

# L. & N.

## Time Card No. 136

Effective Sunday, Jan. 5, 1913.

### TRAINS GOING SOUTH.

No. 93—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. 7:48 a. m.  
No. 55—St. L. Fast Mail 6:33 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. Fast Mail, 10 p. m.

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

No. 92 and 94 connect at St. Louis for points west.

No. 51 connects at Guthrie for Memphis and points east and west, and for Louisville, Cincinnati and the east.

No. 55 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 carry passengers to points south of Evansville.

No. 93 carries through sleepers to Atlanta, Macon, Jacksonville, St. Augustine and Tampa, Fla. 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. HOGE, 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

### THE THRICE-A-WEEK EDITION

### OF THE NEW YORK WORLD

### Practically a Daily at the Price of a Weekly.

### No Other Newspaper in the World Gives So Much at So Low a Price.

This is a time of great events and you will want the news accurate and promptly. The Democrats, for the first time in sixteen years, will have the Presidency and they will also control both branches of Congress. The political news is sure to be of the most absorbing interest.

There is a great war in the Old World, and you may read of the extinction of the vast Turkish Empire in Europe, just as a few years ago you read how Spain lost her last foot of soil in America, after having ruled the empire of half the New World.

The World long since established a record for impartiality, and anybody can afford its Thrice-a-Week edition, which comes every other day in the week, except Sunday. It will be of particular value to you now. The Thrice-a-Week World also abounds in other strong features, serial stories, humor, markets, cartoons; in fact, everything that is to be found in a first class daily.

THE THRICE-A-WEEK WORLD'S regular subscription price is only \$1.00 per year, and this pays for 156 papers. We offer this unequalled newspaper and the Hopkinsville Kentuckian together for one year for \$2.65.

The regular subscription price of the two papers is \$3.00.

We are prepared to do all kinds of high-grade job printing. Try us.

## WAS TRUE TO HIM

### Convict's Mountain Sweetheart Clung to Him Through All His Troubles.

By GEORGE A. BAFFIN.

He crouched in the undergrowth, cautiously parting the bushes with one hand to peer out down the mountain side. He was a ragged giant of a man, clean-limbed, yet with a strange pallor upon his face. Upon each wrist, too, were half-healed scars. These had been caused by the heroic efforts which he had used to free himself from his manacles. But he was free at last. He had escaped from the state penitentiary three weeks before and his pursuers had never been able to discover his secret hiding place upon Bear mountain.

He had heard them seeking for him eternally; on the very day after his escape he had come upon one of the guards dozing under a fir tree. He had taken his rifle and then, awakening him, scornfully ordered him to depart. The man had obeyed fearfully, and the rifle and a box of matches had enabled the fugitive to live. But every time he brought down a rabbit or partridge the sound of the shot, echoing through the valleys, at once informed his pursuers of his whereabouts.

He looked round cautiously. No one was in sight. High up on the opposite hill he saw the outlines of a tiny cabin. It was his sweetheart's home—Mollie Stark's. It was to avenge an insult to her that he had shot and crippled Seth Baldwin. That was two years before, and he had been sent up for ten. Mollie had sworn to be true to him.

But since his flight he had not dared go near her home. It was too desperate a chance to take. But a visit on his part to the wild glen in which they had plighted their troth had resulted in the finding of a package of food placed there by Mollie. In it was a little note.

"Dere Ben," it ran. "I hid this and brot it here thinking you would come here. Come to the cabin on Monday nite at nine. Lovingly, Mollie."

The full moon gave almost as much light as the sun. The fugitive crawled down the slope and approached the opposite height, worming his way up through the ferns and close-clinging vines. At last he emerged upon a little rocky eminence a hundred yards distant from the cabin. From Mollie's window a rag fluttered. The fugitive understood that sign. She was alone. Grasping his rifle he went forward boldly.

He was within ten yards when the door opened. His heart leaped. Mollie stood in the doorway, her arms outstretched, to welcome him. Behind her was the flickering candle. But as he drew near, suddenly a sight froze his blood. The shadow of a man had passed the candle; another, and another. He halted in his tracks. Behind Mollie he saw a rifle barrel.

With an oath he flung back into the brushwood. He would have fired, but, treacherous though she was, he could not bring himself to kill her. He heard yells behind him, Mollie's screams, the shouts of his pursuers. If they had fired before he won the woods they might have brought him down as he had brought down that rabbit the afternoon before. But, oddly enough, they forbore, and with a shout of defiance he gained the forest path and was speeding like a stag toward Bear mountain.

An hour later he dropped exhausted upon the ground inside his cave. It was a bear's hole, cunningly hidden on the mountain side. Among that waste of burned-over pine stumps none could hit upon it save by accident, and that he did not anticipate. It was not fear that made him pant like a marathon runner, but wrath and self-contempt.

Mollie was a traitress! He had been fooled by a chit of a girl, for whose sake he had suffered two years in the penitentiary. Anger overcame all other feelings. He would show her! He would show them! What should he do?

For an hour he lay thinking, gnawing his lip in rage. His passion for her had been so strong, his love so large a part of his existence, that the revulsion was terrible. He must contrive some punishment commensurate with the crime. Among the hill women there could be none other so base as to betray her lover, as Mollie had sought to betray him. He had recognized one of the men in the parlor as Frank Merriman, the sheriff. He had been a suitor for Mollie's hand before she promised herself to Ben. Doubtless he had persuaded her.

Ha! He had his plan. It flashed into his brain ready-forged in the furnace of his wrath. Doubtless Merriman would be at her home the following night. Her father, the bedridden old man, would be helpless. He would steal in and shoot the man before Mollie's eyes—and then—then—cut off her hair, leaving her to the derision of the hill folk.

His plan consumed him. He passed the outstanding hours like a man in a delirium. Day dawned, the sun blazed upon the wild-eyed man who paced to and fro upon the mountain side. The shadows lengthened as the sun declined; at last the fiery orb touched the horizon. Shouldering his rifle he marched doggedly through the scrub until once more he saw Mollie's cabin outlined against the darkening sky upon the further ridge. Even as he watched a tiny spark flashed out from the parlor candle.

An hour later he was lying upon his

stomach outside the cabin. Inside he saw Frank Merriman, smoking in one corner. Mollie was laying the supper table. Occasionally she stopped before the sheriff and seemed to plead with him. Ben gritted his teeth.

If only Merriman would lay aside his rifle. But he kept his clasp of it even at the supper table; it was only later when he arose that he placed it for a moment against the mud wall. The watcher knew that his time had come. Mollie's hands were on Merriman's arm and she was pleading very earnestly. Ben fancied that she was crying.

He sprang to his feet and rushed through the open door. He saw indistinctly; the world was revolving in a fiery mist, through his weapon. Next moment, too enraged to fire, Ben had dropped his rifle and his hands were on the sheriff's throat.

To and fro they wrestled. The table was knocked down. The clumsy chairs went spinning across the room. The candle was dashed to the floor, and in the bewildering night each only knew that he was fighting for life with an implacable adversary.

Ben dug his knuckles into the hollow space between the point of the jaw and the great cord behind the ear—an old woodsman's trick, to compress the carotid and produce unconsciousness. He felt his enemy weakening. He had him at his mercy now. Suddenly a tremendous blow fell upon his head from behind. He heard the shivering of the cheap rifle stock, flung out his hands, felt for some stable hold in the encompassing darkness, and tumbled to the ground. The last thing that he saw as his senses left him was the faint glimmer of the relict candle and Mollie's agonized face, in its aureole hair.

"Ben!"

"Mollie!"

He started out through the whirling phantasmagoria that surrounded him. He was dizzy and deathly sick. Gradually, as the fog cleared from his brain, he realized that he was lying in a little room. He lay in Mollie's room, upon a bed, and the face that he loved best in all the world was bending over him.

"Thank God he is coming to, Frank!"

"You had better leave him for the present." It was the voice of Merriman. He came into the circle of Ben's vision, a mighty man, his face swathed in bandages. Looking upon him, Ben dimly wondered how he had ever had the strength to wrestle with such a fellow. He was too weak to lift a finger now.

"Well, young fellow!" Merriman was scowling down at him. "You've done for yourself pretty well now," he continued. "If my nephew, Walt, hadn't had the gumption to come up at the right moment and snatch my rifle you'd have had a murder charge against you. I thought you were gone when I saw the whack he gave you that night."

"That night! When?"

"Two weeks ago tomorrow. Yep, I reckon you've kind of lost count of time," he continued, smiling less evilly. "You've been mighty near death, young fellow, let me tell you."

"Well, I guess you've won," said Ben feebly. "When are you going to take me back to the penitentiary?"

Frank Merriman scratched his head, then, fingering his bandages, he scowled; at length a smile broke out upon his face.

"When will you be ready to start?" he asked.

"You'll have to put me in a cart, I reckon," answered Ben. "Frank," he continued, "I'm likely to get a life sentence now and we aren't likely to meet again. I want to ask a promise of you. Treat Mollie well. She's the finest girl in the world, and if she was false to me—well, I reckon it was for your sake, Frank."

The sheriff stared at him. Then he turned abruptly away. "The—devil—you—say!" he muttered.

He went to the door and called the girl. Ben heard them whispering outside. And presently he was aware, in his weakness, that Mollie was bending over him again.

"Ben!"

"Mollie!"

"Ben, dearest. Did you think I had betrayed you, Ben? Did you dare to think that I was untrue to you?"

He felt her tears drop on his hand. He listened dumbly, in an agony of anticipation and doubts he dared not utter.

"Listen, Ben! You are free. Free to go where you will. When you escaped the newspapers took up your case. They demanded that you should be set free. The governor was appealed to. He said that you had been punished enough. Your pardon arrived the week before you first came to the cabin. That was why I went to the mountain. I should have told you, but I wanted it to come as a surprise. That night Mr. Merriman was waiting here to hand it to you. You are free, Ben, free to go where you will—free to—free to marry me—if you want to!"

(Copyright, 1912, by W. G. Chapman.)

### Allaying the Panic.

An old gentleman with several suspicious red spots on his face entered a railway car recently and quietly took the only seat that was vacant.

An inquisitive young fellow asked him if he had had smallpox, and he replied, "Yes." There was a general scramble among the passengers, all of whom wanted to get out at once, and in about a minute the old gentleman had the car all to himself.

The conductor, cautiously peeping in, demanded how long it was since the afflicted individual had recovered.

"Well, sir," replied the victim of disease, "I can't say exactly, but as clear as I can recollect it was about thirty-five years ago."

## Preferred Locals.

One flat for rent at St. Charles Court. Phone 157-3. Advertisement.

See J. H. Dagg for contracting building and general repair work of all kinds. Phone 476. Advertisement.

The man who designated "Bread the Staff of Life" was merely the advance agent for Cate's Blue Ribbon Flour and water ground pearl meal. Advertisement.

## Cheap.

Watermelons. Car near L. & N. depot. Advertisement.

## For Sale.

Six fresh Jersey cows, four registered and two graded. All fresh and all good. C. L. DADE. Advertisement.

## For Sale.

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

## Ponies For Sale.

Some nice gentle ponies for children to ride and drive. C. H. LAYNE. Advertisement.

## WANTED!

To cure your hogs of cholera. Satisfaction guaranteed. J. C. YOUNG, Oak Grove, Ky., R. R. 2. Advertisement.

## Notice To Tax Payers.

The tax books are now ready and axes are due. Pay now and avoid the penalty. LOWE JOHNSON, S. C. C. Advertisement.

## For Sale.

Farm of 50 acres, more or less, situated near Church Hill. All improvements. Apply to A. B. Lander, Lafayette, Ky., or J. W. Lander, Hopkinsville. Advertisement.

## For Sale.

One good second hand, 4 H. P., horizontal International gasoline engine, in good running order, at a bargain. PLANTERS HARDWARE CO. Incorporated. Advertisement.

## FOR SALE

One 18-horse power Garr Scott traction Engine in good running order, and one 32x56 Frick Separator, nearly new and in first class condition with band cutter, wind tacker, feeder and bagger, with tarpaulin 20x30 ft. to cover same. Will sell together or separate on any terms and cheap. Chance for an enterprising man, with a fine crop of wheat, to pay for the rig this season. W. P. WINFREE & SONS CO. Advertisement.

## HIGH GRADE LAUNDRY WORK

Can Be Done Only By Use Of

## The Latest and Most Improved Machinery

Try YOU CANNOT FIND as A BETTER EQUIPMENT You May ANYWHERE IN KENTUCKY THAN AT

We have acquired a habit of investing in every new machine that is to be had as soon as it is put on the market. That is one reason why our work is always satisfactory.

## Skilled Labor is Another.

There are others.

This is the beginning of the Floral season, but our season lasts the year round. Funeral, Party and other special orders always have the promptest attention. Our facilities in this line are greater than ever.

New Greenhouses, Offices and Laundry, Seventh & Liberty Sts.

## T. L. METCALFE, Florist-Laundry.

Hopkinsville, Kentucky.

### Sixty-Seventh Semi-Annual Statement

—OF THE—

## City Bank & Trust Co.

AT THE CLOSE OF BUSINESS  
June 30, 1913.

RESOURCES.

Loans and Discounts.....	\$487,287.23
Bonds.....	104,500.00
Overdrafts.....	1,543.60
Banking House.....	17,000.00
Other Real Estate.....	1,300.00
Furniture and Fixtures.....	3,000.00
Cash and Exchange.....	138,049.78
	\$752,680.61

LIABILITIES.

Capital Stock.....	\$ 60,000.00
Surplus, Earned.....	100,000.00
Undivided Profits.....	2,017.12
Set Aside for Taxes.....	1,000.00
Dividend No. 66, This Day.....	3,000.00
Cashier's Checks.....	443.92
Bills Payable.....	35,000.00
Deposits.....	551,219.57
	\$752,680.61

IRA U. SMITH, Cashier.

## Louisville Daily Herald

AND

## Hopkinsville Kentuckian

Both One Year For

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