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VOL. XIV.—NO. 21. HOPKINSVILLE, KENTUCKY, FRIDAY, MARCH 11, 1892. $2.00 A YEAR.

ANNOUNCEMENT EXTRAORDINARY.

The Greatest "Coup" Yet.

A professional Glove Fitter from New York City at our Store for 10 Days, beginning

MARCH 10.

Ever alert and watchful for our customers, we have made arrangements with the manufacturers of Foster's Gloves for the services of a professional lady glove fitter for 10 days, beginning March 10. During this time Ladies and Gentlemen can have gloves fitted perfectly to the hand free of charge.

Our beautiful spring line of Kid Gloves is now complete and those who desire perfect fit and satisfaction in this important article of the toilet should take advantage of this opportunity and BUY NOW.

BEAR IN MIND that all gloves with Foster hooks on them are not Foster's Gloves and lack that perfection in fit, durability and comfort which has made foster's Gloves famous. Don't pay more money for an imitation glove. Don't buy an imitation at any price. See that Foster, Paul & Co.'s name is stamped on every pair; not 'licensed under Foster's patent." We are the sole agents in Hopkinsville,

BASSETT & CO.

Gorgeous Spring Opening Saturday, March 19.

Foster's KID GLOVES.

MANUFACTURED BY William FOSTER, PAUL & Co. FOSTER'S PATENTS

MANUFACTURED BY Fowler FOSTER, PAUL & Co. FOSTER'S PATENTS

MANUFACTURED BY Lafarina FOSTER, PAUL & Co. FOSTER'S PATENTS

FOR SALE BY

Rev. Wm. Hollinshed,

Pastor of the Presbyterian church of Sparta, N. J., voluntarily writes strongly in favor of Hood's Sarsaparilla. He says: "nothing I know of will cleanse the blood, stimulate the liver or clean the stomach like this remedy. I know of scores and scores who have been helped or cured by it."

The highest praise has been won by Hood's Pills for easy yet efficient action.

It is said that people in Philadelphia lose social caste if they buy butter at less than 75 cents a pound.

EQUAL TO THE OCCASION.

A Widow Who Was Not Disconcerted by Staring.

There is one peculiarly acute the gentler sex which keeps at the streets and on the cars to the great annoyance of its victims.

It's the way women have of staring at each other, at their clothes, their hair, their figures, etc., and at with a cold and fishy glare that is exceedingly disconcerting to the "s ared." A young and good-looking woman will enter a street car, feeling pretty well satisfied as to her personal get-up. She wears a self-satisfied, calm air. In an instant every other woman in that car is gazing at her with that calculating, wonder-how-much-she-paid-for-her-bonnet expression. And they continue to stare, while the object of their scrutiny grows self-conscious, red and uncomfortable. She wonders (if she's not used to this staring) what in the world can be the matter. Has she got smut on her nose? Is one cheek redder than the other? Is her hat on crooked? Then turning her attention to the masculine passengers she sees that they are not regarding her as if she were a freak, and she comes to the conclusion finally that it's only one of the numerous ways that her sisters have for making each other uncomfortable.

A little widow, pretty and demure-looking, boarded a street car the other evening and was immediately eyed from head to foot in the usual manner by the women seated opposite. She endured their stares for blocks, then she deliberately took the long crape veil hanging from her little bonnet down her back, and, wrapping its funeral folds around her face, peeped out over the top of it and said in clear tones to the two starers opposite: "Ladies, whenever you see a good thing be sure to take it all in."

They removed their stares.—Chicago News.

Absolutely Accurate.

When Lord Aberdeen was dying a party of gentlemen were traveling up to town in the train. Among them was Delane, of the London Times, who took a printed slip out of his pocket and read portions of it. It was the obituary notice. All criticised it and found various faults. One said it did not deal fairly with him. "All I can say is," said the editor, "that he has seen it himself."—Gentleman's Magazine.

—A Hairbreadth Escape.—"What is the matter, Missis Golden? You look like you had seen a ghost." "Ah, Mrs. Covenhaven, I was nearly killed just now." "How did it happen, Missis Golden?" "Missis Fleury, who lived in number twinty-siven has been run over by an electric car. I live in number twinty-six, suppose it had been me!"—Pharmaceutical Era.

You

will never regret sending three 2-cent stamps to pay postage to A. P. Ordway & Co., Boston, Mass., for a copy of Dr. Kauffman's great Medical Work; 100 pages, colored illustrations; of great value to every family.

A PHILOSOPHICAL TRAMP.

He Loved to Draw Inspiration From Great Minds.

He entered the bookstore—a ragged, ill-smelling, unclean tramp; but he spoke in a manner so gentle and refined that the clerk who was about to hustle him out listened to his request.

"If you've no objection," said the tramp, "I should like to glance for one moment at 'Boswell's Life of Johnson;'" and when the book had been handed to him he carefully wiped his fingers on the inside of his coat, turned the pages until he found what he wanted, closed the volume and looked at the clerk with a gratified smile.

"Johnson was one of the greatest minds the world ever knew," he said. "I get inspiration from him—I go to him when I am in doubt—and like a benediction his words soothe and comfort me."

"What were you looking for this time?" asked the clerk.

"A passing pedestrian accommodated me with a loan of ten cents, just now," replied the tramp; and it occurred to me that I should like to look once more upon that sentence of Johnson's: 'There is nothing which has yet been contrived by men by which so much happiness is produced as by a good tavern.' I am obliged to you for the use of the book, sir. Good-day."

And with the gratified smile still resting on his features, he shuffled out to the sidewalk and became swallowed up in the crowd.—Puck.

The Correct Way.

Stamp Fiend—Gimme a stamp, and be quick about it.

Drug Clerk—We do not give stamps away, sir.

Stamp Fiend—Well sell me one then, you crank.

Drug Clerk—That is also a very improper form to use in securing the desired article.

Stamp Fiend—My dear sir, will you please kindly oblige me by conferring upon me the favor of acting in the capacity of a post office clerk to the extent of exchanging with me a two-cent United States postage stamp for its value in coin of the same nation, for which lasting obligation I tender you my thanks in advance. Now shake 'em up and get that stamp or I'll put a head on you.—Pharmaceutical Era.

The Latest Term.

The words "dress," "gown" and "suit" have been stricken from the list of fashion talk and nothing but frocks are admitted. It is all very English, of course, but it is also quite a universal term. Girls, belles and matrons bring home a frock or two from Paris; they have a cloth frock to run around town in, for calls, or to do mission work; for the theater they have a little silk frock, a cloth or a velvet frock for dinner, and get into a gauze frock for the dance or house party.—Chicago Mail.

Judicial Acumen in Jersey.

Primus—Have they found the scoundrel who clubbed Marshall to death in Blank square, in Jersey City?

Secundus—No. All the park policemen were arrested on suspicion.

Primus—Did they satisfy the justice as to their good character?

Secundus—Yes; and the entire force proved an alibi.—Life.

MY BIRTHDAY.

Let us a moment, Father Time,
Delay our journeying
And listen, while a tender rhyme,
In praise of thee, I sing:
Long hast thou been a friend to me,
A wise, true, loving friend,
And such thou'lt be, unchangeably,
I know, unto the end.

Beneath the stars, beneath the sun,
In clear or cloudy weather,
Contentedly we've journeyed on
Toward the goal together:
Through flowery fields, where summer smiles,
Our pleasant paths have led,
Through many miles of dark defiles,
And critics of the dead;

And thou hast smiled when I have smiled,
And wept when I have wept,
As mothers watch a tired child,
Hast watched me while I slept;
Hast nerved my hand with strength to fight
My deadliest foe—despair;
Hast filled with light my darkest night,
My soul with song and prayer.

How much have I to thank thee for!
Wife, children, hosts of friends—
Love's treasury is all too poor
To make the full amends!
But see! the stars begin to bloom,
The Golden Gates in sight—
Thy staff resume, and at the tomb
Bid me a last "good night!"

—Charles W. Hubner, in All-Man's Institution.

"OLD BINK."

The Story of the Man Who Made Sheridan.

How Unselfish George Binckley Gave His West Point Commission to His Boyhood Friend, and Relinquished the Ambition of His Life.

In an unmarked grave at the base of a great lone rock, within vision's range of Pike's peak, he buried the remains of the man who gave Gen. Phil Sheridan to America and to history.

The facts contained in this narrative may sound like romance. They have never until now appeared in print, although known to hundreds of persons both in Ohio and Colorado. The peculiar circumstances by which I became possessed of the strange story and my connection with it have rendered my task a delicate one, although for several years I have been constantly solicited to make them public. Death having removed the two leading figures of the drama I have at last consented to relate the various details of a pathetic history as they came within my personal knowledge during a period of fifteen years. The facts contained in the story can be verified by hundreds of citizens of Colorado. They reveal a strange blending of drama and tragedy, and cast no discredit upon the memory of one of the great military figures of the civil war.

I first met George Binckley in 1874 in an embryo mining camp perched high upon the precipitous slopes of the Sierras San Juan, in southwestern Colorado. How he got into camp no one knew, and no one inquired. The search for gold was then too keen to permit of idle curiosity concerning your neighbor. He must have climbed the long, toilsome and zigzag burro trail leading from Del Norte to Summitville on foot, for he was wan and weak from hunger and fatigue when he appeared at our camp fire one night and begged for something to eat. He presented an uncanny picture, set in uncanny surroundings. Tall and gaunt, he stood before us as a ghost, while an unkempt mass of whitened hair fell down over his stooping shoulders, mingling with a beard that fell almost to his waist, leaving visible only a little circle of his face. From underneath his shaggy eyebrows his eyes gleamed like two great embers of a once living and consuming fire. His clothes were in tatters, and his limbs trembled with nervousness and fatigue, but his voice had a deep, mellow ring that despite an undercurrent of pain and weariness bespoke the training of its once-powerful owner.

"I'm old Bink, and I'm hungry," was his laconic salutation as he drew up before the camp fire and calmly surveyed the half dozen rough miners who sat about the blaz[illegible] their pip[illegible] voice of [illegible] an en[illegible]ferent [illegible]lity of [illegible] I be[illegible] the [illegible]Calcalfo's Picket fo[illegible] the [illegible]ur gardens. [illegible]ly.

When he had satisfied his hunger a pair of blankets was given him, and rolling himself up in them beneath the drooping branches of a mighty pine our strange and taciturn visitor soon fell asleep. We resumed our pipes and after a brief discussion of our guest agreed that he was a broken-down prospector and that he was welcome. Then we crept beneath our blankets and dreamed under the stars of fabulous veins of gold, while our ears heard not the thunder of the mountain torrents leaping down the seamed and scarred sides of Del Norte peak to join the foaming current of the Rio Alamasa.

And that was how "Old Bink" came to our camp, perched like a speck between a rim of pines and the eternal snow. We knew not whence he came, neither did we care. We had the broken-down pilgrim in our care and would shelter and feed him. In a day or two he was a fixture, and little by little dropped his impenetrable reserve. During the day he would wander along the mountain sides and up deep gulches looking for indications of minerals. He made himself useful in cooking our rude meals. He was conversant not only with geology and metallurgy, but knew every mountain plant and flower by name. It was "Old Bink" who, when one of the boys was stricken down with mountain fever, sought out in the darkest gulches the mountain sage and gave relief to our comrade. He found a bed of tender wild onions and added them to our limited menu of bacon and flapjacks. He staked a claim, and, while it was worthless, we would have defended it for him against jumpers at the risk of our lives. "Old Bink" was our mascot. We wouldn't have taken the richest lode on South mountain for him, wretched as he had made himself by a life of wandering and dissipation.

And then one night he told to us the story of his life. We didn't believe it then, but it had served to while away a weary hour between supper and blankets, and we forgave him. A pack train from Del Norte had brought up to camp a fresh lot of supplies, including a keg of whisky. The latter article was the key which unlocked "Old Bink's" lips. While talking his eyes took on a faraway look, as if they were resting on green pastures, but his voice became vibrant with manhood as he talked about himself and Phil Sheridan. I could not attempt to give you the story in his own language, because between me now and that summer night episode high up on the slopes of the Sierras San Juan, nearly eighteen years have intervened.

His name, he said, was George Binckley, and he was born in northern Ohio, his family being an influential and wealthy one. Phil Sheridan was his schoolmate, and, although Phil's mother was very poor, the two boys were inseparable friends and companions. They had grown up together, and their affection for each other was that of David and Jonathan. Then one day young Binckley's uncle, who was then in congress, secured for him an appointment to the West Point military academy. Wild with delight he rushed across the way to Mrs. Sheridan's humble home to tell Phil the news. The sturdy young Irish lad burst into tears.

"I'm glad of it, George," he at last found voice to say. "But, oh, don't I wish I could go too. I've always set my heart on being a soldier, but now—" and the youthful Phil again gave vent to his emotions. "Old Bink" hurried over this part of the narrative. He talked to Phil for a time and tried to comfort him, with what effect the sequel disclosed. He astonished his parents, and almost paralyzed his uncle by declining the appointment. He didn't want to be a soldier and Phil Sheridan did. On this rock he stood immovable. The world already knows part of the result. The Irish lad, the friend of George Binckley, went to West Point. His history is a part of that of the nation. The hero of Winchester and half a hundred other battlefields was made possible by a friend's magnanimity and self-abnegation.

And Binckley, what of him? Oh, there wasn't much to tell, he declared. He had gone through college with honors; had been admitted to the bar; had tried journalism; had printed several newspapers in Iowa and Nebraska; had drank whisky and indulged in the use of opium until worn out; he had quit fighting and was now drifting with the tide toward sunset and night and silence. He had drifted with other debris of wretched humanity into the mountains, and that was all. He was still loyal to Phil. Did Phil remember his old boyhood friend and benefactor? Oh, yes, Gen. Sheridan, he said, had repeatedly offered to provide for him, but he was too far gone to go back. That was all. "That was all right, and 'Old Bink' was a fool, I suppose; so what's the difference?" Having delivered himself of this sonorous out of optimism, our master took another drink of whisky and fell asleep in his blankets. After declaring that "Old Bink" was an entertaining liar the camp followed his example, and retired to rest. When bantered next day about his Phil Sheridan "romance," "Old Bink" reiterated his statement, and, finally growing angry, relapsed into sullen silence, and the subject was dropped.

The summer waned, and lower and lower crept the dazzling rim of snow down the mountain side. Already the moaning pines gave notice in their dumb way of approaching winter. The camp, high up on the spur of the mountain, was abandoned. "Old Bink" went with the rest of us to Del Norte, and there we lost sight of him.

Three years later I stood on Sixteenth street in the city of Denver. It was a gala day in the capital city of the young centennial state. The streets were crowded by a restless, shouting, pushing mass of humanity, and flags and banners streamed from every window and every house-top. Gen. Sheridan, then in command of the Missouri division of the army, was in the city, and Colorado was also there to honor one of Grant's greatest lieutenants. Denver was wild with enthusiasm, and it was with difficulty that I could maintain a position on the curb which commanded a view of the approaching parade. Everybody was determined to see Phil Sheridan. The presence of President Grant himself could not have evoked a more spontaneous ovation. Sheridan was the idol of those irrepressible frontiersmen and mountaineers, many of whom had followed his fortunes from '61 to '65, and had fought under his banner in all his campaigns until peace came with Appomattox.

There was a blare of bugles, a cavalcade of mounted policemen, a brass band and then the carriage, containing the little military chieftain, turned the corner and came down the street toward the spot where I was standing. Then a fierce, wild outburst from ten thousand throats tore the atmosphere into tatters. Once more and once again the ear-splitting yell drowned the brazen notes of the band and then died away. The crowd was too anxious to see Sheridan to waste any more time in splitting its lungs into fibers.

The carriage was within twenty-five feet of me when I was startled by hearing a strangely familiar voice on my right cry out:

"Phil! oh, Phil!"

I turned and recognized "Old Bink." A little more haggard and bent, a little longer and grayer locked, with his great gleaming eyes shining like twin stars, the mascot of Del Norte stood leaning forward in the crowd, among which he towered like an aged giant, waving his long, gaunt arms wildly at the passing carriage. There was a hungry appeal in the voice that bordered upon supplication and caused hundreds of eyes to turn from the carriage and its distinguished occupant to the strange-looking speaker.

"Phil! oh, Phil!"

Gen. Sheridan heard the cry this time, and, looking quickly around, began to scan the massed faces as if searching for some one.

"Phil! Phil! it's me; it's Bink!" and again the arms of the old tramp went into the air like the sails of a windmill. He had caught Sheridan's eye.

And then the Denver populace witnessed something it did not understand, and about which it talked for weeks. It saw Gen. Sheridan step the carriage, leap quickly to the street, force his way through the crowd, place his arms around the neck of our unkempt old tramp and kiss him fair in the face. Then he led the miserable-looking tramp to the carriage, placed him beside himself, and the parade was resumed. Everybody who witnessed the scene accepted as an explanation the statement that it was one of Sheridan's old soldiers, but I, who had listened to and laughed to scorn "Old Bink's" story at the campfire in the Sierras San Juan, knew better. I knew that Binckley was the man who had given Sheridan to history. George and Phil met again. What passed between them must be written by other pens than mine. I know only what I know.

Several days afterward I again met "Old Bink." Sheridan and his staff had returned to Chicago. Bink wore a new suit of clothes, but looked as if he was just recovering from a protracted debauch. In answer to my look of surprise and inquiry he explained:

"No, I wouldn't go back east with him. He gave me a stake and I've blowed most of it in already. I ain't fit to associate with Phil any more no how, and I ain't going to disgrace him. He wanted me to go home with him, but I couldn't live there. I'm off for the mines, to-morrow. Phil's all right and 'Old Bink's' all right, and so what's the difference?"

He turned his eyes in a wistful way toward a purple bank of clouds resting on the far-off peaks of the Rockies, and I noticed that he had aged rapidly since I had known him in the San Juan region. To further questions he gave evasive answers, and we parted. I never saw "Old Bink" again.

A year and a half ago I was again in Colorado, after an absence of fourteen years. I had been engaged in investigating the stability of a large dam being erected on the headquarters of Cherry creek, about thirty miles south of Denver, near the summit of the divide, and was returning to Castle Rock station late in the evening accompanied by a citizen of the latter place. Our route lay over the high "hog back" or divide between Cherry and Willow creeks, and our ponies made slow progress. We had reached the top of the descent leading down a mile or more to the little mountain village. The sun was just setting behind Gray's peak to the south, and forty miles distant Pike's peak stood lonely in its grandeur, thrusting an icy finger far upward into the regions of eternal frost. Directly opposite the outer slopes of the Musquito range lay concealed in mist and shadow, while a thousand feet below ran the waters of Willow creek. To the right of our trail and directly overhanging the narrow valley Castle rock rose, naked and grim, like a giant anvil, five hundred feet in the air. It overlooked the foothills for miles around, and had given its name to the railroad hamlet nestled at its base. The grandeur of the scene had made us both silent for a time, but just as we rounded an escarpment of the huge rock my guide and companion broke the spell:

"Do you see that grave over there just under the rock?"

"Yes; what of it?" I was in no mood for talking.

"Queer duck planted over there. Buried by the town as a pauper. Tramped into Castle Rock one day last summer and just took down and died. Queer old duck. Whisky and morphine did him up."

"Lots of fellows go that way. Nothing queer about that," I replied.

"Yes; but he was no fool, and sometimes he'd talk like a scholar. And then he'd keep insistin' that he had rich chummies. Guess he was weak in his upper story. Morphine had clean et his brains up. I set up with him one night jist before he passed in his chips, and he all at onct set up in bed and hollers out: 'Phil! oh, Phil!' so pitiful like that I felt sorry for the old tramp. 'Spect it was some brother or pard or something. He died next day, and we found a fotygraph of a military-lookin' chap in his pocket. It was so greasy and dirty we couldn't tell who it was."

"Did the tramp give his name?" I excitedly inquired.

"He said it was 'Old Bink' and that's all. Did you know him?"

"Yes," I replied, as I dismounted from my pony and stood beside the unmarked grave. "The man whose body lies here made Gen. Sheridan."—Tom H. Cannon, in Washington Star.

—In a Utica brewery the iron nozzle of a hose used in steaming out barrels was accidentally dropped into a keg, and the keg was filled with beer. Some time afterward a customer reported that he had received one keg of iron bitters with his last load of beer, which gave his patrons such appetites that three men and a boy couldn't keep the free lunch counter stocked.

—Solicitous Spouse—"What makes you look so worried lately? You're not like yourself." Great Lawyer—"Well, I'm having considerable trouble down town." Spouse—"Now you must tell me all about it." Lawyer—"Well, you see, I want to keep the office open till five, and the office boy wants to close it at four, and we can't seem to arrange matters."

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

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PUR[illegible]

100 Pairs Finest Gents Hand Sewed Shoes.

Just Received at J. H. Anderson & Co's

Stacy, Adams & Co.'s Entire Sample Line,
The very finest French Calf,
Cordovan, Kangaroo and Patent Leathers,
Lace and Congress,
Worth $6.00 to $7.50,
Go at 25 per cent. discount.

SEE WINDOW DISPLAY.

A STERE OPTIC ON otyped style of advertisement don't attract. Get your this and NOTE that THOMAS RODMAN will sell YOU a shoe from 99 cents to $6.00.

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New White Goods,
New Embroideries,
New Laces,
New Spring Style,
New Dress Ginghams,
New Apron Ginghams,
New Prints,
New Counterpanes,
New Lace Curtains.

COME AND SEE ME AT THE OLD STAND OPP. HOWE'S JEWELRY STORE.

Sam Frankel.