, all of which had failed to do me any good. Would to God that all the afflicted people residing in the malarious counties of Georgia, Florida and Alabama would read this and try the S. S. S. instead of dosing themselves with quinine and malarial remedies. I feel it my duty to suffering humanity to write this certificate, for it may be the means of many of my old friends trying this great remedy as I have done. So strong is my faith in it that in every case where the directions are followed I will guarantee a sure cure or forfeit one hundred dollars.

Hints For Hot Weather.

Don't shake the hornets nest to see if any of the family are at home. Don't go near a draft. If a draft comes toward you run away. A night draft is most dangerous. Don't blow in the gun your grandfather carried in the war of 1812. It is much more dangerous now than it was then. Don't hold a wasp by the other end while you throw it out in front of a stove to see if it is alive. It is generally alive. Don't try to persuade a bulldog to give you a yard of which it has possession. Possession to a bulldog is ten points of law.—Albiontown Critic.

"See here," said the managing editor, kindly but firmly, to the young man who has just come to do the fires and dog-fights, and assume general charge of the entire paper; "you must be a little more careful in your grammar and spelling; you make too much trouble for the compositor and proof-reader. You say in this article 'he had went' and 'we have never saw.' Then you spell separate with two p's and four's, and you say 'we had come to the conclusion' and 'that we are horrified at the beard line.' Now you must be careful, and—" "Aw, well, look here, Shorty," cried the new young man, "give a fellow a chance. You got to remember I've been in college for eight years and haven't had a chance to learn a thing." The managing editor forgave him, and promoted him to the carrier department.

How the Baby Came.

In the small hours of the morning Mr. Blank's front-door bell rang violently. The worthy citizen went to the door, where he found his man Michael in a troubled state of mind. Michael said he had that night been blessed with an addition to his family; that the doctor called in attendance and had demanded immediate payment for his services. Having no money in the house he had called upon Mr. Blank to borrow some. Michael immediately received a proffer for calling at such an unreasonable hour departed. The next morning Mr. Blank's daughters, who had heard the bell ring asked who it was that called so late, and they were informed of the circumstances. "Poor little thing!" sympathetically exclaimed a bright little miss of twelve summers; "it came C. O. D., didn't it?"

LIFE RULES.

A Great Deal of Impractical Nonsense Written About the Health of Health.
A thoughtful writer observes: "It really seems sometimes as if hygienic science were all wrong, and as if late hours, much hard work done under the gaslight and the smallest amount of fresh air were the way to be healthy, not wealthy and wise. Who lives under more unhealthy conditions than our legislators or the leading counsel learned in the law? But our statesmen are in a green old age at seventy-five and lawyers are quite boyish at sixty; so, too, are actors and actresses." Our contemporary then goes on to say: "Sanitary guides should tell the meaning of these things."

"So far as we may presume to respond to this appeal," replies a physician in the same journal, "we must be allowed to point out, first, that there is a fallacy in the inference that because members of Congress, busy counsel, and perhaps actors and actresses, live on in spite of the ill-effects of late hours and long hours, held to be injurious to health, therefore the surroundings of their lives can not be as injurious as they are supposed to be. One of the earliest exploits in the applied science of statistics as brought to bear upon sanitary questions was the drawing of an inference that, because the London night porter who slept as they might by day, and spent the hours of darkness in emptying cess-pools, were able, as a class, to claim a very low rate of mortality, their mode of life and the work in which they were engaged could not be unhealthy. A good deal of excitement, we remember, was produced by this delivery some forty years ago. It was forgotten that another point of view was possible, and that, in truth, none but the most could live under such conditions! So it is with members of Congress, busy counsel, and actors and actresses. The weakly and sensitive retire or die, or have the wit not to enter into a way of life which must inevitably prove unsuitable. At the same time, we are quite prepared to meet our contemporary half way in his argument, though the inference, with which he opens the debate is obviously faulty. We think a great deal of unpractical nonsense is talked and written on the conditions of life, and we are quite sensible of the fact that regimen and dieting may be carried too far. Practitioners and those who set themselves up as apostles of sanitary science are too prone to measure other people's corn by their own bushel. For example, a physician or surgeon may himself have been a too free liver—his easier to preach than to practice—and he may have become a vegetarian just in the nick of time or with great advantage to his health; but this is certainly no reason why he should spend the remainder of his days in trying to persuade others that vegetarianism is good or necessary for them also. Again, a medical man may have a miserably weak digestion, and need to avoid certain dishes which other folk can take, not only with impunity, but with benefit; but that is no reason why he should go about abusing and interdicting the things that disagree with him, while they agree perfectly well with the majority of mankind. By pushing dieting to the verge of starvation, we are simply pretending to cure, not curing; we impose on ourselves and on those who confide in our practice."—Scientific American.

RETRIBUTION.

The Sad Condition of the Man Who Predicted an Open Winter.
Some would-be passengers were waiting at a station up to Wisconsin for a train which didn't arrive, because it was buried in the snow sixteen miles away. A farmer came in, and after thawing himself out by the stove, inquired of the station agent: "Ain't yer road open yet?" "He was informed that the road was effectually closed to traffic for that day at least. Next day he went in, again. The passengers had dispersed, but the agent was on duty. "Ain't she open yet?" he inquired, as soon as he could pull the icicles away from the front of his mouth. "Closed up tighter than a mackerel." The third day he reappeared, took off his boots to see if his feet were frozen, and put a little snow on his forehead to nose before inquiring: "Open yet?" "Now, and ain't likely to be before spring." "Well, I'll be doggoned!" exclaimed the inquirer, disgustedly; "by the horned spoon, but this is tough. It serves me right, though, serves me right." "How's that?" "Well, you see, it's a clear case of retribution. That's what it is—retribution. My well is froze up, the creek on my place is closed solid, I can't cut through the ice on the lake, and my stock is sufferin' for want. There's no tarmal much snow 'round my barn I can't get the doctor and I have to walk into town, seen't I can't get my horse out, there can't keep the school-house warm and that's closed up. Anyhow, my children couldn't get out of the house this weather. All the 'taters in my cellar is gone, and those I buried down in the patch are under ten feet of snow. I'm out of terbacker, an' when I went to the only place in town where I've got any credit that was closed up, too, prob'ly because there wa'n't no trade. By gosh, everything seems to be closed up, even yer old railroad. Am expectin' my wife on that train o' yur'n that snowed in down by Jones' Crossing. It's retribution; that's what it is."

FOREST FIRES.

An Astonishing Assertion of Losses by
The Lumber World makes the astonishing assertion that the loss to this country through forest fires is now not less than \$900,000,000 a year, simply through the destruction of available lumber, without counting the additional loss from the annihilation of the young growth and the seeds scattered on the surface, and the searching of the ground, which often renders it sterile for a generation. This enormous sum, about equal to the interest on the public debts of all the civilized nations of the world combined, is, according to the report of experts, annually thrown away forever by the people of the United States, with-out the smallest return in the way of comfort or satisfaction, but, on the contrary, at the cost of many lives every year, simply through the carelessness of boys and hunters, and of those more intelligent persons who ought to know

enough to keep a sharp watch over these destructive animals. Next to human beings of feeble intellect, railway locomotives do most injury in forest countries, and the Lumber World inquires seriously whether the owners of such locomotives should not be compelled, in the public interest, to furnish them with spark-arresters during the dry season. The idea that railway companies are responsible for the value of timber destroyed by fires set from their locomotives undoubtedly has some effect in preventing legislative interference with their management; but it is so difficult to fix the kindling of a forest fire with certainty upon locomotive sparks, to say nothing of the obstacles in the way of collecting large debts from newly-established railway corporations, that the safer way would be to provide as far as possible against raising the question of responsibility by compelling the use of spark-arresters. Against animated incendiaries a forest patrol might be tolerably effective, but it would be still more useful to provide in some way for the removal of underbrush from the woodland. Trees by themselves are not easily kindled, and the mischief is usually done through the ignition of dry leaves, ferns or bushes, which burn long enough to char, and at last to kindle the branches of the trees above them.—American Architect.

A Harvest of Switches.

"Would you like to know very much what I've got in this bag?" inquired a bald-headed skater on Prospect Park lake. "I'm rather curious," the Journal reporter admitted. "I've noticed you skating around generally in the wake of a pretty girl, and once in a while you peek something from the ice and place it in that bag."

"Well, if you don't repeat what I say, I'll tell you. I might as well, for you would find out for yourself, I suppose. "Well, to commence with, times are hard. I am out of a job and must make a living. I've noticed that pretty girls generally wear nicer hair than plain ones. Pretty girls like to skate, but because a girl's pretty is no reason why she should be exempt from collisions or other little accidents which make her sit down on the ice when she doesn't want to. "What's that got to do with the bag?" "Everything. When a girl falls she's liable to lose some of her false hair. If she does, she's too excited to notice the fact or ashamed to pick up the switch. I glide along, pick up the hair, and ram it into the bag. There's always a market for good hair. See the point?" "Yes, I see; but are you never detected?" "Very seldom. I only work at night, and a girl nine times out of ten is never going to ask her false hair when her best young man is with her. But there's a collision; I'm off."—N. Y. Journal.

Life in an African Village.

The busiest time in an African village is when the long laboring wains drawn by spans of sixteen or twenty oxen are outspanned on the village commonage, and the erome makes her three months' purchase of tea, sugar, and the inevitable code. This latter beverage is the beverage par excellence of South Africa. Coffee veniale die, coffee, is the beverage of the day. The stores themselves in a small South African village are not the least remarkable feature about it. Almost everything that the wit of man can devise for the need of an agricultural population is there. There is a silk dress for the newly married wife, an American plow for the young and enterprising farmer, there is a Remington rifle for the sportsman, and a box of peppermints for the young kinders. The amorous swain can purchase a bright saddle cloth to go upon his courting expeditions and a German ring for his innamorata. The village is astride from one end to another, and the excitement spreads even to the Civil Commissioner or resident magistrate. And in the gossip of the village I have rarely heard political matters discussed. If the Civil Commissioner is conferring cheek by jowl with a worthy burgher it is generally on the subject of a disputed water "furrow," or about the misdemeanors of the native servants, or oftener still about a buck and a guinea fowl expedition.—Macmillan's Magazine.

A Mustache Changes White.

It may not be known, generally, that the hair, in many instances, is as liable to change back to its original color, from gray, or vice versa. A case to the point is that of Judge Sage, of the United States Court, on the occasion of his daughter's death at Lebanon. He was called up home from Cincinnati late at night, after the trains had all left, and had to take the long drive (thirty miles) in a buggy. The anxiety and the strain, mental and physical, were great. When he reached home in the morning his attention was called to the fact that his mustache had become almost white. In the course of a few days, however, it resumed its original shade.—Exchange.

The Home Circle.

If father is cross, and mother scolds, and aunt has the blues, and the children feel good for nothing, home is not a very happy place. Indigestion, dyspepsia, debility, rheumatism or liver complaint, will account for all these. They can all be cast out by the use of Brown's Iron Bitters, the great tonic and strengthener. Health brings happiness. Mrs. Rochester, 553 North 4th Street, Baltimore, says: "Brown's Iron Bitters quickly relieved me of indigestion and debility."

Just a Family Affair.

"Did you make that, papa?" inquired Johnny Sm there. "Yes, my son," replied Mr. Smithers, self-satisfied and paternal pride beaming from his countenance. "An I you made it all out of your own head, papa?" "Yes, my son." "Really and truly?" "Joimny" interrupted Mrs. Smithers in an icy tone of voice, "you will often be surprised, as you grow older, to learn how many curious things can be made from wood."

Did you make that, papa?

And then Sm there felt a cold chill run down his back as he remembered that he had not stopped at various stores on his way home, and directed to a spoon of silk twine, a paper of needles, a box of matches, a pound of coffee, a paper of tacks, some sausage, a pound of butter, and one or two other things which he could not just then call to mind.—Oil City Herald.

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, 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 20-13)

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AND YOU WILL FIND ONE OF THE CHOICEST SELECTIONS OF

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who have by fair dealing and low prices and good goods built up a large trade. Free delivery, and goods delivered at any time. Call and examine our stock.

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—THE GREAT REMEDY FOR—
SICK HEADACHE, DYSPEPSIA, AND LIVER COMPLAINT.

SOLD AT GAITHER'S PRESCRIPTION DRUG STORE.

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All Sorts of

hurts and many sorts of ails of man and beast need a cooling lotion. Mustang Liniment.

The Mirror

is no flatterer. Would you make it tell a sweeter tale? Magnolia Balm is the charmer that almost cheats the looking glass.

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Office—Ground floor, next door to Hopkins Literary Stable.
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IN OFFICE DAY AND NIGHT.
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IS ON MAIN STREET, OVER
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