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The Tri-Weekly Kentucky New Era, August 7, 1888

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Recommended Citation

The Tri-Weekly Kentucky New Era, "The Tri-Weekly Kentucky New Era, August 7, 1888" (1888). *Kentucky New Era Tri-Weekly*. 427.
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The Tri-Weekly Kentucky New Era.

VOLUME III.

HOPKINSVILLE, CHRISTIAN COUNTY, KENTUCKY, TUESDAY, AUGUST 7, 1888

NUMBER 136

CONDENSED NEWS.

A four tract is the latest thing out. One has been organized in this state.

A man named Carter was carved up by a butcher knife at Danmor, Ky., by a man named Shoghter.

Knoxville, Tenn., has a decided way of settling elections. A Republican candidate got into a quarrel with an independent candidate, and pulling his pistol shot him through the head.

Isa H. Vincent, ex-state treasurer of Alabama, now serving a term in the state penitentiary for swindling \$22,000, threatens to make a full confession which is expected to implicate a number of prominent people in Alabama.

A well-to-do farmer named "Look" Stevens, living near Hartford, Ky., was fatally beaten with an axe by Mrs. Lucie Austin, a widow living on the adjoining farm, because he had whipped Mrs. Austin's boy for chasing his cow.

In a slight contest on the Union Island between Democrats, Broad Church, the best got made. Daily Johnnie Ross in the morning, and had knocked Daly down with the hit of his sword. It must have been a very scientific display.

Henry M. Vincent, of Millersburg, Ky., was sent to the Lexington Insane Asylum Monday. Those who were acquainted with him say that his loss of reason was caused by his excessive cigarette smoking, he having been known to smoke over one hundred per day. At the time that his illness commenced to give way he was holding a lucrative position in Louisville, Col., a couple of years ago, and was a model young man.

About fifty deaths are reported among cattle about the Ohio Falls, in Kentucky and Indiana, from a disease spoken of as "Texas fever." The first symptoms are a constant shaking of the head and an inextinguishable thirst. The body and the legs of the animal attacked begin to swell and the limbs grow weak. In a few hours the weakness reaches such a state that it is impossible for the animal to stand any longer. The tongue is swollen into knots and protrudes from the mouth. The animal struggles about twenty-four hours, sometimes less, and then succumbs.

A frightful tragedy is reported from Burtonsville, a small place thirty miles from Ashland, Ky. For some time Peter Gilly, a housekeeper, suspected that his wife was too intimate with the clerk, and set a trap to catch them. Saturday he accompanied her to the store, and set a trap to catch them. Late Sunday night he climbed into his room through a window and caught the couple in his room. He killed the man, fatally wounded his wife, and left his only child good-bye, then cut his throat, dying in an hour. The woman is fugitive, but cannot recover.

The bloody Saturday afternoon was the scene of one of the most horrible and disastrous fires that has visited New York in many days. Fourteen dead bodies were taken from the ruins and a number of persons taken to the hospital badly burned or injured by jumping from the burning building. The building burned was a six-story death-trap located in the rear of the People's theater, in the center of the block bounded by Bowers, Madison, and Delancey streets, and was an approachable save by a alley way scarcely three feet wide and hundred feet deep. The first, second, third and fourth floors were used as a salubrious abode by different firms who employed nearly one hundred men and women in the manufacture of clocks. All the employees were Polish Jews. The building was filled with inflammable material, which burned fiercely and rapidly, and by the time the fire reached the scene it was a roaring furnace. Back of the building is a narrow court yard about six feet wide and covered with flagging. All roads of escape being cut off, many of the frightened inmates rushed to the windows and jumped from the third and fourth stories to the narrow pen below, only to receive broken limbs or death. Many were overcome by the smoke before the firemen came and when found their bodies were injured to cripple. The fire lasted over an hour.

A profound sensation was created in the police court of Evansville Saturday morning when the name of Rev. Thompson McEwen was called to answer the charge of insulting a highly respectable lady with indecent proposals. The lady in question was Mrs. Jennie McCallan, the young and beautiful wife of the master mechanic of the Louisville and Terre Haute railway. At 2:30 o'clock Friday evening the lady was strolling leisurely along the sidewalk in close proximity to her home, when she was startled by McEwen coming up behind her, and, as alleged, proposing to walk with her and making such other proposals as caused her to run into the yard of a neighbor, where she was standing. The minister, as alleged, waited for her to come out, but when he saw that she was about to put some one on his track he decamped, but was followed closely by a young man who saw him enter a restaurant, where he was soon afterwards arrested and identified. He was carried to the lock-up, where he soon afterwards gave bonds. Mrs. McCallan, accompanied by her husband, appeared as prosecutor, and on the evidence the Mayor fined the young minister \$34.00. During the trial Mr. McEwen steadily maintained his innocence and sneered when the witnesses gave their testimony. McEwen came to this city last Tuesday to take the place, temporarily, of Rev. Charles Morris in the pulpit of St. Paul's Episcopal church, one of the most fashionable congregations in the city. He was, of course, dismissed by the vestry and commanded to go by his way. The affair has caused an unusual sensation from the high standing of the parties concerned.

NEIGHBORHOOD NOTES.

(Pleasant Hanger.)

The sixteen-year-old son of Worth Placock, living a few miles from town on the Farmerville road, while out hunting last Sunday evening accidentally dropped his gun, which, in falling, was discharged, the contents, a load of small shot, entering the lower part of the abdomen and producing a wound from which he died in a few hours.

(Charlotte, Tennessee Lead.)

W. M. Collier, gate keeper at the upper bridge, lost a valuable mule from his yard, and went through fence as it was made of straw. Fortunately his death quickly followed its ravings, because there might have been more. Collier does not know where or how the mule became incut with the poison, though the supposition is that it had been bitten by a mad dog.

The heaviest rain ever known in that section fell in parts of the Sixteenth and Twentieth districts, and the edge of Jackson county last Sunday about noon.

The various creeks of Jackson's creek were swollen away beyond their former proportions, and Indian creek, close on our informant says. Hardly a dead fish was left in that section, and fields of wheat and corn were in some instances washed up by the roots and in others down pouring waters. Pierce and his crew were lighting away on the River. Jerome Trotter's chimney on Indian creek was struck and demolished by the lightning and his family much shocked, although none of them were hurt. The lightning also struck a mule belonging to Robert Ruppel in the same neighborhood. The mule was not killed outright, but died afterwards. Farmers were busy all day Monday and Tuesday making temporary fences to protect their exposed fields from the stock. Fortunately all the houses in that section are on the ridges and there is no loss of life to report.

(Burke's Arctica Salvo.)

The best sale in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chalks, Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per bottle. For sale by R. B. Garner.

(Crofton News.)

Special correspondence. Crofton, Ky., Aug. 6th.—The last day of the affair.

The Union Sunday School will hold their picnic at Chalybeate Springs, near here, Thursday, 10th inst. An interesting programme will be arranged and good times had by the children.

Mrs. Maudie Hamby sent us a basket of apples, for which we beg to thank her.

Mrs. Condit and children are visiting relatives at Tunnel Hill this week.

Frank Payne, a colored laborer, had a pick driven through his hand last Friday by another laborer. They were working close together and Frank would throw his hand backward as the pick was descending.

Mon. thieves raised both Webster and McKean Davis' patches last week and when they found they had stolen the wrong clothes they took, mistaking it for a catanope, in question will be asked.

The little folks of the town had a light party at Mr. Koenig's last Friday night.

Miss Chambers, of Nashville, is visiting Miss Birdie Johnson this week.

Rev. Gant and Moore, of the Christian church, preached here Saturday night and yesterday.

George Bowles killed forty six gray snakes, the cut one and forty-five young ones, last week. If you doubt that, you show you the club he killed them with.

The Universalist church here is now without a pastor.

THAT HACKING COUGH can be quickly cured by Shiloh's Cure. We guarantee it.

John Robinson, the veteran showman, died at a o'clock Saturday morning. He had been for some weeks in a critical condition. Mr. Robinson was more than 80 years of age, yet until within a very short time he maintained a remarkable degree of vigor. He had spent almost his whole life in the management of circuses, being succeeded by his sons within the past few years. He had amassed a large fortune.

After Three Years.

W. W. Watson, of Springfield, Tenn., says: "I have been suffering with Neuralgia in my face and head and of for three years. I purchased a box of Dr. Tanner's Infalible Neuralgia Cure and took eight of the pills. I have not felt any symptoms of Neuralgia since. It gives me pleasure to recommend it." Sold by all druggists.

Various Modes of Suicide.

"Various modes of suicide, poisoning is by far the favorite," said Dr. Hamilton. "I looked the subject up between 1866 and 1873 and found that of over 500 suicides here in those years 215 were committed by poisoning. The preference in poisoning was for arsenic, and this in the commonest form, Paris green. Women almost always poison themselves, usually eating women using Paris green, and eating women colored or morphia. The frequency with which Paris green is used is due simply to the ease with which it can be obtained. The laws governing the sale of the different kinds of poison are not half stringent enough.

In London hanging is the popular form of suicide, though voluntary starvation need to be. In France people drown themselves or die from suffocation by inhaling charcoal fumes. It is a singular fact that of the people who shoot themselves 75 per cent. shoot themselves in the mouth. At least this was the case at the time I gathered facts about the matter. Suicide by jumping from a great height is a horrible way of killing one's self, but it is often done. And I am inclined to think that many cases of this character which are set down as such are not intentional suicides, but instances in which the morbid tendency which nearly every one looks upon as a great height to which one's self down, has overpowered the will.

The story of this character when the experience of this character when the difficulty that I overcame a fearful restlessness and impulsive to throw myself down into the blue sea, 2,000 feet below me. A fellow physician once told me that he had a patient who never failed to jump on the third or fourth floor of a house because of his fear of heights, and an incredible impulse to throw himself out of the window."—New York Sun.

A Boston Prison Kitchen.

We went to the kitchen, where the dinner was being got ready. The smell of the soup was fragrant and appetizing, great bowls of boiled back-salt soup, soup, soup, and the reserve of the kitchen was an acquired taste, but the soup was capital. It is served out in the wooden bowls, each containing a portion for six. The kitchen is a great hall with wooden spears, helping themselves. In my hand all hot from the great heat of the stove, I saw a dull ginger bread, but in it was a small piece of the unseasoned palate. The kitchen was full of the smell of the prison bread, it was quite as good as that you get in private homes. I asked by Mr. Bessie, a French prisoner, who had been in the prison for some time, and the prisoner said that no restriction is placed upon the amount of food prisoners may consume. They had as much bread as they could eat at breakfast, at dinner, and at supper. As a rule, the daily consumption of bread did not exceed two pounds per man. There was no skilful, a kind of thin beer, was served to them, and this again without limit as to quantity. Of the soup, each man could have as much as he pleased, also back-salt.

The only article which was weighed was bread. Every man received a quarter of a pound of bread a day. They did not weigh their prisoners in boxes on entering and leaving the jail. That is a practice which they might introduce with advantage. There is no argument as to the necessity of the custody of prisoners treated as the violence of a world which has accompanied the physical privation and torture. And as they do not weigh their prisoners neither do they photograph them; neither do they take impressions of their thumbs, which is an ancient French custom. In this direction something remains to be done.—Fall Mall Gazette.

A Japanese Comic Artist.

Coming to modern times a brief glance at the work of the distant land in pleasant order. About 120 years ago the most famous artist Japan had ever known was born. His name was Ukiyoe, and of the word which means the artist of the day, he had a wonderful power to have exceeded all others. All other artists confined themselves almost exclusively to the work of the court, rich dresses and gorgeous silk costumes, with waves and palanquins.

But Ukiyoe made a new departure. He gave himself up to humor. He painted steadily until 1849. He has left many books of sketches, and the results of numerous trips are left in illustrated albums. His favorite study was the horse. One of his drawings represented a horse with its hind legs wally waving in the air, while a young woman stands on its back, which had been trailing behind him all the time.

The scene is supposed to be laid in Kyoto, a little village on Lake Biwa. The young woman, named Kaneko, is noted for her strength. In jumping the girl the horse, in jumping the girl, the horse's further flight was at once checked. Ukiyoe is dead, but his pictures are held among his countrymen as examples of perfection in art.—The Journalist.

There's some sort of a telegraphic communication between a horse's mouth and his driver's hands," said an old horseman the other day, "and the best place to prove it is in front of a pulling contest. I've seen a horse that would jump and rear a little while the driver approached, but quiet down in a very few moments. I've seen that same horse with another driver get perfectly frantic—another to death, you might say—and kick everything into kindling wood under exactly similar circumstances. The same horse, the same driver, the same harness, the same place. Why is it that two men of equal, or nearly equal, strength have an entirely different effect on a horse when holding the reins? There is certainly something in the touch of one man that isn't in the touch of the other. Confidence is inspired in one case, fear in the other. How is that feeling put in the horse's head unless it is telegraphed from the driver's hands?"—New York World.

Don't Experiment.

You cannot afford to waste time in experimenting when your lungs are in danger. Consumption always seems, at first only a cold, but not permit any dealer to impose upon you with some cheap imitation of Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Cough and Colds, but be sure you get the genuine. Because he can make more profit he may tell you he has something just as good, or just the same. Don't be deceived, but insist upon getting Dr. King's New Discovery, which is guaranteed to give relief in all throat, lung and chest affections. For sale at H. B. Garner's City Pharmacy.

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Children's full regular made hose 10c, a pair worth 20c.

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Mosquito bars, made up, only 50c.

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