



To-DAY, Frank Almy will be hanged at Concord, N. H., by Ex-Sheriff Brigham, for the murder of Christie Warden.

When he was re-sentenced in May 1892, the date of execution was fixed for to-day, and the precept was delivered to Sheriff Brigham, who was defeated for re-election last November.

Under the New Hampshire law, he must still execute the sentence although his official term has expired.

We are offering some splendid Bargains throughout our great stock.

We Name A Few

25c. for Boy's handsome and substantial waists, all sizes.

10c. a yard, Real oxford cloth shirting, pleasant to wear and strong as leather, worth 15c.

63c. a yard, special value in fine cassimere, for pants or suits.

\$3.50 for Beautiful Butterfly Capes, cheap at \$5.00.

19c. each, for Ladies ready made gingham aprons.

8c. Ladies Jersey Ribbed vests.

50c. a pair, Genuine New York Camel Pants, warranted not to rip.

Just a Few

ITEMS

From Our Great Bargain Stock.

10c a yard, for Amosong A. F. C. fine Zephyr Gingham, fast colors worth 15c.

15c a pair, for Children's Imported full regular made fine ribbed Hose, Fast Black and Fast Tans, all sizes.

10c a pair, Ladies Imported full regular Hose, not fast color, original value 25c. a Wonderful Bargain.

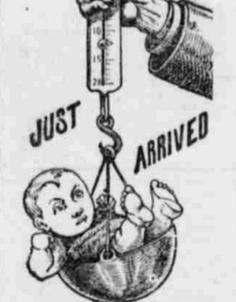
69c a yard, 40 inch all wool Imported Whipcord, all colors.

15c for Men's fine Jacquard Web Suspenders, solid back and splendid quality, cheap at 25c.

10c each, for large size all linen Out Meal Towels, other merchants pay 10c cents.

48c and up, for Manufacturers Samples of men's fine Night Shirts prices less than cost of material.

10c a yard, for beautiful all Silk Grosgrain Ribbon numbers 7 and 9, actually worth 20 and 25c.



A large shipment of handsome infants and childrens Caps and Hats direct from the largest manufacturer in New York; to be sold at prices less than other merchants PAY

COME AND SEE

SEE THE POINT?



A BRIGHTER MORROW.

Dark clouds were above us, And shadows of the future, Hear them upon the forest, And sweep along the plain, They tread their shining lanes Against our loved retreat, And trumpet our doom, With swift, unerring feet, Yet will our hearts be joyous, Our griefs our troubles borrow, There cometh peace, the storm will cease, There'll be a brighter morrow.

ON THE WAY HOME.

The Happy Ending of a Pleasant Summer Vacation.

"Good-by, girls, good-by! I don't know how to thank you. I feel as grateful as the midges who profit by the fresh air here. Yes, of course I'll write, but you're sure to come out and see me as soon as you can—good-by!"

Dorothy Adams spoke rather sorrowfully and leaned out of the car window with reckless disregard for passing trains to catch the last glimpse of the merry party of girls who were waving good-by.

"Was it really the end of her beautiful summer?" she settled back in her chair and tried to prepare herself for what looked like an unpromising future; but try as she would her thoughts went back to her life that summer so different from anything she had ever before experienced.

Queenville, Dorothy's home, is a delightful little place, just far enough from Boston to be independent of it, and in this respect it is wonderfully like its inhabitants, who, having themselves or their ancestors lived in Queenville for the past two hundred years or more, are self-reliant and almost every body else is an institution of age, and for many years an Adams has been master there.

And it has long been the regret of Dr. Adams' life that Dorothy, his daughter, should not have been Jonathan's son, so that Queenville could be spared the shock of seeing a Smith—possibly even a Jones—as his successor.

But during the last few years strange notions had crept into Queenville, and Dr. Adams had willingly grown to think that in these days of woman's advancement it would be most fitting for Dorothy, who had given a most classical training and who had thrown herself heart and soul into her work—for Dorothy herself to become in time the "mistress" of Queenville.

To this project Dorothy had given eager assent, and it was after no little pleading that her Philistine cousin Mildred, who lived in Boston, had never Dorothy and her father to her own plan for the summer.

Accordingly the last day of June had found Dorothy with the Wards aboard the boat bound for Bar Harbor, and perhaps her gratitude had been shaded by the thought that it was something of a concession for one of the Queenville Adamses to be part of such a party.

Dr. Adams regarded with such scorn, and that Dorothy herself had had a little pharisaical feeling toward—society had taken an outing, and with her she had been part of it and she had liked it. Yes, before all Queenville she was willing to become its champion.

"Talk about society being frivolous and hollow," she thought to herself, rehearsing a trifle, perhaps, as she recalled how she, Dorothy, who had her Greek and Latin at her finger tips, and who thought she knew something, had been obliged to remember so many a time when they were discussing intensely interesting subjects, simply because she knew nothing about them.

"Oh! it's a thousand times better to be part of this thing world and interested in the things that are troubling men to-day than to be existing way back in the dark ages and trying to hammer Greek and Latin into heads that are thinking of cricket and football!"

Dorothy looked defiantly out of the window and the trees nodded approval as the train rushed by, taking her back faster and faster to Queerville and the academy.

Yes, it had been a delightful summer, and Dorothy had shown as much eagerness for pleasure as she ever had for learning.

There had been riding and rowing and canoeing. Is there anything much more delightful than canoeing? To feel the water rushing past, and her gave Dorothy such a sense of security that she laughed at those who said there was danger.

And the pranks they used played! and the fun they had! "Probably it is because people only fear of that side of the story that they call society frivolous," thought Dorothy as she remembered some of the queer antics she had had in her life.

"Why, even the men had been a delightful surprise, for with all their assumed indifference they had done some of the best things. How small she felt that morning she congratulated Ned Marshall so gushingly on his bravery, and he replied:

"You're awfully kind, Miss Adams, but you didn't think I'd let the little fellow drown, did you?"

Oh, yes, she might even have made a hero of him if he hadn't parted his hair in the middle and talked with a lip.

If she could only have been a sensible about them all! But how could she help it—she was so different from anyone she had ever known, and he had been so kind—just kindly kindness, of course.

"And it's all over now," she thought, "and I will be sensible. I was born to be a teacher, and a teacher I will be."

Having freed her mind she swung her chair around with a force that did not argue well for the pranks of the coming boys at the academy, and that provoked a smile from the gentleman behind her, who exclaimed:

"Gently, Cousin Dorothy, you almost demolished one of my pet castles in the air. I know you must be preparing a harangue for the doctor on—confess now, wasn't it the doctor of fashionable life?"

"Where did you come from, Cousin Jack? You certainly were not there when I came into the car. Where were you? And where are you going?"

"Not so fast, Cousin Dorothy! Hasn't the doctor always said that a successful teacher should progress step by step. I tremble for the future of the academy!"

"Don't be foolish, please. Where did you come from?"

"Originally a merciful Providence alone knows. To-day, you say? From Bar Harbor, madam."

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report.



ABSOLUTELY PURE

NEW YORK CEMETERIES.

Strong Legal Protection Thrown About The Dead. An interesting fact, and one not generally known, is that after a man dies and is buried in a cemetery in this state his rights as a dead man are not only protected by law, but that this protection is stricter often than is vouchsafed to a man while he is still alive.

Just what these rights of the dead are is brought in the suit tried a few days ago in which the heirs and next of kin of the late Edwin Hoyt seek to secure the right to remove his body and his wife's body from the family lot in Greenwood cemetery. The trustees opposed this removal, and in their plea against disturbing the two graves made public matters of momentous interest to the living.

The first point of interest is that the law of the state favors the theory that the graves should remain inviolable, and that the land used for burial purposes should be exempt from speculative use. When a man buys a lot in Greenwood or other cemetery it cannot be sold after his death unless he has left express authority for such a sale in his will. How, then, can the removal of law be carried out is proven by the opposition of the cemetery trustees to the removal of the Hoyt bodies on the ground that Mr. Hoyt did not give any authority to do so.

It is a well known fact that the trustees of the cemetery are not permitted to remove the bodies from the graves. An application for such permission was denied by the courts, and the heirs then brought the present action for a mandamus directing the cemetery trustees to permit the removal of the remains. The owner of a lot is further prohibited from receiving any remuneration for permitting the use of the lot for interment purposes to others. Opposition to the removal of the Hoyt remains was also made by the trustees, on the ground that it would be a speculation on use of the Hoyt plot. Cemetery lots are sometimes offered for sale, but they can only be sold when the graves have been removed, and cannot even then be disposed of without the consent of the cemetery trustees, who are from policy unalterably opposed to sales made for the purpose of financial profit solely.

An interesting fact in connection with the present action is that the value of cemetery property is afforded in the enhanced value of the Hoyt plot. It is a circular plot containing 7,000 square feet, or about eighteen ordinary lots. The trustees show that it was bought for \$1,800 forty years ago and is worth to-day about \$20,000. The cemetery trustees say that burial property continues to increase in value year by year, despite the number of new cemeteries established in recent years around New York. A full burial plot comprises 275 square feet, and admits of the interment of fifteen adults, the graves being arranged in three rows, five in a row. When Greenwood cemetery opened in 1843 such a plot could be secured for \$60 and is now worth \$100. In fact, a full lot in a good location cannot be secured for less than \$800, and some of them sell as high as \$1,000 and \$1,200, while other full lots again, less favorably located, have been sold in the year for \$500. Within the last two years the price of lots has increased over 50 per cent on small lots. The cheapest of the smallest lots, containing three or four graves, are now sold for \$100, which was more than the price of a full lot when the cemetery was opened.

This year the same style of lot sells from \$100 upward. The smallest plots measure 9 feet by 12 feet inches. The sales at Greenwood last year amounted to 387 lots, as against 275 in 1891. The cemetery originally included but 175 acres, and now covers an area of 474 acres, embracing 474 acres set aside for the interment of its silent inmates. Nearly \$300,000 was received by the Greenwood trustees for cemetery lots and burials in the year 1892, and the trustees are now receiving more. This would afford a profitable return on money invested in case the cemetery corporations were run as money-making institutions.

Some persons profess to be able to guess approximately from what part of Italy a woman comes by the length of her earrings. Italian earrings lengthen as one goes southward, and in the extreme south of Italy the earrings of these women reach nearly to the shoulders. It often happens that the jewels of the Italian peasants are of solid gold and shaped in pleasing fashion, and this is true of jewels brought to this country by many European immigrants. One seldom or never sees here, however, the beautiful gold ornaments worn by the peasant women of Brittany. Another kind of peasant ornaments of the coasts of the West Indies. These ornaments usually represent the earrings of the coasts, and are sold by the women only with their permission. A man's wealth is measured by the splendor of his wife's adornment.—N. Y. Sun.

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A Grass's queer death. In the southern part of Indian territory, a singular epidemic phenomenon was recently witnessed. A small cloud was noticed in the northwest, moving in a southeasterly direction, whirling and twisting like a serpent. Immediately in front of the cloud was a monster crane, which was being borne along by the force behind it, and in apparent enjoyment of the situation, until it encountered a tree and was killed, and the tree snapped in twain an instant later.—Golden Days.

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to 9, worth \$1.50, on sale

At \$1.00.

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FOOT-WEAR EXCLUSIVELY,

3 MAIN STREET.

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In all the new shades, prices lower than ever.

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Rattan Rocking Chairs, 1.50

Baby Carriages with parasol, 4.00

All the new patterns in Glassware in Stock.

Prices lower than ever.

We are the only house in the city that has complete line of Dinner and Toilet ware.

Bryan & Tandy

HIDE A CUCKERHOSE, TO ST. LOUIS OF COURSE, TO GET SOME PURE CLAIRETTE SOAP WHICH IS BOSS.

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FAIRBANK'S CLAIRETTE SOAP IS THE BEST FOR EVERY HOUSEHOLD USE. ALL GROCERS KEEP IT. MADE ONLY BY N.K. FAIRBANK & CO. ST. LOUIS.

For two months she had led the most delightful, the most idyllic life. So clear, that mysterious something that

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