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WORSE THAN A FAILURE.

A bachelor, old and cranky,
Was sitting alone in his room;
His toes with the gait were aching,
And his face was o'erpeaked with gloom.
No little one's shouts disturbed him,
From making the house was free,
In fact, from the state of affairs,
Was quiet as a quiet could be.
No medical aid was lacking;
The servants assured his ring,
Respectfully heard his orders,
And supplied him with every thing.
But still there was something wanting,
Something he couldn't command—
The kindly words of compassion,
The touch of a gentle hand.
And he said, as his brow grew darker
And he rang for the housemaid;
"Well, my service may be a failure,
But this is a blessed gift worth!"
—Boston Courier.

CUPID'S FIRST WOUNDS.

Thoughts on the Beautiful Experiences of the Heart.

The first love is rarely a preparation for better to come. It is a first love and helps both men and women.

There are those who hold that love is simply love, and that one can love a thousand times, and each time as deeply, truly, humanly and spiritually with the same exaltation and freshness. But I hold that there is in that first stir of the emotion by the opposite sex a turn given to life, a color to our emotions, and a lasting bias to our whole being that never again repeats itself. One may love more wisely the second time and with a more testing devotion, but only the first love can give the absolute thrill of unalloyed bliss and open the world to you as a place of joyous work and worship. You are suddenly awakened from boyhood and boyishness, from irresponsibility and a carelessness concerning the future to a feeling of marvelous responsibility. Behind you is the school, and play, and obedience, and the father's house; ahead is the exquisite pleasure of working for and tenderly guarding a wife, and there is the new home to which your imagination summons only flowers, and song, and peace, and content. Your love has not yet had a single jar. Here is a perfect thing.

The first love is rarely ever wedded. It is not so intended. Her mission is to prepare the way for a rational love and a safe marriage. It is premature, preliminary, in the nature of things it is temporary, and has nothing in it of the home-making. The married love is economical, deliberate and practical; the first love is neither of these. It sees the world in a false light, because not a full light. The color of all things is no longer the red of life's sunrise, nor is it yet the yellow of sunset; it is rose color. If our first loves were often wedded, the result would, without doubt, be a vast amount of misery. Marriage would indeed, be a failure. The worst of all marriages are early marriages, and the next worst are late marriages. Those that are very early are sure to be lacking in common sense. The first experiences are babyish, and the result is childish quarrels. The two contend over trifles, and, as for very late marriages, here again there is quarreling over trifles, because each one has learned to have undivided sway over personal matters. The ideal marriage follows soon after the first love has faded and the disappointment of burst bubbles and vanished air castles has well healed.

If, unfortunately, the first love ends in a speedy wedding, there is first of all the both and someone to be got rid of. I do not mean that the gush of first affection, the overflow and flooding of spring tenderness, are in themselves nonsense, but they become nonsense when carried over to our work-a-day world. They have their place, but not in the family. If they get there they have to be got rid of. And the coming down from the castles to "cottages in some vast wilderness," and from that to plain city flats, with a daily round of dreary prosaic duties, is neither easy nor often successful. The chances are that the change will come as a collapse and all affection will fall flat into disgust. The woman is likely first to come to the practical issue, and will either despise the spongy style of her partner, if he be young and tender, or she will play a pettish part, as she was used to do with her mother.

A woman rarely, although sometimes, takes first love in the serious way that the boy does. She is never more different from man than at this point. She is more accustomed to affection, and to its outbursts. While it is true that a girl who has loved often is best fitted to be a true partner with one, yet it must be understood that a girl is always in love. Her friendships are of the same nature as love. Most girls are by nature prepared to serve as our first loves.

A man can have only one first love; I venture the surmise that a girl may have several. In this way a noble girl is able to break in a team and render marriageable half a dozen. I think I know one or two old maids who were peculiarly burdened in early life with love, but every one of them first loves. They were sensible enough to comprehend this, and instead of setting on one of the susceptible youths, marrying him out of hand, and so securing an escape from old maidism, they did what was sensible and right, and are the happier for it. But they keep souvenirs of those days, and look them over with a very gentle touch. Indeed, I think those first loves served them, and still serve, to keep their hearts warm. The benefits of first love is most largely to man; and the injury of its dissipation less harmful to woman.

First love affects different natures according to their make-up. If one be already of a sensitive, gentle and rather soft texture, this first love is likely to make him actually idiotic for a time. He becomes such a stipulation that his friends feel that he must be taken in hand. The wisest of them undertake to discipline him, to induce him to restrain his gush and show a little of discretion, but entirely in vain. I know a man, now of great note in the land, who carried her love-

ters in his breast pocket till it looked like a bug crawling over his heart. But the worst was he would pull them out and read them to any sort of acquaintance. Ten to one he would visit some one not a familiar for no other purpose but to tell the charms of his innamorata, and to read her letters. He was a superb scolar, and bright every way; but on this topic he was the laughing-stock of the town. The whole thing went to pieces with a crash, for what girl's love can endure such silliness? He survived the disaster without impaired brains, which is more than sometimes occurs. I never knew a man to love-cracked with a second or third flame; but the end of a first-love disappointment is always serious, and sometimes disastrous. It may lead only to a death of sentiment and susceptibility to woman's affection, or it may dislocate the intellectual powers, or the moral.

But not too much can be said of the evil of entering wedlock without the discipline of a first love. Men have sometimes done this, and they are always unimpaired, and even more. A man with keen critical intellect can never be satisfied with an ordinary mate. He will do by her as he does by Smith's last essay—will pick out her faults and see all her blemishes and failures. The poor woman is only a magazine article, that he picks to pieces, and criticizes. He has never had a first love, and he is really a poor person and things, to give the rose-color to dullness and to tone down the noonday glare of work-life. He can not endure such bad habits as will be sure to find in the best of wives. Then if he have an imperious disposition and an iron will, the consequences are injustice and misery. On the other hand, a man of peculiarly sensitive, loving disposition is sure to look for first love in his married life. He has a longing for that ideal which he never created audaciously out of hand, and boldly declared he had found, and then worshiped. A woman may be thankful she is not her husband's first love, but that he had one that, having worshipped, he learned after all was one of our common humanity, and that goddesses are not in consort.

I need not ask you if you remember your own first love. You could not love her now—of course not. She is possibly a dowdy of the worst sort, married to a coarse fellow that you marvel at she could be married to, and yet you see now it was all right; or she is a simple, plain, matter-of-fact wife of a matter-of-fact husband, and the farthest possible remove from anything ethereal. How you ever came to see angel's wings on her is your puzzle. But she served you admirably. A first love you must have, or ought to have, and she was really a very judicious angel. She did not flirt, nor did she help you to be extravagant in your fancies. When the spell was off she became a good friend, and has been such ever since. There is, however, quite a chance that your first love has never returned your letters, and you have never returned hers, and that you both need to think over the warm sunrise of your life's loves, and that it helps you in your wedded state. Your wife is not jealous, or ought not to be. If she is sensible, she will be thankful that some one came before her to open her Jimmie's soul and teach him the amenities of love; she has him now all the more to herself, and all the more of him there is to have. She would be in a sad predicament if he had never had a first love before herself.

So you see that first love holds a place wholly distinct and quite unique. It is not love in the sense of any other love known. It is not logical or common-sensical. It does not show persons in their true light; indeed, it is sure of false coloring and exaggeration. It is a development of immaturity. It is a part of human evolution. Wedded love is the wedding or wedding of two who have been carried beyond the period when they can be carried away from reason.

That would make an interesting history if one could read the loves of the fifty most rounded, strongest characters in history; but not the first loves, for those would be almost the same story retold. They rarely get into a man's biography, or are referred to in his autobiography. He tries to let them drop out of sight. He counts only those later grapples of his heart after one whom he desires for his partner. The incidents never told any thing of a man without giving his love story. How delightful the story of the patriarchs, and their wanderings after wives, and their wooings of kinwomen! But we need not believe there was no romance of the other sort in their lives. They, as we do, hid this chapter of their lives; it does not count in the same way as the rest of life counts. One would suppose, in reading of the Orient, that love had been reduced wholly to a matter of bargain and economy, yet there is nowhere also so much of the idyllic and romantic.

Our first loves linger with us in association with the old school-house on the hill. They make music with a brooklet that tumbled down the shady yellow bank; they remember even as the perfume of the long-gone cinnamon roses; they resurrect themselves in our somber moods to tell us that ideals are as real as the practical, and that our plain working life is capable of richer phases. I think there may be hints of a fair life hereafter beyond. Have you any old love letters? Any old souvenirs of your dream life? It was neat that you once were soft and dreamy. Do not burn them.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

—Queen Margherita, of Italy, is an ardent student of Hebrew and a great artist in her own right. Her husband, King Umberto, is a Venetian who gave private audiences to Signor Caeo Porto, chief rabbi of the Jewish community, and received him in the most charming manner.

—Lawbreaker Sambo, would a ten dollar gold-piece top your mouth? "Paw! It might boss, but I've pomb' foiled it out leak round de alphas—you bettah try a twenty!"—Epoch.

BLANKETS AT HALF PRICE.

"THE HOUSEKEEPERS' OPPORTUNITY." "NOW IS THE TIME TO BUY."

We place on sale to-morrow (Wednesday) and until sold, the ENTIRE BLANKET STOCK of a large Jobber, which we secured at such prices as will enable us to offer them at half their actual value.

THIS IS A LIFETIME CHANCE. DON'T MISS IT.

If not needing now buy and lay away for future use.

REMEMBER THE TIME AND COME EARLY. BASSETT & CO., "Wreckers of High Prices."

HOME, FARM AND GARDEN.

Bulbs for winter blooming may be potted and placed in a dark place until the pots are filled with roots.

—A quart of lime and bran a day will make a marketable lamb out of a poor one in a month or two.—Farm Journal.

—The carrot is the root crop preferred by horses. The mode of feeding carrots to horses is to chop them fine and give each horse half a peck three times a week.

—That the best way to clear out and straighten the fringe of towels, dollies, etc., before ironing, is to comb it, while damp, with an inch length of coarsest toilet comb.

—When mattresses and feather beds are soiled, soft soap and wheat starch made into a paste and rubbed the top surface, in these dried in the sun and scraped off and sponged will make them quite clean.

—To tell when jams and marmalades are sufficiently cooked, test by taking out a little on a saucer and let it cool. If no Jules gathers about it, it is safe to conclude that it is thoroughly done.—Good Housekeeping.

—Grape Catsup.—Take six pounds of grapes, boil in a little water, strain, add a pint of sugar and a pint of vinegar, one tablespoonful each of cloves, cinnamon, extract of lemon and salt. Boil until thick and bottle.

—The Home. Let me offer two or three general propositions that I accepted as truth when starting to improve my practices and develop my present system of mixed farming:

1. Every acre of the farm must be made useful and so managed as to contribute its proper share to the whole amount of profit.

2. Every animal on the farm must be kept in a healthy and comfortable condition at all times, and be supplied with plenty of suitable food every day in the year.

PICTURES BY LIGHTNING.

A Wonderful Invention Which May Revolutionize Newspaper Art.

"This is the machine that is to revolutionize newspaper pictorial art," explained Mr. Ginochio. "It is filled with clockwork and operated by a strong electric battery. Its mate is at the other end of the line. Now, you can write a signature or a letter, and it will transmit itself, with the identical characters formed with your pen. But that would be nothing new. Autotelegraphy has been known for fully ten years, but this will carry out the auto-telegraphic idea to the fullest extent. You can write as much as you please—thousands of words if you like, as newspaper men and others frequently will do—and this machine will do it up—that is, transmit it—as fast as you can write. Indeed, the writing can be done on a continuous roll, and when a score of lines are written the top of the roll can be fed to the machine, while the writer continues filling up the rest, and without tearing the roll. It can be regulated so as to keep pace exactly with the speed of the writer, and by the time he has finished the machine will be on its last lap and will end its task almost immediately. The newspaper or other office receiving the matter will thus have it in the writer's own handwriting and within a few moments after it has passed out of his hands."

"But how is it proposed to transmit pictures?"

"By the same method. The paper to be used will be washed with a weak solution of chloride of calcium, which will make it a conductor. The ink will be the non-conductor or insulator. The pictures will have to be reproduced with pen and ink at the point of sending, and with this as the only delay they can be transmitted without difficulty, every line and shadow being reproduced with extreme fidelity."

"Have you tested the machine?"

"I have and found it works like a charm. So long as the clock-work keeps running it can not get out of order. The machine is designed especially for the use of the daily press, and will enable our newspapers to produce accurate and excellent pictures of events in the issue immediately following instead of, as now, waiting a day or two for the artist. You can readily understand how such an instrument could be applied on a leased wire, whose voluminous press reports have to be sent daily and nightly. Every reporter could then be his own operator."—Philadelphia Press.

Harnessing the Ocean Wave.

The problem of utilizing the force of ocean waves has been solved to a certain extent by an invention of Mr. N. O. Bond, of Fairfax Court House, Va., which is now in use at Ocean Grove, N. J. Mr. Bond has mounted gates in such a position out in the water that the wave coming in beats against them and shuts them. When the wave retires it opens the gate, to bang it shut again at the next advance. Connected with the gates are piston rods working the force pumps, and pipes connect the force pumps with tanks elevated to a height of forty feet. The device is a success. Not long ago 40,000 gallons of sea water were pumped into the tanks for use in laying the dust of the streets. The authorities hold that the salt water is better than river water for laying dust. Mr. Bond is of opinion that by the use of big floats, instead of gates, he can get results six times as great. But the pump operated by a gate is a practical device which is destined, it appears, to have wide use.—Boston Herald.

CAS' SLEEP NIGHTS.

In the complaint of thousands suffering from Asthma, Consumption, Coughs, etc. Did you ever try Dr. Acker's English Remedy? It is the best preparation known for all Lung Troubles. Sold on a positive guarantee at 25c and 50c.

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Are active, effective and pure. For sick headache, disordered stomach, loss of appetite, bad complexion and biliousness, they have never been equaled either in America or abroad.

WOMEN AND HOUSE-WORK.

Home duties usually compatible with good intellectual work.

House-work, in moderation, is healthy and pleasant. It is the want of just such an unemotional vent for their restless energy that produces many victims of nervous prostration. It is also wholly compatible, if brought under any proper system, with good intellectual work. Moreover, the creating and guiding of a home is the best gift the world has to offer. When you think of the food of bad art and

second-rate literature of the present day, is it not melancholy to reflect upon the wasted energy that might have gone into beautiful and helpful lives? The education is costly, indeed, whose price is the woman's joy in the superintendence of her home. If she, with all the incentives of love and pride, despises the daily cares that make the comfort of the household, how can she expect them to be rightly met by a hired housekeeper, whose only interest is money-getting?

"No man can serve two masters," and, therefore, it seems to me self-evident that any woman who accepts the gift of a home thereby pledges herself to devote to it her best service. The neglect of her first duty and highest privilege can not lead to any true work in other directions:

Pastored to read
The spirit's rest not in me at the cost
Of prize and honor, I forgot
No perfect artist is developed here
From an imperfect woman.

There are women whose God-given talents require to tread a lonely path. There are many others to whom the supreme treasure of a home is denied. But the best work of artist or poet or physician will ever spring from the hidden, passionate womanliness that appreciates to the full the greatness of the sacrifice or loss.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

A Good Farmer's Rules.

Let me offer two or three general propositions that I accepted as truth when starting to improve my practices and develop my present system of mixed farming:

1. Every acre of the farm must be made useful and so managed as to contribute its proper share to the whole amount of profit.

2. Every animal on the farm must be kept in a healthy and comfortable condition at all times, and be supplied with plenty of suitable food every day in the year.

TONKA-BEAN ICE-CREAM.

Mischievous Cause of Cheap Imitations of Vanilla Extracts.

A druggist of this city, known throughout the State as a careful and conscientious member of his profession, offers a possible solution of the mystery of ice-cream poisoning. His investigation in the Glaxobean case revealed the fact that ice-cream, made in the same freezer but flavored differently, caused no poisoning, while those who ate of a particular lot of vanilla cream were all more or less affected. This led him to believe that the trouble was in the "vanilla" flavoring, and he succeeded in procuring a bottle of the extract that was used for this occasion for examination. So far as it was possible to ascertain without a chemical analysis, the "vanilla" extract contained not one trace of the true vanilla bean, but was simply a strong extract of "tonka" bean, which is a poison, although to the uninitiated it has a similar odor and taste to vanilla. The "tonka" bean sells for about \$1 a pound, while the best vanilla beans cost from \$15 to \$20 a pound. Another fact in the Glaxobean case which was peculiar in this: There was one lot of vanilla cream made in the same freezer, but flavored with another make of extract, which did not cause sickness. The druggist could not obtain a sample of the last extract, for no one seemed to know where it was obtained. The conclusion that the druggist arrived at was that all the mischief was caused by tonka beans, which unprincipled dealers sell for vanilla. It isn't well, or safe to buy a cheap extract of "vanilla."—Harford Courant.

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NOT ONE RESERVED.—The choicest light weight Spring Overcoats go just the same as our heavy winter storm overcoats. This mild winter has left us with the choicest stock you have ever seen at this season of the year and we are anxious to cut loose from them even at a big loss.

This will make out:
Child's satinette overcoats, worth \$1.00 go for - - - .75
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Child's fine cape all wool overcoats, worth \$5.00 go for - - - \$3.75
Youth's good heavy overcoats, worth \$3.00 go for - - - \$2.25
Youth's good heavy overcoats, worth \$4.00 go for - - - \$3.00
Young men's silk lined worsted overcoats, worth \$10.00 go for \$7.50
Young men's silk lined worsted overcoats, worth \$15.00 go for \$12
Young men's silk lined worsted overcoats, worth \$20.00 go for \$15
Big cuts on Winter Suits, Underwear, Gloves and all winter goods. See our show window for bargains in Hats. Choice of any stiff hat for \$1.89, former prices, \$2.50, \$3.00, \$3.50 and \$4.00. Choice of any soft fur hat 99c., former price \$1.50, \$2.00, \$3.00 and \$4.00.
Odds and Ends in boots and shoes in "Bargain Pen" at 1-4 regular prices. Regular stock is kept complete and full of the best and most favorably known makes of Boots and Shoes in the U. S. and sold at lower prices than ever before. Shoe Shop up stairs. Repairing done on shortest notice.

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but such is not the case. We are doing a legitimate business and want to "live and let live." We start out with the New Year to sell goods cheaper than ever before, and ask the public to call on us and see if we are not almost

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