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THE SONG IN THE STORM. It rains, but on a dripping bough A little bird sings clear and sweet. I think no knows not why nor how, Except that with his slender feet He feels that nature's pulses beat.

MURDER SUICIDE. A BARRACK MYSTERY. BY GATT W. YOUNG. HERE was commotion in the barracks. Private James Nolan had been killed in his cot with his throat cut, and a razor lying on the floor on the left side of his bed, close to his drooping left hand.

Now, as he was known to be a right-handed man, this was strange to begin with. But as he had lately come into a bad habit for the rest of his existence, the affair looked stranger still.

Private Nolan was a good character; he was a quiet, sober, a d. inefficient sort of man, one whom the married ladies of the regiment liked to utilize for hanging pictures, or other house-work—he had been a decorator—and that he should commit suicide almost immediately after receiving the news of a legacy which should place him beyond want for the rest of his existence, was a bit strange.

But this was a queer business and one which touched regimental feelings to the quick, and so, amongst themselves, a strict search and inquiry was being made.

The case seemed plain enough for an ordinary mind—in fact, a coroner's inquest held that "the deceased had committed suicide while insane," but there was still that annoying feeling of life that nasty taste in the mouth, that some one unknown, at present in the regiment, knew more about the matter than he ought.

Private James Nolan came from Preston, Ohio, and had been born and bred a miner, as his folks had been before him, afterwards taking to the decorating trade. And he had belonged, for a short time, to the militia—the 10th Kentucky.

I have always had a fair share of curiosity in my nature, and, putting aside all extraneous ideas—divesting my mind of every opinion promulgated—I set myself to work to solve the mystery. I confess I had a suspicion of one man, but I also must confess that it was not until I felt very much ashamed of myself for having entertained the suspicion.

SEARCHES AND INQUIRIES MADE. A long, lonesome Scotchman named Macdonald was my primary suspect. I knew him to be, as far as most of his race, an intensely jealous individual. But he did not seem to me to be the position of murderer for such a mere trifle as occasional professional jealousy.

Then, again, there was an Irishman. He might have loose principles on the tenure of life and the advisability of permitting a rival to do to him what he would do to him if he were not so far as a cold-blooded murderer.

I short, the more I dived into the business, the more puzzled I became; and, I think, so would anyone else. Most folks who love their Shakespeare and I am one) remember that scene, so effectively rendered by Irving, of Hamlet and the players.

I determined, finally, to test the different men whom I suspected by a similar trick. I chose the play of "The Bells," and I cast the man on whom my suspicions had centered for the part of the murderer.

Time drew on, and I was still as much at fault as ever. There is a particularly thrilling part to "The Bells," when the Jew, Mathias, is arrested, and while in a state of hyptic unconsciousness, relates the story of his crime in every detail, thrilling the court with the intensity and vivid reality of his statements. I had cast myself for the role of the lawyer.

Never once did my "subject" and myself go through an entire rehearsal of our respective parts, and on the night of the actual representation, "when the prisoner released himself, I was, unfortunately, that very opportunity for the success of my plot, taken ill suddenly and obliged to ask that my part should be read.

The next night I was quite well again, and the play proceeded smoothly enough until the court scene was reached. I had keenly observed Macdonald all along and imagined that the excitement and the surroundings generally appeared to have pleased him, yet not so much as to be excited, except by a close watcher.

As he told his ghastly story under the hypnotic influence he really worked himself up uncommonly well; and as he related the actual details of the murder he seemed to put himself actually in the murderer's place.

HE SENT A TELEGRAM. Heventer He Will Probably Know Better. He is in the employ of one of the largest manufacturing firms in the city and is also a nephew of the senior partner. Some time ago he left on a Friday evening to stay over Sunday at a summer resort, which is quite near here. When he arrived he found, as he expected, the girls very, very attractive and late Saturday afternoon decided that he could not tear himself away on Sunday, so he telegraphed his immediate boss as follows:

"Do you need me? If not, I shall stay." The telegram was, of course, received, but no attention paid to it, and the sender, thinking something wrong, reported at the office bright and early Monday morning. Finding everything all right, and nothing being said about the telegram, he mentally kicked himself for coming home. For several hours he worked along with poor grace. Finally word was brought to him that his uncle wanted to see him, and quaking with fear, he obeyed the summons. When he entered the old gentleman's sanctum he was invited to sit down and make himself quite comfortable. After rummaging through some papers which were on his desk, uncle, took from them a piece of yellow paper, turning around, he looked his nephew straight in the eyes and said:

"My boy, this telegram was received by the head of your department Saturday afternoon. It reads: 'Do you need me? If not, I shall stay,' and is signed with your name. Did you send it?" "Yes, uncle," came the answer meekly.

"You did? Then let me tell you, sir," and the atmosphere became suddenly chilled, "that I have been here for forty years, and they don't need me." The telegram was laid down, and a head of the establishment picked up a pen and began writing. Nephew knew that the interview was over. Just as he was going through the door, he heard uncle mutter: "Do they need me?"—Pittsburg Dispatch.

ARTIFICIAL REFRIGERATION. Recent Applications of the Science of Freezing. The production of artificial cold has, during the last fifteen years, become quite an important industry. "Freezing machines" are now among the personal requisites of civilized life.

The refrigeration of perishable articles of food for transport by ship stands first on the long list of commercial applications of the science. In the cold-storage freezing machines now employed on board ships for the transport of meat from Australia, New Zealand and America, the meat is placed in large chambers, the walls of which are double, the interspace being filled with wood charcoal as a non-conducting material.

A jet of intensely cold air is delivered into the chamber at each stroke of the piston of the expansion cylinder, and the temperature of the chamber is thus kept near the freezing point during the whole voyage.

Another interesting application of cooling by means of solutions which have a very slow freezing point has lately been made in mines. One of the greatest difficulties which can occur in the operation of sinking a shaft is that presented by a stratum of sand saturated with water. In more than one case this difficulty has been overcome by freezing the sand and water into a firm mass, through which the shaft can then be easily bored as into a solid rock.—Golden Days.

THE CONDOR AT HOME. Old Stories of His Prowess Found to Be Only Fabulous Creations. The home of this magnificent bird is in the chain of the Andes in South America, and the neighboring countries to the west, and it is found inhabiting these mountains from Ecuador and Columbia down to the Strait of Magellan, and again extending on the east coast as far as the month of the Rio Negro in Patagonia. It bears confinement well, examples being generally to be seen living in the zoological gardens; and some idea of the extent of wing in the condor can occasionally be obtained when the birds are standing themselves on the perch. The expanse in large individuals is said to reach as much as eight or nine feet. All observers agree that when seen in a wild state the flight of the condor is truly majestic, and it is capable of ascending to an immense height, at which a man could not breathe on account of the rarefaction of the air, a state of things which is fatal to the condor, who is often lost to sight amidst the clouds. The most exaggerated stories of the strength and prowess of this vulture were circulated by the old authors, and it was even said to attack full-grown oxen. The careful observations, however, of recent travelers have dispelled many of the fabulous stories respecting it, and it is now a well-ascertained fact that the condor does not attack full-grown animals of any size, but will devour newly-born and helpless offspring, and several will unite to kill the mother should she appear in a weak and sickly condition. The supposed habit, attributed to these birds, of dropping from their talons a piece of meat, proved by the weakness of the last-named organs, and their utter incapacity for grasping a thing; in fact, the feet play a very insignificant part in the bird's economy, the powerful bill being the chief factor in tearing a carcass to pieces.—Casella's "Natural History."

CANINE CONSCIENCE. The Incomplete Moral Tendencies of a Rascal. In his work on "The Human Mind," Prof. Sully writes as follows in a footnote: "One of the clearest examples of canine conscience I have met with was given me by a friend, the owner of the dog, and the result of his action. The animal, a variety of terrier, was left in the dining-room, where were the remains of a cold supper. He got on the table and secured a piece of cold beef, but, before reaching a morsel of it, he carried it into the drawing-room, deposited it at the feet of his mistress, and then crawled out of sight, looking the picture of abject misery."

I have no wish to say one word which shall detract from the moral excellence, if anyone likes so to call it, of that terrier, but I may, perhaps, be allowed to analyze his case. We may suppose he was hungry, poor fellow, but the matter is, in my opinion, that hunger was checked in presence of the mistress which is the outcome of the dog's mode of life as the companion of man, and which has probably been inherited from his ancestors. One of the social tendencies of the canine, which, like wolves and jackals, hunt in packs. Note, in passing, that the checking of this impulse was incomplete. Had it been complete he would never have stoled the tongue at all, and would have remained unknown to fame.

His is not the only case in which our sympathies go out toward the imperfectly moral more freely than toward those who are above reproach. In the case of the terrier, the prompting of what we should call a lower impulse, the satisfaction of hunger, for the moment got the better of what we should call the higher impulse, obedience to the mistress; but only for a moment. The higher impulse prevailed, and the dog crept slyly to his mistress.—Prof. L. Morgan, in Fortnightly Review.

A Dwelling-House in India. Fancy an enormous house rambling out into a series of immense rooms, all on one floor, piazzas twenty feet deep, immense chambers (in the middle of which stand the beds), doors and windows wide open, the grounds filled with palms, bananas, and all sorts of tropical trees, the song of birds, the chirp of insects everywhere, and a dazzling sun blinding down on the Indian ocean in front. A dozen or more dusky Hind servants, barefooted, dressed in white, with bright turbans around their waists, and bright saris on their heads, are moving about everywhere, as still as cats, and with no end of devotion to their little duties. One of them seems to have nothing to do but to look after me; he has worked over my limited wardrobe till he knows every shirt and collar better than I do myself. He is now brushing my hat for the twelfth time this morning. The life is luxurious. Quantities of delightful fruit, cool breezes, places with luxurious chairs, a sumptuous breakfast, "hot" (as we call it here) and dinner-table, and no end of kind attention. I am open, the grounds are in a day before Christmas, as if it were a rather hot August morning at home.—Century.

Last Survivor of a Tribe. An old squaw who was the last survivor of the once powerful and cruel tribe of Rogue River Indians died a few days ago in Oregon. The white settlers were driven to a war of extermination against them by their atrocious half-breeds, and with the idea that a dead Indian is the only good Indian, first attributed to Gen. Phil Sheridan, an Oregon paper says that the old animosity aroused against them by their cruelties to the peaceful white settlers have never wholly passed away and that the destruction of the tribe is so manifestly in accord with nature's great law of survival of the fittest that any attempt to stay its progress would have been futile.—N. Y. Sun.

Little Miss Mugg. "I've got a bicycle, and you know it." Little Miss Frockles—Yes, and now everybody knows you wear darned stockings.—Good News.

Some Men Are Built That Way. "He's lazy, you say?" "Lazy! That's no name for it. He'll run half a mile to catch the omnibus to ride two hundred yards."—Town Topics.

He Knew. Head of Firm—Have you had any experience with double entry? Prospective Bookkeeper—I should say so! I've been shipping clerk for one of the largest houses in the trade. Head of Firm—But you didn't learn anything about double entry, did you? Prospective Bookkeeper—Certainly, sir. When the goods were shipped I made one entry, and when they were returned I made another. Ain't that double entry?—Clook Review.

Generosity Heed. Struggling Pastor—Nearly all the congregation have subscribed liberally for the building fund, and I feel sure that I can also have your hearty cooperation. How much will you—Mrs. Leander—Let me see. Oh, I am the only member who has a carriage, I think! "Yes, the rest are poor." "Well, I will give around and collect the subscriptions."—Demorest's Magazine.

A Session at Home. "Going to lodge, Arthur?" exclaimed the young wife, in surprise. "Didn't you know you were a member of any lodge?" "Why, no—yes, Georgiana," said the young husband. "I belong to the Order of Elk." "And would you rather spend the evening with a lot of Elks than with your own little dear?" And Arthur meekly hung his hat up again.—Chicago Tribune.

He Didn't Forget Anything. Waiter—Haven't you forgotten something, sir? Customer (anxiously)—Why, did I give you a quarter? Waiter—No. Customer (relieved)—That's all right, then; I haven't forgotten anything.—Truth.

An Irrefragable Argument. She—So that is Travers-Russell's yacht. I understand he is highly connected in England. Belongs to an old aristocratic family. He—Oh, that's impossible! Why, he pronounces his name exactly as it's spelled.—LIFE.

Expecting Too Much. "Do they love each other?" "They did, but it is hardly to be expected that they can do so now." "Why not?" "They've been engaged two years."—N. Y. Press.

What She Needed. Mr. Grassaway—I tell you, doctor, that I am sick, and you haven't even looked at my tongue. Doctor—I know that it needs a rest which I haven't looked at it.—Texas Siftings.

A Rebekah. Cholly (seeking to be friendly)—Wather clove to-day, isn't it? Her Father (gruffly)—Great Caesar, young man! haven't you got sense enough to know whether it is or not without asking?—Judge.

ANOTHER EVOLUTION. The cigarette and the dude.—Judge.

Preliminary Information. Fond Father—in giving you my daughter, Mr. Willwood, I pass into your keeping the dearest thing I have on earth. Mr. Willwood (anxiously)—How much does she cost you a year, may I ask?—Town Topics.

She Didn't Believe in Shooting. He—Wonderful story that of Henry's! Why, he hit the bull's-eye nine times in succession yesterday. She—Yes, but just think of the suffering that poor bull. Men are so cruel.—Boston Globe.

On the Other Side. Mrs. Henry Peck (looking up from her paper)—Ah! well, poor Henry is rid of his troubles and misery at last. Mr. Henry Peck (in astonishment)—Why, I didn't know his wife was sick. When did she die?—Peck.

Couldn't Say Definitely. "Do you take this man for better or for worse?" asked the minister. "I can't tell until I have had him a little while," returned the bride.—Harper's Bazar.

Willingly Taking Accomplishment. Willwood—I hear that Charley Dodgson is a great mimic. They say he can take off anything. Arthur—That explains it. I couldn't imagine where my umbrella had gone.—Boston Globe.

No Deception. "Didn't you promise to love, honor and obey me?" "Yes, but the minister has known me all my life, and he knew I didn't mean it."—Peck.

Barred Out. Mrs. Von Blumer—I am afraid that young man in the parlor is trying to kiss Clara. I thought I heard her cry out. Von Blumer—Heaven! let me go in there at once. Mrs. Von Blumer—You can't get in, my dear. She has locked the door.—Truth.

Like Heat. Wife—My husband is the queerest man. Friend—In what respect? Wife—Why, before he married me I couldn't get him to leave the house for twelve o'clock, and since I can't get him to come to it before that time.—Detroit Free Press.

Friend—I should think it would irritate an Irishman, with such an aversion toward anything English as you hold, to have red hair. O'Toole—Yes; but think of 'th' plishure O' have an' outin' it!—Peck.

Not Much of a Feast. Bertie—Auntie, the car was so crowded I had to stand on one foot all the while way from Harlem. Caddie—Why, that's nothing. Any gals can do that and never think of talking about it.—Harper's Young People.