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Hopkinsville Kentuckian.

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IN THE ORCHARD.

The autumn leaves are whirled away,
The colorless look down
On faded fields and woodlands gray,
And the dusy-colored tows.

Through the brown orchard's gusty aisle,
In sad-lured gown and hood
Slow passes, with a personal smile,
A maiden pure and good.

Her deep, serene and dove-like eyes
Are downward bent; her face,
Whereon the day's pale shadow lies,
Is sweet with homelike grace.

The fruit she had been to bring
To see leaves dance and fall;
To the hands before her clasped, she goes
As in a waking sleep.

To her the wren's chirp are by gift,
The raven's caw a fair
And never above a clearer light,
Nor breather a softer air.

Oh wren! whose magpie art
Transmutes to mine the shade,
To see the birds that fill the heart
Of the moss Quaker maid.
—Mrs. H. Keeton, in The Century.

HOUSEHOLD TYRANTS.

The Speech of a No Means Con-
fined to One Sex.

The man who slants his family in order to indulge himself has for so long been held up to the scorn of the reading public that the other side of the subject has been entirely lost sight of. Some time ago I was calling on an acquaintance, who had a number of new purchases to display—articles of furniture, decoration, etc., and some lovely table ware. Knowing her income to be no larger than my own I asked:

"But how can you afford such handsome things? I can not even think of making such purchases."

She gave me an intent look, then, dropping her voice confidentially, said:

"I save it out of the housekeeping. For a long time I have saved at least half of my monthly allowance, and this month I will save more. I want to buy me a new silk—something really elegant."

"But," I said, "can you save so much and still make your family comfortable?"

"I suppose they are comfortable enough," she said, as if offended. "I'm sure what's good enough for me is good enough for them!"

She had detained me so long bringing out one thing after another to display, that ten minutes approached, and her little boy, a child of nine or ten years of age, came dashing in, saying:

"O ma! I'm so hungry! Is there anything for supper to-night?"

"Certainly, my son, we will have the supper we always have."

"O—o ma! Nothing but cold corn-bread and milk? O?"

"Hush! If corn-bread and milk is good enough for me, it ought to be good enough for the rest of you," she answered, sternly.

"Yes, but ma, you lets it and all the rest of us kafe it. Why can't we ever have any thing the rest of us like?"

"That will do. If you are not hungry enough to eat what we have, you can go without."

I hastily took leave, and as I shut the front gate I heard the poor little fellow burst into a perfect storm of sobs. I no longer envied her the beautiful things she had bought. She had paid too dearly for them. After that I used to watch her children passing by on their way to school. Their once ruddy faces grew sallow and pinched, while deep scowls of discontent and discomfiture became habitual to them. In a few weeks the mother returned my visit, arrayed in the "really elegant" silk dress. As soon as there was an opportunity I asked:

"And how are your children?" She frowned.

"I don't know what ails them. They seem so droopy and cross. They were such healthy babies, and their father and I, too, have always been strong—I don't understand it—I suppose I shall have to take them somewhere for a change, but it seems an awful extravagance!"

May not such a woman be, without exaggeration, likened to a vampire, draining the life blood, or its equivalent, from the family to indulge herself? I never returned that visit, and could only think of her afterwards with loathing.

A friend I used to have lived a short distance from town, on a fruit farm. One spring day I heard she was getting ready for her usual summer trip, so I thought in pocket, went out to spend the day and help with her preparations. She received me joyfully, and we were soon deep in the mysteries of ruffles and gorges. Though not particularly acquainted I loved her dearly. That night I went home thinking her a selfish little beast. At dinner time her husband came in tired and hungry. She had left me sewing, and gone out half an hour before to the kitchen and now called us to dinner. The table was set with beautiful china, and there was a dish of squash and a small plate of bread and butter, and a pitcher of water, nothing else. She made no reference to the scanty fare, but seemed to think it was all as it should be. I did not care for myself, knowing that I would be at my own beautiful table at tea-time, but I did pity her husband. I knew that he could have eaten every mouthful upon the table and still be unsatisfied. He looked hesitatingly at his wife and then said:

"My dear, is there any more bread?"

"Yes," she said, without moving. "I only cut what I think will be eaten; it gets so dry."

"The plate is empty," he said. "Perhaps Mrs. Sunshine would like some more."

"Would you like some more, Mrs. Sunshine?" she said, turning to me. Of course I said no.

He waited several minutes, then said:

"It is isn't too much trouble to get it. I would like another slice."

She looked on anxiously at him for several moments, then arose and cut him the little piece. He ate it, looked around wistfully at the empty dishes, sighed and folded up his napkin. I knew him to be the kindest, most in-

dulgent husband, and I felt indignant to see him so imposed upon. When we returned to our sewing, I dexterously led the conversation to the subject.

"How tired and hungry Mr. Walters must get, working as he does out of doors all day?" I said.

"Yes, I suppose he does," she answered, carelessly.

"I should think you would take a great deal of pains to have things nice for him, he is so thoughtful for you?" I ventured, further.

"Oh, no! He doesn't expect me to exert myself. He knows how frail I am!"

This, uttered at the sewing-machine in the pauses of stitching a slith ruffle on a "summer silk," did not impress me as being very consistent.

"Besides," she continued, presently, "we must economize. My outfit is costing a great deal and my trip will be expensive. I can not afford to spend much on our home living. I don't have any appetite myself, any way, so I bother just as little with housework and cooking as I can."

"The more you eat the more you will fairly work my breath away, and I worked several button-holes before speaking again. Then I said: "I wonder you are willing to go away and leave him here alone all summer. Supposing he should get sick?"

"Well, I would rather he had some one here with him, but he will not be able to afford it. I must have money to spend while I am away. There are always little unexpected expenses. I can't go empty handed, and I will go. Jack promised me before we were married that I should always have a summer trip, and I mean to keep him to it."

These are not fancy sketches. They are drawn from life, and many more might be added. In fact I have known more wives than husbands to take the lion's share of the income and use it for selfish pleasures in which the others had no share.

One woman I know whose husband has broken down from over-work. Her house is a perfect museum of useless pieces of furniture and flimsy, hideous chromos, "ornaments," silks, lace, etc., etc. She borrows every visitor she has showing them, and bewailing the "better day" when she constantly haunted bargain counters, and ends by saying: "I little thought I would one day have to take boarders for a living!" as if she, instead of her poor, broken-down husband, were the aggrieved one. It is evident that she really thinks she is. Even now she stints her family in every possible way that she may save for fresh "bargains."

Some years ago, when we were younger and less wise, my husband and I resolved to cut down our living expenses in order to purchase a set of books for which our souls longed. We did so, and enjoyed the possession of them as only book-lovers can, but all at once our days began to be languid and nervous, and our spirits filled with troubled dreams. The symptoms increased until, alarmed, we "called the doctor in." He looked wise, asked questions, then prescribed tonic, and a nourishing diet! How we laughed when he had gone! It was such a joke on us! When we viewed the condition of the family purse, after paying the doctor and druggist bills, we realized that it was useless to try to cheat nature. But how much better I felt than if I had privately cut down the table expenses to indulge some selfish "fad" of my own, then ascribed our feebleness to a "mysterious dispensation of an all-wise Providence!"

—Judith Sunshine, in Good Housekeeping.

NOTES FOR PARENTS.

Have Patience with the Questions and the Notes of Children.

Have patience with—
The questions of childhood.
Here is a child to whose recently-opened eyes and active senses a world is exposed, but not one of the manifold wonders before it can understand. Education must, therefore, guide and explain observation. This begins very early; long, indeed, before the first efforts at speech. The aimless thrusting out of a limb by contact with some external object, excites a double sensation; that of muscular action and that of the external object; and the two, in future, suggest one another. The lips and tongue may be said to be the first inlets of knowledge, in that they are the first vehicles of sensation. As it is natural for a child to carry all objects of which it wishes to form a judgment to its mouth, it in this way receives impressions not and open it. The great limitations of its knowledge, at this time, may be inferred from the fact that it is very long before it can locate the sensation of pain. If a pin gets askew and strikes the delicate skin, it makes no attempt to cry out. Through such considerations as these we may understand the mental position of the child as it develops, in regard to external nature. With the gift of speech the urgent desire for knowledge breaks into the verbal expression. Happy is that mother who, appreciating her mission as the one divinely commissioned to guide this little one, sees in the eager questioning nothing but a desire that urges the child on in spite of himself. It is a healthful impulse, but one that can be checked by petulance, irritability and indifference.

Have patience then with—
The noise of children.
It is unreasonable to expect children to cease impudently questioning; it is quite as much, if not more so, to ask them to keep their restless bodies quiet. Development and growth come through exercise. Muscles to grow must, therefore, be used, and the stimulus to this is constant. In the same manner are the lungs developed, and a due rate of chest expansion preserved. The noise attendant upon this process is at times discordant, and grates upon the nerves; but it is a conservative process, and within judicious limits should not be interfered upon.—Babyhood.

PHYSICO-FINANCIAL SCIENCE.

"Look here," said Grabber to Slopeigh, "when are you going to pay me that hundred dollars you borrowed about eight years ago?"

"Do you mean to say that I owe you a hundred dollars?"

"To be sure; you certainly haven't forgotten it."

"My dear sir, I do not doubt that you loaned a hundred dollars to some one eight years ago. But I can demonstrate by science that I am not the man."

"I'd like to see how the mischief you are going to do it."

"Very well. It is a fact demonstrated by scientists that men undergo an entire change of being every seven years; consequently I can't be the same person to whom your money was loaned."—Merchant Traveler.

THE EXACT LOCALITY DESCRIBED.

Two of the seediest-looking tramps that you could possibly meet in a long day's drive were brought up in the police court.

"Where do you live?" asked the magistrate.

"Nowhere," replied one of the vagabonds.

"And you?"

"Me? O, I room on the floor above my pal."—Judge.

Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe amuses herself greatly with live pets, of which she is particularly fond. These are two pigs and three cats, Rosco, a big tortoise-shell turtle, being her special favorite.

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"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."

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PANTRY AND PARLOR.

—Shrunken, half-worn lod-blankets or comforters, past using on a bed, make good pads to put under a stair-carpet. They will answer the purpose just as well as the boughten pads, and be a great saving in the wear of the stair-carpet.—The Home.

—When table-cloths are worn too much for use as such, the best parts may be cut into table-napkins, and will last full length to pay for the trouble of making. They make good picnic napkins, or for the children to carry to school.

—Wafers: Take five cupsful of flour, one cupful of sugar, and two-thirds cupful of butter; rub butter and sugar to a cream, mix with the flour, add two eggs, beaten, half a cupful of sweet milk, one teaspoonful soda, stir all together, roll very thin, and bake.

—Steamed Brown Bread: Two cupsful Indian meal, one cupful of flour, two tablespoonfuls molasses, a little over a cupful of sour milk and the same amount of yeast, a little salt, soda and a little salt. Steam one hour and a quarter. Bake fifteen minutes. Eat warm.—Albany Journal.

—Mutton Soup: Take six pounds of the neck of mutton, put in a soup-kettle, cover with four quarts of water, bring slowly to a boil, skim carefully, cover and let simmer gently for four hours. Strain and stand away to cool. Skim off the fat. Put the soup in a kettle, add an onion, bay leaf and half a cup of rice.

—Marrow Ball: Mix together four ounces of marrow, eight ounces of bread-crumbs, half a cupful of butter, add to a very little cayenne and the white of one egg; form into balls the size of a large marble, place on a floured plate, and let them stand in a cool place over night; cook about ten minutes in the soup and lift into the tureen with a spoon, using care not to break them.—Boston Herald.

—Mustard Sauce for Fish or Meat: Mix together one teaspoonful of flour, one of sugar, four of mustard, the yolks of two eggs and two teaspoonfuls of vinegar. Melt two ounces of butter, add to the above ingredients and stir unconsciously until the same boils. Add water or vinegar if too thick; it must be pour creamy. Stir goodly and be added.—New England Farmer.

—An excellent way to use the fragments of a boiled fish is to take a pint of milk, put in a tablespoonful of butter, a tablespoonful of corn starch wet with a little cold milk, and lastly, three well-beaten eggs. Remove this sauce from the fire, and put in a pudding-dish, first a layer of fish and then one of sauce, repeating a little and so on until the dish is full; cover with bread crumbs and bake twenty minutes. Serve hot for lunch, breakfast or tea.—Household.

A LADY'S MAID.

One of the Ever-Present ornaments of a maid used to be considered a luxury. Now she is the torment of the fashionable woman's life. If she is English her manners are very good for awhile—she does her duty and is well-behaved. But six months in this enlightened country and her quiet manners become insolent; she can't dress you without referring to the Duchesses and Countesses upon whom she has waited before; she scorns your table and reads your letters, and knows exactly how much money you have in your pocket-book. If you should object to any of her weaknesses and summon up courage enough to discharge her, you had better have her trunks examined before she leaves, and you will be wise if you tell your husband all about her, for the chances are that, pretending to know something about you, she will attempt a little scheme of blackmail immediately after she has left.

If she is French she stays just long enough to get acquainted with American habits, and then she leaves you in a great hurry either to marry the cook and open a small restaurant, or to go in to the hair-dressing business. The Irish or Scotch maids are usually honest, usually impertinent, usually know little, but are as faithful as dogs, so that because of their virtues you forgive them the rest. There are women in New York who do not dare to discharge maids—who live in deadly terror of what they are going to do next; who have been foolish enough to let them had got

INGENUOUS INVENTION.

An Apparatus Which Wins All Sorts of People to where it hangs, on a card-gentler shop, in Paterson, N. J., reads: "Coffins made and repaired. Extra strong ones for country people." The old man who owns the establishment has his own coffin on hand. It is made of pine wood, and is covered with a neat pattern of wallpaper.

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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.

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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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The largest and finest RESORT HOTEL in
Arkansas with the best Bath House in the
world connected, will open under management
of G. G. BARNES, of White Mountain House
for season of 1890, January 15th. Tickets should
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