BANK ST... SPECIAL

Hopkinsville Kentuckian.

VOLUME XV.—NUMBER 1. HOPKINSVILLE, KENTUCKY, TUESDAY, JANUARY 2, 1893 TWICE A WEEK AT $2 A YEAR.

Bassett & Co
WRECKERS OF HIGH PRICES

Early Closing.

After January 1st we close our store every evening at 7 o'clock. We believe this is but just and right and what all stores should do, and we do it no matter what others do—Always following our own business ideas. We ask you to kindly remember this and regulate your shopping hours accordingly, promising to make prices and values very interesting to you from 7 until 7 each day—

To Start the New Year

WE OFFER

MONDAY, JANUARY, 2,

Men's fine silk 4-in-hand ties high grade—beautiful goods—sold elsewhere at 75c 29c

Children's all wool White Underwear soft and fine—all sizes—Rise on each size - - - - for size 16 19c

Samples of fine Domestic and Imported Corsets, worth $1,25 to $2.50 - 79c

Beautiful Weaves in fine Black Dress Goods worth $1.00 - - - - 69c

Celebrated Waukenhose Merino and fine Sanitary grey Socks worth 40c - 25c

Samples of Men's and Ladies' Underwear including Dr. Warner's, Camel's Hair health Underwear and other fine makes 1/2 PRICE

Ladies' and Children's Cloaks at greatly reduced prices.

Store closes at 7 o'clock evenings--after January 1st.

Bassett & Co
WRECKERS OF HIGH PRICES

We Keep Constantly in stock

A FULL LINE OF STAPLE and FANCY GLASS and QUEENSWARE.

WE ARE Headquarters FOR Correct Styles IN Tinnerware AND WASH STANDS SETS!

For next week We offer Big job In Pressed Glass Tumblers And Goblets.

Bryan & Tandy

LONG VIGIL AT A GRAVE.

A Chinaman's Vow to Watch His Mother's Tomb for Three Years.

A correspondent of a Shanghai journal, writing from Kiukiang, on the Yangtse, mentions that he has seen a sight which is not often seen even in China. This is a man who has taken a vow to watch three years at his mother's grave. The lady died at the end of last year and was buried, as usual, on the side of a neighboring hill in the family burying place. When the remains had been consigned to the earth the son declared that he would not leave the place for three years, and so far he has been true to his word. The neighborhood took upon itself to provide for his wants, and a subscription list was started. Pieces (one hundred and thirty-three pounds each) of rice were contributed by his relatives and those who knew him. Families take turns in preparing his food and bringing it to him. Others brought straw and poles and made a rude hut for him large enough to contain himself and the grave of his mother. The writer saw him when he had already been at his self-appointed task nearly seven months, and says he will not soon forget the sight and smell. Around the hut there were three well-kept graves, those of his father, brother, and wife, and inside, that of his mother.

During the three years of his vigil he does not wash himself, the straw upon which he lies is not removed, he does not change his clothes until the time has expired, he does not come out of the little place for any cause whatever, he speaks to none, except, perhaps, one locally, and then only briefly, to his nearest relatives. He spends the time muttering prayers and burning incense at the head of the tomb, along the length of which he is stretched. The hut is not high enough to allow him to stand upright and is only a few feet longer than himself. "One can fairly imagine the foulness of such a life and the condition of an unshorn head as being after such an existence, which he will believe at the end of the summer I can not. At present it does not seem possible that he should be able to live thoroughly three years of such horror—none but a Chinaman could do it." If he does keep the three years he will be highly honored, the officials will go out and receive him and report the matter to the throne, and he will receive from the emperor a board containing four characters lauding his virtue. He may also receive some small official preferment, and will thus be provided for. The natives say that although he is alone on the hillside among the graves, no ghosts or devils will interfere with him and poisonous snakes will not come near him. Some of the people were not quite sure what his motives were; some said, significantly, that he knew what he was doing—there was not very much to do, and at the end of three years lying at the grave, being fed by his friends, he would likely enough find a comfortable support for the rest of his natural life.—London Times.

Short and Sweet.

He—I love you, Miss Kitty.

She—Thanks—the same.—Waterbury.

THIS song fell on my ears what time
I heard the bells of midnight chime:

"I, who come with hands well laden,
With gifts for the far and near,
For prophet and priest, for sage and maiden,
I am the glad New Year.
Listen, O world, to the song I sing you—
Sweeter music can never be—
Open your hands to the good I bring you,
Open your souls to my prophecy.

"Wonderful ships that, long belated,
Have drifted the wide seas o'er,
With blessings for which the world has waited,
Shall speedily find your shore.
The dreamer shall walk in fields elysian,
Right shall be lord of wrong;
The seer shall give you his truest vision,
And the singer his sweetest song.

"Such treasures as never were mined or minted
Shall come to the waiting hands;
Beauty and truth and love unstinted
Shall brighten and bless the lands.
Noble thoughts to brave deeds growing
Shall see true victories won;
The perfect fruit of patient sowing
Shall ripen beneath my sun.

"A sigh, if you will, for the king departed,
(In a song let the sigh be drowned)
Then lift your eyes, all happy hearted,
To me, the king new-crowned.
In sweet allegiance swift and willing,
O, world, clasp hands with me;
Help, I pray, to the blest fulfilling
Of promise and prophecy."

This song fell on my ears what time
I heard the bells of midnight chime.
I dare not say, nor yet deny,
That thus the words will verify.
But this I know, 'tis well to clasp
The hands of hope in daily grasp;
'Tis well e'en while we sup on sorrows
To dream of fair and glad to-morrows.

Hail, then, to him whose reign must be
Blessing or bane from now to new.
Hail him gladly, O world, and bring
Your pledge of faith to the new-crowned king!
With eager feet to the purer height,
Walk in his promised broader light;
Look for gleam in the dim afar,
Of his whitest sail, of his brightest star:
With love and faith, while the glad bells chime,
Hail him, this latest child of time!

CARLOTTA PERRY.

A FEW RESOLUTIONS.

Make Them by All Means, But Don't Tell Your Girl About It.

Resolve: That you will lead an upright and noble life.

As you will promptly break this resolution it will ease any qualms of conscience you may have at breaking any others.

Resolve: That you will speak nothing but good of your friends.

In this way you will be able to learn very shortly how very few friends you have.

Resolve: That you will never drink again.

Then for a couple of weeks you can tell your friends that you break your good resolution merely to drink with them, and they will feel very, very happy.

Resolve: Not to marry.

If married already, point to this resolution at the end of the year with pride. If a female (which is to be hoped you are not), tell all the men about it.

Resolve: That you will be prudent and economical during the entire year.

If you are not all will be well, for you will probably have to be economical next year to make up for it.

Resolved: Not to tell your girl of your New Year's resolutions.

She is probably a trusting young thing and it will rend her heart to learn that, after all, you are not actually divine as she had supposed.—Life.

ONE WAY TO ASK.

Mr. Billings—Er—Miss Coolings—Clara—I have a question I would like to ask you.

Miss Coolings—Well?

Mr. Billings—Don't you think it would be a good idea if—er—this were the last New Year's eve that we come home single?

A NEW YEAR'S RESOLVE.

Why Squire Mufleton Bought a Suit for the Doctor.

SQUIRE MUFLETON walks leisurely down the street puffing a fragrant Havana. The squire was a devout lover of the weed—one of those who indulge themselves at smoking with them is a luxury rather than a habit and can be stopped at any moment. New Year's day he dawned auspiciously for the squire; the old year had proved an exceedingly profitable one and the new one bid fair to be, so the jovial justice was in an amiable frame of mind as he went along nodding and chatting to the passers by, with a good word for everyone. Presently he met Dr. Pfiddlegrease.

"A happy New Year, doctor," bawled the squire, "and many fat cases for you!"

"The same to you," responded the medical man, "and many new suits on your docket."

The squire laughed heartily. "Well, this is a glorious New Year's morning," said he.

"Yes," assented the doctor, "splendid—a first rate morning for resolutions."

The squire shrugged his shoulders. "I never took much stock in New Year's resolutions—they don't amount to a—a—of—of—"

"Well, I don't know; look at Charley Fiddlepool—see what resolutions did for him."

"How's that?"

"Why, three years ago he chewed tobacco incessantly, drank like a fish and smoked all the time. Now he is a total abstainer."

"Just so," interposed the squire, smilingly.

"You see he began by resolving to stop chewing on New Year's day. He went a year without chewing. Then he resolved not to drink, and went a year without liquor. Last year he concluded to quit smoking, and now he's completely cured of the injurious habit. I tell you there's nothing like beginning the New Year with resolves."

"Just so," repeated the squire, cynically; "but anyone can do what Paddlepool did on New Year's or any other day. Now look at me. I smoke from eight to ten cigars every day, not because I am addicted to it, but because I like to, and can stop at any time. Why, bless your heart, it's no trick to stop smoking."

The doctor looked wise and grinned. "You think not?"

"Certainly," said the squire, with confidence; "no trick at all!"

The doctor's smile broadened. "Well, squire, I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll

THE SQUIRE AND THE DOCTOR.

wager you a suit of clothes that you can't keep for one week a New Year's resolve to stop smoking."

"Agreed!" exclaimed the squire, extending his hand, and throwing away his half-smoked cigar, he went down the street whistling.

In the evening while the doctor was seated in his comfortable library the squire was ushered in. It was his custom to drop over occasionally to visit his friend and discuss social and business affairs. Upon this occasion the squire was in his usual good spirits, and came in vigorously chewing a toothpick. He took a seat opposite the doctor. Presently the latter lit a cigar which the squire eyed jealously but said nothing, and soon the two were engaged in conversation. After awhile the squire rose to go and as he did so, still talking, he took a long, tempting looking cigar from his pocket. He smelled of it approvingly and then as if recollecting himself put it back. The squire continued talking attentively. Pretty soon out came the cigar again. This time he bit the end off, rolled it between his fingers and placed it in his mouth. He felt in his pocket for a match while the doctor with difficulty refrained from laughing outright. As the squire finished speaking he struck a light and had taken but two puffs when the situation dawned upon him. The cigar dropped from his lips. The doctor was in a paroxysm of mirth. "Doctor," said the squire soberly, as he closed the door behind him with a bang, "you'd better step around in the morning and get measured for that suit."

JEAN LA RUE HURSETT.

Herred Out.

Dashaway—Hello, old man, what makes you look so sad?

Billboard (the tragedian)—A friend of mine who lives in a town in Connecticut has asked me up there to take New Year's dinner with him, and I can't go.

Dashaway—Why not?

Billboard—I acted there last month.—Jury.

A Nice, Pleasant Surprise.

Wife—I've got a little New Year's surprise for you, my dear.

Husband—Is that so? Pray what is it?

Wife—I've made you a present of a beautiful sealskin cloak. See how nicely it fits me?—Cloak Review.

THE SPHERE OF PAINTING.

It Is Enlarged by the Addition of Things to Eat.

In one of the principal restaurants of Paris they have just invented culinary painting, and an artist is a regular member of the establishment. This example is being rapidly followed by restaurants of every class. Yes, your breakfast is painted, your omelet, leg of mutton, salad—all are colored by a special process. There is progress for you!

I recently saw a baked leg of mutton painted, and the operation interested me greatly. The object was to make of it a leg of mutton roasted on a spit. Having transfixed it with a spit which was immediately withdrawn, the cook then passed over the mutton, saying: "Now for the painter."

The painter had before him a dozen bowls of different dimensions. Each had its paint brush, and on one side were lying several brushes of various degrees of stiffness. The artist for a moment studied the leg of mutton submitted to him, passed his hand across his brow, then dipped his brush into the pot labeled "risole" and painted the deep brown parts of the mutton just from the oven.

He next took a mop and with it sprinkled a powder of carbonized meat on the joint, calculated to crackle under the teeth. With a brush dipped in a mixture called "natural blood," he imitated the pricks from which the juice escaped abundantly. The scullion stirred two or three spoonfuls of continue in the dish and added a little of juice; then with a small syringe fitted with three holes like those used in treating the ear, he variegated the whole with several pounds of boiling grease.

The mutton was served to a party of Walhallians with the announcement, "These gentlemen, just from the spit." This observation was scarcely over when I heard an order come through the speaking tube "Four redbirds!" The chief immediately called out: "Go quickly, find Alfred, his is at the refrigerator!" I asked, "Who may Alfred be?" The painter replied: "He is the redbird manufacturer."

Alfred came, they gave him three bleeding sparrows, and having drawn up with a straw a certain quantity of chicken fat, poured each sparrow and injected the grease between the skin and the flesh. The sparrows had become redbirds, looking with fat and plumpness. Thus served, sparrows being sixty cents each.—Jeunesse Miller's Quarterly.

ROYAL Baking Powder Absolutely Pure

The United States Official Investigation of baking powders, made under authority of Congress (see Bulletin 13, Chemical Division, U. S. Ag. Dept.), shows the Royal to be a cream of tartar baking powder of the highest quality, and superior to all others in strength, leavening power, and general usefulness.

The Royal Baking Powder is thus distinguished by the highest expert official authority the leading Baking Powder of the world.

HOME HINTS AND HELPS.

—All head vegetables, such as cauliflower, cabbage and lettuce, that are to be cooked whole, should be immersed head downward in cold water to free them from grit and insects.

—Potato Puffs: Stir into two teacupfuls of mashed potatoes two tablespoonfuls of melted butter, beat until creamy, then add two eggs beaten light, salt to taste and a teacupful of cream or milk. Mold into cone rolls, dip in beaten egg and afterward in bread or cracker crumbs and fry in hot fat to a delicate brown. Serve while hot.—Orange Judd Farmer.

—Mayonnaise Dressing: Beat a raw egg with half a teaspoonful of salt until it is thoroughly smooth. Add a teaspoonful of mixed mustard, made thicker than usual. When smooth, add (a little at a time) half a pint of olive oil; rub smooth to a thick paste, then dilute with vinegar until the consistency of thick cream. This sauce keeps well if bottled and corked with a glass stopper, and may be made in advance when yolks are left over from baking. Things very nice on cold sliced tomatoes.—Home.

—The back of a piano, which is now generally exposed to the front of the room, is an ugly object which must be concealed by some method of drapery. It is to be regretted that manufacturers do not finish off the backs of their upright pianos in a manner which will render them less unsightly objects. Every lover of music knows that a great deal of the quality of the voice is lost in singing against a wall, and for this reason it is very desirable that the back of the piano should face the open part of the room.—New York Tribune.

—Glazed Sweet Potatoes: For twelve people use nine sweet potatoes of good size, four tablespoons of butter, one tablespoonful of sugar and one tablespoonful of water; boil the potatoes fifty minutes; then take them from the fire and pare them, cut them in halves lengthwise, season them generously with salt; place them, flat side down, in a dripping-pan; put the sugar and water in a soup plate and stir until the sugar is dissolved; now add the butter and stir over heat until it is melted; baste the potatoes with this liquid and place the pan in a hot oven for twenty minutes. The potatoes should be brown and glossy when they come from the oven.—Boston Herald.

—Tomato Catsup: Take a peck of ripe sound tomatoes, and, slicing them, put them into a preserving-kettle, and boil them half an hour or more. Then press and strain the pulp through a hair sieve. Return the tomato thus reduced to the same kettle, adding a tablespoonful of salt, and same quantity of mace, which must be powdered, half an ounce of cloves also powdered, a teaspoonful of black pepper and half a teaspoonful of Cayenne pepper, eight tablespoonfuls of ground mustard; add one pint of the best vinegar, and a pound and a half of brown sugar, a quart of onions chopped very fine and two ounces of celery seed. Boil three hours. Bottle hot, and seal up closely.—Harper's Bazar.

—Golden Loaf: Pare and boil six medium-sized potatoes. When done drain, press through a colander and add one large tablespoonful of butter, one tablespoonful of sugar and six eggs well beaten. Beat the whole mixture continuously for two minutes; add half a pint of milk and one pint of flour. Beat again, and, when lukewarm add one teacupful of yeast. Mix and stand in a moderately warm place over night. Early in the morning add sufficient flour to make a nice soft dough. Knead and work thoroughly until the dough will not stick to the hands or board. Form into small loaves; place in greased pans, and, when very light, bake in a moderately quick oven about forty minutes. Serve warm.—Detroit Free Press.

HOW TO CLEAN FURS.

Here Are Some Hints for Those with Shabby Last Year's Furs.

Notwithstanding the old idea that really good furs will wear forever, the owner of a nice sealskin jacket, or a fine ermine cape, can not repress a sigh of disappointment when she looks at her furs for the first time since their long summer seclusion.

"It may be true," sighed she, "that my furs will never wear out. But it is equally true that they look very shabby after lying in a camphor chest for six months. Why, some of this fur is so flattened that it actually looks as if it were moth-eaten."

If a furrier has had charge of the furs during the summer they are all right now, for a dealer has every convenience for cleaning and keeping furs. But if the home mother had taken them into her own keeping she will no doubt be glad, at this time, to learn how her treasures may be renovated and made as "good as new."

Ermine and sealskin are best cleaned with soft flannel. Rub the fur delicately against the grain, and when it has been thoroughly lifted and reversed, so to speak, rub the flannel into common flour and rub lightly any spots that look dark or dirty. Shake the fur well and rub with a clean, dry flannel and the flour is all removed.

Sable, chinchilla, squirrel and monkey skin may be very nicely cleaned with hot bran. Get a small quantity of bran meal and heat it in the oven until it is quite warm. Rub stiffly into the fur and leave for a few minutes before shaking to free it from the bran.

Mink may be cleaned and freshened with warm cornmeal, and like the other short-haired furs, may be done without removing the lining. But the long-haired furs are best ripped apart and freed from stuffing and lining.

Those who may not care to go to the trouble of taking fur garments apart will find that the simple remedies described will go a long way toward making the jackets and capes look clean, even if not ripped apart.—N. Y. World.

TREMENDOUS POWER OF WATER.

A Stream Could Be Thrown Which Would Resist the Edge of an Ax.

After an elaborate series of computations Prof. Samuel B. Christy, of the University of California, an eminent authority on mining and metallurgy, reports that if a nozzle of from six to nine inches in diameter were especially arranged to throw a stream vertically upward against a spherical bowlder of quartz weighing a thousand pounds, the vertical head being anywhere from one hundred to one hundred and fifty feet, the bowlder would be forced up until the diminished velocity of the stream established an equilibrium of pressures. There would be a point at which the upward pressure of the stream would exactly balance the gravity pressure of the bowlder, holding it, the half-ton rock, there suspended. As to cutting these streams Prof. Christy says that he has often tried to drive a crowbar into one of them. The stream felt as solid as a bar of iron, and, although he could feel the point of the crowbar enter the water for perhaps half an inch, the bar was thrown forward with such force that it was almost impossible to retain it in the grasp. An ax swung by the most powerful man alive could not penetrate the stream, yet it might be cut by the finger of a child if the child were seated on a railway train moving parallel with the stream in the same direction and with the same velocity. That velocity would be more than a mile a minute.

Justice Bradley, of the supreme court, had also tried his intellect upon the mathematics of the problem submitted by Justice Field. He delivered this opinion: "I can well believe all you say with regard to the tremendous force of streams issuing from the pipes of the miners under a large head of water. Of course they would produce instant death if directed against a man standing near, and would probably cut his body in two."

The statement presented in summary will not astonish engineering experts. The average citizens, however, is accustomed to regard water as the least destructive liquid that can be put in motion.—American Stockman.

LIFE IN PARIS.

The Great Metropolis of France as Seen Along Its Boulevards.

On the boulevard, with its newspapers, its bookstores, its theaters, its cafes, its politicians, its financiers, its wits, its celebrities, its adventurers, and all the kaleidoscopic movement of men and things that animate it from morning until morning comes again, one appreciates that quality of modernity which characterizes Paris above all other cities. In other capitals where the fortunes of a nomad existence and a moderate gift of tongues have enabled me to live and comprehend the local life, I have never found anything equivalent to the life of the boulevard, which is the quintessence of the life of Paris. For the peculiarity of Paris is that it is being constantly renewed; it is not oppressed by history or hampered by an obtrusive past. There is an old Paris, it is true; one sees it and loves it; but it is so discreet that one has to seek it out. The present alone predominates. The vapory regions of sourcanir and of presentiment are not willingly frequented by those who speak the French of Paris and who live in the brilliant sunshine of living Paris a life of intensity and ardor, here and now, upon the principle that life is the end of life.—Theodore Child, in Harper's Magazine.

FOUR POINTS

That interest every buyer. The Goods—we sell only known qualities. The style—our cutters turn out nothing but the latest. The making—every garment sands the scrutiny. The selling—we know what we sell and we sell only what we know; our margin is the lowest consistent with the economical conduct of business.

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Answer.

Where you can find the greatest variety to select from. is your opinion, and certainly it is, we desire to say

Look No Further

but come direct to us. Our line is superb, embracing every novelty of the season. It's certainly worth your time to call and let us show you our unequaled line. Hats, made to match any costume, just received on consignment. A large line of Ladies', Misses' and Children's Cloaks, at Prices never before offered in this city. Remember those who come first are more apt to find what they want and to get a fit. Very Respectfully,

RICHARDS, KLEIN & CO.

Uniformly Low Prices.

GO TO Sam Frankel's, 15 Main St.

DO YOU WANT

AN OVERCOAT,

NOW IS YOUR OPPORTUNITY.

200 OVERCOATS,

From the largest clothing manufacturer in the U. S. consigned to us, to be sold without reserve.

Don't Miss the Chance of a Life

To secure an Overcoat for

YOURSELF AND BOYS.

The following telegram explains it all. Read it.

Baltimore, Md., Dec. 2, 1892.

Mr. Sam Frankel, No. 15 Main street Hopkinsville, Ky.

TWO HUNDRED OVERCOATS shipped to you to-day per fast freight, and prepaid Sell for us to the best advantage and account to us,

WALKER HASTINGS & CO.

These Overcoats will be placed on sale Wednesday, Dec. 14 1892. Don't be the last to see them, but come early.

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FIRST NATIONAL BARBER SHOP, GRAY & PACE, PROP'S. E. NINTH ST., NEAR MAIN. SHAVING 10 SHAMPOOING 25 HAIR CUTTING 25 cents. Satisfaction guaranteed, 1-11-tf

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prices.

Silk Handkerchiefs and Ties, Undressed Kid Fine Hosiery Fine Suspenders ELEGANT UNDERWEAR In fact anything or gentlemen

Line HARNESS and SADDLERY, LAP ROBES and BLANKETS, HAMES CHAINS, COLLARS and BRIDLES