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BRYAN & TANDY.

A PRAIRIE SONG.

Boom! boom! boom!
The wild prairie chickens in calling to its mate,
And I stand and listen toward the pasture gate,
I wait and watch and listen—listen, watch and wait.
Listen—to the wild prairie chicken on the hill,
Watch—for some one who'll meet me very soon;
Wait—for the coming of my darling little Kate,
Who promised she would meet me by the pasture gate.

Boom! boom! boom!
Once more the prairie chicken calling from the hill,
Sounding like distant music on the evening air;
But why does Kitty linger? she surely knows I'll wait.
Listen—to the wild prairie chicken on the hill,
Watch—for some one who'll meet me very soon;
Wait—for the coming of my darling little Kate,
Who's coming now to meet me down by the pasture gate.

A SHATTERED IDOL.

Why Hatty Hyde Still Keeps Her Maiden Name.

My name is Hatty Hyde. People call me an old maid—or at least not a young one—and I intend to remain so. But I came very near getting married last spring, and this is how it happened.
I am thirty-five and not absolutely ugly; at least when I look in the glass I see reflected there a good, fresh complexion, sparkling hazel eyes and an abundance of brown hair. I might have married two or three times, only I wasn't really in love. I dare say you don't believe this, but I can show the letters of declaration up in my writing desk now—old Squire Pease, Rev. Mr. Poppethorne and Dr. Riehford. So there!

But when Clarence Raymond, barrister, came down to spend the vacation with his aunt, Mrs. Riehford—you see, the doctor married, after all, a wife much more suitable in point of mature years than I could have been, and I didn't care, not I—I must confess, to a little womanly dicker around the heart, for he was tall and handsome, and, in short, just the hero of romance that I had always dreamed about.

"Hatty," said Mrs. Riehford—we were quite confidential friends, you see, and called one another Hatty and Pamela and borrowed each other's books and all that sort of thing—"Hatty, I think Clarence rather fancies you."
"Do you?" said I, feeling the tell-tale blushes come into my face, and my heart began to thump beneath the pretty lace tucker of Valenciennes and pink ribbons that I had taken to wearing every day.

"I am certain of it," said Mrs. Riehford; "and how nice it will be to have you for a cousin."
That evening Clarence asked me if I would marry him, and, of course, I said "yes."
It was very nice to be engaged. He gave me a lovely cameo ring, choice and more antique than any diamond could have been; he said—and he meant the most delicious poetry and vowed that it expressed the very sentiment of his heart. And he had waded in the cool, fern-scented wood and moonlight talks on the veranda, and I began to wonder whether I should be married in white satin or a dove-colored dress.

One evening, just after Clarence had returned to his unavailing engagements in town, Uncle Nathan came to visit me.
Uncle Nathan was one of those people of whom we are apt to ask, in common with mosquitoes and flies: "Why were they ever created?" He was a venerable old gentleman with long silver hair that fell over the collar of his bottle-green coat and cloth gaiters that irresistibly reminded one of a black pussy cat, and he took snuff and talked through his nose.

"Harriet," said Uncle Nathan, "is this true?"
"Is what true, Uncle Nathan?"
"All this fol-de-rol about your being engaged to a man ten years younger than yourself, Harriet, Harriet! I thought you had better sense." "It's only five years, Uncle Nathan," said I, smiling. "And I suppose I can get engaged without sending to my relations for a permit!"

"Harriet, this is not a subject to be slipped about," said Uncle Nathan. "You may depend upon it that this young man is a mere fortune-hunter. You have property, Harriet, and he has found it out."
"Uncle," I cried, starting up, "I will not listen tamely to such aspersions on the character of one who—"
"My dear, my dear, don't get excited," said the intolerable old gentleman, tapping upon the lid of his silver snuff box. "You are not a child, Harriet, not yet a sentimental schoolgirl. Let's talk the matter calmly over."

"I decline to discuss it, sir," was my dignified reply. "My mind is made up, and no amount of meddling interference will ever induce me to alter it."
So my Uncle Nathan went away, silver snuff box, pussy gaiters and all, and I sat down to make out a memorandum of the things I should require for my wedding outfit.

For I had resolved not to buy my things at the little shops in Buttercup Hollow, but to make a special journey to London on that business. Ah, the delight of revelling over counters full of choice flaxine laces, billows of bridal silk, oceans of tulle. It brought the color to my cheeks only to think of it. And, best of all, was it not necessary that Clarence's wife should have all that custom required? I didn't care for myself so much, but I was determined

not to disgrace Clarence.
So, one radiant September day, when the sky was as blue as the bluest ribbon, and the very leaves hung motionless in the yellow atmosphere like little ships at anchor in a sea of gold, I took the early train from Buttercup Hollow, with a purse full of money buttoned into an inner pocket of my polonaise, for I had read all sorts of horrid stories about pickpockets, and didn't mean to part with any of my crisp bank notes except for value received.

I felt a little flustered at first, and anxiously scanned the folk around me; for I seemed as if everybody must know that I was going to buy my wedding outfit.
If I attempt to tell you anything about the adventures of that day I know I shall succeed. Women could perhaps understand how I felt in the fairland of those great circles of fashion that exist only in London.

I bought the wedding dress—white reg silk, and a veil of tulle suspended from a coronet of orange blossoms—and I selected a blue silk and a peach-colored silk, and a narrow silk, and—dear me! what is the use of cataloguing them all? Other girls have been brides before, and they'll know just how it was. And as for those who haven't just let them wait until their turn comes.

And then, as the sun began to decline on its westerling way, I felt excessively and anxiously hungry. Women could perhaps understand how I felt in the fairland of those great circles of fashion that exist only in London.

"Is there a nice ladies' restaurant near here?" I asked.
And one of the shopmen went with me to the door to point out a glittering establishment with its windows full of delicacies. I entered and sat down, feeling very much as if I was an impostor, and ordered mook-turtle soup, venturing ever so meekly to glance around a little after the waiter had skimmed away. Dickens says that waiters never walk, and Dickens is always right. And then for the first time I noticed a superbly dressed young lady one or two tables beyond, in a lovely hat, with a long lilac-velvet plume and hair like a shower of gold.

"Oh, how pretty she is!" thought I. "How proud her lover must be of her!"
I leaned forward the least bit in the world to see the young man in question. Good Heaven, it was my Clarence! And as I sat staring, completely concealed from his ken by the golden hair and lilac willow plume, I could hear a light, peculiar laugh.

"You have only yourself to blame for it, Kate," he said. "You wouldn't have me."
"That's no reason for throwing yourself away, is it?" he pouted.
"She's a desperate old maid," said Clarence; "old as the hills, but she has money. A man in my position has to look out for money, you know. Kate, would you like to see her photograph?"

The two heads were close together for an instant, and the young lady's rippling laugh mingled with Clarence's mellow tones.
"The idea of carrying such a thing as that next your heart," said she. "It does seem rather outrageous, doesn't it?" he said. "But when we're once married, all that sort of thing will be over. I'll see that she finds her level."
"Yes, when?" thought I, now thoroughly disenchanted. And I got up and hurried out of the restaurant, nearly stumbling in my haste over the waiter, bearing on a silver tray my mook-turtle soup.

"I've changed my mind," said I, flinging a coin to him. To this day I don't know whether it was a shilling or a sovereign. Never mind the sum in my reply.
I took the next train to Buttercup Hollow and wrote a scathing note to Clarence the same evening. Do you want to know what was in it? Of course, like all women's letters, the best of it was in the postscript:

Our engagement is at an end. If I should meet the next time a lady's photograph in a crowded restaurant it might be well to examine your neighbors.
Clarence had some sense after all. He never came near me with useless apologies. I gave the wedding dress to little Amy Miller, who was to be married in October and couldn't afford a trousseau. I suppose I shall wear out the blue, the peach color and maroon time. Oh, I forgot to say that Mrs. Riehford was very angry. It seems that Clarence had promised to pay her one thousand pounds that he had borrowed of her when he had got hold of my money. And I am thankful from the bottom of my heart that I still remain Hatty Hyde.—How Blue.

How the Master Contrived to Get All the Plums.
The following story is told of a sea captain and his mate. Whenever there was a plum pudding made by the captain's orders all the plums were put into one end of it, and that end placed next to the captain, who, after helping himself, passed it to the mate, who never found any plums in his part of it. After this game had been played for some time the mate prevailed on the steward to place the end which had no plums in it next the captain.

The captain no sooner perceived that the pudding had the wrong end turned towards him than, picking up the dial and turning it round, as if to examine the china, he said: "This dish cost me two shillings in Liverpool," and put it down, as if without design, with the plum end next to himself.
"Is it possible," said the mate, taking up the dish; "I shouldn't suppose it was worth more than a shilling." And as if in perfect innocence, he put down the dish with the plums next to himself.

The captain looked at the mate; the mate looked at the captain. The captain laughed; the mate laughed.
"I'll tell you what, young one," said the captain; "you've found me out; so we'll just cut the pudding lengthwise this time, and have the plums fairly distributed hereafter."—Yankee Blade.

"The Queen's" Prize Problem.

Mr. A. and Mr. B. have to cut down a mighty tree. The time 'twill take for Mr. A. this mighty tree alone to slay, is sixty minutes—standard time. Beneath B's blow, the bulk sublime goes to the ground in half that time. The question now we ask of thee is, how long 'twill take to cut this tree if both begin—one on each side—and thus their labor do dividet

The Queen will give an elegant Mason & Rice or Steinway fine toned Upright Piano to the first person answering the above problem correctly; an elegant gold watch for the second correct answer; a China dinner set for the third correct answer; an elegant Silk dress pattern for the fourth correct answer; and many other valuable prizes. Valuable special prizes will be given for the first correct answer from each State. Each person answering must enclose fifteen U. S. two cent stamps for "The Canadian Queen Galop," the latest and most popular piece of fifty-cent copyrighted music issued during the year, just out, together with copy of The Queen containing full particulars. The object of offering these prizes is to increase the circulation of The Queen, which already is the largest of any publication in Canada. By sending a day you may secure a valuable prize. Address: The Canadian Queen, "X," Toronto, Canada.

The prostration after the grip is entirely overcome by Hood's Sarsaparilla. It really does make the weak strong.

It is not certain that Arion will be trained this year.

No Woman
is beautiful with a bad skin, covered with pimples, freckles, moth, or tan. I have been asked many times what will remove these unsightly blemishes. No face paints or powders will remove them, as they are caused by impure blood. The only sure remedy I have ever seen is Sulphur Bitters, and in hundreds of cases I have never known them to fail.—Editress Fashion Gazette.

LOOKING FOR THE DOCTOR.
An Anxious Night Passed in Watching and Waiting.
One of the best stories in Mr. Barrie's delightful Scotch book, "A Window in Thrum's," is entitled "Waiting for the Doctor." Jess, the mother of the family, a cripple who had not been out of the house, and seldom out of the room, for twenty years, had gone early to rest, and the door of her bedroom in the kitchen was pulled to. All at once she called: "Leebly! Leebly was the daughter. She answered "Aye," and Hendry, the father, opened the door of the bedroom. "Ver mother's no weel," he said to Leebly. Leebly ran to the bed.

In another two minutes we were a group of four in the kitchen, staring vacantly. Death could not have startled us more, tapping thrice that quiet night on the window-pane.
"It's aitherer!" said Jess, her hands trembling as she buttoned her wrapper.
She looked at me, and Leebly looked at me.

"It's not it's no!" cried Leebly, and her voice was as a fist shaken at my face. She blamed me for hesitating in my reply.
Jess had discovered a white spot on her lip. I knew the symptoms.
Leebly ran off for the doctor, and after a time returned panting to say that he might be expected in an hour. He was away among the hills.

Hendry wandered between the two rooms, always in the way when Leebly ran to the window to see if the doctor was at last. Finally he sat down by the kitchen fire, a Bible in his hand. It lay open on his knee, but he did not read much. He sat there with his legs outstretched, looking straight before him. I believe he saw Jess young again.

I sat alone at my attic window for hours waiting for the doctor. About midnight Hendry climbed the stairs and joined me. His hand was shaking as he pulled back the blind.
"She's waur," he whispered, like one who had lost his voice.
His eyes were glazed with staring at the turn of the brae where the doctor must be first come to sight. I put my hand on his shoulder, and he stared at me.

"Nine-and-thirty years come June," he said, speaking to himself.
For this length of time I knew he and Jess had been married. He repeated the words at intervals.
"I mind—" he began, and stopped.
He was thinking of the springtime of Jess's life.

The night ended as we watched; then came the sacred moment that precedes the day—the moment known to shuddering watchers by sick beds, when a chill wind cuts through the house, and the world seems cold in death.
"This is a fearsome night," Hendry said, hoarsely.
He turned to grope his way to the stairs, but suddenly went down on his knees to pray.

There was a quiet step outside. I arose in haste to see the doctor on the brae. He tried the latch, but Leebly was there to show him in. The door of the room closed on him.
From the top of the stair I could see to the dark passage, and make out Hendry shaking at the door. I could hear the doctor's voice, but not the words he said. There was a painful silence, and then Leebly laughed joyously.

"The good!" cried Jess. "The white spot's gone! Ye just touched it, an' it's gone! Tell Hendry."
But Hendry did not need to be told. As Jess spoke I heard him say, hastily, "Thank God!" and then he trottered back to the kitchen. When the doctor left, Hendry was still on Jess's armchair, trembling like a man with the palsy. Ten minutes afterward I was preparing for bed, when he cried up the stair:
"Come awa' down!"

I joined the family party in the room. Hendry was sitting close to Jess. "Let us read," he said, firmly, "in the fourteenth of John."—Youth's Companion.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—U. S. Gov't Report, Aug. 17, 1887

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