

Bring Your Job Work to This Office.

Hopkinsville Kentuckian.

Watch The Date AFTER YOUR NAME -AND- Renew promptly

VOL. XIV.—NO. 16.

HOPKINSVILLE, KENTUCKY, TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 23, 1892.

\$2.00 A YEAR.



RATTLING

"CAN'T TELL A LIE" SALE

that Begins on Washington's Birthday,

Continues in full blast throughout this week

VALUES CHOPPED OFF WITH OUR BARGAIN HATCHET.

We Have to Clear Out Our Store

To Make Room for Fresh Goods.

We'll clear 'em out with a rush at the wonderful prices named.

Look it all over.

- Lot 1.** Greatest opportunity ever offered. 25 Prices strictly all wool Filling Jeans, beautiful finish actually worth 40c a yard, "Can't tell a lie" price 15c. Nothing like it ever known.
- Lot 2.** 80 dozen all linen Out Meal Towels, large size, a bargain at 15c. "Can't tell a lie" price 10c each.
- Lot 3.** Solid Black Victoria Lawn will cost 7 or 8 cents in two weeks. "Can't tell a lie" price 4c a yard.
- Lot 4.** Fine Manchester Satines Black and white organdies worth 15c a yd. "Can't tell a lie" price 5c a yd.
- Lot 5.** Cotton Jeans and stripe Cottonade, worth 8 and 10 c a yard. "Can't tell a lie" price 4c a yd.
- Lot 6.** "Like the melting snow" these bargains will disappear. BUY QUICKLY. Black, Navy and Mod Blue Pacific Lawns, Garner's solid Batistes, worth 12 1/2c. "Can't tell a lie" price 7c
- Lot 7.** Beautiful Persian Mull, Faval Batiste, Madras Cloth, Tinted Nainsook and Chambray Gingham, worth 15c. "Can't tell a lie" price 9c
- Lot 8.** Fast Black Plaid Organdies with white figure—Silk finish Black and White Persian Mull—fine figured India Dainty—Beautiful Navy Blue Organdie, worth 25 and 20c. "Can't tell a lie" price 12 1/2c
- Lot 9.** Finest French Satines, Black side band Apron Goods, Exquisite Brandenburg Cloth, will cost 35 and 25c to 2 weeks. "Can't tell a lie" price 15c
- Lot 10.** Fast black side band Organdie apron width, worth 35c. "Can't tell a lie" price 20c
- Lot 11.** Ladies fine imported suits, worth \$15.00 to \$20.00. "Can't tell a lie" price \$8.50
- Lot 12.** Extra heavy Cottonade—Wool filling cassimere, worth 25c. "Can't tell a lie" price 12 1/2c
- Lot 13.** Samples of standard makes of corsets soiled, original price 50c to \$1.00. "Can't tell a lie" price 8c.
- Lot 14.** Moleskin and heavy Cottonade pants, warranted not to rip, worth \$1.00. "Can't tell a lie" price 63c.
- Lot 15.** Fine checked and plaid White goods, worth 15c. "Can't tell a lie" price 8c.
- Lot 16.** Lovely quality Plaid White Goods worth 20 to 35 cents. "Can't tell a lie" price 13c.
- Lot 17.** Red checked organdies worth 12 1/2c. "Can't tell a lie" price 7c.
- Lot 18.** Beautiful tinted Plaid organdies and Colored checks worth 15c. "Can't tell a lie" price 9c
- Lot 19.** Side Band White Goods worth 35c. "Can't tell a lie" price 18c.
- Lot 20.** Boys and Mens flannel shirts worth \$1.00 to \$1.50. "Can't tell a lie" price 50c.
- Lot 21.** Mens fine silk Mixed zephyr flannel and French Satine shirts worth \$2.50. "Can't tell a lie" price 98c.
- Lot 22.** Ladies' fine Jersey Rib and Balbriggan Vests, worth 50c. "Can't tell a lie" price 25c
- Lot 23.** Samples Ladies' and Men's light weight Underwear, worth 25 to 50c. "Can't tell a lie" price 10c
- Lot 24.** Men's natural mixed—fancy stripes and English Lisle Underwear, worth 75 and \$1.00. "Can't tell a lie" price 38c
- Lot 25.** Beautiful Linen Chambray and high grade Gingham, worth 10 1/2c. "Can't tell a lie" price 12 1/2c

Bassett & Co. Bassett & Co. Bassett & Co.

NO TRUST.

He Was a Son of Nobility, But Had to Pay Cash.

A tall, young man pushed through the swinging doors of the hotel and walked breezily up to the desk. Raymond Harbinger, Wormal Blacklee, the name he signed to the register in the flowing characters, took up all the line allotted for name and residence, and so he had to put "London, England," on the line below. "I would like a nice room," he said in accents not overburdened with aspirates, "and not too far up. I am rather timid about fires; not comfortable to jump from four stories in one's pajamas." If R. H. W. Blacklee feared flames he certainly did not fear froak, for he was ruthless of an overcoat and his cutaway and trousers were not of the heaviest make; in fact, they showed signs of wear.

"How would a two-dollar-and-a-half room suit, Mr. Blacklee?" said Mr. Dodge, the clerk on watch.

"Oh, very well, thank; I am not familiar with American money, but I suppose it's all right."

"Oh, yes," said Dodge, "it's all right. Will you go up to your room now? Where shall we send for your baggage?"

"Oh, you needn't bother. I'll attend to that to-morrow. Some sort of bother about customs to-day. Got to go to dock to-morrow and get my traps."

"All right," said Dodge, "two and a half, please."

"I beg pardon," said the London gentleman.

"Two and a half." And then Dodge murmured reflectively, "All the way from London without an overcoat, or a hatbox or a handbag."

Mr. Blacklee hardly waited for the last word, but walked out as briskly as he entered. And then Mr. Dodge said to the reporter: "Good old fable that, but I have met Mr. B. before."—N. Y. Advertiser.

Nearly every one needs a good spring medicine, and Hood's Sarsaparilla is undoubtedly the best. Try it this season.

Chess matches by telephone are very popular in England.

IT WAS ALL RIGHT.

The Bank Examiner Saw Where the Honey Was.

Bank examiner and bank president looking up at bank from side walk: President—Yes, that's the bank vault in there. Two millions in that.

Examiner—Two millions? Wait a minute. (Puts it down on the proper blank.) Go on.

You can just get a glimpse of a canvas bag behind the plying teller. There's sixty thousand dollars in that.

"Yes, yes, go on."

"And in that japanned box by the assistant cashier are two hundred thousand in silver certificates."

"Go on; I've got it down."

"Well, locked up in two or three more boxes, which you can't see, are seven hundred thousand securities of various kinds. And—and, that's all."

"Excellent, sir, excellent. Your bank makes a splendid showing. Everything counted and found exactly right."

"Here's your fee. Won't you come in and have a cigar?"

"No, thank; I want to examine twenty-three more banks this afternoon. Good-day."—Texas Sittings.

—And the Lynching Proceeded.—

Stranger—"What's the trouble here?"

Native—"There's been a shooting match; and now there's going to be a lynching."

Stranger—"Did he kill any one?"

Native—"Who? Strangers—"

Native—"That's just the trouble. He missed him; and he ought to have known better; he's a disgrace to the town, and we're going to get rid of him."

PITH AND POINT.

—It doesn't take many pints of whiskey to make a peck of trouble.—Glees Falls Republicans.

—You can't argue with a bigot without agreeing with him in thinking that you're a fool.—Elmira Gazette.

—When a rich man gives his money to public charity, his poor relatives never applaud.—Arlison Globe.

—No one can over tell what a woman will do next. If any one did tell, she would be sure to go and do something else.—Somerville Journal.

—There are two kinds of dogs, the good kind which belongs to yourself and the worthless cur that is kept by your neighbor.—Boston Transcript.

—Mrs. Pester—"So you've been furnishing your dining-room, eh, Mrs. Mizum?" Mrs. Mizum—"To a suitcase extent, yes. Keepin' up to the time, you know; been puttin' some lambkins on the mantel-piece and a druggist under the dining-table."

—One in a Million.—Trivet—"Blow-bumper is the most remarkable man I ever knew." Dicer—"Why do you say that?" Trivet—"I had a very heavy cold the other day, and I asked him what would cure it. He said he was best if he knew."—N. Y. Sun.

—Editor—"What kind of an article is this in the news department? I've read it through three times, and can make neither head nor tail of it. Is it positively meaningless?" Managing Editor—"Yes, I know; that got into the news columns by mistake. It was intended for the editorial page."

—Passenger—"Look here, cabby, can't you make your horse go faster? I must catch the 2:30 train." Cabby—"Yes, sir; my horse is an old race-horse, boss, and the best way to make him go faster is for you to bet me a dollar that he won't catch the 2:30 train. Directly he hears that I'll put him on his heels, and he'll go like greased lightning."—Comic.

—"She may be well educated, as you say, but she uses very singular expressions." "She does?" "Yes. Yesterday, for instance, she spoke of a musical concert?" "Wasn't that correct?" "Certainly not. It wasn't necessary to say musical in speaking of a concert. A concert must be musical." "Must, eh? Well, I've been at some that were not."—N. Y. Press.

—"If you think you are going to have the grip, Maria," observed Mr. Billus, peevishly, "of course you will have it. Any doctor will tell you that a constant dread of any disease is likely to make you catch it." "Not always, John," replied Mrs. Billus. "You might live for sixty years in constant dread of a brain disease and you'd never get it, John."—Chicago Tribune.

Highest in all in Leavening Power.—U. S. Gov't Report, Aug. 17, 1884

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE



COYOTE-THAT-BITES

Not every Apache can get his fill after he has had his fill of sun-up and his fill of mescal before noon. Yet Coyote-That-Bites managed to achieve both these delightful ends, and of all the happy savages on the Colorado desert he was the most riotously, tumultuously happy. With what keen delight he had drawn his sharp blade across the throats of Jose Sanchez and his wife after he had stolen into their wagon in the gray dawn, and what thrills of joy shot through his breast when he silenced the yells of their two little children with the butt end of their father's own rifle. And then, when he had taken what gold was in the Mexican's bag, what mescal was in his demijohn and had strapped Jose's rather loose-fitting cartridge belt about his sun-brown waist, with what fierce pleasure he stole away from the scene of his bloody work, and with the Mexican's rifle on his shoulder, had wandered far down the dry arroyo, slipping from the demijohn the stupefying fumes of the agave from time to time until he felt that he was growing drowsy.

Then he had dragged his uncertain way along until he had come to the railroad track. He started stupidly at the bright steel rails, and looked up at the humming wires in an awed sort of way. He would like to lie there behind the rocks, he thought, until some one should come along the track, and then try a shot at him with his newly-acquired weapon. The demijohn was growing light and the rifle was growing heavy. Well, it was getting towards noon, and rather warm, even for an Apache, and he would lie down in the shade of the rocks over there and rest.

The humming of the wires is a soothing sound, and no sooner had his head touched the earth than sleep took a mighty hold upon him, and wiped out his realizing sense of joy, as sleep has a way of doing with everybody that has anything to be joyful for. And so he lay, with the rifle by his side, and his unexpressed hideous face turned up towards the blue that arched the desert.

It was quiet there and restful—no sound save the music of the wires. Gay, there were other sounds; but they came some time after Coyote-That-Bites had thrown himself upon the sand and gone off to the land of nod. They came faintly at first, and mingled with the murmurings of the wires. Surely they were the voices of children.

Had the red beast been awake he might have imagined that they were the haunting voices of the wee Mexican children whose blood he had so ruthlessly shed that morning. But he heard them not. They were very far from being ghostly voices, anyway—those tones that now purred forth so merrily as Dubs and Gay trudged down the line. They were walking in the scoop-out along the road, but not on the track, for that was forbidden.

There were other things that were forbidden, too, and one of them was straying so far away from the station. But Dubs was "taking good care" of his three-year-old sister, and in the pride of his six full years he was equal to the care of half a dozen such as Gay.

To give Dubs all due credit he did not know he was half a mile from home, and he really was going to turn back pretty soon. But the children had found many interesting and beautiful things to claim their attention. First there had been a chase after a young owl that could not fly, and that made itself abing in the most haphazard manner imaginable. Then a horned toad had been captured, and Dubs had dragged the disgusted prisoner along by a string until he had tired of the sport and had let him go again. Then, always keeping close to the railroad, they had entered a great field of cacti, where Dubs had tried very hard to pick "toonies" without getting the insidious, needle-like spines in his fingers. He was fairly successful, but he would not let the fruit of the cactus go into his sister's chubby hands until it had been stripped of its dangers by his ready jack-knife.

"If only I had my matches to build a fire with," sighed Dubs, "I'd burn off these prickles, just like we Injuns do."

"Why, it's a jug!" and Dubs left the "toonies" and started towards the pile of rock where lay the Coyote's demijohn, and where also lay the Coyote himself.

The two trudged up the little slope, and Dubs grasped the handle of the demijohn, only to let it drop again and spring back quickly with Gay in his arms. For he had caught sight of the Coyote, and he was smitten with a sudden desire to go home.

But he saw the Indian did not move, and so he suddenly became very brave. He was certainly sound asleep, and no more to be feared than a pupa, when he lay on the lounge in his idle repose. Then, too, Dubs was quite sure he was a "worky Injan," like the Yaguis who shovelled and piked on the railroad, and so his mind became wholly at ease.

The Coyote's cartridge belt, which had been so loosely strapped, had fallen off and lay by his side. There were a hundred very interesting bits of brass sticking in it, and the children soon had these scattered all about in the sand by the snoring Coyote. In the scramble for his share of the innocent toys, Gay let one of them drop on the Coyote's leg. Perhaps the mesquite insect was on the wane, for a big brown knee was thrust quickly up from the sand, and a big brown hand clutched the ugly knife at the Coyote's side; but the hand fell, and the noble red man snored on.

Dubs tried on the cartridge belt and became an Indian, all but the indispensable knife, and he concluded to borrow that from the sleeper, whose fingers had lost their grip on the buckskin handle.

"It's bigger'n a moomie's butcher knife, ain't it, Gay?" the young savage

said, as he grasped the handle or the level-looking blade. "Now you stand over here an' I'll get him's rock. Ven you turn along, an' I'll jump out and kill you."

Gay demurred.

"It's mighty make 'bieve. Vess kind 'n Injuns don't kill nobody," and he stuck a contemptuous finger towards the innocent Coyote. "It's on'y Paches at kills, an' ver's none yound here, moomie says. I'm a Pache, so you better look out."

It was dubious sport for Gay, and when it came to the killing part she screamed lustily.

"You've woked him, an' 'polled it all," said Dubs, in a tone of accusation. "Now he'll want his knife."

Sure enough, the Coyote-That-Bites did shake his broken legs and arms quite vigorously, but the last two big swallows of mescal held him down. So, after turning over, and burying his hatchet-like face in the sand, he lay quiet again.

When he had thus turned over, was brought into view the rifle, which had been concealed by his dirty blanket. Dubs eyed the weapon with covetous eyes. He could not withstand the temptation of feeling it all over, standing it up on its butt and trying to shoulder it, but this last feat he could hardly accomplish. Just what it was that kept his fingers off the hammer and trigger, and prevented a sound that would surely have brought the Coyote to his feet with a yell, I am sure I cannot tell, but Dubs played with that fascinating weapon for nearly an hour, while Gay peered sadly over the cartridges, hiding nearly all of them from view.

By this time the sun's rays were on the long slant and the children were very hungry. By this time, too, the Apache was growing restless, for the mescal had nearly lost its grip upon him. A train thundering by, or, much less, a "swift" brushing against his black foot, a spider dropping on his leg, or even a big fly buzzing at his ear—any of these would have set his demon force into play again.

But the children could not wait for such demonstrations as these, though why it did not occur to Dubs that the Coyote's ear needed tickling with a grass-wood twig, the Lord only knows. The wind was up and the wires were murmuring louder than ever. The wee ones had spotted in the black shadows long enough—had played with the fangs of the deadly serpent until they were tired and their stomachs were empty. So they set off on a trot for home.

Just as they turned the bend and came in sight of the low roof of the station, a "stuck-devil" swept by the rocks where lay the Coyote-That-Bites. He jumped to his feet, grasped his empty sheath, gave a mad whoop and stared about in feverish rage. There was his knife, half covered by the sand, and there was his rifle, far from his side. Here was the cartridge belt, empty, and all about him in the sand were countless little footprints.

A bewildered look stole over his face, but it passed away when his eye rested on the empty demijohn. The expression that replaced it was one of demoniacal ferocity, and the lust of slaughter lay heavily upon him. But the cartridges—where were they? He



MUCH TO BE THANKFUL FOR.

saw Gay's mound of sand, and kicking it, gave a grunt of delight to see the brazen capsules that were scattered right and left by his foot.

He picked them all up, grunting over each one. Filling the belt and grasping his rifle he started off in the direction in which the small footprints led. Like a bloodhound he chased along the track. His eyes scanned the plain at every turn and his breath was hot and strong. But when he turned the big curve and saw the station he knew that he was late—too late—and he gave a grunt of disgust and was off like the wind over a side trail that led towards the sunset.

In the low-roofed station house the mother crowned the tired little Gay, lying so soft and limp in her arms. She held him close to her, and with her sun-touched tips of the solemn giant cacti with purple dots; saw the prickly pear shrubs holding their grotesque arms above the great sweep of sand that ran down to the low horizon, and felt the inspiration of the scene, as she had often felt it before. For the desert has a beauty that is all its own. She knew that other women in the great cities and in the cool, green valleys might pity her in that desolate spot, but she felt that she needed not their pity. Dubs came and leaned his head against her arm, where she sat, and little Gay nestled down with a tired sigh. Yes, there was much to be thankful for which to be thankful.

And, in truth, there was.—Frank R. Millard, in Overland Monthly.

The Telephone in Scotland.

An interesting adaptation of the telephone to existing telegraph lines has been successfully made in Scotland. The telephones used are the French type, with micrograph mechanism. The line used has two intermediate stations, but this in no way impaired the speaking; indeed, it is proposed to add another to two intermediate stations, making six telephones served by a single wire. The micrograph mechanism was employed simultaneously there was no interruption; and it is intended that the telegraph instruments shall be discarded. Another feature of the adaptation is that as the wire runs along the canal the barges can fix a portable telephone on it at any place and speak to the terminal.

Sewing silk is soaked in acetate of lead to make it weigh heavier.

The new coins bear the initial, A. B. of their designer.

One mighty Herculean effort to clear out Winter Goods will be made in

"OUR ONE DAY LIGHTNING SALE."

ON MONDAY, FEBRUARY 29.

The power of sudden Cash will be shown in this sale as has never been realized before.

WATCH FOR PRICES LATER. J. H. ANDERSON & CO Glass Corner.

TO THE LADIES.

I have just received an advance consignment of

EVENING SLIPPERS,

including latest shades and styles. I cordially invite inspection.

Thos. Rodman,

NO. 103 MAIN STREET.

Great Shirt Sale, Beginning Monday, Feb. 15, For 3 Days Only.

GENTLEMEN: Now is the time to lay in your supply for the approaching Summer. Look through your linens and see if you don't want Shirts at these PRICE. If you do, come next Monday. You may not need them now but they will come handy later on:

- 10 Doz. Atkinson's best unlaundered Shirts, reinforced back and front, 2200 1/2 ply linen bosom and N. Y. Mills muslin, regular price \$1.00, reduced to 78c
- 10 Doz. Atkinson's unlaundered Shirts, reinforced back and front 2100 linen 3 ply bosom and Fruit of Loom muslin, regular price 75c, reduced to 50c
- 10 Doz. Good unlaundered Shirt, Munson's best make; 2100; linen bosom 3 ply, heavy muslin body, reinforced back and front continuous facing, regular price 50c, reduced to 39c
- 10 Doz. Good unlaundered Shirts, linen bosom, reinforce back and front, continuous facing, Regular price 45c, reduced to 35.
- 5 Doz. Boys' Shirts, regular price 50c, reduced to 35c
- 25 Doz. Men's best Atkinson's laundered Shirts in plain and pleated bosoms, regular price \$1 and \$1.25, reduced to 79c
- 5 Doz. Men's fine Shirts with collars attached, open front, regular price \$1.25, reduced to 99c

Don't forget the Time and Place. Monday, Feb 15, at SAM FRANKEL'S, Opposite Howe's Jewelry Store.