



A NOISY MAN
Although a noisy man may be a nuisance worth abusing, Frater like the fellow, He is, somewhere, so amusing. It is to hear the endless flow of senseless sound he's dropping And think that he is bound to go. Frater without stopping. While others wish in pain because He's making them so tired I watch the motion of his jaws And wonder if they're wired.

Though he is called a "windy bag," And other names, it's true, It's worth, I think, to hear him brag About one cent of money.

While people hate his vain conceit And think he isn't witty, And easily snub him on the street, I fear for him a pity.

None without brains he can not see Himself an others saw him; Besides he's very good—to be A freak in some nice-um.

Because I pity him, in such A proper fashion I'd care, For, while I like him—rather much—I can not say I love him.

Still, though he's such a nuisance cool That, gladly, we destroy him, He doesn't mean to be too fool, Imagines we enjoy him.

—H. C. Dodge, in Goodall's Sun.

CRUEL KINDNESS.
The Natural Sequel to a Mother's Mistaken Indulgence.

What shall we call her? said Farmer Ellis, looking down upon the small specimen of humanity lying so helpless in the nurse's arms.

"Angela," said Mrs. Ellis, turning on her pillow to gaze on the tiny features.

"That's as near angel as I can get it," she thought, "and John would pooh at me, if he knew just how I felt."

But John made no objection, for the fifteen years of married life which had been childless made the stranger more welcome.

True, an adopted daughter claimed their love and care, and the little blue-eyed maiden, who stood rapturously gazing at the infant, deserved all that she received.

"Nettie Ellis is the smartest girl in town," was the verdict of more than one rustic admirer. "When she goes to be a woman she'll make things buzz," said, indeed, she did not lack much of doing so now.

Thrifty Mrs. Ellis was a model housekeeper, and kept no girl. Thus early, Nettie had been initiated into the mysteries of butter and cheese-making, and in dish-washing, sweeping and dusting, she went far beyond all the little girls of her acquaintance. She was the same busy little maiden in school, for the "winter term" was all she enjoyed, and her teachers echoed the verdict of the townpeople. And now a little sister had come to share her pleasures and her work, for once she had had Mrs. Ellis say:

"It's my bounded duty to teach my girls to do every thing I can do myself," and in Nettie's case, surely, she had not failed. Why is it that the finest theories vanish often when brought to the test?

If I ever have children of my own, I'll show people how they should be trained," many a model school teacher has declared. Alas! the boast soon ceases when the trial comes.

So, as the rosy-cheeked Angela grew rapidly out of long clothes, and went pattering about the farm-house, and the mother was so taken up with adoring her "angel" that the old theories were forgotten. Angela developed a sturdy will of her own, and "she must not be crossed," the mother decided, though it made her appear so unlovely in the eyes of all others.

Nettie loved the willful little one, and tried to teach her what she had been so carefully trained to perform, but Angela soon decided:

"Let those work who live to it. I don't like it."

"I'm afraid you're making a mistake, wife," Mr. Ellis said. "It's cruel kindness you're showing our little girl. You don't make her mind very wide, and she ain't half so forward as Nettie was at her age."

"Much you know about it," said Mrs. Ellis, angrily. "She's all we've got, and I don't mean she shall work as I've always done."

The child had learned to obey her father, but as he never interfered in household affairs the mischief went on. At school the willful girl studied or not, as suited her pleasure, and when Nettie was declared "too old to go to school," Angela was sent away to be educated.

But a new element appeared in the Ellis household, threatening its tranquility. Nettie had a lover, a sturdy young fellow, with only his strong hands and true heart to recommend him.

"It's all nonsense," Mrs. Ellis said, "we can't spare Nettie, and Porter has no home to take her to. When he owns a farm, we'll let her go."

But Mr. Ellis decided. "Nettie is a good, true girl. She shall decide this matter herself." And Nettie decided.

"I'll go and help you earn a name, Ned."

The faithful Nettie must not go from the rich farmer's home where she had been reared, empty handed, so the great flock of geese was robbed of their feathers, and plump beds were made, and a chest full of linen and wooden sheets, spun and woven by her own busy hands, was given Nettie, and so many useful things, that the verdict of the community, which is always given in such cases, was:

"The Ellis' have given the girl a good 'setting out.'"

Meanwhile, Angela had "finished her education," as she declared, though some said: "It's amazing how little it takes to satisfy her in that line." She dished the homely duties which filled up the lives of most of the people about her, intensely.

"Well she may be; cute little things they are," replied her father, "and Ned and his wife are doing first rate."

The marriage was completed under the happiest auspices, and the household of the young couple began. But, alas! Angela soon learned, by many a bitter lesson, that she was unable to make an orderly, comfortable home by the help of a careless, incompetent girl, when she knew so little herself.

The visits of her parents to their daughter's home gave them the heart-sick, and made Mrs. Ellis wonder if, after all, she had not done as her husband had often told her: "shown cruel

kindness to her child."

Death came suddenly to Mr. Ellis, and the other went to live with her daughter.

"I can help her and tell her how to do," she thought.

But, alas! it was too late. She saw her mistake in the training of Angela, faithfully copied in the teaching of her only son, and when she warned her of the consequences of her wholesale indulgence, heard only: "Oh, mother, you're growing old. You have forgotten how children feel. I can train my child."

Mrs. Ellis was no sorry when the messenger came, and she was laid by her husband in the last dreamless sleep. To-day, the potted, spoiled son of a dotting mother is a drunkard, entirely destitute of self-control, leading a guardian to care for what remains of his large patrimony.

Nellie's flock of brave boys have all gone forth from the farm earned by her own and her husband's industry, to homes of their own. While she, with silver threads thickly sprinkling her hair, reclines in her arm-chair, saying: "I'm so sorry for Angela and her poor boy. 'It was cruel kindness,' giving 'brings up,' I am sure."—Mrs. E. J. Richmond, in Woman's Magazine.

PUNISHED THE SHIRKERS.
The Way Steamboat Men Got Even with the "Spoken of a veteran engineer," "I saw a fellow do a trick on the Arkansas river once for which he should have been hanged. His dead son, so I do not hesitate to give his name. It was Prindle McMillin. He was laid on the steamer Port Gibson and I was a passenger on the way from Little Rock to Van Buren. At the little town of Spadra Bluffs there was a large amount of salt in sacks to be discharged. Now, as you well know, sacked salt is the very worst kind of freight for the roughest boats. It is a constant test of strength and endurance. A sack of salt is too heavy a load for one man to carry, and not heavy enough for two. Some mates get over the difficulty when a big sail pile is to be handled by using 'hand-barrons' and trucks, but even then there must be a waste of labor. Prindle insisted the men should each carry a sack, and the result was he soon had his crew 'burnt out' and they began to soldier on him. He noticed this and so did I. We were both standing on the bank and saw six of the crew sneak out of line and make their way back along the bank to the wheel. The engines were whirled up and the wheel was in such a position that one of the 'buckets' was on a dead level. On this 'bucket' the six shirkers ranged themselves like crows on the limb of a tree. When Prindle saw them he seemed seized with a sudden fenshish impulse to punish them. He did nothing, but he went along the boat he walked back into the engine-room, and in an unaccounted way, said to the engineer on watch: 'Bill, I wish you would just give her one turn ahead.' The engineer did as he was told. His opened the throttle and the six men yell and cling desperately to their perch. But it was useless; into the river they went, and three of them never came out. Of course, there was a great sensation, and Prindle declared he did not know the men were on the wheel. He said nothing to the captain, and his order to the engineer was for the sole purpose of punishing them for soldiering."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Authors Who Were Well Paid.
The pounds, shillings and pence of literature is the subject of an article in a recent number of the Ladies' Treasury. In France Zola is the best paid, and in this country, the best paid is Mrs. Humphrey Ward has just been offered \$1,500 for a short story of 30,000 words, while "John Strange Winter" (Mrs. Stannard), "refused to take \$200 for her next shilling story." Lord Bessou's novel brings him \$25,000, while Victor Hugo died \$1,000,000, and the late George Eliot, \$100,000. The late Charles Dickens, \$100,000. The late George Eliot, \$100,000. The late Charles Dickens, \$100,000.

THE NEW DISCOVERY.
You have heard your friends and neighbors talking about the "New Discovery" for curing all the troubles of the human system. You know from personal experience just how good a thing it is. If you have ever tried it you are one of its staunch friends, because you know just how good a thing it is. If you have ever tried it, you are one of its staunch friends, because you know just how good a thing it is. If you have ever tried it, you are one of its staunch friends, because you know just how good a thing it is.

THE FIRST STEP.
Perhaps you are first down, can't eat, can't sleep, can't think, can't do anything to your satisfaction, and you wonder what all you. You should heed the warning, you are taking the first step in the wrong direction. You need a Nerve Tonic and in Electric Bitters you will find the exact remedy for restoring your nervous system to its normal, healthy condition. This Nerve Tonic and Alternative. Your appetite returns, good digestion is restored and the liver and kidneys resume action. Try a bottle. Price 50c. at H. B. Garber Pharmacy.

Buckley's Anker Salve.
The Great Salve in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay returned. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by H. B. Garber.

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Drew blood, modern doctors cleanse it; hence the increased demand for Alternative. It is now well known that most diseases are due, not to over-abundance, but to impurity, of the blood; and it is equally well attested that no blood medicine is so efficacious as Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

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"We have sold Ayer's Sarsaparilla here for over thirty years and always recommend it when a patient complains of blood-purifier."—W. T. McLean, Druggist, Medina, Ohio.

"Ayer's Sarsaparilla continues to be the standard remedial in spite of all competition."—T. W. Richmond, Bear Lake, Utah.

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Price, 25 cents per bottle. Sold by all druggists.

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Corrected Weekly by Charles Moore & Co. The Grocers, Hopkinsville, Ky.

Butter—25 to 30c.
Eggs—12 to 15c.
Poultry—12 to 15c.
Hams—Country, 12 to 15c; sugar cured, 15 to 18c.
Shoulders—5c.
Lard—10c.
Flour—Patent, \$1.25; standard, \$1.00.
Meal—70c per bushel.
Dried Beef—12 to 15c; chipmunk, 10c.
Sugar—Granulated, 10c; No. 1, 9c; dark brown, 8c.
Tea—Black, 50c to \$1.00; Green, 50c to \$1.00.
Coffee—No. 1, 25c; No. 2, 20c; No. 3, 15c.
Beans—String, 10c; No. 1, 9c; No. 2, 8c; No. 3, 7c.
Hacking—No. 1, 10c; No. 2, 9c; No. 3, 8c.
Apples—Common, 10c; per barrel, 10 to 15c.
Oranges—No. 1, 10c; No. 2, 9c; No. 3, 8c.
Lemons—No. 1, 10c; No. 2, 9c; No. 3, 8c.
Limes—No. 1, 10c; No. 2, 9c; No. 3, 8c.
Grapes—No. 1, 10c; No. 2, 9c; No. 3, 8c.
Peaches—No. 1, 10c; No. 2, 9c; No. 3, 8c.
Plums—No. 1, 10c; No. 2, 9c; No. 3, 8c.
Nuts—No. 1, 10c; No. 2, 9c; No. 3, 8c.
Clover—No. 1, 10c; No. 2, 9c; No. 3, 8c.

LOUISVILLE MARKET.
FLOUR, MEAL AND MILLSTUFF.
Flour—No. 1, 10c; No. 2, 9c; No. 3, 8c.
Meal—No. 1, 10c; No. 2, 9c; No. 3, 8c.
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While introducing our new work, if you send us a photograph of yourself or any member of your family, we will make you a full-length Crayon Portrait Free of Charge. The only condition imposed upon you will be that you exhibit it to your friends as a sample of our work, and that you will send us a card of introduction to your friends, with a request that they will send us a photograph of themselves or any member of their family, with a request that they will send us a photograph of themselves or any member of their family.

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Promotes a luxuriant growth of the hair, and cures itching humors. It is the best preparation for the hair, and is sold by all druggists.

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L. & N. Railroad.
DEPART FOR—MEMPHIS—4:00 A. M.; 10:10 P. M.
ARRIVE FROM—MEMPHIS—10:10 A. M.; 4:00 P. M.
DEPART FOR—EVANSVILLE—10:10 A. M.; 4:00 P. M.
ARRIVE FROM—EVANSVILLE—10:10 A. M.; 4:00 P. M.
DEPART FOR—LOUISVILLE—10:10 A. M.; 4:00 P. M.
ARRIVE FROM—LOUISVILLE—10:10 A. M.; 4:00 P. M.

C. & P. DIVISION L. & N.
SOUTH BOUND—Mail and Express No. 1. Leave Princeton 7:10 a. m.; arrive at Gracyville 11:10 a. m.; arrive at Princeton Junction 1:10 p. m.; arrive at Princeton 3:10 p. m.
NORTH BOUND—Mail and Express No. 2. Leave Princeton 7:10 a. m.; arrive at Gracyville 11:10 a. m.; arrive at Princeton Junction 1:10 p. m.; arrive at Princeton 3:10 p. m.

O. V. TIME TABLE.
Takes effect August 11, 1900.
TRAINS SOUTH.
Lv. Evansville 10:00 a. m. 10:00 p. m.
Lv. Nashville 10:00 a. m. 10:00 p. m.
Lv. Memphis 10:00 a. m. 10:00 p. m.
Lv. New Orleans 10:00 a. m. 10:00 p. m.

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At Reduced Rates of Trip Rates on all Ticket Offices of connecting lines to Boston, New York, Philadelphia, St. Louis, Chicago, St. Paul, and other points in the North and South.
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EPPE'S COCOA.
"By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the process of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected Cocoa, Mr. Eppe has provided our breakfast tables with a delicious and healthful beverage which may save us many a nervous headache, and give us a new and more enjoyable method of breakfasting. It is by the judicious use of this Cocoa that we may gradually build up our strength, and by its use we may avoid the use of stimulants, and by its use we may avoid the use of stimulants, and by its use we may avoid the use of stimulants."

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BEWARE!
I know of soaps quite fair to see, Take care! They can both white and spurious be, Beware! Beware! Trust them not, They are fooling thee!
They claim to be the purest made, Take care! They are of an inferior grade, Beware! Beware! Trust them not, Buy the IVORY!

A WORD OF WARNING.
There are many white soaps, each represented to be "just as good as the Ivory;" they ARE NOT, but like all counterfeits, lack the peculiar and remarkable qualities of the genuine. Ask for "Ivory" Soap and insist upon getting it.

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MINING AT NIGHT.
Industrious Toller Working Beneath the Surface of the Earth.
A small door-way, made of upright logs and a crossbeam, marks the entrance to the leading mine in the anthracite region. It is located on the mountain side just above Black Jeddio, in Luraine County, a place made notorious during the Molly Maguire reign. In company with an experienced guide with a small miner's lamp suspended from his hand, a tourist enters the cavernous depths of night. As his eyes become accustomed to the darkness, making his way over rivulets of running water and stumbling over shining pieces of anthracite, he reaches the railroad track which connects the tollers in this underground workshop with their brother workmen in the mammoth breaker, perched on the mountain side in a building of such magnitude that the ten-story structures on Chestnut street sink into insignificance when compared with it.

The sharp whistle of the little engine which winds its way through the dark recesses of the mine, sends all comers to give it room to pass, and the tourist hastily jumps into the ditch and presses close to the side of the bank. The little engine, with its train laden with coal, rushes by. Passing toward the tourist enters a roomy chamber where dusky men, by dimly lights, with heavy hammers, are tapping into the head, black rock beneath their feet and scooping up the powdered dust until a sufficient depth is reached, when the explosive material is inserted, the fuse applied and the warning cry is given.

All rush for safety behind the pillars or the fat on the ground until the bursting rock has ceased to scatter. The mass thus detached is sufficient to fill a small train of cars, but a body of laborers with pick and shovel and sledge-hammers rushed to a convenient site for handling. The train is soon loaded, and the little engine takes it to the bottom of the slope, where a mammoth wire cable is attached, and powerful engines at the mouth of the slope draw the load to the outer air. The cars are then placed on the tracks of the breaker and powerful machinery carries them up to a great height, where the mass is shot down on an iron hoisted road, where heavy men break up the large lumps and the mass is again started downward, passing through several chambers and being picked over and examined by numbers of old men and boys who are considered fit for nothing else but to pick slate.

These mines are worked day and night, and there is no intermission. No daylight penetrates the gloom of the mine, but the flicker from the little lamps suspended in front of the hand-gear of the army of workmen somewhat dispels the gloom. With cans upon their backs and another body of people of all ages and nationalities. As the streams of glittering coal pass in review before them, each piece of slate is removed and thrown into a box alongside of the busy workers. Thus every piece of coal which is brought to the market is handled by a number of people.—Philadelphia Press.

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BRICK MANUFACTURERS
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AND ORDERS PROMPTLY FILLED.
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