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tion Guaranteed. Nothing but clean towels
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Charles Taylor, of Glasgow Ky.,
has been arrested at Nashville, Tenn.,
charged with robbing the Columbus,
Miss., post-office of five hundred dol-
lars.

HELEN LAKEMAN;

The Story of a Young Girl's Strug-
gle With Adversity.

BY JOHN R. MURPHY,
AUTHOR OF "THE HEROES OF DEFEND,"
"WALTER THOMAS," ETC.
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CHAPTER XI.—CONTINUED.
"But, Judge," said the sheriff, re-
spectfully, for he seemed aware of the
fact that his re-election depended, in a
great measure, upon the efforts of the
man before him, "what am I to do with
the child? I can't put it in prison."
"Send it to the poor-house."
"Humph! I can't do that without an
order from the court," said the sheriff,
with a frown.

"Well, I can not," said the puzzled
sheriff. "The court will have to de-
clare it a pauper first."
"Well, then leave the child here with
me; I can take it there, and Bill Jones
will keep it for me until the court sets.
He owes his position as proprietor of the
poor-house to me."

"Yes, you can probably manage it that
way. The child is sick."
"Yes, but not dangerous."
"O kind o' hater to part them."
"O poh! they'll forget each other in
less than three days. They are more
brute than human, with no feeling save
that of hunger, cold or heat, just as any
other animal."

Was James Arnold speaking his real
opinion? Certainly not, though there
were many others of his like who advance
the same argument. Oh, if it should
only be carried home, that which might
feel the bitter pangs of tearing heart-
strings severed, would be not hurt
necessity for the cause of the poor,
depressed, and oft-times wronged or-
thodox!

"Take her away, Belcher, take her
away at once," said Judge Arnold, his
chin so high that mercy was over-
looked.

"Well, but Judge, this is a matter I'd
not like to be hasty in. I can hardly
bring myself to tear that girl from her
brother. Good Heavens! if she should
be innocent after all!"

"Do you think I am a fool and a per-
jurer?" cried Arnold, angrily.
"No, no," answered the sheriff, apolo-
getically, "I did not know but what
there might be a mistake."
"Well, sir, I think there is no mistake
about it, unless you make one in not
doing your duty."

"I think I will do my duty as an
official, Judge, if I know it," said
Belcher, hotly.

The harshness of Arnold
wounded the sheriff, but he was forced to
perform his duty as an officer, painful
as it might be.

He went up to the girl, who, know-
ing what was coming, had been school-
ing herself to receive her self-possession,
and said:
"Come, Miss Helen, get ready; I
must take you to Newton."

"Can my little brother go?" she
asked, pleadingly. "He is so small, so
innocent, and so fond of me that he can
hardly live without my care."
"Oh, he will be treated with the most
tender care, I assure you," said the
sheriff. "I can not take him to-day, but
I hope you may soon return."
"Will you answer me a question or
two?" asked Helen, now almost calm
again.

"Yes."
"What will be done with me?"
"I will take you to Newton."
"What then?"
"You will be taken before the magis-
trate, Squire Bluffers."
"Well, what then? I know little of
law and its processes."
"Well, you will be arraigned and your
case set for trial. If you can give bond
you can return here or go wherever you
please; but if you fail"—then the

"Why don't you take her away?"
sheriff called, he found it almost im-
possible to inform that poor, proud-
spirited girl of the result of a failure.
But she was determined to know the
worst.

"What if I fail?" she asked.
"Committed," was the answer.
"Do you mean sent to jail?"
The sheriff nodded.

The prospect of entering a jail for
one moment is horrible. To forever
blight the fair name of which she was
so proud; that name which neither her
parents or any of her ancestors had al-
lowed a blot upon, and now to blacken
it as a criminal. We can scarcely un-
derstand the feelings of Helen at this
moment. She imagined herself in
after years, even if she was proved in-
nocent, a blackened, blighted creature,
shunned by all and pointed to as a
thief.

The little fellow was silent, but large
tears rolled down his pale cheeks.
Helen had reached the kitchen door,
when a sudden impulse seized her; she
ran back to the child and clasped him
in her arms for the last time. But she
did not weep, those great silent tears
of the child told how he was affected,
and she dared not let him know her
own feelings.

"That's all for effect," said Arnold,
haughtily, as she passed out at the door
with the sheriff at her side.

The farmer sent his hired man,
John, with the rockaway to take them
to the village of Newton. Helen bore
up until they were on the road, and
then, wringing her hands, the cry:
"Oh, farewell, farewell, my poor
unfortunate little brother, I know I
will never see you again."

CHAPTER XII.
LITTLE AMOS AT THE POOR-HOUSE.
Little Amos witnessed the departure
of his sister in silence. Mrs. Arnold,
with her face convulsed with strange
emotions, came into the kitchen, but
she dare not speak. The silent grief
dropping in great tears from those blue
eyes was enough to awe her. The child
began to sob thinly. He was afraid to
make any outcry.

Mrs. Arnold and her daughter were
now busying themselves with preparing
dinner and grubbing the things that
were to be taken to the poor-house. The
child sat by the window in his chair,
unnoticed, his face was flushed and pale
by turns. His breathing was short and
quick, and it was evident that the so-
aking rain of the day before had brought
on a cold, which might prove dangerous.
But no one noticed him. The dinner was
prepared, almost in silence, with an
occasional spell of grumbling on the
part of Mrs. Arnold. When the meal
was ready the family gathered about
the table, giving no thought to little
Amos. Poor child—he had no appetite
for dinner, and could not eat. He
sat there, his little face white as paper,
but little had it been offered to him.

When dinner was over, the dogs had
been fed, and a nice tid-bit given to
the pig, Mrs. Arnold thought it would
be well to see if "that child" wanted
any thing. She found him gazing ab-
stractedly from the window, and his
little face wonderfully white. Just then
he said:
"Don't you want nothing to eat?"

asked Mrs. Arnold, standing by the
boy, her head high in the air.
"If you please, ma'am," said the
child, in a low frightened tone.
She then wheeled his chair about to
a kitchen table, and placed it before
him, on which were some potatoes,
bread, and cold beefed meat. The little
fellow took a potato and nibbled the
end of it, then took a bite or two of
bread but his appetite was gone. He
seemed sinking, sinking down to
death.

"I don't see why you don't get rid of
that boy," said Helen to her father,
whom she met in the sitting-room.
"I will as soon as the hired man
comes back with the rockaway," was
the answer.

The hired man came back about the
middle of the afternoon, and John
Arnold went into the kitchen where
the boy was.
"Come, Amos," he said, in tones
intended to be cheerful, "we must go."
"Where?" asked the boy, fixing his
large, wondering eyes upon the man.

"To Bill Jones', our friend's place, my
boy, who keeps all such boys as you."
"All such boys as you?" Need Judge
Arnold have insulted the poor afflicted
child? Were not his sufferings great
enough without further wounding his
feelings? But the feelings of the boy
were deadened by pain and suffering.
He can be tortured until the nerves
stand against the wall. Taking them
under his armpit, he found his little
faded cap and put it on his head.

"There is a shawl they brought,"
said Mrs. Arnold.
"Put it around him," commanded
Judge Arnold.

The woman obeyed, trembling vi-
olently, she could not tell why.
"Now, father, the carpet bag, take
that along."
Arnold seized the plain old carpet
bag containing a few clothes for the
child, as though it were a contemptible
thing, and then, followed by the little
cripple, left the house.

"Come on, come on!" said the im-
patient man at the gate, holding it open
for the child, who was slowly and pain-
fully coming toward it; "you can go
faster than that, and I know it."
The poor little fellow tried to increase
his speed, and stumbling fell. He ut-
tered a cry of pain, and Mr. Arnold,
with an oath, commanded John to carry
him to the carriage.

The kind-hearted John took up the
little beggar—for he was not a beggar
now?—and carrying him to the vehicle
placed him in as comfortably as he
could. The child bore his suffering
with scarcely a murmur.

As James Arnold sat in his easy car-
riage, which was whirling away toward
the poor-house, he had no thought for
the little occupant. He did not see the
angelic expression of that sweet little
face, or appreciate his great trust in an
Auntie Fatherly. Aunt Lakeman was
young, not to exceed six years of age,
and no larger than many children at
four, yet he was educated in misery far
beyond his years. He was always a
cripple, possessing that sweet, patient
disposition which God so frequently
gives the unfortunate. He had always
been loved by every one who knew him,
though none took sufficient interest in
his welfare to provide a good home for
him. Charitable institutions were not
known on Sandy Fork—unless one
meant the poor-house, and it was no
shelter to be sent there.

The carriage rolled up the door of
the poor-house, which was simply a
row of long, miserable buildings, some
of logs and some of frame, while one
for the hopelessly insane was made of
stone. The proprietor, a large, brutal-
looking man, with uncombed hair, com-
ing out bare-headed, and in his shirt-
sleeves, his hands in his pockets and
gawling lazily, said:
"Hello, Judge, that you? Well, who

in the name o' tarnation ye got there,
anyway?"
"A new charge."
"Why, there's no court."
"That makes no difference, Bill; I'll
make it all right when court does set."
"Well, of yo say it's all right, Judge,
I'll take him; ye order know."



THE POOR-HOUSE KEEPER AND THE
NEW CHARGE.

"Know this case will be all right,
Bill. Take this boy and I will have you
fixed up as soon as county court sets."
John, the hired hand, offered to
carry the little cripple home.

"Can't he walk?" asked Bill Jones.
"Not very well," answered John.
"He can walk a great deal better
than he pretends," said Arnold, in his
merciless banter.

"Well, I'll bring him out o' his last-
ing," chuckled Bill Jones. "I'll find
room for him to do. He kin pick up
chips, or weed the onion beds."
John, who had more humanity in his
soul than either of his superiors, took
the child in his arms.

"Oh, ya's! ye best take him to that
second log house an' set 'em down there
again," chuckled Bill Jones.

Little Amos was carried in the strong
arms of the kind-hearted John to the
room indicated. The room into which
the sick boy was ushered was miserable,
indeed; the floor was uncarpeted, the
walls of bare logs, were black with
smoke, the cracks between the logs
were stuffed up with filthy rags, and at
the rear of the room were two miserable
looking beds.

Gathered around the fire-place, in
which were a few coals, were half a
dozen wretched creatures, five women
and one man. They were clothed
in ragged, filthy, and many of them
uncombed hair, hung about their
shoulders, and were tied in knots
with strings. The day was slightly
cool, and the poor mortals were doing
all in their power to infuse some warmth
into their bodies. They were growing
pale, the cracks between the logs
were stuffed up with filthy rags, and at
the rear of the room were two miserable
looking beds.

Little Amos was placed on a hard
chair near the door. He did not dare
go too near those creatures, they
seemed so much like wild animals.
Occasionally they turned their sallow
faces upon him. One was blind, long
legs were crippled, the man was partially
insane, one woman had the rickets, and
the other was too old and feeble to help
herself. These objects were disgusting
and frightful to look upon, and Amos
expected from the glances they cast
upon him that he would be soon torn
to pieces.

"Oh, Helen! Helen! there is sister
Helen!" he cried, weeping bitterly.

CHAPTER XIII.
IN JAIL.
Mr. Belcher, the sheriff, had a kind
heart and did all he could to cheer
Helen.

"I hope, Miss Lakeman, it'll not be
as bad as you think. I hope you will
come out all right."
"No, no," said Helen, her face grow-
ing more calm and pale, "I know that
shame, ruin and death will come out of
this; I am in the power of persons bent
upon my ruin, and nothing on earth
can save me."
"Who do you think is bent on your
ruin?"
"Mr. Arnold and family."
"Why, great goodness! why would
they want to ruin a poor girl like
you?"

Helen was silent. She could not
answer this question, though she knew
the answer to it. She could not tell
him that the Arnolds had determined
to have the educated and accomplished
Warren Stuart a member of their fam-
ily, and that the pretty face of the hired
girl was in the way. That Helen Lake-
man, arrested and disgraced, would
lose her beauty even in the eyes of her
infatuated lover. She dare not tell the
sheriff what her honest convictions
said were the living truth, for they
would not be believed. The sheriff
waited for her to speak. Belcher had
been an officer long enough to regard
every person arrested as a criminal.
Of course, this girl was guilty. He
felt very sorry for her. She was young,
beautiful and intelligent, and she was
being wronged. He would have been
pleased to see her free, and he would
have been glad to see her married to
the man she loved. He would have been
glad to see her married to the man she
loved. He would have been glad to see
her married to the man she loved.

"Helen," he said, in a kind and
fatherly tone as he could command,
"you are a young girl, and perhaps
know nothing about this. I will give
you my own advice, and I will give you
the advice, which she knew would come."
"I feel sorry for you on account of this
trouble you have got into," the
sheriff said, "and I want to talk to you
as if you were my own daughter."
The carriage was rolling along over
a smooth piece of road, and the driver
knew every word the girl said by way
of confession could be heard by the
driver, provided she denied it after-
ward. The sheriff determined to work
up the case if possible. Helen was still
silent, and he continued:

"You are young, grown upon the
world without an adviser or friend, and
now if I can help you any I would be
glad to do so. Your crime is a serious
one, to be in with; and, what is more,
you will be convicted of it. The proof
against you is overwhelming, and there
is no power—no lawyer on earth—that
can make a jury believe you are in-
nocent."
[TO BE CONTINUED.]

OF GENERAL INTEREST.

—Professional humorists are engaged in
New York to arouse after-dinner
amusement.—N. Y. Sun.
—Twenty miles of snow sheds, cost-
ing \$1,500,000, have been built recently
by a Canadian railway company.
—It is not good policy to say things
before children that you would not
like to have repeated. It is the little things
that tell.—Boston Transcript.

—The oldest bank building in this
country is situated in Albany, N. Y. It
was erected in 1803, and has been oc-
cupied by one concern ever since.—
Albany Journal.

—Some persons have the habit of ex-
claiming, "Don't talk to me." They
should reflect that possibly the offender
would not, only he has got to talk or
bust.—N. Y. Mail.

—At Port Jervis, N. Y., recently the
railroad agent was flooded by the
following letter from a well-dressed
man:—"Will this train coming
now leave before the one going next?"
—There are about 200,000 men inter-
ested in brass bands, either as players
or makers of instruments. There are
30,000 brass bands in this country at
the present time, and their number is
rapidly increasing.—N. Y. Sun.

—Eighty-five persons climbed Mount
Blanc last winter, and of these were
Americans. They found plenty of
room at the top. There is always
plenty of room where the mass of man-
kind does not care to go.—Boston Post.

—The average man's opinion of hu-
manity is not flattering. In his heart
he is aware that he is himself
a remarkably poor lot, and yet he con-
sider himself better than anybody else.—N. Y. Times.

—The people of the United States pay
more for Brazilian coffee than the value
of the merchandise exported to the
United States. The coffee costs
\$20,000,000. The exports are a
little less than \$28,000,000.—Chicago
Times.

—A St. John (N. B.) liquor dealer
who has been giving himself up to
blowing horns and other disturbing
the Salvation Army when they
pass his place, was rotten-eyed re-
cently by a number of young men who
were desirous of teaching him better
sense.

—Henry Thornton moved his sitting-
room store to the smoke-house last
April. The other day he cleaned it
out, and found it full of rats, and
found among the rats five cents that
must have been smoldering for six
months. He had burned hickory
wood in the stove.—N. Y. Herald.

—A tramp who was jailed in Indiana
the other day had three scars from
bullet wounds, two from clubs, seven
dog-bites and a black eye, and yet he
knew no English, and almost his only
words were "yes" and "no." He had
plenty to eat and find perfect rest
for the next sixty days.—Detroit Free Press.

—The King of Cambodia, according
to the correspondent of a Paris journal,
has three hundred wives, chosen
from the handsomest women in the
whole country. The entire population
and territory belong to the King. All
the Cambodians are the King's "ser-
vants" or slaves, and pay him rents.
The King himself belongs to the French
Resident-General.

—A Georgia paper publishes as truth
the story of a Georgia farmer
who became satisfied that he had a
tapeworm. So he carefully baited a
little fishhook, tied a short line to it,
and stuck it into his back, and he
brought it out. He then waited for a
bite. By and by he thought he had
one and yanked the line; the hook
caught in his throat and had to be dug
out. He didn't catch the worm.

—Murder, or plotting to murder, is a
heinous crime the world over. If a
man advises another or pays another
to commit a murder it is as difficult
for the law to punish as if he would
be the murderer himself. If a man
murders another and flees the
country to escape punishment let
us remember that he is committing his
crime against the world, and let us
return to the scene of the murder for
punishment.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

—A San Diego citizen bought a ticket
for San Francisco and sat down on the
pier until the boat was ready to
start. He became much interested in
the work going on, the passengers hur-
rying down, the gangplank pulled in,
and the lines cast off, and expressed
pleasure in watching the big steam-
ship he had bought. He then remem-
bered he was on board, but his bag-
gage was, and his language was some-
thing shocking.—San Francisco Chronicle.

—The ingenuity of our fellow being
is great; a man with two wooden legs
has placed himself upon a perfect
equality, as to covering ground quick-
ly, with any one individual who pos-
sesses two feet, bone, muscle and
blood circulation. He was seen
scudding along Broadway one morning
with a pair of crutches, and he was
perfectly perfect by means of his wooden
legs, which were fastened to the shafts
to prevent slipping.—N. Y. Herald.

—Lieutenant A. M. Fuller, of the
Seventh United States Cavalry, during
his recent service in Arizona was dis-
tinguished by a feat of arms. He was
tailed to special duty as signal officer.
Signals were flashed by mirrors from
five to forty miles. So nearly perfect
is this system of communication by
"sun-dashes" that a trial message of
twenty-five words was sent recently
over a two hundred mile line, and an
answer of the same length received at
the starting point in "twenty minutes"
time.—Chicago Journal.

—The average duration of life has
been made the subject of fresh investi-
gation by a German statistician, who
finds that the lowest average is for the
day laborer (thirty-two years), and the
highest among those who engage in
manual toil is among the gardeners,
who live an average of fifty-eight years.
The professional occupations come
even above regular open air occupa-
tions, as the averages given show for-
ty-nine years for physicians, fifty-four
for jurists, fifty-seven for teachers and
sixty-seven for clergymen.

Beautiful Sentiment.

One sometimes finds a gem among
the caseways of forgotten years.
The following congratulatory letter
to a young lady on the eve of mar-
riage is venerable, but good:
"I am holding some pasteboard in
my hands—three stately blockings
from the bush of ceremony. I am
gazing upon a card and upon a name
—a name with which your gentle life
began, a name with which your
wedding vows were made. There is
nothing strange about the card. The
maiden sign still looks up from its
calm and customary, as it looks on
many a friendly visit as it lies in
many a formal basket.

"I am gazing too, upon a card where
the nearer parent tells the world she
will be 'at home one day,' and that is
nothing new. But there is another
card whose mingling there, put a
tongue of fire into that speechless
pasteboard. It tells us that these
cards are but the heralds of a coming
crisis when a hand that has passed
the hands, and plucked flowers
shall close down on one to whom
she will be a friend and flower for-
ever after.

I send you a few flowers to adorn
the dying moments of your single
life. They are the gentlest type of a
delicate, durable friendship. They
sprung up by your side, when others
have deserted it, and will be found
watching over you out of years, when
those who should have been there
have forgotten us.

It seems meet that a past so calm
and pure as yours should expire with
a kindred sweetness about it; that
flowers and music, kind friends and
earnest words should consecrate the
hour when a sentiment is passing
into a sacrament.

The three great stages of our
being are birth and burial and
marriage. To the first we bring only
tears; for the last we have nothing
but dust. But here at the altar,
where life joins life, the past comes
trampling up to the holy man, while
the deep promises that arm
each with the other heart to help on
in the life struggle of care and duty.
The beautiful will be there, the
loving new beauty from the scene—
the gay and the frivolous will look
solemn for ours, and youth will come
to gaze on all that it aspired thought
for—our age will utter up to
hear the old words repeated over
again, that to their own lives have
given the charm. Some will weep
over it as if it were a tomb; some
will laugh as if it were a joke; but
two must stand by it for its fate, not
this, everlasting locking of their
lives.

And now, can you, who have
questioned it over so many bend-
ing forms; come down at last to the
frugal diet of a single heart? Hitherto
you have been a clock, giving your
time to all the world. Now you are
watch-buried in one particular
beam, making only hour, and tick-
ing only to the best of his heart,
where time and feeling shall be in
unison until these lower ties are loosed
in that higher clock where all hearts
are united around the great central
heart of all."—Exchange.

A Wonderful Journal.
There are not more than half a
dozen publications in America that
can rightfully claim a circulation of
over a hundred thousand copies per
week, and among weekly newspapers
but two or three can boast that num-
ber.

One of these is The Weekly Detroit
Free Press, which is so wonderfully
successful because of its excess of
120,000 copies each week. A little
calculation shows that to print this
immense issue—the Free Press being
an eight page, fifty-six column paper
requires rolls of paper aggregating
just 135 miles in length and 13,550
pounds in weight. It is a busy day
in the Detroit Post-office when The
Free Press is mailed. There is also
an English edition of the paper, print-
ed in London, Eng., 80,000 copies be-
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