

FAST HORSES ARE SCARCE

Kentucky is Practically Denuded of Horses and Farmers Refuse to Sell.

Frank Taylor, the financier and breeder of fast horses, has returned from a trip through Kentucky, where he went about a month ago to gather recruits for the stable of H. E. Hallenbeck.

"If any man has a notion that good race horses are easy to get this winter he should go to the blue grass region and attempt to make a few desirable purchases," Mr. Taylor says.

"Kentucky practically is denuded of horses. Only a few stables are wintering at Louisville and Lexington and none at Latonia. The few at those tracks were not for sale. Nor could I find purchasable horses at the various farms I visited, although I was willing to pay good prices, and said so. The Kentuckians evidently believe that the game is coming back and intend to hold out for better prices.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

WOMEN'S LOT IN PHILIPPINES

Only When They Become Old Does Their Rest Time Really Come.

Life accustoms the Filipino woman to labor at a very early age. As a tiny girl she is rarely seen without an appendage, in the shape of a baby brother or sister perched on her hip. When she grows a few inches taller and a few degrees stronger she is pressed into service as a water carrier, bearing heavy jars on her head from the river to her home. Now, too, she works in the fields, and a vivid bit of color she makes in her short-kilted scarlet skirt. When she becomes a woman—and she is a woman at fifteen or before—she may have a small shop to tend, and there is the rice to beat and much other work to do. Marriage brings no vacation. She tends the fields, cooks and frequently has a stall in the market for several hours a day. But when the women are really old then their rest-time comes. They sit quietly by, looking on as life goes past them, but taking part no more.

SARDINES AS PICKEREL BAIT.

Ralph Boothe of Groveland claims the record for pickerel fishing at Conesus lake this winter, landing nine big fellows in two hours time. The most remarkable feature of the catch was the bait Boothe used. He had nothing suitable to put on his hook when he reached the lake, so he bought a can of sardines at Sutton's hotel and tried the oily fish. The pickerel seemed to relish the sardines thoroughly and Boothe was the gainer as a result.

Big catches of perch are brought to Geneseo and disposed of at the meat markets here daily and not a few individuals from here are going over to the lake every few days and replenishing their own private larders. The perch fishing is the best enjoyed so far this season.—Conesus Lake correspondence Rochester Union and Advertiser.

IN THE WILD EAST.

Silas Bush, L. Hazzard and Levi Schnopp, while fox hunting in Juniata township, Huntingdon county, saw the tracks of a wildcat, which they followed to a rocky section of the mountain, where a fierce battle took place between the pursued beast and five dogs, in which the cat came out victor and retired to a cave.

The hunters got five sticks of dynamite, blew the rocks away and killed the savage creature. The cat measured three feet six inches in length and weighed 35 pounds—the largest killed in this part of the state in years.—Williamsport Gazette and Bulletin.

THICK AND THIN.

The plot thickened. The heroine on the other hand, though many years elapsed, remained thin throughout the entire five acts of the play.

"Eh, ha!" she laughed buoyantly, in the face of fate, for when, on appearing in her sixteenth gown, she perceived that women in the audience were about to expire of envy, she felt that her future, was, on the whole, safe.—Puck.

THE DIFFERENCE.

Fanatics starve to death while bigots die of gout. Otherwise they are much alike.—Life.

IS OLDEST OF MUMMIES

British Museum Has Remains of King Who Ruled in Egypt 4,000 Years Before Christ.

The British museum has hundreds of Egyptian mummies of all dynasties carefully stowed away within its walls. Some of these are comparatively recent efforts at embalming, while others date back thousands of years.

The oldest of the entire collection is the mummy of Mykerinos. He was a king in Egypt in what is known to history as the "fourth dynasty," and wore his golden tiara and sat on the Egyptian throne 4,000 years before the birth of Christ.

Mykerinos was the builder of the third pyramid at Ghizeh, where his headless mummy was discovered in the year 1836. The stone coffin in which he was being transported to England was lost at sea, and lay at the bottom of the ocean for two years before being recovered.

It is seldom that a man's bones are subjected to vicissitudes, especially five or six thousand years after his death.

DICE THROWING FOR CHECK

Curious Ceremony Takes Place in the Town Hall at Guildford, England.

A curious ceremony took place at Guildford town hall, England, the other day. In 1674 a sum of money, known as "maid's money," was left by Mr. John Hew. Only those who had served as maidservants in the same household for two years are eligible to compete. The competitors have to throw dice, the highest thrower winning the prize. Edith Palmer, who has been in the employ of Mrs. Jarson of Guildford for over seven years, was the prize winner this year. In the same service and for a similar number of years, her sister, an unsuccessful thrower last year, secured this year's apprentices' prize of £21 1s 10d. This latter prize is known as John Parsons' charity (1702). Apprentices competing for this prize must have served their time, be freemen, and worth not more than £20. This year there were no apprentices to compete and the prize was awarded to last year's unsuccessful maidservant, Miss Dora Anne Palmer.

SHE COULD SPELL.

She is a bright little girl and an adept at imitating grownups. Recently she saw her mother writing a letter to her father, who was in a hospital, and decided that she would write a letter, too. She scribbled away, as little children do, and finally presented a scrawl, neatly folded, as if ready for mailing.

"What did you say in your letter?" asked the mother.

"Oh, all about papa being sick and taking quinine," she answered.

"Taking quinine! Why, your father has a broken ankle. But, tell me, how did you spell quinine?"

"Oh, I spelled it all right."

"But how, dear?"

"Oh, you know how to spell quinine—k-w-e-n-t-y—s-e-v-e-n—k-w-e-n-t-y—e-i-g-h-t—k-w-e-n-t-y—n-i-n-e—q-u-i-n-i-n-e!"

FOR AMATEUR GARDENERS.

Manure water is necessary for growth and development of plants. The usual mode is to put manure in a sack and soak the same till the manure is saturated. A better plan I have discovered is to put manure in a box whose bottom is perforated with holes. Place box over a tub. Pour water through the box and, without soiling hands or clothes, the manure water can be obtained any strength desired. In experimenting farther I found, by elevating the tub and box (I used a stepladder for support) and attaching hose to the bottom of tub, I could carry liquid manure to any part of the greenhouse and keep myself spotless and scentless. Flower lovers, try this and vote me your thanks.—Harper's Bazar.

THE FRUIT OF LOVE.

"I heard Jim telling Kitty she was the apple of his eye."

"I suppose that is why he loves her, as I heard him say to his heart's core."

JUST THAT.

"Did you have fine times on your auto trip?"

"I should say we had! Nothing but fine!"

WOMEN'S MISSIONARY RALLY AT FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH

There will be a Missionary Rally at the First Baptist Church Wednesday by the women's societies. There will be a session in the forenoon, lunch at noon and another session in the afternoon. The program is given below:

- Organ Prelude.....Mrs. Richards
- Hymn.....No. 235
- Scripture and Prayer.....Dr. Thompson
- Song—"Oh! to Do Something".....Miss Agnes Flack
- "Frontier Work".....Mrs. Thompson
- "A Vision of Woman's Work".....Mrs. John P. Garnett
- Address.....Mrs. Proctor
- Hymn.....No. 234

THE NOON HOUR.

- At 1:30—Organ Solo.....Mrs. Richards
- Hymn.....No. 214
- Address.....Mrs. Ernest Anderson
- Song—"Why Have You Not Told Us Before?".....Mrs. Hamlett
- Round Table—Conducted by.....Mrs. Proctor
- Song—"Hosanna".....Mrs. Wharton
- "The Outlook of Missions in the World".....Miss Elizabeth Garrett
- Sunbeam Number.....Miss Willie Rooke

ASYLUMS CROWDED.

Next Legislature Must Provide For Additions.

Frankfort, Ky., May 6.—The records of the Board of Control of Kentucky's charitable institutions show that the average number of patients confined in the three asylum for the insane during the month of March this year was 3,705. Of this number 1,453 are confined in the Lakeland asylum, near Louisville, 1,060 in the Eastern asylum at Lexington and 1,162 in the Western asylum at Hopkinsville.

All the asylums are crowded and it is difficult to find room for a new patient till one of the old ones is discharged as cured. It is expected that the next Legislature will be asked to provide for additional buildings at two of the asylums, and the Board of Control will likely recommend that a separate institution established for epileptics. Very few of the epileptics are crazy and should not be confined with the insane people, so the experts say.

PROSPECT'S GOOD

For a Great Revival at Hebron Church.

The protracted meeting at Hebron church, near Church Hill, is increasing in interest with each service. Rev. A. L. Mell is assisting Rev. G. W. Lyon, the pastor. Services are held daily at 10 o'clock a. m. and 7:30 p. m. The prospects are good for a great revival before the close of the series.

NOTIFY SUPT.

If You Wish to Take The Examination.

Supt. Hamlett announces that the annual examination for applicants for certificates to teach in The Hopkinsville White Public Schools will be held at the Clay Street School next Friday and Saturday, May 12th and 13th. All who expect to take this examination, are requested to notify the Superintendent at once.

Tobacco News.

Inspector's Weekly Report Hopkinsville Tobacco Market Week ending May 5, 1911. Receipts for week.....284 Hhds. Receipts for year.....4,767 " Sales for week.....242 " Sales for year.....809 " S. G. Buckner, Tobacco Inspector.

Reduced Prices.

For the rest of the season will sell Barred Plymouth Rock eggs from best pens at \$1.00 for 15. Standard Poultry Co. Phones 94.

Sometimes the biggest bluff is made by the smallest man. He who seeks a wife without fault will remain a bachelor.

TRIBUTE FROM BERNHARDT

Her Greek Toast to Rostand Was Imitated by One of Dramatist's Sons.

Apropos of Madame Bernhardt, the latest anecdote concerning her and Edmond Rostand, is as follows: On the day of the admission of Edmond Rostand to the French academy the brilliant author, according to the anecdote in question, gave a breakfast to a few friends, the guest of honor being Mme. Bernhardt.

She wore a very handsome gown, which she declared was made expressly for the occasion, and was never to be worn again.

At the end of the breakfast she arose and with an impressive manner held up a glass, saying: "I drink to the greatest of French dramatists, Edmond Rostand, and I drink after the Greek manner." Then she poured the contents of the glass over head and gown.

Rostand's two small sons were sitting at a side table wearing new velvet suits, also made for the occasion. In the silence which followed Mme. Bernhardt's dramatic tribute the elder lad arose and imitating her manner said:

"I drink to the greatest of poets, my papa, and I also drink in the Greek fashion." And straightway he deluged himself and his small brother with the contents of his glass.

On being reprimanded, the lad declared that he could not see why he should be punished for doing a thing which everybody applauded when Mme. Bernhardt did it.

SOME HUMORS OF JOURNALISM

Country Editor on Onions and Romance—Miss Daisy Devoe's New Wedding March.

A country editor unburdens himself thus: "It beats the imagination how a girl can eat onions and then go off and write romantic letters."

A correspondent reports that at a recent "function" in his town "Miss Daisy Devoe presided at the piano and beautifully played Mendel & Son's wedding march."

"I wish to enter and take an active part in the battle of life. What would you advise me to do?" "Get married," wrote the editor of the "Replies to Queries" column.

A Harvard avenue lady informed her servant: "If you want eggs to keep you must lay them in a good place." "All right, mum," said the obedient servant, "O'll minton it to the hins at once."

A Constantine (Mich.) man advertised a cow and a calf for sale, and to the prospective purchaser, who doubted that the calf belonged to the cow, he said: "I hope it does, because I bought that calf and gave it to her myself."

PHONE IS GOOD ENOUGH.

As a matter of fact it is now too late to find a good substitute for "telephone message," the efficient reason being that a bad one has already come into general usage and by so doing been changed to a good one, or at least to one as good as a thousand other words which nobody thinks of criticising. Now, as long since, we "phone" when we talk over the wire "phones," and often, if not usually, we speak of the message as a "phone," even though we wouldn't yet write of it as one. And the single word seems to serve the three purposes well enough.—New York Times.

SEEING ONLY WAS BELIEVING.

A trio of professional story tellers were off in a cozy corner of the club, spinning yarns. Brown had just told a most unbelievable story, and the other two glanced at each other questioningly.

"Well, I assure you, gentlemen," said Brown, "if I hadn't seen it myself I shouldn't have believed it."

"Ha—h'm—well," said one of the doubtful ones, "you must remember, old man, that we didn't see it."—Lippincott's Magazine.

NOT YET.

"Can Kid Biff, the prize fighter, come back?"

"Not for a few years, anyway."

"He's in the penitentiary."

IN DOUBT.

"Do you think the harem skirt is really coming?"

"To look at it one can't tell if it is coming or going."

GRATEFUL SILENCE OF SNOW

It is a Great Relief From the Clatter of the Paved Streets in a City.

"I like the snow silence," said Mr. Goslington, "the stillness that falls on the city when snow comes."

"As the pavement begins to be covered with snow the sound of the horses' iron-shod feet is deadened and gradually a change comes over the world, and then as you see horses go by, moving with a strange stillness, you realize it is the silence of the snow."

"And then you have days of this days of silence, and then comes a day when from some spot where the snow has worn away you hear again the sharp ring of an iron-bound hoof, and by another day the sounds of the town have come back, and then once more you hear the familiar clatter, clatter, clatter of hoofs in the busy street."

"In the other things seem distant, far, strange. In this they seem near, friendly; they have come back, and the returning ring of the hoof on the pavement is a sound I like to hear; but still I do fancy, as we have them now and then, those periods of the silence of the snow."—New York Sun.

HIS IDEA—"TIED"



She (who has just returned from the seaside hotel)—It was so very quiet. The only thing one could hear was the moaning of the tide.

He—How many dogs did the landlord have?

APRIL FOOLERS.

Arthur L. Raymond, the famous pitcher, was talking about "curves" at a baseball banquet in New York. "There are all sorts of correspondence courses," he said, "that teach you how to learn to pitch, but they are apt to be April foolers."

"A lad once asked me how long it would take to make a pitcher out of him. I told him it would take three years, working eight hours a day. But that was too hard. He saw in a sporting paper an advertisement that said:

"Send \$3 and learn to be an expert pitcher in 24 hours."

"So he sent on the money and got this reply:

"The method is extremely simple. Just divide pitching in 24 parts and learn one every hour."

A DEFECT.

A certain skeptic was contending before a minister that the work of the Creator was manifestly imperfect. "Have you not yourself," he asked, "noted defects in the human organism, for instance, and thought of better contrivances?" To his delight there was the frank reply: "Why, yes, I really think I have." "In what respect?" "Why," drawled the parson, "you see, when I want to shut out anything disagreeable from my sight I can draw down my eyelids and it's all done; but, unfortunately, I haven't any flaps to my ears." Free conversation ceased at about that point.—The Christian Guardian.

FREE ADVERTISING.

Myles—I don't think Sheehan will ever be elected United States senator. Styles—Well, suppose he's not it's certainly worth something for a man to get his name in the newspapers every day!

HIS DISCOVERY.

"Pop, do Panama hats really come from trees?" "Yes, my son." "Oh! I know! It's a hat tree!"