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New Fall Silks,
New Fall Gingham,
New Fall Percales,
New Fall Druggets, Rugs,
Matting, Linoleum, Oil Cloth.

Always the Best at the Lowest Prices.

CUT PRICES ON ALL SUMMER GOODS.

T. M. JONES

Main Street, Hopkinsville, Ky.

WELL DESERVED

The Praise That Comes From Thankful Hopkinsville People.

One kidney remedy has known merit.

Hopkinsville people rely upon it. That remedy is Doan's Kidney Pills. Hopkinsville testimony proves it reliable.

J. H. Hays, N. Clay St., Hopkinsville, Ky., says: "Some time ago I used a box of Doan's Kidney Pills and found them very beneficial. I had kidney trouble which caused my back to ache. I saw Doan's Kidney Pills advertised, got a box and used them as directed. They soon cured me. It gives me pleasure to recommend this fine preparation."

Mr. Hays is only one of many Hopkinsville people who have gratefully endorsed Doan's Kidney Pills. If your back aches—if your kidneys bother you, don't simply ask for kidney remedy—ask distinctly for Doan's Kidney Pills, the same that Mr. Hays had—the remedy backed by home testimony. 50c. all stores. Foster-Milburn Co., Prop., Buffalo, N. Y. When Your Back is Lame—Remember the Name."

FIRE CRACKER

Used In Breaking Up A Holiness Meeting.

Meager reports have been received here of the breaking up of a holiness meeting in the Pilot Rock neighborhood Saturday night. All that could be learned was that while the meeting was in progress several packages of firecrackers were turned loose in different parts of the crowd worshipping out in the open and the services were brought to a very abrupt conclusion.

DR. BEAZLEY Specialist

(Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat)

15 ARRESTS

By Police Saturday, All Minor Offenses.

After a season of comparative inactivity the police force got busy Saturday and about filled the lock-up with violators of the law, but all of the offenses were of a minor character. There were 5 breaches of the peace, about half a dozen drunks, one charge of petit larceny, and three white hobos who stole rides on a train. Judge Wood had more prisoners before him Monday morning than he has had for two months or more.

To Prevent Blood Poisoning

Apply at once the wonderful old reliable DR. FOSTER'S ANTISEPTIC HEALING OIL, a surgical dressing that relieves pain and heals at the same time. Not a liniment. 25c. 50c. \$1.00.

Improving.

Mrs. R. E. Cooper, who has been quite ill for two weeks with fever, is improving, though she had a restless night Sunday night. It is hoped that her recovery will be assured in a few days.

GOVERNOR CHAFIN

Shot Saturday Afternoon in Shooting Fest Near Town.

There was a general rough time Saturday night on the Clarksville rife, near the farm of John Renshaw, among the colored population. It is said about thirty pistol shots were fired. Governor Chafin, a son of John Chafin, a colored undertaker, was shot, but not seriously injured. Two young negro boys were arrested, but were turned loose. Sunday deputy sheriff Herbert Johnson arrested Lucian Jones, a colored man whose home is at Masonville, on the charge of shooting Chafin. Jones was put in jail to await his trial before Judge Knight. The same night Howard Majors, a negro boy, was shot in the leg by an unknown negro in the road in the same locality.

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

PELLAGRA

Causes One Death and Consumption Another.

Arthur Pyle, of Hopkins county, died at the Western State Hospital Sunday, aged 39 years. Death was caused by pellagra. He was received at the institution about two months ago.

Russell Veasey, a Webster county patient, aged 39, died Friday of tuberculosis. He had been here nine years. The bodies of both of the above were interred in the hospital burying ground.

For Weakness and Loss of Appetite The Old Standard general strengthening tonic, GROVE'S TASTELESS CHILI TONIC, drives out Malaria and builds up the system. A true tonic and appetizer. For adults and children. 50c.

A Traitor.

"She was drummed out." "Expelled from the suffragettes?" "Yes; they ascertained that she was merely hiving to take off weight and not through any real zeal for the cause."

Woman's Love and Man's Love.

"There's just two things that break up many happy homes," observed a philosopher. "What's them?" inquired a listener. "Woman's love for dry goods and man's love for wet goods. b'gosh!"

Wrong Kind.

"We had an alarming situation in our family this morning." "Dear me! What was it?" "My wife set the clock by mistake for four o'clock instead of seven."

Small Area.

"Biffels is always blowing about his ancestral estates." "Don't pay any attention to Biffels. He was born on a forty-foot suburban lot."

Too Busy to Run.

Anne was not very well, and found walking with her vigorous mother hard work. Mamma, however, was pressed for time, and presently hurrying ahead, called to the struggling, panting little girl to run. From a little distance behind her came the breathless protest: "I can't run, mother. You'll just have to wait for me. I'm so busy walking that I can't run."

BOUND TO WIN IN THE END

Inez Milholland Confident of Victory for British Suffragists, and Points Moral With Story.

"You think the militants won't win in England? You think governmental repression will put them down? Well, then, you haven't digested the story of the satrap."

The speaker was Miss Inez Milholland, the beautiful suffragist of New York. She continued:

"A certain satrap had a favorite wife. She went walking in the palace gardens one day, and had not been long gone when a servant entered, crying:

"O, master, your wife is drowned. She was walking, as usual, beside the swift stream that flows through the hazel copse, and, stumbling over an exposed root, she fell into the water. Not once did she rise. We have not yet recovered her body."

"The satrap, a man of few words, quickly ordered that a strong horse be saddled, and, mounting the animal, he proceeded to ford his way upstream.

"He had not gone more than a mile beyond his own domain when an official respectfully asked him his errand.

"My wife," the satrap replied, "was drowned in this river, and I am searching for her body."

"But, sire," cried the official, "you are going against the stream. You'll never find her that way!"

"Ah," said the satrap, "you didn't know my wife."

INGRATITUDE



"I wouldn't mind him laffin' cep' dat I give him dat banana."

FOLLOWING INSTRUCTIONS.

When nine-year-old Teddy displayed the shining new quarter which Mr. Brown had given him down at the corner store, mother very naturally asked if her little boy had said "Thank you," to father's friend.

No answer. "Surely you thanked Mr. Brown," she persisted.

Still no answer. Trouble showed on the little face.

"Teddy, listen. You ought to have said, 'Thank you, sir.' Did you?"

No answer yet. "Come here, dear little son. Tell mamma, now. Did you thank Mr. Brown for the quarter?"

"I told him, 'Thank you,' an' he said not to mention it, an' I tried not to."

INCREDIBLE.

"Now a man has decided that pretzels are not food."

"You don't mean to tell me that anyone ever thought they were food!"

AS USUAL.

"How do you like this chowder, Mr. Starboarder?" asked the landlady.

"It is cold, but not clammy," replied Mr. Starboarder.

HEAVY HANDICAP.

"Grace won the admiration of the guides, all right."

"As to how?" "She climbed Mont Blanc in a hobble."

PUZZLING PREDICAMENT.

"Why is Jiggers always in hot water with his wife?"

"Because they can't keep the pot boiling."

WORSE AND WORSE.

"Gracious! Isn't that bathing suit shocking!"

"You may think it is, but wait till you see her in her tube skirt."

ILLUSTRATION.

"Things are seldom as black as they are painted."

"Minstrels, for example?"

FEW REMINDERS OF DICKENS

Places and Characters of London Which Great Novelist Made Famous Are Vanishing Fast.

The day for studying the London of Dickens has gone by. The last ten years have completely wiped away the familiar signposts of Dickens' land.

The Dickens lover used to find pleasure in showing people where Bill Sikes and Nancy roamed, where Oliver Twist held forth and Mr. Pickwick and his devoted followers gave ground for the world's merriment; but even the old streets have disappeared and new ones have come in their place, running sometimes in opposite directions.

There is more of Thackeray's Georgian London than of Dickens' Victorian, though even the old Georgian era has been dented and buckled terribly by the modern flat and giant hotel.

It is only a few years ago since one saw Dickens' characters at every turn in the by-streets of London. But they are very rare nowadays and when they do appear they attract attention in the light of echoes of by-gone days. And it could not be otherwise.

SEEKING HELP



"How are you at picture puzzles?" "Pretty fair." "Maybe you can put together these forty-odd parts I have taken out of my automobile."

GOLD BURIED 2,500 YEARS.

Gold, 2,500 years old, was recently found at Eberswede, a little town about an hour's journey north of Berlin, Germany. In an earthenware vessel, a few inches high, 78 articles made of massive gold, and consisting of bracelets, drinking cups, rings, etc., have been found. Considering the length of time they have been buried, they are in an excellent state of preservation. One learned specialist declares that they are the work of the early Germanic inhabitants of the district. Another holds that they are decidedly of Phoenician origin, and reminds us that these enterprising traders penetrated into the interior of Germany from the Baltic more than 2,500 years ago.

WELL DRUGGED.

A doctor was summoned to a police station to examine an unconscious prisoner. The prisoner, very muddy and disheveled, lay on the floor of the cell. The physician bent over and examined him, and then, rising said, in a loud, stern voice:

"This man's condition is not due to drink. He has been drugged."

A policeman turned pale, and said, in a timid, hesitating voice:

"I'm afraid ye're right, sir. I drugged him all the way—a matter of a hundred yards or more."—Weekly Telegraph.

SURE OF ACQUITTAL.

Magistrate—The case against you looks pretty dark, Mr. Johnson.

Mr. Johnson—That's all right, judge. I kin prove an albino.—Puck.

ONE OF THE NUMBER.

Jones—Does he belong to the four hundred?

Smith—Yes; he's one of the ciphers.—Illinois Siren.

MADE BY DISSOLUTION.

Mantell—I had no idea that Banks was worth more than ten millions.

Dunlop—He wasn't until the government dissolved his trust.

HIS STATUS.

"My good woman, is your son an adolescent?"

"No'm; he's a cart driver."

ITS KIND.

"I see where one baseball man gave another one a hard wallop."

"Yes; that was a base hit."

GEORGE ADE "VILLAGE SAGE"

Fred Kelly, Humorist, Most Cruelly Shatters the Story Teller's Bucolic Dream.

Fred Kelly, the Washington humorist, visited New York the other day. He fell in with a party of other literary lights. They began to discuss men and things. By and by the conversation turned on George Ade.

"He lives the ideal life," said one. "He has enough money to secure every luxury, he need not work except when inspiration comes and he is looked up to by every one in his community."

Those present nodded their heads solemnly.

"What one of us," demanded the speaker, passionately, "would not give up the bustle and hurry of this frantic city if in return we might be certain of the meditative quiet of a small and restful community. How beautiful are the days of the village sage!"

Silence for a time. Then Kelly drew:

"Do you think there's such a h—l of a demand for sages?"

PHRASE PROVED AN OLD ONE

Sultan of Turkey Known as the "Sick Man of Europe" in the Seventeenth Century.

Now a collector of old prints comes forward with the proof that the expression, "the sick man of Europe," so persistently applied for years to Turkey, really dates back to the seventeenth century, when John Sobieski drove back the Turks from the gates of Vienna. He shows an old engraving with the Turk on his sick bed in the center and the doctors representing all the nations of Europe gathered about him. As has been the case ever since, they cannot agree as to the treatment. All want to make an end of the Turk; but the Spaniard wishes to apply a bomb, the Pole wishes to give him steel, the Prussian would stifle him with his cloak, etc. Change the names and costumes of the doctors, and this cartoon of nearly three centuries ago would answer for any of the numerous congresses that have since then attempted to settle the vexing eastern question.

FARMER PLANTING THISTLES.

While farmers elsewhere are working overtime to kill off and stamp out the Russian thistles, E. O. Stuart, a Grant county farmer, is planting them.

"I made a fair test of the thistles last winter along with kafir, cane and prairie hay, and I am strong for the thistle for cattle forage," declared Mr. Stuart. "The thistles are cut and fed before they get hard stickers on them, and the cattle like them and do well on them."

Mr. Stuart is preparing acres of land for thistle as a feed chop, disking and cross-harrowing and then sowing the thistle seed.—New York Sun.

JUST WHAT IS A "SNOB?"

There is probably no connection between a cobbler, sometimes called a snob, and the slang word "snob" used of a low fellow trying to push himself into the society of his betters. At the universities it used to be common to speak of a "nob," from nobilis filius, a young nobleman or sometimes a college man. The letter "s" having a negative, or privative force, added to "nob" making the word "snob" would thus mean a disnoble, or ignoble mere townsman, as contrasted with the sons of colleges, or gownsmen. Hence it crept into use as meaning anyone ignoble from birth or breeding.

HAD HIM THERE.

"You say we people who indulge in debate are slow," said Mr. Longwood, with a grin.

"That is my opinion."

"Well, you are wrong. The Panama canal itself won't be open till 1915. Debate on the subject of tolls has been wide open for some time."—Washington Sunday Star.

EXPLAINED.

Gabe—Jones is always in the hole. What's the matter with him?

Steve—He spends all his time building castles in the air.

BOTH FRENCH.

Krag—I see that Artley has bought a new Corot.

Jorgenson—You don't say! Limousine?—Jack-O-Lantern.

VOLUMES BEYOND ALL PRICE

First Folios of Shakespeare's Writings Jealously Guarded by Their Fortunate Owners.

There appear to have been five hundred copies of the Shakespeare first folio printed, of which about two hundred are known to have survived. Of these, fewer than twenty are in perfect state, while about one hundred and sixty copies have sustained serious damage at various points. The value of the four early folio editions of Shakespeare is partly determined by their pedigrees. The duke of Leeds owns a first folio which two former owners, Charles Killigrew and William Congreve, have inscribed their names. Garrick's first folio is in the library of Queen's college, Oxford. Sir Henry Irving possessed a second folio which had belonged successively to Lewis Theobald, the greatest of all Shakespeare's textual critics, Doctor Johnson and Samuel Ireland. In South Kensington museum there is a third folio adorned with a curious collection of autographs. At the top of the title page is the signature of Leigh Hunt, and on other portions are the signatures of Charles Dickens, Robert Browning, William Wordsworth, Charles Knight and George Henry Lewes.

MIGHT YET FULFILL PROMISE

Improbable Possibility Put Forth by Lawyer Won the Case for the Defendant.

Mr. Justice Byles, when at the bar, noted for his astuteness in advocacy. On one occasion he was for the defendant in an action for breach of promise of marriage. The plaintiff proved the promise to marry, and that the defendant had married some one else. The question seemed a matter of damages, but Byles put two questions to the plaintiff:

"Did not he propose to marry you when his father was dead?"

"Yes."

"Is his father dead?"

"No."

"That is my case, my lord," said Byles.

"But, Brother Byles," said the judge, "he has married somebody else."

"Well, my lord," said Byles, "his wife may die before his father or afterward, and he may outlive them both, when it will be time to fulfill the promise."

The defendant won his case.—London Tit-Bits.

ONLY ONE EXPLANATION.

A milkman in a country town not far from New York, was brought before the local court to answer a charge of adulteration of milk.

"You are charged," said the judge, "with a most serious offense, of selling adulterated milk. Have you anything to say in answer to the charge?"

"Well, your worship," answered the milkman, "the night before it was raining very hard and the only cause I can give is the cow must have got wet through."—Harper's Weekly.

HARD CASE.

Patience—I hear Fred was pinned down under his automobile, today.

Patrice—Indeed! Well, nobody ever succeeded in pinning him down before.

USED TO IT.

"A crisis in China would be a terrible thing for the nation."

"I don't see why. We have it in our kitchen every time we get a new cook."

AT THE MEDIUM'S.

"I come here to get some light whereby I may see astral bodies."

"Then why not get an astral lamp?"

EXPERT.

Teacher—What is a motor reaction?

Up-to-Date Class—One is when the auto turns turtle.

TIME TO GET UP.

General—It's 'af pastnine, sir.

Lodger—Good heavens! Why didn't you tell me before?

General—Because it wasn't, sir.

THEIR SPECIALTY.

"What are dog watches on vessels, pa?"

"I guess they're the kind that are used principally by barks."