

### JOAN AND TWO MEN

The girl sat on the side of her bed, swinging her legs and thinking deeply, with a very worried expression on her interesting face. She was not exactly pretty, but much more arresting than many prettier people. If seen in her clothes—including shoes and stockings—she was tall and very slight, with red hair and golden-brown eyes and the creamy skin inclined to freckle that usually goes with that type.

She had just returned from a dance and had evidently brought back with her much food for reflection. The burden of her thoughts ran somewhat thus: "I like the man and he has tons of money, and if only one could arrange to live with him on nice, friendly terms without unnecessary love-making it wouldn't matter his being more like a billy goat than a man, and I shouldn't have so much minded marrying him. But now I'm afraid I really couldn't. I should always be wishing he was Hughie, and that wouldn't be moral. Would it? Nor quite fair to him either perhaps. Hughie is the greatest difficulty, because if I wasn't in love with him I don't think my conscience need have pricked me for not being properly in love with Mr. Tudor. Men with bandy legs and goat-like beards can't expect their wives to be wildly in love with them. Now can they?"

"You can respect a goat beard and deeply sympathize with bandy legs, but they never could inspire in you a purple passion scarcely holy, and you could never, never kiss them—I mean him—of your own accord. But oh, why must I marry at all just yet?"

"How on earth am I going to make up my mind? I know what I shall do. Write to Hughie and ask him to come here tomorrow to help me to decide."

Next morning a note was dispatched to Captain Hugh Gore, Irish Guards, Chelsea barracks, and at 4:30 p. m. Joan was in the drawing-room waiting to receive him, garbed in softest white—red-haired women should always wear white or black—and looking extremely fetching. Presently Captain Gore was announced, and after the usual greetings started off in rather prim style.

"I got your note, Miss Verney, and have as you see hastened to obey your summons."

"Oh, thank you so much for coming! I hope it didn't inconvenience you awfully. But you've to come down off your stilts. Call me Joan just for the occasion, and help me to decide a most awfully momentous question. I shall call you Hughie, too, and shall try to think you are a young diving or Christian brother or something in the professional advisory line so as to excuse my sending for you."

"But, my dear little girl, why bother about any excuse? I was, as you very well know, only too delighted at the opportunity. But," not taking her seriously, "nothing I hope is going to interfere with your coming down to the club on Sunday. We will have a jolly time. First the drive down—and, by the way, you must sit in front of me—then after lunch I will punt you up to Bray away from 'the madding crowd,' and we will laze and laze and laze, and I shall tell you a story which though it has been told hundreds of times before—"

"By you, Hughie?"  
 "—Is," unheeding the interruption except by a guilty look, "nevertheless always interesting when told by the right person."

"Are you sure it would interest me, Hughie, and that you are the right person to tell it?"

"Well, I hope devoutly it would and that I am. And, sweetheart, why need we wait till tomorrow, I mean Sunday? Let me tell it to you now."

"On no account, Hughie; it might be fatal to a sensible decision if you allowed yourself, or I allowed you, to become sentimental. And I'm not sure that I like sentiment on the river either. There is such an air an odor of low license—you needn't laugh, I've heard father use the term in talking of licensed houses where people drink too much, and it seems to me just as appropriate for those kind of people in punts who kiss and cuddle and behave in a manner, to quote Mrs. Gamp, 'too brazen for words.' It makes one burn to the bone, and you never know where to look, though they don't mind what you see and, as mother says, 'glory in their shame.' But we must get back to our main-

ton; and, Hughie, you've got to muster all the wisdom and cupidity you possess and leave sentiment entirely out of the question."

"Well, for goodness' sake let us worry it now and get it over whatever it is, and then we can enjoy our tea."

"Well, firstly," Joan said, "would you mind Mr. Tudor coming with us?"

"Why, certainly I should mind. And why in the name of everything that's sensible should you want to cart that ass down for to be getting in everybody's way?"

"He's not an ass, Hughie, and I assure you he can be quite giddy and festive. And you see it's like this"—with a little saintlike sigh of resignation—"I may be engaged to him by Sunday, and that's what I want you to help me to decide about."

"Well, of all the acts of coolness I ever heard of this takes the biscuit—to lure me here to advise you as to marrying another man."

"But why this outburst, Hughie? I thought you liked me."

"O, did you, indeed? Well, then, you were mistaken, for I have no liking for you, and I should have nothing but hatred and contempt if you were to marry that blighter, or anybody else."

"But, Hughie, dear, you don't want me to be an old maid, do you?"

"No; I want you to marry me as you gave me reason to suppose you would."

"Oh, Hughie, you must have been dreaming, then, or I must have been drowsing or drinking or something, for how could you support me and dress me and amuse me? You have only got enough for your own needs, and I've got nothing, but heaps and heaps of needs, and I do so love 'purple and fine linen.' Hughie, dear, I am greedy, too, and love nice out-of-season goodies and sparkling wines and lollies and things. Of course you know I would a hundred times rather marry you than Mr. Tudor, but he is quite a decent person, and I am, in fact, quite fond of him. And just think, Hughie, of all the lovely Paris frocks I could have and the scrummy things I could do and the frantic envy I could arouse in the breasts of my dearest foes, and the way I could strut and patronize and snub people who had been horrid to me, and I could be so nice to my friends who gave me good advice like you, Hughie. They could come in their scores and scores to borrow from me because I should get father to see that Mr. Tudor made me a huge allowance, even enough for that, and, Hughie, you must see surely that it would be simply a splendid match for me. But, Hughie," so softly and cooingly, "what would you do with an extravagant, ungodly wife like me if I were to decline this brilliant alliance and marry you instead?"

"I should love and cherish her and sail away with her to some country where I could labor and live for her, and I would make her as happy as the happiest woman in the whole world."

"Oh, Hughie, what fun; and you are a darling! And I may tell you now that I was only piling on the agony about my extravagance and greed and general odiousness just to put things before you and 'cos it seemed only fair to give Mr. Tudor's proposal every chance; but, honestly, I don't believe I should mind a bit being poor with you and, after all, it is one's own affair chiefly who one marries, so I just will marry you, Hughie," jumping into his outstretched arms. "But, snakes alive! won't the announcement give rise to occurrences when mother comes in!"

—Exchange.

"SUICIDE SYMPHONY."

Frederick Nietzsche agreed with those who found no inspiration in music. Indeed, he regarded music as a nerve poison, and declared that some music—particularly that of Wagner and Tchaikowsky—degraded the minds of many who heard it. Tchaikowsky killed himself after completing his famous "Sixth Symphony," which, as several others have died by their own hands after playing it, has come to be known as the "Suicide Symphony."

GUARANTY.

Traveler—Will there be time to get a drink, guard?

Guard—Yes, sir; plenty o' time, sir.

Traveler—What guaranty have I that the train won't go without me?

Guard (generously)—Well, sir, I'll go an' have one with you.—Sydney Bulletin.

### Nearly Smothered.

Chandler, N. C.—Mrs. Augusta Lomax, of this place, writes: "I had smothering spells every day; so bad I expected death at any time. I could not sit up in bed. I suffered from womanly troubles. My nerves were unstrung. I had almost given up all hope of ever being better. I tried Cardui, and it did me more good than anything I had ever taken. I am better now than I ever expected to be." Thousands of ladies have written similar letters, telling of the merits of Cardui. It relieved their headache, backache and misery, just as it will relieve yours, if you will let it. Try Cardui. Advertisement.

### Twice Married.

John E. O'Leary and Miss America Walker, of Shelbyville, Ky., eloped to Jeffersonville and were married by a magistrate and returning home the same day had another ceremony performed by a priest.

### Preferred Locals.

(Advertisements.)

Corn and hay for sale. Phone 174-3. J. R. GREEN.

25 nice saddle and driving horses for sale. Not afraid of automobiles. C. H. LAYNE.

See W. D. Porter of the O. G. Sprouse Co., incorporated, about your next tailored suit. Suits to order \$12.50 to \$40.00. Suits in stock \$5.00 to \$35.00. If you care to save, visit us.

If you have money to invest we can place it for you, secured by mortgage on real estate, at 7 and 8 per cent.

Can loan sums from \$200 on up. WALTER KELLY & CO.

If you have a house or building of any kind that you want moved see R. C. Lawson or call Cumberland phone 878-2.

### Cheap Bananas.

Car near L. & N. depot. Bunches 50c to \$1.00. 10c per dozen.

### Motorcycle Bargains.

1911 M. M., 4 h. p., clutch \$60.00. 1909 Indian 2 1/2 h. p., \$25.00. Call in person this week. Waltrip, cor. Virginia and First st.

### For Sale.

One good second hand, 4 H. P., horizontal International gasoline engine, in good running order, at a bargain.

PLANTERS HARDWARE CO. Incorporated.

### Costly Love Letters.

London, May 7.—A packet of upwards of 500 love letters of Robert and Elizabeth Barrett Browning was bought at auction for \$32,750 by a New York dealer.

### Bitter Struggle.

A bitter struggle among supporters of three candidates attended the election of Prof. N. C. Hammack as president of the Kentucky Educational Association.

### For the Weak and Nervous.

Tired-out, weak, nervous men and women would feel ambitious, energetic, full of life and always have a good appetite, if they would do the sensible thing for health—take Electric Bitters. Nothing better for the stomach, liver or kidneys. Thousands say they owe their lives to this wonderful remedy. Mrs. O. Rhinevaunt, of Vestal Center, N. Y., says: "I regard Electric Bitters as one of the greatest gifts. I can never forget what it has done for me." Get a bottle for yourself and see what a difference it will make in your health. Only 50c and \$1.00. Recommended by all druggists. Advertisement.

### Turned Down.

The New York State Senate refused to confirm the nomination by Gov. Sulzer of John Mitchell, the labor leader, as State Labor Commissioner.

### To Wed German Princess.

The wedding of ex-King Manuel, of Portugal, to Princess Leopold Hohenzollern will take place in August.

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

# L. & N.

## Time Card No. 136

Effective Sunday, Jan. 5, 1913.

TRAINS GOING SOUTH.  
 No. 33—C. & N. O. Lim. 11:56 p. m.  
 No. 51—St. L. Express 5:35 p. m.  
 No. 99—Dixie Limited, 10:41 p. m.  
 No. 95.—Dixie Flyer, 9:01 a. m.  
 No. 55—Hopkinsville Ac. 7:08 a. m.  
 No. 53—St. L. Fast Mail 5:33 a. m.

TRAINS GOING NORTH.  
 No. 92—C. & St. L. Lim., 5:25 a. m.  
 No. 52—St. Louis Express, 9:52 a. m.  
 No. 98—Dixie Limited, 7:03 a. m.  
 No. 94.—Dixie Flyer, 6:53 p. m.  
 No. 56—Hopkinsville Ac. 8:55 p. m.  
 No. 54—St. L. Mail, 10:12 p. m.

Nos. 95 and 94 will make Nos. 90 and 91's stops except 94 will not stop at Mannington and No. 95 will not stop at Mannington or Empire.

Nos. 52 and 54 connect at St. Louis for points west.

No. 51 connects at Guthrie for Memphis and points as far south as train, and for Louisville, Cincinnati and the East.

Nos. 53 and 55 make direct connections at Guthrie for Louisville, Cincinnati and all points north and east thereof. Nos. 53 and 55 also connect for Memphis and way points.

No. 92 runs through to Chicago and will not carry passengers to points south of Evansville.

No. 93 carries through sleepers to Atlanta, Madison, Jacksonville, St. Augustine and Tampa. Also Pullman sleepers to New Orleans. Connects at Guthrie for points East and West. No. 93 will not carry local passengers for points north of Nashville, Tenn.

J. C. HOOE, Agt.

## Tennessee Central

### Time Table No. 4 Taking Effect

November 17, 1912.

EAST BOUND  
 No. 12 Leave Hopkinsville 6:30 a. m.  
 Arrive Nashville... 9:45 a. m.  
 No. 14 Leave Hopkinsville 3:45 p. m.  
 Arrive Nashville... 7:00 p. m.  
 WEST BOUND  
 No. 11 Leave Nashville... 7:55 a. m.  
 Arrive Hopkinsville 11:10 a. m.  
 No. 13 Leave Nashville... 5:00 p. m.  
 Arrive Hopkinsville 8:15 p. m.  
 T. L. MORROW, Agent.

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