

A CLEAR HEAD; good digestion; sound sleep; a fine appetite and a ripe old age, are some of the results of the use of Tutt's Liver Pills.

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Tutt's Liver Pills

CITY AND COUNTRY CATS.

Many Curious Points of Difference Between the Furry Animals.

An observer has noted that there exist many points of difference between country and city cats. The country cats, he declares, are larger and heavier than those of the city, no reference being made in this comparison to such civic cats as might come under the head of "pampered pets," but only to plain cats—the cats of the back yard and the house-top.

In the next place the color of the eyes in city and country cats is found to be very different, the latter leaning largely to gray and green, while the city cats' eyes are mostly yellow and having far more glittering in them than have their country cousins.

Altogether, between the big barreled gray, light-eyed, velvet-footed country cat, slipping noiselessly through the young wheat stalks, and the scrawny, long-tailed, yellow-eyed city cat pattering down an alleyway like a flying shadow, there are such differences as will, says the observer, result in time in the formation of two distinct species—Felis rusticus and Felis urbanis.—N. Y. Sun.

WOMAN'S BEAUTY NO SECRET.

It all lies in the care she takes of expelling from the system the poisonous impurities which cause the terrible chronic diseases peculiar to women. The chills, pain, fever, nervous headaches, loss of sleep and appetite, salivary complexion, etc., which accompany all female troubles are caused by the retention of a fetid matter in the delicate organs of the system.

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NO THIRD PERSON.

The audience fairly roared. She was such a clever actress. It was a commonplace bit of action—a lovers' quarrel and the discomfiting of the man. The often repeated situation. It was the actress' laugh which was inimitable. "It sounded like a bushel of seed pearls spilt on the floor." A critic had written up her special laugh in that way, and it was deemed a capital bit of description, when it was really nothing more than a vocal gymnastic, which trick can be acquired at a cost of not much more than a few days' practice.

The actor was, perhaps, a trifle clumsy and blustering; followed his own nature, and to carry out the role all the better for that.

The occupants of a side box seemed to appreciate the scenic conditions, and joined merrily in the laughter. There was one handsome young woman who might think was enjoying the play immensely. Certainly a fan, put up as a screen, permits of restrained laughter, for you cannot, if you are a woman in full toilet, laugh at your ease where seated bolt upright. It is a painful and constrained position. A Greek woman could have laughed so much more comfortably in her flowing draperies.

If you had tried to listen for laughter behind that screen or sought for a change of pose, you would have neither heard nor seen one or the other. Quite to the contrary, the mouth was drawn down hard and would have been rigid. Maybe a lip would have borne the indentation of a tooth had it not been for the quivering of her face. An inclination to cry? That was absurd, but as in all emotional conflicts there is the climax of nervous energy, which must be dispersed in some way or other, so it was that the fan had suffered, and when the owner of it heard one of the ivory slats crack the crisis had passed, and then she came to herself again. Her chaperon, who was in the front of the box, turned and said to her:

"Julia, your fan, please. An old lady must be ugly when she laughs. It is unbecoming of mature age, and then the exertion of side spitting has made me warm."

"You look bored, dear," said the chaperon. "I know I am. The rest of the play must be commonplace. The inevitable, hackneyed conclusion. They make it up, and there is kissing and hugging all around. Let us go home. We will chat then for half an hour."

Oh! if only the chaperon, the aunt who lived with her, had not offered to do that! She had longed so much to be alone. The old lady and the young one left the theater. As they passed into the corridor Julia happened to cast her eyes just where there was a human obstruction. A gentleman bowed to the two women. Disengaging himself from the crowd he neared Julia and said: "I hear you are going abroad, Miss Royall. I shall be sure to look you up somewhere in Paris or London."

"Why," said the chaperon, "this is news to me." "It is nonsense," said Julia, incisively. "J'y suis, j'y reste." Then she looked at the man for an instant with a steady gaze. There was something of intensity in her eyes. What did he know? She would die before she would ask him. He prattled about the play. "The actress! so delightful! There was so much fun in the thing, and he had noticed how much Miss Royall had enjoyed it. She ought to have waited for the wind-up."

When Miss Royall was alone she indulged in a very hearty and, may it be said, wholesome cry. And between a final sob you might have made out something like this: "If that Robert Bryant had pleased, he might have told me where he was, and 'I despise myself for giving up in this way. Suppose he has gone to South America. Suppose there is yellow fever or revolution there! And I am the most wretched girl that was ever born, and a fool with a bad temper—which is worse.' Then, the maid came in. As this is a truthful story, I am bound to state that after a few tosses and turns Miss Julia went sound asleep, and when she woke up in the morning she was quite incensed with herself for not having counted a single one of the chimes of her clock during the hours of the night, for she had made up her mind that she would.

II.

"Expecting Saratoga, Newport, Bar Harbor to be crowding Puget sound, do you?" said John Dallass, as he sat on a fallen log in the gloom of a primeval forest in northwestern Washington, somewhere near Puget sound. Then the young man took out a map and studied it. "Whether this railroad will make a plunge into the waters of Puget sound just here and the whole thing come to grief depends upon the whim of an engineer, and that engineer is utterly incompetent," he continued.

"Time the men turned up. I wanted to be lonesome, and I am. Great fun to have no other company than the trees. It's disappointing, all the same. But what is disappointing? I expected so much of John Dallass, and this Jack Dallass has witted. Heroic! You heroic? You are simply a case of collapse—a white-feathered poltroon." The speaker made a big fist and absolutely shook it in his own face. "Yes, you wanted to show how dead in earnest you were and to air the Dallass temper. I engaged in the skirmish and it wound up in a pitched battle. I must confess to have forced the fighting. She! Why she did not even bring up her reserves. Now, if she had only cried—just half of a little tear! A woman ought to weep. It is expected of her—but she did not. She laughed at me." Then Jack Dallass strode up and down.

Whom am I talking to? These great firs and oaks and spruces? Well, listen, then. Don't tattle; you are hundreds of feet above such a thing. A joking matter! I don't intend to be funny. I am just miserable. Confound these busybodies who made an ornithologic-

al culinary joke on me and told it to Julia Royall. Is it my fault that Julia has more? And they, the disgusting 'they,' said to her that Jack Dallass was going to feather his nest or butter his beans or something equally coarse and outrageous; and I came with my ears red-hot and accused her of deeming me mercenary, and I wanted to know why she hadn't resented it; and when I was through she laughed, and she laughed, and, oh! how she hurt me! And I marched downstairs and took the first hat on the hat rack—and it wasn't my hat, and it made me all the more ridiculous."

Then John Dallass again paced up and down and consulted his watch. "It will be dark in a half-hour. But I don't care a snap about being alone. And what is likely to be the conclusion of this business? The girl invariably marries some other man, and is happy with the new fellow. And the first chap—who cares what has become of him? Now, there is that Bob Bryant, why hasn't he written? Two months have I been away from civilization, and not a line from anybody, only old rigamarole rubbish from railroad directors."

Just then there was a shout away off in the distance. John Dallass drew out his map, and was, apparently, deeply engrossed in the study of it when his men came in. At once the engineer found fault with them for being behind time.

"See here," said the spokesman, "it was rough walking through the slough, and we went to where the mail was, and it was ten miles out of the way. There was nothing."

"Where's the fourth man?" inquired Jack Dallass, angrily. "You cut me too short, boss. There was next to nothing, only a letter for you. The fourth man, the man that sorts the mail, he said this here letter had been there a month, and that another mail was expected, but we couldn't all stay for it, so the fourth man he allowed he would wait. See here, boss, that young chap's got a girl in the east somewhar, and he said he'd be blowed, or something like it, if he wouldn't wait and see if she had wrote him. So we lit out without him. He'll be up afore long."

John Dallass felt like forgiving the fourth man, especially since the letter he had now in his hand he recognized as coming from Robert Bryant. While the men were building a fire Mr. Dallass read his letter. There was nothing in it. Club talk and nonsense, absolutely unsatisfactory. Stop! There was a postscript. "Saw Miss Royall at the theater. She looked charmingly. Such an amusing play! I had heard she was going abroad. I asked her about it. She seemed to put some insistence in denying it. That's all."

What crumb of comfort was there? It was ever so small a crumb, and yet Jack Dallass read it over and over again, until the last flicker of the light went out, and then he lay down in his blanket and did not go to sleep, for he heard during the night the coming of the fourth man. It was too dark to see whether he had a mail satchel. In a moment the man was stretched his length before the fire and was asleep. At dawn Dallass was awake. Yes, the man had a small bag. He had used it for a pillow. The engineer fished it from under the heavy sleeper's head. The contents of the bag were examined. There were newspapers and blue envelopes. "Deastly instructions, impossible to carry out, and requests for more details which they may whistle for," cried John Dallass, impatiently. "What, no letter! Not even from Bob?"

Then in feverish haste Dallass shook each newspaper, and out tumbled a letter. "The confounded lazy fellow must have rammed the whole mail in together." Jack Dallass' face did not bear an aggrieved look. He did not tear open the envelope, but did the opening carefully. It seemed a sacrilege to lose a shred of the paper. It was barely dawn, but there seemed to be a certain luminosity in the man's eyes which would have permitted him to have made out a certain handwriting in the dark. Then he read:

"In a conversation of a purely business character Robert Bryant informed Miss Royall that a new line of road was being built to Puget sound. Mr. Bryant having expressed himself favorably as to the future of this enterprise, and Miss Royall having need for some minor investments, she had begged Mr. Bryant, who is familiar with Wall street, to purchase some of the bonds at the current figures.

"Great heavens! What does the girl mean? All in the third person! She is cruel, cruel." And it goes on: "Miss Royall would never have been led to make this venture if she had not by chance read in some newspaper an account of this road, and she takes the liberty of inclosing the cutting, and her curiosity is some little excited, because there is the name of an engineer having charge of the road which she thinks has been ludicrously misspelled."

"That's all," cried Jack Dallass, the tears in his eyes. "She is cruel, malicious with her persiflage, and I never will forgive her. Let me see this rubbishy bit of printing. Um, um. 'Great advantages.' Um, um. 'Wealth of the Indies pouring into the lap of the remote west.' Rot and drivel. What is this at the end of this printed balderdash? It's underscored: 'John Dallass, the well-known young engineer, is now occupied in making surveys.' There is a pencil line under that, and—'Please, John Dallass, be at Seattle as soon as you can. My aunt wants to see the Alaskan glaciers.' Thank God! No third person there, and when," said John Dallass, reverentially, recalling the Talmud, "your friend calls for an ass, hasten and buy a saddle."

Why did John Dallass leave this morning for Seattle? Maybe it was for the Puget Sound.

A Woman's Story.

A NARRATIVE OF WOMAN'S ILLS.

Tight Lacing and Lack of Out-Door Exercise Bring Much Woe. (From the Detroit Sun.)

The large, pretentious brick residence at 88 Miami avenue, in this city, is the home of the heroine of this interesting story. She is Miss Margaret Stenbaugh, and her experiences during the past four years are published here for the first time.

Miss Stenbaugh is a pretty girl of about 20 years and is to-day the true picture of the ideal, healthy, robust and jovial American girl. She was not always so, as is proven by the accompanying statement made by her.

"Four years ago," she said, "I was such a serawny, puny little midget, pale and emaciated by an ailment peculiar to us women, that my father and mother gave me up to die. The local practitioner, whose name was Dr. Glassford, (I was at that time living at Scotland, Ont.) said it was only a matter of days when I would be laid away in the churchyard. 'I could not walk. I became so weak, and regularly every night my father used to carry me up stairs to my room, and I distinctly remember my father telling him that he wouldn't have to carry me about much longer, and how he said, while the tears glistened in his eyes, that he would be willing to do it always, if he could only have me with him.'

At this time, I read, or was told by somebody, of the local practitioner, who was being wrought by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, and my father went to Brantford, where he purchased a couple of boxes from W. Wallace. I commenced taking them, and I thought for a time that they did me no good, but very shortly I noticed a great change. They began to act on my system, and in the short space of six weeks I was able to walk. I continued taking the pills, and in six months I was in the condition you see me now. I fully believe that they alone saved me from the grave, and that you will always find myself and the balance of our family ready to talk about the good Dr. Williams' Pink Pills did for me."

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 15th day of December, 1893.

D. A. DELANEY, Notary Public, Wayne Co., Michigan. An analysis of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People shows that they contain, in a condensed form, all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They are an unfailing specific for such diseases as locomotor ataxia, partial paralysis, St. Vitus' dance, eczema, neuralgia, rheumatism, nervous headache, the after effects of typhoid, palpitation of the heart, pale and sallow complexion, all forms of weakness either in male or female, and all diseases resulting from vitiated humors in the blood. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are sold by all dealers, or will be sent post paid on receipt of price, (50 cents a box, or 6 boxes for \$2.50—they are never sold in bulk or by the 100) by addressing Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Schenectady, N. Y.

ATTENTIVE TO CATS.

Two Paris Women Who Daily Feed Scores of Them.

A lady who lives near the Jardin des Plantes, or old Parisian zoo, is a providence to the stray cats of her neighborhood. She feeds daily a hundred at the Bercy wine market, where they are allowed to live in the cellars. This lady believes in the transmigration of souls, and says she feels as if she was formerly incarnate in a woman who hated animals. Her extreme sensibility to their sufferings is, she also feels, the punishment meted to her. She has in an outhouse a number of mutilated and sick cats that she rescued.

Another lady attends to the cats in the Palais de Justice, the Central markets, the prefecture of police and the Sorbonne. There are 20 cats at the Palais de Justice. They are in the habit of being regularly fed. When anything prevents their benefactress coming in the nick of time they go out to meet her, and follow her to the court at the west side of the palais. A number of policemen witness her arrival, and help. She is pleased to think that she has awakened a spirit of humanity in the police force. Policemen who know her are loth to destroy cats, or to pass them on to vivisectors.

Giving Credit.

The customs surrounding the giving of credit differ widely in different countries. In Italy credit is given only on undoubted security; in Cuba five months after delivery. In the Bermuda settlements are annual. In Austria it is impossible to do business without giving a year's credit; in England settlement is counted upon every three months; in Spain four-fifths of the business is done on a cash basis; Turkish and Russian credit averages 12 months; in China credit is unknown, and 30 days is the rule in Canada.

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