

HE HAD BEEN FISHING.

Received Plenty of Advice from Others Who'd Been There.

He was an honest-faced young man who had been off for a day's fishing and was returning home with a reasonably fine string and much self-satisfaction.

"Yes, I was out fishing myself one day last week. I brought home 20 pounds. I bought 'em of a regular fisherman."

A giggle was heard here and there among the passengers, and then a man with a squeaky voice observed:

"I've played the game myself, but it was years ago, when I was a bad man. I bought 'em from the fisherman and brought 'em down home and lied about 'em—lied in the most barefaced and shameful manner! Yes, gentlemen, that is the one regret of my life!"

The young man with the fish was red-faced and uncomfortable, and as he was hitching around, a man with a wart on his nose called out in a loud voice:

"Gentlemen, I do not deny that I love whisky, but I am not a liar! I get drunk and smash things, but I reverence the truth. Before I would lie about fish I would torture myself at the stake!"

Then a hatched-faced young man rolled up his eyes and exclaimed:

"They not only lie to the public, but go home and lie to their poor, innocent wives and trusting children!"

The honest-faced young man saw that all were against him, and he decided to leave the car. As he rose up to motion to the conductor a fat man who had been drowsing roused up and said:

"Gentlemen, I date my downfall from that one thing—from the first lie I told about fish. I hired a man to kill me a dozen with a crowbar, and then I brought 'em home and swore I caught 'em on my own hook and line. I lied about it—deliberately and maliciously lied—and Providence—"

"All off!" shouted the conductor as the car stopped.

The car rolled on, and the young man with the perch and bass and fish-pole stood in the gloaming and looked after it and clenched his hands and gritted his teeth and whispered cuss words, and an hour later a pedestrian stumbled over something on the sidewalk and got up to rub his knees and elbows and called out in amazement:

"Well, I'll be hanged if some liar hasn't stopped here to lie and gone away and left his fish behind!"

BARRY, THE HEROIC.

Monument to a Convent Dog That Saved Forty Lives.

Considerable human interest is being found by the Italian press in the ceremonies that recently attended the erection of a monument on the Mountain of St. Bernard to the memory of a famous dog belonging to the convent there. Barry was the dog's name, and in ten years he saved the lives of 40 persons who had lost their way on the glaciers of Mount St. Bernard.

What is considered his most remarkable achievement, says the New York Times, was performed about three years ago, when he found a child ten years old lying in the snow under the influence of the fatal slumber which precedes death. Barry, with curious comprehension of the needs of the situation, first warmed the child with his breath, and then aroused it from sleep by licking its face. This much accomplished, Barry, by lying down by its side, gave the child an obvious invitation to get on and ride. The child did so, and was carried by Barry to the convent. This episode, like his other achievements, is recorded at the convent, and to the truth of its circumstances several witnesses have subscribed.

The death of the dog was due to the timidity or rascality of some unknown man who perhaps fancied that Barry was approaching him with evil intent. The stranger killed the dog by hitting it on the head. These two events in the career of the useful animal are commemorated on the monument, which represents in bas relief the St. Bernard carrying a child on its back, while underneath is the following inscription: "Barry, the Heroic, Saved the Lives of Forty Persons, and Was Killed by the Forty-first."

Mr. Borem—"She asked me to sing, and insisted upon encore after encore." Miss Peppy—"Yes, she told me afterward that anything was better than sitting there and talking to you all evening."—Philadelphia Press.

ECZMA, ITCHING HUMORS, PIMPLES CURED BY B. B. B.

Bottle Free to Sufferers.

Does your Skin Itch and Burn? Distressing Eruptions on the Skin so you feel ashamed to be seen in company! Do scabs and scales form on the Skin? Hair or Scalp? Rash from the Skin? Prickling Pain in the Skin? Boils? Pimples? Bone Pains? Swollen Joints? Felling Hair? All Run Down? Skin Pale? Old Sores? Eating Sores? Ulcers? All these are symptoms of Eczema and Impurities and Poisons in the blood. To cure to star cured take B. B. B. (Botanic Blood Balm) which makes the blood pure and rich. B. B. B. will cause the sores to heal, itching of eczema to stop forever, the skin to become clear and the breath sweet. B. B. B. is just the remedy you have been looking for. Thoroughly tested for 30 years. Our readers are advised to try B. B. B. For sale by druggists at \$1 per large bottle; six large bottles (full treatment) \$5. Complete directions with each bottle. So sufferers map test it, a trial bottle given away. Write for it. Address BLOOD BALM CO., Atlanta, Ga. Describe your trouble and free personal medical advice given.

B. B. B. sold by R. C. Hardwick Hopkinsville, Ky.

Electricity moves 288,000 miles per second.

New Songs Not Catchy? New Play Too Droll? New Opera Too Long?

Why, what on earth ails you? Is it indigestion? Get a bottle of Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin. It keeps one straight the year around. I buy it at C. K. Wyly's.

"Meerchaum" means "froth of the sea."

An attractive woman thrives on good food and sunshine, with plenty of exercise in the open air. Her form glows with health and her face blooms with its beauty. When troubled with a costive habit, she takes a few doses of Herb'ne to cleanse her system of all impurities. Price, 50 cents. H. C. Hardwick.

A hurricane moves eighty miles an hour.

DIGEST YOUR FOOD.

Ninety per cent. of all sickness is caused by food not being properly digested. It creates poisons and goes into your blood and then you are liable to almost any disease the human system is heir to. Use Dr. Carlstedt's German Liver Powder and watch the results. You will feel the good effects after taking one dose. Give it a trial, and be convinced. Price 25c.

Dr. Otto's Spruce Gum Balsam Cures Your Cough. Just the Medicine for Children. For sale by

The value of a ton of silver is \$37,794.84.

Many have lost confidence and hope as well as health, because they thought their kidney disease was incurable. Foley's Kidney Cure is a positive cure for the discouraged and disconsolate. Take no other. A. P. Harness.

A span is ten and seven-eighths inches.

Worms take refuge in the mall intestine, where they can easily multiply. White's Cream Vermifuge will destroy these parasites. The verdict of the people tells plainly how well it has succeeded. Price 25 cents. R. C. Hardwick.

The first horse railroad was built in 1826-7.

CASTORIA. The Kind You Have Always Bought Bears the Signature of

The first Atlantic cable was operated in 1858.

The best that money can buy should be your aim in choosing a medicine, and this is Hood's Sarsaparilla. It cures when others fail.

A firkin of butter weighs fifty six pounds.

A puny child is always an anxiety to the parents. There seems generally no reason why the little one should be weak when it is so well fed. But the fact is that it does not matter how much food the child takes if the stomach cannot extract the nourishment from it. No benefit can be derived from just eating. That is the condition of many a sickly child. The stomach and organs of digestion and nutrition are not doing their work, and the body is really starving. It is little use to give fish foods, like cod liver oil or emulsions, in such a case, because these also have to be digested; they may lighten the stomach's labor but they don't strengthen it. Strength is what the stomach needs. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery strengthens the stomach, nourishes the nerves and increases the action of the blood making glands. It is superior to every other preparation for children's use, on account of its body building qualities, and also because it is pleasant to the taste and contains no alcohol, whisky or other intoxicant. Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets are a valuable aid when the bowels are irregular. They are small. Children take them readily.

THE EBB AND FLOW OF TALK.

What a New Orleans Telephone Girl Has Noticed.

"It's very curious how talk ebbs and flows over the wire," said a New Orleans telephone girl to a Times-Democrat writer. "Low tide is at 1:30 in the morning. Around about that time several minutes will elapse when nobody in this whole big city is using the 'phone. When you come to think about it that is something very remarkable. Between one and two the calls will average from 160 to 180, rarely more; but, for some reason I was never able to understand, business always picks up between two and three—in fact, it nearly doubles. Then, for equally mysterious reasons, there is another lull, and the hour between three and four is almost as quiet as between one and two. I have often tried to figure out some theory for those two curious fluctuations, but have never hit upon one that was even plausible. After four o'clock, however, there is a steady and continuous increase in the stream of talk. We girls who have been in the exchange a good while get to know exactly how the city wakes up. The market men head the procession, and then follow the different tradespeople and clerks and office employes, according to the necessities of their various callings. All of them use the 'phone more or less, and it is very curious and interesting to watch the graduations by which the community settles down to its day's work. By nine o'clock the rush of traffic has become something tremendous, and it grows by leaps and bounds until it has reached a climax at ten. From nine to ten the calls will often exceed 4,000. Then there is a slight falling off, becoming more marked as the day advances, and between four and five nine-tenths of the business 'phones have subsided. But, oddly enough, the residence 'phones at that juncture suddenly take up the tale, and their heaviest business is between four and six. I suppose the business folks are through then with the main cares of the day and have a little leisure for long-distance gossip. Throughout the early evening calls don't vary much one way or the other, and, with nine o'clock, they begin to dwindle steadily down to 1:30, which, as I said before, is extreme low-water mark. The daily average of calls in our exchange is about 45,000, but it has run as high as 60,000. By calls I mean conversations, not mere requests for a number. How many can a girl attend to in an hour? Well, I have made connections for 300 talks between nine and ten, exclusive of the numbers I reported as 'busy.' That is five to the minute, so you see we don't have as much time to gossip among ourselves as is generally supposed."

WANTED—A PECULIAR DOG.

Application Was Sent to Place Where Breed Was Not Kept.

On the subject of people's ignorance of canine breeds I would like to tell a story, vouched for by a professional dog-breeding friend of mine, says a writer in Chambers' Journal. One afternoon a lady called at his kennels, and one of his men approached her. The following dialogue ensued between the lady and the yardman: "I live in the suburbs of X—, and want a good house dog—one that you can guarantee." "Yes, ma'am." "I don't want one that will keep us awake all night, barking at nothing." "No, ma'am." "He must be big and strong, and—er—rather fierce, you know." "Yes, ma'am." "But gentle as a lamb, you know, with us." "Yes, ma'am." "And he must drive off every tramp that comes along." "Yes, ma'am." "But I shouldn't like him to interfere with any poor but honest man looking for work." "No, ma'am." "If a burglar comes prowling around at night, he must pounce on him at once." "Yes, ma'am." "But he mustn't attack a neighbor who makes an evening call." "No, ma'am." "And—er—he mustn't go for people who come hurrying to our house at all hours of the night to call my husband. He's a doctor—and that would be awkward." "I see, ma'am, what you want—a first-class, thought-reading dog." "Yes; I suppose that's the kind. Can you send me one?" "I'm very sorry, ma'am; but we are out of 'em at present. We've only got quite ordinary dogs in just now." "Oh, dear! I suppose we shall have to wait. By the way, are they very expensive?" "Well, ma'am, they are, rather; you see, they're a bit scarce." "Are they, really? Well, when you get one of that breed (?) be sure to let me know." "I will, ma'am."

To encounter a banana peel on the sidewalk is a sign that the hoodooed person will shortly encounter the sidewalk.—Chicago Daily News.

WHEN THE TRAIN CAME IN.

Sad Story of the Son Who Outgrew His Old Mother.

"Hicky!" shouted an old colored woman, as she shambled up to the Pullman on a southern express. "Hicky, son. Ah's glad yo's got wuk." The tall yellow youth in blue and brass turned his head and said: "Were you addressing me, mother-er?" "Cartinly, Hicky! Doan suppose Ah wuz talkin' toe de cyah, do yo? But yo' doan seem glad to see yo' ol' mammy?" "Let me request you not to call me Hicky, mother." "Ain't dat yo' name, boy?" "No, my name is Henry." "Well, 'twas Hicky when yo' toated clothes home en wuked around de stables." "We will not argue that point; only grant my request." "Who is yo' lately, eryhow?" "I am the trusted porter of this car. I converse with the wealth and culture of our land. My position is really more essential than that of the conductor's." "Huh!" "Please do not sit that old bag so near; some of the dust may get on my shoes." "Huh!" "And I think you had better stand clear, mother; we pull out in a minute." "Well, will yo' kiss yo' mammy, Hicky?" "Not now; some other time, maybe." "De Lawd hab mussy—" "And, mother, I wish you would not depreciate my standing with the company by appearing around here so often." The old woman drew a deep breath. "Good-by, Hicky; good-by. Ah calls yo' Hicky kase Hicky wuz de sweet lil' chap dat used to call me 'mammy' yeas ago. Oh, Ah thank de good Lawd dat Ah hab no mo' boys to change en be ashamed ob me. But, boy, brass buttons en high cloth en gran' words ain't ebything. When de splintahs am flyin' en de iron twistin' en de steam scaldin', yo'll call out foh yo' ol' mammy toe nuss yo' laike when de wagon run obah yo' at de stable. Good-by!" The whistle screamed and the train was moving. The old colored woman continued picking up coal and dodging the shifting engines.

The conductor passed the porter on the platform.

"Henry," said the former, "who is that old woman that talks with you when we stop?"

"That old woman, sir?" responded the porter, "why, she picks up coal on the tracks, I believe. She asks me for a penny or so."

The brakeman hurried through the car.

"Say, Henry, do you remember that old colored woman you were talking with this morning?"

"Yes."

"Well, a shifting engine struck her ten minutes after we pulled out."

"Did—did it hurt her?"

"Yes, and her last words were: 'Ah want Hicky!'"

The porter dropped the brush. The brakeman watched him out of the corner of his eye.

"Why, people would think you were the Hicky she had called?"

"N—no, sir; m—my name is Henry."—Chicago Daily News.

As to Slang.

As to slang—the young ladies in a history class are said to have sent a tart protest to their professor for his inordinate use of slang in the classroom, and his general insolence. The use of slang signifies an ambition to smartness by a person who lacks ideas, originality and vocabulary—and not being qualified to think or to express the ideas of others in vigorous language makes up the lack by quoting current expressions. But a slangy phrase wins its currency on its merits, because it is pithy, pointed and expressive of a clear idea, and usually because it is humorous. As such, good taste permits its employment, when, like a selected word—it is the best the speaker can think of for his purpose. Appropriately used, a slang phrase may be pleasing; but it is usually threadbare, and often coarse and vulgar. It is a matter of good taste, of which the speaker must judge, which decides between the good and the bad, the expressive and appropriate and the inane and malapropos.—Chicago Interior.

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They promptly digest every particle of food taken into the stomach, and are positively guaranteed to cure the worst forms of Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Heartburn, Sour Stomach, and Constipation, restoring the bowels and liver to perfectly natural action in two weeks or more, money refunded, by all druggists. 25 and 50c. DIAMOND DRUG CO., 22-28 W. 17th St., N.Y.

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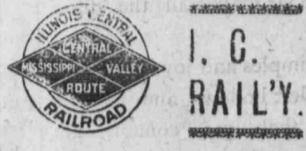
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GRAND CENTRAL RAILROAD

Time Table Effective June 24, 1900. LEAV HOPKINSVILLE. Lv Hopkinsville... 6:00 a.m. 11:40 a.m. 5:15 p.m. Ar Princeton... 6:00 a.m. 11:40 a.m. 5:15 p.m. Ar Henderson... 9:20 a.m. 4:55 p.m. Ar Evansville... 10:30 a.m. 5:45 p.m.



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LEAV HOPKINSVILLE. Lv Princeton... 9:20 a.m. 12:55 p.m. Ar Louisville... 7:30 p.m. 5:45 p.m.

Lv Paducah... 6:05 a.m. 2:30 p.m. Ar Memphis... 9:00 a.m. 10:40 p.m. Ar New Orleans... 1:00 a.m.

No 341 arrives at Hopkinsville 9:30 a.m. No 333 arrives at Hopkinsville 4:00 p.m. No 331 arrives at Hopkinsville 9:30 p.m.

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Connections are made at Guthrie and Nashville for all points, North, South, East and West, in Pullman Cars. Emigrants seeking homes on the line of this road will receive special low rates. See agent of this company for rates, routes &c., or write to the General Passenger & Traffic Agent at Louisville, Ky.

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Well Adapted to Agriculture or Stock Raising.

Being desirous of changing my business I offer for sale my farm 4 miles East of Crofton, containing 300 acres, known as the

Rice Dulin Homestead,

Is in the highest state of cultivation and has all necessary improvements. There are 3 tobacco barns, stables for 25 head of stock, cow-sheds, tool sheds, 2 granaries, corn crib, 2 tenement houses, good ice house, etc. 200 acres in cultivation and 100 in timber. The farm is within 6 miles of coal fields, convenient to schools and churches. Finely situated for stock raising. Stock flies are never troublesome in this neighborhood. Will sell at a bargain, a cash and balance to suit the purchaser. There are 75 acres for wheat this fall and 65 acres seeded to timothy and clover.

M. V. DULIN, Crofton, Ky.

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