

Hopkinsville Market.

GROCERIES.

[THESE ARE RETAIL PRICES.]

Apples, per peck, 50 to 70c
 Beans, white, per gal. 50c
 Coffee, Arbuckle's, per lb., 20c
 Coffee, roasted, 15c to 35c
 Coffee, green, 12 1/2 c to 25c
 Tea, green, per lb., 60 to \$1.
 Tea, black, per lb., 40c to \$1.
 Cheese, cream, 25c lb., straight
 Pine Apple, 15c to 25c.
 Edam, \$1.25
 Roquefort, 50c lb.
 Sugar, granulated, 16 lbs., \$1.00
 Sugar light brown, 18 lbs., \$1.00
 Sugar, dark brown, 20 lbs., \$1.00
 Sugar, Cuba, 14 lbs. for \$1.00.
 Sugar, XXXX, 14 lbs. for \$1.00
 Flour, patent, per bbl., \$5.50.
 Flour, family, per bbl., \$5.00.
 Graham, 12 lb., sack 40c
 Meal, per bushel, 90.
 Hominy, per lb. 5c.
 Grits, 20c gallon.
 Oat Flakes, package, 10 to 15c.
 Oat Flakes, bulk, 5c lb.

VEGETABLES.

Irish potatoes, per peck, 30c.
 Cabbage, new, 2 1/2 c
 Onions, per bunch, 5c.
 Turnips, peck, 20c.
 Celery, 5c and 10c a bunch.

CANNED GOODS.

Corn, per doz. cans, \$1.00 to \$1.50
 Tomatoes, 12 cans, \$1.00 to \$1.40
 Peas, from 10c to 30c per can.
 Hominy, 10c per can.
 Beets per can, 10c.
 Kidney Beans, 10c can.
 Lima Beans, per can, 10c
 Korona, per can, 20c.
 Squash, per can, 10c.
 Peaches, 10c to 40c per can
 Apricots, per can, 25c to 75c
 Pineapples, per can, 10c to 35c.
 Raisins, 10c and 15c package.
 Raisins, layer, 15c lb.
 Evaporated Peaches, 20c lb.
 Evaporated Apples, 10c lb
 Evaporated Apricots, 25c lb.
 Prunes, 10c to 15c per lb.

COUNTRY PRODUCE

Hams, country, per lb., 14c.
 Packers' hams, per lb., 15c.
 Shoulders, per lb., 10c.
 Sides, per lb., 12 1/2 c.
 Lard, per lb., 12 1/2 c.
 Honey .. 12 1/2 c

Wholesale Prices.

POULTRY.

Eggs, 12c doz. Hens, 9c lb.
 Roosters per lb. 5c.
 Young Chickens, each 15 to 25.
 Turkeys, fat, per lb., 11c
 Ducks, per lb., 8c.
 Roosters, per lb., 3c.
 Full feather geese, per doz. \$5.00

GRAIN.

No. 2 Northern mixed oats per
 bushel, 55c; No. 1 Timothy hay, pe-
 ton, \$13.00; No. 2 Timothy hay, pe-
 ton, \$12.00; No. 1 Clover Hay, pe-
 ton, \$12.00; Mixed Clover Hay.

POULTRY, EGGS AND BUTTER.

Prices paid by wholesale dealer
 to the producers and dairymen:
 Live Poultry—Hens, per lb., 8 1/2 c.
 Butter—Packing, packing stock
 per lb., 15c

**ROOTS, HIDES, WOOL AND TAL-
 LOW.**

Prices paid by wholesale dealers
 to butchers and farmers:

Roots—Southern ginseng, \$4.00 b.;
 "Golden Seal" yellow root, 90c lb.;
 Mayapple, 2c; pink root, 12c and 13c.
 Tallow—No. 1, 4c; No. 2, 5c.
 Wool—Burry 12 to 20; Clear
 Grease, 20c to 23c; Medium, tub
 washed, 35c to 45c; coarse, dingy,
 tub-washed, 30c to 36c Black wool
 24c.

Feathers—Prime white goose,
 45c; dark and mixed old goose, 25c
 to 35c; gray mixed, 15c to 30c; white
 duck, 35c.

Hides and Skins—These quota-
 tions are for Kentucky hides
 Southern green hides 4c.
 We quote assorted lots; dry flint,
 No. 1, 8c to 10c:

**Summer Rates To Cerulean
 And Dawson.**

Beginning Saturday May 16, 1908
 and on every Saturday and Sunday
 thereafter up to and including Sun-
 day October 18th, 1908, the Illinois
 Central will sell tickets to Cerulean
 and Dawson Springs, Ky., and return
 for all trains Saturday and Sunday
 morning at rate of one fare for the
 round trip.

G. R. Newman, Agt.

1400 Feet

Of special high grade four and five
 inch dressed curbing for sale. Also
 about 25,000 brick.

Meacham Contracting Co.,
 (Incorporated)

**MADAME DEAN'S FRENCH FEMALE
 PILLS.**
 A Safe, Certain, Restful for Stomach and Intestines.
 NEVER FAILS TO CURE. Safe! Sure! Speedy! Satisfac-
 tion guaranteed or Money Refunded. Best prepa-
 ration for constipation. Will send them on trial, to be paid for
 when relieved. Sample Free. If your druggist does not
 have them send your order to the
 UNITED MEDICAL CO., BOX 74, LANGSTON, PA.

Sold in Hopkinsville by The Anderson-First Drug Co.
 Incorporated

**Pengreave's
 Helping Hand.**

By W. F. BRYAN.

Copyrighted, 1908, by Homer Sprague.

Pengreave, coming slowly down the
 street, gave no heed to his surround-
 ings. For twenty years he had been
 coming down the same street, some-
 times a little earlier, sometimes very
 much later, but always he passed
 along with unseeing eyes, his thoughts
 fixed upon his business and his home.
 At fifteen he had first turned into the
 side street from the main thorough-
 fare. Horse cars had run unevenly
 over the badly set rails, and flickering
 gas lamps had lighted all save the
 business streets. Now there were trol-
 leys everywhere, and even the alley-
 ways were lighted by electricity, but
 Richard Pengreave gave no heed to
 these changes.

It had been a good locality once.
 When Pengreave, in the glory of his
 first long trousers and his first "real"
 job, had sought a boarding place Mrs.
 Beldin's had been recommended as be-
 ing in a "nice residential neighbor-
 hood."

It had been a well swept street then,
 lined with rows of three story brick
 houses and here and there a "brown-
 stone front" to break the monotony.
 Now the homes had given way to five
 and six story tenements. Mud heaps
 and garbage barrels littered the un-
 kempt pavement and the broken flag-
 stones.

The Beldin house, too, had changed.
 Mrs. Beldin's daughter had assumed
 charge at her mother's death and had
 changed it to a furnished room house,
 declaring that the cares of a large
 kitchen weighed too heavily upon her.
 Then she married and had moved up-
 town, and some one else had taken over
 the shabby house, with its shabby fur-
 niture.

The change had annoyed Pengreave,
 and he had promptly purchased the



"I SHALL HOLD YOU TO YOUR PROMISE!"
 SHE CRIED.

place, for he was errand boy no longer,
 but the proprietor of a business. He
 had retained the first floor for his own
 use, and a real estate agent had rented
 the other floors. He handed Pengreave
 quarterly checks, and Pengreave wor-
 ried no more.

He was sure of a home, the only
 home he had known. He sat at his
 window in the summer evenings and
 looked across the square opposite and
 gave no heed to the children swarming
 in the street.

There had been few children when
 he had first come to Barrow street, and
 those were well dressed and orderly.
 Now the policeman on the beat had his
 hands full, and only Pengreave remain-
 ed serene and unworried.

Once for nearly a year he had wor-
 ried. It was when he was nineteen
 and he had fancied himself in love.
 But Lena had married a junk dealer
 on the corner below, and, after an un-
 quiet month, during which he drank
 seldies instead of the smaller glasses at
 the Bierhalle, Pengreave had recovered
 his placidity.

Since then it had pleased him to be-
 lieve that his life had been wrecked,
 and so he kept Lena's faded photo-
 graph on the mantelpiece, and at times
 he took it down and sighed over it;
 also he avoided all feminine society.

At his uncle's death the latter's busi-
 ness had passed to him, and under his
 even administration it had grown great-
 ly. He lunched at better places, and
 he also dined downtown. He bought a
 new suit of clothes whenever his old
 cashier discreetly hinted that one was
 needed.

The woman who acted as janitress
 for the house attended also to his
 rooms, and he found them always or-
 derly. He asked nothing more.

But tonight a surprise waited for him
 at his very door. As he let himself in
 a voice from the darkness of the floor
 above roused him. It was a musical
 voice with the indefinable accent of
 good breeding, and it gave to the sim-
 ple question the melody of a song.

"I am not the doctor," was his reply
 as he kept on up the stairs instead of
 turning into his own apartments on
 the first floor. "Is there need of a doc-
 tor? Some one is ill?"

"Mrs. Brady," explained the voice.
 "She scalded her hand, and I sent a lit-
 tle girl for a doctor."
 Pengreave turned up the tiny flicker
 of gas. The increased flame revealed
 a dainty feminine form in a simple
 tailored gown. Pengreave was con-
 scious only that the girl was well dress-

ed. It was the face that held him fas-
 cinated. The features were well cut
 and regular; the eyes were calm and
 unafraid and of a deep tender blue
 that moved Pengreave strangely.

"Where do you live?" he demanded.

The girl smiled.
 "I don't live here," she explained. "I
 am a visitor from the Helping Hand
 society."

Pengreave was puzzled.
 "They need charity here?" he de-
 manded. "I thought that was only
 with the very poor."

"These are the very poor," she said
 simply. "Don't you know?"

Pengreave shook his head in bewil-
 derment. Twenty years he had lived
 there, and poverty had come to be his
 neighbor, but he did not know it.

"Had I known I should have given
 aid," he said quietly. "If there is need,
 come to me. The doctor—I will pay
 him. Send me his bill. I am sorry for
 Mrs.—Mrs—"

"Brady," supplied the girl. "You are
 very good."

Then the physician hustled in, and
 Pengreave went downstairs to his
 rooms. In a little while there was a
 tapping at the door, and he opened it
 to discover the girl.

"Mrs. Brady asked me to thank you
 for your kindness," she said. "It
 pleased her so much that she almost
 forgot the hurt of her burn."

Pengreave smiled. He could not re-
 call ever having been thanked before.
 He had never done anything to call for
 thanks because he did not know how.

"You must come again when you
 need help," he said warmly. "I am
 here always in the evenings. You have
 but to ask."

"I shall hold you to your promise,"
 she said. "There is much good that
 you can do. We are so handicapped
 by lack of money, and there is so
 much that we want to do. You must
 see for yourself the misery about you.
 Good night."

She hurried down the hall, and Pen-
 greave waited until the street door
 closed behind her before he shut his
 own.

He went back into the room, his head
 in a whirl. Dimly he was conscious
 that the street was not the same as it
 had been in his boyhood. The girl
 must be right. He was willing to see
 with her eyes, those eyes of the glori-
 ous blue.

Those eyes gave him much to think
 about. He was not yet forty, and
 more than half of his years had been
 given to the unwavering pursuit of
 business. True, there had been Lena,
 but now Pengreave knew how little
 Lena had really meant to him.

For the first time that he could re-
 member he had met a woman of his
 own kind, and he felt the need of
 knowing more of the life he had miss-
 ed. He remembered that he was still
 a comparatively young man, and those
 blue eyes had loosened something
 within his breast—his repressed boy-
 hood, his unrealized need of the soci-
 ety of his fellows.

He was as one born again and, being
 born, saw the world in a new light.
 Methodically he removed the picture
 of Lena from its tawdry frame and
 tossed it upon the coals glowing in the
 open fire. He was rather well pleased
 with the reflection in the mirror above
 the mantel as he stood there.

"I must get some new clothes to-
 morrow," he said to the reflection;
 "also I must find a place where it is
 well to live, a house such as she will
 like. I, too, need a helping hand."
 And the reflection in the mirror smiled
 back at him. Now that Pengreave was
 awakened he knew it was well. The
 rest would follow in due course.

Camel Races.

Camel races are held regularly in the
 south of Algeria, where valuable prizes
 are offered for the encouragement of
 the breed of racers, and as much inter-
 est is taken in their preparation and
 performance as in that of race horses
 in this country. The racing camels are
 the result of very careful breeding
 through many generations, and in size,
 temper and appearance they are so
 different from the ordinary beast of
 burden that they might almost be con-
 sidered a different race of animals.

Perhaps the most conspicuous char-
 acteristic of the ordinary camel is its
 extreme slowness. Nothing on earth
 will ever induce it to hurry. A twenty
 dollar note will buy a very fair spec-
 imen, but for a mehari, or racing camel,
 five or ten times that sum is required
 to effect a purchase.

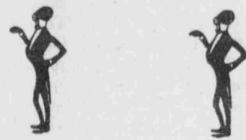
The racer, however, can be depended
 on for nine or ten miles an hour
 kept up for sixteen or seventeen hours
 almost without a stop. The pace in a
 camel race is generally fast and fur-
 ious at the beginning, when all the an-
 imals are together and seem to realize
 that a contest is in progress.

The Famous Basilisk.

According to the ancient writers, the
 basilisk—sometimes called cockatrice—
 was a monster to be greatly dreaded.
 Its breath filled the air with a deadly
 poison and burned up vegetation, and
 the glance of its eye was fatal to both
 man and beast. The only creature that
 could face it and live, they said, was
 the cock, and travelers were advised to
 take loud crowing cocks with them as
 a protection against the monster. So
 much for superstition. As a matter of
 fact the basilisk is a harmless lizard,
 living a quiet life in the woods and
 feeding on insects. Its appearance,
 however, is formidable, and it is this
 perhaps that gave it a bad name. It
 grows to a length of from twenty-five
 to thirty inches, including its tail,
 which is much longer than its body.
 Rising from its head and inclining
 backward is a broad, winglike expan-
 sion, which gives it some resemblance
 to the flying lizard. The crest of this
 expansion is formed somewhat like a
 crown, and that gave the basilisk its
 name, which is from the Greek word
 meaning "king."

**CHOICE
 BARGAINS.**

**Some Fine Offers
 In Farm Lands
 And Town Lots.**



278 acres, 5 miles south of town, in the finest
 neighborhood in the county, a large two-
 story house, 2 large barns, 2 tobacco barns,
 1 hayshed, wagon shed, cow house, granary,
 buggy house, ice house, 3 good cabins, meat
 house, hen houses, etc. Well watered, and
 has splendid crops of orchard grass, clover,
 timothy and wheat growing on it. An ideal
 stock and grain farm, and a money maker.

505 acres, 10 miles south of town, on the Clarks-
 ville pike, and close to R. R. station on the
 I. C. road, near school house, and with all
 modern improvements. This is as fine a
 body of land as you can find anywhere, and
 produces large quantities of wheat, corn,
 hay and tobacco. Has 40 to 50 acres fine
 timber, 4 tobacco barns, 1 large stock barn,
 1 hay shed, 8 cabins, windmill and tank, and
 all improvements necessary to a first class
 farm. If you are looking for something
 extra at a bargain don't fail to see this place.

222 acres, 2 miles south of Garrettsburg—100
 acres of this is in timber, containing a lot
 of red and white oak and poplar, 2-story
 brick dwelling, 2 tobacco barns, 1 stable, 4
 cabins, and other necessary improvements.
 This place is offered at a real bargain.

200 acres, near Pembroke, rich land and well
 improved. Runs right up to within 1/2-mile
 of the best little town on earth.

18 acres just outside the corporate limits of
 Hopkinsville, splendid house and all neces-
 sary out buildings. Just the very best
 place you know of to raise chickens and run
 a garden and fruit farm

261 acres—only 2 miles from town on the Rus-
 sellville pike. This farm can be bought
 cheap, and is an ideal location, and a highly
 productive place, with good improvements.

309 acres near Bell, Ky. This is a well im-
 proved farm, and just what you are look-
 ing for. Splendid dwelling, good stable
 and large tobacco barns and all other out
 buildings. 40 acres good timber, balance
 in a high state of cultivation.

211 acres, 5 miles south of town, improvements
 good, and everything in good shape. An
 opportunity you cannot afford to miss.

We have some very desirable homes for sale
 on the best residence streets in the city and at
 real bargain figures.

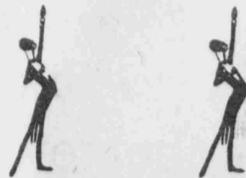
A right new modern cottage for sale or rent
 on 13th street, in the old Sharp addition.

Another one at a bargain on West 18th St.

Also some desirable building lots in different
 parts of the city at ridiculously low prices.

Call and see us if you are interested in a good
 home, either in the city or country. Now is the
 time to buy good property at prices that appeal
 to your pocket-book.

If you are looking for a good established
 business, well located, we have got just what
 you are looking for, and at the right price.



**Planters Bank
 & Trust Co.**