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ILLS OF BACHELORHOOD.

An Article Which Was Probably Written

by a Bachelor of the Name.

One reason among bachelors for not

marrying is that they think by keeping

clear of matrimony they will avoid all

care, expense and responsibility respect-

ing the next generation, and secure an

equable and certain happiness in life,

even to its close. Poor, unhappy men!

It is little they know of the way in

which affairs are really to be run in

the future. In regard to this expectation,

we would just ask if any one ever

knew an old bachelor who was not

burdened some way or other with chil-

dren? Are they not sure to have

brothers and sisters who bring whole

legions of children into the world,

which children are sent to visit regu-

larly in alternate lots their bachelor

uncle partly to relieve the press of mat-

ter at home, and partly from a benevo-

lent desire to provide him with com-

pany and partly to cheer his solitary

hours?

Is not "your uncle" appealed to on

every occasion of expense, such as the

fitting out of a boy for college, and the

sending of another to school? And

does he not thus in the long run dis-

burse as much of his hard-earned gains

as if he had had children of his own—

in which case, moreover, he would have

had a little more of the honor to con-

sulate him for the cost? No, not tell us

of the saving of bachelorhood. One way

or another, the expense of rearing the

next generation is pretty well distrib-

uted over society.

But old bachelors are not suffered to

escape with simply providing for a troop

of nephews and nieces; they very fre-

quently become the prey of their ser-

vants, who consider their property a fair

share of plunder in every possible

shape. Where to see old bachelors, the

man who perhaps abstained from mar-

riage to escape being ruled—who is not

wholly ruled, three-quarters tormented

and at least half robbed by a Jenny or

Betty or a Mary—some old widowed

female domestic, who knows his cue,

and manages him accordingly. No, no;

it is all stuff to talk of there being any

saving, or any defense against being

ruled in old bachelorhood. If bachelors

know their own real interest in life

they would know in reality many in

self-interest.

Finally, as to their assurance of hap-

piness to the very close of life, nothing

could be more wilfully absurd. If hap-

piness depended alone upon wealth—

which it notoriously does not—then it

would be secured. But happiness de-

pends upon the cultivation of the social

affections, so far as it depends on any

thing earthly; and this is the very point

which the bachelor has neglected.

While most prudent men make provi-

sion in middle life for the necessities of

age, by rearing attached and honorable

offspring, who at last become a great

comfort to them, the poor, timid, and

unforeseeing bachelor thought, that,

because he was contented to enjoy

wealth, he would always be so; and, ac-

cordingly, he went on in a state of de-

clined rebellion against nature, till, at

length, when it was too late, he finds

himself unable to be comforted by his

gold, and totally destitute of what the

stone could make him happy.—N. Y.

Leader.

MISCELLANEOUS.

—It is discovered that a school

teacher near Montreal can neither read

nor write.

—There are now in use on American

railroads 26,415 locomotives, 19,252

passenger coaches, 6,325 baggage cars,

845,914 freight cars. Their value is es-

timated at \$700,000,000.

—"I have a girl," says a Jerseyman,

"that's so modest she wouldn't even

learn improper fractions in school."

"My girl is more modest than that,"

replied another, "she always goes into

the next room to change her mind."

—Aunt Migeova, to fashionable niece

"Do you expect to do anything in the

direction of clarity this winter, Clara?"

Miss Clara, brightly—"O, yes, aunt,

I am already planning my costume for

the Charity ball."—Epoch.

—Mr. Paley—"Will you allow me to

point that picturesque old building back

of your house?" Mr. Wayback—"No,

I reckon I won't go to that expense—

but I wouldn't mind a coat of white-

wash, neither, if you don't tax me too

much for it."—Golden Days.

—The strength of shafts or bars of

iron is, for bending and twisting

strains, as the cubes of their diameter.

Thus, a two-inch shaft is eight times as

strong as a one inch shaft, while a

three inch shaft is twenty-seven times

as strong.

—The force of habit is always strong.

A Baltimore young man who was calling

on a street car conductor's daughter

said that the father wandered in at a

rather late hour; and, opening the

door, mechanically exclaimed: "Sit

close, please."—Baltimore American.

—Washington Sunday-school—Teacher

(to little girl)—"Now, Angelina,

can you tell me what it means to return

good for evil?" Angelina Brooks—"

Well, miss, I don't exactly know do

you, but I think it means if any one

sins, you don't sin back."

—Barber's Razor.

A company of oaters were cracking

jokes the other day when one of them

started the rest by asking: "Did you

ever see a bun dance on the table?"

After struggling awhile they said they

hoped they always would be able to see

such a thing—especially when hungry.

—St. Albans (Vt.) Messenger.

—At the reception, Miss Vawza

(from Bavaria)—"Which do you like

the better, Mr. Miller, winter or spring?"

Mr. Miller (from Minnesota)—"Well,

a good hard No. 1 spring gets pretty

warm, and there's the most money in it;

but after all, give me the regular old-

fashioned winter wheat that ain't got

the best flour every time!"—Pack.

—An exchange says that a folded

newspaper placed under the coat in the

small of the back is an excellent substi-

tute for an overcoat. There is consid-

erable warmth in a newspaper, that's

fact. Many a man has become heated

by simply reading an article in a new-

spaper; and at such times he wants to

make it hot for the editor, too.—Nor-

ristown Herald.

—Among the "foibles of the air" are

three, the eagle, swan and raven, which

live to the age of 100 years or more.

The parrot and heron attain the

age of sixty years. The sparrow-hawk,

duck and pelican may live

to forty, while the peacock and lin-

net reach the quarter century, and the

canary twenty-four years.—Boston

Budget.

—Any device that will make the cars

comfortable and do away with the

THE TREE PEDDLER.

How Some Nurserymen Work Off Their

Worthless Stock.

The tree agent is the outgrowth of

the nursery business before pub-

lic means of communication were abun-

dant as now and when farmers knew

much less about trees and fruits and

the mode of procuring them direct from

the nursery. Then, if honest, he did

go to the nursery, he did go, he did

go, being a sort of house-to-house

missionary for propagating a sort of

gospel which was slow to be dissem-

inated. Now we don't need him. Em-

terprising fruit growers and tree plant-

ers take the papers, read the articles

and the advertisements and are also

generally well supplied with catalogues.

They know (vaguely, at least) who

stand well as nurserymen, and have

been to consult the catalogues to be able

to order intelligently. It is much better

now to order of an agent after keeping

him over night, or listening to his as-

tonishing eloquence for several hours

when you are in a hurry and after one

has engaged in bewildering admiration

of the preserved specimens which he

always carries in magnifying jars. The

nurseryman generally feels it not en-

tirely safe to sell to a man intelligently

enough to send him a written order

with the cash in advance. He wants to

sell him a bill another year, while the

peddler rarely operates twice in the

same neighborhood. He prefers fresh

fields and pastures new.

But how is it that tree agents con-

tinue to ply a trade which stands in

such bad odor? We fail to notice that

many nurserymen take the pains to ad-