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A full line of Binders, Mowers, Hay Rakes, Corn Harvesters, Huskers, Shredders, Twine and Repairs.

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H. C. BALLARD, Opp. P. O., HOPKINSVILLE, KY

KENDRICK & RUNYON,

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We Solicit the Patronage of All Who Have Tobacco To Sell Free Storage to Shippers.

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Careful attention given to sampling and selling all tobacco consigned to us. Liberal advances on tobacco in store. All tobacco insured unless otherwise instructed.

Subscribe FOR THE KEN- \$2 year

HERE is a medical lecture in a nutshell. The Kidneys drain water and impurities from the blood. The Liver makes bile and helps to drive off other waste. If these organs work badly the body becomes a cesspool and disease sets in. You must get them into healthy action or die.

Dr. J. H. McLean's Liver & Kidney Balm

is an old and unsurpassed remedy for Backache, Debility, Sleeplessness, Lost Appetite, Foul Tongue, Palpitations and all other symptoms of disease in those organs. It cures as well as prevents every serious trouble in Kidney, Liver or Bladder. At druggists, \$1.00 per bottle. THE DR. J. H. McLEAN MEDICINE CO. ST. LOUIS, MO.

For sale by C. K. WILY DRUGGIST.

CIRCUIT COURT DIRECTORY.

TALBOT.—First Monday in February—term three weeks; third Monday in May—term two weeks; first Monday in September—term three weeks. CHRISTIAN.—Fourth Monday in February—term six weeks; first Monday in June—term four weeks; 7th Monday in September—term six weeks. CALLOWAY.—Second Monday in April—term three weeks; first Monday in August—term two weeks; second Monday in November—term three weeks. LYON.—First Monday in May—term two weeks; first Monday in August—term two weeks; first Monday in September—term two weeks.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

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Office over Kelly's jewelry store, HOPKINSVILLE, KY.

ANDREW SARGENT, M. D., Physician and Surgeon.

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BOYD & POOL Barbers.

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Jas. I. Landes, Jas. B. Allensworth, Landes & Allensworth, Attorneys-in-Law.

Office in McDaniel building, near Court House. Will practice in all the courts and supreme court. Special attention to collections.

BOYS SEE THE POINT.

They Make Big Money. Make It Easy. No Capital Invested. How They Do It.

There are several thousand boys and hundreds of men engaged in St. Louis in a business which brings a weekly profit of from \$8,000 to 10,000. It's the selling of daily papers. Hundreds of families live comfortably on the profit of the sale of daily news papers.

In St. Louis the favorite newspaper with the boys is the POST-DISPATCH, because it sells best. An investigation has shown that the boys sell more copies of the daily POST-DISPATCH than the combined sales of the two other English evening papers.

One of the pleasures the boys find in selling papers is they are their "own boss." They come and go when they please. While many have regular corners and newsstands, others walk the streets each having his own peculiar way of "crying" out his papers.

The situation is quite different on Sunday. The papers are printed in the morning and by six o'clock boys and men are out in search of buyers.

There are four English Sunday papers. Many boys take out 300 papers. A boy taking from two to three hundred papers has all he can do to get over the ground. Sun-days as on week days finds the POST-DISPATCH everywhere. It's a ready seller. It's the "most for the money." The Sunday POST-DISPATCH has many original and exclusive features, including the Colored Comic Weekly.

These great newspaper offices have what is called a "Circulation Department," the object of which is to promote the sale of the papers. This department answers all requests for sample copies (which are sent free) and so on. In the country as in St. Louis, they are constantly looking for "agents" (boys or men to represent them). This is done by the aid of traveling men and correspondence. All letters are promptly answered. It is pleasant work, especially in the towns outside of St. Louis. Boys in the outside towns are not called news boys, but agents.

More money is made outside of St. Louis because the selling price is low and the profit greater. If you would like to be an agent for the Post-Dispatch in this city write to the circulation department of Post-Dispatch, St. Louis.

Mr. St. John was returning from paying a visit of condolence some distance out of the village, and he had taken the short cut across the moor. It was a clear summer afternoon, a week since his parting with Nancy. A parting in earnest it had been, for the days had gone by without meeting or communication between them. The curate was a sad young man, though the anger in his face still burned fiercely. To have

UNSATISFIED.

He looks at me with wistful eyes And moans for words that will not come; He lays his head upon my knee And sighs, poor dog, for he is dumb.

Dear fellow, do you envy us These mocking tongues? Our hearts are dumb. They quiver with pent-up desire, And moan for speech that will not come. These idle words that lightly flow And seem with careless ease to touch The secret of the inmost soul To all who hear—this is not speech.

'Tis but the spray that sudden starts Up from the sea when fierce winds blow, And fills the air with pungent mist, But never stirs the depths below.

Fate flouts us all. To you, poor dog, To you the gift of speech were bliss; Yet those who hold it at its best The joy of perfect utterance miss. —Mary M. Parks, in *Jennens Miller Monthly*.

The Little Curate

THE curate and Miss Edmiston were walking down the main street of the village engaged in conversation, which, being that of a recently affianced pair, need not here be repeated.

Miss Edmiston carried herself with an air of pretty dignity, made none the less apparent by the fact that she was fully two inches taller than her lover, Rev. John St. John. He was a thin, wiry little man, dark-haired and pale-complexioned, and was much troubled in his daily work with a certain unconquerable shyness. That he should have won the heart of handsome Nancy Edmiston was a matter for surprise and discussion among the residents in Broxbourne.

"Such a very interesting young man," said the maiden ladies over their afternoon tea.

"So ridiculously retiring! How did he ever come to propose?" remarked the mothers whose daughters assisted in given women an overwhelming and not altogether limited majority in Broxbourne society.

The men, on the other hand, voted St. John a good sort, and his parishioners, in their rough ways, owned to his many qualities.

"You're a dear little girl, Nancy," the curate was stammering, looking up at his beloved, when they were both stopped short on the narrow pavement. A burly workman was engaged in chas-



THE CURATE CAREFULLY PLANTED THE BLOW.

tising a small boy with a weapon in the shape of a stout leather belt. The child screamed, and the father, presumably, cursed.

"Stop!" cried the curate. The angry man merely snarled and raised the strap for another blow. St. John laid a debaucher hand on the fellow's arm, the temerity of which caused the latter such surprise that he loosened his grip for a moment, and the youngster fled howling up the alley.

"What the—?" spluttered the bully, dancing round the curate, who seemed to shrink nearer his sweetheart. "Let us go, dear," he said. He had grown white and was trembling.

At this juncture two of the workman's cronies appeared at the door of the alcove opposite, and seeing how matters stood, crossed the road, and with rough hands and soothing curses conducted their furious friend from the scene.

"Horrible!" sighed the curate, as the lovers continued their walk. Miss Edmiston's head was held a trifle higher. "If I were a man," she said, "I would have thrashed him—I would, indeed!"

"You think I should have punished him, then?" said the curate, mildly; "he was a much larger man than I, you know."

Nancy was silent. She was vaguely but sorely disappointed in her lover. He was not exactly the hero she had dreamed of. How white and shaky he had turned!

"You surely did not expect me to take part in a street row, Nancy?" he said, presently, somehow suspecting her thoughts. He knew her romantic ideas. "I do not make a reply."

"So you think I acted in a cowardly fashion?" he questioned, after a chill pause. "I don't think your cloth is any excuse, anyhow," she blurted out, suddenly and cruelly; the next instant she was filled with shame and regret. Before she could speak again, however, the curate had lifted his hat and was crossing the street. An icy "Good-by" was all he had vouchsafed her.

Mr. St. John was returning from paying a visit of condolence some distance out of the village, and he had taken the short cut across the moor. It was a clear summer afternoon, a week since his parting with Nancy. A parting in earnest it had been, for the days had gone by without meeting or communication between them. The curate was a sad young man, though the anger in his face still burned fiercely. To have

loved was a thing not lightly to be forgotten. His recent visit, too, had been particularly trying. In his soul he felt that his words of comfort had been unreal; that, for all he had striven, he had failed in his mission to the bereaved mother. So he trudged across the moor with slow step and bent head, giving no heed to the summer beauties around him.

He was about half way home when his somber meditations were suddenly interrupted. A man rose from the heather, where he had been lying and stood in the path, barring the curate's progress.

"Now, Mister Parson," he said, with menace in his thick voice and bloated face.

"Good afternoon, my man," returned St. John, recognizing the brute of a week ago, and turning as red as a turkey-cock.

"I'll 'good afternoon' ye, Mister Parson! No! Ye don't pass till I'm done wi' ye," cried the man, who had been drinking heavily, though he was too seasoned to show any unsteadiness in gait.

The curate drew back. "What do you want?" he asked. He was painfully white now.

"What do I want?" repeated the bully, following up the question with a volley of oaths that made the little man shudder. "I'll tell ye what I want. I want yer apology—he fumbled with the word—"apology for interfering" between a father an' his kid. But I licked him more'n ever for yer blasted interfering!"

"You infernal coward!" exclaimed St. John.

His opponent gasped. "Let me pass," said the curate.

"No, ye don't!" cried the other, recovering from his astonishment at hearing a strong word from a parson.

St. John gazed hurriedly about him. The path wound across the moor, through the green and purple of the heather, cutting a low edge here and there and losing itself at last in the heath haze. They were alone.

The bully grinned. "I've got ye now!"

"You have, indeed," said St. John, peeling off his black coat and throwing it on the heather. His soft felt hat followed. Then he slipped the lugs from his cuffs and rolled up his shirt sleeves, while his enemy gasped at the prospect.

"Now I'm ready," said the curate, gently.

"Are ye going to fight?" burst out the other, looking at himself with a bright face looked at David. "Come on!"

But the sentence never passed his lips, being stopped by a carefully-planted blow from a small but singularly hard fist. The little curate was stiff with a wild, indolent joy. He had not felt like this since his college days. He thanked Providence for his friend the Indian club and dumbbells, which had kept him in trim these past three years. The blood sang in his veins as he circled round Goliath, guarding the giant's brutal smashes and getting in a stroke when occasion offered. It was not long ere the big man found himself hopelessly outmatched; his wind was gone, his jaw was swollen and one eye was useless. He made a final effort and slung out a terrific blow at David. Partly parried, it caught him on the shoulder, felling him to the earth. Now, surely, the victory was with the Philistine. But no. The fallen man recoiled to his feet like a young sapling, and the next that Goliath knew was, ten minutes later, when he opened his unblinking eye and found that his enemy was bending over him, wiping the stains from his face with a fine linen handkerchief.

"Feel better?" said the curate.

"Well, 'er."

"Hush, man; it is not worth swearing about," interrupted his course. "Now get up."

He held out his hand and assisted the wreck to its feet.

"You'd better call at the chemist's and get pitched up. Here's money."

The vanquished one took the silver and gazed stupidly at the giver, who was making his toilet.

"Please go away, and don't thrash your boy any more," said St. John, peremptorily.

Goliath made a few steps, then retraced them holding out a grimy paw. "Mister Parson, I'm—I'm—"

"Don't say another word. Good-by," and the curate shook hands with him.

The big man turned away. Presently he halted once more. "I'm—I'm," he said. It had become. Then he shuffled homeward.

St. John adjusted his collar, gave his shoulder a rub and donned his coat and hat. As he started towards the village a girl came swiftly to meet him.

"Oh, John, John, you are splendid! I watched you from the hedge yonder." "I am exceedingly sorry, Miss Edmiston," said the curate, coldly, raising his hat and making to pass on.

Nancy started as though he had struck her; her flush of enthusiasm paled out. In her excitement she had forgotten that event of a week ago, but the cutting tone of his voice reminded her. She bowed her head, and he went on his way. He had gone about 20 yards when she called his name. Her voice reached him, but something in it told that he had not suffered alone.

He turned about and hastened to her. —Chambers' Journal.

Easily Cured.

A correspondent thus tells how a man addicted to the spitting habit was cured: "The captain of an Atlantic steamship was at a loss how to induce a passenger to desist from the filthy habit of spitting on deck. Among the passengers was a gentleman well known in Toronto 40 years ago, who undertook to stop him if a quartermaster were placed at his disposal. The captain closed with the offer, and the man was directed to fetch a bucket of water and mop, and to follow the offender up and down the deck. The re-



Snow Baling. About one young woman in ten nowadays would dare to run out bare headed and bare handed and frolic and snow ball in midwinter. They have to be muffled up like hot-house flowers before they dare venture out in severe weather, and even then would shudder at the thought of pelting in the snow as their grandmothers did.

The trouble lies in the fact that too few women enjoy perfect health and strength of the special womanly organism. A woman who is not well and strong does not enjoy good general health. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription cures all weakness and disease of the delicate and important organs concerned in witchhood and motherhood. It is the most perfect and scientific remedy ever devised for the peculiar ailments of woman. It restores womanly power, strength and vitality. It tones and builds up the nerves which have been shattered by suffering and disease. It corrects all irregularities and derangements and stops exhausting drains. It restores weak, nervous invalids to perfect health. It is intended for this one class of disorders and is good for no other. It is the discovery of Dr. R. V. Pierce, for thirty years chief consulting physician to the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, at Buffalo, N. Y. No other known medicine can take its place.

"I have been troubled with female weakness that my physician called catarrh of the womb," writes Miss Jean Coomer of Cash, Clarion Co., Pa. "I doctored for it and did not get better. At last I commenced taking Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. I got better right along and when I had taken four bottles was cured. I recommended the Favorite Prescription to a friend of mine. She has been using it and thinks it is wonderful."

Constipation is a little illness, but if neglected builds a big one. Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets cure constipation. One little "Pellet" is a gentle laxative and two a mild cathartic. They never gripe.

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Carlsted's German Liver Powder

CURES INDIGESTION

The entering wedge for nearly all Diseases the human system is heir to.

PRICE, 25 CENTS.

For Sale by Anderson & Fowler

Men will no longer stalk the amateur billiard player when Wayne McCleary's nervousness is once overcome.

For the Grippe

Thomas Whitfield's Cough Remedy is the greatest remedy for the grippe, as it not only gives a prompt and complete relief, but also cures any influenza or pneumonia. For sale by T. C. HARDWICK.

The son of man hath not where to lay his head, either in life or death but a Wisconsin dog has just been laid away in a costly burial basket.

Dangers of the Grippe

The greatest danger from the Grippe is its resulting in pneumonia. If reasonable care is used, however, and a high quality Cough Remedy taken, all danger will be avoided. Among the tens of thousands who have used this remedy for the grippe we have yet to learn of a single case having resulted in pneumonia which shows conclusively that this remedy is a certain preventive of that dangerous disease. It will cure the grippe in less time than any other treatment. It is pleasant and safe to take. For sale by R. C. HARDWICK.

The patriot who is first in the pockets of his countrymen is more in evidence just now than the one who occupies their hearts.

CASTORIA. The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of *Charles H. Fletcher*

The uproar in the Spanish Cortes over the question as to who killed Cock Robin is almost as loud as the noise of Dewey's guns.

Serious, with rheum and all diseases caused by impure blood are cured by God's Sarsaparil, which is America's Greatest Medicine.

If all the army testimony were canned and preserved for the next war it might prove highly useful to the Government.

A TIMELY HINT. You should be wise and see that your blood is rich and pure and your whole system put in a perfectly healthy condition by the use of Dr. Carlsted's German Liver Powder. Then you will be free from malaria, typhoid fever, colds and the grip. Dr. Carlsted's German Liver Powder is the best medicine money can buy.

For your Cold try Dr. Otto's Spruce Gum Balsam. Price 25c and 50c a Bottle. For sale by Anderson & Fowler.

Eye-Gov. Hogg finds that there