Semi-Weekly South Kentuckian.

VOLUME VII. HOPKINSVILLE, CHRISTIAN COUNTY KY., SEPTEMBER 1, 1885. NUMBER 70

CHAS. M. MEACHAM. W. A. WILGUS.

ISSUED EVERY TUESDAY AND FRIDAY MORNING BY

MEACHAM & WILGUS,

PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS.

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One copy, six months $1,00

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[1y jan 1-'85]

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Did you Suppose Mustang Liniment only good for horses? It is for inflammation of all flesh.

AS BAD AS ROWAN.

A DUEL FOUGHT IN AN OPEN FIELD.

John Ellis Returns His Bride of a Few Days to Her Father and is Called to an account by His Brother-in-Law.

Louisville Post.

A sensational duel that was fought at Beard's station, eighteen miles distant from the city, on the Short-line road, was reported in the city this morning. The news of the affray was brought to town by John Ellis a participant in the duel. He is painfully wounded, and came to the city in search of medical attention. He related the story to a number of gentlemen in the East-end. These gentlemen were interviewed by a reporter of The Post and the story of the occurrence, as related by them, runs thus:

THE COURTSHIP.

John Ellis is a young man, and the son of one of the wealthiest stock-breeders in that section of the country. His father owns a large stock farm four miles back of the station, and the son lives with him. Near the station lives a Mr. Storts, also a prominent farmer, and who is the farther of a beautiful girl named Ludia. The young lady in question is just budding into womanhood, and is reputed the belle of that section of the country. She has been much admired, and many were the suitors for her heart and hand. Young Ellis, it seems, was among the number, and, owing both to his financial standing and superior natural qualifications, was given a preference. He professed his love and she reciprocated it. After a courtship of some four years they were engaged. About a year ago their courtship culminated in their being joined in holy matrimony.

THE MARRIAGE.

The event was duly celebrated and a happy future was prophesied in a married life where there was so much love, and according to the report, it was not many days after this event when the jealousy of the husband began to be stirred up by grave suspicions, but upon what foundation in truth can not be made out. At any rate, a few days after they were married young Ellis returned his bride to her father with the startling announcement that he had found her no virgin. He stated that there had been a criminal intercourse previous to his marriage, between his wife and Chas. Stonestreet—a young man who had married her elder sister. He also stated that this had been learned through her own confession.

The family of the bride felt the disgrace of the charge very sharply. The return of the bride to her father's house, and her seperation from her husband, to whom she had been so newly married, soon became notorious, and was the gossip of the neighborhood.

The young lady, on being questioned by her people, denied the charge in toto, and stated that she had been compelled to make the confession by her husband, who threatened to take her life unless she acknowledged that she had been ruined by her brother-in-law. Unable to find any truth in the charge made by young Ellis, the bride's brother, John Storts, and Chas. Stonestreet, her brother-in-law undertook to punish him for the disgrace he had so recklessly devolved upon their family.

THE DUEL.

It is said that they have been armed against each other for some time, but had not found a convenient meeting till yesterday evening. At that time John Ellis was loading some stock at the station and was standing in a field across the track from the depot. Young Storts, the bride's brother, was standing on the platform of the depot and Stonestreet was coming up the lane. They espied Ellis, and Stonestreet crossed over into the field, and took up the quarrel. It is said that he struck Ellis in the face, and then began to throw rocks. Ellis drew his pistol and fired one shot as Stonestreet retreated. By this time young Storts had come up with a revolver in his hand. He faced the slanderer of his sister's virtue at fifteen paces and began firing. Ellis glared at him over the pistol's muzzle, and returned shot for shot. Without flinching, the men emptied their pistols at each other. The field was clear, and the wonder is that both were not killed. When the last shot was fired from Stort's pistol Ellis' weapon dropped from his hand. Storts then went up to him, and, producing a box of cartridges, asked him coldly if he wanted to reload.

It was found that one of the balls pierced Ellis' right ear close to the head, while another took effect in his left arm, entering at the wrist and coursing up along the elbow. Neither of the other men was injured.

Ellis came to the city on the early train this morning and had his wounds dressed by Dr. C. W. Kelly. He is putting up at the Farmers' Central Hotel. A reporter of The Post visited the hotel for an interview but could not find him in. He is advised by his friends to shake the dust of that section of the country from his feet, as more trouble is sure to follow till some one or the other of them is killed. It is said that he will stay in the city till his wounds heal. In the duel both men used double action pistols of thirty-eight caliber.

All the young men engaged are said to be highly respectable, and belong to the wealthiest families in that section.

Signs of the Season.

When winds are cold and chill and wet
The iceman ne'er your house will miss;
The piece of ice you always get
Is large and shapely, like this:

But when 'tis awful burning hot,
And sultry winds the parched earth kiss
In case you are not clean forgot,
You get a little chunk like this:

A MOUNTAIN TERROR.

A Brutal Murder Nineteen Years Ago Avenged by One of the Trosper Boys.

[Louisville Times.]

Deputy United States Marshal Wallace Gruelle returned this morning from a trip through Knox, Whitley, Montgomery, Laurel and adjoining counties, where he has been looking up the festive moonshiner and other violators of revenue laws. He brought home the interesting details of the killing of Jim Tuggles, the mountain desperado, which occurred last week in Knox county.

Tuggles' name has been a synonym for crime and murder in that section for over twenty years. In less hardened communities he would long since have been declared an outlaw and hunted down, or the law would have brought him to the fate his earliest crimes merited. In the mountains, though, he has had things nearly his own way, and has led a career almost unparalleled in the annals of crime. His death was the result of a feud that has existed between Tuggles and the Trosper family for over twenty years. The cause was the murder of old man Trosper by Tuggles just at the close of the war. The particulars of this crime show a deed of horrow so strongly impressed on the mind of a child that he afterward proves the avenging spirit that metes out the deserved fate of his father's murderer.

The elder Trosper was in a field near to his house one morning in the spring of 1864, when Tuggles came along and engaged him in conversation. Tuggles had already acquired a bad reputation by this time, and he gloried in it. Without cause he soon started a dispute between himself and Trosper, which ended by their coming to blows. No particular harm was done either, and they apparently settled their difference and both started for Trosper's house. When they got to the door, Mrs. Trosper came out, bearing in her arms her youngest born a boy. The infant's little brother, a lad about four years old, was playing in the yard. Trosper was carrying a hoe, and he sat it up against the side of the house and started to go to the spring, which was near at hand. Just as he turned Tuggles seized the hoe, and, raised it aloft, brought it down with terrific force on the bared head of the fated father, crushing in his skull and scattering his brains out, and causing his instantaneous death in the presence of his wife and two little infants. The mother swooned and the red handed murderer fled. The four-year-old boy, who saw his father struck down in cold blood, performed the remarkable act of walking to the neatest neighbor's, a mile or two away, where he told his fearful tale.

The neighborhood was terribly aroused, but those were turbulent times, and Tuggles fled until the affair blew over. When he returned he became noted as a heartless and daring desperado. He committed, with impunity, all sorts of crimes. His mean, revengeful spirit exhibited itself time and again, when he would kill or maim a neighbor's stock, or burn their crops. Every one was afraid of him, and he was shunned by all. To hold any conversation with him was almost fatal, because he would seek a quarrel on the slightest pretext to get an opportunity to shed human blood.

The elder of the two Trosper boys, who had been left orphans in such a tragic manner, brought his younger brother up to believe that their first duty was to avenge their father's death. But little opportunity offered to do this, unless they went deliberately and slew him, which was something they did not want to do. They kept their own counsel, though, and awaited their chance, which came unexpectedly last Wednesday.

Early in the morning the two brothers and Alf Brafford went to the Disney school house, on Richland Creek, which is about half way between Woodbine and Barboursville, and went to work to repair the seats and do some carpentering necessary to fit the school for the coming term. The elder Trosper is one of the school trustees, and a new teacher was selected this summer.

Tuggle had a niece who was an applicant for the position, and notwithstanding her known ignorance and illiteracy, her uncle insisted that she should be the teacher and swore that none but she would be permitted by him to teach. The School Trustees, however, chose another, and Jim Tuggles threatened death to all of them, and particularly to young Trosper.

The day they were working in the school-house Tuggles happened along unexpectedly. He was unarmed, but carried a spade in his hand. He came over to the school and began abusing Trosper. The young brother interfered in the dispute, and Tuggles raised the spade to kill him. As he did so, quick as a flash a pistol-shot rang out and Tuggles, the mountain terror was a corpse. The boy, who saw his father's murder, had avenged it at last. The entire community support them in the act, and they have not been arrested.

She Caught Him.

[Huston Age.]

A certain lady suspected that her husband was in the habit of kissing the cook, a pretty German girl, by the by, and resolved to detect him in the act. After watching for four days she heard him come in one evening and gently pass through into the kitchen. Now Katie was out that evening and the kitchen was dark. Burning with jealousy the wife took some matches in her hand and hastily placing her shawl over her head as Katie often did she entered the back door and was almost immediately seized and embraced and kissed in the most ardent manner. With her heart almost bursting with rage and jealousy the injured wife prepared to administer a terrible rebuke to her faithful spouse. Tearing herself from his embrace, she struck a match and stood face to with Kate's beau, one of the factory boys. Her husband says his wife has never treated him so well since the first month they were married as she has for the past week.

Bring your job work to the KENTUCKIAN office and don't send away to foreign dealers when you can do a well at home.

BILL ROGUS VISITS DAWSON AGAIN—HE FAILS TO SEE THE ECHO.

He Gets a Ducking on Account of the Widows and Walks Home.

MR. EDITURE:

Dear Sir: I lost my health agin so tu speak so jist last week I told Malindy I most node it had straile off down tu Dawsing. So I jist rit tu Dr. Cullum axin him if he had seed anything uv a stray health, grazen round them springs. Well sur twas no time 'til I got a letter frum him thru the male by the post-office sayen, "Cum without munny and without price fur yer helth are here." I menshun these fax that you may no I ant jist laying round Dawsing tu git rid uv work. Yu make short matters long, I went down and Dr. Culum cudent hav been no glader if he had lost his muther-in-law. But it kinder riled me when the fust question he axed me was why I dident fetch Malindy with me? Well sur, peerd like my helth cum tu me as soon as I got ofen them cars, I think therse sumthin in the atmusfear thare that makes a feller hungry. I jist rushed down tu Dr. Cullum's tavern and axed Dave how long afore grub time. He groaned a groan and sed it wood be bout two ours, so I tuck a seet and sot. The cuck rushed out and killd three more chickens. Yu see Dave hadn't furgot my capasity when I were there before. Well arter dinner the Doctor sed they had captured that drated echo and had it in a log pen over in the edge uv the woods near the cliffs. So that evening we walked over tu take a look at it. The Docture as we walked over sed the histry uv the drated thing wer curious and hard tu believe. Now sez he, "What Ime gyen to tell yu about this echo sounds like an old fary tale, but its no less true fur that." And Mr. Editure he did stonish me shure nuff with the verry fust statement he made. Sez he, "this echo is no other than your couzin Sol Rogus, who has transmografide himself by the powers that are in himself into this echo." "He can" sez the Docture, "assume the form and shape of a man when he likes but anybody can see the echo is in him as plain as day. While he was talkin we cum tu the stable whar the thing orter be, but it was out and gon. I hated it mity bad but he went on and discribed it tu me. He sed it wernt quite as big as a mule and had a heep longer years. Its voice, sez he, can be herd in most and public gethering. He sed an echo never done or sed anything fust but only repeted or imitated what sumbody else sed. I think we seed the critter sumwheres.

When we got back a man had jist cum frum Crofton and sed the critter wer rangen round them digins loose. So Mr. Editure I woodent be surprized at you hearing frum it at any time. But Mr. Editure what I sot down tu rite yu about principaly was the andashus scrape the Docture and sum uv the boys got me in tu or rather my vanity got me in tu it. Yu see I left Malindy tu home and borrowed Square Blue's pigin tald kote with brass buttons onto it, and was kinder spruced up. Tu tell the fact I were cuttin a swell as the boys call it. Well a lot uv widdows and fellows were gyen a bote riden and the Docture told em I wer thunder on padlin a boat. So yu no I woodent let on afore the widers but what it wer so. Now it Malindy had a bin with me shede a seen the trap tu once and kept me outer it. He never go anywhere without her again, I don't think, septen I go crazy.

Well we went down tu the river and as soon as I seed them skifts I got nurves for they are so dratted narrow. Well they all got in but me. I sed I must go back and see a man. But the widders let in tu beggin so hard and sed "now Mr. Rogus" so bewitchin that Ide a got in if Ide node she wood turn over the next minnit. I wanted tu lay down on the bottom uv the thing but there werent room so away we went up the river for about fore miles. I held my breth most of the time, afrade for there sakes you no, Well we landed up thar and ete our dinner what we tuck with us. Arter we ete the widder I was kinder spicin round lowed shede give anything fur sum dratted grate big ugly water lillys that was growing in the river on the other side most. So wood I, sez I. Arnt they bootyful? sez she, kinder smiling at me in a way that nobody but a widder can du. Can't yu git sum uv em fur me? sez she, and she smote a nuther smile that made me jump in the skift tu once. Well the end uv the hole thing is, the dratted skift turned over when I reached over the side arter the "bootyful blossems," and I came in one uv drownden. I got out by myself at last after loosin one shu and Jo Clark's hat that he loaned me. I spected all uv em wood be crying but when I seed em all larfin like they thot it wer terable funny, it made me so drated mad I jist tuck a bee line fur home thrugh the woods. Sum uv em hollowed tu me tu cum back and git the skift out fur em but I jist told em tu go tu thunder, fur I hoped they cudent git her and they all wood have tu walk back, and maybe they did, I ant herd frum Dawsing since. Well I got home that nite bout ten urclock and like tu uv skeerd Malindy and Muther tu deth. Malindy sed she jist node Ide git murdered when I went without hur. Arter I told em how it all wer Malindy sed it want no more than she spected.

Square Blue's kote are ruined is what I hate fur its the same kote he stood up in when him and ant Nancy got marryd in 1847 and he had kaushoned me not to git it soiled tu ur three times.

Yu wont hear uv me bein tu Dawsing any more this yer I dont think. No more frum yer friend til deth.

BILL ROGUS.

In reproducing the subjoined paragraph from the Minneapolis Tribune the Louisville Post correctly subheads it with the words "Another subscriber Pays Up:" "Once in a great while something comes stealing across the vision like a passing angel, having with it the odor of strange flowers plucked by unseen hands, in unknown countries far beyond the earthly seas. We do not understand it, can not fathom it, yet we know it must be a thing of joy and beauty.

Western Kentucky and the Senatorship.

Louisville Post.

If Western Kentucky hopes to get the next Senatorship her leading men can not compose their differences and come to an understanding too soon. That section has been long neglected and even dispised by the dominant Bluegrass influence, and the contempt with which its aspirants have been treated is due chiefly to two causes—the rancorous rivalries of its leaders and the selfish intrigues of the petty politicians who have been sent to represent those counties in the conventions and in the Legislature.

The differences among the former have been bitter and uncompromising, while the latter have kept their ears open to every bid made by the dunning tricksters of the Bluegrass, who have been profuse in their promises when they wanted the aid of the Western delegations, and scornfully indifferent to them after their objects have been accomplished. The dupes seem to learn nothing from experience. Each convention and each Legislature has illustrated the folly of their credulity. They breathe threatenings and hatreds for a short time, but they return to the same crib to be fed again with the same husks of worthless promises and violated pledges. All they get is a few nauseous puffs from the newspaper organs of the dominant clique, which are sent home marked to be republished in their local papers. These they hug to their bosoms as so much immortality, and vainly imagine themselves great statesmen and brilliant orators. It is pitiful to see this ever recurring illustration of weakness and conceit, and to note the poor fruit it bears.

It is idle to tell them that Western Kentucky is over taxed; that all discriminations are made against their section and none in its favor; that the fine turnpikes of Central and Eastern Kentucky have been constructed at their expense; that they pay as high tax on some of their horses, worth seventy-five dollars, as a rich farmer in the Bluegrass pays on a thouroughbred that would bring $20,000 any day under the hammer, and that they even pay the expenses of keeping up several Eastern counties. What's all that compared to the promise of an irresponsible Upper Kentucky politician who assures first one credulous fool and then another that he shall be put on the next State ticket as Auditor or Attorney General, or perhaps as Lieutenant Governor.

It is more than probable that Western Kentucky can elect the next Senator if her representatives will act in something like harmony and concentrate upon a strong man, of whom there are several. But it is idle to hope for success other wise.

Done in Six Months.

That coil of hair on the back part of your head, dear lady. It is better than nothing and deceives nobody. In six months or less from to-day you may dispense with it if you are inclined to give Parker's Hair Balsam a fair trial. Cleanses the scalp, restores color, a delicious dressing. Not a dye, not oil, elegantly perfumed.

Advertiing Legal Sales.

[Union Local]

Every few years a bill is presented to the General Assembly of Kentucky, asking that a law be enacted to have all judicial sales advertised in the county newspapers. Nearly every State has in the Union has a law of this nature, but the Solons of our Commonwealth in this, as in many other ideas of business, are at least fifty years behind the times. Millions of dollars worth of property is sacrificed yearly for lack of intelligent advertising. The Covington Commonwealth cities to a case as follows:

"At Lexington, last week, the valuable distilling property of Stoll, Clay & Co., which not a great while since cost $50,000 was sold at judicial sale for $10,090. Mr. Clay, a party in interest, will contest the sale, partly on the ground that the sale was not properly advertised. How it was advertised is not stated; but it may be supposed it was advertised as judicial sales in Kentucky usually are: by sticking up a half dozen obscure written notices, a plan which, with whatever purpose designed, affords an opportunity for speculators or creditors to get possession of valuable property for a mere song."

The Hawesville Democrat last week discovered the following "legal notice" posted on the Court-house door:

"SHERIFF'S SALE FOR TAXES.

"By virture of Taxes due the State of kentucky and Hancock co. for the year of 1883 and 4 I or one of my Deputies, will on Monday the 27 day of July 1885 between the hours of 10 A. M. and 4 o'clock P. M. at the courthouse Dore in Hawesville in Hancock county, Ky., expose to Public Sale, to the highest bider, for cash in hand, the following property, to-wit: One track or parsal of Land in hancock county sesed in the Name of Dallas Banett at the Same time and place one track sesed in the Name of Lowous Burdette."

The above is not an exceptional case of such intelligent advertising, for you can go into almost any Constable's district in the Union, or any other county, and find just such samples.

"Nothing Else did any Good."

Of course. Because rheumatism is a dreadfully tough disease, and hardly anything on earth will reach it except Brown's Iron Bitters. After enduring the twinges of rheumatism for years, and at last experiencing happy deliverance, Mr. John H. Pratt, of Saybrook, Conn., says, "I derived much benefit by using Brown's Iron Bitters for rheumatism. Nothing else did any good." If you have rheumatism take the hint. It cures neuralgia, headache and other nervous disease.

REMOVAL

—OF—

JNO. T. WRIGHT!

THE

MAIN STREET CLOTHIER!

—HE HAS REMOVED HIS—

MAMMOTH STOCK

—OF—

Clothing, Gents' Furnishing Goods,

Boots, Shoes, Hats, Caps, Etc.,

To the Room Occupied by

GEO. O. THOMPSON'S FURNITURE STORE,

EAST SIDE MAIN STREET,

where he will still continue to sell all goods in his line at

Astonishingly Low Figures.

—HE KEEPS A—

Full Line Of Samples On Hand

—AND—

MAKE SUITS TO ORDER.

Don't fail to call on him in his new quarters.

[mar20-1y.]

HANCOCK, FRASER & RAGSDALE,

—PROPRIETORS—

PEOPLE'S TOBACCO WAREHOUSE,

RAILROAD STREET, - - - - HOPKISVILLE

FRONTING TOBACCO EXCHANGE, - CLARKSVILLE, TENN

W. E. RAGSDALE, Salesman, Hopkinsville. | T. R. HANCOCK, Salesman, Clarksville, Tenn.

Liberal Advances on Consignments.

All Tobacco Insured unless otherwise instructed.

Sep26oct 1y

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 Phætons.

We guarantee workmanship and material equal to any factory in the State. All work reliably warranted. Interested parties will consult their interests by inspecting our stock personally before buying. If at a distance, send for catalogue and general information.

Factory & Warehouse, 317 & 319 So. Market St., Bet. 3d & 4th, Louisville, Ky

IMPORTANT To Young Men! To Young Ladies!

Learn that which will be of benefit to you when you become men and women.

THE EVANSVILLE COMMERCIAL COLLEGE

At the corner of Third and Main Streets, Evansville, Ind.,

MEETS THE DEMAND.

WE GIVE A THOROUGH and Practical Course in Book-Keeping, teaching the best and latest forms of books as used in the many different kinds of business.

WE GIVE A THOROUGH Course in Business Penmanship.

WE GIVE A THOROUGH and Practical Course in Short-Hand.

WE GIVE A THOROUGH Course on Commercial Law.

WE GIVE A COURSE of Business Training that is worth money to whoever takes it.

OUR SCHOOL IS OPEN DAY AND NIGHT, and students can enter at any time.

WE EXTEND A CORDIAL INVITATION to all who are interested in practical education.

CURNICK & RANK, Principal

dec.Set.1