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Hopkinsville



Kentuckian.

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VOL. XII.—NO. 71.

HOPKINSVILLE, KENTUCKY, TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 9, 1890.

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WE ARE NOW Purchasing for the Fall Trade, The largest stock of DRY GOODS

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—OFF— ON A STILL HUNT —FOR— BARGAINS, —AND THE— CASH CATCHES THEM EVERY TIME.

Look Out For Us!

J. H. ANDERSON & CO., Nos. 1 and 3 Main St., Glass Corner.

THE MAJOR'S WOUND.

He thought the Ball had Gone Clean Through His Head.

"I was wounded three times during the war," said Major L., with a merry twinkle in his blue eyes—"once fatally, but you see I am still an inhabitant of this beautiful earth."
"Perhaps," suggested one of his listeners, "you were like the man of whom the country newspaper man writes: 'The ball entered his left side, inflicting a mortal wound. With good care he will be able to pull through all right.'"
"That's just where the ball did enter," replied the grizzled veteran, cheerfully. "I was in the Shenandoah Valley with Sheridan and we were having a lively little time of it. A regular hare-and-hounds race all the time, it seemed. We were chasing Mr. Johnny Rebel out of the country and in one of our charges I suddenly stopped short, feeling as if a red-hot sword had been thrust through me. I was wounded, badly, too. The ball had entered my left side and had passed clean through my body, leaving a fierce burning trail."
"Well," I said to myself, "Alas!—this time you are a dead man. No man can live when a bullet has plowed its way through his vitals."
"I staggered out of the line. The fighting business was so hot just then that wounded men were looking out for themselves. I managed to get to a log and sat down on it to wait until I should die. The pain was so fearful that I could barely move my limbs. I seemed to paralyze my nervous and muscular forces. As I sat there watching the men scampering along, one of my old comrades passed me."
"What's the matter, Abe?" he cried.
"I'm hurt," I answered.
"They've done me this time," I answered.
"Hope not," he turned to yell back at his men. "One doesn't expect delicate attention at such times."
"Well, I waited to die until finally I said to myself, 'If this is dying it isn't so bad after all.'"
"I unbuckled my belt to ease the pain and thought I would like to see what a deadly wound looked like. I took a look and there was no wound there, could not believe my eyes. I knew I had been hit, for I could feel where the ball had come out in my back. I put my hand around there to touch the hole and could not find it. There was not a sign of a wound in my side, nor was there on the skin. It took me not more than thirty seconds to buckle my belt around me and make a run for my company. I caught it in twenty minutes."
"How's that?" two or three of the boys asked. "We thought you were killed."
"Well, you see I am not," I said, falling into the ranks.
"I had been hit by a spent ball, and that night when I examined my side I found a black and blue spot on it as big as my cap. I didn't mind it in the least. A man who suddenly recovers from a mortal wound feels pretty cheerful."—N. Y. Tribune.

NEWS FROM MERCURY.

An Astonishing Discovery Made by Italy's Most Famous Astronomer.

The smallest and swiftest of the planets has become an object of intense interest. Schiaparelli, the eagle-eyed astronomer of Milan, the discoverer of the double canals on Mars, has turned his eager gaze on Mercury, and made an astonishing discovery. He announces that the sun's nearest neighbor turns once on his axis while revolving round the sun, just as the moon turns once on her axis while revolving round the earth. As it takes Mercury eighty-eight days to make his circuit round the sun, it requires the same time for his rotation on his axis. It follows that he turns always the same face toward the sun, as the moon turns always the same face toward the earth, completing her rotation in about twenty-seven days.
Schiaparelli not only makes this announcement, but confirms it by what to him seems abundant proof. He has been observing the planet for seven years—since 1882—making his observations by daylight, and has obtained one hundred and fifty drawings of the planet. The markings or linear spots on the planet's disc are permanent; they have not changed during the seven years.
The markings are so faint and delicate that they are perceptible only to an observer endowed with exceptional visual

USEFUL AND SUGGESTIVE.

—Plant flowers, shrubs and vines about the house to add to its attractiveness, and otherwise improve and ornament your surroundings.
—It is not only an economy for house-makers to keep an account book, but it is a great satisfaction to know, from year to year, exactly what has been expended.
—Keep a sharp knife or a knife with a handle different from those in common use for the sole purpose of peeling cutlery, and so avoid the flavor and odor of them where it is neither expected or desired.
—Save stale pieces of bread, and when an easy day comes, dry them thoroughly in an open oven, and with a rolling-pin crush as fine as dust. These, then, will always be at hand for preparing oysters, cutlets, croquettes, etc.
—A little powdered potato thrown into rat holes will drive the rodents away that are so annoying in cellars or lichen; cayenne pepper will have the same effect on rats and cockroaches, and a mouse will never gnaw through a piece of cotton sprinkled with cayenne that is stuffed into his hole.
—Buckley's Toast.—Wash and stem a pint of berries, add sugar to taste, and pour over layers of this buttered toast. Cover with a plate, and let them stand half an hour before serving, on the range or in a moderately cool oven. It may be baked in a pudding-dish and finished with a lemon-flavored sauce.
—Demerol's Monthly.—Clean carefully, wash thoroughly, salt and pepper to taste. Make a rich butter and pour a pint of flour, pinch of salt, two eggs beaten light, half a gill of butter, and milk enough to mix a thick batter. Dip each piece of chicken in the batter and drop in boiling lard. To be eaten as soon as done.—Boston Budget.
—Chocolate Cake.—One cup of sugar, one-half cup of butter, two eggs, one-half cup of milk, one-half teaspoonful of soda, and one teaspoonful cream tartar, two cups of flour. The cream is made thus: One-third cake of chocolate, one-half cup of milk, yolk of one egg, sugar to taste; beat until stiff; when cold spread over the cake.—Boston Globe.
—Signed Sleep's Head.—Presence a sleep's head, wash thoroughly, remove the brains and let them soak in cold water. Squeeze the head gently for three hours, in three quarts of water. Take the head out of the water, remove all the meat and return it to the bath. Put the bones aside for the stock pot. Chop the brains, and add them with two chopped onions, a finely sliced carrot, a turnip, a bunch of parsley, a little sugar, pepper and salt. Let it boil gently in water. There is no reason why women should themselves in squeezing juice from fruit for jelly or in stoming cherries, when there are several patent processes for doing this work, with perfect success, enabling the worker to go through preserving time with unstained hands and unexhausted patience. There are enough necessary things to do in a household which need not be done by machinery. Housekeepers should take advantage of every chance that offers for getting help in their work.
—Chicken Curry.—Cut up a very young chicken, wash it and cut it into small pieces, chop one onion, put half a cupful of water into a saucepan, add two tablespoonfuls of butter, half a teaspoonful of sugar, the juice of one lemon, and the onion and chicken and salt, cook gently twenty minutes, then mix one tablespoonful of flour and one tablespoonful of curry powder together with cold water and add it to the chicken stirring it until the butter serves with boiled rice or baked potatoes.—Boston Herald.

CEYLON'S TREASURES.

Primitive Method Employed by Poor Ceylonese to Discover Diamonds.

Ratanapira, the city of gems, is the center of a district twenty or thirty miles square, in almost all of which a stratum of gravel six feet to twenty feet under the surface exists. Throughout this area gem pits are to be seen near the villages, some being worked now, others being abandoned. The natives work there in companies of six or eight and stir a strip of mat per month for the privilege of working a certain amount, where they begin by marking off a square of about ten feet.
After removing about three feet of soil the remaining soil, a piece of iron about half an inch in diameter and six feet

HINTS FOR MOTHERS.

A Few Words on the Proper Way of Putting Children to Bed.

The mother who puts the timid child to bed, and takes away the light, and goes down-stairs, and leaves him to his conjuring, careless and indifferent disbelieving, or bent on overcoming the mischief forcibly, is destroying something that no one would think of small worth to her—not only his nervous fiber, but his love of herself; and the day will come when fate will have its revenge on her in his own indifference to her, and she will recognize it, even if he behave in all outward respects like a dutiful son. It is her part to examine the matter, to reason with the child, to comfort him, to see how far it is possible with him to subdue the fear. If she can not stay with him herself, she can at least leave the door open so that he may hear the cheerful downstairs voices, the hum of life, not to be shut into his tomb, as the unfortunate thought of his desperate little mind makes it; she can leave a lamp on the hearth, and let there be some light to dispel his fancies and to keep back the dark and its unshaped visions. She may regard it as trifling, but to him it is tremendous; and if she is wise either in mother love or human kindness she will not let the imaginative and sensitive child suffer more than it must, remembering that that temperament, if it has more to enjoy through life than others, has also more, much more, to suffer.
When a few nights have failed to bring calm to the little being out of the experience, and the last going to bed is as bad as the first, and all these have only made the matter worse, and all reasoning has produced no good result; when he has tried to conquer, and the effort has left him trembling as violently as if he had an ague—then it is something, not to be overcome by harsh or rough, or peremptory measures, and the mother should see to it that this child has some active physical exercise just before going to bed that will make his little body glad of rest, and so will best be done. He down beside him, or find some work that she can do up stairs till he falls asleep, in order to afford him the comfort of companionship and the sense of being through life than others, his irritable nerves to repose instead of rousing them to action. These nerves would never have been irritable if she had not insisted on her own way too long in the beginning. If she had given them no chance to get on fire, and then to go on exciting themselves. If she had put the child to bed alone from the very outset of his career, so that it was the natural order of things to him, and he had had the habit established of quiet sleep and absence of fear from the first, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred there would never have been any trouble of the sort. But if through any idiosyncrasy of the child, or any remissness of her own, the fear has come upon him, she will never in all the years remaining have greater love outpoured upon her than that child will give her who sees her hovering over his pillow, moving about his room, or feels her presence on the bed beside him till the drowsy warmth steals over and wraps senses and imagination and all together, and lets her off again to the duties that are less imperative than care of that child's nerves to the pleasure that are less pleasant than the love he gives her in return.—Harper's Bazar.

Specimen Cases.

S. H. Clifford, New Cassel, Wis., was troubled with Neuralgia and Rheumatism. His Stomach was disordered, his Liver was affected to an alarming degree, appetite fell away, and he was terribly reduced in flesh and strength. Three bottles of Electric Bitters cured him.

Edward Shepherd, Harrisburg, Ill., had a running sore on his leg of eight years standing. Used three bottles of Electric Bitters, and seven boxes of Buckle's Arnica Salve, and his leg is sound and well. John Speaker, Catawba, O., had five large Fever sores on his leg, doctors said he was incurable. One bottle of Electric Bitters cured him. Sold by H. B. Garner Drug Co.

The Pulpit and the Stage.

Rev. F. M. Shurt, Pastor United Brethren Church, Blue Mound, Kan., says: "I feel it my duty to tell what wonders Dr. King's New Discovery has done for me. My lungs were badly diseased, and my parishioners thought I could live only a few weeks. I took five bottles of Dr. King's New Discovery and an sound and well. Arthur Love, Manager Love's Laundry Bitters, says: "After a thorough trial and convincing evidence, I am confident Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption beats 'em all, and cures when everything else fails. The greatest kindness I can do my many thousand friends is to urge them to try it." Free trial bottles at H. B. Garner's Drug Store. Regular prices 50c and \$1.00.

NOVELTIES IN JEWELRY.

Charming Things for Ladies and Gentlemen With Well-Filled Purses.
—He—No!—You mean an imp of ill-nature.—Munsy's Weekly.

After a Stolen Kiss.

She (with pretended anger) You are a perfect imp of darkness.
—He—No!—You mean an imp of ill-nature.—Munsy's Weekly.

Drunkness—Liquor Habit—In all the World there is but One Cure, Dr. Haines' Golden Specific.

It can be taken in a cup of tea or coffee without the knowledge of the person taking it, effecting a speedy and permanent cure, whether the patient is a moderate drinker or an alcoholic wreck. Thousands of drunkards have been cured who have taken the Golden Specific in their coffee without their knowledge, and to-day believe they quit drinking of their own free will. No harmful effect results from its administration. Cures guaranteed. Send for circular and full particulars. Address in confidence, GOSNER SPECIFIC CO., 185 Race Street, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Un doubtedly.

Shooper—Come and see my house in the country. It stands on gently rolling ground.
Simral—Isn't that a bad location in case of an earthquake?—Munsy's Weekly.

HOWELL.

HOWELL, Ky., Sept. 1, '90.—Howell continues its onward march in commercial prosperity. The latest addition being a first class Drug Store, recently opened by Mr. W. H. Keatts, of Lafayette, Ky. Mr. Keatts comes among us highly recommended both personally and professionally. As being, as he is, assisted by Dr. A. W. Williams, who as an experienced prescriber has perhaps no superior in the county. We bespeak for him a generous patronage.

A Clever Female Lobbyist.

A session in society circles at Washington has been made by the disclosure of the fact that a widow of a certain former official of high rank who came to the city last fall, and, renting a handsome mansion, entertained extravagantly all winter, has been in the pay of the Alaska Seal Fur Company as a lobbyist. The contract of that company with the Government for a monopoly of the seal fisheries expired last winter, and, as will be remembered, was renewed for another twenty years after an active fight. The lady in question was formerly a social leader of great popularity, but upon the death of her husband disappeared and has been living in comparative poverty in the West. There was much curiosity as to the source of her income, and it was supposed her means were small, and those who attended her receptions and ate her dinners went home wondering how they were paid for. Now they know. But her lobbying has been done very quietly and without detection, and now that the object has been gained she has folded her tents, like the Arabs, and silently stolen away.
Tom Corwin's Mouth.
Tom Corwin had an enormous mouth, which, when it opened, was as huge in its way as an alligator's. He once said he had been invited by Deacon Smith. The good brother asked for further explanation.
"Well," said Corwin, "when I stood up at the lecture-room to relate my experiences, and I opened my mouth, Deacon Smith rose up in front and said: 'Will some brother please close that window and keep it closed?'—N. Y. Ledger.

IS LIFE WORTH LIVING?

Not if you go through the world a dyspeptic. Dr. Acker's Dyspepsia Tablets are a positive cure for the worst forms of Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Flatulency and Constipation. Guaranteed and sold by H. B. Garner, Druggist.

CAN'T SLEEP NIGHTS.

Is 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.
H. B. GARNER, Druggist.

By Any Other Name.

"Before I engage board with you, Mr. Small, I wish to ask one question." "Yes, sir."
"How often do you serve hash?" "Never, sir."
"Never?"
"No, never. For breakfast every morning we have my justly celebrated croquettes."—New York World.

A Distant Relative.

Sick man (making his will)—I have no near relatives. I have a brother, Lawyer—Brother! Isn't he a near relative?
Sick man—No, Sir. He lives in Australia.—West Shore.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—U. S. Gov't Report, Aug. 17, 1889.

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE