

The Kentuckian
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MORNINGS, BY
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212 SOUTH MAIN STREET.

DEC. 15, 1908.

The Weather.

FOR KENTUCKY—Rain Thurs-
day. Moderate temperature.

A THRIFTY TOWN.

Athol's Old Financial Contract With
Lyman Jennings.

By the terms of a contract entered
into thirty-one years ago between Ly-
man Jennings, then fifty-nine years
old, and the town of Athol, in Massa-
chusetts, he gave the town \$9,000 out-
right on its agreement to pay him in-
terest on it at 6 per cent as long as he
lived—\$540 a year—and then to con-
tinue after his death to pay to his
widow \$180 a year and to each of his
three children \$120 a year, an amount
equal to that which Jennings would
receive yearly during his lifetime, as
long as each of these four heirs might
live. The results of the contract are
being widely commented upon as a
reminiscently reckless deal by that thrifty
New England town. The selectmen
decided to take up with Jennings' offer
after applying the figures of a life
insurance mortality table to the five
proposed beneficiaries. Jennings lived
thirty years instead of the fourteen
and a half years that they had credited
him with. The town meantime had
paid out to him \$16,200. His wife and
one daughter now survive him, and
the town is paying them together \$300
a year and must continue to pay one
\$180 a year and the other \$120 so long
as each lives. In other words, it is
now getting the use of \$9,000 for only
about 3-1-3 per cent interest. If it in-
vested the principal properly there
ought to be a good profit in this. But,
supposing Jennings had put that \$9,000
in a good savings bank back in 1877,
he would have drawn \$540 a year on
it for at least fifteen years or so and
after that only 5 per cent or 4 per cent
or perhaps as low as 3 1/2 per cent at
times, but on an average interest of
4 1/2 per cent for the full period he
would have drawn \$12,500 in all, and
his widow and daughter would now be
drawing 4 per cent on it, or \$300 a
year instead of \$300, and, besides this,
they, not the town, would own the
\$9,000. Lyman Jennings wasn't nearly
as good a "figgerer" as the town of
Athol was, after all.—New York Com-
mercial.

Coy Young Thing.

The following advertisement recent-
ly appeared: "Being aware that it is
undelicate to advertise for a husband,
I refrain from doing so; but if any
gentleman should be inclined to ad-
vertise for a wife, I will answer the
advertisement without delay. I am
young, am domesticated, and consid-
ered ladylike. Apply," etc.

There is more Catarrh in this section of the
country than all other diseases put together, and
until the last few years was supposed to be in-
curable. For a great many years doctors pre-
scribed it a local disease and prescribed local
remedies and by constantly failing to cure with
local treatment, pronounced it incurable. Science
has shown catarrh to be a constitutional disease
and therefore requires constitutional treatment
Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney
& Co., Toledo, O., is the only constitutional
cure on the market. It is taken internally in doses
from 10 drops to a teaspoonful. It acts directly on
the blood and mucous surfaces of the system.
They offer one hundred dollars for any case it
fails to cure. Send for circulars and testimonials.
Address F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.
Sold by all Druggists, 75c.
Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

A Holiday Necessity
A BOX OF



Give us your order
now as we have
only a limited num-
ber of boxes.

Cook & Higgins.

Fiction

HIS LAST ASSIGNMENT.

By CHARLES E. VAN LOAN.

The sporting editor stood at the win-
dow and drummed on the sash with
his pencil. Three blocks away, over
the roofs of Newspaper row, a column
of flame shot into the night, and the
clang of hurrying engines rose sharply
from the clattering streets below.

"Great Jehoshaphat! That's a big
fire, Chester; close too. Who's got it?"
The city editor came to the window,
copy in hand, and flattened his nose
against the pane.

"She is a roarer, isn't she? I sent
young Stanley out on that. I didn't
know it was going to be a big thing or
I'd have sent some one else. Looks like
more than he can handle. I'm afraid."

The sporting editor ceased his tap-
ping on the window and turned to the
speaker.

"Say, Ches, what's the matter with
the youngster anyway? From the way
he shaped up at first I thought he was
going to make a top notcher, but Eddy
Rice and the News and Tim Barnes of
the Reporter skin him alive whenever
they're out on the same assignments.
I don't understand it. And he was
such a big help to me last winter with
that football stuff, too; knew all the
team like a book; played on one of 'em
year before last, if you remember.
He's as steady as a clock and as will-
ing as a boy can be, yet every time
he gets a chance to do something big
he goes up in the air."

"I know that," said the city editor.
"This is strictly on the q. t., but the
old man sent for me only last night to
talk to me about that very thing. He
says the boy hasn't shown any natu-
ral aptitude for newspaper work and
unless he makes good he'll have to be
dropped." And the city editor went
back to his blue pencil again.

From down the smoky street came
the muffled roar of human voices. The
sporting editor threw up the window
and leaned out.

"Cheering, by George! Hear 'em,
Chester? There must be something
doing down there; fireman making a
grand stand play most likely. I can
see your scare head tomorrow. 'Our
Brave Fire Laddies.' Hey?"

Ten minutes later one of the office
boys dashed in, breathless and excited.

"Say, Mr. Chester, you otter been
down th' street. There's three women
up on th' top floor of th' building
what's afire, an' everybody thinks
they're goners, 'cause th' streets is tore
up wit' sewers, an' th' firemen can't
get in there wit' th' towers. A man
gets through th' ropes an' runs across
th' street wit' his coat over his head,
an' before they could nab him in he
goes at th' front door. Th' next we
saw of him he was up on th' roof
a-lettin' down a piece of rope to th'
window where th' women was. Th'
rope was only a short one, an' so he
hauls 'em up on th' roof where he is,
an' then we sees what he is goin' to
do. You know th' three story brick
what's next door? Well, there's a wire
runs from th' top of th' big buildin'
down to th' brick on a slant, about so."

And here Bobby indicated an
angle of about forty-five degrees. "He
litches th' littles woman on to this
wire wit' a piece of rope an' cuts her
loose. I didn't watch, because I was
scared it wouldn't hold her, but it did,
an' she got down all right. Then he
sends th' next one down. Nobody said
a word. We was just holdin' our
breath. While he was tyin' on th' last
woman th' whole insides of th' build-
in' caves in, an' I thought they was
both gone for sure, but when th' smoke
clears away there he is way on th'
edge of th' wall, wit' fire all around
him, an' th' last woman is halfway
down. Th' rest of th' rope he was
savin' for himself must have went
down into th' fire, for he looks around
for it just once an' then swings out an'
comes down that wire hand over hand
like a circus actor. When th' crowd
saw that he was a-goin' to make it all
right they cut loose, an' I bet you
could have heard 'em over in Jersey.
They swarms around th' brick buildin'
to meet him when he comes down, but
somehow he makes a clean getaway,
an' there don't nobody know who he
is nor nothin'."

And Bobby paused for breath, much
abashed to find that every one had
drawn near to listen.

The city editor threw up his hands
and groaned.

"Now, isn't it just my luck to send
Stanley out on a story like that? Why,
Billy Kibball would have got three
columns out of that, besides a signed
interview with this unknown person
and maybe a picture of him thrown in.
Dexter, you go out and get what you
can of this, will you?"

An hour afterward a tall, broad
shouldered young fellow came quietly
into the room and laid a bunch of
copy on the city editor's desk. Chester
looked up and nodded a greeting.
His practiced fingers already sorting
the penciled sheets.

"Looks a little sloppy, don't it?" said
he. "What's this—blood?"

The young man dived his hand into
his coat pocket and replied hurriedly:
"Yes, I'm afraid it does look a little
that way, but I cut my hand down
there, and I haven't had time yet to
have it fixed up."

Chester had reached the bottom
sheet, and when he spoke again his
voice came like the click of a steel
trap.

"How does this happen, Stanley?"

Didn't you see this man get the wa-
man off the roof?"

"Yes," said the reporter. "I saw as
much of that business as any one did,
I guess."

"And do you mean to tell me that
such a thing as that is only worth
three or four lines of copy? Didn't
you make any attempt to find out who
the man was or get any story out of
him?"

Chester was getting angry now.
Stanley's voice came clearly across the
hush that lay on the room.

"Well, you see, Mr. Chester, it didn't
strike me that that business amounted
to so very much. Any man would
have done the same thing. Don't you
think so?"

The city editor was now fairly rous-
ed, and his voice rang like a clarion.
"Wh'y, good Lord, man, don't you
know that the News and the Reporter
will everlastingly scoop us on this
proposition? Here's a man that takes
his life into his bare hands to do a
brave thing—to save three women
from being burned alive—and because
you fall down on the story you try to
belittle the whole thing! You ought
to be ashamed, sir! Why, tomor-
row morning the whole city will be
ringing with that man's name, and
here we are high and dry and scooped
all because it didn't strike you as
amounting to much."

The young man was pale, and he
mopped at his forehead with his hand-
kerchief, but when he spoke his voice
was steady.

"I don't think we'll be scooped this
time," said he. "The man slipped
away from them all. They haven't
any more idea of where he is now than
—you have, Mr. Chester."

"How do you know that?" rapped
out the city editor. "I suppose you
know who he is and all about it, eh?"

"Yes," said the young man very
quietly. "I know who he is."

The city editor leaned back in his
chair and stared, fairly gasping for
breath.

"Well, I'm damned!" said he at
length. "And you can stand there and
tell me that you know who this man
was and yet you made no attempt
whatever to get the story?"

Stanley bowed his head without a
word.

"Then all I've got to say to you is
that you've botched this business in a
way that ought to everlastingly dis-
grace the youngest cub reporter on the
street."

Stanley stood a moment, swaying
slightly, and then, putting out a hand
to steady himself, he spoke:

"I guess you're right, Mr. Chester,"
said he. "I know as well as you can
tell me that I haven't shown any abili-
ty in this line of work. You've been
very patient with me, and I appreciate
it. I don't suppose there will be any
need for me to write out a resignation,
will there?" And, turning, he walked
out of the room.

The sporting editor caught him at
the head of the stairs and laid a kind-
ly hand on the boy's shoulder.

"Harry, old man, I'm awfully sorry.
I am for a fact. Don't take what Ches-
ter said too much to heart. He's away
off tonight anyway. But why didn't
you tell him who the man was, Har-
ry?"

The younger man put out his hand,
but winced at the grip that met it.

"Joe," said he, "I know I'm not cut
out for this business, and it's just as
well I quit it now as later, only—I'm
sorry I had to fall down—so hard.
It wasn't because I didn't know it
would have made a good story, but I
can't give the man's name."

The sporting editor spoke quickly.
"Wh'y, man, your hand is bleeding!
Let's have a look at it."

Across the palm and the joints of the
fingers ran deep parallel cuts, and as
the sporting editor bent over them a
great light came to him. Their eyes
met, and the older man's were full of
tears.

He strode back to the editorial rooms.

"Chester!" he called, and the city
editor looked up. "We've got the man's
name, and, by heavens, it's more than
a scoop for us!"

The Shortness of Life.

What always strikes one so forcibly
is, I think, the shortness of human
life compared with other works of na-
ture. The longest life—how short it
is! And half of it one can hardly call
life, being spent in sleep, which is not
real existence.

A French preacher I heard once
brought the shortness of life strongly
before me by relating in his sermon
how a saint in olden days, wishing to
impress on himself the rapidity of
life's race when he came to years of
discretion, placed eighty marbles in a
glass jar, each marble to represent a
year of human life, taking eighty years
as an outside limit very far exceeding
that. Then, taking another glass jar,
from the first one he took the number
of marbles representing the years he
had already passed and placed them
in the empty jar and then year by
year extracted a marble from the other
jar, more rapidly than he could
have dreamed, the two jars contained
forty marbles each. Then still more
swiftly did each year seem to speed
away, and what had so short a time
before been the full jar became the
nearly empty one till three, two and
then only one marble remained, and
life, which had looked so long at start-
ing, had swiftly and silently melted
away.—C. de la Warr.

Couldn't Stop Talking.

"Now, what are you going to do
with that machine?" asks the lady of
the photographer, to whom she had
been talking continuously since she
came into the studio.

"Pardon me, madam," replies the
artist, "but the only way I can get
your photograph and have a likeness
is to take a moving picture."—Chicago
Post.

When You Make a
CHRISTMAS GIFT

OF

Furniture

You give something that can be handed down to your pos-
terity. Especially will this apply to the
GLOBE WERNICKE SECTIONAL BOOK CASE

History affirms this in this case. Come in and let us show
you one of them.

F. P. RENSHAW

Watches, Diamonds, Cut Glass, Silverware

Never before have we shown so superb an assortment of WATCHES, DIAMONDS, CUT GLASS, STERLING SILVER
AND PLATED WARE as now. Whether you desire to purchase or not, come in and see the array of beautiful things within
our store.

When you reach our Show Cases the glimpse will remind you of this invitation

We always like to see lookers, for those who have no thought of buying cannot resist saying a good word for us and our
wares. Drop in. Seeing beautiful things will interest you.

DON'T MAKE SHOPPING TOO SERIOUS.

STOP AND FEAST YOUR EYES HERE.

Dependable Goods at Dependable Prices.

Expert Jewelers.
R. N. Holdsworth, Mgr.



ENGRAVING.
REPAIRING.