

\$20 IN SILVER GIVEN AWAY!

We have had made for us a

MINIATURE BRASS SAFE AND TEN THOUSAND KEYS.

One, and only one, of which will unlock the safe. To every customer whose purchase

AMOUNTS TO \$2.00

Or over, we will present one of these keys. On the 12th day of August we will ask every person holding keys to come in and try them in the lock of this safe, and the person who is lucky enough to hold the correct key will find upon opening the safe 20 full size, full weight, and full value silver dollars. No one connected with our store will be allowed to hold keys, and the safe will be locked and the key

mixed up with the other 9999 by three disinterested parties: Wm. E. RAGSDALE, CHAS. M. MEACHAM and M. C. FORBES. Remember that these keys do not cost you a cent, and that we will continue to sell the greatest bargains in Clothing, Men's Furnishing Boots and Shoes, in the State.

Mail orders carefully filled, and keys sent to purchaser the same as if here in person.

J. H. ANDERSON & CO.,

Corner Main and 10th Sts.

THAT GREAT Department Store, THE RACKET

offers

Straw Matting at 7 1/2c per yard. Better at 10c to 17c
SPECIAL.

Ladies Leghorn Hats at 16c, 22c, 48c, each.

Ladies Oxford's, Patent Leather Tips, sizes 4 to 8. Five Hundred Pairs at 39c per Pair.

One Hundred Dozen old style Straw Hats. To close out we offer at 1c each.

50 Dozen of Ladies' Straw Shapes and flats. Just the thing for Garden Hats. Only 5c each.

Japanese Fire Screens, all Colors and styles. Your choice of the lot for 12c.

Jute Art Squares, just the thing for the Dining Room. Only \$1.19 each.

Tin Buckets; 1 quart, 4c; 2 quart, 5c; 3 quart, 7c; 4 quart, 9c; 6 quart, 12c; 8 quart, 14c; 12 quart, 22c.

How is this for prices on Tin Buckets made of good Tin, and by the largest and best factory in the South—Phillips & Buttorff Man'g. Co., of Nashville, Tenn.

The Racket Company—Jeremiah H. Kugler, Manager.

AS CHEAP AS

Well, just come and see how cheap they are

HARNESS, SADDLES, BRIDLES just to suit you.

An elegant line of Summer Lap-Robes opened now. Every thing you can need we have.

H. A. Yost & Co.

COME TO SEE OUR GRAND

SPRING STOCK.

Nothing Like it in the City.

The most elegant line Silks, Dress Goods, Trimmings, Silk Waists, Millinery, Spring Wraps, Carpets, etc. ever placed on exhibit in this city.

DON'T FAIL TO SEE THEM.

RICHARDS & CO.

CREAM OF NEWS.

IF IT IS NEW AND TRUE THIS COLUMN HAS IT.

Dalton's Lime Storehouse Burned—Farmer Drops Dead—Blackberry Winter—Other Newsy Notes.

Dalton's Lime House Burned.

H. M. Dalton's frame stable and lime house on the L. & N. railroad near 14th street, were burned yesterday about 2 o'clock. The fire was first seen on the roof of the stable and probably caught from a passing train. The stable was of small value and belonged to Capt. B. T. Underwood. Its contents and the lime house adjoining with its contents belonged to H. M. Dalton, whose loss is from \$600 to \$900. He had some insurance on the contents of the stable but most of the insured property was saved. On the lime there was no insurance and the loss is very heavy on Mr. Dalton, who is a young man just starting in business. The fire department turned out but could not save the burning buildings.

Called Without Warning.

Hosea B. Simpson, a farmer living about Smiles from town, on the Princeton road, fell dead late Friday afternoon. Just before dark he picked up a bucket and started to the spring not far away. He did not return and when his family went out to look for him his body was found lying in the path. He had fallen dead before reaching the spring and was lying on his face. There was no evidence of a death struggle and he had evidently dropped dead without warning. He was subject to spells of heart disease and only a short time before expressed the opinion that he would soon die of his trouble. Mr. Simpson was about 45 or 50 years old and leaves a family.

Blackberry Winter.

The "cold spell" that usually puts in an appearance when blackberry bushes are in bloom, known as "blackberry winter", arrived last Saturday, about a week late. Last year it came on the 4th and with it came a killing frost that destroyed all fruit that escaped the winter freezes. This time it followed a cold rain and there was no damage from frost, although frost was predicted in the northwestern states. Overcoats and fires were resumed Sunday and there was a hasty putting aside of premature straw hats and light spring suits. The weather clerk promises more seasonable weather in a day or two.

Beverly Splinters.

BEVERLY, May 11.—"Scipio" made such a rash start, that we hoped to hear from him (!) often. So we will come in, and tell what he should have related.

Summer has certainly come. These days make one feel like hunting the "sunny side of the rail." I think from the way the boys have been frequenting the pond banks, they think like the lizard.

Speaking of fishing, our young people have quite a new, a novel way of fishing. They call it "Dry Land Fishing," and a young miss says she has a "Dry Land Terrapin" on her line, and hardly knows how to do him. He runs all the other fish away. "Do you see the pint bud?"

Misses Keener visited their brother in Hopkinsville last week. They report a delightful time.

Mr. Harry Myers, of Chicago, is visiting his sister, Mrs. Childress.

Misses Donnell and Knight, spent Saturday and Sunday with Mrs. Charles Adams, at Howell.

Our boys around here are expert divers now-a-days. They dive through the middle of ponds, and never hurt a thing, even though the horse rears and falls, still all comes out, as "beautiful as a May morning." Now don't mention this to him, for he don't like for people to know his driving capacities.

Boys you should be more considerate of the girls' entertaining powers. You know they might accidentally get tired sometimes. One young lady was heard to say, "Our parlor was crowded with boys all Sunday, and I could not even read my Bible." Boys! boys! how could you? Tut! tut!

It is generally said that in the "Spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of Love." But that record has been broken. In the case we allude to, the young man's thoughts turned to "Love last" Fall and now we think his head is almost turned.

Who is it that drives so fast around the corner? Don't all guess "Joe Anderson" "Will-o-the-wisp's," nor "Jack-in-the-box," for you might be mistaken.

Miss Susan Donnell will visit her brother in a few days. Her many friends will be glad when she comes.

The school at this place will close the sixteenth of this month. An entertainment will be given at Liberty church.

Miss Eliza Nance is visiting Mrs. Eugene Coleman this week.

Don't ask "Ned" who the "Tartan" is, if you do not want to see him in a "sweet temper."

NORA NEIL.

HOPKINSVILLE WON BOTH GAMES.

Friday's Game 13 to 6—Thursday 9 to 4—Hard Hitting by the locals bring two Victories For Us.

Every body is talking of base ball and our team. Why they are so small! But let me tell you something, they play wonderful ball. Their hitting is always the feature of the games. There is Leason, our great pitcher, we have a jewel, and little Schmidt is a star. He pitched a wonderful game, only allowing 3 hits to the visitors.

Henderson's team was completely demoralized when their second defeat was to hand, and every one went away with the impression that Hopkinsville's aggregation was too much for them. Pete Weber said they were the hardest hitting little fellows ever gotten together.

Schmidt's pitching was a feature, his base running was also up to date.

We have the hardest hitting pitchers ever seen in our city. Leason's base hit was a beaut.

With Hord & Schmidt and Leason p. Wormack 1 b, Richardson 2 b, Morris 3 b, Thorpe s. s., Ashford l. f., Schmidt and Leason c. f., Ward r. f., we have a team strong enough for almost anybody.

You just watch Jimmie Thorpe hit the ball. He is after John Owsley's suit of clothes.

Wormack, the star 1 baseman holds his own like a veteran and still hits the ball hard. He sent Ossenbergt to destruction.

A Good Citizen Dead.

TRENTON, Ky., May 13.—Mr. W. D. Wilson, one of the oldest and most esteemed citizens of Bell's Chape vicinity, died at his residence Sunday morning the 12th. He leaves a family of children to mourn his loss, as well as a whole community in sympathy and gloom.

Death of Mrs. Thomas.

CADIZ, Ky., May 7th.—Mrs. Thomas, wife of Wm. H. Thomas, died on the 6th inst., of consumption, aged 26 years. She leaves one child about 18 months old. She was a member of the Baptist church. She lived four miles south of Cadiz.

MATRIMONIAL.

LAWREN ZIMMER.—Mr. B. F. Lawhern and Miss Kittie A. Zimmer were married Saturday afternoon, at the residence of Rev. S. N. Vail, by Mr. Vail and at once left for Nashville. They returned home yesterday morning. Mr. Lawhern is connected with J. H. Dagg's contracting establishment and is a worthy, industrious and popular young man. His bride is the only daughter of Mr. N. Zimmer, of the Crescent Milling Company, and is quite a pretty and attractive young lady. The couple have the good wishes of many friends.

Author of "Coin's School."

W. H. Harvey, author of the "Coin" books, was educated in a country log school house and a rustic "academy" in West Virginia. Reared on a farm he did a' kinds of work, from planting corn to raking chaff behind the threshing machine. He looks it, says the Chicago correspondent of the St. Louis Post Dispatch.

At the age of sixteen he taught school in the same stretch of country. You can look at him now and place him before the old-fashioned blackboard with an arithmetic in one hand and a piece of chalk in the other, without the slightest suggestion of incongruity with his surroundings.

He afterwards made a moderate success and a moderate competency as a lawyer, having studied law in an office, lacking the more pretentious training of a law school. You would take him for just such a man.

Then he made more money by going out west and investing in Denver real estate, upon which he realized in cash at the right time, so that at about the age of forty—he is now forty-three—he was "well off." He has never lost any of the modest little competency thus acquired, being a practical and cool-headed man. This he looks from top to toe.

The total sale of the "Coin" series to date has reached the grand aggregate of 500,000 copies, and of this "Coin's Financial School's" circulation was 350,000. Of late it has been a common thing to compare the furor over these books to that excited by the appearance of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" in the stirring days of the fight over slavery. Yet, famous as this latter book was and is, it reached a total of only 450,000 copies, and the "Coin" books are now confidently expected to turn the 1,000,000 mark long before November, 1896.

Arrangements have just been concluded for the translation of these books into German, Scandinavian and Bohemian to still further broaden their avenues of access to the masses. The orders on which shipments are now being made come practically from every state in the Union.

THE MODEST VIOLET.

Significance of This Most Beautiful Flower of the Spring.

It is a Favorite in Gay Paris in February—The Pretty Little Flower Has a History in the French Capital.

Never were violets so fashionable in New York as for the latter part of winter and early spring just past, says the New York Herald. One dollar was not unusually charged for a small bunch of these modest little flowers that grew by the myriads in fields and woods, hiding themselves by dozens under a fluttering leaf, just like young chicks under the protecting wing of a mother hen.

Not only do women wear violets on hats, in bodices and belts; they have bunches fastened to their muffs, and when they are raised toward the face they soften the brilliancy of the complexion and serve to make more attractive those who would otherwise pass unnoticed.

In Paris where spring comes earlier than in New York, the boulevards are beautified by masses of fresh violets sold from flower stands in the open air. During the second empire the residents of the American quarter, walking on Washington's birthday under a brilliant sunshine in gay attire, wore bunches of violets fastened by ribbons of red, white and blue.

They did so because the violet was the Napoleonic flower, and Americans were quite at home in Paris and at court during the reign of Napoleon III. The emperor retained a warm friendship for those whom he had known when he resided in the vicinity of Bleeker street, in New York city. The Beckwiths, Posts, Pennymans, Dodges and many others were well received in court circles. During Lent it was good form for men in evening dress to wear a black tie and a small boutonniere of violets with a green leaf and a small sprig of white hyacinth or lilies of the valley. And now, on every anniversary of the last emperor's death, a funeral service is held in the Church of St. Augustine, in Paris. The church is usually filled with people in mourning, all wearing small bouquets of violets, thus declaring themselves in sympathy with the aspirations, or at least with the sorrows, of this family.

In the morning of March 20, 1815, Napoleon, who had been banished by the allies to the island of Elba, upon returning suddenly to Paris for his reign of 100 days was welcomed by the women of Paris with showers of violets. In memory of this attention on the part of the Parisians Empress Eugenie adopted the violet as the Napoleonic emblem. Violets thus became fashionable in the times of the second empire to such an extravagant extent that they were eaten as a salad, and Marquis, the widely known confectioner, invented the sugared violet as a bonbon. But not only was the purple violet a la mode, but the pale violet from Parma, Italy, as well. Alphonse Karr, the celebrated novelist and poet, retired to Nice, where he devoted himself to the culture of flowers. He raised these Indian violets in such a quantity that he supplied every morning the principal flower stores of the capital with immense boxes covered with wadding, in which these flowers arrived as fresh as when gathered from his gardens.

Sculptor's Estimate of Himself.

The statue of Gen. Grant which the joint committee on library of congress refused to accept from the Grand Army of the Republic for a place in Statuary hall still stands in the rotunda and is the object of much curiosity on the part of visitors. Its presence there recalled an incident in the life of the sculptor to a fellow-townsmen of the artist, whose home was in Lewiston, Me. On one of his visits to his birthplace he was showing a collection of photographs to a photographer of the town, which led to a discussion of the merits of various artists in that line. Said the photographer: "Mr. Simmonds, in our branch of the profession we recognize preeminence and leadership on the part of certain artists, and I suppose the same is true of your branch. Whom do you place at the head of sculptors in America?"

"Who?" repeated the distinguished artist in stone, with various emotions indicated by the interrogation; "myself, of course."—Washington Post.

The Taylorsville Monitor is pleading with the town council to pass hog law.